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"Meanwhile my greatest source of comfort is the generous candour of Haslewood."—*Guy Munnering*.

"Perhaps it would be the best way to confide the whole secret to Haslewood."—*Ibid.*

We mentioned, last week, that among the late Mr. Joseph Haslewood's books was sold a MS., in his own hand-writing, to which he had given the following title:—*Roxburghe Revels; or, an Account of the Annual Display, culinary and festive, interspersed incidentally with Matters of Moment or Merriment. Also, Brief Notices of the Press Proceedings by a few Lions of Literature, combined as the Roxburghe Club, founded 17th June, 1812.* The announcement of this work in the auctioneer's Catalogue excited much astonishment. Mr. Haslewood, it was known, had not died insolvent, or left a widow to struggle on with a large family; he was a bachelor of moderate fortune, who bequeathed his books and other property to immediate, but not dependent relations, by whose direction, and for whose profit, this manuscript must have been offered for sale! On this strange proceeding we shall not stop to comment. It was enough for us to know that the work itself excited considerable interest, and we resolved therefore to purchase it at any price, that we might gratify curiosity, and give our readers its principal contents. We now set about the fulfilment of our design, in the course of which it will be necessary for us to speak pretty freely of the author, and to say something of most of the other "lions of literature combined as the Roxburghe Club." We hope and believe that we shall be able to execute our task without giving offence in any quarter. For any objectionable matter furnished by Mr. Haslewood, we cannot be answerable, and, most assuredly, upon nobody has been so severe as upon himself. Before we have proceeded much farther, the reader will perceive in what way this "lion of literature" has been unsparing of his own reputation.

While living, Mr. Haslewood was a very cautious and politic man, and, had he extended this feeling to his death, few would have had reason to complain. Sprung from the very humblest class—we happen to know that he was born in Brownlow Street Lying-in Hospital—he never had any regular education, and he never remedied this original misfortune by subsequent exertion; yet, by strange accidents, he was brought in contact with some of the most scholar-like, best informed, and most accomplished men of the age. Before these, he was generally reserved in conversation—careful to betray his ignorance as little as possible; and, though he could scarcely open his mouth without committing an offence of some kind or other against his mother-tongue, he was prudent enough not to open it often in company where his blunders were likely to be detected. Where, however, he dare do

so with impunity, he launched out with wonderful vivacity and assumption of importance; and he persuaded some few, who were even less informed than himself (they could not be many), to believe that he really was what he calls himself in conjunction with the rest of the Roxburghe Club, a "Lion of Literature." If he had termed himself "a lion of literature and alliteration," he would have been nearer the mark; for his only forte seems to have been "affecting the letter." He had a sort of knack of this kind, and much of the rubbish he collected, and which was recently sold by Mr. Evans, was recommended to purchasers, about as sagacious as Haslewood himself, not by comical, but by coxcombical, titles. In addition to these alliterative letterings, he "illustrated," as he termed it, his books by sundry manuscript notes, scarcely one of which did not betray the grossest ignorance, both of the subject and of the common grammatical modes of expressing an opinion. If Mr. Evans had selected only a few of these characteristic criticisms, they would have formed a most choice assortment of *Haslewoodiana*. The contrast between his caution when living, and his imprudence when dead, is remarkable. He was amazingly fond of fine words in his written compositions, and misapplied them in a manner never exceeded by the antiquated Mrs. Slipper, or her modern imitator, Mrs. Malaprop;—an important work was always "consequential," and an unimportant one "inconsequential";—a reference was generally "allusional," and sometimes "allusive";—a book seldom met with was "infrequential," and tracts corresponding in subject were "anomalous." When Mr. Haslewood edited any reprint, of which he did several, his unacknowledged obligations to the compositor, if not to the printer's devil, must have been very considerable.

The Roxburghe Club is now at an end; had its regular meetings been continued to the day of Mr. Haslewood's death, they could no longer have been held after the exposure he has made of the members and himself. How he contrived to become one of the number, is, to us, a mystery which possibly Dr. Dibdin could explain, for we do not think that at the sale of the library of the Duke of Roxburghe, in 1812, his purchases were sufficient in number or value to warrant his filling so prominent a station; and such men as the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Spencer, Lord Gower,

• Mr. Evans, who is an intelligent and judicious man, was almost ashamed of inserting them in his catalogue, and never did so, without warranting himself, by informing the reader, that Mr. Haslewood had himself entitled such and such an assemblage of forgotten dulness—"Garlands of Gravity"—"Eloquinary Emporium"—"Poverty's Pot Pourri"—"Wallet of Wit"—"Beggars' Balderdash"—"Octagonal Olio"—"Zany's Zodiac"—"Noddy's Nunchuck"—"Mummers' Medley"—"Quaffing Quavers to Quip Querleters"—"Tramper's Twattle, or Treasure and Tinsel from the Tewksbury Tank"—"Nurtures for Nightingales"—all the merest nonsense in the world, the titles having little, and sometimes no relation to the contents of the volume.

Lord Morpeth, Sir F. Freeling, Mr. Baron Bolland, Mr. Justice Littledale, and others, must have felt themselves very ill-assorted, cheek-by-jowl, at a dinner-table at the Clarendon, with such a man as Mr. Haslewood, though a *soi-disant* "Lion of Literature." Attainments and talents level all ranks; but where were Mr. Haslewood's attainments?—where were his talents? and how will the well-educated and accomplished members of the Roxburghe Club get over the fact, that they, even once a year, associated with an individual who not only could contribute nothing to the stock of amusement (excepting perhaps as a butt), but was in the habit of playing the spy upon their proceedings, and registering the follies, weaknesses, or unbendings—call them what you will—of the convivial board of the preceding day. Dr. Dibdin seems to have been aware that such a record was kept, for, on the 5th March, 1827, the only occasion, we believe, when Haslewood was absent from the anniversary assembly, he tells him, in a note, that "his chronicling powers had been much needed," underscoring the word "chronicling"; and another member may have been also privy to it, as Mr. Haslewood records that the particulars of what occurred had been furnished to him "by his accurate friend G. H. Freeling, Esq." However, we shall come to this date in the due course of the transactions, and it is time to insert Mr. Haslewood's account of the origin and formation of the Club. We must preface our first quotation by observing, that the author seems to have taken especial pains with it, and that although it contains several inaccuracies and *Haslewoodisms*, we cannot help suspecting that some other "Lion of Literature" had a finger in the correction of it. Here again possibly Dr. Dibdin could enlighten us.

### "Of the Origin of the Roxburghe Club."

"The Roxburghe Club claims its foundation from the sale of the library of the late John Duke of Roxburghe which commenced Monday the 18th day of May 1812 and extended to 41 days following, with a supplementary catalogue of 3 days beginning Monday 13th July, with the exception of Sundays. The auctioneer was Robert H. Evans of Pall-Mall being his first attempt to hold and lift the hammer and the place of sale was at his Grace's late residence in St. James's Square.

"Upon Wednesday the 17th day of June '11 *Decamerone di Boccaccio* was to be sold and that lot being considered the rarest article in the whole of the Dukes library (although no one then conjectured it would produce 2,260*l.*) the Rev. T. F. Dibdin, who therefore justly claims the title of Founder of the Club, suggested some few days before the sale the holding a convivial meeting at the St. Albans Tavern after the sale of that day. In consequence of that proposition originated the first of the following circular letters to those who assented to the meeting. The names of the gentlemen present on that occasion and the resolution then adopted was noted on the back of the letter of invitation immediately upon returning home. Similar memorandums were made in following years and



when omitted at the hour were done so shortly afterwards that it may be said the following papers contain an accurate history of the Club, which to preserve Charles Lewis, the printer of all the pieces distributed by the Club, gave some a clothing in April 1817."

We can only guess what Mr. Haslewood means by "heft the hammer," but Dr. Dibdin, in his 'Bibliographical Decameron,' (III. 51) by a more figurative expression, explains it when he says, "Mr. Evans for the first time wielded the sceptre of dominion." How does the reader think he "wielded the sceptre of dominion"? Why, as the learned Doctor himself adds, "as a bookseller"! The figure is, therefore, at least, appropriate.

We have never approved of the formation of the Roxburghe Club, or of the exclusive principle on which it was established; the realm of letters is, ought to be, and always will be, a republic—an oligarchy is not only odious, but impossible to be preserved. Neither are eating and drinking such intellectual occupations as well assort with the love of books; and when eating and drinking the *panem et aquam* degenerate into mere gormandizing and guzzling, as they did on every occasion when the Club met, whether annually or accidentally, we do not well see how the general cause of letters can be advanced by such proceedings. The result, too, bears us out; for in what department, let us ask, has this association been beneficial? or how have the prints and reprints of neglected and deservedly-forgotten trash made from time to time by the Club, been useful either to the living or the dead?

The first specimen of authorship by the Club was not very favourable: it was in the form of a letter of invitation to certain noblemen and gentlemen to dine together—and how was it worded?

"The honour of your company is requested to dine with the Roxburghe dinner on Wednesday, the 17th instant."

We presume that this note was drawn up by Mr. Haslewood, who, as he could not be ornamental, tried to make himself useful; and it is worthy of his pen: "to dine with the Roxburghe diners" might have been sense, or "to dine at the Roxburghe dinner" would have been better, but the Club, under the superintendence of the genius of Haslewood, scorned all common forms of expression, and therefore Lord Spencer was invited "to dine with a dinner." What was the result? The following met and dined on the 17th June, 1812, at the St. Alban's Hotel:—

Lord Spencer, President—Lord Gower—Mr. Isted—Mr. Bolland—Mr. Laing—Mr. Freeling—Mr. Haslewood—Mr. Freeling, jun.—Mr. Heber—Sir Mark Sykes—Mr. Wilbraham—Mr. Dent—Mr. Phelps—Mr. Bentham—Sir Egerton Brydges—Mr. Uttersson—Rev. T. C. Heber—Mr. Dibdin, Vice.

On the same occasion, a resolution was agreed to by the eighteen noblemen and gentlemen ("Lions of Literature") present, that the Club should meet annually, and that it should be extended to twenty-four members: the following were therefore admitted *sur le champ*:—

The Duke of Devonshire—The Marquis of Blandford—Lord Morpeth—Mr. Ponton—Mr. Towneley—Mr. Markland.

Mr. Haslewood is generally very particu-

lar, but he omits, on this occasion, to supply the important intelligence of the cost of the dinner to each individual—thereafter we shall find that he was minute, not only as to the price, but the bill of fare. On the next occasion Lord Spencer was again in the chair, as President of the Club, and he was "faced," as usual, by Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Dibdin, and supported by all the members above enumerated, except the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Blandford, (who, as the purchaser of the Valdarfer Boccacio, for 2260*l.*, ought, one would think, to have been present,) and Sir Mark Sykes. The proceedings we give in the words of Mr. Haslewood, whose clearness of style and accuracy of grammar are equally conspicuous.

"After Lord Spencer left the chair, who departed early, it was taken by Lord Gower, and the following resolutions were put and carried *nem. con.*

"That the Roxburghe Society should have an anniversary dinner on the 17th June, and the number of members be extended and limited to thirty-one.—That such meeting be held at the Saint Alban's Tavern.—That the mode of election, on any vacancy, should be by ballot, one black ball to exclude.—To fill up the vacancies beyond our original, of twenty-four, there was proposed, Lord Althorpe, elected unanimously, without show of hands—Rev. Rob. Holwell Carr—Mr. Joseph Littledale—Mr. Edward Littledale—Mr. Boswell—Rev. Mr. Dodd.

"Mr. Dibdin requested to take the office of Secretary [of course this could not be refused to him].

"After Lord Gower left the chair, it was filled by Mr. Dent, and Dent and dullness are synonymous [we wonder Mr. Haslewood did not say "anonymous"]. To him there succeeded Mr. Heber, with whom a select few tarried, that on arriving at home the click of time bespoke a quarter to four.

"Dinner reckoning, 50*l.*

"Whip of half-crowns.

"Very inferior accommodation last year, but an excellent dinner this; moistened with champagne and claret—*Da capo.*"

What Mr. Dent had done to excite Mr. Haslewood's spleen, that he should make his name synonymous with dullness, does not appear; but the chance is, that being a gentleman and a scholar, as well as a lover of old books, he felt, and possibly showed, his contempt for Mr. Haslewood: it could hardly be that he usurped a seat on this occasion which Mr. Haslewood thought himself better qualified to have filled. It was at this meeting that a resolution was adopted for reprinting rare and curious pieces of "ancient lore," given by our author in the following form:—

"It was proposed and concluded for each member of the Club to reprint a scarce piece of antient lore, to be given to the members, one copy being on vellum, for the chairman, and only as many copies as members."

Here we see another objectionable point of exclusiveness, for if what was reprinted were worth the trouble and expense, and would do any good to the cause of letters, what an absurdity—a worse than absurdity—it was to allow only one-and-thirty copies to be struck off! We are happy to say, however, that the resolution of the Roxburghe Club has, at all events, done little harm in this respect, for there are not perhaps four

out of the forty-four volumes, thus in the whole produced, that deserve reading, excepting for some purpose purely antiquarian. Mr. Bolland (now Baron Bolland) was the first to set the example, and we must do him the justice to say, that his reprint of the 'Certaine Bokes of Virgil's *Æneis*,' translated by the celebrated Lord Surrey, is one of the few valuable contributions to the Society and to society in general: hence they obtained admission into the collected works of Surrey and Wyatt, by Dr. Knott. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for July 1813, may be seen a flaming account of the observance of the anniversary of that year, from the pen of Mr. Markland, under the signature of *Templareus*. These "Lions of Literature," therefore, did not hesitate to puff themselves into a little notoriety; and here we are told that a seat at the India Board, or a Directorship of the Bank, were of less value, and would be less eagerly sought, than a seat at the dinner-table of the Roxburghe Club!

It is to be observed, that in June 1813, the members were requested "to dine with the gentlemen at the Roxburghe Dinner;" but, in the next year, Mr. Haslewood's authorship for the card of invitation seems to have been again in requisition, and Lord Spencer and the rest were called upon "to dine with the Roxburghe Dinner." It would puzzle anybody but Beau Nash to dine without a dinner, since the custom of dining with Duke Humphrey went out of use. On this occasion, twenty-one out of thirty-one sat down to table, and their proceedings are thus recorded by the pen of the immortal author of the 'Roxburghe Revels.'

"A motion was made, but negatived most properly, for an encrease of members.

"After Lord Spencer left the Chair it was taken, I believe, by Mr. Heber who kept it up to a late hour: Mr. Dodd very volatile and somewhat singular, at the same time quite novel in amusing the company with Robin Hood ditties and similar productions. I give this on after report having left the room very early from severe attack of sickness which appeared to originate in some vile compound partook of at dinner:

"The charge was 2*l.* 5*s.* p. man and the wine alleged to have been drunk in a proportion of excess that must have intoxicated every one. It was generally believed that the next dinner would not be had at the same place.

"N.B. Mr. Bolland's reprint was not ready."

The Rev. Mr. Dodd, here celebrated, was one of the Masters of Westminster School—a man whom we have good reason to remember—a great collector of old plays and poetry, and especially mad on the subject of ballads relating to Robin Hood and his fellow outlaws. He died in 1818, but until that year, the Roxburghe Club was annually enlivened by his chants, which sometimes held the company over-long, as we used to hear sundry members complain. On the 17th of June, 1814, poor Mr. Haslewood seems early in the evening to have been assailed by a "severe attack of sickness," which he attributes to some "vile compound partook of at dinner;" we apprehend that it proceeded from some vile compounds partaken of after dinner; but, whether one or the other, he certainly was not in a condition to know whether Mr. Heber did or did not take the chair after Lord Spencer left it. We conclude, that his Lordship abandoned the

room about the time when Mr. Haslewood began to be afflicted.

Mr. Richold, of the St. Alban's Tavern, got into sad disgrace, for his real or supposed overcharge for wine on this occasion; but had all the members been as much overcharged as Mr. Haslewood confesses himself to have been, perhaps, after all, there was no great reason to complain of the bill, and of the "2l. 5s. p. man." The next field-day was held at Grillion's Hotel, and here, the worthy proprietor, obviously having no respect for Mr. Haslewood's powers of composition, wrote the invitation himself, and nothing, therefore, could be more properly worded. Twenty members assembled under the chairmanship of Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, for nobility and its scions this day were absent. The persevering non-attendance of one or more of the most distinguished members, led to the adoption of a resolution, that any one who was absent for five successive anniversaries, should be considered as no longer belonging to the association. On this occasion it was, that Mr. Bolland's reprint of 'Lord Surrey's Translation of part of the *Æneid*,' was distributed among the members; and it was agreed, that the order of the alphabet should be pursued, as regarded these donations, for the future; but our annalist adds with his usual choice phraseology, that it was agreed, that any member might go out of this course if he thought fit.

The bill on this occasion amounted to 57l. or 2l. 17s. p. man, and in this instance we are furnished with all the interesting minutiae of the dinner, and the number of bottles of each sort of wine, according to which, these twenty "Lions of Literature" managed to dispose of drinkables to the extent of about 33l. at one sitting.†

Then we come to an interesting and highly characteristic anecdote, which we give in the very words of our author:—

"June 27, 1815.

"At the meeting upon the 17th a question was agitated between Sir Mark M. Sykes and Mr. Dent as to whether that was the third or fourth anniversary meeting, which originated in a miscalculation by reckoning the first dinner an anniversary one. The common result among Englishmen followed: i. e. a wager, the stakes being the celebrated — against the renowned Livy. However the subject becoming general conversation and the magnitude of the articles pitted, somewhat considered, Mr. Heber very adroitly turned what must have proved dissatisfaction to one member and not a very coveted triumph,

† The authorship of Grillion's French waiter is to be full as well worth preserving as that of Mr. Haslewood; and we, therefore, give the "reckoning" with "all its imperfections on its head."

"Dinner du 17 Juin 1815

20 .....	20	0	0
Deux .....	2	0	0
Deux sorte de Glasse .....	1	4	0
Glasse pour 6 .....	0	4	0
3 Bouteille de Champagne .....	4	0	0
7 Bouteille de harmetage .....	5	5	0
1 Bouteille de Hok .....	0	15	0
4 Bouteille de Port .....	1	0	0
4 Bouteille de Maderre .....	2	0	0
22 Bouteille de Bordeaux .....	15	0	0
2 Bouteille de Bourgogne .....	1	12	0
(Not legible) .....	0	14	0
Roder .....	0	2	0
Here e Ali .....	0	0	0
Par la Lettre .....	0	2	0
Pour faire un prune .....	0	0	0
Pour un sacro .....	0	2	0
55 .....	55	0	0
Waiters .....	1	14	0
57 .....	57	0	0

as between gentlemen, to another, into a general booze, by remarking, in a neat speech, that each party must be loth to part with so choice a specimen and suggested varying the wager into a dinner for the company. That was properly acceded to by the contending parties and this was settled as a festive day extraordinary. Upon the point in dispute being decided Mr. Heber further remarked that after the specimen of reprint just distributed it would add zest to the proposed meeting if some gentleman would volunteer a copy of a work upon that occasion: whereupon the writer (but, whether adroitly or not, let others report) submitted to the Chairman, that from no member could such an article be with more confidence expected than from Mr. Heber as his store was too great for any difficulty to exist beyond selection. The reply complimentary was, perhaps, too hastily uttered, as Mr. Heber observed he only needed the editorial industry of the writer to assist him in completing such an undertaking. Hereupon the retort, prompt, signified if only editorship was required, such assistance, if Mr. Heber thought it worth requesting was at his service, nor should the Club ever lose such an advantage by the need of that labour. This was handsomely accepted. Let it not pass unobserved this was on Saturday the 17th, and on the tenth day therefrom the volume must be ready to distribute. However short the space, unheeded went the 18th and unheeded went the 19th, but in the morning of the 20th a verbal message requested Mr. Heber might be met at Evans's Side Room, Pall Mall at 4 o'clock. Here the first natural enquiry was if out of the influence of the cups the confidence remained for accomplishing the proposed reprint. A reply given in the affirmative produced the work."

The work was T. Cutwode's *Caltha Poetarum; or, the Bumble Bee*, a rare collection of almost worthless poetry, then supposed to be unique, but now known to be otherwise, as a perfect copy of the book was sold by auction by Sotheby, a week or two ago, to Mr. Freeling, for 8l. 5s. The above particulars are followed by Mr. Haslewood, with some tedious and silly details, regarding the eight days occupied in printing and getting up this production, which did not contain nearly so much letter-press as a single side of a newspaper, of which four sides are composed and published every day: yet our author talks of it as a most astonishing achievement, and of himself as the great achiever in the capacity of Editor, whose duty was merely to see that the reprint corresponded with the original.

The following is part of what Mr. Haslewood inserts upon the subject:—

"June 20th, Obtained the Poem.—21st, Transcribed.—22nd, Printed.—23rd, Revised and pulled off.—24th, Hot-pressed.—25th, Dies non.—26th, Bound.—27th, Distributed.

"The Bumble Bee of the title was cut in facsimile. In the first title was introduced a marygold and upon my suggestion printed in natural colours. It is proper to observe here that only by the ready assistance and extreme exertion of Mr. Bensley's people could this have been accomplished. Some marks of this rapid progress may be traced in some inconsequential variations which could not easily be avoided under such circumstances. The only absentees from the dinner of those present upon the 17th were Mr. Jos. Littledale from indispensable business and Mr. Uttersen from expecting the needless etiquette of a further invitation."

The wager-dinner, that highly intellectual treat, to settle a dispute of so much importance, between two redoubtable "Lions of Literature," took place on the 27th of June.

The anniversary of the 17th of June 1816, was celebrated with more than usual splendour: twenty-three members put their feet under Grillion's mahogany, and the Duke of Devonshire was for the first time of the party. Lord Spencer was in the chair, and he was supported, besides the Duke, by Lords Gower, Morpeth, and Althorp, and the usual attendants.

"At this meeting (says Mr. Haslewood, though, like Pope! he may be 'known by his style') the reprints were no less than four in number—viz.

"Lord Spencer the first three books of Ovid by Thom. Churchyard 1578.—Mr. Boswell Poems of Richard Barnfield 1598.—Mr. Freeling Dolamys Primrose 1606.—Mr. H. Freeling News from Scotland 1591.

"This latter gentleman diversified the plan by the novelty of distributing under each plate at dinner, a copy of a French poem printed b.l. and entitled *La contenance de la Table*. It was of a size different from any that had before appeared being of a kind of square 12mo. or like old fashioned Tables of Interest; and in troth had much interest therein but it may be right here to record the general size of the club book which is a small or pot quarto.

"Promises for the next year were very numerous: to name and the announcement to be forgotten, may turn this suppositively into an invaduous chronicle.

"Hilarity and cheerfulness tuned out the night and wore upon the morning, the star of which seemed rather to lack some of its wonted brilliancy however there was proof of the magnet not having lost any of its powers as several of the members who had hitherto stole away shortly after the hour of 'go to bed Tom' were found loitering even after the single stroke had ceased sounding of the 'mighty Tom.'"

All this is very curious and edifying, from the "pot quarto" size of the reprints, than which nothing could be more appropriate, down to the "mighty Tom" hour to which the soakers sat. On this occasion they consumed eatables and drinkables to the tune of 62l. 13s. 6d. "Lions of literature," indeed! It would have been worth something to have seen these lions at feeding time. As Mr. Cross's man used to tell the visitors at Exeter Change, "Sir, they eats with a voraciousness that is very extonishing"—a sentence worthy of the great Haslewood himself.

The Club did not assemble the next year at Grillion's, but at Jaquiere's, the Clarendon. Probably, economy was the main object, for the dinner and wine for twenty-two members only cost 49l. Among the names, occurs that of Mr. Hibbert for the first time, who had been elected in the preceding year to fill the vacancy occasioned by the first death in the Club, that of the Rev. T. C. Heber. "Our dinner (observes our gifted author) was tolerable, and the wines tolerable, but neither Richold, Grillion, or Jaquier, condescended to consider us as superlatives, and tolerable treatment is not sufficient." The waiters had, perhaps, reported to their masters some of the conversation in which Mr. Haslewood took part: hence, the little respect with which they were treated. "We have been forced (adds our author, with a brilliant refinement of humour) to copy the comet in our wandering, and it is doubtful if we are yet become fixed stars." Imagine a comet stumping from hotel to hotel with a club-foot.

Seven reprints were distributed among the members, but the only one of any value was the interlude of 'The World and the Child.'

presented by Lord Althorp, which, notwithstanding the exclusive and cautious spirit of the Roxburghe Club, has found a place in the 12th volume of the last edition of Dodsley's Old Plays. Mr. Haslewood thus enumerates the book benefactions:—

"A proper new Interlude of the World and the Child otherwise called mundus et infans; L. Althorp.—The Glutton's Fever by Thomas Baneroff; Mr. Phelps.—Cock Lorell's Bout. A Fragment.—Rev. Hen. Drury.—The Funerals of K. Edw. the Sixth; Mr. Dodd.—Hagthorpe Revived or Specimens of a forgotten Poet; Sir S. E. Brydges.—Le Liore du Faucon; Mr. Lang.—Istoria novellamente ritrovata di duo nobile amanti &c.; William Holwell Carr. Of these presentments perhaps the most rare and curious was that of L<sup>d</sup> Althorp. Only a single copy of the original edition is known and that belongs to the library of Trinity College Dublin. The history of its coming to this country is of a felonious nature and may be recounted at some future period."

The "history of its coming to this country," regarding which such a fuss is here made, is merely this—that the interlude of 'The World and the Child,' was stolen from Trinity College Library, Dublin, sold to a London house, and, being innocently bought by them, was as innocently resold to the agent of Lord Spencer, by whom, on an explanation of the fact, it was, of course, immediately relinquished.

The next anniversary was celebrated at the Albion, in Aldersgate Street, and not a single nobleman could travel so far east as to be present at it.—Mr. Heber was in the chair, and the Rev. Mr. Carr Vice, *vice* Dr. Dibdin. The list of the company is given by Mr. Haslewood, followed by such excuses as he could find for absentees, and an account of the donations in the shape of reprints, &c.

"Our meeting this year was remarkable in respect of more presentments than either of the preceding anniversaries and yet at the same time the company fewer in number than any preceding day. Our number at dinner was only 15 to assign an apology for absentees may be easily done and therefore no foundation exists to fancy there was a falling off of the Club. The recent death of Lady Althorp occasioned the absence of our usual Chairman and of course his son. The Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Dibdin were abroad. The general election made absentees of L<sup>d</sup> Morpeth, Sir M. Sykes, Sir E. Brydges, Mr. Dent and Mr. Boland. Rev. Hen. Drury from the accident of breaking his arm; Henry Freeling in Cornwall for benefit of his health and E. V. Utterson at — because his wife was there.

"But the nine copies.

"The Life of St. Vrsula, and Guiscard and Sigismund; The Duke of Devonshire.—Balades and other Poems by John Gower; Earl Gower.—The Complaint of a Lover's Life, and, Controversy between a Lover and a Jay; The Rev. T. F. Dibdin.—Chester Mysteries. De Deluvio Noe. De Occisione Innocentium; Mr. Markland.—The Chorle and the Bird; Sir M. M. Sykes.—Daiphantus or the Passions of Love; Mr. Wilbraham.—Diana, or the excellent conceited Sonnets of H. C.; Mr. E. Littledale.—Ceremonial of the Marriage of Mary Queen of Scots, &c.; Mr. Bentham.—The Solemnities and Triumphs doon and made at the Spousealls and Marriage of the Kings Doughter &c.; Mr. Dent."

Nevertheless, although only fifteen sat down, they seem to have eaten and drank for the whole club; it was, as Wordsworth says, "forty feeding like one," and the bill at the conclu-

sion of the night amounted to—how much does the reader imagine?—85*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.*—for feasting fifteen "lions," or 5*l.* 14*s.* per beast! "Your cits (says Mr. Haslewood, with true west-end-of-the-town vulgar complacency and affectation) are the only men for a feast; and, therefore, behold us like locusts, travelling to devour the good things of the land, eastward, ho! At a little after seven, with our fancies much delighted with inspecting the first eight in the above list (the last not being then delivered) and according to the rump-placement [elegant and refined waggery!—what a treat must his conversation have been!] already given, we fifteen sat down." The bill of fare seems to have been as follows, and we have appended to it some of our author's sagacious and sportive remarks:—

First Course.		
Turtle Cutlets.	Turtle.*	Turtle Fin.
Boil'd Chickens.	Turbot.	Ham.
Soutee of Haddock		Chartreuse.
Turtle.	Frame	Turtle.
Tendrons of Lamb.		Filletts of Whittings.
Tongue.	John Dory.	R. Chickens.
Turtle Fin.		Fricandeau of Turtle.
Turtle.*		
††† Cold Roast Beef on Side Table.		
* These Turceens were removed for two dishes of White Bait.		
Second Course.		
Venison (2 Haunches).		
Third Course.		
Larded Poults.		
Tart.	Artichoke bottoms.	Cheese Cakes.
Jelly.		Prawns.
R. Quails.		R. Leveret.
Salade Italien.		Creme Italien.
	Pears.	
Cabinet Pudding.	R. Goose.	Tourt.

† The bill, as a specimen of the advantages of separate charges, as well as on other accounts, may be worth preserving in a note.

#### ALBION HOUSE.

June 17, 1816.

Bread and Beer .....	0 9 0
Dinners .....	0 9 0
Cheese and Butter .....	0 9 0
Lemons .....	0 3 0
Strong Beer .....	0 9 0
Madeira .....	3 3 0
Champagne .....	2 11 0
Saturday (sic in M.S.) .....	1 4 0
Old Hock .....	4 10 0
Burgundy .....	0 16 0
Hermitage .....	0 15 0
Silery Champagne .....	0 16 0
Sherry .....	0 7 0
St. Prev .....	3 11 0
Old Port .....	2 9 0
Claret .....	11 4 0
Turtle Punch .....	0 15 0
Waxlights .....	2 10 0
Demer .....	6 6 0
Pine-ice creams .....	1 16 0
Tea and Coffee .....	1 8 0
Liqueurs .....	0 14 0
2 Haunches of Venison .....	10 10 0
Sweet sauce and dressing .....	1 4 0
30 lbs Turtle .....	12 10 0
Dressing do. ....	2 2 0
Ice for Wine .....	0 6 0
Rose Water .....	0 5 0
Soda Water .....	0 12 0
Lemons and Sugar for do. ....	0 3 0
Broken Glass .....	0 5 6
Servants dinners .....	0 7 0
Waiters .....	1 6 0
	85 9 6

"Consider in the bird's eye view of the banquet, the trencher cuts, foh! nankcen displays: as intersticed with many a brilliant drop to friendly beck and clubbish hail, to moisten the viands, or cool the incipient cayenne. No unfurnished liveryman would desire better dishes, or hightasted courtier better wines. With men that meet to commune, that can converse, and each willing to give and receive information, more could not be wanting to promote well-tempered conviviality; a social compound of mirth, wit, and wisdom. Combining all that Anacreon was famed for tempered with the reason of Demosthenes and intersticed with the archness of Scaliger. It is true we had not any Greek verses in praise of the grape but we had as a tolerable substitute the ballad of the Bishop of Hereford and Robin Hood sung by Mr. Dodd; and it was of his own composing. It is true we had not any long oration denouncing the absentees, the cabinet counsel, or any other set of men, but there was not a man present that at one hour and seventeen minutes after the cloth was removed but could not have made a Demosthenic speech far superior to any record of antiquity. It is true no trait of wit is going to be here preserved for the flashes were too general and what is the critical sagacity of Scaliger compared to our Chairman. Ancients believe it we were not dead drunk and therefore lie quiet under the table for once and let a few moderns be upmost."

Such was Mr. Haslewood's notion of the vivacious: the flashes of wit among the company were, however, "too general" to be preserved, but the diners at 5*l.* 14*s.* per head were all men who "met to commune, and could converse," and there was not one present "who could not have made a Demosthenic speech far superior to any record of antiquity." We would have given as much money as each paid only to hear Mr. Haslewood make the attempt. His "reason of Demosthenes," and "archness of Scaliger," are fine touches of critical discrimination. But, great as were his powers of wit and eloquence, if the reader will cast a look upon the following, he will see that Mr. Haslewood had still an eye to the main chance, and he thus acutely reasons upon the expense of the dinner:—

"According to the long established principles of "Mayaterra Cockerre" each person had 5*l.* 14*s.* to pay a tremendous sum and much may be said thereon.—Economy.—To print jointly.—Charity.—Engrave the Chairman—and other heads as numerous as the words in Cooper's Lexicon, might be propounded by the voice of costive frugality: but why need we care all our banquets will be paid for roundly to our executors, always provided we die before we are beggars and have assignees. Let us canvass this methodically.—Lay down a principle that the logic of Oxford and mathematics of Cambridge cannot overturn. Thus it is. "A certain bookseller, (and booksellers we know are the most uncertain in their dealings of any race of tradesmen, but this particular one, was an arch one, and therefore a certain bookseller) observed he would venture to give 15*l.* per copy for a complete set and that his brother he thought would go even to 20*l.* if a complete set could be obtained. Now for a complete set of the club tracts to be sold a member must go off insolvent, if not hastily, and then the inference is some half a dozen dinners which cost between 20*l.* and 30*l.* obtains 21 books and take each copy at an average value, far under the opinion of those arch estimators, because we will only pay 10*l.* p. piece or 210*l.* for the whole a balance remains between 180*l.* or 190*l.* go to, the price weighs not. And if it did, think of the great value of notoriety."



To this succeeds a capital puff—i. e. a puff in capitals, transmitted by the body for insertion in the *Literary Gazette*, and a farther notice, of which the Rev. Mr. Carr, vice-president for the day, was the author, inserted at his request in the *New Times*. An account of the celebration of the Roxburghe anniversary, at Paris, where Dr. Dibdin was temporarily residing, appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, at the instance of Mr. Haslewood. The members were, therefore, fully sensible of the "great value of notoriety," and these, we suppose, were among the *press proceedings*, noticed so emphatically by the author in his title-page to the book before us.

The chaunter of Robin Hood-ballads, the Rev. Mr. Dodd, died on August 27, 1818, and it became a question who was to occupy his chair at the dinner-table. A hint was given by Mr. Haslewood to Mr. Bliss, the son of a bookseller at Oxford, that he might put in his claim to fill the vacancy in the club. Mr. Bliss, however, seems, from his letter, to have modestly thought that he could have no chance in the competition, "though (he observes) there are few things that would have given me more satisfaction than to have joined a society so congenial to my own taste and pursuits." We suppose that he alludes to the eating and drinking propensities of the body; or, he may possibly refer to the book-making sort of appendix to their festivities. Nobody seems to have dreamt of Mr. Bliss but his friend Mr. Haslewood, who himself says, that when Mr. A. (afterwards Sir Alexander) Boswell was proposed to the club on the 19th of February, 1819, there was not a moment's hesitation nor a dissentient voice. A dinner was consumed on the event, for nothing could be done without "another gorge, and then another;" it was given at the Clarendon, to which the vagrant Roxburghe had returned. This, it will be remarked, was an extra feed, and only cost 39l. for fifteen eaters and drinkers.

On the morning of June 17, 1819, an important event occurred. The Valdarfer Boccacio, which had been bought by the Marquis of Blandford (now become Duke of Marlborough) for 2260l., and in which the Roxburghe Club originated, was resold at Evans's rooms, in Pall Mall, for only 875 guineas. It had been seized with the rest of the White-Knight's library, and was brought to the hammer to satisfy creditors. His Grace could not, however, bear the notion of parting with it, and, on the morning of the sale, wrote the following note, marked "Immediate," to Triphook, the bookseller:—

"TRIPHOOK.—I beg you will purchase the Valdarfer Boccacio for me, for anything not exceeding 1500l.; and, should the deposit-money be necessary, I will give it you, if you will call tomorrow or Saturday.

"Your's &c.,

"MARLBOROUGH."

"HOLLES-ST. Thursday,  
June 17, 1819."

Now, Triphook was a cunning, though not always a prudent, man, and he shrewdly guessed that, as the Duke's books were sold to pay some of his debts, his Grace would not be able to produce the purchase-money, or even the deposit, either "tomorrow," "Saturday," or any other day. Accordingly, he refrained from executing the commission, and Mr. Haslewood tells us, that "the Decameron was knocked down to Griffiths, the de-

puted agent, to make a petty, meddling-speculation for the all-grasping house of Longman & Company, who, as soon as they possessed the volume, began to be nervous, fevered, and bewildered with the dread of continued possession, and they besought Earl Spencer to take it off their hands at the 875 guineas. There was not the smallest pecuniary or other advantage made by the purchase, if we except the useless puff [how a useless puff could be an exception we are not informed] THE GREAT HOUSE BOUGHT THE BOCCACIO!—Have done with the petty fry Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, &c."

Earl Spencer presided at the dinner which followed the sale of the Valdarfer Boccacio: twenty-one members sat down to table, at Jaquiere's, and the bill was comparatively moderate, 55l. 13s. Mr. Haslewood says, with characteristic sprightliness, "Twenty-one members met joyfully, dined comfortably, challenged eagerly, tipsied prettily, divided regretfully, and paid the bill most cheerfully." We conclude, that Jaquiere, by this time, had taken the hint, and treated Mr. Haslewood and the rest as "superlatives." It was on this occasion that the Club adopted the resolution to erect a tablet to the memory of Caxton, in Westminster Abbey, or St. Margaret's.

By the 17th of June in the next year, the tablet, which was designed and executed by Westmacott, was finished; but it is here necessary to quote our author, who inserts the following paragraph, under the head of "Anniversary 1820."

"Jaquier carded us in usual manner, nor are there any tricks in his cards that a man who has a queasy stomach towards gaming, may not swallow. Dinner was to be at 7 precisely and as an auxiliary summons a letter from the V.P.—which peruse. The "especial business" that needed the clustering in conference before the summons of grace, was neither more or less, than to get rid of an unworthy member: attempted indirectly more than once before, and little question of a majority at any time. Still we are gentlemen and it is at last but vulgar, where absence, as a member, is the legible height and front of his offence—to expel. And this inference must serve as an apology that the D. of M. has yet a right to hum-chair among us, tho' he has never condescended to do it."

After giving the names of those who sat down "yere," Mr. Haslewood jocosely adds, "It likes me well—a goodly set—twenty-five out of one-and-thirty, let me tell you, [posterity we presume] is a spanking majority." It was on this day that our author contributed his reprints of 'Jack Juggler' and 'Thersites,' to the stock of the Club. How competent he was to the task of editing such pieces, may be judged from the pitiable blunder he made when speaking of these two ancient dramas in the British Biographer: where he said, that they "took precedence of the earliest specimen yet known of an interlude unconnected with scriptural history." He knew nothing of all the moralities written from the reign of Edward IV. downwards, or he could never have committed so gross an error. Such is the result when such men are allowed to put pen to paper. Their friends ought to take better care of them.

The cost of the dinner to five-and-twenty was not so outrageous as usual, only 65l. 12s. 6d., and Mr. Haslewood, for the first time, takes some credit to the Club for abstemiousness. "There is a beauty, however

mediocre, in banquetting rationally," he observes, and then congratulates himself, that the lessons of the old school are now nearly obsolete," following it up by the subsequent passage, the full meaning of which we do not profess to have discovered:—

"It is no longer requisite to gobble solids and drench fluids until every two out of three of the company appear stupid with gormondizing, or asleep with intoxication: that is where the set too proves (what it seldom does with pulings) so innocuous as not to force accounts to be cast up before the bill arrives. Nor does the new plan, a voluntary pressure of the vintage cup, prevent the appetite being satiated. The ancient return of 'Dead and alive,' of 'stickers and stayers' of 'cutters and runners' may even now be made at midnight to wives, (dearly loving) and lesson giving matrons, hight mothers, (of unceasing affection) if needful. The difference is he, now disguised, puts on his mask and mantle by choice, formerly he was overpowered by an attentive chairman with noisy caution denouncing skylights and heel-taps. And yet we find men tippy, for there is such a thing still as seduction, although involuntary. Good conversation and good wine forms a social compact and to find in such cases Roxburghe have taken what is fancied as too much, when they scarcely believe, half enough is taken, from the enjoyment, seems pardonable."

Two resolutions seem to have been adopted at this meeting—that three consecutive absences should be considered a secession from the Club, (by which, Mr. Haslewood states, "more was meant than meets the eye,") and that two guineas be contributed towards the monument to Caxton. We hope, for the credit of the rest of the Club, that the bad English of the following note, appended to the resolutions, is to be attributed to the writer of the 'Roxburghe Revels.' "The monument is now finished, and is ready to fix up." Mr. Haslewood was not bound, nor, indeed, expected, to know the difference between verbs active or passive, neuter or transitive, only care should have been taken by the Club to correct his mistakes; but their business as "Lions of Literature" was to eat and drink, and that they did to perfection.

All that was worth notice in the proceedings at the next anniversary, (if anniversary that may be called, which was held on the 18th of June, the day after the usual period,) was communicated by Mr. Haslewood, and some of the other notoriety-loving members to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The cost of the entertainment was 55l. 11s. 6d., for twenty-one persons, but from the bill was deducted a charge of 10s. 6d. for broken glass, which our author, with his accustomed attention to correctness of expression, informs us, was "cordially dissented to."

The Roxburghe Club was extraordinarily convened on the 23rd February, 1822, for the purpose of supplying the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. George Isted; upon which occasion Mr. Haslewood pronounces the following homily, in which the reader will remark the judicious accordance of the commencement and the conclusion, besides the singularly refined English in which the whole is conveyed:—

"Well may a weary man in this world, exclaim I am sick of many griefs. Here is an election to record and there must have been a death true Mr. George Isted died and the vacancy must be filled up. Mr. Isted was a cripple for many years, and though not



over full of days, his death was not one of those events that surprise one and can engender sorrow in the dripping stone. But this entry is made some time after the event that occasions it and there are others, to which I doubt of doing justice, as I turn over the page more speedily than usual to make the entry, from which every one of the foundation Roxburghers will concede to me that amidst Revels and Hilarity a man may be sick of many griefs.

However as it is an honour to which I ambitioned that of making a memorial of the Club, it therefore becomes duty uncontrollable to give an account of the Dinner Table, though not quite so numerous of guests as at Arthur's Round Table, I brook not Sir Tristram, Sir Lancelot, or a dozen such, but we had lads of right pluck and true courage."

Lord Spencer, Lord Gower, Lord Althorp, Mr. Baron Bolland, &c. were among the "lads of right pluck and true courage," as the elegant annalist words it, and seventeen dined with unusual parsimony for 35*l.* 14*s.* Among the party was Mr. Watson Taylor, the new member, chosen in the place of Mr. Isted. Two more deaths occurred before April 13th, when Dr. Dibdin, who, it will be remembered, had been "requested to take the office of Secretary," called the members together to adopt measures to make up for the mortality. "I shall not (says Mr. Haslewood, in one of his best sentences), "quail over it further, but relate a simple fact, which, in a case of sorrow, usually supersedes the best nourished drooping lily that ever flourished in the fertile fields of fancy." Alliteration led him to this flight—above our comprehension certainly. The fact was, nothing more than the rather sudden death, in what our author terms "prematurity of age," of "poor Jemmy Boswell," the son of Dr. Johnson's biographer, and the editor of the last edition of Shakespeare, in 21 vols. The other death was that of Sir Alex. Boswell, in a duel with Mr. Stuart. Mr. Lloyd and Archdeacon Wrangham were elected in their stead, and, after noticing these events, Mr. Haslewood adds: "Trusting to the influence which the lettering of this volume [even the lettering, "Roxburghe Revels," was to have its influence] ought to have, and demanding, as it does, quips and quirks, perhaps it may be remarked, without seeming to want due feeling of preceding events, that perhaps the gloom of the meeting just alluded to might have its origin in what never pleases an Englishman, the want of a dinner." True enough: dinner and wine for the Roxburghers, or even cheerfulness, was out of the question:—these "Lions of Literature" could find nothing worth discussing but turtle and venison, claret and champagne.

Lord Spencer, for some cause not explained, was unable to take the chair on the anniversary, and his son, Lord Althorp, was requested by the Secretary to preside. Now, Lord Althorp had no claim to be considered bibliomaniacal but by descent. He did not feel himself at all qualified for the office of Chairman of the Roxburghe Club, and therefore sent the following reply to the request of Dr. Dibdin:—

"My Dear Sir,

"Our President at the Roxburghe Club should be chosen either from his rank in the state or from his eminence in Bibliomania; if you take the first as your guide the Duke of Devonshire should take the chair, if you take the second I

suppose Heber would be the man, but in no possible case ought I to be President. There is indeed another objection to me, which is the high probability which exists that I shall be unable to dine with you at all. There is at present fixed for that day in the House of Commons the Scotch Jury Bill, in the discussion on which I have promised to take a part.

"Believe me yours most truly,

"ALTHORP."

"Albany, June 5, 1822."

The Duke of Devonshire was therefore solicited to preside on the 17th June, 1822, and the expectation that his Grace would take the chair, collected "a goodly company," but as we have already exceeded the limits to which we ought to confine ourselves, we must reserve an account of the proceedings of this day, "so renowned, so victorious," until next week, when we shall insert also the remarkable letter of Sir Walter Scott, in which he consents to accept a seat in the Roxburghe Club, as the representative of the Great Unknown author of the Waverley Novels.

*Lives and Exploits of English Highwaymen, Pirates and Robbers, &c.* By C. Whitehead, Esq. London: Bull & Churton.

THE author of this work, who has dealt largely with Capt. Smith and Capt. Charles Johnson, both well known dealers in dishonest biography, says in his preface, that he has restricted himself, with a few exceptions, to a notice of English Pirates and Highwaymen; and that he wishes the work to be considered, "not in the light of a mere calendar of crime, but as a collection of biographies of two distinct classes of persons, interesting in themselves, and displaying actions and adventures, which are never likely to be performed in this country, or by the natives of this island again." It is not at all unlikely that the author, or rather compiler, should desire to have his production thus well considered; but the questionable matter of which he has availed himself, and the little trouble he has taken to give a spirit to his compilations, leave Mr. Whitehead little claim of having his desires realized.

The book opens with a brief and rapid sketch of the Life of Robin Hood—the bold bowman of Sherwood—he, we presume, is one of the few exceptions: highwayman, the gallant freebooter of the forest cannot be named,—and pirate he is none. One would have thought that a mere prose account of the most poetical of robbers could have been spared the society of Catherine Hayes, Moll Cutpurse, and Old Mob; but our biographer is ill at selection, and does not pay the slightest respect to character,—where character is so rare and valuable.

The author that should write the lives of highwaymen should be one whose turn for the romantic and imaginative was strong enough to make "the road" almost seem "the way that he should go." His youth should have been marvel-fed—Newgate Calendar-crammed!—Fairy tales, the Arabian Nights, genii tales should have been the reading of his childhood—the Spanish Novelists, the wondrous lives of eminent loose heroes, should have been the nourishment of his after-youth—and then a thorough course of the annals of the sea, and of Newgate, his young man's study! Thus, brought up, the well-regulated mind might venture

on the work, which Mr. Whitehead has attempted and failed in. A proper gathering of ocean's chance and daring captains, and of Hounslow's worthies, would, if done by a writer who would demand the life with the pen levelled at the head or heart of his victim—be, indeed, a brave book! The ordinary style, which we all know is the worst that can be applied to the life of a highwayman, is the one which Mr. Whitehead alone indulges in—where he "writes himself." He does not make the true man, when he encounters him, stand and deliver!

We had hoped to have found a pleasant extract or two in these volumes; but the lives are generally so tamely extracted from other writers, that we have been puzzled to hit upon such passages as are amusing enough to be quotable. The Life of Eugene Aram is very poorly given. That which rendered this piece of biography so interesting—viz. the defence written by himself, is omitted. How, too, comes the Life of Colonel Jack to be admitted into this work? Is Mr. Whitehead not aware that Defoe wrote this *fictional* piece of biography? He will be for inserting the Life of Robinson Crusoe, in the account of Eminent Navigators.

The two volumes are very well printed, prettily embellished, and neatly boarded: and it is only to be lamented, that so much good typographical *cookery* should be thrown away upon such poor food.

*The Works of Robert Burns.* Vol. I. *Life of Burns.* By Allan Cunningham. London: Cochrane and McCrone.

THIS is the first volume of a new edition of the Poetical Works and Correspondence of Burns, to be edited by Allan Cunningham, and published, after the fashion of the day, in six illustrated monthly volumes. This first volume contains the Life of the Poet. There are many and obvious reasons why we decline offering an opinion on its merits, further than to say, that a great deal of the matter, and many of the anecdotes, were altogether new to us.

Of the works which first brought Burns into notice, Mr. Cunningham observes:—

"Some of the most exquisite lyrics ever said or sung failed to do for him what 'The Holy Trilzie' and 'The Kirk's Alarm' accomplished at once; and there can be no question that 'Holy Willie's Prayer' and the 'Epistle to Goudie' prepared the minds of the people around him for admiring his 'Halloween' and his 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' In truth, poetry, which only embodies sentiments and feelings common to our nature, cannot compete in the race of immediate fame with verse appealing to our passions and our prejudices, and glowing with the heat of a passing dispute. Time settles and explains all. The true Florimel is found to be of delicate flesh and blood, breathing of loveliness and attraction, and adorned by nature; while the Pulse Duchess is discovered to be a thing of shreds and patches, with jewels of glass, and an artificial complexion. Nature and truth finally triumph, and to nature and truth Burns accordingly returned. He left the agitated puddles of mysticism to drink at the pure springs with the muse of love, and joy, and patriotism.

"Of the person and manners of the Poet, at this important period of his life, we have various accounts; but the portraits, though differing in posture as well as in light and shade, all express the same sentiment. He was now grown up to man's estate, and had taken his station as such

in society; he was the head, too, of his father's house, and though his expenses were regulated upon a system of close economy, his bargains as a farmer, controlled by his brother Gilbert, and his demeanour at the fireside under the mild influence of his mother, he had in all other matters his own will. He has recorded much of himself at this period both in verse and prose, nor can this be set down to egotism; from all the world, save the little community of Kyle, he was completely shut out, and he turned his eyes on himself, and wrote down his own hopes and aspirations. He has even recorded his stature in rhyme:—

O! why the deuce should I repine,  
Or be an ill foreboder?  
I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—  
I'll go and be a soder.

"His large dark expressive eyes; his swarthy visage; his broad brow, shaded with black curly hair; his melancholy look, and his well-knit frame, vigorous and active—all united to draw men's eyes upon him. He affected, too, a certain oddity of dress and manner. He was clever in controversy; but obstinate, and even fierce, when contradicted, as most men are who have built up their opinions for themselves. He used with much taste the common pithy saws and happy sayings of his country, and invigorated his eloquence by apt quotations from old songs or ballads."

**Death and Doctor Hornbook.**—"The hero of the piece was John Wilson, schoolmaster of the parish of Tarbolton: a person of blameless life, fond of argument, opinionative, and obstinate. At a mason-meeting, it seems, he provoked the Poet by questioning some of his positions in a speech stuffed with Latin phrases and allusions to pharmacy. The future satire dawned on Burns at the moment, for he exclaimed twice, 'Sit down, Doctor Hornbook!' On his way home he seated himself on the parapet of a bridge near 'Willie's Mill,' and in the moonlight began to reflect on what had passed. It then occurred to him that Wilson had added to the moderate income of his school the profit arising from the sale of a few common medicines; this suggested an interview with 'Death,' and all the ironical commendations of the Dominie which followed. He composed the poem on his perilous seat, and when he had done, fell asleep; he was awakened by the rising sun, and, on going home, committed it to paper. It exhibits a singular union of fancy and humour; the attention is arrested at once by the difficulty felt in counting the horns of the moon, and we expect something to happen when his shadowy majesty comes upon the stage, relates his experience in 'nicking the thread and choking the breath,' and laments how his scythe and dart are rendered useless by the skill of Dr. Hornbook. On the appearance of the poem, Wilson found the laugh of Kyle too much for him—

The weans held out their fingers laughing.

So he removed to Glasgow, where he engaged with success in other pursuits. He lives, but loves no one the better for naming the name of the Poet, or making any allusion to the poem."

**The Jolly Beggars.**—"The origin of the cantata is worth relating. Mauchline ale and Mauchline maidens frequently brought the Poet from Mossiel, which lies but some half-a-mile distant. He frequented the public-house of John Dow on those occasions, in the immediate vicinity of the scene of 'The Jolly Beggars.' The house of Pemie Nansie, alias Agnes Gibson, stands opposite nearly to the church-yard gate. One night it happened that Smith of Mauchline, and Burns, on their way up the street, heard the sound of 'meikle fun and jokin' in Nansie's hostelry, and saw lights streaming from the fractured windows. On entering, they found a company of wandering mendicants enjoying themselves over the dear kailbagie. They were welcomed with cheers,

entered into the humours of the scene, called for more liquor, and the noise and fun grew fast and furious. Burns paid much attention to an old soldier with a 'wooden arm and leg,' whose drollery was unbounded. In a few days he rough-wrote the cantata, and showed it amongst his friends. He gave the only copy now known to be in existence to David Woodburn; it is at present in the hands of Thomas Stewart of Greenock."

**Burns on his return from Edinburgh.**—"After an absence of six busy, and to him eventful months, Burns returned to Mossiel the 8th of June, 1787. His mother, a woman of few words, met him with tears of joy in her eyes at the threshold, saying, 'Oh, Robert!' He had left her hearth in the darkness of night, and he came back in the brightness of day; he went away an obscure and almost nameless adventurer, and he returned with a name, round which there was already a halo not destined soon to be eclipsed. In his own eyes, his early aspirations after fame seemed as hopeless as 'the blind groping of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave;' he had now made his way to the mountain-top, his pipe was at his lips, and all the country round was charmed with his melody. The last lines which he expected to measure in Caledonia were not yet uttered, and he who, to use his own words, was lately

Darkling dorned in glens and hallows,  
And hunted, as was William Wallace,  
By constables, these blackguard fellows,  
And bairns baith,

was now a poet of the highest order; the fit and accepted companion of the proud and the lordly, with gold, the fruits of his genius, in his pocket, and more promised by the muse. Those who formerly were cold or careless, now approached to praise and to welcome him; while his mother, who never imagined that aught good could come from idle rhyme, received all as something dropped from heaven, and rejoiced in the fame of her son."

**Burns as an Excise-officer.**—"The poet had a duty, and an arduous one, to perform; his district reached far and wide; he was ever punctual in his attendance, and though he might plough and sow, reap and graze, Ellisland by deputy, it required his own eyes and hands to superintend the revenue in ten parishes. That he acquitted himself diligently, but gently, in his vocation, there is abundance of proof; against the regular smuggler his looks were stern and his hand was heavy, while to the poor country dealer he was mild and lenient. The poet and a brother excise-man one day suddenly entered a widow woman's shop in Dunscore, and made a seizure of smuggled tobacco.—'Jenny,' said the poet, 'I expected this would be the upshot; here, Lewars, take note of the number of rolls as I count them. Now, Jock, did ye ever hear an auld wife numbering her threads before check-reels were invented? Thon's ane, and thou's no ane, and thou's ane a' out—listen.' As he handed out the rolls, he went on with his humorous enumeration, but dropping every other roll into Janet's lap. Lewars took the desired note with much gravity, and saw as if he saw not the merciful conduct of his companion. Another information had been lodged against a widow who kept a small public-house in Thornhill; it was a fair-day—her house was crowded—Burns came suddenly to the back-door, and said, 'Kate, are ye mad?—the supervisor and me will be in on ye in half-an-hour!' This merciful hint—out of which a very serious charge might be made—saved the poor woman from ruin. • • •

"One clear moonlight morning, on being awakened by the clang of horses at a gallop, he started up, looked out at the window, and to his wife, who asked eagerly what it was, he whispered, 'It is smugglers, Jean.'—'Robert, then I fear ye'll be to follow them!' she said.

'And so I would,' he answered, 'were it Will Gunnion or Edgar Wright; but it's poor Brandyburn, who has a wife and three weans, and is no doing owre weel in his farm. What can I do?' She pulled him from the window. Many anecdotes of this kind might be told."

**"Burns's Death.**—It was soon spread through Dumfries that Burns had returned from The Brow much worse than when he went away, and it was added that he was dying. The anxiety of the people, high and low, was very great. I was present and saw it. Wherever two or three were together their talk was of Burns, and of him alone. They spoke of his history, of his person, and of his works—of his witty sayings and sarcastic replies, and of his too early fate, with much enthusiasm, and sometimes with deep feeling. All that he had done, and all that they had hoped he would accomplish, were talked of: half-a-dozen of them stopped Dr. Maxwell in the street and said 'How is Burns, sir?' He shook his head, saying, 'he cannot be worse,' and passed on to be subjected to similar inquiries farther up the way. I heard one of a groupe inquire, with much simplicity, 'Who do you think will be our poet now?'

"Though Burns now knew he was dying, his good humour was unruined, and his wit never forsook him. When he looked up and saw Dr. Maxwell at his bedside:—'Alas!' he said, 'what has brought you here? I am but a poor crow, and not worth plucking.' He pointed to his pistols, took them in his hand, and gave them to Maxwell, saying they could not be in worthier keeping, and he should never more have need of them. This relieved his proud heart from a sense of obligation. Soon afterwards he saw Gibson, one of his brother-volunteers, by the bedside with tears in his eyes. He smiled and said,—'John, don't let the awkward squad fire over me.'

"His little household presented a melancholy spectacle: the Poet dying; his wife in hourly expectation of being confined; four helpless children wandering from room to room, gazing on their miserable parents, and little of food or cordial kind to pacify the whole or soothe the sick. To Jessie Lewars, all who are charmed with the Poet's works, are much indebted: she acted with the prudence of a sister and the tenderness of a daughter, and kept desolation away, though she could not keep disease.—'A tremor,' says Maxwell, 'permeated his frame; his tongue, though often refreshed, became parched; and his mind, when not roused by conversation, sunk into delirium. On the second and third day after his return from The Brow, the fever increased and his strength diminished. On the fourth day, when his attendant held a cordial to his lips, he swallowed it eagerly—rose almost wholly up—spread out his hands—sprang forward nigh the whole length of the bed—fell on his face and expired."

**Anecdotes.**—"Even the wandering poor were to the poet a heavy tax; he allowed no one to go past his door without a halfpenny or a handful of meal. He was kind to such helpless creatures as are weak in mind, and saunter harmlessly about; a poor half-mad creature—the Madge Wildfire, it is said, of Scott—always found a mouthful ready for her at the bard's fire-side; nor was he unkind to a crazy and tippling prodigal named Quin.—'Jamie,' said the Poet one day as he gave him a penny, 'you should pray to be turned from the evil of your ways; you are ready to run now to melt that into whiskey.'—'Turn,' said Jamie, who was a wit in his way, 'I wish some one would turn me into the worm o' Will Hyslop's whiskey-still, that the drink might rin continually through me.'—'Well said, Jamie!' answered the Poet, 'you shall have a glass of whiskey once a week for that, if you'll come sober for it.' A friend rallied Burns

for indulging such creatures:—"You don't understand the matter," said he, "they are poets; they have the madness of the muse, and all they want is the inspiration—a mere trifle!"

"I am assured by Mrs. Haugh, who knew him well to the last, that Burns drank from circumstances rather than inclination. An angel from heaven, she said, could scarcely have escaped corruption in his situation; he was constantly invited, nay, sometimes almost literally dragged into company. Her husband now and then, as he went out by day-light in the morning to his work, met Burns coming home. The Poet never passed him without a word or two, expressing his sorrow for the life he was leading—such as, 'O, Mr. Haugh, you are a happy man; you have risen from a refreshing sleep, and left a kind wife and children, while I am returning a poor self-condemned wretch to mine.'"

"He disliked to hear great people talked about more than they deserved. One who was in his company kept saying the Earl of such a place said this, and Duke so-and-so said that.—"Have done, sir!" exclaimed the Poet; "you are stopping our mouths by a royal proclamation." He loved praise—and loved it not the less when it came from the lips of an accomplished lady.—"Madam," said he to Mrs. M'Murdoe, "your praise has ballooned me up Parnassus."—"My merit is not all my own," he said to Robert Aiken of Ayr, "for you have read me into reputation." He called once on a certain lord in Edinburgh, and was shewn into the library. To amuse himself till his lordship was at leisure, he took down a volume of Shakspeare splendidly bound, and on opening it discovered, from the gilding, that it had never been read; also, that the worms were eating it through and through. Some dozen years afterwards, another visitor took down the same volume, and found the following lines pencilled by Burns on the first page:—

Through and through the inspired leaves  
Ye maggots make your windings;  
But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,  
And spare his golden bindings."

"To one who was frugal of his wine at table, and who was standing holding up a fresh bottle, saying, 'Do allow me to draw this one cork more; I ask it as a favour.'—"Sir," said Burns, "you hold the screw over the cork like Abraham holding the knife above his son Isaac—make the sacrifice!"

"Of the farm of Ellisland, when some one said it was good ground, Burns answered, 'And so it is, save what is stones. It is not land, sir; it is the riddlings of the creation!' While at Moffat once with Clarke, the composer, the Poet called for a bumper of brandy.—"Oh, not a bumper," said the musician—"I prefer two small glasses."—"Two glasses?" cried Burns, "why, you are like the lass in Kyle, who said she would rather be kissed twice bareheaded than once with her bonnet on."

The volume is graced with a portrait of the poet, said to be an excellent likeness, and a very beautiful vignette of the cottage where he was born.

*Iconografia della Fauna Italica.* [Plates, with Descriptions of the Vertebrated Animals of Italy.] By Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano. Fasc. I. and II. Rome: Bonifazi; London, Treuttel & Würtz.

ITALY has long been a chosen country with writers, who have lavished all their powers in describing her temples, her monuments, her ruins, her paintings, her statues,—in short, all her treasures of art; but the productions of nature have been by no means equally favoured. While Sweden, Denmark,

Germany, England, and France, can each boast of works peculiarly devoted to their own animals, and executed by the hands of masters, Italy is as yet without a complete Fauna; and her Zoology is to be sought in many separate volumes and scattered notices, some of great individual merit, yet all falling far short of a perfect view of her animal riches. Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte, whose contributions to American natural history have already made him well known, has undertaken to remedy this defect,—at least as far as regards the higher division of animals, and is at present engaged in preparing a complete systematic description of the vertebrata, including mammalia, birds, reptiles, and fishes, which is to appear under the title of 'Fauna Italica.' Meantime, he has determined on publishing a series of illustrations, (the first two numbers of which have reached us,) and which will include "figures of several new and rare Italian species, of all those hitherto imperfectly or erroneously depicted, and of all others that from any peculiar reason may seem worthy of this distinction. From the great confusion that has heretofore prevailed in Italian Herpetology, the class Reptiles will be figured in all its species. Many of the plates also will be devoted to Fishes, new or little known; while the lesser number will represent Mammalia and Birds, as most of these have already been correctly portrayed in works well known to zoologists;—and the object in the present collection is to avoid all repetitions, which might add to its bulk and expense without increasing its value." These plates will therefore serve as an Atlas to the 'Fauna Italica' when it shall appear; but, in order that they may form a complete work in themselves, they are accompanied by some sheets of letter-press, containing the name and distinctive characters of each animal figured; its situation in the general scale; a list of synonyms, evincing much careful research; and short general descriptions, easy yet accurate.

The figures are coloured lithographs of extreme beauty; the text is worthy the high character of the author; and the whole work is creditable to the scientific literature of the country to which it belongs.

*Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe und Zelter in den Jahren 1796 bis 1832.*—[Correspondence of Goethe and Zelter.] Herausgegeben von Dr. F. W. Riemer. Berlin, 1833.

IN our Gossip a fortnight since, we announced the arrival of the two volumes of the Correspondence of Goethe and Zelter, which had excited so much expectation in Germany. The long and affectionate intimacy which was known to subsist between these remarkable men warranted the presumption that Goethe's most secret and familiar thoughts and sentiments would be more fully revealed here than in any of his works, or even than in his more voluminous correspondence with Schiller. "That correspondence," says Dr. Riemer, the editor of the present work, "is chiefly filled with the literary exertions of two poets,—rivals, in the noblest sense of the word—their reciprocal endeavours to enlighten and correct each other, and discloses to us, with the most naïf frankness, the secret perplexities and distresses of German authors, particularly those who act as editors of periodical works. It seldom dwells on

the ordinary events of life, and contains scarcely anything of intimate confidence, or outpouring of the heart." "Nowhere," he adds, "do we find such undisguised communication of Goethe's most intimate opinions; of his pleasures and pains; his wishes and designs; his judgments of his own successes or failures;—nowhere such evident marks of faithful, deep attachment, as in the letters before us." This is true; and to those whose curiosity is already strongly stimulated concerning the character of this extraordinary man, the work before us is doubtless full of interest; but we are bound to confess, that we doubt whether the English public would find it sufficiently amusing to justify a complete translation. The publication of letters has been much more the fashion here and in France than in Germany. We know of nothing, in German, like the letters of Sevigné, Du Defand, Lady M. W. Montagu, Horace Walpole, and a host of others, who have laid their own hearts—if that be the word—and their friends' secrets and follies, open to the world. Whether this be a loss or a gain to German literature we cannot stop to discuss; but how can we in conscience recommend to English readers the correspondence of two men, one of whom lived in the most animated capital, the other in the most polished court of Germany—the one among actors and musicians—the other among princes and nobles, and men of letters—yet who do not regale each other with one single scandalous anecdote? a correspondence in which there are the minutest inquiries into the capabilities and merits of artists and actors, and not one allusion to their private habits; and in which great people are hardly mentioned except with reference to their influence on art? We submit, that this is not an inviting bill of fare to persons with a good English appetite for gossip, and we are afraid that even the thorough cordiality and abandon with which these remarkable friends speak of themselves and their domestic affairs would hardly be accepted as indemnification. To us, we confess, spite of our intense admiration for the genius and the stupendous mental activity of Goethe, the strongest interest of this work arises from the character of his devoted and passionate friend and admirer. Never, perhaps, were two men placed in situations more strongly contrasted. Goethe, at an age when most men have scarcely begun to feel the buffeting of the waves of fortune, was anchored in a safe and tranquil and beautiful harbour, where he was sheltered from the rude and chilling blasts of adversity, or the tossings of doubt and anxiety. Zelter's fate was altogether wayward. In a note to Mrs. Austin's 'Characteristics of Goethe' (Vol. II. p. 333), the painful contradiction between his tastes and his necessities, his genius and the occupation by which he had to earn his bread, is given in Goethe's words. But this affords a very imperfect idea of the struggles of this admirable man with an adverse destiny; of the cares, the toils, the sorrows, that continually beset him, and against which he was perseveringly combated with all the force of an upright, brave, and benevolent heart, and a mind wholly bent on perfecting and ennobling Art to the glory of God and the service of man. With singular rectitude and acuteness of



taste and judgment, extreme susceptibility to the effects of art in all its branches, and a vehement temper, he seems to have united the warmest and tenderest affections, which he expresses with equal simplicity and fervour. His language is blunt, colloquial,—sometimes even coarse,—interlarded with the old proverbs and sayings which the Germans have not yet suffered to fall into disuse and oblivion,—but vigorous, expressive, picturesque; sometimes touching and poetical. Generally speaking, no word characterizes it so well as the one Goethe repeatedly applies to it, and which we can hardly translate—*derb*. But it is time that we afford our readers some means of judging for themselves, as well as translation can enable them to do so. We shall endeavour, first, to show the man; and, if space remains to us, shall then give a few extracts from his very interesting remarks on music, and the arts generally. The correspondence began in 1799, and went on with ever increasing confidence. In 1806, his wife died in child-birth, an event for which he was wholly unprepared. In the letter which announces it to his friend, he says, "For ten years of marriage, we had had but one mind and one heart, for inward or for outward things; there was not a nerve in her frame by which I was not beloved." The next day he writes:—"I take advantage of my new solitude, and the necessity of busying myself, to write you these few lines. I am well in health, and shall recover my strength when the next few bad days are over, in which every fresh face renews my deep sorrow, which I love as if it were salutary." He then proceeds to indifferent topics. The following day comes this burst of irrepressible grief:—

I have taken out my work, but I cannot get into the train; it will not do. I am like a river tree. The beautiful half, the summer side, is severed from me, and everything that is painful now frets against the remaining side.

My friends want to take me out of this house—to remove me away from myself. I will not consent. It is only by myself that I can once more become a whole; and I shall conquer. I feel my strength, and hope to remain erect; but I feel my situation keenly, and I will so feel it.

Five days ago I anticipated no evil; and I can even say, that I rejoiced in the thought of another child, and that I should have my dozen complete. My youngest son was born on a Good Friday: she called him Raphael, on that account; and now she thought she should bear another son, and he was to be called Felix; and now, this is the end!

On Saturday, the day before her death, she went into the church to hear the rehearsal of my music. I was not to know it; and then what a joy it was to me to see her there. She said so much to me that was delightful and judicious about my work, that I then first felt sure of what there was good in it. For the first time, she said, she felt the weight of her burden, since she could not sing with me.

Oh, my friend, why have you never heard that cordial, powerful, sweet voice? When she sang, a feeling of health entered the careless ear, of which I know but one expression, and that she has carried with her into the grave. The pure heart streamed like a fresh invigorating breeze from her lips; touching, soothing, cheering. When she sang in chorus at the Academy, I could distinguish her soft refreshing voice among a hundred and fifty, without the least effort of hers. The sound went forth, light and free, as soon as she opened her mouth. The

compass of her voice was two octaves and a half of notes, like a costly row of polished diamonds, glancing into each other, yet perfectly distinct, and forming a cantilena, which never surprised, but which enchanted the more the more it was heard.

The mixture of the musician and the husband in this affecting lament may appear ridiculous to some of our readers; but we are to recollect that Zelter was neither a trader in music, nor a vain dilettante. His art was to him the object of fervid and religious veneration. We were tempted to quote some of his remarks which illustrate this, but we fear they would hardly be understood. "The knitting of the Godlike to matter," and the like, are expressions which characterized the aim and destiny of art to his mind, but would hardly be intelligible here.

But to return to his domestic history. His beloved wife had left him two children by a former husband, who seem to have fully shared his paternal love. The elder son was, however, a source of considerable disquiet to him, from a tendency he early showed to irregular and vicious habits.

A letter, dated 14th November, 1812, is as follows:—

My eldest son, whom you knew, and were kind to in Weimar, shot himself last night:—why, I do not yet distinctly make out, for his debts were not very considerable, and his accounts in order. He had just begun to be of use to me [in Zelter's own business, as an architect:] for, in comparison with most of his fellows, he might be called a clever man. And now he leaves me, just as I wished to bring him forward.

Sunday, 15. He wrote two letters the day before his death, one to his brother, in whose presence he destroyed himself. In this he recommends to his brother his natural daughter, a child of a year and a half old, and a widow whom he loved, and to whom he had promised marriage. To this widow the second letter is addressed. He sends back a ring, laments that her affectionate admonitions had been vain, and bids her farewell. On his desk lay 'Don Carlos'—open at this place: "Is there no deliverance? None, even by a crime?—None!"

Sometimes the painful thought comes over me, whether my behaviour to him was too grave and austere. His many licentious connexions were not to be overlooked. Though he lived entirely with me, and at my cost, he was perfectly free; he had an income of his own, and managed it himself. In his letter to his brother, he says he had often tried to write to me, but in vain.

His paternal property, which was in my hands, I paid him in full, at a time of the greatest difficulty and pressure. There was nothing in his chest.

Sitting on his bed, by the side of his sleeping brother, he killed himself. In this attitude he still sits, as I must not touch the body before the legal examination—but beautiful and noble as a well-taught actor could present himself before an applauding audience. The widow tells me she once tried to separate from him, for that she had an opportunity of marrying well. On this he pressed the pistol to his breast, and said, then that should be his mistress.

He shot himself through the mouth, and has lost little blood. His mouth is only stained with the powder. His face is cheerful. The other pistol is loaded and primed. The letters were written the day before—illegible and wetted with big tear-drops. He has also left a sort of will. For some weeks he had been silent and reserved to his acquaintances, and I had not

seen him of a week. My books, which he kept, are in the greatest order.

Now, I must once more try to establish myself by myself, all anew. He was become necessary to me. The day before yesterday he received instructions for his examination, which he could have passed with honour; and thus he has freed himself, and left me. I could never have thought that I was capable of the bitter envy with which I looked at his beautiful corpse; and at that moment, had I recollected the other pistol that lay in reserve on his desk—no, it is hard—cruel! If he knew but how I loved him, he could not rest in peace. Speak a healing word to me. I must rouse myself; but I am not what I was. I have strength, but for other things—here I want to be upheld. Nine months ago I lost my dearest sister; then her son, who was also my son-in-law; and now, this beloved sinner.

I have ordered the child to be brought to me; it has a quiet, suppressed air, and eyes like yours. It looks incessantly at your picture, which hangs in my room. I shall take it home to me, that I may have something more to lose.

Many years later, we find this child sitting at his board, a member of his household.

This lamentable catastrophe served to develop the real kindness of Goethe's heart, and the strength of his affection for Zelter. Up to that time, the correspondence had been carried on in the third person plural—the usual language of courtesy, and even friendship, short of brotherly intimacy. There was also, with all Zelter's bluntness, a constant recognition of the superiority of his master and friend. But here begins a new epoch. Goethe's answer to this affecting letter is written in the second person singular, the *du* of brotherhood and endearment,—and that so simply and unostentatiously, that we feel it was no laborious attempt to comfort, but the impulse of an affectionate heart. This marked change of tone is, of course, lost in English. Yet we give a part of the letter:

Your letter, my beloved friend, which announces that calamity has again fallen upon your house, has greatly depressed me, nay, bowed me down; for it found me in the midst of very grave reflections on life, and I rose again only by your own help. You have overspread the black touchstone of death with your own pure, refined gold. How noble is a character thus imbued with mind and soul! and how noble a talent that rests on such a foundation!

Concerning the deed, or misdeed, I know not what to say. When *tedium vitæ* takes possession of a man, he is to be pitied, not to be blamed. That all the symptoms of this strange disease, so natural, yet so unnatural, once tortured my inmost mind, is evident enough from Werther. I know what resolutions and efforts it cost me then to escape from the waves of death; and how often afterwards I saved myself with labour and toil from shipwreck.

When we see how the world, and especially the young, are not alone devoted to their pleasures and their passions, but how all that is highest and best in them is disjointed and disfigured by the serious follies of the time, so that all that might lead to blessedness leads to perdition—not to mention innumerable outward obstacles and pressures—we cannot wonder at the misdeeds which man commits against himself and others. I could write a new Werther, which would make people's hair stand on end more than the first. Let me add one remark. Most young men who are conscious of merit require more of themselves than is reasonable. And they are goaded and compelled to this by the gigantic pressure around them. I know half a dozen such, who will inevitably be lost, and

whom you could not save, even if you could enlighten them as to their true interest and happiness. Nobody will believe that reason and a vigorous will were given us, not only to withhold us from what is bad, but from excess in what is good.

Were we not afraid of tiring our readers with lugubrious pictures, we should conclude this domestic history with Zelter's letter on the death of his youngest son, a brave and beautiful boy of sixteen, who served during the campaign in France, in a hussar regiment, and, after escaping the greatest perils, died of fever at Versailles. When the lad left him, he writes—"I have no words to describe what a beautiful boy it is; and on horseback he looks like a Chiron." But besides these overpowering griefs, Zelter had the continual and wearing pressure of caring care for his numerous family, and discouragements in his art, to struggle against. The Singing Academy, which he founded, and to which he gave time, thought, and strength, without the least pecuniary reward, attracted no powerful or wealthy patronage. He trained as many as three hundred pupils at a time, in the principles and the practice of the highest and purest schools of music, chiefly choral. His taste was severe, and his prejudice against the superficial tinsel of the modern Italian, and the wild extravagance of the modern German (as he thought them), nearly equal. Handel and Sebastian Bach seem to have been the objects of his peculiar veneration. On one occasion, he got up 'Alexander's Feast' in his Singing Academy.

Oh, that you could hear the choruses of this work of Handel's! (says he): I am certain that the majesty, the power, the life, and, at the same time, the repose, would show you music from a point of view in which it appears rarely, and to few. The poem, which is Dryden's, relates how Timotheus moves Alexander by his art, and at length gains a victory over the mighty warrior. That I could describe to you—what I think of with more and more awe, and amazement—the simplicity, clearness, joyousness, and life!

He was, however, able frankly to give up his prejudices in favour of genius, as we see by what follows:—

May 8th, 1816. Beethoven has written a Battle Sinfonia, by which other people may be made as deaf as himself. So now the women may know to a hair what sort of thing a battle is; though nobody more should know what music is. May 8th. Last night Beethoven's Battle Sinfonia was played at the theatre. I heard it from the farthest end of the pit, where it loses its deafening effect, and it certainly affected, nay, agitated, me. The piece is really a whole, and the parts are distinguished and combined very intelligibly. The English advance from a distance with their drums—as they approach, they are recognized by their 'Rule Britannia.' In like manner, the enemy is known by 'Malbrook s'en va-t-en guerre,' &c. The report of arms and musketry are distinguishable on either side; the orchestra labours in all the tumult and confusion of a battle, which yet really consist of connected musical ideas, and occupy and interest the ear. The armies fight hand to hand—charges, and the like, work up the thing to the highest point. One army gives way—the other follows, at first hotly and close, then at a distance—at last, all is still. As if out of the earth, stifled and mysterious, mournfully sounds the air of 'Malbrook,' in the minor key, interspersed with expiring accents of complaint and wailing. Then the victory of the conquerors,

which is expressed by 'God Save the King,' and lastly, a complete, lively, triumphant close. All this really hangs very well together; yet it is not readily taken in by a good ear: yesterday it diverted me extremely. The execution was splendid, though fifty violins more would not have been too much. Genius for ever, and the devil take all criticism!

There are some curious and learned musical dissertations, for which we have no room. One on the use of the minor third contains this curious fact, which Zelter quotes in support of his theory:—

I remember a bell in this city, which must have unequal sides. When it sounds, you distinctly hear that the third is less than the major, and approaches nearer to the minor. Yet at every stroke, this third, while vibrating in the air, rectifies itself gradually, and approaches the major third, till it becomes perfectly pure. This experiment I have often watched by the quarter of an hour at a time. Now, as the original sound was nearer the minor than the major, why did not the resonance pass into the minor?

We should convey a false idea of the book, however, and of its two extraordinary authors, were we to lead our readers to suppose that musical criticism occupies any very large portion of it. What there is, is very valuable. Zelter's remarks on elocution, both in speaking and singing, are well worthy the attention of Englishmen, as well as Germans. "Never," says he, "would I suffer a pupil to sing a word till he could pronounce it distinctly." He insists on the necessity of temperate diet, and a clean tongue, and suggests, what we have no doubt has truth in it, that the exquisite neatness and flexibility of Italian articulation is, in a great degree, to be attributed to the absence of the gross, heavy food of the north.

His criticisms on books, acting, pictures,—in short, on art generally, are full of acuteness, and were evidently highly prized by Goethe. Goethe repeatedly urges him to describe remarkable dramatic representations, or actors: he says, he could not see them in the descriptions of any other person. Goethe was quite willing to overlook, if, indeed, he did not rather relish, the colloquial and somewhat coarse tone of some of Zelter's descriptions—the bursts of violent disgust—the untamed bluntness—the strange and grotesque allusions and proverbs—which a man of less thorough and perfect culture, and less comprehensive genius, would have pronounced "vulgar." Goethe hated nothing so much as affectation, pedantry, prudery—in short, any of the conventional shifts for covering the want of real elevation, real knowledge, real virtue, to which men who move in society generally are often forced to have recourse. Something real—something vigorous (*etwas tüchtiges*)—was his constant demand. He wanted every man to know how to do something thoroughly. For this reason, we see the respect and the interest he felt for a good workman of any kind. *Pfuscherey*—botching, which he held to be the besetting sin of the age, was his abhorrence; and he preferred a "tüchtiger" carpenter to a dabbler in accomplishments. "I shall be glad," says he, speaking of Eberwein, "if he brings us something fundamental (*gründlich*) and productive in his art, for I am so sick of the present conceited botching [*pfuscherey*] in every department, that I do not care to look out at my window to see it: nay, the Germans, in their adver-

sity, appear to me ludicrous; for they are in despair only because they can't quack any more." This was written in 1809. Thus the vigour and conscientious earnestness with which Zelter pursued his art, commanded his warmest sympathy and esteem. Zelter's remarks on his own original profession, architecture, are curious, and show great reflection. The bridge of Prague,—the Cathedral of Strassburg,—are described in a manner at once graphic and workman-like. But the object of his greatest admiration,—we had almost said tenderness,—is the organ at Strassburg. The vivacity of his description in the original is most diverting, and we regret to spoil it by putting it into sober English:—

I am now come from masses, and have seen the inside of the cathedral organ. I wanted to see the lungs that give breath to such a work, and I have had great enjoyment in the sight. Six bellows, which can contain, at least, 600 cubic feet of air, have at least 300 always in store, and the most powerful organist cannot exhaust them if they are served by two men. The manner of blowing can never fail, never injure, and is a masterpiece of mechanism. The weights are of lead, and made fast—an excellent plan; in all parts, you see sense, experience, thought, and talent: the man was a true son of the muses. Our worthy organist pulled about this godlike creature miserably, but, with all his ignorance, he could not destroy the eternal life in it. According to the inscription, which I read myself, the work was begun in 1713, and finished in August, 1716—just a hundred years ago. The organist, who has to play twice a-day, has 548 steps to ascend and descend daily, and after that, the pedal to work. The two bellows-blowers are sturdy fellows, with good thighs, who make the weights stand in awe of them. In some churches, they take poor mangled invalids, who spoil the bellows, &c.

The builder of this mighty work was the renowned Master Silbermann, of Strassburg, of whom Zelter always speaks with enthusiasm.

That Goethe and Zelter had no great reverence for what is called public opinion, i.e. the collective judgments of the uninstructed, need scarcely be told. The following is Zelter's account of the criticisms on the 'Italienische Reise,' which had just appeared:—

It's a sickly, silly, good sort of race, whose physicians tell them they are well, because they take their physic. Thus, they have been told people should be impartial—which is true enough—and now they are violent partisans of impartiality. One of our friends says, Goethe has taken his ease a little over his Italian tour. People certainly did expect something more than the mere letters he wrote at the time to his friends, with which the reader must jump, like a grasshopper, in the space of eight or ten hours from the Töpel to the Tigris.

Yes, says another, that's his way; he strows about crumbs and corn as if men were chickens or pigeons, and had nothing to do but to pick up what he sows, and then at last to have their necks twisted.

Now comes a third, and says, You are rightly served, since you cannot get rid of your prejudices. Who told you to expect what was not likely to be produced? You continually find yourselves deceived, and yet you hope on.

A fourth says, I shall say no more; for Kotzebue and Merkel said, thirteen years ago, that his genius was worn out.

No, cries a fifth, those are not the men for me; but Tieck has a right to speak, and Tieck

has pronounced that he would never do anything after Wilhelm Meister.

Yes, exclaims a sixth, and so Schlegel says, and so say I; and Frederick says too, that he is no Christian—he is a heathen!

A heathen! says a seventh: he may be as much of a heathen as he likes, for me. He approves everything, and disapproves everything.

Hold! cries No. 8, you are departing from the question. Let me tell you, for I have it from undoubted authority, the Tour in Italy is nothing but a new edition of Werther's Letters, with a new title. Look at the book attentively. He has very cunningly left out Werther and Charlotte and Albert, that you may not observe the trick; but Merkel will observe it, and when once he has put his hand upon it, he will soon point it out to others.

And then how ungrateful he is, and how un-courteous! He has run away with the worthy Consul Smith's copy of Palladio, and now he calls all Englishmen Jews. Who wants to know that, even if it were true?

As for me, I am running over these letters for the third time, and sip and taste here and there; and though my intense longing after this country has long been cooled, the recollection of a neglected youth draws bitter tears from my eyes. And yet I never had a strong impulse to learn in Italy. I know that nothing better would have been made of me than what I now am, and can be: I only wanted to warm myself;—once in my life to let that glow penetrate through my whole being. Here, where mist and clouds nip the buds of the sunbeams on their way, we do not know what we can do. Frisch once said, that Winckelmann learned his German in Italy;—that one warmed one's eyes at his pages; and it was in Italy that your Iphigenia became a German work.

So then be you my Italy—my sun—and never leave me, as I shall never leave you.

Yours, ZELTER.

We have no room for more. In the present volumes the Correspondence is brought down no farther than 1818. We presume the rest will follow.

*Lives, Characters, and an Address to Posterity, by Bishop Burnet.* Edited by the late Bishop of Limerick. 2nd Edition. London: Duncan.

We rarely notice a second edition, further than to announce its publication, unless it presents some new feature changing the character or the value of the work. Such we deem the Letters of the Countess Dowager of Rochester, now first published, because they are not only interesting in themselves, but tend to establish the truth of Burnet's narrative of the conversion of her profligate son. To these our attention shall be solely directed; for of the value of the book generally, we spoke in a former article; and in a former number will be found our tribute of respect to the memory of its amiable editor.

The Countess Dowager of Rochester was the sister of Sir Walter St. John, of Battersea; she was remarkable for her affectionate disposition, for sincere piety, and for a strictness of morals suited to a better age than that in which she lived. We may easily imagine with what feelings she regarded the wild and vicious career of her son; but she must herself aid us to describe the joy with which the returning prodigal was received, when, with broken fortune and ruined health, he sought the asylum of a parent's roof. She thus writes to her sister-in-law:—

"I am not able to write you a long letter; I

can only say this, that, though he lies under as much misery, almost, as human man can bear, yet he bears his sufferings with so much patience, and resignation to God's will, that, I confess, I take more comfort in him, under this visitation, than ever I did in all my life before; and tho' the Lord has been pleas'd not to work this work upon him till the last hour, yet, I have great reason to believe, he will find mercy, thro' the merits and satisfaction of Christ, on whom he throws himself, for the favour of God.

"O sister, I am sure, had you heard the heavenly prayers he has made, since his sickness; the extraordinary things he has said, to the wonder of all that has heard him, you would wonder, and think that God alone must teach him; for no man could put into him such things as he says. \* \* \* Pray, pray for his perseverance, dear sister; and pardon me, that I can say no more."

Rochester, in his illness, learned to estimate court friendships at their true value, though probably not aware what a lesson was read to those who put their trust in princes, by his sufferings affording the theme of a wretched jest, and his sorrows the subject of some miserable lampoon.

"Many messages and compliments his old acquaintance send him; but he is so far from receiving of them, that still his answer is,—'Let me see none of them; & I would to God I had never conversed with some of them.' One of his physicians, thinking to please him, told him the king drank his health the other day; he look'd earnestly upon him, and said never a word, but turn'd his face from him. I thank God, his thoughts are wholly taken off from the world, and, I hope, whether he lives or dies, will ever be so. But they are fine people at Windsor, God forgive them! Sure there never was so great a malice performed, as to entitle my poor son to a lampoon, at this time, when, for aught they know, he lies upon his death-bed."

His interview with Fanshaw is too characteristic to be omitted:—

"I cannot omit one passage lately: Mr. Fanshaw, his great friend, has been here to see him; & as he was standing by my son's bed-side, he look'd earnestly upon him, & said,—'Fanshaw, think of a God, let me advise you; & repent you of your former life, and amend your ways. Believe what I say to you; there is a God, & a powerful God, & he is a terrible God to unrepenting sinners: the time draws near, that he will come to judgment, with great terror to the wicked; therefore delay not your repentance: his displeasure will thunder against you, if you do. You & I have been long time acquainted, [and] done ill together. I love the man; & speak to him out of conscience, for the good of his soul.' Fanshaw stood, and said never a word to him, but stole away out of the room. When my son saw him go, 'Is a gone?' says says he; 'poor wretch! I fear his heart is harden'd.' After that, Fanshaw said to some in the house, that my son shou'd be kept out of melancholy fancies. This was told my son again: upon which says he, 'I know why he said that; it was because I gave him my advice; but I cou'd say no less to him than I did, let him take it as he pleases.'"

The concluding passage in these letters will probably set at rest the question of the reality of Rochester's conversion:—

"I told my son, that I heard Mr. Fanshaw said, that he hop'd he wou'd recover, and leave those principles he now profess'd. He answer'd, 'Wretch! I wish I had convers'd all my lifetime with link-boys, rather than with him, & that crew; such, I mean, as Fanshaw is. Indeed, I wou'd not live, to return to what I was, for all the world.' I desire the continuance of

your prayers, & all the good people who has been kind, in remembering my son in their prayers. I told him, that you pray'd for him heartily. He said,—'Pray thank my good aunt; and remember my service to her, and my uncle.' My daughter remembers her service to you. Dear sister, whatever becomes of me, thro' my afflictions, I am sincerely,

"Madam,

"Your faithful friend, and affectionate servant,

"A. ROCHESTER."

"For the Lady St. John at Battersea."

"Leave this to be sent with safety, at Mr. Dryden's, in King Street, at the sign of the pestle and mortar, Westminster, London."

The genuineness of these Letters is sufficiently proved by their internal evidence; but the following circumstantial account of their preservation and transmission must satisfy any one who desires farther proof:—

"They were copied by Mrs. Chapone, mother-in-law of the celebrated authoress, from the original autograph letters, in the possession of Mrs. Meredith, grand-daughter to Lady St. John; and came by descent, into the possession of Mrs. Chapone's grand-daughter, the present Miss Boyd. To this lady's unsolicited kindness, it is, that the editor, and, as he thinks, the public, are indebted, for this valuable accession of testimony to Bishop Burnet's narrative."

*The Maid-Servant's Friend.* By a Lady. brought up at the Foundling Hospital. London: Onwhyn.

THE housekeeper who peruses the above title, and then reads the work itself, will meet with an agreeable surprise. Every master and mistress in the United Kingdom knows what a maid-servant's friend is—sometimes he is a brother, sometimes a cousin (often a cousin), and sometimes a father, who really wears well and carries his age amazingly. He comes down the area—in at a window—or through a door left ajar. Sometimes a maid-servant, like a hare, has many friends—the master of the house, after washing his hands in the back kitchen, feels behind the door for a jack-towel, and lays hold of a friend's nose—friends are shy; sometimes the footman breaks a friend's shins while plunging into the coal-cellar for a shovel of nubblys. We speak feelingly—our own abode having been once turned into a Friends' Meeting-house—a fact we became aware of through a smoky chimney—but a chimney will smoke when there is a journeyman baker up it.

Having perused the little work—a work of all work—by a lady brought up at the Foundling,—and having an earnest desire to "put our houses in order," we determined to set our establishment upon the lady's footing, and to act ourselves, and make our servants act, as though our conduct was in *print*. We confess we are not quite satisfied with the results—a few of which our readers shall know. They are, of course, our masters, and we are naturally anxious, like all good servants, to give them warning.

*Touching Fires.* The following are the lady's directions:—

"When a fire happens, give instant alarm. Beware of opening doors, windows, &c., to increase the fire by a current of air. Endeavour to remain as collected as possible. See that the family are assembled and that none are missing. First save lives, then property. Think of the ways of escape; by the stairs if no better



any. Creep along a room where the fire is, and creep down stairs backwards on hands and knees (heated air ascends), come down stairs with a pillow before your face and a wet blanket round the body, and hold your breath, or try the roof of an adjoining house. Throw out of the window a feather-bed to leap upon in the last extremity; fasten fire escapes to the bed-posts—first send children down by a sack fastened to a rope, taking care of the iron spikes and area—then lower yourself."

We got our new servant to work the foregoing problem, as she is strange to the ways of the house. She did creep down stairs backward on her hands and knees as advised, but for want of a good look out, took a wrong turn and escaped into the coal-skuttle. She then returned and tried the front way, with a pillow before her face and a wet blanket round her body—and would, no doubt, have had a lumbago if she had walked straight into the flames. Again she returned, with unwearied industry, and stepped on to the roof of the next house,—but it turned out that there was no next house, and she gave over any further attempt at escape. The foot-man fastened fire escapes to the bed-post, the consequence of which was, that the house was gutted by two gentlemen of easy honesty—servants' friends, no doubt. The children were carefully let down in a sack as directed—but the servant "lowered herself," by carefully balancing them into the burning parlour, in her care to avoid the spikes.

#### *Touching Thieves.* The book says,

"On Sundays, during Divine service, when the family are at church, it is extremely dangerous to open the door to any one that knocks. \* \* \* I would, therefore, advise you to answer all strangers who may come at that time from the area, or an upper window. \* \* \* Let no person who is not well-known to you enter the house, either when you are alone in it, or early in the morning before the family have risen. These villains sometimes come as footmen, with a message from some person whose names they make use of; sometimes as porters, with a basket from an inn, with a present from the country; \* \* \* but whatever their pretences be, let them wait, it is preferable to appear uncivil, than by your carelessness expose your master and mistress to be robbed, and yourself probably ill-treated."

On a given Sunday, our servant Sally acted as per advice. The consequences were, that, on returning from church, we were refused admittance into our own house—a friend's invitation to an agreeable Literary Dinner was not taken in—and a couple of ducks and a goose from the Swan with Two Necks were refused. A young man, however, was let in, who was well known to her—and he quitted the house with a dozen table-spoons and a soup-ladle. There are many wholesome warnings against what Winifred Jenkins calls the mail sex,—whether master, lodger, or apprentice, but there is an unaccountable omission of the New Police—those friends of social order and servant maids. Neither are the wily arts of bakers' men, glaziers, or butchers, sufficiently guarded against, who get so frequently into the hearts of housemaids, and leave them again without a month's warning. We would advise their introduction in the next edition.

For the rest, "this little book," as the lady says, must speak for itself—or in other words, give itself a written character. We heartily recommend it to be read and studied by every maid servant, that is to say, when every

maid servant can read—and that the trouble of the perusal be "considered in their wages." Sincerely, also, do we join in the confident anticipation, that "the noblemen and gentlemen who preside over the Fire Insurance Companies will feel a pleasure in giving publicity to a work" which recommends, in cases of house-warming, the creeping down stairs backwards on the hands and knees—and that, by way of "making assurance doubly sure," they will befriend the servant maids, by furnishing each with an appropriate brazen badge to be worn on the occasion.

SACRED CLASSICS, Vol. I.—*The Liberty of Prophecy.* By Jeremy Taylor, Bishop of Down and Connor. With an introductory Essay, by the Rev. R. Cattermole, B.D. London: Hatchard.

THE conductors of this work have restored the universal character of Christianity; they hail as brethren all who have done good in their generation, no matter whether a worthy labourer in the field of truth appears with a Geneva band or an English surplice, whether his vestments be adorned with the cross or of simple whiteness, whether his abode be the cathedral or the conventicle, if he has a right "to claim kindred," he shall have "his claim allowed." The world long fought about forms—the substance was well nigh forgotten; and there were those who profited by the evil—minds incapable of grasping a universal truth, but able to comprehend some trifling point of difference to serve as an excuse for hatred. Jeremy Taylor had seen the three kingdoms convulsed by a civil war, in which every combatant declared that he was actuated by a desire to support that Gospel, which was announced as "Peace on earth, good-will towards men;" but he saw that religion was made the pretence for the indulgence of evil passions, and he proposed, in the work before us, the means for avoiding the repetition of similar calamities. His plan had reason and revelation in its favour, but it had pride, passion and private interest opposed to it, and they of course prevailed. "What!" said one, "shall my silk cassock rub against the coarse serge of the Presbyterian!" "And," queried another, "must I meet in amity, those fellows who ejected me from my comfortable parsonage?" "Oh!" said prejudice, "what shall we do, if we are not allowed to curse popery, slavery and wooden shoes?"—"The fellows will ask to share our preferments," said private interest, and the matter was settled in a moment. "What should I have left to love?" said the beggar when asked to part with his dog—"What shall I have left to hate?" is a more common question with the bigot, when asked to exchange his narrow sectarian spirit for the philanthropic principles of pure Christianity. We rejoice to see Taylor's noble work published in an accessible form and at so moderate a price, the day has arrived when its circulation may, we should rather say must, do good. The Introduction is written in a congenial spirit; Mr. Cattermole has caught a spark of the living fire of independence which burned in the Bishop's bosom. He has, in a manly but temperate tone, stated the evils that have resulted from the exclusive principles adopted by the English church in the reign of the second Charles; and he offers, under more favourable circumstances, the remedy which Jeremy Taylor proffered in the commencement of the disease—the abolition of damnable creeds and exclusive articles, the adoption in their stead of the beautiful and simple formula of the primitive Christians, "the Apostles' Creed," to which every addition has been an injury.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

TO ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I.

Indweller of a peaceful vale,  
Ravaged, erewhile, by white-hair'd Dane;  
Proud architect of many a wondrous tale,  
Which, till Helvellyn's head lie prostrate, shall remain!

II.

From Arno's side I hear thy Derwent flow,  
And see, methinks, the lake below  
Reflect thy graceful progeny, more fair  
And radiant than the purest waters are,  
Even when gurgling, in their joy, among  
The bright and blessed throng,  
Whom—on her arm recline,  
The beauteous Proserpine  
With tenderest, regretful gaze,  
Thinking of Enna's yellow field, surveys.

III.

Alas! that snows are shed  
Upon thy laurel'd head,  
Hurtled by many cares and many wrongs!  
Malignty lets none  
Reach safe the Delphic throne;  
A hundred kennel curs bark down Fame's hundred tongues.

IV.

But this is in the night; when men are slow  
To raise their eyes; when high and low,  
The scarlet and the colourless are one:  
Soon Sleep unbars his noiseless prison,  
And active minds again are risen;  
Where are the curs?—dream-bound and whimpering in the sun.

V.

At life's, or lyre's, or labor's sound,  
The dance of youth, Oh! Southey runs not round,—  
But ceases at the bottom of—the room,  
Amid the falling dust and deepening gloom;  
Where the weary sit them down,  
And beauty too unbraids and waits a lovelier crown.

VI.

We hurry to the river we must cross,  
And swifter downward every footstep wends;  
Happy, who reach it ere they count the loss  
Of half their faculties and half their friends!  
When we have come to it, the stream  
Is not so dreary as They dream  
Who look on it from haunts too dear;  
The weak from Pleasure's baths feel most its chilling air!

VII.

No firmer breast than thine hath Heaven  
To poet, sage, or hero given;  
No breast more tender; none more just  
To that He largely placed in trust:  
Therefore shalt Thou, whate'er the date  
Of years be thine, with soul elate  
Rise up before the Eternal throne,  
And hear, in God's own voice, "Well done."

VIII.

Not—were that submarine  
Gem-lighted city mine,  
In which my name, engraven by Thy hand  
Above the royal gleam of blazonry shall stand;  
Not—were all Syracuse  
Poured forth before my Muse,  
With Hiero's cars, and steeds, and Pindar's lyre,  
Brightening the path with more than Solar fire;  
Could I—as would beseem—require the praise  
Showered upon my low head from Thy most lofty lays.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Florence, Dec. 1833.

## BRUSA AND MAGNESIA IN ASIA MINOR.

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE PHENOMENA OF MAGNETIC INFLUENCE.

Being the substance of a paper laid before the Philosophical Society of Cambridge by Dr. YATES, with further extracts from his Journal.

THE ancient town of Magnesia, in Asia Minor (the supposed origin of the term "magnet"), stands at the base of Mount Sipylus. Its situation is picturesque. The Hermus, a considerable river (distant about an hour and a half), flows through a fine, but neglected valley. The rocky heights of Mount Sipylus are remarkable for their extraordinary influence over the mariner's compass, a fact which gives an additional interest to the spot, and cannot but attract the notice of the traveller, though he pause but for a few hours to confirm or refute the observations of others. I determined to ascend the mountain, and, accordingly, chose this route from Smyrna to Constantinople, although the rainy season had commenced. It was the close of December: and even the hardy Tartar was now glad to resume his furs and capote. The rivers were swollen, the snow storms were expected, and the lowering clouds rolled rapidly along to the once-famed mountains of Ida, whose rugged sides, already clothed in white, were partially obscured by the dense gathering vapours which clung about the lofty summits like the volumes of a smothering volcano. I had a dreary prospect before me, and very little encouragement; for, being at the time an invalid, having barely recovered from the renewed attack of a fever by which I was overtaken in Syria, I could only anticipate a severe and trying journey. Had I listened to the solicitations of friends, and remained quiet during the winter months, or continued my journey by sea, I might, perhaps, have been excused; but, while I felt it incumbent on me to fly from the effects of a Smyrna climate, I was unwilling to omit so interesting a district as that of Brusa and Olympus, the ancient residence of a line of princes, and, previous to the fall of Constantine, the chief seat of the Ottoman empire. Brusa, though it has ceased to be of political importance, must ever remain a place of great interest; it is much resorted to by the Turks, on account of its delightful situation, and its baths, to which almost miraculous virtues have been attributed; and, in a mercantile point of view, it will continue to rank as one of the chief depôts of the eastern world, especially of Asia Minor. Its Khan is extensive, and presents a constant scene of bustle and animation. Caravans arrive there daily from the interior, and it is there that the patient camels deposit their rich loads of gums, silks, and fruits, for the inspection of the anxious merchant, ere he embarks them at Smyrna or Constantinople, to be further distributed, with various other luxuries, to the countries of civilized Europe. The whole district between Smyrna and Brusa—and, indeed, we may say, the Imperial City also—is exceedingly picturesque, but wild and imperfectly cultivated, and many portions of it are neglected altogether; for such is the system of extortion and taxation which is had recourse to here, as throughout the dominions of the Porte, that the country is frequently in a state of revolt: there is no security for property, and, of course, but little encouragement for industry. The land is for many miles together without inhabitants, and of course uncultivated: but there is abundant evidence of the richness of the soil, and there can be no question, that under a good government, the country might be restored to its original prosperous condition. The greatest landholder, in Asia Minor, at the present time, is the reigning governor of Magnesia, the chief of the celebrated family of *Carasman Oglou*—a person, who, for a Turk, must be considered reasonable in his expectations; he is, indeed, said to have many good qualities,

and to enjoy the esteem of his people. He generally resides at Magnesia, though a temporary absence deprived me of an opportunity of paying him a visit. The ancient town of Magnesia is supposed to have stood on as much ground as Smyrna, although the population is now estimated at little more than one half. The situation is picturesque, and the numerous light, open minarets, which taper above the other buildings, give indication of no less than twenty-six mosques, two of which are imperial and of great antiquity, one of them having been built by the Sultan Amurath, father of Mahomed the Second. There still exists a mausoleum, built by the same Sultan, in which are the marble tombs of twenty-two of his family: so many proofs of the estimation in which the town was once held.

The associations occasioned by these and many other circumstances which relate to the history of mankind, as well as the productions of nature (of which the hot springs of Mount Olympus are not the least interesting), are more than enough to repay the traveller, who has sufficient resolution to undertake the journey: but I forbear to comment further on this subject, as the primary object of this communication is, to call the attention of those who may happen to follow in my steps, to the singular phenomenon (overlooked by many) peculiar to the Sipylus.

Being unwilling to trust entirely to my own experiments, I requested the Rev. Mr. Arundell, † Chaplain to the British Consulate, and Mr. F. W. Moores, of the United States Navy, to accompany me so far. These gentlemen consented; and having entered into an arrangement with Milcolm, a well-known Armenian guide, to conduct me across the mountains to Brusa and Constantinople, we set out under favourable auspices, and reached Magnesia, after a pleasant journey, in eight hours. It was quite dark when we arrived, which precluded all possibility of seeing or doing anything until the next day. We were content to remain, therefore, at our quarters, although they were not the most agreeable. Having, like good Mussulmans, performed our ablutions, we did ample justice to the excellent fare of "mine host of the Khan." Coffee and pipes were then produced, and we contrived to beguile the time until the hour of rest, discussing the merits of Amurath and Carasman alternately with the object of our visit, and arranging our plans for its prosecution. The next morning was not very favourable for the undertaking we had in view. When we arose, it was still dark and bitter cold; the whole valley seemed enveloped in a dense fog; the wind had changed during the night to the south-east, and although the atmosphere brightened a little as the day began to dawn, it was long ere the mountain tops were visible. We, however, lost no time, and procuring a guide, cautiously sallied forth; for if the Turks had discovered our object, they might have been mistrustful, and mistaking us for spies, would doubtless have prevented the execution of our plans.

Leaving the town about 10 A.M., we ascended the Castle Hill, a part of the Sipylus range. Having proceeded about a quarter of an hour, a little to the westward of the Castle, we took the first observation, in order to determine the bearing of a sugar-loaf mountain, which was beyond the river Hermus, (probably a part of the range of Mount Temnus). We found it to be two degrees westward of North. As yet, the compass indicated no change. Ascending in the same direction, we took very numerous observations, keeping always as a fixed point, the sugar-loaf mountain. At length, the compass was found to vary 12 degrees *easterly*, and the variation continued to increase gradually in the

same course, until it amounted to 36 degrees *easterly*. A short time before we approached the summit, the needle began to recede, and was suddenly attracted to the south-west. It was evident there must be some powerful cause for the change, and, in proportion as we advanced, the degree of variation diminished, from which we inferred that the great source of attraction was now behind us; we, therefore, retraced our steps, and, immediately, there was a corresponding change in the compass. We forthwith set ourselves to explore the district: the variation went on steadily increasing until we approached a mass of dark rock, which had a most astonishing influence over the instrument, which was no sooner placed upon it, than it became considerably agitated, and trembled as if drawn from its course downwards, by a powerful magnetic source beneath the surface: on placing the needle on the ground, either at our feet, or a few yards off, the effect produced was the same: it did not point to the rock, but fairly *dipped*; it trembled and was drawn down as before, and only returned to its former variation, as we retired from the spot; from which we concluded that the phenomenon did not depend on the mass in question, but on something below the surface: besides, we carried home portions of the rock, but did not find that they exhibited any magnetic power.

On quitting this remarkable spot, the needle ceased to tremble, and gradually returned to its previous degree of variation. Our ascent had been westerly; we went nearly to the summit of the mountain, where nothing particular was noticed, and afterwards we descended by a path to the eastward of the castle: thus pursuing a course different, and more extensive and elevated, than that of either Chishull or Macfarlane. The compasses sustained no injury: we had taken two with us, in order to compare the results,—one of them was smaller than the other, and, of course, more sensibly affected. The rocks of the whole district contained a great deal of iron in various states of oxydation.

"The mountainous parts about Magnesia," says Chishull, (*Travels in Turkey*, 1747), "were anciently famous for the production of the loadstone, though, indeed, it is disparaged by Pliny, and accounted less attractive than that of other places. However, this probably was the city, from whence, as Lucretius says, that stone took the name of Magnet: as, from the whole country of Lydia, the touchstone likewise was called *Lapis Lydius*. This hint gave us the curiosity to carry a sea compass up the Castle Hill, where we had the satisfaction to see it point to different stones, and quickly after entirely to lose its whole virtue; two effects which are natural to the magnetic needle, when injured by the nearness of other bodies impregnated with the same quality."

Macfarlane tells us, that his pocket compass proved the accuracy of Chishull's statement of the magnetic qualities of these mountains. "In several places in my ascent," says he, "I found the needle affected, seeing it tremble and vary from the pole; but, on the summit of the Castle Hill to the west, on producing it, it pointed due east, in the direction of a dark mass of rock, which, on examination, offered nothing to distinguish it from the general appearance of the Sipylus; and, rather lower down, behind the castle, in the deep hollow which separates the Castle Hill from the Sipylus, on placing it on a flat stone, the needle wavered, and stood in succession at nearly every point of the compass, and this suddenly, and as if by jerks, being any thing now rather than an emblem of constancy."† The same author also mentions, that the day before his visit to the Castle Hill, a chasm of Mount Sipylus, to the east of Magnesia, near the road which leads to Sardes, he also detected

† Author of 'A Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia.'

† Constantinople in 1829.



the variations of his pocket compass; but the needle was not affected to such a degree as on the hill of the Acropolis. It is interesting and instructive to compare these facts with the phenomena which occur in other parts of the world, a detail of which has been given us by various intelligent travellers. There are, perhaps, few sections of the earth, in which the stratification is similar, and especially in volcanic districts, where something of the like kind may not be said to exist. Of this we have sufficient evidence. Brydone, for example, in his account of Mount Etna, alludes to this subject. "I found," he says, "the magnetical needle greatly agitated near the summit of the mountain; and the Padre della Torre told me, he had made the same observation on Vesuvius; however, it always fixed at the north point, though it took longer time in fixing than below." But, what Recupero told me happened to him, was very singular. Soon after the eruption in 1755, he placed his compass on the lava. "The needle," he says, "to his great astonishment, was agitated with much violence for some considerable time, till, at last, it entirely lost its magnetical power, standing indifferently at every point of the compass: and this it never after recovered, till it was again touched with the loadstone."

Other similar instances might be adduced, but I shall conclude by referring to the following interesting facts mentioned in the *Athenæum* of Oct. 8, 1831, on the subject of *Magnetic Influence*. "The presence of iron in the rocky coast, forming the north shore of Lake Superior, is so extensive in some parts as to render the compass perfectly useless. At the entrance of Black Bay, a large deep bay formed by bold precipitous rocks, the needle loses its power entirely, and remains in any position in which it may be placed. So great also is the power of these rocks on the needle, that, in a boat sailing from one headland to another, across the entrances of the various bays, the needle gradually changes its direction so much as three and four points as it recedes from the influence of the rocks forming one side of the entrance, and resuming it as gradually on approaching the opposite."

"On the coast of Norway, this phenomenon is also observed, and is partly owing to the decrease of the magnetic force, leaving the needle to be more powerfully acted on by the rocks. A similar effect, although not so extensive, has been observed on our own coasts in the vicinity of the Fern Islands."

#### THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.

[The following letter from Sir Thomas Button to Lord Dorchester, Secretary of State, reporting his opinion of the practicability of the North-West Passage, has been discovered by Mr. Lemon in a collection of domestic papers of the time of Charles I., preserved in His Majesty's State Paper office, and a copy transmitted to the Geographical Society. It is addressed, "For His Ma<sup>ty</sup> especial Service. To the Right Honorable and my much honored good Lord, the Lord Viscount Dorchester, Principall Secretary of State to His Ma<sup>ty</sup> att Courte, or ells where—Hast these—Tho. Button," and is indorsed by Lord Dorchester, "Sr Th: Button, y<sup>e</sup> 16 of Febr<sup>y</sup>—Rec<sup>d</sup>: y<sup>e</sup> 27 at Newmarket 1629."]

Right Honorable, and my much honored good Lord.—Your Lordship's Letter of the 14th of January, concerning the North West Passage, with the copie of Luke Fox, his petition, and others, in that busines, cominge by the way of Bristol, came to my hande but the 14th of this present, att 6 of the clock att night; wherby findinge His Ma<sup>ty</sup> pleasure and the contents of their petition, the next day, the better to inhabile my selfe to give satisfaction, in a pointe of soe highe a nature, I overlooked my Journall, and those notes and papers that longe have laine by me, which I thought would never have

bin made use on, consideringe that these later tymes, amonge our Nation, rather studie howe to forgett all thinges, that may conduce to the good of posteritye, by adventuring six pence, if they fynd not a greate and presentt benefit to inew therof.

But in as much as yet, at lenght, it pleaseth God to open the eyes of som to looke after soe importantt a busines, for the honor of His Ma<sup>ty</sup>, and not only the common good of this our Kingdome, but of all our neighbore Nations, I shall, in answer of Your Lordship's Letter, and in most humble obedience to my Most Royall Master's comaundes, deliver not only my opinion, but, under correction, my knowledge (gotten by the sharpest experience) of that designe, of any man of my coate, livinge not only in our owne Kingdome, but in any other in these neighboringe partes.

What Your Lordship writes off, that His Ma<sup>ty</sup> requires to be informed of, by me, is

First, whether there be any likelyhood or probabilitye to compass the designe,—yea or noe.

To that I answer, that my opinion is nowe, as it ever hath bin, sithence my retorne thence, and as I then delivered it, with the perticuler reasons of it, to my Most Royall Master, of most famousse memorye, that then was, Kinge James, that beinge undertaken in a fittinge waye, and a dewe season, I made, and doe make as full accompt of the feasibleness of it, as I doe of any knowne chanel that is best knowne to us in these Norther partes, and to be performed with as little dainger, and was soe approved by His Ma<sup>ty</sup> to be; whoe inforst as manye, and as importantt questions, for his owne satisfactions, as if all the best experientt marriners of the Christian World had convented them selves together, to have drawne the intergatories. The same reasons have I delivered to many most honorable and knowinge persons, and to our best Mathamaticians, as Mr. Briggs, Mr. Wells, and others, with all the best masters and marriners of our Kingdome, as alsoe to others, both Hollanders and French; and in my discourse with any on of them all, they never went unsatisfied from me, of the probabilitye of it; and for farther accompt herein att presentt, I can give non; but if my Journall, or any other my notes or papers (with ought ells in me) may give His Ma<sup>ty</sup> any farther or fuller satisfaction, when I waight on His Highnes, which I hope will be much sooner then is fitt for them to advance (for to sett out too tymelye, is to faule too soone into that danger, that too late a repentance cannot heape them out on) I will doe my best, out of my auld experience, to affurther the good of it, and prevent the evils and inconveniencies that prettendinge men, of little experience, or non att all, may suddenly bring uppon it;—for I will bowdlie saye, that whoe shal be fitt to have the manedginge of this unparaleld busines, ought first to be soe religious, as to hould his end the happiest, that dyes for the glorye of God, the honor of his Kinge, and the publike good of his Countrey; all which, in this designe, have their severall and perticuler interest; and therefore he must not looke backe for feare of the dainger of either unknowne coastes, hideouse stormes, darke and longe continued mistes, to lye amonge and all wayes to see more landes and landes of fee, than he can see of sea, and oft tymes rocks under him in sight, when he shall, within thrice his ships lenght, fynde twentye fathom water; and to encounter this, under favor, must he be well armed, that shal undergoe this busines; for thrice sithence my beinge there, hath it bin attempted, and for ought I here, little, or rather I may bowdlie saye noe advancement given to the busines; therefore there cannot be too much curiositie used, to putt it into a good and choise hand; which I will heartilye praye may be most happilye lighted on; for wee live not

in the adge to fynde, that they are the most perfitt, which makes the glorioists shewe.

The seconde point required is, whether it may prove of such benefit and advantage, as is pretended.

To that, I must most humbly answer, that that received opinion of former adges, as well as of these moderne tymes, both in many other countreyes abroade, as in our owne Kingdom, and amongst our owne marchants att home, maintaines and makes good that pointe; therefore to that I can say noe more, but that I will as hartilye praye, that God may give a blessinge to the discoverye, which, in the first place, must be the immediate introduction to bringe on and perfitt the rest; of which honor, to be that most happie man, weare my yeares sutable to such an undertakeinge, or my purse answerable to what in hart I would be most willing to adventure, I would be loathe any man livinge should undertake it sooner then my selfe, or adventure more towards it, then I would; but beinge noe otherwise usefull in myne owne power, or abilitye, then in my wel wishinge, and what other affluethance may lye in me, yet what I formerlye suffred by my wyntinge, doth sufficientlye satisfie all reasonable and experientt men, that to runn the hazard or charge of such a purpose, can be to noe other end then the inevitable hazard of all; and therefore either the Passage will be found, or not to be hoped for, the first Yeare; soe, by that assurance, the first chardge will be much the less, and the course certaine, which will effect it the sooner:—for nowe there will be noe faulginge into Hudson's Baye, nor Button's Baye, to mispend tyme, as both he and I did, to noe purpose, and that only by instructions out of England; but as soone as he comes to the West Parte, or Cape of Nottingham's Hand, where he is to anchor, and according to the sett of that tyde which he shall fynde there, to direct his course; which must be, and is the only waye to fynde that Passage; which I doe as confidently beleave to be a Passage, as I doe there is on, either betweene Calis and Dover, or betweene Holy Head and Ireland. This beinge all, att present, that I can doe, in answer to Your Lordship's Letter, or for His Majesty's information, in this busines, intendinge to bringe upp my Journall, and such other notes as I have leaft, when I come upp my selfe, for His Ma<sup>ty</sup> or Your Lordship's further satisfaction (but to noe other hands) I most humbly take my leave, assuring Your Lordship, on my faith, your letter came noe sooner than when I write, and if there be any error happens by it, the faulte is not myne, whoe am, and allwayes shalbe,

Your Lordship's respective, trow, thankfull and humble Servant,

THO: BUTTON.

From my House at Cardiffe,  
this 10th of Februarye, 1629.

#### TABLE-TALK. BY THE LATE ELIA.

THE greatest pleasure I know, is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

'Tis unpleasant to meet a beggar. It is painful to deny him; and, if you relieve him, it is so much out of your pocket.

Men marry for fortune, and sometimes to please their fancy; but, much oftener than for suspected, they consider what the world will say of it; how such a woman in their friends' eyes will look at the head of a table. Hence, we see so many insipid beauties made wives of, that could not have struck the particular fancy of any man, that had any fancy at all. These I call furniture wives; as men buy furniture pictures, because they suit this or that niche in their dining parlours.

Your universally cried-up beauties are the

very last choice which a man of taste would make. What pleases all, cannot have that individual charm, which makes this or that countenance engaging to you, and to you only perhaps, you know not why. What gained the fair Gummings titled husbands, who, after all, turned out very sorry wives? Popular repute.

It is a sore trial when a daughter shall marry against her father's approbation. A little hard-heartedness, and aversion to a reconciliation, is almost pardonable. After all, Will Dockwray's way is perhaps the wisest. His best-loved daughter made a most imprudent match; in fact, eloped with the last man in the world that her father would have wished her to marry. All the world said that he would never speak to her again. For months she durst not write to him, much less come near him. But, in a casual encounter, he met her in the streets of Ware;—Ware, that will long remember the mild virtues of William Dockwray, Esq. What said the parent to his disobedient child, whose knees faltered under her at the sight of him? "Ha, Sukey, is it you?" with that benevolent aspect, with which he paced the streets of Ware, venerated as an angel, "come and dine with us on Sunday;" then turning away, and again turning back, as if he had forgotten something, he added, "and Sukey, do you hear, bring your husband with you." This was all the reproof she ever heard from him. Need it be added, that the match turned out better for Susan than the world expected?

"We read the *Paradise Lost* as a task," says Dr. Johnson. Nay, rather as a celestial recreation, of which the dullard mind is not at all hours alike recipient. "Nobody ever wished it longer";—nor the moon rounder, he might have added. Why, 'tis the perfectness and completeness of it, which makes us imagine that not a line could be added to it, or diminished from it, with advantage. Would we have a cubit added to the stature of the Medicean Venus? Do we wish her taller?

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

A friend has received a letter from Wordsworth, and the following extract will, we are sure, prove welcome to many: "You would see a notice, which might as well have been spared, about my eyes, in the newspapers, and it is true that, since the 12th of August, they have been suffering from severe inflammation in the first instance, which has left a disability to bear exposure; some want of due care in these points occasioned two relapses, which have annoyed me much. Had the weather been more favourable, I believe that before this time I should have been capable of using them as much as I have been able to do for the last fifteen or twenty years."

—The world is all but silent about Art during these festive times; some of our painters are, however, busy sketching scenes of domestic gladness and mirth at the firesides of their social countrymen, and, therefore, something national may be looked for.

We are, however, happy to hear that the sale of pictures in the last Exhibition at the Royal Manchester Institution far exceeds that of any former period. The amount of sale altogether is between two and three thousand pounds; and, amongst the artists who have met with purchasers for their works, are, Etty, Copley Fielding, Urina, and Reinagle. If the amateurs of Manchester and the neighbourhood will continue to give such effective support as this to parties who send pictures for exhibition, the Council of the Institution may confidently anticipate receiving from our most eminent artists some of their best works.

—In Literature there is but too little stirring. The magazines are as various, and some of

them quite as clever as usual. *Blackwood* treats us to a critical dissertation on the *Odyssey*; the *New Monthly* gives us a sharp paper on the penny publications of the Society of Useful Knowledge; but the writer makes one serious mistake; Mr. Knight is not to blame in the matter—the noblemen and gentlemen who lend their names to the publisher are the culprits. *Fraser* has always pleasing papers; he has scarcely so many as usual this month; we are not in the best humour with him for roasting Captain Ross. *Tait* discusses the ticklish subject of the Trades' Unions in his first paper; we agree with him that the combination is extensive and threatening. There is much truth in the stern article on Broad Taxation, by Elliott, of the *Corn-Laws*; his freedom has, however, alarmed the editor, who says he dislikes the violence with which the writer has expressed himself. This magazine is now to be lowered in price.—The *Dublin University Magazine* has lived thirteen months, and seems in no danger of dying; some of the papers are instructive, whilst others are whimsical or amusing; among the former, we place the memoir of Dr. Walsh, and among the latter, the paper called 'Hilloah! my Faney,' a title borrowed from a wild poem, by Colonel Cleland, the Cameronian.

We are glad to hear, and all who have a taste for what is simple, natural, and beautiful, will be glad to hear, that Mary Howitt has a volume of dramas, entitled, 'The Seven Temptations,' in the press.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Jan. 1.—Col. Lenke in the chair.—The following communications were read:—1. Extracts of a letter from Sir William Gell, dated Napoli di Romania, containing an account of the discovery of an ancient vase of uncommon beauty, in Sicily, and also of several splendid suits of armour, by persons employed in excavating in a village in Apulia. The writer adds, that in the latest intelligence from Pompeii, the report had been revived that they were really the masts of ancient vessels, which had been found by Col. Robinson, in the port of that town, and not the stems of trees, as recently stated. 2. Portions of a communication from Mr. Dawkins, respecting the marble quarries at Pentelicus. These quarries are not at present worked; the marble they contain, after being long buried, or exposed to the atmosphere, becomes of unequalled hardness. 3. A notice, by Mr. Wilkinson, of a map of Egypt, constructed by him, and intended for publication. This production is the result of twelve years' labour and inquiry, unassisted by reference to any published authorities. 4. A memoir on hieroglyphic geography, by Mr. Cullimore. Hieroglyphic discovery has made us acquainted with two kinds of historical catalogues, relating to Egypt; the one containing the succession of the Pharaohs, and the other consisting of lists of the prisoners of those monarchs who reigned during the period of foreign conquest and dominion. To the study of the former we owe all those important additions which have been made, in modern times, to our knowledge of the relative ages and design of the hieroglyphic monuments, and of the progress of art, customs, and events, in that primitive monarchy; the latter, in the meantime, have been almost entirely neglected, though of great importance in historical investigation. It was the design of the writer to point out and determine the uses of the captive series in this respect. The age of foreign wars is computed to have extended over a period of nearly three hundred years; and this space was occupied by about ten or twelve sovereigns (beginning with Thothmes III., the Meris of the Greeks), whose figures are found in the temples of Thebes and Abydos,

each accompanied with his list of captives, varying in number from three to nearly forty.

From a careful study of the names, and other hieroglyphic signs attached to each series, Mr. Cullimore has been enabled to assign to them their respective geographical characters, and thereby to trace the successive wars and territorial acquisitions of each individual, in the line of conquering sovereigns; thus obtaining a succession of international synchronisms of great historical value, and, in particular, throwing light upon the connexion of Egypt with the affairs of Palestine, as recorded in the Old Testament.

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 23.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. (in the chair) read minutes of Capt. Burnes's narrative, communicated at the previous meeting, and exhibited—1. Specimens of a new style of Topographical Drawing, submitted to the Society by M. Caplin, and which, it was intimated, would remain on view in its apartments during the ensuing three weeks; 2. A Stone, with Cufic Inscription, found by H. Moreing, Esq., near Port Mornington, on the west coast of the Red Sea; 3. Specimens, with a prospectus, of the reduction proposed to be made of Mr. Wilkinson's map of Upper Egypt, which will be published in three sheets, on a scale of eight inches to a degree, and for which subscriptions are received at the office of the Society. Subsequently, read extracts from another communication from Capt. Burnes, on the Physical Geography of Cutch. This small and sterile province lies on the left branch of the Eastern (and what was once a principal mouth) of the Indus, the Phurraun, or Korse branch; and previous to 1762, derived great benefit from this position, which gave the inhabitants a command of water for the purposes of irrigation. At that time, however, having defeated the Sindians, who invaded their territory, these latter had recourse to a very calamitous species of reprisal; they threw bunds, or dams, across the river within their own territory, and thus withdrew so much of the water from the Phurraun as to make its mouth a mere creek of the sea; and in 1819, a violent earthquake reinforced this military tactic, by throwing up a natural bund (called from this circumstance Ullah Bund, or the dam of God), in like manner across the direction of the Phurraun stream. From these periods respectively, therefore, though sundry floods and inundations of the river have from time to time palliated the evil—and one in particular, in 1827, held out a promise of entirely repairing it, by breaking through all the bunds—the district of Cutch, next the river, has entirely lost its fertility, and the province is by so much reduced in relative importance.

Another remarkable circumstance in the physical geography of Cutch is the Runn, or desert space, by which it is surrounded on the land side. In length this is fully 200 miles, and its greatest breadth is about 35 miles, but, including its various arms, its area may be considered as not under 7,000 square miles. Several islands are distributed over it, and in these fresh water is found near the surface; but if the wells are dug down to the level of the Runn, or near it, the water is invariably salt. The soil is hard, dry, and sandy, without water, unless at certain periods, when the south-west monsoon has driven the sea far up the Korse creek and Gulf of Cutch. No vegetation is found on it, unless here and there a tamarisk bush; and the only animal is the wild ass, which, though not much larger than the common ass, is here frequently magnified to the size of the elephant by the *mirage*, or as it is called by the natives, *dhoo-an* (smoke or vapour), which may be almost constantly witnessed on this desert.

That it is the head of what was formerly an inland sea appears from the surrounding shores; from the remains of iron tackling of boats and

vessels frequently found on it; and also from the distinct tradition of the natives, who even show the situation of the several ports. It is now, however, considerably above the level of the sea, being only moistened by very high winds forcing the water up the creeks and inlets which embrace the province of Cutch.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Philarenetical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Harvelian Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Zoological Society (Scientific)	
	Business .....	P. 6, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers .....	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Geological Society .....	P. 6, P.M.
	Society of Arts .....	P. 7, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society .....	P. 6, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Astronomical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—Dec. 23.—The sitting was chiefly occupied with a memoir of Capt. Duperrey, upon magnetism and the magnetic equator; coming, as it does, simultaneous with Capt. Ross's researches, as to the magnetic pole, the memoir must be interesting to the English man of science.

The memoir consists of consequences deduced from a new map of magnetic intensities, presented by Capt. Duperrey to the Academy. In tracing the curves of equal magnetic intensity, (isodynamic curves he calls them,) M. Duperrey joined his own observations to those of Hansteen, Humboldt, Erman, and Lutke. Hansteen has chiefly drawn the curves in the northern hemisphere; Duperrey, from his own experiments, those of the southern. These isodynamic curves are nine in number, and are, in general, irregular, especially in the vicinity of continents.

In 1829, Capt. Duperrey traced the lines of the magnetic equator, or "the line of the smallest magnetic intensities in all meridians." He followed it himself 220 degrees; taking the rest from other observers, except the interior of Africa and America, which is wanting. The magnetic equator is not of equal intensity throughout; this varies from unity to 0.867.

Capt. Duperrey also determines the mean magnetic equator. Its inclination with the terrestrial equator is  $11^{\circ} 10'$ ; its points of intersection with it are  $8^{\circ} 31'$  east longitude, and  $169^{\circ} 36'$  west longitude of Paris. These points are not diametrically opposite, the planes of the two equators being different. He also calculates the mean position of the isodynamic curves. The magnetic poles he declares it yet impossible to mark or to define. In order to ascertain them, there must first be established the relation between the magnetic intensities and declensions; he enters at some length into the nature of true magnetic meridians, and the way to draw them.—It is the common intersection of all the magnetic meridians, that must fix the magnetic pole of each hemisphere; until this can be fixed, M. Duperrey has drawn spaces which must contain the poles, and in this he seems to have taken "verge enough," since his southern polar space is a triangle touching Africa, America, and New Holland, whilst his northern rests on the two coasts of Asia and America.

It is known that M. Biot has found a mode of calculating the magnetic intensity of the globe under each latitude; this had not been verified, it suiting none of the magnetic meridians, which are too irregular. But in calculating the mean magnetic intensities of the equator, and of each terrestrial parallel, M. Duperrey has found those correspond perfectly with the number given by M. Biot. This would furnish an exact table of the magnetic intensities, if the globe was regularly magnetic under each parallel; it is not so, however, and the difference is owing to the inequality of temperatures under the same parallel. When the isodynamic and isothermal curves (those of magnetism and of temperature) are

compared, the greatest conformity is found between them; one rules the other, so that finally one of these physical elements of the globe can be deduced from the other.

Capt. Duperrey has determined the mean intensity of the two hemispheres; that of the north being unity,—that of the south is 1.0152. The south is the more magnetic; and the temperature is proportionate. He illustrates this at some length.

The inequality of temperature, as well as of magnetic influence, under the same parallel, is owing, he says, to the same cause, the irregularity of the earth's surface, and its division into seas and continents.

Embracing this theory, M. Duperrey undertakes to account by it, in a great measure, for the variations of the needle, which, of course, have been the object of his constant attention.

"When the sun traverses the equator, he warms successively the meridians from east to west, and to a certain distance north and south. It diminishes, at the same time, the magnetic intensity in the region warmed by its rays. The needle, in consequence, deviates, and in this manner:—in northern stations, it deviates towards the west in the morning, or during the increase of warmth, and towards the east in the evening, or during the decrease of warmth. In southern stations, the effect is exactly the reverse; these are, of course, varied by local circumstances, or the vicinity of another element."

After Capt. Duperrey's memoir, came one by M. Dutrochet, upon *must*; he has tried what qualities in liquid preserved it from *must*. Water, in which is mixed the white of an egg, does not produce *must*. M. Dutrochet kept such for a year, without its producing any green substance; when he added an acid to the albuminous mixture, it soon produced the *thallus* or *must*.

M. Dutrochet rejects the idea of spontaneous vegetation; he admits, that the germs of the *thallus* or *must*, pervade the atmosphere, as well as liquids. The presence of an acid, or of an alkali, is the condition of development. Mercury, either as salt or oxide, is a complete preservative from *must*. This is useful to know. The least quantity of the oxide of mercury will preserve ink from the scum that so often spoils and thickens it.

M. Edwards made some remarks on the memoir of M. Dutrochet, he himself having tried the effects of acid upon germination. He found that the least quantity of acid mingled with the water, in which grain was steeped, produced *must* and stopped germination.

PARIS GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—At the meeting of this Society on the 20th of last month, the Duke of Orleans announced his desire to be enrolled among its members, and, at the same time, placed a sum of eighty pounds at its disposal, for the purchase of a prize, to be awarded to the traveller who should make the most useful discovery during the years 1834 and 1835. The Duke de Cases, as President, afterwards passed a high eulogium on Capt. Ross, for the skill and courage which he had displayed; and, having paid a feeling tribute to the memory of Victor Jacquemont, who had been prematurely called from his earthly pursuits, after exploring the chain of the Himalaya, expressed the gratitude which the Society entertained towards the Pasha of Egypt, for the encouragement and protection which he always afforded to foreign travellers. The President then called upon the Secretary, Col. Combaud, to read the annual report, which detailed the Society's proceedings, and noticed the several geographical expeditions, which had signalized the year 1833, but with special reference to Capt. Biscoe's discoveries in the Australian seas. M. Roux de Rochelle, the Chairman of the Central Committee, next read a memoir on the various attempts made along the shores of North America, with a view to as-

certain whether there was any maritime communication between the two oceans, and, in the course of his narrative, enumerated the various traditions which have prevailed in different ages, respecting the existence of such a passage. Having stated the result of those attempts, he spoke lastly, and at large, on the closing one in the series, which was every way so honourable to its brave adventurer, Capt. Ross. M. Eyries terminated the transactions of the day, by an analysis of the several voyages through Arabia, and the narratives given of them, both by Asiatic as well as European travellers, from the earliest times down to the days of Niebuhr, Ali-bey, and Burckhardt.

#### FINE ARTS

*The Citation of Wickliffe.* Painted by J. S. E. Jones; engraved by J. Egau. Harding.

THIS is rather a splendid scene. Wickliffe, accompanied by the Duke of Lancaster and Percy, Earl Marshal—and, a greater man than either, Chaucer, the poet, appears before the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and other prelates and priests, to answer a charge of heresy, preferred against him from Rome. The grouping is good: some of the heads have an earnest air, and there is an agreeable light and shade diffused over the whole. The chief want is original feeling: it is no matter how well your figures are formed, or artificially disposed, or how accurately the academical precepts of composition are obeyed, if true genius be not present. This work reminds us of some of the historical pictures of West—the language of the art, so to speak, is there, but with a deficiency of soul, for which minor beauties, and they are not wanting, cannot compensate.

*The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans.* Conducted by James Herring, and J. B. Longacre, under the superintendence of the American Academy of the Fine Arts. Nashville: J. P. Ayres; London, O. Rich.

THIS must be considered as a national work. It does great honour to America, and we shall be disappointed if it be not received with welcome in Europe. We have no hesitation in acknowledging, that, as works of art, the series is superior to what we should have anticipated—the portraits have one great merit, that of preserving the individual character, and some of the engravings are of a high order; we would refer in proof to that of Chief Justice Marshall. The memoirs are full and satisfactory, and often highly interesting—and we can confidently recommend the work to all who take an interest in the fortunes and the history of our brethren of the great western continent.

*Gallery of the Painters in Water Colours.* Part VI. Tilt.

THIS Society has put forth some beautiful works, but we regret to see that the present undertaking closes with this number; it has not met, says the editor, with that favour which would justify them in carrying it on further. Those who look at 'The Bandit's Daughter,' by Cattermole, the 'Cathedral of Cambray,' by Wild, and the group of Scottish lasses, by Crisall—all in this Part—will not rejoice at its termination. We will not say that any of these northern maidens are very beautiful; yet, a lover of beauty might forget himself for an hour or two in their company; and a hunter of the picturesque might pause and sketch their Grecian bodice and kirtles. The finest work, to our fancy, in Cambray Cathedral: the scale is small, but not a line is lost, nor an ornament omitted.

*Grantham Church, Lincolnshire.* Drawn by Simpson; engraved by Le Keux. Rudgo.

THIS style of this engraving is almost peculiar to Le Keux: he communicates an air of truth,



and a look of nature, to his architectural works, which have often pleased and surprised us: this is a happy specimen of his skill.

*Series of Views in India.* By Captain Luard. Parts III. & IV. Dickinson.

We shall soon be intimately acquainted with the landscapes and temples of India. But the work before us is not confined to mountains and mausoleums: we have the cottages of the natives; processions, amusements, and pictures of interesting ceremonies, accompanied by brief descriptions. The chief merit of the work is its truth: the drawings were made in Hindostan, and have an original as well as an oriental air.

*Professor Sedgwick.* Painted by J. Phillips. R. A. Engraved by Samuel Cousins. London: Molteno & Graves.

THIS is, we are told, an excellent likeness. As a work of art, it is like all the painter's portraits, chaste and elegant, and, though as an engraving, it will not rank among Cousins's best, it will not detract from his reputation. It is an excellent companion picture to the portrait of Doctor Buckland.

## MUSIC

### THE CHOIRS—CHURCH MUSIC OF HAYDN, MOZART, &c.

IT is remarkable in the present improved and improving state of musical taste in this country, that so little attention has hitherto been directed towards the church music of Haydn and Mozart, and to the state and effectiveness of the choirs, the only places where even an attempt is made to do justice to it. The truth is, that of the thirty Masses of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, a very superficial knowledge exists even among professional circles, while the public at large are in a state of the most absolute ignorance and apathy respecting them; yet is there nothing more certain than that these works contain a mine of inspiration as deep, copious, and varied, as, with few or no exceptions, is to be found in the whole range of modern composition. The prevailing indifference on this subject, when contrasted with the avidity with which every fresh importation of Rossini's music, and that of his imitators, is devoured by the public, and with the columns of criticism expended thereon, would carry with it no very edifying comment on the state of musical knowledge amongst us, were it not in some degree to be referred to other causes than bad taste and want of feeling.

"Words," says Lord Bacon, "are for the most part accommodated to the notions of the vulgar, and define things by bounds that are most obvious to common minds; and when a more accurate observation would remove these boundaries, and place them more according to nature, *Words cry out and forbid*;" of the truth of which, a forcible illustration is afforded by the subject in question, for it is an indisputable fact, that the conductors of Oratorios and others dare not announce the performance of one of these works, lest the unhallowed word by which it must be designated should operate as a spell for keeping the house clear of visitors; a similar feeling prevails among the directors of the Antient Concerts, where the formal introduction of them would be considered a dangerous experiment on the temper of the subscribers; although here bias of them (as well, indeed, as at the Oratorios,) are occasionally smuggled into the selections. Even supposing, however, that the public could so far overcome its scruples as to listen patiently to anything with so obnoxious a title, there is nothing more certain than that, on the first appearance of this abortive monosyllable in great red letters on the bills, the lightnings of the church would be hurled at it; and the public would quickly find, as it has already done on a recent occasion, that it would be allowed no will of its own on the subject.

Now, what renders all this the more strange is, that the words of the music of the Mass are to be found translated *verbatim* in the Liturgy of the established church, (the objectionable parts of the Catholic worship being wholly unconnected with the music), a fact, of which it is difficult to believe the public require to be informed, and yet, if not so, we have here a sufficiently glaring instance of the despotism of words. Again, the adaptations that have from time to time taken place of the Catholic hymns and chants (which form the finest portion of our own church music) have for the most part been effected, as we say, "under the rose;" for all who are acquainted with the state of clerical as well as popular feeling on this subject, are well aware of the way in which any open and avowed attempt of this kind would be received.

The state of the public mind in this respect is the more to be regretted, as these works have only to be known to become popular, and contribute to the further advancement of the knowledge of music in this country, now undoubtedly in a state of progression.

Haydn's masses are unquestionably among his finest productions. The *Misereres*, and most of the adagios, of these works, may be especially referred to for some of the deepest inspiration of his genius. Whatever may be altogether the comparative merits of Mozart, as a writer of this class, there is nothing throughout the compass of church music, (Handel alone excepted,) which can make an approach to the sustained fervour of Haydn's sacred adagios, which have ever been at once the admiration and despair of all succeeding church writers. Of the three great modern composers, it must also be conceded to Haydn, (at least as regards the works in question,) that he was by far the greatest master of the *chiaroscuro* of music, of which these compositions (especially the *Glorias*) abound in examples. It is the common fault of ordinary orchestral music in this respect, that not only can the moment be pretty generally anticipated, at which the author intends to discharge his artillery of drums and trumpets at the ears of the audience, but that it is invariably deficient in the long suspended *crescendos* and *diminuendos*, and the innumerable other lights and shadows which characterize the music of the great masters; a species of effect in which Haydn's sacred music is most assuredly unrivalled.

The Masses of Mozart are written generally in a lighter style than those of Haydn. They are not so full, and have much less counterpoint, for which reason they would probably become more popular than those of Haydn, whenever the public choose to listen to them. The finest are the first, third, and twelfth, the most beautiful of Haydn's being the first five and the sixteenth.

In judging of the present condition of the choirs, both the difficulty of the music and the impoverished state of the Catholic church, should be considered. The professional engagements are few; and these scarcely more than nominal. In the meantime, the choral part of the music (which is as difficult as the rest) is committed entirely to amateurs and raw students, who, it must be acknowledged, bring few requisites to their task but a love of it, and not always even that. Many of those who complain of the inadequacy of the choirs to the duty imposed on them, are little aware of the unremitting exertions it requires on the part of the directors and others, to keep them even in their present half-efficient state. The truth is, that they cannot at present be fairly regarded in any other light than as nurseries and academies for students, and that they are efficient ones, there is the evidence of many of the best English singers to testify; and it is one of the consequences of the mingled apathy and intolerance that pervade the public mind on this subject, that the student is compelled to

obtain his (or her) knowledge, by the objectionable means of an habitual attendance on the Catholic worship, or go without it. Such is the forbidden state at present of our churches in this respect, that even a *Te Deum* of Handel's (a Protestant writer) cannot be heard without a walk across the town to Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's; the only orthodox artists of a Sunday (except at the Cathedrals,) being the charity boys. The adoption of the Cathedral service in some of the innumerable district churches lately erected about London, would afford the means of introducing a large portion of the sacred music of Haydn, and Mozart, and Beethoven, as well as Handel, into the form of the established worship.

The three leading choirs in London are those of the Bavarian and Spanish Embassies, and that of the English chapel in Moorfields. Of these the Bavarian is said to be the best, although from the size and shape of the chapel in Moorfields, as well as from the great power of the organ (one of the largest in London), the music is, perhaps, on the whole, most effective there. The Masses performed at this chapel are few in number, but carefully selected from the finest of Haydn and Mozart, and justice is (as far as possible) at least sometimes done them, and might be so often, but for an occasional habit of hurrying the music for the purpose of concluding the service within the prescribed time—a practice much to be deprecated, and the more so, as many of these works contain a good deal of repetition which might be omitted without injury to the text; and even in those which do not allow of this method of avoiding the evil, a judicious application of the pruning-knife would be by far the better alternative.

Miss Sommerville is the 'prima donna' at Moorfields, and is a singer of no ordinary talent. She has a voice of great sweetness, although of moderate power and compass; her execution (excepting only a slight occasional tendency to incorrect intonation) is very neat and finished. Her greatest merit, however, consists, undoubtedly, in the simplicity and purity of her style; the depth and truth of her feelings freeing her at once from all disposition to clap-trap, or affectation of any kind, and the effect is in proportion. Mr. Bennett is the tenor, and the bass solos are sung, agreeably enough, by a gentleman with a light baritone voice, but which has hardly volume enough to give full effect to the music. Mr. Wilson and Miss Lyon also sing occasionally here. The former has been long known to the public; the latter has a voice of extraordinary power and compass, and is an excellent musician. Upon the whole, they have very little to fear here from a comparison with their rivals in Warwick-street, where some of the best Italian artistes (Pasta, Malibran, &c.); sing from time to time, the chief attraction at present being Beethoven's music, the inspiration of which, however, with all its magnificence, is of a somewhat more stern and saturnine cast than that of Haydn and Mozart; the *Hallelujahs* and *Hosannas* especially wanting the brilliancy and exuberant joyousness of those of Haydn, than which nothing more magnificent has ever yet been conceived. If the solo singing is, upon the whole, better here, the 'prima donna' (Miss Betts) with all her undoubted ability, wants the ease and simplicity of the lady at Moorfields. The chanting in the afternoon services is also much better at this latter chapel, which is, perhaps, partly owing to its size, and the slight reverberation in it, which adds considerably to the effect of the music, and to the great power and capabilities of the organ, which, in the Gregorian chants, are made to tell with full and fine effect. To hurry through these chants, moreover, as is so often done at the Bavarian chapel, is utterly to destroy their beauty.

The chapel of the Spanish Embassy is small, and the organ but indifferent. They would, perhaps, do better here to avoid altogether the great Masses of Haydn and Mozart, and confine themselves to some of the smaller ones, and to their selections from the old Italian masters, than which nothing can go better or more effectively.

I have been induced to make these observations, with a view, if possible, to elicit some portion of the public attention, both to the extraordinary beauty of these compositions, and to the strange causes which have kept us so long in the dark respecting them. At a time when the performance of them is not permitted even at the theatres, it may appear somewhat startling to propose their introduction into the churches. Nevertheless, it is certain that bits of them may be occasionally heard at Westminster Abbey, a fact that, to say the least of it, fixes (one would think) both the bishops and the public upon the horns of a dilemma; although it is quite true, that in this instance nobody knows to what they are listening. However, it cannot be denied that much of the music is written in too florid and ornamental a style for the severe simplicity observed in that of the Protestant Church; not to mention that an approximation to the Cathedral service would be absolutely necessary, even for the partial introduction of this music into any of our parish churches. S. E.

### THEATRICALS

#### DRURY LANE.

A spectacle called 'St. George and the Dragon; or, the Seven Champions of Christendom,' has, as our readers are aware by this time, been substituted for a Christmas pantomime at this house. We had the honour to yawn through it on Thursday. As a dramatic composition we have no opinion to offer: we were in the second circle, and could not hear above one word in ten. The papers generally have been pleased to be very severe upon it—we should think needlessly so. The words of the songs, which are published, are quite equal, if not superior, to the usual run of such matters; and we dare say the dialogue is quite good enough for horses to paw, champ, and neigh to. As a spectacle, it is far behind many that we have seen—indeed, very inferior to one on the same subject produced years ago at Astley's. Mr. Ducrow's fight with the Dragon is clever, but insufferably tedious; and the Diorama which goes on the while, is the least interesting, and weakest in point of execution, of all that have been given either here or at Covent Garden. Mr. Ducrow does not appear to half the advantage here which he does in the more congenial air of his own circle, and there is no occasion to mention anybody else, as no one else has what can be called anything to do. If we are to be imprisoned in these large houses until nearly one o'clock in the morning, to see cast-off exhibitions from minor theatres, we ought to be provided, at the expense of the management, with easy chairs and warm night-caps.

#### COVENT GARDEN.

The pantomime here is called 'Old Mother Hubbard.' It signifies but little what it is called;—"by any other name," it would be as bad. If Covent Garden has secured nothing else by its union with Drury Lane, it has at least learned how to produce a bad pantomime. There is some beautiful scenery, as there is sure to be where the Messieurs Grieve are concerned; but we have nothing else to offer in the shape of praise. The opening is anything but an opening for the eyes;—it is one of the dullest we ever witnessed; and of the rest, as far as scene 11, at which we took leave to leave, we have only to say, that it prevented to us no one solitary feature

of novelty. The papers generally have spoken well, and, no doubt, justly, of the diorama of the Polar Expedition. The zeal, talent, industry, and *esprit de corps*, which the Messrs. Grieve always bring to their task, are good and sufficient guarantees for its excellence. This pantomime will last while the holidays last, and when they are over, the sooner it follows its present visitors, and goes to school to improve itself, the better.

#### ADOLPHI.

'Harlequin and Margery Daw' is the title of the pantomime at this house. We have tried to see it, but the house was so full, that we were driven to the back of the basket. We saw half of it, but are much puzzled how to report it, because that which we saw was neither the first half, nor the last half, but the *lower* half. Gentle reader, we saw the people's legs and a portion of their bodies. These, however, moved about with the activity usual upon such occasions. The audience sent forth roars of laughter, and we have therefore a right to conclude, that they were duly pleased. We would give the heads of this entertainment if we had seen them; but Mr. Yates's Christmas pudding must be a good one, or the house would not be crammed with it night after night.

#### OLYMPIC.

The Christmas piece here is another of those classical burlettas which have formed one of the peculiar features of the establishment since it came into the hands of Madame Vestris. The present is called 'The Deep, Deep Sea; or, Perseus and Andromeda'; and it has been, at least, as successful as any of its predecessors. The press has been unanimous in its praise, and the house is, like the Adelphi, crowded nightly.

#### FITZROY THEATRE,

LATE 'The Queen's Theatre,' formerly the 'Tottenham Street Theatre.'

This house has re-opened under a new, and, as report says, a very spirited management. We hope next week to be able to give some account of the pieces produced.

#### PLAY BILL PUFFS.

We really owe an apology to the bills for having neglected them—they are old friends of ours, and ought not to have been thus treated. Having but little time, we cannot say much, but we must give them a trifle at Christmas, for old acquaintance sake.

It appears, by the Drury Lane bill, that Mr. Ducrow's performance and Mr. Stanfield's Diorama have "been hailed with enthusiastic applause from every part of an audience, crowded to the roof, and announced for repetition amidst the cheers of the whole house."

Now, there is a degree of reciprocity about this arrangement which we cannot sufficiently admire. When an audience is considerate enough to be crowded to *its own roof*, in order to save the house trouble and inconvenience, the house cannot do less than return the compliment by sparing the lungs of the audience the exertion of cheering.

From the Covent Garden bill we learn the extraordinary fact, that the theatre was filled on the opening of the doors by one gentleman and one lady;—but let it speak for itself:—"Gustavus the Third" and 'Old Mother Hubbard,' having filled the theatre on the opening of the doors, will be played together every evening."

Upon this, we have no additional remark to make, except one, by way of suggestion—that, to prevent confusion, it would perhaps be better to let them be played separately.

### MISCELLANEA

The late Admiral Sir H. Blackwood, when an unemployed Lieutenant, at the outbreak of the revolution, went to Paris. He was requested by some friends to take charge of a small parcel,

which on his arrival in that city was seized and found to contain letters. Blackwood was immediately committed to prison; but, it appearing on examination that the letters were not of a political nature, he was taken before the Municipal Council, and it was asked of him whether he could find any responsible person, who would be security for his appearing before the Convention, to which the business was referred. "With my head I will go bail for Mr. Blackwood," said M. Laffitteau, "I know him, and he is a man of honour." When this unpleasant affair was settled, and Blackwood was about to return, he requested to know of M. Laffitteau how he could evince his gratitude. "By sending me a pair of English leather breeches," was the reply, and it was of course faithfully done. — *Annual Biography.*

*Raising the Wind.*—Frischlin in his Reminiscences tells us, that one of his fellow students, having wasted his allowance, wrote home to his father that he was dead, and begged that money should be sent to defray the expenses of his funeral; and the father actually sent money for the purpose, in a letter to the son.

*Patriotism.*—A Saxon monk travelling in Bavaria, saw a crowd laughing at the follies of an idiot: "Ah!" said he to his companions, "idiots are more numerous in Saxony than in this stupid country."

*Clerical Error.*—An ignorant priest celebrating mass, finding in the rubric "Salta per tria," meaning, skip over three pages, took three leaps in front of the altar, to the great astonishment of the congregation.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. & M. Max. Min.	Mean.		
Thur. 26 49 33	29.93	S. E.	Cloudy.
Frid. 27 52 24	29.97	S. W.	Rain, P. M.
Sat. 28 53 40	29.65	S. W.	Drizzle.
Sun. 29 55 48	29.60	W.	Cloudy.
Mon. 30 57 43	29.00	W.	Rain.
Tues. 31 55 38	29.30	N. W. to W.	Drizzle.
Wed. 1 46 36	29.60	W. to N. W.	Clear.

*Precipitating Clouds.*—Circumstratus, Nimbus.

Nights and Mornings, for the greater part, rainy. Violent wind on Monday, P. M.

Mean temperature of the week, 45°. Greatest variation, 21°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.730. Day increased on Wednesday, 6 minutes.

### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Zachokke's Popular History of Switzerland, from the German.

A new and revised edition of D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature,' in six monthly volumes. Vol. 1., with a Portrait of the Author, will appear early in February.

The Royal Marine, a Poetic Sketch of the Naval Services in which his present Majesty bore an honourable and conspicuous part, by C. D. Sillery.

*Just published.*—Gilpin's Forest Scenery, by Sir T. D. Lauder, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.—The Raboo, and other Tales, descriptive of Society in India, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s. 6d.—The Preacher, Vol. 6, 7s. 6d.—Transactions on the Harp, 1s.—Christian's Family Library, Vol. 10, 6s.—Grace Kennedy's Works, Vol. 1, 12mo. 5s.—Narrative of a Journey to the Falls of the Cavery, &c. 8vo. plates, 12s.—The Stoic, or, Memoirs of Eurysthenes the Athenian, 8vo. 4s.—M. Black's Lectures, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—E. Taylor's Historical Prints of English History, 18mo. 2s. 6d.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.—G. C.—W. Q.—C. C. received.

Minor is unintelligible.

E. F.—We are very willing to believe that the London High School is ably conducted, but cannot open our pages to a discussion on its comparative merits.

Dr. R.—A letter would occupy twice as much space as the Report itself, which, he admits, is extremely accurate. The discussion is better suited for the pages of our medical journals.

The early period at which we are obliged to go to press precludes our giving a notice of Mr. Jerrold's 'Wedding Gown' this week.

••• The Title-page and Index of last year's volume will be given, on an extra half sheet, the week after next.

*Errata.*—Last No. p. 898, in the notice of 'The Dance of Death,' the author's name should have been Francis Douce.

Page 807, col. 3, 2d paragraph, for 'Callidism,' read *Catholicism*.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

## KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—MEDICAL SCHOOL.

## THE SPRING COURSE OF LECTURES

will commence on TUESDAY, the 21st of January.

ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, and MORBID ANATOMY, by

HERBERT MAYO, Esq., F.R.S.

ANATOMICAL DEMONSTRATIONS, by RICHARD PAR-

TRIDGE, Esq.

MIDWINTER, by GILBERT BURNETT, Esq., F.R.S.

CHEMISTRY, by J. F. DANIELL, Esq., F.R.S., F.R.S.

MATERIA MEDICA and THERAPEUTICS, by BISSET

HAWKINS, M.D.

MEDICINE, Principles and Practice of, by FRANCIS HAW-

KINS, M.D.

MEDICINE, FORENSIC, by THOMAS WATSON, M.D.

MIDWINTER, and DISTURBANCES of WOMEN and CHILDREN,

by ROBERT FERGUSON, M.D.

SURGERY, Principles and Practice of, by J. H. GREEN, Esq.,

F.R.S.

Students of Medicine and Surgery have the option either of

attending one or more Courses of Lectures on occasional pupils,

or of entering upon a complete Course of Practical Instruction

at King's College Medical Students. The patients which the

Care of King's College Medical Students will enjoy, and the

Course of Study required of them, may be learned from a printed

document, which is to be obtained on application at the office of

the College.—By order of the Council.

Dec. 20, 1833.

The Senior Classes for the Mathematics, Classics, English Lan-

guage, Hebrew, and Foreign Languages, will be re-opened on

Wednesday, the 15th of January next.

The School will be opened on Wednesday, the 22nd January

next.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—FACUL-

TIES OF ARTS AND OF LAW. Session 1833-34.

The Classes in these Faculties will recommence on TUESDAY

the 6th January. Such a division of the subject is made in most

Classes to enable a Student to enter advantageously at this part

of the Course; and the Fee is proportionately reduced.

Latin ..... T. Huntley, Esq., M.A. Professor.

Greek ..... Henry Madden, Esq., M.A. Professor.

English and French ..... A. Blair, LL.D. Professor.

French Language ..... P. Meriel, Esq.

Italian and Spanish ..... A. Pantaz, LL.D. Professor.

German and Dutch ..... Dr. Haemann, LL.D. Professor.

Hebrew ..... H. Harwitz, Esq. Professor.

Mathematics ..... G. J. P. White, Esq., M.A. Professor.

Philosophy of the Mind and Logic ..... Rev. J. Hopps, Prof.

Natural Philosophy and Astronomy ..... Rev. Wm. Ritchie, LL.D.

F.R.S. Professor.

Chemical Engineering ..... Dr. Ritchie will commence this

course early in February.

Zoology ..... R. E. Grant, M.D. F.R.S. Professor.—This Course

will commence on the 3rd February.

Political Economy ..... J. R. Mac Callum, Esq. Prof.—This Course

will commence on the 3rd February.

English Law ..... Andrew Amos, Esq., M.A. Professor.

Prospectuses and further particulars may be obtained at the

Office of the University.

Council Room, 31st Dec. 1833.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

HEAD MASTERS:

THOMAS HEWITT KEY, M.A. Professor of Latin; and

HERBERT MALDEN, M.A. Professor of Greek in the University

of London.

This School will re-open after the Christmas Holidays on Tues-

day the 16th January; it is under the Government of the Council,

and is conducted by the Professors of Latin and Greek.

The hours of Attendance are from a Quarter past Nine to Half-

past Three.

The Vacations are, seven Weeks in the Summer, Three Weeks

at Christmas, and Ten Days at Easter.

The yearly Payment for each Pupil is 15*l.*, of which 1*l.* are

paid in advance in each term.

Books, Drawing Materials, and Stationery, are provided for

the pupils, and charged to the Parents.

Boys are admitted to the School at any age under Fifteen, if

they are competent to enter for a classical, and are allowed

to remain in the School after the completion of their Seventeenth

Year.

The subjects taught are Reading, Writing, the Properties of

the most famous Objects, natural and artificial; the English,

Latin, Greek, French, and German Languages; Antiquities and

Modern History. Geography, Physical and Political, Arithmetic

and Book-keeping, the Elements of Mathematics, and of Natural

Philosophy, and Drawing.

A Monthly Report of the conduct of each Pupil is sent to his

Parent or Guardian.

Dinner and other suitable Refreshments are provided for the

Pupils by a person appointed by the Council.

31st Dec. 1833.

THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

## DURING THE HOLIDAYS.

## MORNING AND EVENING AMUSE-

MENT facilitated with instruction, GRAND EXHIBITION,

NATIONAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, Antiquities,

and Lowther Arcade, Strand, displaying an extensive

VARIETY OF OBJECTS of general interest. Steam Gun—Steam

Boat Models propelled on water—Steam Carriage for Railways,

most resembling at the rate of three miles per minute brilliant

combination of steel—Magnet, producing a strong current of light

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specially sworn, deposes, that Captain Thomas Brown never  
detained in him his ideas upon cheap publications of illustrated  
works on Natural History, and never asked deposit to join  
with him in such undertakings. Dependent upon having once  
met with Captain Brown at a hotel here, where Mr. Waugh,  
publisher, of London, was then residing, but each was upon his  
own private business. All which is true, as the deponent shall  
answer to God.

WILLIAM H. LIZARS,  
JOHN WAUGH, J. P.

At Edinburgh, the twenty-seventh day of December, eighteen  
hundred and thirty-three years, comprised before John Waugh,  
Esq. one of His Majesty's Justices of Peace for the City of  
Edinburgh, William Home Lizars, clerk to Mr. Lizars, engraver and  
publisher, in Edinburgh, who, being specially sworn, deposes,  
that he never heard Captain Thomas Brown express an intention  
to publish works on Natural History, with numerous colored  
illustrations from plates engraved on steel, but distinctly recol-  
lects Captain Brown having warned Mr. Lizars that he would rain  
down on him if he persisted in bringing out the 'Naturalist's Libra-  
ry,' with an illustration from steel plates, engraved in the  
style of his specimens, which were exposed in the counting-  
room, where this conference took place. Dependent also recollects  
that at the same time, Captain Brown boasted of having an  
intention of commencing a series of works on 'Natural History,'  
with illustrations on wood, at least double the number to be given  
as in the 'Naturalist's Library.'

Dependent also recollects of Captain Brown having informed  
him, that he had written a favourable review or reviews of the  
'Naturalist's Library,' volume first. All which is true, as the  
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WILLIAM BANKS,  
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**To the Editor of the Athenæum, London.**  
Edinburgh, December 27, 1833.

Sir,—Although I have not the pleasure of being personally  
known to you, yet I trust you will do me the favour to admit  
the following communication into the columns of your paper,  
in addition to the advertisements which accompany this, and which  
beg you still also insert amongst your advertisements. I agree  
with your opinion, that Captain Thomas Brown and those who  
follow at his tail, would have acted much more like business  
men, by simple subscription to the work, but as they have  
come forward with a libel, I have thought it advisable to meet  
them in a similar way. In addition, however, to what I have  
stated in my affidavit, I admit that I was have recommended to  
Captain Brown, to follow up his successful publication of the  
'Butterflies,' with similar works; but Captain Brown in alleging  
this, has linked the real question, which is, that the plan of the  
'Pitt Rivers' has no resemblance to any 'Naturalist's Library'—  
the illustrations in the 'Book of Butterflies,' were WOOD CUTS,  
the work is printed in 18mo., and forms part of 'Comstock's  
Microscopy,' whereas the 'Naturalist's Library' is the size of  
the 'Waverley Novels,' and the illustrations are engraved on  
STEEL PLATES, as will be seen in my first prospectus.

If, therefore, there be any merit at all in the getting up of this  
publication, it consists in its having discovered, through my ex-  
perience as an engraver, that such a book, consisting of so many  
engraved and coloured steel plates, could be sold to the  
public, for the moderate charge of 6s., and it is in this, as well  
as in other particulars, that Captain Brown and his associates  
have copied me after they saw it done. But if Captain Brown  
was actually inconsiderate in him, to have written reviews of a  
very favourable nature of the first volume of my work, and also  
to have permitted his daughters to count a considerable number  
of the plates of the first volume, in which operation they were  
engaged till the end of August last, when the appearance of  
his prospectus of the 'Microscopy of Natural History,' upon the  
part of my work, rendered it prudent in my opinion to give up  
all connection with him, in matters relative to those publications.

—I am, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,  
WILLIAM H. LIZARS,  
Proprietor of the 'Naturalist's Library.'

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 324.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1834.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazine to all parts of the World.  
(J. HOLMES, TONK'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*A Description of the Close Rolls in the Tower of London; with an account of the early Courts of Law and Equity, and various Historical Illustrations.* By Thomas Duffus Hardy, F.S.A. Printed for private circulation.

WHILE the inquirer into the early political history of our country, the lawyer too, and the statesman, must each acknowledge himself indebted to the intelligent labours of the Record Commission, their last-published work, 'The Close Rolls in the Tower of London,' has redoubled the debt, by opening up sources of the most important information, not merely to the strictly historical inquirer, but to the historian of society and the arts, to the biographer, the political economist, and even to the mere illustrator of old English sports and pastimes. These remarks will not appear exaggerated when our readers are made acquainted with the nature of these 'Close Rolls.' They are a large collection of letters on almost every subject, commencing from the sixth year of John, and continued through the very important reign of his successor; "addressed in the King's name to individuals for special and particular purposes," and deriving their title from being folded or closed up, (in contradistinction to the patent rolls, which, as the word implies, were open,) and which were sealed on the outside with the great seal. We have said that this royal correspondence (for so indeed it must be considered) includes almost every subject; and it is this great variety which renders it so important to the illustration of English history. We have precepts for the building of ships, and for the embroidering of Christmas robes—for the erection of gallows, and for the dieting of the royal hawks and hounds; in one letter the treasurer of the Temple is commanded to deliver a most splendid collection of crown jewels for the use of King John at Pentecost tide; in another the same monarch requests safe conduct of the King of Denmark for his falconer, who had gone thither to purchase birds; in a third, orders are given for the safe custody of idiots and lunatics; in a fourth the mariners of the Cinque Ports are summoned to do their accustomed suit and service, and so on. The following precepts are amusing: what would the present Lord Chancellor say, if commanded to affix the great seal to such instruments?—

"The King to John Fitz Hugh, &c. We send to you, by William de Mere and R. de Erieham, three girefalcons, and Gibbon the girefalcon, than which we do not possess a better, and one falcon gentle, commanding you to receive them, and place them in the mewes, and provide for their food plump goats, and sometimes good hens; and once every week let them have the flesh of hares, and procure good mastiff to guard the mewes. And the cost which you incur in keeping those falcons, and the expenses of Spark, the man of W. de Merc, who

will attend them, with one man and one horse, shall be accounted to you at the Exchequer.—21st March, 16 John. Page 192.

"The King to the sheriff of Nottingham, greeting. We command you to find necessities for our beloved and faithful Walter de Hauvill during his stay with you at Northampton, to ensaim Blakeman our girefalcon, and to make him fly three or four times; and it shall be accounted to you at the Exchequer.—21st Sept. 3 Hen. 3. Page 400.

"Gilbert de Hauvill is commanded to let Refuse, the King's girefalcon, which is under the care of Ralph de Hauvill, fly with Blakeman, the King's girefalcon, which is under his care, and to pay such diligent attention thereto as to merit the King's thanks.—10th Oct., 3 Hen. 3. Page 401."

There are some other entries relating to this 'Blakeman,' who seems to have been an especial favorite; there are several, too, respecting the king's hounds, which, from an incidental remark, we find were fed on bread and paste. Here are precepts for apparel for a knight:—

"The King to the sheriff of Southampton, greeting. We order you to allow Thomas Esturmy, our valet, a scarlet robe, with a cloak of fine linen, and another robe of green or brown, and a saddle, and a pair of reins, and a cloak for wet weather, and a couch,† and a pair of linen sheets, as he is to be made a knight.

"The robes and other knightly insignia presented by King Henry III. to Alexander the young King of Scotland, when he knighted him at York, in the year 1251, is thus described on the Close Roll of that year:

"Edward of Westminster is commanded to procure immediately a handsome sword, and scabbard of silk, the hilt to be of silver and well ornamented, and also a handsome belt, on which to hang the same; the sword is to be sent to York by Christmas-day, that the King may decorate Alexander the illustrious King of Scotland therewith, in his belt of knighthood, &c.

"John de Summercotes and the King's tailor are commanded to make, without delay, a costly couch, and to send it to the King at York, to present to the illustrious King of Scotland on Christmas-day:

"And, Edward of Westminster is commanded to procure immediately a pair of silver gilt spurs, with fastenings of silk, and to let the King have them at York on Christmas-day, for the use of Alexander King of Scotland, &c."

The royal knight last mentioned could, however, neither wield his sword nor poise a lance, being only twelve years old.

These extracts will show the varied character of the work; but it is as affording unquestionable historical information respecting a period, and relating to events, of which contemporary chroniclers give often contradictory statements, that the great importance of the Close Rolls consists.

The volume before us is a reprint of the Introduction to the first volume of these Rolls; and the motive of the writer in printing a limited number of copies for private

† It was usual for the person who was to be knighted to watch all the previous night in the church, and the couch was given for him to rest on.

distribution, has been a desire to afford to those who may not be able to procure the work itself, an account of its curious and valuable contents, and "to induce a more extended acquaintance with the nature of the Close Rolls, and to forward the objects of the Commission, by rendering the publication more generally known."

In pursuance of this plan, Mr. Hardy gives a minute description of these rolls, traces the origin of enrolments, which were unknown until after the Conquest, describes their different kinds, and then proceeds to give the reasons which induced the Record Commission, in this their last publication, not merely to print every document entire, but to notice cancellations of every kind, (except when merely literal,) and to mark every interlineation and emendation, "when written in a different hand to that employed on the rest of the document, or where the colour of the ink does not correspond with that used in the body of the instrument, thereby showing the alterations or interpolations to be of a subsequent period." The value of this minute attention is strikingly shown by Mr. Hardy, in several instances of erasure and interpolation; and the following extract will prove how important it is that historical records should be printed in the most literal manner:—

"It has been generally considered that the instrument by which the Beauforts were legitimated, contains a special exception with respect to the Royal dignity; but a very remarkable fact has been recently discovered on the subject. The Patent, as originally granted, contains no such reservation, nor was it introduced into the copy which was entered on the Rolls of Parliament when it received the sanction of the legislature; but when Henry IV. exemplified and confirmed the grant of Richard II. to the Earl of Somerset, in 1407, the words '*excepta dignitate regali*' appear to have been added to the enrolment of the grant on the Patent Roll, for those words occur on it as an interlineation, and, from the difference in the colour of the ink, are presumed to have been inserted at a subsequent period, though the hand is very nearly the same. In the exemplification by Henry IV., in 1407, the words are inserted, and the following explanation of the circumstance is probably not far from the truth. Henry IV. was the son of John of Gaunt, and finding that the grant to his father's children, by Catharine Swyneford, might authorize them to assert a claim to the throne on the failure of his own issue, as representatives of the line of Lancaster, probably thought it prudent to prevent such an occurrence, by assuming a power which would now be held illegal, of adding a reservation to the grant of his predecessor, and obliging one of the grantees to receive a confirmation of that grant with the exception introduced into it, as if it had formed part of the original document."

The importance of these documents as tests of the correctness and integrity of contemporary monkish historians, is forcibly argued by Mr. Hardy, who remarks, "if it can be shown that these writers have detailed with exactness and accuracy trifling and un-

important events, they become more entitled to confidence in their narration of matters of greater importance;" and he proceeds to compare many statements of Matthew Paris on comparatively unimportant subjects, with accounts of them to be found in these Rolls, and finds that in every instance the monk of St. Alban's is correct. We are gratified at this, because in the chronicles of Matthew Paris we find many details relating to the wars of the barons, both in the reign of John and of the third Henry, which we look in vain for in the less minute chronicles of his contemporaries. Nor is it merely on subjects of slight importance that his general accuracy is proved; historical statements, which some of our modern historians have questioned, are proved from these documents to be strictly correct. Matthew Paris says that the powerful Earl of Boulogne, having been expelled from his fief by Philip Augustus, came to England in 1211, and was honourably received by John. Now, from three or four entries in the Close Rolls it is proved that the Earl of Boulogne was in England at the time named, had the grant of several manors, and did homage to the King at London on Ascension day. So Matthew Paris broadly hints that Arthur of Brittany was killed by his uncle at Rouen; this has been disbelieved by some, because it is stated in certain chronicles that John was in England at the time; but, from a letter in this collection, we learn that John was actually at Rouen at the very period specified. Again, his sister Elianor, the damsel of Brittany, is stated, by most of the monkish historians, to have endured a captivity of nearly forty years; some of these mention that she was "kept in honourable confinement," and this is proved by very numerous documents relating to her. Although it is impossible to excuse either John or his son for keeping that guiltless princess in durance for life, even though, according to Tyrell, the reason was her constantly insisting on her right to the crown, we yet are gratified to find that every indulgence compatible with personal restraint, was afforded her. The following precepts give us rather a minute description of part of a high-born lady's wardrobe in the thirteenth century:—

"The Mayor of Winchester is commanded to send in haste to the King, for the use of his niece Elianor and the two daughters of the King of Scotland, robes of dark green, namely, tunics and supertunics, with capes of cambric, and fur of miniver, and twenty-three yards of good linen cloth; also, for the use of the King's niece, one good cap of dark brown, furred with miniver, and one hood for rainy weather, for the use of the same; besides robes of bright green for the use of her three waiting maids, namely tunics and supertunics, and cloaks, with caps of miniver or rabbit skins, and furs of lamb's-akin; and thin shoes for the use of the daughters of the King of Scotland, the King's niece, and her three waiting maids; and also, for the use of the King's niece, one saddle with gilded reins; and the mayor is to come himself, with all the above articles, to Corf, there to receive the money for the cost of the same.—6th July, 16 John. Page 144."

From other documents we find, that during her stay at Gloucester Castle no less a sum than what would now be above 7*l.* per diem, was allowed for her general expenses,—figs and almonds are sent her against Christmas,—"five ounces of silk," most probably sew-

ing silk for tapestry work, are procured for her by the King's order; while from a rather singular precept respecting linen to be bought for her use, we find, that, in those days of strict demarcation of rank, she was treated as inferior to the King alone. Peter de Maulay is commanded to procure "for the King's niece some good and fine linen cloth, not however of the King's finest cloth, but rather, if they have none suited for this except the King's finest cloth, to purchase it as good as they can, with the King's money."

The precepts relating to the rebuilding and beautifying the palace of Westminster, are very curious. Many of them have been, however, already before the public in Walpole's *Anecdotes of Painting*. In one instance we have a strong proof of the importance of writers selecting for themselves, since the person, whoever he was, who made the transcriptions for Horace Walpole, has left out a very important remark. Henry III., who certainly deserves credit as the first English sovereign who patronized the arts, directed "Otho, the goldsmith," who appears to have been also a painter, to "put aside the picture, which was begun to be painted in the King's great chamber at Westminster, beneath the great historical painting, and to paint it green, after the fashion of a curtain." This precept the reader will find in the *Anecdotes of Painting*, and we are rather inclined to wonder that a king possessing any taste for the arts should direct an artist to paint a green curtain when he had actually begun to paint a picture. The precept, as given at full length, explains it—the painting was an arabesque, and being immediately beneath "the great historical picture," spoiled its effect; these words are therefore added, "so that the effect of the great history may be kept unimpaired," and it affords a fair proof that Henry was a very good judge in these matters. We must now conclude, thanking Mr. Hardy for the valuable information he has afforded us. We cannot, however, resist presenting these two curious documents to our readers, since they seem to breathe the very spirit of chivalry, and will remind those who are learned in romances, of a similar permission accorded to Launcelot du Lac by the castellan to whose custody he was assigned.

"The King to the sheriff of Lincoln, greeting. We order you, that if Walter de Stiveton, taken and imprisoned at the Tower of London for the death of William de Tillebroc, whereupon duel is waged between the same Walter and Roger de Chelveston, who offers him challenge on this occasion, shall find you four and twenty good and lawful men of your county, who will undertake to have him before our justices at Westminster, in eight days of St. Michael, to fight that duel with him, then to accept for this such four and twenty good and lawful men, and signify the same by your letters to the constable of the Tower of London, making known to him their names; and we have commanded him, upon your signifying this to him, to deliver from prison the aforesaid Walter on the bail of the aforesaid lawful men, in manner aforesaid. And the said constable is commanded, upon receipt of the sheriff's instructions by letter, informing him of his having done as has been said, immediately to deliver the aforesaid Walter from prison in the manner prescribed; and in the meantime to keep the same Walter in free prison, so that he may live on his own resources, and learn to fence.—25th July, 4 Hen. 3. Page 424."

"The King to the constable of Winchester, &c. We command you to permit Sir Jordan de Bianney, knight, whom you have in our prison, to go out of custody twice a day, or oftener, to fence, and in his place retain in prison Oliver de Vaux until his return; and when he returns then permit the same Oliver to depart and go where he will; and as you love all you possess, and your own body, do you see that the same Jordan be safely kept. Witness ourself at Brockenborough.—22d July, 9 John. Page 88."

*Remarks on Forest Scenery and other Woodland Views.* By the late William Gilpin, A.M. Edited by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: Frazer & Co.

We happened to open the first volume of this work at p. 236, and our eyes rested on the following paragraph:—"On the eightieth minute the saliva flowed in streams from his mouth, mixed with froth. He retched violently, with excessive convulsive action of the pectoral muscles, but unable to vomit; he appeared in great agony." Thinking it some publication relating to surgery or animal physiology, we had closed the volume for the purpose of sending it to our friend Dr. Probe, for his opinion, when, to our astonishment, we perceived it labelled on the back, 'Gilpin's Forest Scenery.' Our finger remained by chance in the place where we had first opened the book, and we hastily turned back to the paragraph we have quoted, with a feeling of something like bewilderment. We began to think that some "glamour" had been cast over us, and when we found before and after the aforesaid paragraph, nothing but horrible histories of poisoning, we became fairly puzzled; we looked onwards, page after page—there was nothing but poisoning—backwards, page after page—and still nothing but poisoning. We next referred to the title-page, but the 'Remarks on Forest Scenery,' stamped in bold black letters, still stared us in the face. At last we discovered that, unfortunately for Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, we had opened his book in the middle of a story sixteen pages long, about the upas tree of Java, with which he illustrates an unlucky extract made by poor Mr. Gilpin, from Darwin's 'Botanic Garden.'—Such a case will serve, as well as a hundred, to give an idea of this new edition. The great object of its editor seems to have been to find a sufficient number of pegs upon which to hang extracts enough to fill a couple of 8vo. volumes; and in this he has certainly succeeded to admiration. An abstract of an article in the *Edinburgh Review* serves for an introduction, and Crabbe's poem of the 'Lover's Journey,' helps the editor capitolitally to rather more than eight pages, by way of filling up. Gilpin speaks of the picturesque beauty and the utility of the British oak; and straight Sir Thomas edifies his readers with thirteen or fourteen pages of extracts about other oaks, introduced by the following paragraph, in which we hardly know whether the more to admire the interesting information it conveys, or the classical language in which it is conceived. "The genus *Quercus*, of the Linnæan class and order *Monæcia Polyandria*; male flowers containing many stamens, and female flowers containing one pistil upon the same plant." It would be hopeless for us to attempt to unravel the web of blundering and ignorance, that characterizes these extracts; some idea may be formed of them when we say, that the *Live Oak* of America is stated to be the *Amboyna* species, called *Quercus Molucca*; that *Quercus virens*, which is the real live oak, is stated in as something distinct; and that all the idle tales about the different origin and quality of our two British oaks, are unsuspectingly retained.—Gilpin mentions the Alder tree, and its beautiful effect

upon the landscape, "as you follow the banks of the Mole, in Surrey, through the sweet vales of Dorking and Mickleham, into the groves of Esher." "Aye, aye," cries Sir Thomas, "we fully agree with Mr. Gilpin, in his commendation of the alder, *Alnus glutinosa*, of the class and order *Momocia Tetrandria*, of Linnæus, and of the *Amentaceæ*, of Jussieu."—What profusion to associate the sweet and simple language, and the elegant thoughts of Gilpin, with the miserable pedantry of such an editor as Sir Thomas Dick Lauder! We need only add, that the thirty copperplates which accompany the letter-press are in keeping with the editor's illustrations.

*Avantures d'un Marin de la Garde Impériale, Prisonnier de Guerre sur les Pontons Espagnols, dans l'Isle de Cabrera, et en Russie*.—[*Adventures of a Sailor of the Imperial Guard, Prisoner of War in the Spanish Hulks, in the Island of Cabrera, and in Russia*].—Par Henri Ducor. Paris: Dupont; London, Dulau & Co.

THE dangers and sufferings of the tented field and the broad ocean have formed the theme of many a popular volume; but we still know little of the extreme hardship and misery which a private soldier often undergoes, because few of that class have been able even to supply materials for the narrative. The present work, however, is the production of such a man. M. Henri Ducor, who is now reposing upon his laurels, in the lucrative situation of steam-boat agent, at Harre, was formerly a private soldier, or, rather sailor, who survived the melancholy campaign of Russia.

He has published his adventures, he says, with a view to make known that which usually escapes the broad and bold pencil of the military historian, namely, the habits and privations of those masses of men "who alone win battles, yet reap none of the honour."

I have witnessed (he observes) many death-throes; many dying words have been addressed to me; and I have often heard the regret of the expiring soldier at quitting life, never more to behold a mother, a sister, a brother, or a betrothed; I have seen many bodies stiffen, many lives flicker and expire; and yet I marched on, or fled, or hid myself, traversing, in this way, a distance of more than four hundred leagues;—advancing, retracing my steps, losing my way, finding it again, stumbling upon the Russians, whom I was making incredible efforts to avoid, and trying to instil courage into the hearts of my poor companions whenever they yielded to despair.

It is this series of dreadful sufferings that I am about to unfold. It is a duty which I owe to the memory of those who perished; to the affection of the families who are still shedding bitter tears at their loss; and to that feeling of confraternity natural to the heart of an old soldier. From what I have myself endured, some notion may be formed of the sufferings of a hundred and fifty thousand men, until the time when the whole fell to rise no more, some a little sooner, others a little later. My history is theirs:—the only difference is, that I have returned to tell the sad tale.

The work is divided into two parts; the first treats of the Peninsular War; the second, of the Russian Campaign; and there is a great deal of interesting matter to be culled from both.

M. Ducor entered the French navy, as a cabin boy, at little more than twelve years

of age. Having by perseverance and activity of mind, as well as of body, acquired considerable nautical knowledge, he was appointed quartermaster before he was twenty. In 1808, he was taken prisoner at Cadiz. Here his sufferings began. He was conveyed on board a hulk, the horrors of which, making due allowance for difference of climate and superiority of food, very closely resemble those of our own prison-ships during the late war. The state of these "coffins for the living," in which hundreds of human beings were stowed away, above, below, and by the side of each other, in a space allotted for each to sleep, of not more than six feet by two, is so little known to many of our readers, that we shall translate M. Ducor's account of those in Spain.

The word *ponton* (hulk), he says, still raises a shudder in those who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the English or the Spaniards. The hulks in Spain very nearly resembled the prison-ships in England. They had no vestige of rigging. All that renders a man of war interesting had disappeared, and these immense hulls of ships were converted into huge coffins, in which living men were placed to die a lingering death. The hold, and the orlop deck, both below the surface of the water, were the most unhealthy parts of the vessel. The bottom of the humid hold was always covered with a thick coating of black and stinking mud; and it was impossible to breathe in the multitude of little cells into which the orlop deck was divided. A single hatchway, parallel to that of the hold, admitted the air into this part of the ship, which was always filled with the most fetid exhalations. Scarcely any light entered this dungeon, and it was difficult to distinguish objects in it, even at noon-day. • •

The Spaniards did not dare to starve us to death; but they gave us the most unwholesome food, consisting of black bread, full of earthy matter, biscuits full of worms, salt meat in a state of decomposition, rancid yellow bacon, damaged salt cod, and fermented rice, peas, and beans. We had neither wine nor vinegar: no means of cooking our food; and, to increase our distress, though the heat was suffocating, we were refused water, or at least it was given to us so sparingly that it was immediately absorbed, like separate drops falling upon a red-hot iron. Thus, during the hottest part of the day, we were raging like madmen. Wherever we went, thinking to find relief, we only felt our torments increase. Between decks, the atmosphere was thick and suffocating;—upon deck, the rays of an almost vertical sun scorched our skins and fired our blood. When our bodies were parched and burning, the sea, beating against the sides of our floating prisons, seemed urging us to plunge in; but we were strictly prohibited; we were therefore obliged to limit our enjoyments to simple ablutions. From morning till night we stood in files to enter, in turn, the quarter galleries, in order to have four buckets of water thrown over our burning bodies.

The consequence, as might naturally be supposed, was disease and death. Contagious disorders, and especially typhus fever, broke out among the unhappy prisoners, and carried off scores every day. Added to this, the author has given some most appalling pictures of the effects of gambling, which, as in the prison-ships of England, had crept in among his fellow-captives, and led to the most monstrous excesses. M. Ducor was at length conveyed, with six thousand other prisoners, to the desert island of Cabrera, one of the Balearic islands, situated about

seven leagues south of Majorca, about four miles in length, and three in breadth.

Our landing (he observes) took place without tumult. To breathe the fresh air at discretion seemed our sole and absorbing idea. Our confinement had become intolerable, and each strived to escape, in the shortest possible time, from our fetid dens, and leap upon the inhospitable strand.

On the morrow, we searched every part of the island; we found rocks, sand, pebbles, black fir, and brambles in abundance, but not a single human being: and yet, strange to say, in the middle of this horrible desert, which seemed alive with lizards, and might have been taken for a place of refuge for reptiles, we found a field of corn! How great was our surprise! "Cabrera, then, is not uninhabited!" we exclaimed; "there must be some one in the island." The idea of a second Robinson Crusoe struck us all, and each called and looked for the owner of the corn-field. Nobody, however, was found. At last an ass appeared in sight.

"Oh, there is his lama," said the sailors; "and as the beast is so near, most probably the master is not far off."

But no master was there. The poor ass was a walking skeleton. It shook its tail, brayed, approached us with an affectionate motion of its long ears, and placed its head successively upon the bosoms of several of the party.

Hunger was not the first misery we felt. We suffered here from thirst as dreadfully as we had done on board the hulks. There was only one spring of fresh water in the island; it gave a very scanty supply, and was sometimes dried up. Each company sent a fatigue party thither, and great surprise was felt at their not returning. The fact is, they had found the spring beset with a panting crowd, eager to assuage their thirst, and had been obliged to fight for their turn to take water. A little more, and there would have been bloodshed.

The story of the poor ass, whom the prisoners named Robinson, may interest our readers, and it is intimately interwoven with the narrative of their sufferings:—

Robinson was our spoiled child, and became quite civilized among us. His work was hard, but he was well rewarded for his trouble. A prisoner never discovered a blade of grass without gathering it for Robinson. His long ears became again straight; and his coat, which was always well groomed, became fine and shining. He was no longer a skeleton; every one shared his scanty food with the poor beast. And how sensible was he of our caresses! The moment he was called, a wagging of his tail indicated that he understood us. When he was on duty, he never deviated from his path, except to offer, to our kisses, his long face, so full of calmness and amenity. His temper was as even as that of a philosopher. He was docile, had no caprices, never bit any one, and his tricks were confined to a few playful gambols. All this amused us. "Robinson is gay," we would observe; "so much the better!—there is, at least, one happy being at Cabrera!"—for to us, Robinson was some one; and we had pledged ourselves, that if, on some fortunate day, we quitted the island, we would not abandon him. Every evening, Robinson was more or less the subject of conversation with all. When he was expected home, every one talked of him. At length, his voice was heard: "Ah!" would some exclaim, "there is Robinson sounding the curfew!" As soon as the men had retired to their huts, Robinson would make his rounds. He visited every one, as if to wish us all good night. Next morning, at day-break, he would sound the *reveille*, and bravely begin his work again. He often returned, worn out with fatigue; no matter—he had a duty to perform, and he



did not lie down to rest until he had shown his face to every one of us. We then wished him good night, and every one was requested not to torment him. "Do you not see how tired he is?" would a thousand voices exclaim to any one who wished to detain him. Woe to him who dared to ill-treat poor Robinson—the real proprietor, the oldest inhabitant of the island, and the only sociable being we had found on its soil! Every man would have fought for him as for a beloved mistress; and this will not be doubted, when I state, that the question of deciding to whom he should belong after our deliverance, was never started without a serious quarrel.

Poor Robinson, after all, came to an untimely end. The prisoners at Cabrera received their food from Majorca. Every four days a boat arrived, and twenty-four ounces of bread, together with a few hand-fuls of dried beans, were delivered to each prisoner. This scanty pittance was enough to prevent actual starvation, but not to appease hunger, and the provisions for four days were generally swallowed in one. Sometimes the boat was delayed, and was a day or two behind its time, without, however, bringing the arrears of rations due. Here we shall let the author tell his own tale:—

On the 25th of February, 1809, we waited for the boat in vain. Neither did it make its appearance on the following days. Our sufferings became dreadful. Those who had any strength left crept upon their hands and feet to the summit of the rocks to see whether any white sail appeared on the horizon. Day after day passed, and no boat came. The road leading to the camp was at length strewn with our comrades, who had fallen from weakness. "Is the boat in sight?" asked every one who had still strength to speak. Many had died on the road; others were sunk in hopeless despair, when, on a sudden, the strongest were seized with a species of frenzy. Our delirium increased; we had every one of us a raging fever. Some expired in horrible convulsions; symptoms like those of hydrophobia appeared in others; they attempted to devour whatever was within their reach, and it was not without danger that we were able to approach and render them assistance.

Upwards of a hundred and fifty died of absolute starvation; and nothing was left us to eat but our poor ass. This sacrifice was agreed to, but not till after a long debate, and considerable opposition. Our chiefs then gave orders that the poor beast should be killed. This was done, and our hearts bled at the slaughter of our affectionate and grateful Robinson. How we all deplored his loss! I have him still before my eyes! He came so calmly to be killed. His carcass was divided into four thousand five hundred pieces, and each of us obtained for his share about three-quarters of an ounce of meat, of which we made broth.

At length, on the 1st of March, the day after Robinson's death, a small number of our companions, who had climbed to the summit of the mountain, announced that the boat was in sight. At this news, the general vertigo ceased. Each gave utterance to his transports, and even those who seemed in the agonies of death, moved like corpses under the effect of a galvanic shock. Every one got up, walked forward with a species of joyous shudder, laughing convulsively, and extending their arms towards the sea.

The moment the boat anchored, a loaf was handed to each sufferer. Some swallowed it immediately, and died. One day more, and the Spaniards would have found none of us alive; and this was the wish of the inhabitants of Palma, who had risen, and twice got possession of the boat, just as it was about to sail. Thus

the hatred of the Majorcans to the French was the cause of the delay we had experienced.

It could not be denied that the death of poor Robinson had saved the lives of perhaps the whole of us; but we sadly felt the loss of him. Our sick, whose water-carrier he had always been, were now obliged to drink muddy and brackish water.

Ducor, after being foiled in several attempts, at length effected his escape. We shall return to these volumes, and our next translations will relate to the Russian campaign.

#### THE ROXBURGHE REVELS. (MS.)

We return to 'The Roxburghe Revels,' and to Mr. Joseph Haslewood, as the author of that immortal record of the proceedings of the "lions of literature" who formed the Club.

The Duke of Devonshire had been solicited to preside on the anniversary of the 17th of June, 1822, and the expected presence of his Grace induced twenty-two members to assemble at the Clarendon. Nevertheless, the Duke did not make his appearance, and we applaud his taste. He had, probably, seen quite enough of Mr. Haslewood and the "stickers and stayers," or, as the Americans would say, the sitters and squatters, at the celebration of 1816. Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle) consented to represent the Duke of Devonshire, and he was supported by the following:—

Mr. Dent, Mr. Lang, Sir M. M. Sykes, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Heber, Mr. Towneley, Mr. Wilbraham, Mr. Bolland, Mr. Drury, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Joseph Littledale, Mr. Bentham, Mr. Utterson, Mr. Carr, Mr. Edward Littledale, Mr. Freeling, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Ponton, Mr. Markland, Mr. Haslewood, and Mr. Dibdin.

We should like to know whether the members of the Club, in general, were aware of the manner and form in which their proceedings got into the newspapers and magazines. Dr. Dibdin, as we mentioned last week, must have known that his accomplished friend kept a register of all that occurred, and, perhaps, as Secretary (an office which Mr. Haslewood says Dr. Dibdin "requested"), he himself kept another, which hereafter may possibly be brought to auction. If it be, we earnestly advise the then remaining members of the society to purchase it at once, and not to allow it, like Haslewood's 'Roxburghe Revels,' to get out into the world, merely because they were unwilling to raise 50*l.* among them. If we would give 50*l.* for it for the sake of printing it, they ought to have been ready to give 500*l.* for the sake of suppressing it; if only, that people at large might not know how the Club was associated, for what purposes, and under whose auspices. Hereafter, some of the most able and well-informed men, independent of nobility and judges of the land, will always have their names coupled with that of Mr. Haslewood, and *ex uno disce omnes* may be given to them as the motto of the whole association.

We have been led to these remarks by perusing Mr. Haslewood's account of the dinner of June, 1822, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The following is the characteristic commencement of his article:—

"A convivial and cloudless anniversary, upheld by a select few, cannot be expected to supply much to amuse, or many events to

chronicle; for the revelry of intellect, though quickened by a sapient banquet, seldom affords much to iterate. The good things must have the energy and raciness of being heard when first delivered, for conversation becomes the bald tale twice told to repeat."

This is a fine specimen of English composition; not, indeed, exactly worthy of the days of Addison and Swift, but worthy of the Roxburghe Club, and of Mr. Haslewood. "To give a freshness to ancient lore (adds our author), in each doyley was wrapped *The ordre of the Toastes*;" and, though we do not clearly see how "ancient lore" could thus obtain any "freshness," we will subjoin them, that our readers may judge for themselves:—

"The immortal Memory of John Duke of Roxburghe—of Christopher Valdarfer, Printer of the Decameron of 1471—of Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoeffer, the Inventors of the Art of Printing—of William Caxton, the Father of the British Press—of Dame Juliana Barnes, and the St. Alban's Press—of Wynkyn De Worde, and Richard Pynson, the illustrious Successors of William Caxton—of the Aldine Family, at Venice—of the Giunta Family, at Florence—The Society of the Bibliophiles, at Paris—The Prosperity of the Roxburghe Club—The Cause of Bibliomania all over the World."

We do not wonder that it required some effort on the part of the Roxburghers to gulp down this dry stuff; and, accordingly, the wine bill amounted to no less than about 35*l.* out of the 60*l.* paid to Jaquier. Mr. Haslewood is unusually particular on the occasion, and records "the glorious few" who kept it up like true "peep-o'-day-boys," long after the noble chairman had given notice that he thought it time to separate. The "stickers and stayers" seem to have been Mr. Heber (in the chair), Mr. Hibbert, Baron Bolland, Dr. Dibdin, Mr. Ponton, and Mr. Haslewood. How fortunate that no "vile compound *partook* of at dinner," or afterwards, prevented our enlightened author from scattering to the last the coruscations of his wit! No wonder that Baron Bolland could not tear himself away from this "revelry of intellect, quickened by a sapient banquet." It was, perhaps, this sympathy in taste and feeling which induced Haslewood to dedicate to the Baron his reprint of 'Drunken Barnaby's Journal.'

But a great event was at hand. We do not allude to the death of Sir M. M. Sykes, though Mr. Haslewood "lugubriates" (we use a verb of his own coinage) over his loss in the following strain:—"Carion Corbystill hovers round our little circle, and again raises his cry in the exultation of the feast of mortality; we have lost a man of names and worth." The question was, how the vacancy was to be filled. On a former occasion, Mr. Haslewood had given a hint to his friend Mr. Bliss, but it was not taken; and, if we are correctly informed, he availed himself of this opportunity to put forward the claims of an individual of very congenial pursuits, and corresponding education; not, indeed, publicly known as an author, but privately recognized as the writer of most of the fulsome puffs that appear in certain newspapers—a man who (though the trick is now pretty well understood) gets invited to the tables of the great publishers, upon the strength of the return courtesy in praise and paragraphs—a man who is to be seen everywhere—at book auc-

tions, where he has a reputation solely on the score of having formerly bought "in a lump" the collection of an eminent antiquary, though he himself scarcely knows the difference between black-letter and Roman—at picture sales, where he fastens himself to the skirts of some connoisseur, or, if there shaken off, upon the arm of some professional dealer—at exhibitions, which he is content to visit in company with a known critic and wit, who makes him bear his umbrella as well as his jokes—at theatres, to which free admission is given him, on the express condition that he shall industriously puff the performances in private and in print—a man who, having no business of his own, has the more time to attend to the business of everybody else, into which he inquires with all the impertinent effrontery of a cockney Paul Pry, and affects to be "hail, fellow, well met," with all people of consequence or celebrity, from the Duke of Wellington down to the little splay-foot American, who has just come to England to publish his memoirs. This is the kilderkin of man (not "a tun of man," like Falstaff) who, it was said, was once thought of by Mr. Haslewood as a successor to Sir M. M. Sykes, and who, most assuredly, would have been a competent member of the Roxburghe Club, if in no other respects, so far as regards deglutition and digestion, and putting "*intellectual legs* under mahogany."

However, Lord Spencer and some other influential members had different views, and a special meeting having been called to fill up the vacancy occasioned by the death of Sir Mark M. Sykes, it was attended by fourteen members, including the noble president. Lord Spencer stated, that a correspondence had been opened with Sir Walter Scott "on the subject of proposing the Author of Waverley, as a proper person to become a member of the Club," and that the following letter had been received from him. We insert an exact copy of it, because a hurried and incorrect transcript, most likely made secretly when Haslewood's books were on view in Evans's sale-room, by some such prying person as the character we have above sketched, has found its way into the newspapers:—

"My dear Sir,

"I was duly favoured with your letter which proves one point against the Unknown Author of Waverley namely that he is certainly a Scotsman since no other nation pretends to the advantage of the Second Sight. Be He who or where he may he must certainly feel the very high honour which has selected him Nominis Umbra to a situation so worthy of envy.

"As his personal appearance in the fraternity is not like to be a speedy event one may presume he may be desirous of offering some test of his gratitude in the shape of a reprint or such like kickshaw and for that purpose you had better send him the Statutes of your learned body which I will engage shall reach him in safety.

"It will follow as a characteristic circumstance that the Table of the Roxburghe like that of King Arthur will have a vacant chair like that of Banquo at MacBeth's Banquet. But if this author who 'hath fern-seed and walketh invisible' should not appear to claim it before I come to London (should I ever be there again) with permission of the Club I who have something of adventure in me although 'a knight like Sir Andrew Aguecheek dubbed with unhack'd rapier and on carpet consideration would rather than lose the chance of a dinner with the Roxburghe Club take upon me the adventure of the sieg' perilsous and reap some amends for

perils and scandals into which the Invisible champion has drawn me by being his Locum tenens on so distinguished an occasion.

"It will be not uninteresting to you to know that a fraternity is about to be established here something on the plan of the Roxburghe Club but having Scottish antiquities chiefly in view.—It is to be called the Bannatyne Club from the celebrated Antiquary George Bannatyne who compiled by far the greatest manuscript record of old Scottish poetry. Their first meeting is to be held on Thursday when the health of the Roxburghe Club

"I am always my dear Sir

"Your most faithful humble

Servant

"WALTER SCOTT

"Edin<sup>g</sup>. 25 Febr. 1823"

The cautious wording of this communication, though obviously from its incomplete termination, hastily written, is well worthy of note; and accuracy in printing it, is the more required, since it is one of the most curious and interesting relics of a man whose name will stand second only to the very first authors in our language. It is worth observing, too, that this letter was addressed to Doctor Dibdin, and Doctor he is called in the introduction to 'Quentin Durward'; now, as the reverend gentleman was not entitled to that honourable appellation until some time after, the coincidence would have "strengthened other proofs," had Scott not subsequently acknowledged himself the writer of the novels. The election was of course unanimous, and the following is Scott's characteristic reply:—

"My dear Sir,

"I am duly honoured with your very interesting and flattering communication. Our highlanders have a proverbial saying founded on the traditional renown of Fingal's dog. 'If it is not Bran' they say 'it is Bran's brother.' Now this is always taken as a compliment of the first class, whether applied to an actual car or pambolically to a biped, and upon the same principle it is with no small pride and gratification that the Roxburghe Club have been so very flatteringly disposed to accept me as a locum tenens for the unknown author whom they have made the child of their adoption. As sponsor I will play my part as well as I can and should the Real Simon Pure make his appearance to push me from my stool why I shall have at least the satisfaction of having enjoyed it.

They cannot say but what I had the crown.

Besides I hope the Devil does not owe me such a shame. Mad Tom tells us that the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman and this mysterious personage will I hope partake as much of his honourable feelings as of his invisibility and resuming his incognito permit me to enjoy in his stead an honour which I value more than I do that which has been bestowed on me by the credit of having written any of his novels.

"I regret deeply I cannot soon avail myself of my new privileges, but Courts which I am under the necessity of attending officially set down in a few days and hei mihi do not arise for vacation until July. But I hope to be in Town next Spring and certainly I have one strong additional reason for a London Journey furnished by the pleasure of meeting the Roxburghe Club. Make my most respectful compliments to the Members at their next merry meeting and express in the warmest manner my sense of obligation.

"I am always, my dear Sir,

"Very much

"Your most obedient

Servant

"Abbotsford,

"1st May 1823

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Rev<sup>d</sup>. Dr. Dibdin

"Kensington

"London."

From this day forth, therefore, Sir Walter Scott, representing the Author of Waverley, was considered a member of the Roxburghe Club; the addition of his name was sufficient, even to counterbalance the dead-weight of Haslewood, and that is saying a great deal for both. The last of the two preceding letters is only a transcript: we presume, therefore, that Haslewood and Dr. Dibdin divided the spoil, and that as the *first* letter fell to the lot of Haslewood, and was inserted in his record of the proceedings of the Roxburghe Club, the original of the *last* letter was reserved by Dr. Dibdin, and may hereafter be found in his "*Roxburghe Revels*," if indeed the learned Doctor has preserved any such register.

What offence the Roxburghe Club had given to Jaquier, is nowhere stated, but he absolutely, and in direct terms, refused to let the members dine at his hotel on the 17th of June, 1823. In 1816, he would not treat them as "superlatives," and in 1823 he would not treat them at all; probably he was quite weary of their dulness and grumbling, or possibly he found his house getting a bad reputation from the vulgarity and ignorance of at least one of the members. The scene of the anniversary of 1823 was, therefore, again transferred to Grillon's, and twenty-one members, with Lord Spencer at their head, sat down to dinner. Archdeacon Wrangham was, for the first time, of the party. "Beyond the chronicle (says Mr. Haslewood, with unusual felicity of phrase,) of the rump-resting by name, and of the rump-rising by numbers, there is little to rehearse. It is true, our vice-president amused the public in a hebdomadal rickety brat, whereof he was one of the pap-supplying nurses during its short existence, with such a blazon of fancy to record the fact of the meeting, that there only remains to give due place to the offspring of his invention."

It should seem that the newspapers and magazines, in which the Roxburghe Club had hitherto puffed themselves, refused, like Jaquier, longer to admit anything appertaining to the Club; and Dr. Dibdin having started a 'hebdomadal rickety brat' called *The Museum*, inserted in it some account of the proceedings of the Club on the 17th of June, 1823, and did not forget to make an especial note of himself, and of a promised "original work," by one of the members, under the title of *the Roxburghe Garland*. This piece of puerility is really not worth farther notice, and we pass over it and Grillon's bill, in order to come the sooner to a real "matter of moment and merriment," (as our author ingeniously words it in his title-page,) though quite unconsciously so by the principal party concerned, and by Mr. Haslewood, the narrator of the fact.

One would hardly think, that the son of Dr. Vincent, so long, to our suffering, Head Master of Westminster School, and subsequently Dean of the Abbey Church, should be so ignorant as not to know that William Caxton was our first English printer, that he flourished in the reigns of Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III. and Henry VII., and that he carried on his business in the sanctuary of Westminster. We owe Dr. Vincent himself such a grudge, that we would willingly find him guilty of this want of knowledge, if, in conscience, we could; but it is

certainly probable that the Chapter was in much the same predicament as the Dean's son, which predicament is apparent from the following letter, where he speaks of "the late Wm. Caxton" as of a person who had died the day before. The Roxburghe Club having agreed, as we mentioned in our article of last Saturday, to erect a tablet to the memory of Caxton, had applied to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, on the subject of a proper situation in the Abbey for fixing it. This was the answer transmitted:—

"Sanctuary Westm  
21 May 1823

"Rev<sup>d</sup>. Sir,

"I am directed by the Dean and Chapter to acquaint you that neither the situation against the projecting corner by St. Benedict's Chapel nor on the wall by Shakespear's monument proposed by you to place the Tablet to the late Wm. Caxton are approved but the space in St. Edmund's Chapel is not objected to and as soon as you will inform the Dean and Chapter that the Committee acquiesce in the last mentioned situation the Dean and Chapter will consider the price required of which I will give you due information. "I am Rev<sup>d</sup>. Sir

"Your most obed. serv<sup>t</sup>.

"G. G. VINCENT.

"The Rev<sup>d</sup>. T. F. Dibdin."

Doubtless, Mr. G. G. Vincent supposed that "the late William Caxton" had been a member of the Roxburghe Club, who was recently deceased; and it might not occur to him at the moment, that the members of that association, at the rate of two guineas per man, (or per "Lion of Literature," were about to erect a paltry tablet to a person who had erected such an everlasting monument for himself. Perhaps, after all, Mr. G. G. Vincent meant his letter as a piece of refined satire, which, in fact, is the best excuse we can make for him. In neither light, does the phrase, "the late Wm. Caxton," appear to have struck the members of the Club as anything extraordinary:—

"This day [remarks Mr. Haslewood, of the 17th June, 1824, with unwonted bitterness,] reversed all gone before, and the parish Church of St. Margaret's is to be adorned with the monument of Caxton. Voting that the exorbitant Fees of the Abbey sho<sup>d</sup> be submitted to was not sufficient, the Goths that guide there, can have no other God than gold: for they gave such a choice of situations that to have followed their sinister wishes wo<sup>d</sup> have been not to bury the body, but to bury the monument. A biting satire might be engendered herefrom as 'The Curse of Caxton.'"

The alliteration of "the Curse of Caxton," must have been delightful to our friend, who, when he spoke of "a biting satire," was by no means of opinion that he was not himself capable of writing such a one, as should make an antagonist, like Lycambis of old, go hang himself. Of his imaginary talent in this department, we will give only one brief specimen. When he published one of his reprints, displaying about an equal portion of arrogance and ignorance, it was reviewed somewhere or other with severity. Haslewood found out who was the author of the review, and sent him this "annihilator":—

To Mr. ———.

You have no judgment, and less wit,  
And learning less than both—indeed its fit,  
If you yourself will please to write a book,  
I'll hand it to my culinary cook:  
It will do well to bake her pies on;  
Poison 'twill be, and not a wise one.  
As thus I answer your long criticism,  
(I'm too good-natured) by a witicism.

(On me your darts can have no force,  
Being armed like a rhinoceros.  
If by you I'm not understood,  
I am your most obedient J. HASLEWOOD.

This we copy from his own hand-writing—the hand-writing of a "Literary Lion," and a distinguished member of the Roxburghe Club! We wish we had bought that other specimen of his poetical powers, sold among his books,—and yet, what could we have done with such nonsense? As it is, our readers will have had quite enough from his pen, and we will therefore proceed with our narrative.

How the fact is to be explained, we are at some loss to know—whether Jaquier apologized to the Club, or the Club to Jaquier, for the insult of the preceding year—but certain it is, the meeting of the 17th June, 1824, was held again at the Clarendon; and as it is admitted that Jaquier's wines were superior to those of Grillon, and as Jaquier was unusually and personally civil, the chance seems to be, that the difference had been amicably arranged. Our vivacious author's account of the proceedings, deserves to be extracted: let the reader "mark the humour of it." Great wits seldom descend to particulars, but Haslewood is an exception.

"About one o'clock, or a wee bit beyond, in the morning of the eighteenth day of June in the year one thousand Eight hundred and Twenty Two 'the Glorious Few' somewhat fevered with the buzz or the bottle of the evening ordered Mr. Jaquier to appear and proceeded to give him a wholesome and fitting (if not sober) lecture upon the subject of the dinner. First the table was too crowded, that was fact the P. & V. P. being each encroached upon to accommodate a member. Second a scarcity of viands, that appeared to be the fact, for no one was satisfied with the Dinner. Third, a member has declared he was hungry then that might be fact, he had taken some trouble to *whet* his appetite. Last. He wanted something to eat then and could not get it, that was nearly the fact, for he ordered dry toast and was told there was *no fire aight* to toast same.—Under these manifold grievances, founded on fact, can it be called a capricious club that we gave notice of quitting to *said* Mr. Jaquier.—Admitted but (says Will Whipper-in) how haps it that you came back to the old cover. Why because; now for a Woman's reason, no but it shall be of the same randy, an old proverb: both howl down every thing; therefore because good wine needs no bush.—(Grillon's dinner was a better set out, but his wines had not that quickness or raciness which we found at the Clarendon and so we came back, as you see by the interleaved summons.—By this curve in our circle two things were obtained in 1824. Jaquier waited in person during most part of the dinner, ergo, we had mended his manners. The Bill of Fare seemed to satisfy every one, ergo, we had mended the dinner.—And in troth it was so for though the bills of fare of 1822 & 1824 read as nearly similar, they varied marvelously in fact. Suffice we are come back again and the 'tarry awhile' sat as usual to rival the 'peep o' day boys' in peering for the moon."

Lord Gower presided, and twenty members were present: his Lordship did not quit the chair until a late hour, when, as usual, it was taken by Mr. Heber, and he was supported by the following "stayers and stickers"—Baron Bolland, Sir F. Froeling, Mr. Lang, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Drury, and Dr. Dibdin—Mr. Haslewood does not include his own name among them, nor "among the drowsy or dead who ordered their palls and departed quietly," and he adds the following paragraph, relating to the extraordinary intro-

duction by Mr. Heber and Dr. Dibdin, of a reverend and learned gentleman, whose name will be familiar to the ears of many. Haslewood observes, that all "the rest," (viz. all but the seven or eight above named,) "went off decently:" how the "stickers and stayers" went off, whether "decently" or otherwise, is left to inference. We are bad at guessing, and therefore leave it to the reader, after he shall have perused what succeeds:—

"Here the record might have been closed were it not from a circumstance occurring not warranted by precedent and which may have a result neither intended or thought of by all parties concerned. At about half past ten, when our mirth seemed near its highest noon, after a short introductory speech from the V. P. and seconded by Mr. Heber (rehearsed before our door opened, by those members) there was admitted to the honour of a sitting that truly bibliomaniacal spirit Mr. Charles Hartshorne.—It is enough here to record the irregularity and hope nothing serious to the abrogation of the club shall arise from this unexpected breach of privilege."

We are to presume, that our author was present at this singular proceeding (and we call it singular, principally because it was a solitary instance of the kind,) of the Roxburghers, or he would no doubt have told us that he mentioned the fact on the authority of Dr. Dibdin, or of some other friend who was in the habit of communicating information to be added to the record preserved under the title of "the Roxburghe Revels."

The old proverb asserts, that "dead men tell no tales," but, as we have already shown, Haslewood has been vastly more communicative since his decease, than he ever was before it; and if his surviving relations and friends had had any regard for his memory, they ought not only to have burned the MS. before us, but to have carefully erased from every book he possessed, every scrap like a note or remark. Greater nonsense could not have been written—more rubbish could hardly have been collected. No event could have brought greater discredit on the members of the Roxburghe Club, and on the lovers of black-letter generally, than the death of Mr. Haslewood, and the consequent exposure. This, however, it was the duty of those to whom he bequeathed his property to have considered—it does not concern us, and we shall continue the history next week, from the same fruitful source, of "matters of moment and merriment."

*The Works of Robert Burns. Vol. I. Life of Burns.* By Allan Cunningham.

[Second Notice.]

We had marked more extracts last week than our printer could find room for—here they are:—

*Of the Maidens of Kyle.*—"Of the maidens of Kyle, who contributed by their charms of mind or person to the witchery of the love songs of Burns, I can give but an imperfect account. The young woman who 'had pledged her soul to meet him in the field of matrimony, yet jilted him with peculiar circumstances of mortification,' he has not named; and I believe her charms, real or imaginary, have remained unsung. The Tibbie who scorned the advances of the Poet, and 'spak na, but gade by like stour,' was a neighbouring laird's daughter, with a portion of two acres of peatmoss, and twenty pounds Scots. The Peggy who inspired some of his early lyrics was the sister of a Car-



rick farmer, a girl prudent as well as beautiful. The Nannie, who lived among the mosses near the Lugar, was a farmer's daughter, Agnes Fleming by name, and charmed the sweet song of 'My Nannie O' from him, by the elegance of her person and the melody of her voice. 'Green grow the Rashies,' was a general tribute paid to the collective charms of the lasses of Kyle; there were few with whom he had not held tryste,

Beneath the milk white thorn that scents the evening gale.

"Some of those maidens were but, perhaps, the chance inspirers of his lyric strains. 'Highland Mary,' and 'Mary in Heaven,' of whom he has so passionately sung, was a native of Ardrossan. Those who think that poetry embalms high names alone, ladies of birth and rank, must prepare to be disappointed, for Mary Camble was a peasant's daughter, and lived, when she captivated the Poet, in the humble situation of dairy-maid in 'the Castle o' Montgomery.' That she was beautiful, we have other testimony than that of Burns: her charms attracted gazers, if not wooers, and she was exposed to the allurements of wealth. She withstood all temptation, and returned the affection of the Poet with the fervour of innocence and youth. \* \* \* Who the Mary Morison was on whom he wrote one of his early songs, I have not been able to discover; nor do I know the name of the heroine of 'Cessnock Banks.' Their beauty seems like that of many others, to have passed suddenly over him, touching his fancy without affecting his heart. The Eliza, from whom he seems so loth to part, in one of his songs, was, I am told by John Galt, less beautiful than witty.

"To the charms of Jean Armour I have already alluded. This young woman, the daughter of a devout man and master-mason, lived in Mauchline, and was distinguished less for the beauty of her person, than for the grace of her dancing and the melody of her voice. Burns seems to have become attached to her soon after the loss of his Highland Mary. \* \* \*

"How the Poet and his Jean became acquainted is easily imagined by those who know the facilities for meetings of the young which fairs, races, dances, weddings, house-beatings, and kirk-suppers afford; of the growth of affection between them it is less easy to give an account; we must trace it by the uncertain light of his poetry."

*Ellisland.*—"In the month of May, 1788, Burns made his appearance as a farmer in Nithsdale; his fame had flown before him, and his coming was expected. Ellisland is beautifully situated on the south side of the Nith, some six miles above Dumfries. \* \* \*

"Though he got possession of the farm in May, the rent did not commence till Martinmas, as the ground was uninclosed and the houses unbuilt. By the agreement, Millar granted to Burns four nineteen years leases of Ellisland, at an annual rent for the first three years of fifty pounds, and seventy pounds for the remaining seventy-three years of the tack: the Poet undertook, for a sum not exceeding three hundred pounds, to build a complete farm onstead, consisting of dwelling-house, barn, byre, stable, and sheds, and to permit the proprietor to plant with forest trees the scarp or precipitous bank along the side of the Nith, and a belt of ground towards Friars-Carse, of not more than two acres, in order to shelter the farm from the sweep of the north-west wind. Burns was assisted in the choice of the farm, and the terms on which it was taken, by one or two Ayrshire friends: there were other farms to let of a superior kind on the estate, and those were pointed out by my father, steward to the proprietor—a Lothian farmer of skill and experience—but the fine romantic look of Ellisland induced Burns to shut his eyes on the low-lying and fertile Foregirth;

upon which my father said, 'Mr. Burns, you have made a poet's—not a farmer's choice.'

"The Poet was now a busy and a happy man. He had houses to build, and grounds to enclose—that he might be near both, he sought shelter in a low smoky hovel on the skirts of his farm. There he was to be found by all who had curiosity or taste, with a table, books, and drawings before him; sometimes writing letters about the land, and the people among whom he had dropt like a slung stone; sometimes giving audience to workmen who were busy at dyking or digging foundations; and not unfrequently brushing up, as Mrs. Burns said, an old song for Johnson's Musical Museum. \* \* \*

"The walls of the Poet's onstead began now to be visible from the north side of the Nith, and the rising structures were visited by all who were desirous of seeing how he wished to house himself. The plans were simple: the barn seemed too small for the extent of the farm, and the house for the accommodation of a large family. It contained an ample kitchen, which was to serve for dining-room; a room to hold two beds, a closet to hold one, and a garret, coom-cieled, to contain others for the female servants. One of the windows looked down the holms, another opened on the river, and the house stood so nigh the lofty bank that its afternoon shadow fell across the stream upon the opposite fields. The garden was a little way from the house; a pretty footpath led southward along the river side; another ran northward, affording fine views of the Nith, and of the groves of Friars-Carse and Dalwinton; while, half-way down the steep declivity, a fine, clear, cool spring supplied water to the household. The situation was picturesque, and at the same time convenient for the purposes of the farm.

"During the progress of the work, Burns was often to be found walking among the men, urging them on, and eyeing with an anxious look the tedious process of uniting lime and stone. On laying the foundation he took off his hat, and asked a blessing on the home which was to shelter his household gods. I inquired of the man who told me this, if Burns did not put forth his hand and help him in the progress of the work?—"Ay, that he did mony a time. If he saw us like to be beat wi' a big stane he would cry, 'bide a wee!' and come rinnin'. We soon found out when he put to his hand—he beat a' I ever met for a dour lift." When the walls rose as high as the window-heads, he sent a note into Dumfries ordering wood for the interior lintels. Twenty carpenters flocked round the messenger, all eager to look at the Poet's hand-writing. In such touches the admiration of the country is well expressed."

"When it was made known in December, 1791, that Burns was about to relinquish the lease of Ellisland, his merits as a farmer were eagerly canvassed by the husbandmen around. One imputed his failure to the duties of the Excise; to his being condemned to gallop two hundred miles per week, to inspect yeasty barrels, when his farm required his presence; another said that Mrs. Burns was intimate with a town life, but ignorant of the labours of barn and byre; a third observed that Ellisland was out of heart, and, in short, was the dearest farm on Nithsdale; while James Currie, a sagacious farmer, whose land lay contiguous, remarked, when I inquired the cause of the Poet's failure:—"Fail! how could he miss but fail, when his servants ate the bread as fast as it was baked and drank the ale as fast as it was brewed? Consider a little: at that time close economy was necessary to enable a farmer to clear twenty pounds a year by Ellisland. Now, Burns' handy-work was out of the question: he neither ploughed, nor sowed, nor reaped like a hard-working farmer; and then he had a bevy of

idle servants from Ayrshire. The lasses were ay baking bread, and the lads ay lying about the fireside eating it warm with ale. Waste of time and consumption of food would soon reach to twenty pounds a year."

*Education of the People.*—"One of the biographers of Burns has raised what the Poet calls 'a philosophic reek' on the propriety of refining the minds of hinds and farmers by means of works of elegance and delicacy; without believing, with Currie, that if not a positive evil it is a doubtful blessing, we may question whether more than a dozen out of ten thousand hinds and mechanics would feel inconvenience from increased delicacy of taste. On a vast number such lessons would be utterly lost, for no polish can convert a common pebble into a diamond; while from the minds of many it would remove the weeds with the same discriminating hand that the Poet cleared his riggs of corn, and 'spared the symbol dear,' the Scottish thistle. In truth, the danger which Currie dreaded has been encountered and overborne; more than all the works he enumerated as forming the reading of Burns are to be found in the hands of the peasantry of Scotland. Milton, Thomson, Young, poets of the highest order and of polished elegance, are as well known to the peasantry as the Bible is; yet no one has complained that a furrow more or less has been drawn in consequence, that our shepherds smear their sheep with too delicate a finger, and that our rustics are oppressed by fastidious nicety of taste."

*Anecdotes.*—"Burns paid little deference to the artificial distinctions of society. On his way to Leith one morning, he met a man in hodden-gray—a west-country farmer; he shook him earnestly by the hand, and stopped and conversed with him. All this was seen by a young Edinburgh blood, who took the poet roundly to task for this defect of taste.—'Why, you fantastic general,' said Burns, 'it was not the grey coat, the scone-bonnet, and the Sanquhar boot-hose I spoke to, but the man that was in them; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh you and me, and ten more such, down any day.'"

"In April, he wrote the poem of 'The wounded hare;' he has himself described the circumstances under which he composed it; his account was confirmed to me by James Thomson, the son of a neighbouring farmer.—'I remember Burns,' said he, 'weel; I have some cause to mind him—he used to walk in the twilight along the side of the Nith, near the march, between his land and ours. Once I shot at a hare that was busy on our braid; she ran bleeding past Burns; he cursed me and ordered me out of his sight, else he would throw me into the water. I'm told he has written a poem about it.—'Aye, that he has,' I replied; 'but do you think he would have thrown you into the Nith?'—'Thrown! aye, I'll warrant would he, though I was baith young and strong.' He submitted the poem—certainly not one of his best—to Dr. Gregory; the result scared him from consulting in future professional critics.—'I believe,' he said, 'in the iron justice of Dr. Gregory: but I believe and tremble.' Such criticisms tend to crush the spirit out of man."

Before we take leave of this work, we think it due to the publishers to state, that it is most beautifully got up, and is altogether one of the cheapest and handsomest volumes we have seen for some time.

*Correspondence de Victor Jacquemont, &c.*  
(Third Notice.)

*Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal—*  
January to July, 1833.

JACQUEMONT'S confidence in the security of the British power in India seems to have been a little shaken by his visit to Runjeet

Sing; after his return from the Punjáb he discovers, for the first time, the great want of English colonists in the peninsula—the total absence of a race, English by descent, and Indian by birth, which might form a connecting link between the governors and the governed. He even speculates on the chances of a Russian invasion; but he thinks it would be checked by the waters of the Indus, which he deems may, at no distant period, form the boundary between the empires of Russia and Britain. His lofty contempt of the brothers that rule Cabúl and Afghanistan, seems not to have abated, but he did not visit their territories, as he did those of the Sikhs, and we therefore doubt the justice of his decision. Dr. Gerard, whose letters, we trust, will be collected and published, forms a very different estimate of Mohammed Khán, and though he is not so sprightly and amusing a writer as Jacquemont, his opinions are the result of more mature consideration. He says—

"The trip from Pesháwar to Cabúl was very harassing, and to me, ill of fever, superlatively so. The country is naturally difficult, and our merciless guide drove us about regardless of heat and cold, rain and shelter. Our stay in Cabúl was too short to recover such an exertion, and I left that place in the same state of health as I arrived. Dost Mohammed Khán's treatment of us was highly satisfactory, and more than we durst have relied upon, considering the situation he occupies.... Cabúl is rising into power under his republican spirit of government, and, I should say, is destined to an importance in spite of itself, for, in every view, it is the key to India.... Dost Mohammed's citizen-like demeanour and resolute simplicity have suited the people's understanding; he has tried the effect of a new system, and the experiment has succeeded.... We may soon have to ask Sultan Mohammed for a supply of coals to navigate the Indus; mines have been discovered; and they ought to be worked on scientific principles."

The description of the city of Cabúl, fast rising into importance, shows that Dr. Gerard had considerable graphic power:—

"Frail mud houses, which seem only to be renewed by the accretions of patch-work, form a penurious threshold to a great entrepôt of commerce; but when the bazaar opens, one is amply gratified by a scene, which, for luxury and real comfort, activity of business, variety of objects, and foreign physiognomy, has no living model in India. The fruits which we had seen out of season at Pesháwar, loaded every shop; the masses of snow for sale, throw out refreshing chill, and sparkled by the sun's heat; the many strange faces and strange figures, each speaking in the dialect of his nation, made up a confusion more confounded than that of any Babel, but with this difference, that here the mass of human beings were intelligible to each other, and the work of communication and commerce went on. The covered part of the bazaar, which is entered by lofty portals, dazzled my sight, even as much as the snow of the Himalayan peaks, when reflected against the setting sun. In these stately corridors the shops rise in benches above each other, the various articles, with their buyers and sellers, regularly arranged in tiers, representing so many living strata. The effect of the whole was highly imposing, and I feel at a loss adequately to describe the scene presented to our eyes."

The following passage suggests some important considerations:—

"The Russian Church is held in high estimation at Cabúl; and the Cabulis meet with much

attention from the subjects of the Autocrat, while they are scarcely noticed beyond the Sutledge (the British boundary); these opposite receptions of course leave strong impressions on the feelings of individuals. Dost Mohammed gave us six introductory letters (one to the king of Bokhara), and on the 18th of May we took leave of Cabúl, under the protecting guidance of a Nazir, a man of high connexion and repute, who, however, proved himself anything but agreeable. The opportunity was too favourable to require consideration; the man's character was to be our passport, and as we anticipated difficulties in Morád Beg's territory we thought ourselves fortunate;—although we afterwards repented. Our ill-favoured guide was proceeding to Russia, to recover the property of his brother, who died there. On this occasion Dost Mohammed Khán wrote a letter to the Emperor."

Lahore, however, is a kingdom of more immediate importance to the Anglo-Indian Empire than Cabúl: it may be conveniently described as including the whole Punjáb, or "land of the five rivers," shaped like an isosceles triangle, with its apex towards the south, and its base resting on the chain of the Himalayan mountains. This is the country of the Sikhs, a new sect whose moral and religious code is founded on simple Theism; and which, by the abolition of caste, has effected a great revolution in Northern India. Runjeet Sing, their present sovereign, is the most enlightened and most daring monarch in Asia; he has an army of one hundred thousand men, disciplined by European officers, but he admits no British subject into his dominions. Jacquemont regards the establishment of the Sikh power as likely to be of advantage to the British.

The English government is deeply interested in Runjeet Sing's maintaining supremacy within his own dominions. Before the establishment of his power, parties of cavalry continually passed the Sutledge, pillaging the independent Sikhs, the friends and allies of the Company, whom it was necessary to succour, and at least pursue the robbers to the other side of the river. No satisfaction, no possible reparation, could be obtained; the petty princes of the Punjáb were too weak to be responsible for the plundering expeditions of their subjects. If any such thing happened now, the British Resident at Delhi would send a memorial like an apothecary's bill to Runjeet, claiming to a farthing the value of the harvest pillaged, and cattle carried off; together with a generous proportion of the guilty, for the purpose of hanging them in great ceremony. For the hanging part of the affair, Runjeet would care very little; but to pay the rupees would chagrin him very much, and he takes good care that no such event shall occur. Indeed, it has not once happened since the establishment of his authority.

To Jacquemont, Runjeet accorded a kind and generous reception. Indeed, but for the large presents of Runjeet, the enterprising naturalist could never have penetrated Cashmeer; his salary from *Le Jardin des Plantes* being miserably insufficient. The account Jacquemont gives of the Sikh monarch is very minute, but there are some particulars which would have been better omitted.

I have frequently passed a couple of hours with Runjeet, chatting *de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis*. His conversation is rather a bore. He is almost the first inquisitive Indian I have seen; but his curiosity amply compensates for the apathy of the rest of the nation. He asked me a million questions about India, the English, Europe, Bonaparte, this world in general, Heaven, Hell, God, Satan and a thou-

sand other matters beside. Like most men of rank in the East he is hypochondriac, and is wondrously annoyed because he cannot drink like a fish without getting drunk, nor gorge like an elephant without a surfeit. He is besides an extravagant libertine, and has severely injured his constitution by his debauchery.

The four Frenchmen (of whom, by the way, two are Italians) that are at the head of his army, which they have disciplined in the European manner, often inspire him with suspicion, though he has had ten years' experience of their probity and attachment. It sometimes comes into his head that they are Russians or Englishmen, and the poor devils, whom, however, he pays well and does not treat badly, are obliged to use the greatest circumspection to retain his confidence. I have spoken to him in a way to keep up the semi-official English character I brought hither. Of all my titles, this is the most important with such a pagan as Runjeet Sing. I exaggerated the strength, the good faith, and the pacific policy of the government at Calcutta; when I concluded, Runjeet said that the Governor-general and he were two hearts in a single body.... When I quitted him after my first audience, he exclaimed, "that man is certainly not English; an Englishman would not have changed his position twenty times, used such a variety of tones and gestures, laughed at the proper moment," &c.

This model of Asiatic kings is far from being a saint. He has neither faith nor law, when his interest prompts him to be treacherous or unjust; but he is not cruel. He cuts off the nose, ears or hand of great criminals, but he always spares life. He has a passion for horses that amounts almost to madness; he engages in the most bloody and expensive wars, to seize in some neighbouring state a favourite steed which the owner is unwilling to bestow or sell. He possesses extraordinary courage, a quality sufficiently rare among Oriental princes; although he has always succeeded in his military enterprises, it was by diplomatic artifice and treachery, that he raised himself from the condition of a simple country gentleman, to be the absolute monarch of all the Punjáb, Cashmeer, &c., better obeyed by his subjects than were the Mongolian Emperors in the era of their greatest power. A Sikh by policy, a sceptic in reality, he goes every year on pilgrimage to Umritsir (where the *Grant* or sacred book of the Sikhs is kept), and, what is very singular, to the tombs of several Mohammedan Saints; and these pilgrimages give no offence to the puritans of his sect.

In our first notice of these volumes, we extracted, at full length, the account of the scene between our traveller and Neal Sing, the plundering chief of the Himalaya; the termination of the story, and Jacquemont's proposed revenge must not be omitted.

A royal firman arrived the day before yesterday, which announces that the king, informed of my adventure, has deposed Neal Sing, ruined him, and ordered his ears and nose to be cut off, if he made his appearance at Lahore.... As I dreaded the cruelty with which the wretched man was menaced by the royal vengeance, I took the liberty of mentioning the punishment which I wished to have inflicted on him. I related to the king how he had mystified me, so as to make me declare, that it was my good pleasure to give him five hundred rupees; and I begged that he should be compelled to disgorge his plunder, and that they should give him five hundred lashes, forcing him to declare that it was his good pleasure to be flogged. If Runjeet be in a good humour when he receives my letter, without doubt he will enjoy the joke, and Neal Sing of his own free will, proper choice,

and good pleasure, will receive the specified punishment.

Cashmeer does not deserve the celebrity it has so long enjoyed; though every exertion was made by the local authorities to render Jacquemont's stay agreeable, he soon became weary of its monotonous landscapes.

This vale of Cashmeer whose fame extends so far, only merits it by having been frequently the residence of the great Mogul's court, ordinarily shut up within the burning walls of Delhi or Agra, in the most naked country that was ever parched by a cloudless sun. The lakes are trifling compared with those of the Alps; and of all the palaces built on their shores by the Mongolian emperors, that of Shahmar, the most celebrated, is alone standing. I was received there by the governor, who did his best to feast and dazzle me. The place was indeed delightful from its pure waters and shady groves. But, how many villas on the *Lago Maggiore* surpass Shahmah in beauty! The aspect of the mountains is like that of the Himalaya chain, rather grand than beautiful; a magnificent outline, nothing more. Nature has done little to ornament the interior; it is a grand bordering which encloses nothing. There are none of those picturesque details which render the Alps so delightful, and preserve to them so long the charms of novelty.

Jacquemont's last letter has so much melancholy interest, that we extract it entire.

Bombay, Officers' hospital, Nov. 1, 1832.

My dear Porphyus,

It is thirty-two days since I arrived here, suffering very severely, and thirty-one since I have been confined to my bed. I caught the germs of this sickness in the pestiferous forests of Salsette, exposed to the heat of the sun in the most sickly part of the season; since I left Ajmeer in March, however, I felt some attacks, about whose nature I deceived myself. They were symptoms of an inflammation of the liver. The pestilential miasmata of Salsette have finished me. At the beginning of my illness I made my will and arranged all my affairs. The care of my interests is entrusted to the most honourable and friendly hands, Mr. James Nicol, an English merchant here—and Mr. Cordier, of Calcutta.

Mr. Nicol was my host when I reached Bombay. An old friend could not have shown me greater attention. But at the end of a few days, while I was yet transportable, I quitted his house, which is in the fort, to occupy a spacious apartment in the quarters appropriated to sick officers, situated in an airy and salubrious position by the sea-side, and about a hundred paces from my beloved physician, Dr. Mac Lellan, the ablest practitioner in the country, whose affectionate cares have rendered him to me a cherished friend.

The most painful thought, my dear Porphyus, connected with the death of those we love, in a strange land, is the idea of the loneliness and desertion in which they pass the last moments of their existence. Well, my friend, you must find some consolation, in the assurance I give you, that since my arrival here, I have not ceased to be loaded with the most affectionate and touching marks of attention, by a number of amiable and excellent men. They come to see me incessantly, humour all my wayward caprices, and anticipate my fancies: Mr. Nicol above all; Mr. John Bax, a member of the government; Mr. Goodfellow, an officer of engineers; a very amiable young officer, Major Mountain, and many others whom I do not mention.

The excellent Mac Lellan has endangered his health for my sake; in a crisis, which seemed to leave me little hope of life, he came to see me twice in the night. I have the most perfect confidence in his skill.

My sufferings were at first very great, but I have been long reduced to such a weak state, that I am almost exempt from pain. The worst is, that during the thirty-one days, I have not slept an hour altogether. But these sleepless nights are still calm, and they are not desperately long.

The malady happily approaches its close; it may not be fatal, but it most probably will be so. The abscess or abscesses, formed from the beginning in the interior of the liver, which lately seemed likely to be absorbed, appear to increase and rapidly draw to a head. It is all that I desire, in order to escape one way or the other, from the miserable state in which I have lingered for a month between life and death. You see that my ideas are perfectly clear; they have been but rarely and slightly confused, in some violent paroxysms of pain at the beginning of my illness. I have generally calculated on the worst, and that has not rendered them gloomy. My end, if it approaches, is mild and tranquil. If you were seated on my bed, with my father and Frederic, I should have my heart broken, and could not contemplate death with my present calmness and resignation. Console yourself, console our father—O, my friends, console yourselves mutually!

But I am exhausted by this effort to write—I must bid you adieu! Adieu! Oh! how dearly you are beloved by your poor Victor!—Adieu! for the last time.

Extended on my back, I could only write with a pencil; but for fear it should fade, Mr. Nicol will copy my letter with a pen, that you may be able to read my last thoughts.

VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

I have been able to sign what the excellent Mr. Nicol has vouchsafed to copy. Adieu, my friends for the last time.

He died four days after.—In taking leave of these very delightful volumes, we regret to be compelled to say that Jacquemont has sometimes allowed his wit to outrun his discretion, and has occasionally indulged in some indelicate and profane allusions, which are not likely to be pardoned so easily on this side of the channel as on the other.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*LARDNER'S CYCLOPEDIA*, Vol. L.—*History of Rome*, Vol. I.—This work is misnamed—it is a criticism, not a history; instead of a connected narrative, the writer has given us a commentary on the narratives of others, and consequently his book has no pretensions to be regarded as a substantive work. This fault is attributable neither to the subject nor the author; the blame must rest on the disproportionate plan, or rather the absence of all plan, discernible in the historical department of the *Cyclopædia*. The attempt to comprise the whole history both of the Roman republic and Roman empire, in two volumes, was absurd; it forced the writer to choose between a simple repetition of the old accounts, and an examination of the evidence on which these accounts are founded; our author chose the latter and more unpopular part of the subject, because it was that which best suited his peculiar cast of mind. He possesses learning, patience, considerable skill in disentangling complicated evidence, and a correct judgment: on the other hand, he has but little graphic power, and his portraits of character want individuality.

'*The Baboo, and other Tales, descriptive of Society in India*. 2 vols.—These tales are the composition of a gentleman belonging to the civil service of India, and were written to cheer the languor of a voyage home. The author, however, did not live either to conclude the voyage, or finish the stories: he died by the way, and his widow, from affection to his memory, gives

the offspring of his fancy to the world. They exhibit a lively, and perhaps correct, picture of life in Bengal: touches of character and happy passages are to be met with; and in some of the heroines we are made to feel an interest, but they want vigour and originality more than they do elegance and grace.

'*Cecil Hyde*.—This is a novel of fashionable life, and not without merit, if judged by comparison. We have indeed a suspicion that, though published anonymously, it is the work of a practised hand; and that the writer, suspecting that the day had gone by for such slight manufactures, was unwilling to hazard a name upon its success, and therefore cut out much of the merely fashionable, hurried up the development of the plot, and having thus compressed the whole into two volumes, published it as a speculation just worth the cost of paper and print.

'*The Annual Biography and Obituary for 1834*.—This is the eighteenth volume that has been published; the general character of the work must, therefore, be known to our readers. It contains Memoirs of Viscount Exmouth, Sir George Dallas, John Heriot, Vice Admiral T. Boys, Sir John Malcolm, Mr. S. Drew, Earl Fitzwilliam, Sir H. Blackwood, Lord Dover, Captain Lyon, William Wilberforce, Sir E. O. Colpoys, William Morgan, Lord Gambier, Sir J. A. Stevenson, Rev. Rowland Hill, Sir B. Tarleton, Joshua Brookes, Rajah Rammohun Roy, Sir C. Robinson, Sir Thomas Foley, Edmund Kean, Hannah More, with a general biographical list of persons who have died since the former volume was published. These memoirs are generally compiled from the public journals, and the intention of the work is rather, we suppose, to concentrate what is already known, than to add to our knowledge: this, at any rate, with a good word for the literary honesty of the compiler, is the highest merit we can bestow on it; and we must add, that the price (16s.) is, under circumstances, most exorbitant.

'*Power, Wealth, and Resources of Great Britain*.—The author of this work is a foreigner; he proposes the following as effectual remedies for the social evils now so sensibly felt;—to enlarge the currency, colonize waste lands, complete the Thames Tunnel, increase pensions, build another New Palace, and give a Fancy Ball to fifty thousand persons! The arguments in favour of this singular proposal must be sought in the volume itself; we do not meddle with them, because we are not quite sure that we understand them.

'*STANDARD NOVELS*.—*The Borderers*, by F. Cooper. *Eugene Aram*, by E. L. Bulwer. *Maxwell*, by Theodore Hook.—We thus spoke of the Standard novels, when the first volume was published in March, 1831: "This work is announced as a companion to the Waverley Novels, and if it be carefully attended to in the summer and autumn of its life, nor 'unbecome the promise of its spring,' we know of no work of recent announcement, that deserves so hearty an encouragement from the great body of English readers." Now we have on our table the three last volumes published—'*The Borderers*,' '*Eugene Aram*,' and '*Maxwell*,'—and they will testify better than words can do that the publisher has fairly kept his word with the public. We have, therefore, much pleasure in again recommending the series as a valuable and cheap addition to all libraries.

'*Microscopic Illustrations*.—Some good directions for making microscopes by Dr. Goring, together with two or three interesting descriptions of animals discovered by their aid, from the pen of Mr. Prichard.

'*Companion to the American Almanac, for the Year 1834*.—A well-condensed and useful volume, containing much valuable information.



## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## SONNETS.

BY SIR DOROTHY BRYDOES.

This feeble frame, with age and pain tormented,  
With time and wrongs and sorrows struggles still

Against the blast—tho' bent, it holds its course  
And murmurs to itself its soothing song:  
If by the fire that dwells within invented,  
Its visions are the fictions of its will,  
They have not less of life-enduring force  
Than such as to material bliss belong!

I hear the night-breeze when the storm is hush'd,  
And to its melancholy music listen;  
And ere the rosy cheek of morn has blush'd,  
Gaze as its first faint beams begin to gladden:  
The body may decay—but, by the might  
Of the soul's flame, MIND will not lose its light!

Geneva, Friday Morning,  
† past 1, Nov. 29.

## II.

I lead a spiritual life, and feed my mind,  
And struggle by perpetual exercise  
Its energies to strengthen and mature:  
Order of thoughts and fluency of phrase  
Come from incessant practice: shapes com-  
bined

In rude confusion gradual to the eyes  
Unfold their mazes, and with clues secure  
We thread the labyrinth in its darksome ways.  
Heaven orders us by toil and meditation  
To win our passage up to wisdom's shrine,  
Conceiving not the wonders of creation,  
Where spirits invisible work by power divine,  
Save by the light of intellect long wrought,  
By force of painful and perpetual thought.

Geneva, Dec. 16.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE  
AND ART.

THE Graphic Society held its first meeting for this season, at the Thatched House Tavern, on Wednesday evening. The chief novelty of the night was a great variety of sketches in Spain from the pencil of Lewis. They embraced all manner of subjects; the interiors of houses, costumes, hills and dales, trees and streams, Moorish castles and Spanish fortresses, sketched with care as well as freedom. It is remark-worthy, that Roberts returned lately from the same land with numerous drawings; he, however, it seems, extended his rambles to Barbary.—On the same evening, the Artists and Amateurs held their third *Conversazione*. The works of Turner were the attraction of the evening—four of his finest productions from the collection of Mr. Tomkinson, and the whole series of his drawings for this year's Annual, were exhibited. It was pleasant to compare the poetry of Turner with the fidelity of Stanfield, as shown in his drawings for the Picturesque, which were also on the tables—were two of Roberts's delightful Spanish scenes.

—We have often enough, and in the kindest spirit, warned our Academicians against persevering in the folly of excluding Martin, the most original painter of the day, from the honours of the Academy—it forces unpleasant comparisons on the public: and will not Englishmen speak out as well as think, after reading the following, which is a translation of a letter lately received from the Secretary of the Belgian Academy of Fine Arts?—

"Royal Academy of Fine Arts,

"Antwerp, December 14th, 1833.

"Sir.—The arts and sciences constitute, throughout the civilized world, but one and the same republic; and the men who by their talents and learning render any one country illustrious, are entitled to the homage of every other.

"It is this truth, Sir, and the desire of associating with the glorious recollections of the ancient cradle of the Flemish School, those which the

present age will leave to posterity, that have induced the Council of our Academy to appoint you one of its members; trusting, Sir, that this appointment will be agreeable to you. I have the honour, therefore, to acquaint you with its having taken place, and to request that you will be so good as to send me your names and dignities, in order that I may draw up your diploma correctly.

"In the meantime, I beg to offer you the assurance of the high consideration with which I have the honour to salute you."

"J. Suvex, Professor and Secretary."

"Mr. Martin, Painter, London."

—We have just heard, what it may interest many to know, that Mr. Heber's Will has been found. The contents have not yet been made known.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 9.—Mr. Brodie in the chair.—This was the first meeting after the Christmas recess; among other donations presented to the Society, were a portrait of Mr. Davies Gilbert, the late President, which had been painted at the request of the Society, and a voluminous collection of important parliamentary reports, presented by the Speaker of the House of Commons. A paper from Professor Whewell, 'On the Empirical Laws of the Tides in the Port of London,' was read; its deeply scientific character renders it impossible to give an abstract of its contents, interesting to ordinary readers. Its general purport was, to show how defective is our knowledge of the tides, especially when compared with the great advance that has been made in other departments of physical astronomy; tide-tables being now for the most part constructed from empirical knowledge. Mr. Whewell bestowed high praise on a series of deductions from observations on the tides in the port of London, published by Mr. Lubbock in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1831, and also on the gentlemen who have constructed the tide-tables for the port of Liverpool. In conclusion, he dwelt on the expediency of repeated observation in different ports, and illustrated the value of empirical laws by a reference to the history of astronomical science. In stating the difficulties that impede the reference of observed phenomena to theoretic formulae, Mr. Whewell casually noticed those which result from the imperfect solution of many important problems in hydrodynamics. We understand that the record of observations kept at St. Catherine's Docks, to which Mr. Whewell referred with merited praise, is likely to throw much light on this, the most difficult subject connected with the theory of tides.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.—The question of Medical Reform has been the theme for discussion at the two last sittings of this Society. The only subject of interest to our readers mentioned, was at the meeting Saturday se'night; it was stated to be unique: a young lady with perfectly red hair had an attack of small pox; on her recovery from that disease, it had changed to a dark brown, almost black, her eyebrows undergoing a similar change; while her complexion still retained all the fairness which is usual in persons whose hair is red. The case was related by Mr. Pettigrew.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Linnæan Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Medico-Chirurgical Society	4 P. 8, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts	7, P.M.
	Royal Society	8, P.M.
TH.	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Royal Institution	8 P. 8, P.M.
	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.—Dec. 11.—Captain Portlock, R.E., in the chair.—The usual formal business having been transacted, a paper, by Mr. Petherick, 'On the Geology of the district of the Alten Mines, in Finmark,' was read by the Secretary. This paper was accompanied by a series of illustrative specimens from that district.

A paper was then read by Mr. Ainsworth, 'On the Igneous Rocks of the county of Limerick.' The author gave a minute description (illustrated by specimens) of the various kinds of trap rocks which he observed in that part of Ireland—and pointed out their peculiar characters, as compared with the trap rocks of other localities. The principal features of this district had been before described by Mr. Weaver and Dr. Apjohn. The author of the present paper conceives that he has extended the area of the basaltic field, as observed by the two writers alluded to. The paper was illustrated by a map and specimens.

Various smaller donations were then announced, and the Society adjourned to the second Wednesday in January.

## MUSIC

FINDING ourselves, at the commencement of the new year, in arrear with our musical friends, we have resolved to turn over a new leaf, and, having once cleared off old scores, we will endeavour steadily to keep abreast with the publishers for the future.

Beginning, then, with the vocal compositions. We have before us several songs, &c., composed by John Lodge, Esq. These are creditable to his taste as an amateur, but are not remarkable either for original and vigorous fancy, or for depth of science. *Soccorso, sostegno, and Never forget me*; the first a terzetto, the second a duetto, for soprano voices, are no more than pleasing. *They name thee before me*; one of a set of canzonets, the words of which are taken from Lord Byron's works, is a very sweet and expressive song, and, in our opinion, is improved by being transposed from its original key of G, so as to suit a contralto voice.

Mr. Barnett stands next upon our list. We have often regretted the circumstances which seemed to entail upon our musical professors the necessity of debasing their art, in place of exalting it, if they are to make it profitable;—and, more than once, for Mr. Barnett's sake; for we honestly believe him to be capable of much better things than manufacturing ballads for boarding-schools. *Meet me 'neath the Linden Tree—Old King Time—The Buccaneer's Song—Good night, my only love, good night*, are all composed with that attention to character, which is a sure index of power to produce greater and better things, were better days to come. But we fear that their advent will not be hastened by concessions to the mean and fallen taste of the million.

*The Lover's Boxer, and To thee, to thee*, are by H. R. Bishop.—Both songs are in the placid, and somewhat pathetic, key of four flats; the second is most to our liking.

*Sweet Mirth, with your fantastic Train*; a cheerful glee for three voices—*Fond Breeze*; for four voices—*Had we never met or parted*; for four voices, by William Shore.—The first of these glees obtained the prize from the Manchester Club. We can recommend all the three, as being written in a natural and unaffected style, and think they will win their way, by being easy, as well as pleasant to execute.

*Sweet Flowing River*; a pastoral glee for four voices, by C. Guynemer.—This is evidently the composition of one well acquainted with the rules of his art; but we cannot excuse it for being deficient in what is the essence and charm of every pastoral—simplicity.

We now come to three songs, by Mr. F. N. Crouch; to us a new composer. The first, *Ask me why*, is a bacchanalian song and chorus, written with much of the right joyous inspiration of

He who wreathes a thousand rings;

the second, *Zephyrus of Love*, is expressive, though bordering upon tameness; but the last, *The Swiss Song of Meeting*, must be denounced as a poor imitation of the poorest Swiss melodies. We believe that Mr. Crouch has been his own poet.

*Six Brazilian Melodies*: the poetry by R. F. Williams, Esq.; the symphonies and accompaniments by I. Parry.—Two or three of these same Brazilian melodies are better than a feast, being more than enough. There is nothing more fascinating to a real lover of music, be he even the severest theorist that ever solved canon or elaborated fugue, than the discovery of some of those original and characteristic fragments of national melody—through every note of which is breathed the spirit of the hills and meadows among which they were born (for we cannot imagine them to have been ever composed). But, in proportion as we love to listen to them, so are we disposed to resist the intrusion of those monotonous and insipid airs, which, for aught of distinguishable character they possess, might have been manufactured by the *Bohemian Brothers* at their establishment in Whitechapel.

*Six Original Glee, for Three and Four Voices*. By H. R. Bishop; the poetry by Mrs. Hemans, Joanna Baillie, J. Wilson, Esq., and Dr. Johnson.—The first glee in this collection obtained, in 1832, the Manchester prize for the best serious glee. We prefer it to the rest of the set, though they will all form an acceptable addition to the part-singer's library. There is something in it of Mr. Bishop's earlier, and, we must think, better manner, which pleases us extremely.

*The Lay*: the poetry by C. V. Inceledon; the music by T. H. Severn.—Under this title we have six songs, and a duet. Mr. Severn is well known as the composer of a pretty and popular ballad; and the present work, though it may not extend his fame, will not, we think, diminish it. The melodies are agreeable, the accompaniments are carefully written, with an occasional sprinkling of effective harmony, and the volume is likely to please, from the creditable manner in which it is got up.

*A Collection of Sacred Music, adapted to the Hymns of Burder and Dr. Watts*: composed by W. Atter.—This is a volume of humble pretensions, but it may be serviceable to those who find pleasure in the simplest kind of sacred music. As far as we have examined it, the harmonies appear to be correct; but there has been neglect, on the part of composer or publisher, in not specifying what voices are intended to be used in each hymn.

*Songs for Leisure Hours*: the poetry from the works of various authors; composed by R. K. Brewer.—A collection of six songs, some of which are pleasing.

*The Musical Gem for 1834.—The Musical Keepsake for 1834*.—We notice these two works together for the sake of the contrast they afford. The first is, in every respect, an elegant volume, and deserves our good word, were it only for giving Mendelssohn's exquisite canonet, *Is it true?* in an English dress. Yet, to be just, we must point out the song, *For me entwine no Flowers*, as one of those already protested against by the Chevalier Neukomm.

We could make ourselves somewhat merry with the 'Keepsake,' had we time to exhibit its manifold graces to our readers. We could expatiate upon the somewhat Hibernian fashion of commencing a volume, intended for the encouragement of native talent, with Weber's well-known overture to *Euryanthe*. We could

point out a dozen trifling errors—such as the omission of the starting-notes of the Romance, p. 19; but we will be as brief as we have been over Mr. Mori's beautiful Annual, and pronounce, that (so far as original matter goes), style, sense, arrangement, music, and words, are eminently qualified to bear each other company. Should we wish to encore the first appearance of this Annual (the Keepsake) this day twelvemonth, we fear that we may find an answer in the words of one of its principal poets:

Grief came wintry bleak,  
The flowers are dead.

## THEATRICALS

### DRURY LANE.

'The Wedding Gown,' a comedy in two acts, written by Mr. Jerrold, of which we were last week obliged to defer our notice, was well received throughout, notwithstanding the senseless vulgarity of two or three individuals, who came there with the evident determination of hissing, let the piece be what it might. They began with the beginning of it, and, to do them justice, it must be admitted that they looked and acted the parts of geese to perfection. 'The Wedding Gown' is a clever and agreeable production, which, without presenting any very prominent features for strong admiration, cannot fail to interest or to amuse for the two hours it occupies in representation. The plot, though slight, is well sustained and ingeniously developed—the characters are skilfully drawn—the scenes of equivocation, of which there are several, are cleverly imagined and neatly executed, and the dialogue has all the author's usual quaintness mixed up with much humour and point. We shall not attempt to detail the plot, because it is one, of which a just idea could not be conveyed without occupying far more space than we can spare for it. The piece was not acted so well as it ought to have been—and this is one of the thousand dangers which a dramatic author has to face, in his rough road to public applause. Generally speaking, the press is thoughtless and unjust in this particular. When an author is fortunate enough to get his characters worked out to the top of his hopes and intentions, he generally has the pleasure of seeing the greater portion of the merit given to the actors; and when, as is far more frequently the case, an actor forgets or mistakes his part, or even rightly conceiving, cannot execute it, the blame is most commonly, and with great politeness, left in the exclusive possession of the author. We would by no means be understood as wishing to undervalue the merits of a good actor, or to deny the vital importance of good acting to an author; neither would we attempt to suppress the notorious fact, that an author has sometimes the agreeable surprise of seeing far more made of one of his characters than he ever contemplated could be made of it. We only want to see justice meted out to all parties—so that a good character shall not always be set down as the produce of the actor's brain, and that the good getting-up of a piece, shall not always be ascribed, in the conventional terms, to the "spirited" and "liberal" management. Mr. Farren's performance of the part of *Beeswing* fell nothing short of perfection. Mr. Webster comes next in the order of praise. We regretted losing sight of him after the first scene. Miss Phillips acted with appropriate tenderness and feeling, but her countenance is not capable of the varieties of expression which the character requires. Mr. Cooper, in the exiled Pole, started with the motto of "*medii tutissimus*," and never lost sight of it. Mr. Brindall, ever earnest and attentive to his business, did the most that could be done with a very little part. The cast would have been much improved, had he played *Clarendon* instead of Mr. King, who was as tame as one of the

"Lions of Mysore." Miss Taylor could act very well—it is a great pity that she does not know it—she has both the power and the inclination, and yet the two combined, produce no satisfactory result. Why will she double herself up, and assume a gait which belongs to no human being but herself, either on or off the stage? It is quite provoking, for she is clever, sensible, good-humoured, and evidently anxious to do well. She has yet to learn, that art may be mixed with nature for the stage, without making it become wholly artificial. Mrs. Faucit, Mrs. C. Jones, and Mr. Meadows, did all they had an opportunity of doing. The house was well attended, and 'The Wedding Gown' announced for repetition with great and general applause.

### ROYAL PITZROY THEATRE, Tottenham-street.

This theatre, with a new management, and a new name, has once more opened its doors. We attended a few evenings since, but not in time to witness the introduction, which is, we understand, a sort of *pièce d'occasion*, and which is called 'A Slight Confusion.' This was followed by a domestic drama, entitled 'The Templar; or, the Effects of Passion,'—a burletta, entitled 'Martial Law,'—a farce, entitled 'Who's Right? or Who's Wrong?' and a pantomime, entitled 'Harlequin Merman; or, the Mysteries of the Deep.' We incline to speak well of all theatres, if we honestly can, and are more particularly so disposed towards a new concern, which is feeling its way towards public approbation and support. A little blindness to its faults, and a little kindness to its merits, may fairly be asked, and shall readily be accorded. 'The Templar' and two following pieces, appear to us to have all been written by the same person—and we should further say, that that person has seldom, if ever, written for the stage before. The language generally is respectable, in some parts decidedly smart and good, but it is essentially undramatic, and the construction of the pieces is very faulty. Mr. Mason exhibited considerable tact and melodramatic talent in the Templar—and he also exhibited that which pleased us more—a visage which reminded us of John Kemble. Miss Mason played with much earnestness and feeling. If Mr. Oxberry had had much more to do, and Mr. Manders much less—the larger share of acting would have fallen to the better actor. Why an incident precisely similar to Amy Robsart's fall through the Cumnor staircase, should be called in the bills, "a novel dramatic effect never before exhibited at any theatre," we know not. If the author of 'Martial Law' were to conduct himself towards his general officer, with one quarter of the insubordination which he makes *Captain Wildrake* display towards his commander, he would be very sorry to be tried by his own title; he would be condemned to be shot by his own piece. The farce of 'Who's Right? or Who's Wrong?' appeared to give perfect satisfaction to the audience; indeed, this observation will apply to all the entertainments of the evening. The Pantomime has a mythological opening, founded on the story of Glaucus and Sylla; and after seeing that, we left the rest of the audience, apparently in high glee with the bump and thump department. We regret to see the Covent Garden and Drury Lane system of play-bill puffing adopted by any minor theatre, which aims at respectability. Will nobody learn from Madame Vestris, and her four prosperous seasons, that it is as useless as it is degrading to the art and its professors? Some of the new regulations introduced here, are excellent, and well worthy of general imitation. All annoyances arising from those petty extortions in the inside of theatres, which are elsewhere either authorized or winked at, are done away with. The price of admission is fairly and distinctly stated to be intended to cover every ex-

pense. Thus you enter, and are shown to a seat, without having to pay a shilling for what you have already bought. A bill of the performance you have paid to see, is furnished you gratis—and if you happen to have a cloak or an umbrella, convenient outside, but anything else within, the servants of the house take charge thereof, without charge, and restore it to you of course on demand. The management deserves much credit for these wholesome regulations.

#### MR. DUCROW'S OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Mr. Ducrow has opened a sort of Saint George and the Dragon Theatre in Whitechapel, where he proposes nightly to

Bostride the Green Dragon, Whitechapel,  
And box (Qy. pit) all the butchers beneath.

This is all very well for Mr. Ducrow, with the means of transport he possesses. For us, we cannot give a report of it until he sends us a free admission and a horse.

#### MISCELLANEA

**The African Expedition.**—The papers have this week announced the arrival of Lander at Liverpool. This is not correct: Mr. Laird, who is probably by this time in London, has returned alone. He left Lander in good health at Attah on the 20th July, about to reascend the river, accompanied by Lieut. Allen, in the iron steam-boat. By letters received from him, he appears to be still sanguine that he shall eventually establish a beneficial intercourse with the interior of Africa, although the present expedition has not been so successful as was anticipated.

**Wm. Sotheby, Esq.**—This accomplished scholar and amiable man died on the 30th of last month at the age of 75. The translation of Wieland's *Oberon* is perhaps the most generally admired of his works, but his *Homer* has been learnedly commended in *Blackwood*. He also wrote several tragedies and poems, and translated the *Georgics* of Virgil; but, though esteemed in the literary world as a man of fine mind and refined taste, he was never a popular writer.

**The Hon. George Lamb**, whose death has been this week announced in the daily papers, was, if we may believe report, one of the early contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*. Byron assumed that the report was true, and in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' characterized him with a bitterness, which he subsequently acknowledged was unjust. Mr. Lamb wrote two or three dramatic pieces, and in 1821 published a translation of *Catullus*; he was long a member of the Drury Lane Committee, and took an active part in the management.

**Statue of Talma.**—A somewhat improbable story is told in the French papers, of a whole-length statue of Talma having been long in the Custom-house at Brussels, forgotten or abandoned by the owner. It is said to be the work of a celebrated English sculptor, and intended to be placed in the Théâtre de la Monnaie, but the artist dying soon after its arrival, it has remained ever since in its packing case, no one having claimed it.

**The New Cattle-Market and Abattoir at Islington.**—A correspondent, whose attention has been drawn to this undertaking by the recent opposition of the proprietors of property in the market of Smithfield, suggests a doubt as to the security of proceeding with so extensive a work, in the prospect of an entire revolution in the slaughtering trade, by its withdrawal to the country, upon the completion of the lines of railways which are now rapidly advancing upon this metropolis. The advantages of slaughtering in the country, with the cheap transit by railways, must be apparent. The difference of rent, taxes, and parochial burthens, in establishments near to the edge of a railway,

as compared to the expenses in London, or its neighbourhood, forms the first consideration. But, greater than this is the diminution of the expense of the carriage of the animal when living, and encumbered with the offal, such as horns, hide, and entrails, which must, of necessity, be carried back to the country for tanning, manure, or manufacturing purposes, at a double and needless cost. Undoubtedly, to slaughter the cattle in country situations, and to supply only the pure meat to the metropolitan markets, will become the order of the trade, when the carcasses may be transmitted by railway a distance of fifty miles in two or three hours; the rapid passage through the air being also, in summer, favourable to the quality of the meat. The purification of towns from the abominations of the slaughtering trade is, indeed, amongst the highest advantages to be derived from the railway system: when the meat can be conveyed at the rate of one penny per ton per mile from the counties of Buckingham or Warwick, the full weight of the beast will never, assuredly, be brought to the expensive slaughter-houses amidst the valuable property of a great metropolis. It is, therefore, to be anticipated, that the market of Smithfield will entirely die away, the slaughtering establishments being removed to provincial situations; and the new market and abattoir at Islington is thus building at an unfortunate time—a century too late.

**Bibliography.**—The publication of the late Mr. Haslewood's *Roxburghe Revels and Press Proceedings by a few Lions of Literature*, has recalled to our remembrance a story circulated a few years ago relative to an erudite collector who was accustomed to boast of his discoveries in Venetian history from the perusal of a rare 4to, *De Re Veneticæ*. Whether this eminent antiquarian and linguist is at present a dead or a living 'lion,' we cannot exactly say; having quite forgotten his name, as well as that of his brother bibliographer, who, one day, lowered his pretensions by gravely informing him that the historical discoveries to which he laid claim had been anticipated by Mr. Beckford, who, towards the close of the last century, published them to the world under the analogous title of *Thoughts on Hunting*. Perhaps, in default of other claimants, Mr. Haslewood's executors will administer to the anecdote. They need not apprehend any opposition, unless it should arise from the representatives of the parties who, being employed to arrange a long-neglected collegiate library, placed a tract 'on impossible roots' among the botanical treatises, and enriched the class of surgical books with *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy*.—*The Times*.

**Vegetable Silk.**—There is, at present, considerable activity in a new branch of industry at Paris. We allude to the manufacture of carpets and various other articles of general use, from a substance first imported into France by M. Pavy, to which he has given the name of vegetable silk. This substance has, in fact, an appearance very similar to that of silk, and can be employed as its substitute in a variety of cases. It is white, and will receive dye of any colour. This vegetable is gathered in shoots of from fifteen to twenty feet in length, and is of such strength, that four of these shoots plaited together will bear a weight of forty pounds.

**A Remarkable Meteor.**—A recent letter from Brun, in Moravia, gives an extraordinary account of a meteor, said to have been visible in that town. Just after nightfall, a very vivid streak of light was suddenly visible, the effect of which was, to lead to the belief that many houses in the immediate vicinity were in flames. A continued noise was heard, and the heavens appeared to be completely on fire. A small round body of fire was observed at Posowitz,

Austerlitz, Raiz, and many other places. This gradually attained the size and appearance of the moon, but continued to increase, until it was the size of a house. It created great alarm, not only among the superstitious, but among the country people in general. The rays of light are said to have been as strong as those of the sun, so that it was impossible to look at the meteor with the naked eye, and the noise accompanying it was, at times, as loud as thunder. Although luminous rays were seen to dart from it, there was no fall of atmospheric stones, or aërolites, at the time, but Dr. Reichenbach found some a few days afterwards near Blansko.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W.A. Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur.	2 38 22	30.15	N.W.	Clear.
Frid.	3 52 41	29.81	S.W.	Mist.
Sat.	4 51 41	29.92	N.W. to N.E.	Cloudy.
Sun.	5 30 40	29.98	S.W.	Dry.
Mon.	6 31 38	29.50	S.	Rain, P.M.
Tues.	7 46 39	29.35	S.W.	Cloudy.
Wed.	8 49 40	29.90	S.E.	Rain.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirratulus, Cirrocumulus, Cumulotrus.

Nights and Mornings, for the greater part, moist or rainy.

Mean temperature of the week, 42°. Greatest variation, 20°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.525.

Day increased on Wednesday, 16 minutes.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Bubbles from the Brunnen; an Account of a Residence at some of the Fashionable Watering Places in Germany.

A Continuation of White's Natural History of Selborne, from the unpublished Papers and Journals of Mr. White.

A second series of Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History.

A Posthumous Work by Mook Lewis, being the Journal which he kept while living among his Slaves in the West Indies.

Travels in Norway, by Routes not usually taken by English Travellers.

The Life and Campaigns of General Sir John Moore.

General and Comparative View of the System of National Education existing in the several German States.

The Author of 'Hampton in the Nineteenth Century,' has in the press a pamphlet, entitled, 'The Critics Criticised.'

German Phraseology, gradually developed in a regular easy progression, from simple to compound sentences.

Elements of Medical Police; or, the Principles and Practice of Legislation for the Public Health, by Risnet Hawkins, M.D. Professor of Mat. Med., &c. in King's College.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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No. 325.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1834.

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*The History and Antiquities of the Castle and Town of Arundel; including the Biography of its Earls, from the Conquest to the present time.* By the Rev. M. A. Tierney, F.S.A. London: G. and W. Nicol.

To the importance of works like this, for the elucidation and corroboration of many a contested point of general history, no less than for the illustration of many a highly interesting subject, which, though historical, comes not precisely within the range of the historian, we have often borne testimony; and on the present occasion we cannot do better than borrow the words of the author, who seems to have entered upon his very laborious, but still pleasant task, in the spirit, not of a mere plodding antiquary, but in that of a refined scholar, and a man of taste and feeling.

"Important, however, and instructive as is the narrative of past events, history is seldom more interesting than when, descending from the loftier and more splendid regions of general detail, it dwells for a moment on the celebrity of some ancient place or renowned individual; or, when shutting out, as it were, the vast and varied prospect of the world, it limits our view to the less extensive, but more clearly defined, beauties of some favoured spot. As Scott has observed of poetry, 'to generalize is always to destroy effect.' If the struggles of empires, and the convulsions of the world have much of sublimity in the recital, they have much also of uncertainty and indistinctness. They are too large for the grasp of ordinary minds, or too indefinite to act on common sensibilities; whilst the interests awakened by the details of local history are such as, from the facility of comprehension, and the identity of the objects presented, must necessarily come home at once to the feelings of every reader. They place us by the firesides, or walk with us among the graves, of our fathers. They fling an interest over the moss-grown turret or mouldering ruin, which would otherwise be wanting. They attach a living story to the thousand inanimate objects with which we are surrounded; and, as we move from place to place, they shed upon us all the varied feelings—the hopes, the fears, the sorrows, and joys—of those who once fought, or sighed, or prayed in the same spots. •••

"Certain it is that few towns of the same extent have possessed so many subjects of interesting enquiry: and equally certain that, in various instances, little beyond an occasional and almost accidental notice has been preserved for the instruction of the present age. Yet, to say nothing of its other more ample records, sufficient still remains, even in the scantiest relics of its history, to produce that association of ideas which constitutes one of the great attractions of these studies. It is not always that the mind wants to be encumbered with the minutiae of circumstantial detail. Place it, by means of a single memorial, in the midst of past ages, place it in the mouldering aisle or tower, and it is often better content to conjure up its own process, and its own battles, than to receive them in the form of the most authentic relation.—Perhaps, in this

point of view, the slenderest of the following notices will not be thought entirely destitute of interest."

The first portion of the work is devoted to the history of the castle, and we follow its various changes and improvements through eight centuries, from the rude and imperfectly fortified Saxon keep, to the palace castle of the present day. The earliest notice of the place occurs in King Alfred's will, where it is termed the manor (ham) of Erundellan, and it seems probable that the castle was one of those which he erected to guard the southern coast, and which, it is not unlikely, might at one period have been honoured as his residence. That a castle stood there in the time of Edward the Confessor is proved by Doomsday Book, in which the castle of "Harundell" is expressly mentioned as having rendered, in the reign of Edward, a certain payment for a mill; from the same document we learn that there was already a port and a town. Of this early castle it may well be supposed that little, if any, remains, and we must proceed to Norman times to trace the advancing splendor of the castle of Arundel. When the Conquest transferred nearly all the property in the land to the retainers of William, the castle, together with the entire rapes of Arundel and Chichester, containing eighty-four and a half knights' fees, or 57,460 acres, were marked out to form "the honour of Arundel," which, with the title of earl, was bestowed upon a relative of the Conqueror, Roger de Montgomerie, who had commanded the centre division of the victorious army on the field of Hastings. We think that the "lively effigies" of this bold Norman may be discovered wielding a tremendous blue sword, and seated on a yellow horse, (King William is mounted on a drab-coloured, with three blue legs and the fourth scarlet,) in that curious record of the Hastings fight, and most amusing specimen of female skill, the Bayeux tapestry. This first Earl of Arundel was what Captain Bohadil would call "a very pretty fellow in his day." He gave a gallant message of defiance to Geoffry Martel, fought like a dragon at Hastings and in the Welch marches, and at length, when worn out with age, exchanged the hood of mail for the cowl, and ended his days in the abbey which he founded at Shrewsbury. It was under the superintendence of this earl that the castle of Arundel assumed the stern, but imposing, character of the Norman stronghold;—arches adorned with the chevron mouldings, unruined in the lapse of more than seven centuries,—walls of eight and ten feet thickness, firm and strong as the work of yesterday, add another attestation to the superior ability of the Norman architects; while the "donjon," that proud appendage to the baronial castle, might still be used as a place of captivity. The reader, doubtless, remembers the naive eulogy of Lady Margaret, the dungeon at Tilletudlam, that it was only two stories under-ground, and certainly had an

opening somewhere for air; Roger de Montgomerie's donjon, however, is a palace compared with that, for it is sixty feet by twenty, of proportionable height, and lighted by two windows. Of the privilege of "donjon keep," ("gallows tree" the monarchs of England thought too important a right to be allowed to their subjects,) the Earls of Arundel were as proud as the Lady Margaret. Gerard, of Petworth, in the reign of Edward I., was fined, at the suit of the Earl, for having conveyed prisoners to Guildford gaol instead of delivering them to the constable of Arundel Castle. "The truth is," says our author, "that the right was a matter both of profit and power. The authority which it conferred was backed by the emolument it produced, and hence any attempt to infringe it, either by retaining an offender in another jurisdiction, or committing him to one of the royal prisons, was sure to be met by immediate and resolute resistance."

"A curious instance of escape from this prison, as connected with the law of Sanctuary, is recorded in Bishop Rede's Register as having occurred in the year 1404. A person named John Mot had been apprehended and committed on a charge of robbery; but having contrived to elude the vigilance of his keepers, had passed the enclosure of the Castle, and had nearly succeeded in securing his retreat, when his flight became known, and the constable, accompanied by a party of the inhabitants, followed in pursuit. Finding that he was likely to be overtaken, the fugitive turned to the college, and seizing the ring which was attached to the gate, claimed the rights of Sanctuary. The constable, however, appears to have doubted the validity of the claim, and the captive was once more conveyed to his prison. But rumours of the occurrence soon began to spread through the neighbourhood: it was reported that the immunities of the Church, and the law of Sanctuary had been violated; and two of the parties, who had aided the constable in securing the offender, were summoned before the Bishop to answer in person to the charge. On their examination, they acknowledged that they had assisted in conducting the culprit back to his confinement, but pleaded that they had been actuated solely by the motive of defending the constable from his violence. This, however, was no mitigation of their offence. An oath was first exacted from them that they would comply with whatever penance should be enjoined them: they were then ordered to make a pilgrimage on foot to the shrine of St. Richard at Chichester, to present an offering there according to their ability, to be cudgelled (fustigati) five times through the church of Arundel, and afterwards to recite the 'Pater noster,' the 'Ave' and the creed, the same number of times, upon their knees, before the Crucifix at the high altar. Before this sentence, however, was carried into execution, it was ascertained that, on discovery of the error which had been committed, the captive had been 'restored to the church.' The cudgelling was therefore ordered to be remitted, and an offering of a burning taper to be made by each of the parties at the high mass on the following Sunday, in the collegiate chapel, was substituted in its place. Regist. R. F. 106b.

Toward the close of the thirteenth century, Earl Richard, the third of the Fitzalans, greatly enlarged and improved the castle, while, in the following century, his grandson erected the hall, which, unfortunately, was wholly destroyed during the siege in 1643-4. But it was not until the sixteenth century that the castle was entirely completed, for then the north-east wing was added, and a splendid gallery, 121 feet in length, erected, of which only ruins now remain. And thus might the castle of Arundel have stood, even to the present day, "perfect in its ancient form, and altered only in its inferior appendages, had not the violence of civil discord intervened to destroy its glories, and reduce the most venerable portion of its fabric to a ruin." From this time until the year 1720 no attention was bestowed on these ruinous remains. At that period, however, the Duke of Norfolk determined to restore the castle, at least to a habitable state; this determination was carried into effect by his son, and yet more completely by the late Duke, and the restored castle of Arundel now stands, if not one of the most beautiful, yet one of the most gorgeous of the residences of our nobility.

From the history of the castle, Mr. Tierney now turns to the history of its possessors—and much interesting information has he collected. We trace the warlike doings of Roger de Montgomerie—the stern strife of his son "Hugh, the red-haired," with the Welch—the turbulence and cruelty of Robert de Belesme, his brother, who seems to have furnished the legend writers with the character which they assigned to Herod, and whose atrocities horrified even an age daily accustomed to crime and bloodshed. But with the forfeiture of his estates, the castle and honour of Arundel reverted to the King, Henry I., who bestowed it on his second wife, the beautiful Adeliza, who, on his death bestowed it, with herself, upon the chivalrous William de Albini, who has lately been made the hero of a tale. Mr. Tierney sternly refuses to believe the story which Dugdale seriously relates, of his gallant encounter with the lion, a story which was so popular, that a century after it was assigned in his romance to Cœur de Lion himself, and in the reign of Elizabeth again revived, but the honour was then given neither to king or noble, but to the "bolde London 'prentice." Five earls of the family of De Albini successively held the castle and honour of Arundel, and the superadded dignity of chief butler at the King's coronation; and then the title devolved to the Fitzalans, a family, like both the others, of Norman origin, and which possessed large property in Wales.

During the turbulent reign of Edward II., and the brilliant one of Edward III., the names of Fitzalan Earls of Arundel are associated closely with our national history. As knights and as statesmen, their aid seems eagerly to have been sought by the sovereign, and if, in the instance of Richard the sixth earl, that aid was refused, let it be remembered what the character of that sovereign was, and how ruinous were the measures which he persisted in. "No voice of his people, until it spoke in thunder, would stop an intoxicated boy in the wasteful career of dissipation," says Hallam; "acts of parliament were no adequate barriers to his misgovernment." "Of what avail are statutes,"

says Walsingham, "since the king, with his privy council, is wont to abolish what parliament has just enacted?" Surely a writer at all acquainted with the state of the country during the reign of Richard II. might have paused before he denounced the worthy Earl of Arundel, who seems to have been actuated by a sincere wish to save his country from the disgrace and distress which Richard was inevitably bringing on it, by the harsh title of "traitor." His contemporaries bestowed no such epithet upon him,—with them he was "the good Earl of Arundel," and after his legalized murder, he was honoured with the martyr's wreath and the martyr's fame. By one of those singular instances of retribution which history sometimes records, his son, and the son of the late Duke of Gloucester, were appointed to the custody of the very monarch by whom their fathers had been murdered. "Here," said Lancaster, as he delivered the King into their hands, "he was the murderer of your fathers; I expect you to be answerable for his safety." And when arrived in London, it was still to the custody of Arundel that the guilty, but unfortunate, Richard was consigned. This earl (Thomas), the seventh, distinguished himself in advanced life, both in Wales and in France; the succeeding earl, too, did not bely the proud name to which he succeeded; when Lord Maltravers, he assisted at the siege of Hurlleur, and accompanied Henry, in 1418, in his victorious career through Upper and Lower Normandy. His son succeeded alike to his hereditary honours and his military fame, and with him the warlike celebrity of the Fitzalans closed. Still that family held the earldom and honour of Arundel, but it was only the last and fourteenth earl that claims the notice of posterity. This was Henry Fitzalan, the godchild and early favourite of the eighth Henry, the bitter enemy of the aspiring Somerset, the proclaimer of Queen Mary, and the subsequent aspirant to the hand of her sister, by whom he was alternately coaxed and complimented, imprisoned and fined, as best suited the changeful policy of his mistress. The death of this celebrated nobleman transferred his title and property to the family of Howard, whence it eventually merged in the dukedom of Norfolk.

Philip Howard, the first earl of that name, was the well-known victim of the persecution of Elizabeth, for his conscientious attachment to the ancient faith. Mr. Tierney has given us many affecting details of his imprisonment. The following letter shows the terrors of an examination before the lords of Elizabeth's council:—

"To the Right honorable y<sup>e</sup> Earle of Arundell be these d'd.

"Right honorable, and most noble peare, I most humbly upon my knees, before God and all his angells, and before all the world, if need require, with a most penitent, rent, and afflicted conscience and harte, crave mercy and forgiveness for the great offence I have committed against your honour, in my late troubles and confessions. So it is, right honorable, that, being caled in question aboute certain supposed offences in the towre, unto w<sup>ch</sup> my answer being not to ther contentment, a letter of my owne hand, which I did write unto a priest ther in defence of my jurisdiction by him brought in question, was produced; and, because therein I deried my authority from the apostolicke [see,] I was accounted and termed amonge

them as a deed man, without hir maiestis especial pardon, which was promised upon condition—*pauca sapienti*—w<sup>th</sup> many other faire speche and alurements, together with many thundering threats of returninge to the towre, torments, and death itselfe, if I sayed: [by] which unexpected letter of myne, with threats mixed with sayre promiaes of life and speedy libertye, together with the great weaknes both of body and mynde by y<sup>e</sup> reason of my long and sore imprisonment, [I] was stroken into such an astonishment and mase, that I confessed every thing that seemed to content ther humors, which I persaved not, at the first, altogether to tend to the ruine of your honor: but, being demanded whether you did send a note unto the priests in cohearber, to pray for the good success of the Spanishe fleet, I answered, as truth was, that I never knew or was prevy to any such note: yet, with a most giltye, fearfull, uniuert, and most tormented conscience, only for saving of my life and liberty, I confessed that you moved me to saye a masse of the Holy Ghost for the good success of the Spanishe fleet. For which uniuert confession, or rather accusation, I doe againe and againe, and so to my lyves ende, most instantlye crave God's pardon and yours; and, for my better satisfaction of this my uniuert suggestion, I will, if neede require, offre up both life and lyame in averring my accusation [to be], as it is [in] deed, and as I shall answer before Almightye God, before the face of angells and men, most uniuert, and done onely of feare of the towre, torments, and death. Thus, not doubting of yor honors gracious pardon and forgiveness, I will rest my poore afflicted conscience in only God's mercy: my body and life I freely offer to the world, to dispose as it shall please God. The Holy Trinity preserve yor honor from perrell of soule and body. Amen.

"Yor ho. poore headsmann,

"Will. Benet, Prieste."

Happier prospects dawned on his son; this was the Earl of Arundel who, upon his recantation, became a favourite with James, was advanced to the office of earl marshal, and who has bequeathed his name to the Arundelian collection of Marbles at Oxford, and the MSS. which bear his name in the British Museum. The letters sent to him by various persons relative to the arts are very interesting, and as they have never before been published, we must present some of them to our readers. The following, from Inigo Jones, is curious:—

"To the Earl of Arundel.

"Right Honble

"In my journey to London, I went to Ha: Courte, whear I hearde that the Spanish imbasador cam to Kington, and sent his stewarde to Ha: Courte, who looked on the loginges intended for the imbasador, w<sup>ch</sup> weare in Mr. Huginea his roomes, but the stewarde utterly dislyked thos roomes, sainge that the imbasador wold not lye but in the howse: besides, ther was no furnitur in thos roomes, of bedding or otherwys, neither for the imbasador or his followers: so the stewarde retorning to his lorde, he resolved only to hunt in the parke, and so retorne: But the keeper answered he might not suffer that, he having receved no order for it; so the imbasador went bake discontented, having had am unart sporte in the warrine. But since, my lo. of Nottingha, hering of this, sent to the imbasador to excuse the matter, w<sup>ch</sup> the imbasador tooke very well, and promised to co, and lie at Ha: Courte before his ma<sup>ties</sup> retorne: but, in my opinion, the fault was chiefly in the imbasador, in not sending a day or two before, to see how he was provided for, and give notice what would please him.

"Wee have satt on the com<sup>mission</sup> for buildinges, on Monday last to put in mynd thos who



ar bound by recognisance, or otherwyse, to conforme.

"The plan of all the ineroachments about Pauls is fully finished. I hear that the masons do begin to make up that part of the east end w<sup>ch</sup> they have demolished, not well, but with uneven courses of stone. I am now going to the m<sup>t</sup> of the wards, to tell him of itt.

"Mr. William was verry merry at his departure, and the busshope and he ar the greatest friends that may be.

"After my departure frō London, many of the masons went awaye w<sup>thout</sup> leave, but since, som of the ar returned, and, for the rest, yf your l<sup>o</sup> do shewe sum exemplary punishment, causing the to be sent up as malyfactors, it will deter the rest frō ever doing the lyke.

"The Banqueting-house goith on now well, though the going of the masons awaye have byne a great henderence to it.

"Thus, with my humbell datye, I rest

"Your Houers ever to be commanded,

"17 of August, 1620.

"Inigo Jones."

"To the Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> the Earls

of Arundell and Surre, of

His Ma<sup>ties</sup> most h<sup>on</sup>ble Privi Councell."

This introduces us to Rubens and Vandyke:—

"17 July, 1620, x s.

"Most illustrious Lord, and revered Patron,

"Immediately on my arrival in this city, I presented your lordship's letter to Signor Rubens, the painter, who received and perused it with evident marks of satisfaction. I give you his reply:—'Although,' said he, 'I have refused to execute the portraits of many princes and noblemen, especially of his lordship's rank, yet, from the Earl I am bound to receive the honour which he does me in commanding my services, regarding him, as I do, in the light of an evangelist to the world of art, and the great supporter of our profession:' and, with other similar expressions of courtesy, he proceeded to make arrangements for her ladyship's sitting to him, on the following morning. He has already sketched her likeness, with Robin the dwarf, the fool, and the dog. The sketch, however, still requires some trifling additions, which he will make tomorrow; and, on the following day, her ladyship starts, with the intention of sleeping at Brussels. It so happened, that, when Rubens began his work, he was unable to lay his hand on a piece of canvass sufficiently large for his purpose. Having drawn the heads, therefore, as they should be, he sketched the postures and draperies of the figures on paper, and finished a separate drawing of the dog; but he has ordered a canvass, of the proper size, to be prepared, and will himself copy what he has done, and send the copy, with the original sketches, to your lordship. He assures the countess that he will paint no person, unless by your lordship's recommendation.

"Vandyck lives with Rubens; and his works are beginning to be scarcely less esteemed than those of his master.† He is a young man of one-and-twenty; his parents are persons of considerable property in this city; and it will be difficult, therefore, to induce him to remove,—especially as he must perceive the rapid fortune which Rubens is amassing.

Here we must conclude, at least for the present, with a hearty recommendation of the work, for the full and very interesting information it contains; but we cannot close our notice without expressing our admiration of the very temperate and liberal view which Mr. Tierney has taken of many subjects, sufficiently irritating to a Roman Catholic, and emphatically so to a Roman Catholic priest.

† Hence it appears that all the accounts, which date Vandyck's separation from Rubens, and his journey to Italy, in 1619, are wrong.

*The Round Towers of Ireland: or, the Mysteries of Free-Masonry, Buddhism, and Sabaism Unveiled.* By Henry O'Brien, Esq., A.B. London: Whittaker & Co.

THERE is much in this work calculated to startle a critic; in the title-page, it is called "a prize essay," while the preface is nothing but a fierce invective against the Hibernian Academy, for bestowing its prize on another. Whether this be an Irish blunder, or an artifice to catch a stray customer, we stop not to inquire; it is enough to know, that the writer, wholly ignorant of every oriental language, even of their very alphabets, pretends to discuss the mysteries of oriental philology; unacquainted with the original Buddhist books, with the treatises on that religion published by continental scholars, for the best of all reasons, because he knows nothing of German, Italian, and little, if anything, of French, ignorant even of the best British works on the subject, he professes to explain the nature of Buddhism: and, finally, unable to write intelligible English, he publishes an octavo volume containing 524 pages. Wholly unacquainted with Mr. O'Brien, we found these charges on the internal evidence of his book, and shall proceed to support them *serialim*.

The author knows nothing of the Persian or Sanscrit alphabets, though he so slipperily discusses the philology of both languages. This appears from his having no system of representing them in English letters, taking the spelling as he found it in different authors, and from his inattention to the diacritical accents.

He is ignorant of the continental works on Buddhism, and must be ignorant of the continental languages, else, writing on such a subject, he would have known the great value of the works of Klaproth, Rémusat, Schlegel, &c.; the only continental writer quoted by Mr. O'Brien, is Heeren, whose volumes have been translated.

He knows nothing even of the best English writers on the subject he presumes to discuss. The only treatise he quotes, is Upham's; no mention is made of Erskine, Colebrooke, Hodgson, or even Neumann. Now it is known even to the ordinary readers of our reviews, that Colebrooke's article on the Jains is the very text-book of Buddhistic history.

The author cannot write intelligible English. Since the days of Mrs. Malaprop, there has been nothing to equal the style of the following modest proposal to Dr. Singer:—

"Will the Academy procure me a publisher for my *enlarged* work? And will they advertise, that having previously done me injustice, by the transfer of my medal, they now, on being convinced of their error, adopt this as the only means of reparation, the award itself not being to be recalled?

"Without some such course as this, 'it is obvious that the offer which they make, instead of being a kindness, would be a mockery; and instead of making amends for oppression, would be adding insult to persecution!' For who, let me ask, would publish a work, which a jury have branded with the stamp of inferior, doing out their surreptitious twenty pounds, as an eleemosynary deadend, while the *darting* of their adoption, though disfigured by all the imperfections of blindness, lameness, and untruth, and recommended only by a few painted gewgaws, which never entered into the requisites of the

original advertisement, will pass current in Dublin amongst the creatures of party!"

The theory of Mr. O'Brien may be told in a line. The word *Buddh* occurs in the Irish language; it has an apparent resemblance to *Buddha*; therefore, the Irish are a Buddhist colony, and their Round Towers, Buddhist structures. "Mango bay," says the illustrious Knickerbocker, "is named after Jeremiah King, for thus runs the derivation, Jeremiah King, Jery King, Jer King, Gerkin, Cucumber, Mango!"

*Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.* Vol. IX. *Rokeby* and *Don Roderick*. Edinburgh: Cadell.

WE omitted, it seems, to notice the eighth volume of this popular work, and now the ninth is before us; but we are the less sorry for this, as 'The Lady of the Lake' came so full and finished from the mind of the poet, that the editor found little to do beyond seeing it carefully through the press. Not so 'Rokeby'; though not so fine a poem as 'The Lay of the last Minstrel,' nor so brilliant as 'The Lady of the Lake,' the various readings, which are numerous and important, invest it with a new interest, and recall the distinguished author to our memories, and even make him speak as he was wont to do. Sir Walter, it appears, commenced the composition of 'Rokeby' at Abbotsford, on the 15th of September, 1812, and finished it on the 31st of December: he printed it as he wrote; for, on the 22nd of October, he sent the third sheet of the second canto to Ballantyne, and informed him, that three cantos would be complete before the 11th of November. "Surely," he says, "if you do your best, the poem may be out by Christmas; but you must not daudle over your typographical scruples. I have too much respect for the public to neglect anything in my poem to attract their attention; and you misunderstood me much when you supposed that I designed any new experiments in composition. I only meant to say, that, knowing well that the said public will never be pleased with exactly the same thing a second time, I saw the necessity of giving a certain degree of novelty, by throwing the interest more on *character* than in my former poems, without certainly meaning to exclude either incident or description. The force of the 'Lay' is thrown on style—in 'Marmion,' on description—and, in 'The Lady of the Lake,' on incident."

In addition to character, the poet indulged in drawing moral conclusions from his incidents, and sometimes introduced sentiment even into his descriptions; this was new to him, but was not felt by the public. It would appear, that Ballantyne had desired the introduction of matter more light and airy than it was the poet's pleasure to give. "You are too much," says Scott, "like the country squire, in the what-d'ye-call-it, who commands that the play shall not only be a tragedy and comedy, but that it should be crowned with a spice of your pastoral. As for what is popular, and what people like, and so forth, it is all a joke. *Be interesting*:—do the thing well, and the only difference will be, that people will like what they never liked before, and will like it so much the better for the novelty of their feelings towards it. Dulness and tameness are the

only irreparable faults." "December 31. I send you the last of the copy of 'Rokeby'; there is something odd and melancholy in concluding a poem with the year, and I could be almost silly and sentimental about it."

'Rokeby' was not so warmly welcomed as 'The Lady of the Lake.' Scott says, the style had lost its novelty, and Byron, with his Mediterranean heroes, had come into the market; perhaps he has assigned the true reasons. The characters are strongly marked, and the incidents new and striking—Bertram Risinghame and the Outlaw Minstrel are happy creations.

The variations, we have said, are numerous, and some of them important. It appears that Scott altered the name of one of his heroes even in the first sheet—he often made changes of that kind: Risinghame was originally Heringham; and that fine passage, descriptive of the natural character of the fierce Buccaneer, stood thus in the manuscript:—

And yet the soil in which they grew,  
Had it been tamed when life was new,  
Shewed depth and vigour to bring forth  
The noblest fruits of virtuous worth;  
Then had the lust of gold accurst  
Been lost in glory's nobler thirst;  
And deep revenge, for trivial cause,  
Heen seal for freedom and for laws;  
And frantic then no more, his pride  
Had ta'en fair honour for its guide.

When Bertram described to his employer Oswald the conflict of Marston Moor, and how

Hot Rupert on our squadrons came,  
Hurting against our spears a line  
Of gallant fiery as their wine,

he makes use of a mixed image—

The doubtful tides of battle reeled.

On looking at the proof-sheet, Scott saw his error, and amended it thus:—

The eddying tides of conflict wheeled.

A change for the better, though still objectionable. The poet is nice now and then in the choice of words; he altered—changed again—returned to his original reading—or, rejecting the couplet, wholly formed a new one. These lines—

Yielding their rugged base, beside  
A flinty path by Greta's tide,  
A niggard

are dismissed, and the following substituted:

Yielding along their rugged base  
A flinty footpath's niggard space.

In another part, we have "tawny," "whiten," "apungy," severally adopted and rejected in this line:—

May view her chafe her waves to spray.

The lines describing the fall of Morham on Marston Moor—

Yes! I beheld his bloody fall  
By that base traitor's dastard ball,

stand thus in the manuscript:—

Yes! I beheld him foully slain  
By that base traitor of his train.

In a note on that fine song, "A weary lot is thine," Sir Walter states, that the last verse is taken from an old Scottish ballad, of which he only recollected two stanzas, and that Thomas Sheridan kindly pointed out to him the entire song, in which is beautifully expressed the fortunes of some follower of the Stuart family. The song was written by Burns, and Scott might have found it in the 'Musical Museum'; the air was also communicated by the poet. Some one, indeed, told Hogg, that it was written by Captain Ogilvie, who fell in battle, on the banks of the Rhine, in 1695; but this is a mistake

—it is not difficult to know who wrote these lines:—

The soldier free the war returns,  
The merchant free the main;  
But I have parted wi' my love,  
And ne'er to meet again.  
When day is gone an' night is come,  
And a' folk bound to sleep,  
I think on him that's far awa  
The lee-lang night and weep.

The poem of 'Don Roderick,' included in this volume, affords many variations of the text: all lovers of poetry, or those who desire to see how the muse sometimes perplexes herself with

Riving the words to make them clink,

may find pleasure, and instruction too, in pondering over the numerous changes which came over the mind of Scott, as he passed his poetry through the press. The notes which the editor has added are judicious; some of the opinions, indeed, are of no great weight; and some of the resemblances observed are very faint or remote; but, on the whole, they increase the interest of the text; while the variations give us all we can know of one who has never been accused of giving us too much.

The landscape illustrations are very beautiful; we are not indeed sure that Turner is correct in making a man angle in the Tees by moonlight; but the exquisite loveliness of Loch Katrine, in the 'Lady of the Lake,' is more than a compensation; and Loch Achray is not inferior. These are engraved by Müller, whose fine taste and delicacy of hand must make some of our London artists take another look at a landscape before they lay it before the public.

*Botanical Miscellany.* By William Jackson Hooker, LL.D., Regius Prof. of Botany in the University of Glasgow. 3 vols. London: Murray.

HAVING already, on more than one occasion, expressed our opinion of this valuable work, we have little to do, in announcing its completion in three handsome volumes, with 112 plates, beyond again recommending it to the notice of all those who are interested in the subjects of which it treats.

To collect into a single work such of the more important pieces, from the pens of foreign botanists, as, from their rarity, are to most persons inaccessible; to combine in one publication notices of the vast quantity of newly-discovered plants, which are now reaching European herbaria in overwhelming numbers; to establish the claims of British travellers to the discoveries they have made, instead of leaving their materials to decay in museums, or to be published by foreign writers; in a word, to form a focus in which all that relates to the progress of systematic botany, especially in England, may be centered:—these were the objects of Dr. Hooker when he undertook the publication of the *Botanical Miscellany*. We scarcely need say that he has executed his plan in a manner alike creditable to his scientific character and his literary taste.

To the general reader, the Journals of Drummond's journey to the Rocky Mountains; of Frazer's residence on the West Coast of New Holland; and of Mr. Burchell in Brazil; Captain Carmichael's memoranda during an excursion into the interior of the Cape of Good Hope, and a number of other communications of the same nature, afford

abundance of entertainment and instruction. On the other hand, the original papers upon Ferns by Messrs. Greville and Hooker; on the Flora of India by Dr. Wight; and on that of the West Coast of South America by Dr. Hooker, assisted by Mr. Walker Arnott, contain a great quantity of most interesting matter for the scientific botanist.

We should be sorry to have to announce the cessation of such a work for want of support: the termination which has been put to it in the present form, is only to enable it to be resumed upon a cheaper plan. The first part of the second series, which has been some time expected, but the appearance of which has hitherto been delayed by accidental circumstances, will, we believe, be very shortly before the public.

*Narrative of a Journey to the Falls of the Cavery; with an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Neilgherry Hills.* By Lieut. H. Jervis. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

WE took an anxious interest in the visit which one of our officers paid some years ago to the mountains and vales of Neilgherry: he introduced us to unknown races of people, and to manners and customs equally strange and interesting. If the jaunt of Lieut. Jervis adds little to our information, it is pleasant to read, and will, no doubt, be eagerly perused by all connected with India. The Neilgherry hills are now the favourite resort of the Europeans when health is failing: the author speaks very highly of their general salubrity, but, for organic diseases, seems to prefer the Cape of Good Hope, where the air is fine, and the society pleasant; where, "besides a profusion of European vegetables, fruits, and excellent fowl, the carriages and horses are of the best description, and even a coach and four may be hired with drivers qualified by art to be enrolled in the Four-in-hand Club of London." We shall extract the account of elephant hunting in the jungles at the base of the Neilgherries:—

"As soon as the elephants make their appearance from the Malabar side, intelligence is conveyed to the Darogah (the chief hunter) by the Mulsas, who are a diminutive wild race of men living entirely in the jungles, and particularly clever in tracing these animals in their route, which is invariably along the base of the Hills to Mysore. The herd is then surrounded by about three hundred of the Ryots, care being taken to leave the animals an abundant supply of water, without which, it is impossible to prevent their breaking through the lines. About two hundred tank-diggers are then employed in making the Coopum, which consists of a circular ditch of one hundred yards diameter, eight feet wide, and nine deep; the entrance to it is the most beaten track to be found in the thickest part of the jungle. To guide the animals to this, a strong line of hedges is made, to the extent of about three hundred yards in length, on each side, diverging from the entrance; this is called the Kye-coopum.

"When all is completed, in doing which a month or more is consumed, the Polygar chiefs of the district, who are bound to assist on these occasions, are called in, accompanied by their followers, each of whom is provided with a match-lock. By these people, who are again assisted by others armed with an inferior kind of sky-rocket, the elephants are with little difficulty driven into the trap prepared for them; when two bon-fires being lighted at the entrance, the tank-diggers are enabled to complete the circle around them, unmolested.

"After the elephants have been left without nourishment for two or three days, a part of the ditch is filled up, and eight or nine tame ele-

phants are taken in, for the purpose of keeping off the most refractory of the wild herd, whilst the Mahouts and Kuttamahouts (elephant-keepers) are employed in tying their legs together, and then securing them with a strong cable-like rope to a tree of sufficient strength to hold them. Of these latter there is always an abundance in the spot chosen for the Coopum.

"When the elephants have trampled down the under-wood, which is soon accomplished, however thick and high originally, the appearance bears that of a mass of mud with the large trees standing in it, owing to the restless circles which the wild elephants are constantly making in it, until they are secured.

"After the whole have been bound, and sometimes as they are successively secured, the wild elephants are dragged out singly, between two tame ones. Then being fastened to some convenient trees, where the jungles are free from fever, they remain there with their attendants, who sing to them, and conciliate and caress them for a week. After this they proceed to Coimbatore, where they remain till the sores, caused in their legs by the cords tied round them, are healed, and they are then sold by public auction for the benefit of the Company."

*The Examination Papers for the three Theological Scholarships, founded by the late Rev. J. Cross, in the University of Cambridge.* Cambridge: Hanken; London, Whittaker & Co.

THE general question of the efficiency of the system of education established in our Universities, is a subject of too much importance to be discussed lightly: the Beverley controversy, which now engages so large a share of public attention, has been hitherto conducted with a singular neglect of the real merits of the point at issue; things indifferent, obtain "emphatic place," while essentials are scarcely mentioned. The simple question is, *do the Universities, as at present constituted and conducted, fulfil all the requisites of NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS?*—if not, where is the deficiency and how can it be remedied?

It ought to be by all parties conceded, that no establishments offer greater encouragement to learning, higher rewards for literary industry, or more useful facilities to those studiously inclined, than our Universities—and the papers before us prove, that honours cannot be obtained at Cambridge, without a large share of diligence, learning, and talent. It ought too to be admitted, that men of extensive learning have ever adorned, and we hope and believe they ever will adorn, institutions where learning is so honoured and rewarded. But to produce a few great men, is *not* the proper aim and purpose of a national university; indeed, those who love learning for its own sake—who, like the scholar in Chaucer, had

Lever hav at their boddes bed,  
Twenty bookes clothed in blake or red,  
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,  
Then robes riche, or fustic or sautrie,

would pursue their studies anywhere—and a man of extraordinary genius would make that genius manifest under any circumstances. What is wanting in a national establishment, is, that it be open to *all* who desire to offer themselves as members; and *such a system of discipline and examination as shall compel every student to acquire a certain amount of knowledge, with security, that when a degree is conferred, such knowledge has been obtained.* Are the Universities such establishments? Is their system of discipline and examination

such as to compel every student to acquire a fair amount of information? We doubt it.

The questions in the examination papers before us, prove, as we have admitted, that very extensive learning is necessary to the attainment of theological honours at Cambridge; it is, perhaps, incident to the subject, that they are exercises of the memory rather than the judgment, still they are fair tests of knowledge; but, we should like to know how many of the hundreds that have graduated in Cambridge during the last five years, could answer a dozen of them? That, in our opinion, is the only question in which the nation is interested—and the answer should be the measure of the efficiency of our Universities.

#### THE ROXBURGHE REVELS. (MS.)

(Third Article.)

OUR last notice of this singular, and, in many respects, unrivalled MS., concluded with the introduction to the Club of the Rev. Charles Hartshorne, who never was a member, but who must be known to many of our readers as the editor of a curious volume of Metrical Tales, and of a bibliographical work on the libraries of the University of Cambridge. A recurrence to this point gives us the opportunity of making one or two observations. It is to be recollected, that all matters of fact adverted to by us, depend, not upon any knowledge of our own, for we pretend to none, but upon the statements of Mr. Haslewood himself. We have taken the different assertions, whether they respect persons or events, just as we found them, and we did not purchase the MS. for the sake of any libellous information it might perchance contain, but simply to afford our readers a little harmless amusement.

For our own parts then, we cannot see the harm of introducing Mr. Hartshorne during one of the protracted sittings of the Club; and, whether this irregularity were committed by Mr. Heber, then in the chair, or by Dr. Dibdin, the permanent Vice President, or by both, cannot be of the slightest moment. As to the late hours kept by some of the members at their *symposia*, it was a mere matter of taste and discretion; only, we should not have liked to have been so long condemned to such company. Mr. Haslewood, when at his very best, was not exactly the man to have kept us out of our beds until three or four in the morning.—We will now proceed with the 'Roxburghe Revels.'

It seems, that feasting and drinking once a year, and that to no ordinary excess, did not satisfy the appetite and thirst of some of the "Lions of Literature," and, in the first instance, "a dressed rehearsal" of the dinner of the 17th of June, 1825, was proposed; and, subsequently, the propriety of more frequent meetings in the course of the season was seriously taken into consideration, and a committee formally appointed to decide upon the question. We will go by steps, and first as to the "rehearsal festival," which, of course, was only an excuse for a little more "intellectual guzzling and gormandizing." By whom it was drawn up and issued, does not appear, but a broadside, and, to use our author's expression, "nothing but a broadside," was printed, and sent round in the names of John Fust and William Caxton (whence, possibly, Mr. G. G. Vincent had got his notion, that "the late William Caxton" had been a

member of the Club) proposing such a "rehearsal." It was in the following form:—

"Shakspeare Press,  
March ye 25th 1825.

"Maister,

"We grete you wel. Knowe, that divers discrete Members of our beloved Club, called the *Roxburghe*, have made known a fond desire of banquetting togedre, simply and soberly, in utter exclusion of al wines which be imported from the shores of Gallia—commonly called Fraunce—(save and except as is hereafter mentioned) in ordre that such banquettinge may be considered a *Rehearsal* of the grete Anniversary Festival of the 17th of June next cominge, now know ye, that should ye be so minded, ye will make known the same by sendinge a messenger, a letter, or by goinge in proper person, to our famed Hotel, called the CLARENDON, where it is intended to establish y<sup>e</sup> said REHEARSAL FESTIVAL on Saturdaye the 19th daye of this present moneth, at six of the Clocke, most particularlye.

"And furthermore: Ye shal, if it so conve-nance, bring thither some curious towe, belike of poetrye, or romaunt-love, and there displaye the same, to the grete ioyance and comfortinge of al eyes whiche thereon loke: And ther shal be no busines done, nor enacted, and eke no lengthened speech-makinge. But ye are to disport yourself, in simple and pretty discourse, on matters relating to bookes of raritie, choice, or grete coste: and y<sup>e</sup> meetinge and y<sup>e</sup> partinge shal be right lovinge.

"A blacke-purple Wine, of insidious tendency, from the shores of Fraunce, shal be permitted to make acquaintance at your handes—on y<sup>e</sup> finishinge of the Banquete: which shal be also called a 'Banquet of Sapience.'

"John Fust } Responsore,  
William Caxton }

"Postscriptum. Ye shal give notice of such intention of dining on y<sup>e</sup> Thursday, the 17th day of y<sup>e</sup> moneth, precedinge. If TEN Guestes do not give such warninge there shal be no such 'Banquet of Sapience.'

Mr. Haslewood, we dare say, almost with tears in his eyes, registered in red ink, that, though this broadside was "a well-intended publication, it fell a dead letter from the press," and that "no dinner"! took place in consequence of it. By what "discreet member" it was prepared, as we have remarked, there is no information, but to make Fust and Caxton date from the "Shakspeare Press" of Messrs. Bulmer, seems to have been much of a piece with the "simple and pretty discourse," in which each member was invited to "disport himself." Perhaps some of the graver and more intelligent persons thus addressed did not quite relish the notion of a "right loving meeting and parting" with a man like Mr. Haslewood.

The anniversary was held, as usual, on the 17th of June at Jaquier's, the Clarendon, and eighteen members were collected, with Earl Spencer at one end of the table, and Dr. Dibdin at the other. The rest of the names need not be added, as they were only, as Haslewood would say, the ordinary "consumers of culinary combustibles." Haslewood tells us, that there was "no special prowing before dinner, but much was conned after;" and, as the whole charge was 41l. 18s., or, 2l. 6s. each, we may conclude that, to the last, the members entitled themselves to the epithet of "discreet" given in the above-quoted broadside. On the last occasion, a resolution had been carried by acclamation, that the Club should not allow any copy of a book, printed by a member, to be sold for less than



44. People out of doors began by this time to find out the real worth, or rather the real worthlessness, of most of the reprints made by the Club: instead of producing from 10*l.* to 20*l.* at auctions, they had been sold for 2*l.* or 3*l.*, and even lower, so as to disconcert entirely Mr. Haslewood's prudential calculation on the balance in his favour between the cost of a dinner and the price that he could obtain from Mr. Arch for his Roxburghe Club books. The subject was again taken up and "conned" after dinner at the meeting of the 17th of June, 1825; and, as our author admits, the Club found it impracticable even to keep up the price of the Club books even to 4*l.*, it was unanimously agreed, "that the living members should be expected to take care of their own presentation copies, and that those to be protected by the Club should be limited to such presentation copies as were given by members deceased. Then we come to a point already touched upon—viz., the anxiety of some of the "Lions" that their "feeds" should be more frequent.

"It cannot be expected," [says Mr. Haslewood, with his wonted felicity,] "that the 'Broadside' of such inconvenient registry in this confined volume, would be shot off without creating some after report. Every one wished to promote a second or third meeting and for that purpose a Committee was named, viz.: Mr. Heber—Mr. Phelps—Mr. Dibdin—Mr. Bentham—Mr. Haslewood—Mr. Bolland to be Chairman; to determine how often the Club should meet in the year, and on what particular days. The first Thursdays in Decr. & March and third Thursday in May were to be considered. Winter & Lent circuits to be avoided if possible."

Thus, it is evident that eating and drinking was not only the chief business, but the great point of union of the association. Mr. Haslewood, doubtless, played an admirable knife and fork, if he could do nothing else; and this, and the high estimation in which his literary attainments must have been held by the Club, amply warranted the selection of him as one of the five to decide how often, and on what days the whole body should assemble. Let the reader here note the extraordinary liberality of the members of the Club: they had never dined together at a less individual cost than 2*l.* 6*s.*: it was now proposed, that they should spend, at least, that sum three times in the year, and yet, with these heavy calls upon their purses, they had been willing to subscribe 2*l.* 2*s.* for the erection of a tablet to the memory of the great founder of British typography. This fact deserves record, and we do not think that, in our former papers, we have laid sufficient stress upon it. Let it go down to posterity, that the members of the Roxburghe Club, who had once spent 5*l.* 14*s.* each, or 85*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* upon a single dinner for fifteen persons, were ready to subscribe 2*l.* 2*s.* for a tablet to Caxton! It does not appear, however, that the project of having three dinners in the course of the year, instead of one, was, in the end, brought to bear, although great exertions were certainly made to carry it into effect.

This was the last occasion on which the annual meeting of the Roxburghe Club took place on the 17th of June, the day when the Valdarfer Boccaccio was originally put up to auction: nevertheless, the future meetings, whether on the 15th or 31st of May, or on any other day, were still called "anniversaries." But this was a matter of little import, so long as "a gorge" could be obtained at

some period or other of the year. On this point, with reference to 1826, Mr. Haslewood remarks with unusual perspicuousness: "The 17th of June being found such an advance in the season as to force members to absent themselves, *otherwise well disposed to conviviality*, the day was altered to the 2nd, especially as the general election was on the eve of taking place. It was understood, that the day would be earlier than the 17th in future." We then come to some particulars, which we shall give in Mr. Haslewood's own words:—

"No distribution of books, no parish prosing: for the literary world appeared in the last few months to have felt a shock that engendered suspicion and distrust of the most leading bibliopoles and ruin of several minor ones: And we were not without feeling its malignant influence. Another circumstance rife of gossip of a leading Roxburghean served to encrease our gloom though every member present sustained the profound character of a somnambulist and if any one dreamt of the event he did not talk in his sleep. Time may force a further entry to develop the present one until then it may remain unintelligible beyond our circle, for no man is guilty until tried & found so."

"It was determined that no old member should print a book until every one of the present members had given a work and it was intimated to the Vice President that he should write to Mr. Watson Taylor the expectation of the Club that he should present one."

"Mr. Townley proposed indeed moved & it was more than Seconded & Thirded for Two Guineas to be paid in future by every Absent Member. This was in consequence of the report of an Arch-churchman being seen at an auction on the day of our dinner, who wrote his excuse from the country."

We had intended to pass over the first of these paragraphs without farther remark, than that on looking over the MS. with all care, we found no other entry "to develop the present one"; but, upon consideration, it seems to us but justice to the dead, to add, that one who knew Mr. Heber well has often assured us, that, after minute inquiry, carried on from time to time since the report, alluded to by Mr. Haslewood, first obtained circulation, he was satisfied that it never had the slightest foundation. Mr. Heber, he said, was a man of profound, as well as elegant scholarship—a gentleman by nature, as well as by education, but of a mind peculiarly and painfully sensitive, and, like many literary men, without that moral strength which would enable him to meet a calumny of the kind, and which could only be repelled by being courageously encountered. Of the circumstances, we personally know nothing; but, in making this statement, we apprehend we render a more important service to his memory than by seconding any vain attempt to smother the accusation, or pass it over in silence.

On the 2nd of June, 1826, therefore, Mr. Heber was, for the first time, absent from the dinner-table of the Roxburghe Club, to which seventeen members sat down with Lord Spencer, Lord Gower, Mr. Justice Littledale, &c. The noble chairman does not seem to have retired quite so early as usual, and at his departure Mr. Bolland succeeded to his presidential chair. But why should not our illustrious historian, in his own matchless and figurative language, let the reader into the secrets of the *symposium*? "The skirmishers (says Mr. Haslewood) that took parol, without pattern of the commander-in-chief, were

Lord Gower, Mr. Carr, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Justice Littledale, Mr. Edward Littledale, and, in due time, Earl Spencer, when there was elected for his deputy, Mr. Bolland, whose vivacity being affront with the condescending spirits around him (except the evaporating staid ones, Mr. Hibbert and Mr. Ponton), served to give a further medley to time, and tarried us to near the break of morning." Happy language! Happy Haslewood! and happy Roxburgheans, to have had such a registrar of your revelries! Alexander wept over the tomb of Achilles, because he, "the great Emathian conqueror," had no such poet as Homer to immortalize his victories. If he had had but a Haslewood, he would have spared his tears—but the world would have lost one of the sweetest sonnets of the sweetest of Italian versifiers.

"Dent and Dullness" died at the close of 1826: the last time he dined with the Club was on the 17th of June, 1824. If Mr. Dent were not a very bright man—if he were not exactly one of the "coruscating spirits" that Mr. Haslewood calls himself and others, who remained drinking till daybreak on the 2nd of June, 1826, he was a gentleman, and since we wrote our first article on these "Revels," we have been assured, on good authority, that Haslewood's alliterative censure, above quoted, arose, as we suspected, from a slight shown by Mr. Dent to Haslewood in not acknowledging him "the wizard of the south," as Sir Walter Scott had been designated "the wizard of the north." To those who are ignorant of Haslewood's egregious vanity and overweening estimate of himself, this will appear impossible; but we are assured that the fact is so, and we can almost believe it. However this may be, a meeting was called for the 5th of March, in order to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Dent; and, of course, the vacancy in the stomachs of the members. No difficulty was experienced in either operation: the Hon. and Rev. G. Neville Grenville did the one, and Jaquier the other; but, a very uncomfortable clause was inserted in the hotel keeper's note of invitation, which ran thus:—"It is afterwards proposed to dine on a reduced scale of expense, at seven o'clock." The reader may imagine the result: only fourteen out of the thirty-one members could be collected, and Lord Spencer took his chair, unsupported by Mr. Haslewood! This "coruscating spirit" had vanished at the very notion of a cheap dinner for the Roxburghe Club, and he records, that the account of what transpired on this occasion was furnished to him by his "accurate friend, G. H. Freeling, Esq."

It will be remembered, that the purchase of the Valdarfer Boccaccio by the Marquis of Blandford, (now Duke of Marlborough), having been the origin of the Roxburghe Club, he became a member of it, but had never yet dined with the association. It seems that his Grace had intended to have joined the party on the 5th March 1827, but hearing that the dinner was likely to be, in *Haslewoodian* phraseology, "cheap and nasty," "his Grace (says our 'coruscating' Reveller) sent a message by Lord Spencer, that he would have attended, but was compelled to go to Blenheim, as this day. His Grace found fault with the letter of invitation, as he did not admire a cheap and inferior dinner." Let it not be forgotten, that those who now ordered "a cheap and inferior din-

ner" at the Clarendon, were the very gentlemen who had complained some time before, that Jaquier did not "treat them as superlatives." No wonder our "superlative" Haslewood and the Duke of Marlborough stayed away, and left the revelry "for this night only," to Lord Spencer, Mr. Bolland, Mr. Freeling, and the *etc.* of the club. Haslewood denounces it, on the authority of his "accurate friend," as a "most trumpery concern, which had but one defender, the Vice President, who was rather feverish thereon." Let us see what the Vice President himself says upon the subject in a note to Haslewood, most fortunately preserved in the volume before us. We print it with all its emphatic italics:—

"Dear H.

"March 8

"I can't stir from my neighbourhood, having too many engagements, with *knives and forks*, to dispense with.

"I long to see you—to tell you of the result of the most extraordinary meeting, in all respects, which ever took place at the Clarendon: a part of which extraordinary work, is, the villainously meagre dinner—and yet we had 11. 17s. each to pay.

"Your *chronicling* powers were much needed. I will attempt something: A hot skirmish bet" Markland, Utterson, and myself on one side— & Bolland & H. Freeling on the other; President interferred!"

"T. F. D."

Either Haslewood had been misinformed when he asserted that the dinner was defended by the Vice President, or Dr. Dibdin had changed his opinion of it between the 5th and 8th March. Certain it is, that the Club did not again assemble at the Clarendon, and by reason of the general dissatisfaction of the members. The meeting, it seems, on Dr. Dibdin's authority, was "most extraordinary," and it is hardly to be wondered, under the circumstances, that he regretted the absence of his friend, (whom he "longed to see"—what a taste!) whose "*chronicling* powers were much needed." We have the satisfaction of finding, however, that Dr. Dibdin had resolved "to attempt something" of the kind himself, and we presume that sooner or later it will be brought to light. As the failure of this extra-feed of the 5th March, is a great event in the annals before us, the reader may like to see the bill of fare, which was pronounced "a most trumpery concern," and is so registered upon the document itself:

#### First Course.

Soups à la Reine.	Rice.
Fish Crimp'd Cod.	Fillets of Soles
	Tanagou sauce.
Removes	Loin of Veal à la Bechamel.
	Hain.
Entrées	Fricassée & Chickens à la Chevaliers
	Vole au Vent with a Ragout Melée
	Hachis de Volaille à la Polonoise
	Mutton Cutlets with Haricots beans.

#### Second Course.

Roasts	Capon.	Larks.
Entrées	Jelly.	
	Fried Celery.	
	Macaroni.	
	Pastry.	
	Charlotte.	
	Blanc Mange.	

For this, with the wine, we have seen by Dr. Dibdin's note, 11. 17s. per head was charged: how much of the "red, red juice" was consumed, we have unluckily no information, but as the "hot skirmish" was carried so far as to require the interference of the noble President, we may presume that the

parties engaged at least had partaken of it pretty abundantly. In the abstract, therefore, the bill does not seem to us to have been immoderate. At this meeting, a resolution was adopted of some importance. It became every day more apparent, that if publications were only left to the members of the Club, the books, instead of obtaining high prices by auction, would soon be sold at a loss, in consequence chiefly, of the bad selection of subjects, in which even the members could take little interest. Mr. Hibbert, therefore, proposed, for the purpose of keeping up the character of the Club, that a MS. of general interest and intrinsic value, as illustrative of manners, institutions, or literature, should be selected and printed at the joint expense. The suggestion was adopted directly, and Lord Spencer, Mr. Bolland, Mr. Utterson, Mr. Markland, Mr. Phelps, and Dr. Dibdin, were constituted a committee to consider of the fit mode of carrying the object into effect.

We had hoped to be able to finish with the "Roxburghe Revels" in our present number; but we have a good deal to say (and so has Mr. Haslewood) upon the above resolution, and the manner in which it was carried into effect, under the care of Mr. (now Sir Frederick) Madden: we must, therefore, defer it and more until next week, when we think we and the rest of the world will have done with Mr. Haslewood for ever. We shall then also give his account of the only dinner of the Club, at which Sir Walter Scott, as the representative of the author of "Waverley," was present.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

"*Journal de la Médecine Homœopathique*—(*Journal of Homœopathic Medicine*)—by MM. Simon and Curie, Doctors of Medicine."—For the first number of this new publication, devoted to the propagation of Homœopathic rogeries, we are indebted to the kindness of a fair Parisian correspondent, who has added to the obligation a letter from her own hand, in which, after praising our "very delightful paper," as a woman only can praise, she regrets the view which we have taken of Hahnemann's doctrines, and requests a reconsideration of our verdict.

In such a case refusal was quite out of the question; we, therefore, sat down and spent half an hour of our most valuable time, and most critical attention, upon the "*Journal de la Médecine Homœopathique*," with which she had favoured us, as the means of increasing our light; and we rose from the perusal with the firm conviction that, except in so far as we were complying with the wishes of an amiable and *spirituelle* correspondent, it was absolutely impossible to have spent our half hour in any other manner so unprofitably. "Hawks must not peck out hawks' own," or we should take a few passages from the introductory address of the editors to justify our opinion. In one respect, however, namely, in turning their journal into a convenience, they have evinced a maturity and hardihood which will doubtless excite the envy of older and more practised hands. In their first number they have given critical notices of five works; the notices are all favourable, and the works all published by the publisher of their *Journal*! We observe also that men are again to be made "the martyrs of a diphthong," the editors having discovered that there is a grand difference between *homopathy* and *homœopathy*, in consequence of which, they reject as heterodox the idea that a red-hot coal would be a good application to a burn, or that a glass of

brandy would be of any use to a man already drunk. We congratulate them on having arrived at these conclusions.

But, to return to *la belle Parisienne*, for whose kind and flattering interest in the correctness of our opinions, we can never sufficiently express our gratitude, we are desirous, as the only little acknowledgment in our power, to propose the following simple experiment, which, it will be observed, goes directly to the fundamental facts of the whole homœopathic doctrine. The lady shall, with her own fair hands, make a box of *bons-bons*, or *confitures sèches*, into each of which she shall introduce the millionth, or quintillionth, or decillionth part, as may seem best to her discretion, of a grain of sulphate of quinine. The box shall then be sealed up, and sent to our publishers in Paris, with a certificate of the nature of its contents; it shall be forwarded to us; we will eat the confits, and if within three months they produce in us a fit of the ague, or anything like it (*homœo-pathy*), we shall rank ourselves amongst the humblest of the disciples of the lovely *confiturière*; if not, we only solicit permission to retain our present opinion.

"*Book of the Atmosphere*."—This is an American work, and the object is to furnish young persons with familiar explanations of some of the properties and phenomena of the atmosphere. This is done very pleasantly, and we recommend to Mr. Parker, who has lately published one or two similar volumes, to add the present to the series, first purchasing of Mr. Kennett, the importer, such copies of the original as he may have on hand.

"*The Caloric Engine*."—A proposal by Captain Ericson, to substitute heated air for steam as a moving power. The prominent advantage of the plan is the great saving of fuel, as the heat which is required to give motion to the engine at the commencement, is returned by a peculiar process of transfer, and thereby made to act over and over again, instead of being, as in the steam-engine, thrown into a condenser, or into the atmosphere as so much waste fuel." The only loss here, when once the apparatus is warmed, is from radiation, and this might, by means familiar to every student of natural philosophy, be reduced to a very trifling amount. Though we do not find all the details very clearly stated, the proposal is certainly ingenious and merits consideration.

"*The Railway Companion*."—A pleasing account of the "rise and progress of railways," with a particular description of that between Liverpool and Manchester, illustrated by neatly-executed and correct lithographic sketches of the most interesting points of view which it presents.

"*Sketches and Eccentricities of Colonel David Crockett, of West Tennessee*."—Our political contemporaries have, in this dearth of news "cottoned" so heartily to the Colonel, that we owe it to ourselves to state that we had a copy of the work before a single extract appeared in any one of them. The truth is, many of the best anecdotes were published from the American papers, at least two years ago, in the *Athenæum*; the character of Colonel Crockett, under the name of Colonel Wildfire, was again served up, anecdotes and all, in a farce, when Hackett was playing here; and our readers must have been somewhat surprised at the sudden resuscitation of the old jokes: but, in truth, there is no such thing as an old joke—there is always a generation to whom it is new, and, therefore, we are willing to recommend the work to all who have any relish for the broad humour of a "real Kaintuck."

"*The Books and the Pilgrimage of the Polish Nation*."—This little pamphlet is a translation from the works of Adam Mickiewicz, a Polish poet, who, like many of his countrymen, possessed much genius and little discretion, which

caused his voluntary exile, even previous to the last grand struggle for independence. French and German translations have already appeared, which may be taken as a proof of the esteem in which the work is held by our continental brethren. It certainly contains some vivid description and bold declamation, but, unfortunately, the style being an imitation, and in many places, indeed, a mere parody on Scripture, it is not likely to suit the taste of a British public.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### SOMNAMBULISM.

WHEN Locke argued, that a man does not think during sound sleep, because, when awake, he does not recollect it, and proceeded to strengthen his position, by showing, that such thoughts, if they existed, might be of a sinful nature, and thus the individual become amenable to punishment, without his own consciousness of guilt, which would be contrary to justice, he seemed to make a very fair statement; but he totally forgot, if he ever knew, the phenomena of Somnambulism. This singular state of being has latterly attracted a greater share of attention, perhaps from the circumstance of its having been pressed into the service of Animal Magnetism; but we are, as yet, very far from being able to trace its origin, its causes, its different modes of development, and the various extents to which some of the sensorial and mental operations may be thereby elevated during the almost total suppression of the others, in a manner approaching to a full or satisfactory explanation. It is usually considered as an intermediate state between sleeping and waking, in which the memory, the imagination, and the senses, are in a sort of imperfect exercise, or partial activity. On this account, M. Louyer-Willermay proposes for it the name of *somno-geist*, which certainly is better than somnambulism, a word that merely expresses the act of walking in the sleep, most undoubtedly the least curious of the functions performed, and one that, in fact, may occur to almost any person, if sufficiently fatigued, and still urged to proceed. Thus, it is related by an eye-witness, that many of the soldiers, during the retreat of Sir John Moore, actually fell asleep on the march, yet still continued walking on, and it has occurred to ourselves more than once, after a long and fatiguing day's sport, to walk, after nightfall, a considerable length of a road—we shall not say exactly in a state of somnolency, but clearly without any continued act of volition on our parts, or any consciousness of what we had done or passed. Nor is this at all difficult to explain. Every one knows how many actions, begun voluntarily, are continued after the will no longer influences them, and the attention is drawn away to another subject. It is in this way that people acquire these habits called *tricks*, and an alderman, who originally twirled his thumbs for diversion, and employed a distant act of volition in setting his thumbs going, will continue to twirl them after he has lost all consciousness of the matter, merely from the force of habit. In marching, too, the soldier exercises a distinct act of volition at his first setting off, but he does not require that this should be renewed for every succeeding step; the impulse once given, the motion is continued without his further attention to the matter; and, if he be impressed with a general feeling of the necessity of advancing, more particularly if he find himself in the centre of an advancing body, he will continue to progress, whether his mental faculties be engaged, as we all know they may, in some far distant speculation, or are withdrawn equally in another manner, by being laid to sleep. Were the phenomena of somnambulism, therefore, confined to a mere change of place, we should consider

them easily explained: a man, during sleep, will draw back his head if inconvenienced by the tickling of a straw, neither will he, if awakened the next moment, retain the least recollection of having done so; in like manner, by a simple extension of the same instinctive action might a person, who found himself generally uncomfortable in his bed, rise from it, and walk, without a return of consciousness, or the exciting of any mental operation.

But this explanation totally fails us when we come to consider the complicated operations, the sometimes difficult intellectual exertions of which persons in this state are reported, certainly by competent observers, to be capable. Every one knows the story of the schoolboy, who used, by night, to repair, asleep, to the schoolroom, and finish the exercise which, by day, he had failed to perform. Instances are well authenticated of persons rising in their sleep, dressing, going to the stable, saddling a horse, and riding to some accustomed place of resort, then returning, putting everything in order, going to bed, and awaking in the morning, without any consciousness of what had passed. Horst mentions a young man in the citadel of Breslau, who was observed by his brother to rise one night from his bed, wrap himself in a cloak, and escape by a window to the roof of the building. He there tore in pieces a magpie's nest, wrapped the young birds in his cloak, returned to his apartment, and went to bed. In the morning he mentioned the circumstances as having occurred in a dream, nor could he be persuaded to the contrary until shown the young magpies in his cloak.

Now, this case shows a striking point of connexion between somnambulism and dreaming. The mind had here taken the same notice of the active bodily exertion, and made the same record of it, as it usually did of the ideas of objects presented to it by memory, when all the bodily senses were at rest, and all the inlets to external impressions closed. But that somnambulism is, under certain states, nothing more than dreaming, with the super-addition of the faculty of exerting one or more of the corporeal powers, will, we think, be evident, from comparing the well-known anecdote of Tartini, with the case of the ecclesiastic, narrated by Bricheteau, and certified by the archbishop of the diocese.

Tartini had pondered long and anxiously on the composition of a sonata, on which he could rest his fame, and which he ardently desired might excel all his previous conceptions. In this state of mind he retired to rest, and dreamed, that the Devil, coming to his bedside, violin in hand, played a sonata of such ravishing sweetness and exquisite melody, that his whole soul was filled with delight. Enraptured at having thus been favoured with the completion of his wishes, he started up, and found it all a dream. The impression, however, was so vivid, that he instantly called for a light, and proceeded to note down as much of the strain as he could recollect. Tartini's 'Devil's Sonata' is still well known amongst musicians as a work exhibiting great taste, genius, and science; but he was often heard to declare himself, that, could he have recalled it perfectly, as he first heard it, no earthly composition could have at all approached it in grace and sublimity.

Now, the archbishop's story is of a young clergyman who, we hope under different auspices, completed, with much genius and erudition, during sleep, a sermon, on which he had been anxiously employed while awake, without being able to satisfy himself as to the concluding matter. In this state of mind he had retired to rest; but, towards midnight, after some uneasy tossing and muttering, he was observed to rise, his eyes closed, and most of his external senses insensible to stimuli, when, resuming the sermon where he had left off, he wrote more than

a page without hesitation, and then, as if revising it, with his eyes still shut, went over and made some alterations and corrections in his work. One of these was very singular. He had, at first, written "*ce divin enfant*," but, on reading it, had substituted "*adorable*" for "*divin*." A little after, it struck him, that the article "*ce*" was not proper before "*adorable*," in consequence of which he again reverted to the passage, and, inserting a "*t*" after "*ce*," made the whole correct.

There is an anecdote told by Dr. Abercrombie, in his inquiries concerning the intellectual powers, which is so directly connected with these two, that we shall not hesitate to introduce it. He, it appears, had it immediately from the family of the person to whom the circumstances occurred, and who was a distinguished Scottish barrister of the last century.

In a case of much difficulty, and involving a large amount of property, this gentleman had been applied to, and it had cost him intense anxiety and attention. After several days had been occupied in this manner, he was observed by his wife to rise from his bed in the night, and to go to a writing-desk which stood in the bedroom; he there sat down and wrote a long paper, which he put carefully by in the desk, and returned to bed. The following morning he told his wife, that he had had a most interesting dream; that he had dreamt of delivering a clear and luminous opinion respecting a case which had exceedingly perplexed him, and that he would give anything to recover the train of thought which had passed before him in his dream. She then directed him to the writing-desk, where he found the opinion clearly and fully written out, and which was afterwards found to be perfectly correct. Now, in all these cases, there was the same exertion of mental faculties, the same surpassing what could be done while the distraction from external objects remained, that is, while the persons were awake, the same concentration, as it were, of the intellect on a subject with which it had been long employed; but in the first there was no corresponding exertion of bodily powers; this, therefore, remained a dream: in the two latter there was; these, therefore, amounted to somnambulism. But even this distinction will not serve us in much more than extreme cases. There is such a gradual transition from one state to another, the exertion of one power so imperceptibly associates with itself that of another, that we must be content to draw an arbitrary line, or admit them to be but different degrees of the same state or affection. Thus, a person dreaming commences talking. Here is already a link in the chain, for muscular action is already commenced, and if that action be directed toward the muscles of the legs, in place of those of the tongue, the person will walk, not talk. In certain persons, some particular sense seems to remain awake while the rest are asleep; and by acting on that, in certain modes, it is known that dreams may be produced and regulated at will. The following anecdote, related by Dr. Gregory, and which he had from an eye-witness, will illustrate this, and also show distinctly how a dream may progress into somnambulism. The subject of the narrative was an officer in the expedition to Louisbourg, in 1758, who had this peculiarity to such a degree, that his companions in the transport were in the habit of constantly amusing themselves at his expense; they could produce in him any kind of dream, by whispering in his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he was familiar. At one time, they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion, they found him asleep on the



top of a locker in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming: he immediately imitated all the motions of swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life; he did so with such force, as to throw himself entirely from the locker on the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised and of course awakened. After the landing of the army at Louisbourg, his friends found him one day asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading; they then made him believe that he was engaged, on which he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away; against this they remonstrated, but at the same time increased his fears, by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked, as he often did, who was down, they named his particular friends. At last, they told him that the man next himself in the line, had fallen, when he instantly sprung from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was roused from his danger and his dream together, by falling over the tent-ropes. A remarkable circumstance in this case was, that after these experiments, he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression and fatigue; and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing some trick upon him.

From this case, then, we think it clearly appears, that the explanation of somnambulism should append itself as a corollary to a judicious theory of dreams—that he who first solves the difficulties of the one will unravel the intricacies of the other—and that the discovery is probably reserved for him who shall properly appreciate the connexion of mind with matter, or attain clear ideas of the bond by which they are associated.

Meantime, there has, of course, been no lack of theories, such as they are. Dr. Mason Good particularly occupied himself with the subject, and has given the result of his reflections, in a number of lemmata, or distinct propositions, attached to his notes on Lucretius, to which we must refer our readers who are curious on the subject. He seems to think, that sleep in general results from the exhaustion of the sensorial powers; that this exhaustion is commonly equable, and complete; that if it be not so, or if the sensorial power, renewed during sleep, be unequally directed towards the nerves of certain senses, those senses may become awake, and thus introduce objects to the mind; and that, in such instances, the judgment receiving no assistance from the operation of the other senses, false impressions are admitted, and thence result those fantastic trains of thought, which occur in our dreams. Thought, he supposes to be a habit of the mind, and, therefore, that it may go on unconsciously, like the twirling of the Alderman's thumbs. He does not, indeed, answer Queen Elizabeth's question—"What is a man thinking of when he is thinking of nothing?"—but he assures us, that thought is some way or other always going on in the mind, though it be not always perceived, but that, as soon as it is exercised on any of the objects presented to it by the external senses, it then becomes active thought, and we are conscious of its existence. Dr. Currie, Dr. Darwin, and many other physicians, to say nothing of Dugald Stewart, and a whole host of metaphysicians, have exerted themselves in explaining this matter without much success. Horst and Schenkens inform us, that in their days it was attributed to the influence of the moon, or to the circumstance of a person having been ill treated. The commonly received idea at present is, that it arises from some partial determination of blood on the central organ of the senses, and that thus partial and imperfect perceptions, with the associated mental opera-

tions, are produced. This, of course, will answer until we find something better. Phrenologists have laid hold of it, and thought they found in it a proof of their idea, that the brain is composed of many separate organs, with separate and independent functions. We do not perceive, however, how their doctrine is compatible with the strangest of all phenomena connected with the affection, that generally known by the name of double consciousness. This consists in the individual recollecting, during a paroxysm, all the circumstances that happened during a former paroxysm, though there was no remembrance of them in the interval. The circumstances also that occur in the intervals, are not remembered during the paroxysms. Similar affections occur in other cases. Mr. Combe mentions a porter, who, when drunk, left a parcel at a wrong door; on becoming sober, he was told of his mistake, but could not recollect what he had done with it, until the next time he got drunk, when he at once called to mind the house, and went and recovered the parcel. The case mentioned by Major Elliot, of a young lady, who, after one attack of somnolency, lost all her former knowledge, reacquired it after a second, lost it again after a third, and so on alternately for a period of four years, presents a remarkable modification of the same affection.

These are matters, we confess, we cannot explain, and shall be very much obliged to any one who can.

We now conclude, by giving our readers the following singular cases of somnambulism, the one copied from an American paper, and the other from the police reports in the *Times* of Tuesday last, and which, in fact, led us to throw together these observations.

"A female, about nineteen years of age, living in a family in Springfield, Massachusetts, is frequently known to rise from her bed during the night, while asleep, dress herself, and go about her daily employments. In several instances she has got up and set the table for breakfast, with as much regularity as she does when awake. In one instance she went into the buttry, which was perfectly dark, skimmed the cream from the milk, and poured it into one bowl, and the milk into another, without spilling any at all. She frequently goes to the drawers where her clothes are kept, changes the position of the articles, or takes them out, and in some cases has placed some of them where she could not find them when awake. In one instance, she took out her needle-book, and it has not been found since; but at a subsequent paroxysm she was found sewing in the dark a ring upon a curtain, with a needle and thread, which, it was supposed, from several circumstances, she could have obtained from no other source but the lost needle-book. This fact, together with other facts in the case, seems to show some connexion between the several paroxysms in regard to the trains of thought, and also an analogy between this and some cases of insanity, where lucid intervals occur. When in one of these paroxysms, she usually talks a great deal, and with much more fluency and vivacity than in her waking hours. One striking feature in this case is, that she is governed in her language and actions by her dreaming thoughts or imaginations, and all her impressions from external objects, are made to accord perfectly with these imaginations. For instance, she frequently supposes herself in some other place, usually her native place, and calls the persons around her by the names of others who live in that place, and speaks with much interest of scenes and objects which she has seen there. If inquired of about persons and things in Springfield, particularly the family in which she lives, she knows nothing about them. Nothing which can be said or done to her seems to have the slightest influence in changing the current of her thoughts. All at-

tempts to awaken her, generally prove unsuccessful. At one time cold water was thrown upon her, but it had no effect except to produce the exclamation, 'Why do you want to drown me?' and immediately she went to her chamber, changed her clothes, and came down again to her work. On one occasion, an emetic was given to her, (which she took, as she said, because the physician, whom she called her father, wished it,) but though it relieved her headache, it did not awaken her. If left to herself, she, after a while, voluntarily goes to bed, and composes herself to sleep, but remembers in the morning nothing which has transpired. When in the paroxysms, she usually suffers much pain in one side of the head, her face is flushed, and her breathing so laborious and loud as to be heard in a distant room. Her appearance usually indicates perfect health; but her general health is not good, and she is the most subject to these paroxysms when she is more unwell than usual. She has been subject to them, more or less, for several years."

"TOWN-HALL, SOUTHWARK.—Yesterday Mary Spencer, a well-looking young woman, was placed at the bar, before Mr. Alderman Thorp, charged with possessing herself of a pair of trousers and a handkerchief under the following most extraordinary circumstances:—John Green deposed, he was by trade a plasterer, and on Saturday evening, after finishing his work, he went to see some friends at Picnic, and returned from thence about 10 o'clock, and in passing through the Borough he was accosted by a female; he had at the time a bundle on his arm. He knew no more of what transpired until between 1 and 2 o'clock on Sunday morning.

"Alderman Thorp.—What! was you so drunk that you cannot tell what happened?

"Complainant (with great simplicity).—I was not drunk, your worship, I was fast asleep. (Laughter.)

"Alderman Thorp.—You cannot be serious.

"Complainant.—What I have stated, your worship, is true; I am unfortunately affected with fits of somnambulism, and, for greater security from robbery, I always make what articles I carry fast to my arm, so that if any one attempt to snatch it from me it would awaken me.

"Alderman Thorp.—But how do you know the prisoner is the party who accosted you in the Borough; if you were asleep you could not see her?

"Complainant.—Strange as it may appear, although I have not the power to arouse myself when in such a state of excessive lethargy, yet I can retain the sound of persons' voices in my mind, and from the voice of the prisoner I have not the least doubt she is the party.—I am in the habit of walking for hours in my sleep, and if an attempt had been made to forcibly take the bundle from my arm, it would have aroused me; my handkerchief was cut, and thus the bundle was easily taken away.

"Alderman Thorp.—I never heard such a case before: was the bundle found?

"Acting inspector M'Craw, answered in the affirmative, and added, that what the complainant had stated about walking the streets and roads was true: he had made inquiries and found it to be the fact: it was well known to the police.

"Watts, police constable, deposed that the complainant came to the station-house between 1 and 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, and made precisely the same statement as he had before the Alderman. The inspector thought the tale savoured of the marvellous, and told witness to accompany him (complainant) in search of the property, and on arriving at a house in Kent-street, Borough, he said he thought his bundle was there. He knocked at the door, which was opened, and by the door of a room wherein the

prisoner was sleeping the property was found; the moment she spoke he said the prisoner was the person who stopped him in the Borough. Witness took the prisoner to the station-house.

"The prosecutor here pointed out the way in which the bundle must have been taken away, and showed the Alderman the rent handkerchief.

"Mr. Edmonds (for the prisoner) contended that the prisoner laid no claim to the bundle, and as the complainant had sworn it was his property, the police would give it up to him.

"Alderman Thorp said it was so strange a case he hardly knew how to act; he should, however, under the doubtful circumstances as to identity, give the prisoner the benefit of it, and discharge her. The bundle was given up to the complainant.

"A gentleman who was in attendance, said he had known the complainant many years, and it was not an uncommon thing for him to be seized with that unhappy affliction while at work on the scaffold, and yet he had never met with an accident, and while in that state would answer questions put to him as though he was awake."

And now, if any one asks us whether we believe all this, we can only say such things are told on very respectable authority.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE is nothing stirring either in Art or Literature. We have therefore had a little more than our usual leisure to turn over the leaves of our contemporaries. There seems to have been a stir among the Magazines at this opening of the New Year; and even *The Gentleman's*, our venerable friend of a century, has come out in a new fashion, and promises renewed vigour.—*Arnold's Library of the Fine Arts*, too, has been stirring, and is now published under the especial patronage of Royalty; and the *New Sporting* is full of life. There is an Ode to Crockford in the latter, from which we must steal a few stanzas:—

*Ode to William Crockford, Esq.*

"The Play—the Play—the Thing"—Hawley,  
"Meeting a Settler."—THOMAS HOOD.

HAIL CROCKFORD! Turfite—Caster—King  
Of the green board and magic ring—  
Prince of the midnight matches!  
Prime Minister of dicing sport!  
Ambassador at Fortune's court—  
Without Dispatches.

There's a Pardon I—g keeps a Hell,  
Which serves his darkened purpose well,  
And makes *Lost Man* his debtor;  
There's a Philopoi makes an empty rout—  
He's a good man, there's a not a doubt,  
But you're a Better!

I've often pray'd it of the Gods,  
That you would lay me "Copious Odds,"—  
Such words will oft with Bland be:  
You make good books—make one for me—  
Through the best horse, or *Ass* you see—  
You understand me!

In early life, what chance declared  
Your life should with sure chance be shared?  
Law—Arms—the Sea were baffled:  
No Haven's the main—Pate banged the box,  
Giving Life's Table hollow knocks,  
When you were ruffled!

No "dunce, ace—out!" were called, 'tis clear,  
By Pate's infallible *Croupier*!—  
"A Nick!" And his dark eyes glister'd;  
When named, luck saw that you were good,  
Hazard and Goodluck Spinnors stood,  
And you were christen'd!

The Army, and the Church to you,  
Offering the cloth of signal hue,  
Paid each its fair *denoir*;  
Your eyes gazed well from cloth to cloth,  
And greedily admiring both,  
Chose *Rouge et Noir*.

Oh! when you've run your race—I'd lay  
A good round sum,—aye—play or pay,—  
If bets were fair upon it:  
No slave of chance—no Fortune's Serf—  
So matchless is beneath the Turf;  
No—nor upon it!

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 16.—J. Lubbock, Esq., V.P., in the chair. A paper was read, contributed by a gentleman whose name escaped us, 'On a new property of the equilateral hyperbola.' It was purely mathematical, and, consequently, interesting only to men of science. This was followed by a continuation of the valuable series of papers on Experimental Electricity, contributed by Professor Faraday. The subject of the present contribution, was 'The power of metals and other solids in producing chemical combinations.' The Professor had occasion to remark the rapid disappearance of the gases that form water, when placed in contact with a plate of platina positively electrified (by voltaic electricity); and the rapid formation of water, even at low temperatures. He varied the experiments, and found that the aggregation was not so perceptible in any gases as oxygen and hydrogen. It also appeared that the power was retained by the platina for a considerable time, when not exposed to the contact of atmospheric air; and that the magnitude and continuance of the effect were greatly increased by using gases perfectly pure. Plates negatively electrified were then tried; the effect was the same in kind, but inferior in degree. The Professor being led to suspect that the power belonged to the platina, and not to the pile, commenced a new series of experiments, which proved that platina, with a perfectly clean surface, has the effect of producing a combination between oxygen and hydrogen, when placed in contact with these gases. A variety of experiments proved that cleanness of surface was the principal, and almost the only requisite, and one showed that the maximum effect is produced without the aid of voltaic electricity. Gold was found to act like platina, but with inferior power; silver and copper produced scarce any perceptible effect. The Professor then stated the theories, by which the most celebrated chemists of the continent had attempted to account for phenomena somewhat similar; and added, that, in his opinion, the effects resulted from the natural condition of the gases, from the superior powers of attraction possessed by certain bodies, the metals and earths all having the power, but in very different proportions, and, consequently, that they were to be attributed to the attraction of aggregation, rather than to electrical agency or chemical affinity. The reading of the remainder of Professor Faraday's paper was deferred until the next night.

##### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Jan. 9.—Henry Hallam, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The proceedings at the last meeting before the Christmas vacation, having been read, and the presents to the Society received since that time announced, those gentlemen who had undergone the usual probation were severally balloted for, and elected Fellows of the Society.

Sir Henry Ellis read a communication from Mr. Corner, a Fellow of the Society, descriptive of some ancient earthenware vessels which have been lately discovered in an excavation near St. Olave's Church, Southwark, and the vessels were themselves exhibited to the Society. They are, according to Mr. Corner's opinion, of the time of the Roman dominion; and, indeed, of this they bear internal evidence. One of the vessels is a vase of the description called in modern Rome a *tozza*, and is of very elegant form, though rudely wrought, and roughly ornamented. Another of them is an ill-shaped dish, but far better adapted to please the vulgar eye, because of the superiority of its workmanship, and of the neatness of its ornaments. The rest are, for the most part, what are termed lachrymatories.

The next paper was the first of a new series by Mr. Rickman, the architect, and a Fellow of

the Society also, on and descriptive of some of the more ancient churches of France and England. In many of these Mr. Rickman discovers indubitable evidence of Roman walling, and in others, specimens of structure of the Saxon period, in the latter country. The reading of this communication was not concluded, but it does not yet appear, from Mr. Rickman's own showing, that the edifices he refers to possess more than mere antiquarian interest.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Jan. 4.—Colonel Blackburne took the chair.—Various donations were presented; among them were a manuscript Tibetan and Mongolian Lexicon, copied and presented by the Rev. J. Yuille—the third volume of the *Sabda Calva Druma*, an Encyclopaedic Lexicon, compiled and printed in Sanscrit by Babu Radhakanta Deva, C.M.R.A.S. of Calcutta—a copy of Professor Julien's French translation of the *Chao-shi-kou-shi*, or, the Orphan of China—and a Phœnician tombstone from Maghrawah in Tunis, presented by Sir Grenville Temple, Bart.

The reading of Mr. B. H. Hodgson's paper 'On the Law of Adultery, &c. in Nepal,' was resumed, and concluded. The portion now read comprised the system of proofs and procedure before the Nepalese tribunals, first explaining the law as applicable to cases of sexual commerce between a Hindû and an outcast.

The round of operations, Mr. Hodgson observes, by which judgment is arrived at in a Nepalese court of justice, is precisely such as a man of sense, at the head of a family, would apply to the investigation of a domestic offence: the ordinary attributes of penal justice in Nepal, are, an open court, *sine voce* examination in the presence of the judge, confrontation of the accuser and of counsel to the prisoner, and liberty to summon and have examined, under all the usual sanctions, the witnesses for the defence; but these pleasing features are defaced by the occasional rigour arising out of the maxim, that confession is indispensable, and by the intervention, in the absence of ordinary proofs, of ordeals and decisory oaths: ordeals are, however, more frequently asked for than commanded, and with respect to forced confessions, it must be understood, that none of the infamous ingenuity formerly practised in Europe has any parallel in Nepal. There are no common spies and informers attached to the courts of justice, nor any public prosecutors. Mr. Hodgson concludes, after a description of the forms of trial, with some remarks on the application of these laws to such natives as are British subjects.

A paper, by Lieutenant Pottinger, late Assistant to the Mission in Sindh, was then read: it was entitled, 'On the Present State of the Indus, and the Route of Alexander the Great.' The author observes, that much discussion having arisen as to whether the eastern or western branch of the Indus was formerly the grand stream of the river, and likewise as to the route pursued by Alexander the Great through Sindh, he is induced to offer some surmises and facts for the information of those who may be interested in the subject. He commences, by describing the general features of the Indus as they now present themselves.

Lieutenant Pottinger is decidedly opposed to the opinion, that the western branch of the Indus was the one navigated by Alexander; alleging, the nature of the coast to the westward as having no flat bench or sands where wells could be dug by the army, as is stated to have been the case. Various other points are adduced in support of the hypothesis of Dr. Vincent, that Alexander's route was by the eastern branch of the Indus, as well as to illustrate the great changes which have taken place at various times in the physical features of the country; among others, that the deserted channel of a large river is dis-

fairly to be traced near the ruins of Hingoor, about sixty miles N.W. of Kotree, which the author considers to have been that of the Pinyane, one of the branches of the Indus. Lieutenant Pottinger also doubts the identity of Tatta with Pattala, a city visited by Alexander, from the circumstance of the distance of the former from the sea not agreeing with that recorded by the ancients as applying to Pattala. On the whole, the author gives it as his opinion, that there is scarcely one point from which an inference can be drawn, that the western branch (below Tatta) was the one which Alexander passed, and that his three days' march was to the westward; while, on the other hand, the proofs seem almost conclusive as to Dr. Vincent's being really correct in his suppositions.

The reading of the paper being concluded, Lieutenant Burnes, who was accidentally present, rose, and made some observations on certain points, respecting which he differed in opinion from Lieutenant Pottinger, particularly as to the branch of the Indus descended by Alexander, which he (Lieutenant Burnes) considered to have been the western, and not the eastern, for reasons which he assigned; also, that Pattala was the present Tatta, the variation of distance being no sufficient grounds for doubting this conclusion, inasmuch as Arrian was in error in other places where distances were specified; and, lastly, that the channel, supposed by Lieutenant Pottinger to have been the former bed of a river, was merely a receptacle for the surplus waters of the Indus for a certain time in each year, during the overflow of that river, which gave off no great branch until its arrival at Hyderabad, and separated into two great arms below Tatta.

The thanks of the meeting were ordered to be returned to Lieutenant Pottinger for his communication, and also to Lieutenant Burnes for his interesting observations on the same, which he was requested to reduce to writing, for the purpose of being appended to the Memoir of Lieutenant Pottinger. The meeting then adjourned to Saturday the 18th (this day).

#### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

W. R. Hamilton, Esq., in the chair.—An interesting account was read of an excursion up the Mazaroni River into the El Dorado of Sir Walter Raleigh, communicated by Mr. Hillhouse, surveyor in Demerara. This gentleman, accompanied by Mr. Tschumaker also of Demerara, entered the Essequibo River in the beginning of the dry season, September 1840; and on arriving at the point where the three rivers (Essequibo, Mazaroni, and Cayuni,) meet, selected the Mazaroni, the middle one, as being that likely to carry the party most directly into the interior. At Carib Island, near its mouth, there was once a Dutch post, of which, however, few or no remains now exist; and above it commences the distinguishing feature of the Mazaroni—viz., an immense range of islands, dividing the river into from five to ten different channels, without intermission, for nearly 100 miles, in which space the two branches of the river are scarcely once visible together, and one but seldom. Between these islands are the falls, or rapids, which are very numerous, and many of them steep and difficult. The manner in which the Indians ascend them is as follows:—The rapids do not fall in one sheet over a level ledge, but force themselves through a number of fissures—large intermediate blocks of granite dividing the different shoots of the fall. At the base of these blocks is an eddy, into which the boat is forced, and becomes stationary, having no current either way. The crew then spring on the rock, and wade as far as they can find footing; by means of a long stout rope they then pull the canoe, or canoe, into one of the shoots of the fall, where there is water enough to float her, and by each strength haul her up the ascent. They

then take her out of the current, and lay her stern against the upper part of the rock, from the lower part of which they have thus ascended; and, with her head right up the stream, at a given signal they all spring in, and, pulling with their whole might, endeavour to cross diagonally the different currents till they get into another eddy. This is the time of greatest danger: if not active in seizing their paddles, the head of the canoe is taken by the current, and she drifts broadside down the fall, and upsets. If not strong-handed also, she cannot stem the currents above, and goes down the fall stern foremost; for the currents, at most of the rapids, run at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour; and thus frequently many hours are consumed in gaining a few hundred yards.

The Indians, thus engaged, always eat when they awake, about six, and do not require a regular meal again till they halt at night, about three, four, or five, as it may happen. But they continue, during the whole day, to drink, at intervals, draughts of *Pyotrie* (a gruel of Camada crumbled into cold water,) and thus drink so much bread, in addition to what is eaten, that the consumption is enormous, and the supply must be renewed on every occasion. While ascending the rapids, they must also have a dram from time to time, to prevent their becoming chilled, but not to excess; and on all other occasions, a dram in the morning and another at night, are the allowance agreed on.

Throughout the whole course of the Mazaroni, palms of all kinds are scarce; and it is difficult therefore to procure leaves enough to cover a hut. It is very desirable, however, or rather indispensable, to sleep under cover; so that a spare sail, or oil-skin hammock cover, or some contrivance of this kind, is necessary. The Indians are indifferent to rain, so long as they are able to keep their fire in; and even without this can be comforted with a dram. But it is not so with European constitutions.

On the 12th day of ascent the Islands were passed, and the first glimpse was obtained of a table-land in the interior, called Arthur's Table, apparently elevated about 3000 feet above the river at this point, or from 5000 to 6000 feet above the sea. An elevated peak, a little west of it, was also described, to which, in honour of Sir Walter, the name of Raleigh was given; and gradually the whole inland chain, here called Merameh, acquired mass and consistence within the horizon. At Toboco, the most southerly point attained, a creek, called Carulang, falls in, from which a path, well known to the Indians, leads, in two days, to the source of the Mazaroni; which is said to make a sharp bend to the eastward in its higher portion; and thence, in a day more, attains the height of land, from which the waters flow south to the Rios Branco, Negro, and others. From Tepero, the lower part of the river turns to the north-west, and thence west, as far as followed by the travellers on the present occasion.

On the 20th day of ascent, the Carulang Creek was reached, celebrated among the Indians for the fall of its waters from the upper table-land into the valley of the Mazaroni: the distance from the coast being estimated at nearly 400 miles, including the sinuosities of the river; and the height above the sea, (roughly calculated by the boiling of water at 208°,) was about 3000 feet. Here, accordingly, the travellers quitted the Mazaroni to ascend the creek, and visit these falls. The accompanying scenery they found very remarkable. The first fall is called Macrehab. On approaching it, the water became gradually of a deep chocolate colour, though perfectly transparent; and the sands of a painful and dazzling white. A uniform fringe of trees skirted the pass, which opened and contracted alternately, so as at one time scarcely to leave a passage for the boats, and at another to

resemble a small lake, so shallow as scarcely to float them. The adjoining cliffs were apparently from 1000 to 1500 feet high; and masses of granite, broken from their summits, lay scattered in the channel. At last a capacious basin was entered, as black as ink, surrounded by a bold extensive sand, as white as chalk. The fall was here heard, but neither current nor cascade was distinguishable; and only a foam like yeast was seen on the surface at the upper extremity; which, when a gust of wind came down the fall, was scattered in flakes so exactly resembling snow, that a superficial observer would readily be deceived. Gradually a broken white line appeared in the distance, struggling through a cluster of granite rocks; and this was the Fall of Macrehab, which was afterwards ascertained to be about 100 feet high.

The upper fall, called of Coomarrow, was also subsequently attained, but with extreme difficulty and fatigue. It was estimated at about 600 feet high, but the water was shallow, there not being above two feet on the immediate crest. From the marks on both sides, however, the rise is above ten feet in the rains; but it is unlikely that any traveller will ever see it in that state, as the surrounding country must be then totally submerged.

Half way up the Macrehab Fall a small spring of clear, transparent, and slightly effervescent water was discovered, without the least ferruginous tincture. This appeared to issue from a superior quartz formation, and thereby to indicate that the extraordinary purple tinge of the waters of the Creek, is from the decomposition of the granite; but, in allusion to this circumstance, Mr. Hillhouse mentioned the following interesting geological anecdote, with which we must close this account of his interesting narrative:—"In the centre of the town of St. George's, Demerara, Major Staples, of the Custom-house, has succeeded in boring through the alluvial soil, and, on arriving at the micaceous substratum, which is the indication of the primary formation, a clear spring of water burst out, exactly of the appearance and quality of the white spring of Macrehab. At a depth of ten or twelve feet below the surface of the alluvium, an irregular stratum of fallen trees, of the kind called Courida, well known still on the coast, was discovered in a semi-carbonized state; and, at fifty feet below the surface, another similar stratum, twelve feet thick, the super-stratum being blue alluvium, and the substratum reddish ochre, diminishing in shades to yellow, light straw, and again merging into slate-coloured clay. The remainder, to a depth of 120 feet from the surface, is argillaceous, the lower part being of that smooth, scaly surface, which indicates the purest Wedgwood clay. It seems evident, then, from this," Mr. Hillhouse continues, "that some ages ago, this continent was habitable fifty feet below the present surface, and that it was then covered with an immense forest of Couridas, which was destroyed by conflagration, as appears by the ochreous substratum. The sea must, at that time, have been confined to the blue water, where there is now eight or nine fathoms; and, whatever may have been the comparative level between the Pacific and Atlantic, on this side of the Isthmus of Darien the surface must have been then fifty feet lower than now." The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Hillhouse for his very important communication.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Phrenological Society .....	Eight, p.m.
	Harveian Society .....	Eight, p.m.
	Medical Society .....	Eight, p.m.
	Zoological Society (Scientific)	
Tues.	Business .....	p. 8, p.m.
	Institution of Civil Engineers .....	Eight, p.m.
Wed.	Geological Society .....	p. 8, p.m.
	Society of Arts .....	p. 7, p.m.
Th.	Royal Society .....	p. 8, p.m.
	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight, p.m.
Fri.	Royal Institution .....	p. 8, p.m.
Sat.	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, p.m.



## MUSIC

## VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE first concert of this Society's second season took place on Monday, at the Hanover Square Rooms. We have heard it whispered, that the success of these meetings may render the continuance of the Ancient Concerts a matter of doubt. We are sorry that such an idea should be entertained, as we cannot but think that the dissolution of the latter, as a permanent establishment half a century old, containing within itself a finely disciplined band, and well-trained chorus, must have an injurious effect upon art; and we regret the idea the more, as we have rejoiced to see, that under the new direction there has been manifested a resolution to abandon the drowsy and narrow proceedings of the *ancien régime*, and to substitute in its place a vigorous and enterprising management, suited to the requisitions of the time. The more of what is good, the better, is our motto, in music as in literature, but we should deeply regret to see an establishment, in every respect inferior, as to band, chorus, and individual performance, founding itself upon the ruins of one, which, whatever its faults may have been, has so many claims upon our good wishes. We hope that such cannot be the case.

After this preliminary notice, it is painful to say that the Vocal Society's band on Monday evening, was not only weak, but unsteady, as we are aware that it may be considered a partial censure. Such, however, was the case; and we could not avoid remarking, that in the choral pieces, the madrigals excepted, there was little attention paid to the *chiaro-scuro* of the several compositions. The selection consisted, for the most part, of glees and madrigals which are already favourites: these were well executed, and some of them *encored*. We cannot, however, consider a boy's voice as an efficient substitute for a female soprano.

Mr. Bellamy sang Handel's *Del Minacciar*, from *Otho*, with much correct taste and considerable energy; and Brahms astonished and delighted us in Purcell's *Mad Tom*; we wish that in the matter of enunciation and declamation, certain of our modern singers would take a lesson from this gentleman. One of Spohr's detached songs, *E mi lasci così*, put Miss C. Novello's powers to a severe test, but she passed through the ordeal most creditably. We have no fear for her future success, if she steadily persevere as she has begun.

*The Harmony of the Spheres*, a hymn, by A. Romberg, consisting of solos and choruses, was the principal novelty of the evening. This is in the style of florid counterpoint, in which most of the modern German compositions are written; and the combinations of voices and orchestra are most masterly. Something, however, in the last allegro—we believe, its being written in six-eight time,—served to detract from the dignity of the whole. Mrs. Seguin took a prominent part in this hymn, and sang with her usual correctness.

## THEATRICALS

## ADELPHI.

A new spectacle, called 'The Revolt of the Naindes,' and said to be taken from a piece produced at Paris subsequent to, and in consequence of the ballet of 'La Révolte du Sérail,' was launched here on Monday last. Other matters drive us into a corner, and our remarks upon it must be brief. As a spectacle, it is difficult to say too much in its praise; as a drama, it is almost impossible to say too little. The scenery is admirable, and reflects vast credit upon Messrs. Tompkins and Pitt; the dresses are mostly excellent; and the machinery and general getting up of the piece, touch closely, when we consider the difficulties to be surmounted in so small a theatre, upon the wonderful. The bath scene

will be surpassed in point of size at Covent Garden, but, we suspect, in nothing else. The fire-work business at the end made a most lame and impotent conclusion, but some alteration has no doubt taken place by this time. The piece was very well received, and will lend a strong hand to keep the house as full as it has been for some time past—it need not be fuller.

## OLYMPIC.

'Dancing for Life,' a burletta in two acts, by Mr. Kenney, was played here for the first time on Thursday. It is a light, smart, and amusing piece, well written, (especially in the first act,) and produced in a style until lately unknown to minor theatres. Mr. Liston and Mr. Keeley were its chief pillars of support; and though pillar Keeley is not so long as pillar Liston, he made up in *breadth* what he wanted in height; and unmixed satisfaction was elicited by the acting of both. The house was as full as a new-laid egg.

## MISCELLANEA

*University of London Conversazioni.*—At the meeting on Wednesday evening, a highly interesting lecture was delivered by Capt. Maconochie, R.N., Professor of Geography, 'On Capt. Ross's late expedition in the Arctic Sea,' and 'Capt. Burnes's route in Central Asia.' The large theatre was completely filled with auditors, who were evidently highly gratified. The very full reports we have given of the proceedings at the Geographical and the Royal Societies, when these subjects have been adverted to, (See Vol. for 1833, p. 779, 873, 874.) render it unnecessary for us to say more upon this occasion. In the Museum, after the lecture, Dr. Ritchie explained experimentally, the probable nature of magnetic attraction—and many of the drawings made by Capt. Ross were exhibited.

*The Graham Prize Medal*, for the best composition in Sacred Vocal Music, has been awarded to Mr. John Goss, Organist of Chelsea.

Various attempts have been made by scientific men in France, to render sea water drinkable, and to make it applicable to domestic purposes. This desirable object, it seems, is now about to be accomplished. M. Sochet, a naval engineer, has submitted his experiments for this purpose to the French Minister of Marine, who is stated to be so satisfied of their success, that he has given orders for a public trial of the discovery, which is likely to produce very important results. M. Sochet has already introduced several beneficial improvements in nautical science.

The following is an account of the number of new pieces represented at the different theatres of Paris, in the year 1833: Académie Royale, 4; Théâtre Français, 12; Opera Comique, 11; Opera Italien, 1; Gymnase, 19; Vaudeville, 22; Palais Royal, 29; Variétés, 23; Porte St. Martin, 13; Gaité, 12; Ambigu, 28; Folies Dramatiques, 9; Cirque, 4; Molière, 22; Panthéon, 9;—total, 215. In the year 1831, 272 new pieces were produced. In 1832, 258, making a diminution of 43, in the last year.

*Indiana Newspapers.*—A newspaper establishment has been formed in Indiana somewhat novel in character. A printer has provided himself with a supply of wooden types, and having set up the form of his paper, each of his subscribers furnishes him with a piece of linen or muslin of the proper size; whereupon the printer inks his type with swamp mud, and takes the impression upon the cloth for the patron, who receives his paper on Saturday: and after each reading it, has the cloth washed and sent back in time for the next impressions.—*New York Journal.*

*Literature.*—The number of living writers is calculated by Malte-Brun at upwards of 12,000.

Such a body, he observes, were it not divided against itself, might govern the world; "but the republic of letters is paralyzed by three contending principles—attachment to particular sects in Germany, party spirit in England, and self-interest in France."

*Loadstones.*—During a recent course of experiments at the Museum, at Brussels, Professor Quetelet exhibited a loadstone of extraordinary attractive power. This loadstone only weighs twenty-seven kilogrammes, but can support one hundred and ninety-six, more than seven times its weight. The Professor stated, that the loadstone, previously supposed to possess the greatest power, was one in London, which, however, could only hold a weight of fifty kilogrammes (100 lb.).

*Chess.*—It is the very game for a dull, drowsy, dreaming man, who bestows as much empty thought and idle patience upon the movements of his little pieces of bone, as if their progress involved the fate of a kingdom.—*Ritchie's Tour.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Date of Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. & Min. Max. Min.	Nom.		
Thur. 9 49 40	29.95	S.E.	Foggy.
Frid. 10 50 42	29.72	S.W.	Mist, A.M.
Sat. 11 52 42	29.97	S. to S.E.	Rain.
Sun. 12 53 42	28.73	S.E.	Rain, P.M.
Mon. 13 53 42	29.27	S. to S.W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 14 52 43	29.21	Drizzle.	Drizzle.
Wed. 15 51 43	29.05	S.E.	Rain, A.M.

*Prevailing Cloud.*—Cirrocumulus.  
Nights, for the greater part, fair. Mornings, for the greater part, rainy.

Mean temperature of the week, 46.5°. Greatest variation, 13°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.995.

Barometer increased on Wednesday, 22 minutes.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

National Education, as it exists in Prussia. Translated from the Official Report of M. Victor Cousin, Pair de France, Conseiller-d'état pour l'Instruction Publique, &c., by Sarah Austin, under the immediate direction of M. Cousin, with Original Matter.

A Series of Sermons on Good Principle and Good Breeding, by the Ettrick Shepherd.

The Geography of Sacred History Considered, &c., by Charles T. Heke, Esq.

Morris's Flora Conspicua, consisting of Sixty Coloured Engravings from Living Plants.

*Just published.*—Theory of the Constitution, by James R. Barnard, Esq. 8vo. 14s.—Annual Biography and Obituary, for 1834, 13s.—The Doctor, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12. 1s.—Newman's English and Hebrew Lexicon, 8vo. 12s.—Public Expenditure, apart from Taxation, by Daniel Wakefield, Esq. 8vo. 12s.—Hobart's Analysis of Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion, 4s.—O'Neill's Dictionary of Spanish Painters, Part 1, 8vo. 21s.—Tierson's History of Arundel, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 2l. 10s.—Tour in Greece, by R. M. Milnes, Esq. 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Contarini Fleming, by D'Israeli, the younger, 4 vols. 18mo. 18s.—Cockman's Tally's Office, 12mo. 3s.—Metrical Analysis of Euripides Hecuba and Medea, post 8vo. 3s. 6d. each.—Keightley's Tales and Popular Fictions, f. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Crosby's Builder's Price-Book, 1834, 4s.—Spicer's Poems, 'Last Evening of Cutania,' 12mo. 6s.—Welsh's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Sunday Lessons, by Mrs. Barwell, 3s.—Warrington's Chemical Tables, 3s.—Hodgson's Mythology for Verification, 12mo. 3s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The highly interesting report of the proceedings of the Geographical Society, and the very full abstract of the papers read at the Asiatic Society, compel us to defer, till next week, the report of the proceedings of the Medical-Botanical and the Geological Societies, and the Society of Arts; and as, at this time of the year, each week promises to bring its fair proportion of interest and information, we shall then give an extra half-sheet.

*Linere Amicus.*—O'N.—T. G.—G. S. B.—Unpublished Play.—H. W.—S.—Delta.—S. G.; received.

Left as desired for G. W.  
Any man may represent himself to be the proprietor of the 'Musical Keepsake.' The publishers of that work are known, and their servants are known—let the proprietor then, if the Writer be the proprietor, request his publishers to make application, and his request shall be complied with. We do not think the work worth one farthing, and therefore cannot be influenced in what we say, by any wish to retain it.

The Index and Title-page for last year's volume are given this day. As the few remaining copies will therefore be forthwith made up into volumes, we request subscribers will, at their earliest convenience, complete their acts.







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III.

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(J. HOLMES, TONK'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*The Writings of George Washington; being his Correspondence, Addresses, Messages, &c. By Jared Sparks. 8vo. London: Rich.*

THIS is a truly national work. Here America will find the materials for her history as a Republic, and all the admirers of a hero and pure patriot will see with satisfaction that they have worshipped one every way worthy. The Life of Washington, from the experienced pen of Mr. Jared Sparks, will form the first volume of the publication. The others, of which the second is before us, will be composed of his letters, domestic, military, and political, selected from no less than eighty volumes of correspondence, chiefly in the handwriting of Washington, or copied and arranged under his own eye. The judgment of the editor will find exercise in selecting such letters as show the character of the man and the condition of his country clearly and fully: he must not be afraid; timidity is a sin in such an undertaking; and we shall more readily forgive him for a volume too much than for one too few. We would almost advise that the whole eighty volumes should be printed at the expense of the Republic, and a copy deposited in the archives of each state.

The letters in the present volume extend over a period of twenty years—from 1754 till the commencement of hostilities with the mother country;—they are very various, but the calm spirit of Washington is impressed on all. We follow him in this correspondence from the age of twenty-two to forty-four, and find him ever alike; when quite a lad, he was as quiet, dignified, and dispassionate, as when he had triumphed over England, and sat President of his new Republic. No opposition ruffled his temper; no discourtesy disquieted his mind: in the hurry of a march he could pause, and be methodical; in the tumult of battle, he was serene, silent, and self-possessed. He had patience which nothing could subdue; courage which no danger could daunt; and a presence of mind fit for all emergencies. He generally saw the upshot of all undertakings before he began them; success never came unawares upon him; and victory itself seldom brought a smile to his lips.

Yet he by no means neglected his own affairs out of love for his country: his domestic management was a type of his administration. He was close, methodical, and economic; he stickled more than was seemly, while Colonel of the Virginian Militia, to have the same emoluments as a Colonel of the regular troops; and, though he offered to continue his services as a volunteer, it is plain that he considered the chief affront lay in being paid four guineas a week, instead of six. We find no fault with him for this; while on active service, defending the frontier of the province against the constant incursions of French and Indians, he deserved

what he desired. In the arrangements for feeding and clothing his raw levies, he displayed great knowledge and foresight; nor did he show less in the way he sent his tobacco to market, and superintended the pastoral and agricultural labours of his estate. The penmanship of his letters shows the man; they seem all written in perfect tranquillity—the hand is round and manly, and every letter fully shaped, and his own name signed so that all may read. A British officer told us, that he was present when Washington ratified the treaty of peace with England—all said something save Washington—he stood as calm and unmoved as a statue, and did what he had to do like a machine, rather than a man. In short, he was said never to have been perplexed but once, and that was how to deal with six Quakers, balloted to serve in the Virginian Militia. Washington heard with surprise and emotion of men who, when the enemy was laying waste their homes, “would neither bear arms, work, receive provisions or pay, nor do anything even that tended to self-defence.” He imprisoned them at once.

We find Washington a Colonel of Militia at the age of twenty-two; he was a native of the province, and was well connected, and, better still, the leading men of the land reposed full confidence in his capacity. Before he marched to the frontiers, he had a controversy with Governor Dinwiddie—a stiff old Scotchman, on the subject of rank and pay. They seem to have been well matched.

“Giving up my commission, says Washington, is quite contrary to my intention. Nay, I ask it as a greater favour, than any amongst the many I have received from your Honour, to confirm it to me. But let me serve voluntarily; then I will, with the greatest pleasure in life, devote my services to the expedition without any other reward, than the satisfaction of serving my country; but to be slaving dangerously for the shadow of pay, through woods, rocks, mountains,—I would rather prefer the great toil of a daily laborer, and dig for a maintenance, provided I were reduced to the necessity, than serve upon such ignoble terms; for I really do not see why the lives of his Majesty's subjects in Virginia should be of less value, than of those in other parts of his American dominions; especially when it is well known, that we must undergo double their hardship. . . . There is nothing, Sir, I believe, more certain, than that the officers in the Canada expedition had British pay allowed, while they were in the service. Lieutenant Waggener, Captain Trent, and several others, whom I have conversed with on that head, and who were engaged in that expedition, affirm it for truth. Therefore, Sir, as this cannot be allowed, suffer me to serve as a volunteer, which, I assure you, will be the next reward to British pay; for, as my services, so far as I have knowledge, shall equal those of the best officer, I make it a point of honor not to serve for less, or accept a medium.”

These matters were anything but settled to Washington's satisfaction; nor did his

masters please him much more: the men deserted; the officers were remiss, and loved pleasure; nor did the government aid him by sending seasonable or necessary supplies. His complaints are written in plain language:

“In the next place, I have orders to complete my regiment, and not a sixpence is sent for that purpose. Can it be imagined, that subjects fit for this service, who have been so much impressed with, and alarmed at, our want of provisions, which was a main objection to enlisting before, will more readily engage now without money, than they did before with it? We were then from the 1st of February till the 1st of May, and could not complete our three hundred men by forty; and the officers suffered so much by having their recruiting expenses withheld, that they have unanimously refused to engage in that duty again, unless they are repaid for the past, and a sufficient allowance is made to them in future. To show you the state of the regiment, I have sent you a report by which you will perceive what great deficiencies there are of men, arms, tents, kettles, screws (which was a fatal want before), bayonets, cartouch-boxes, and every thing else. Again, were our men ever so willing to go, for want of the proper necessaries of life they are unable to do it. The chief part are almost naked, and scarcely a man has either shoes, stockings, or a hat. These things the merchants will not credit them for. The country has made no provision; they have not money themselves; and it cannot be expected, that the officers will engage for them again, personally, having suffered greatly on this head already; especially, now when we have all the reason in the world to believe, that they will desert whenever they have an opportunity. There is not a man that has a blanket to secure him from cold or wet. Ammunition is a material article, and that is to come from Williamsburg, or wherever the governor can procure it. An account must be first sent of the quantity which is wanted; this, added to the carriage up, with the necessary tools, that must be had, as well as the time for bringing them round, will, I believe, advance us into that season, when it is usual, in more moderate climates, to retreat into winter-quarters, but here, with us, to begin a campaign.”

He resigned his commission, and returned to Mount Vernon. General Braddock arrived, and having heard of the courage and skill of Washington, made him his Aide-de-Camp in that unfortunate expedition, which ended in the defeat and death of that brave, bold, rash man. The American soon perceived the faults of his chief: he accuses him of want of temper; that he argued every disputed point with warmth, and stuck to what he asserted, though “incompatible with reason or common sense.” Here is Washington's description of the battle in a letter to his mother:—

“We marched to that place, without any considerable loss, having only now and then a straggler picked up by the French and scouting Indians. When we came there, we were attacked by a party of French and Indians; whose number, I am persuaded, did not exceed three hundred men; while ours consisted of about one thousand three hundred well-armed troops, chiefly regular soldiers, who were struck with



such a panic, that, they behaved with more cowardice than it is possible to conceive. The officers behaved gallantly, in order to encourage their men, for which they suffered greatly, there being near sixty killed and wounded; a large proportion of the number we had.

"The Virginia troops showed a good deal of bravery, and were nearly all killed; for I believe, out of three companies that were there, scarcely thirty men are left alive. Captain Peyrouny, and all his officers down to a corporal, were killed. Captain Polson had nearly as hard a fate, for only one of his was left. In short, the dastardly behaviour of those they call regulars exposed all others, that were inclined to do their duty, to almost certain death; and, at last, in despite of all the efforts of the officers to the contrary, they ran, as sheep pursued by dogs, and it was impossible to rally them.

"The General was wounded, of which he died three days after. Sir Peter Halket was killed in the field, where died many other brave officers. I luckily escaped without a wound, though I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me. Captains Orme and Morris, two of the aides-de-camp, were wounded early in the engagement, which rendered the duty harder upon me, as I was the only person then left to distribute the General's orders, which I was scarcely able to do, as I was not half recovered from a violent illness, that had confined me to my bed and a wagon for above ten days."

At the age of twenty-four, Washington resumed the command of the Virginian Militia, and was directed to co-operate with the regular troops to repel the incursions of the French and the Indian tribes along a rough line of difficult frontier. It was the plan of the government to accomplish this by establishing a continuous chain of regular forts, twenty-three in number, extending from the Potomac river to the borders of North Carolina, each under an independent commander. Washington disliked the plan, and said, that the soldiers would grow remiss, and be destroyed by the wily Indians. The result was nearly as he predicted. The garrisons were eluded, or massacred, and the miseries of the unhappy province reached a height which wrung this touching letter from Washington to Governor Dinwiddie:—

"Your Honor may see to what unhappy straits the distressed inhabitants and myself are reduced. I am too little acquainted, Sir, with pathetic language to attempt a description of the people's distresses, though I have a generous soul, sensible of wrongs, and swelling for redress. But what can I do? I see their situation, know their danger, and participate their sufferings, without having it in my power to give them further relief, than uncertain promises. In short, I see inevitable destruction in so clear a light, that, unless vigorous measures are taken by the Assembly, and speedy assistance sent from below, the poor inhabitants that are now in forts, must unavoidably fall, while the remainder are flying before the barbarous foe. In fine, the melancholy situation of the people, the little prospect of assistance, the gross and scandalous abuses cast upon the officers in general which is reflecting upon me in particular, for suffering misconduct of such extraordinary kinds, and the distant prospect, if any, of gaining honor and reputation in the service,—cause me to lament the hour, that gave me a commission, and would induce me, at any other time than this of imminent danger, to resign, without one hesitating moment, a command, from which I never expect to reap either honor or benefit; but, on the contrary, have almost an absolute certainty of incurring displeasure below, while

the murder of helpless families may be laid to my account here!"

The Virginian Militia incurred the displeasure of their Colonel less by laxity of discipline than by other errors; he knew how to reprimand them as well as rebuke his subordinate officers:—

"Colonel Washington has observed, that the men of his regiment are very profane and reprobate. He takes this opportunity to inform them of his great displeasure at such practices, and assures them, that, if they do not leave them off, they shall be severely punished. The officers are desired, if they hear any man swear, or make use of an oath or execration, to order the offender twenty-five lashes immediately, without a court-martial. For the second offence, he will be more severely punished."

"To a captain he also wrote, about the same time;—Your suffering such clamors among the men argues very great remissness in you. I imagined your being put there over them was partly with an intent to keep them quiet and passive, but this express, sent purely to humour them, would indicate that you are afraid to do your duty. Let me tell you, in your own words, that 'I was very much surprised' at the contents of your letter, written in such a commanding style. And your demands were so express and peremptory, that the direction was the only thing, which gave me the least room to suspect it could be written to any but John Roe, or some other of your menial servants."

He had other causes of complaint—all of which he sets forth in a letter to the Earl of London:—

"And now, before I conclude, I must beg leave to add, that my unwearied endeavours are inadequately rewarded. The orders I receive are full of ambiguity. I am left, like a wanderer in the wilderness, to proceed at hazard. I am answerable for consequences, and blamed, without the privilege of defence. This, my Lord, I beg leave to declare, is at present my situation. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at, if, under such peculiar circumstances, I should be sick of a service, which promises so little of a soldier's reward. I have long been satisfied of the impossibility of continuing in this service, without loss of honor. Indeed, I was fully convinced of it before I accepted the command the second time, seeing the cloudy prospect before me; and I did for this reason reject the offer, until I was ashamed any longer to refuse, not caring to expose my character to public censure. The solicitations of the country overcame my objections, and induced me to accept it."

Washington disliked his position in the militia; he was treated coldly and unkindly by the governor of the province; he was put under the controul of regular officers, whose merits were not at all equal to his own, and who were ignorant of the nature of a contest in the woods with an invisible enemy. He resigned his commission at the age of twenty-six; was elected a member of the Virginian Assembly, and took his seat amidst applause, which disconcerted and astonished him. Robinson welcomed him, in the name of the Assembly, with a warmth of colouring and strength of expression which he had not been accustomed to; he strove to return his thanks, but could not; "Sit down, George Washington," said the Speaker, "your modesty is equal to your valour."

From this time he busied himself with the cultivation of tobacco upon his estate, and the civil affairs of the province. On the 6th of January, 1759, he married Martha Custis, widow of Daniel Parke Custis, and daughter of John Dandridge, and we hear little more

of him till the war with Britain summoned him to a higher destiny. But he was not idle; he overlooked nothing;—he gives, in one letter, instructions about the sale of the produce of his grounds; in another, a description of new clothes, which he requests his brother to procure; and his wife's son having got entangled in a love affair, the cold, the formal Washington, addresses the father of the young lady on the subject. This letter shows the good sense and the good feeling of the illustrious writer: we give a part:—

"I am now set down to write to you on a subject of importance, and of no small embarrassment to me. My son-in-law and ward, Mr. Custis, has, as I have been informed, paid his addresses to your second daughter, and, having made some progress in her affections, has solicited her in marriage. How far a union of this sort may be agreeable to you, you best can tell; but I should think myself wanting in candour, were I not to confess, that Miss Nelly's amiable qualities are acknowledged on all hands, and that an alliance with your family will be pleasing to his."

"This acknowledgment being made, you must permit me to add, Sir, that at this, or in any short time, his youth, inexperience, and unripe education, are, and will be, insuperable obstacles, in my opinion, to the completion of the marriage. As his guardian, I conceive it my indispensable duty to endeavour to carry him through a regular course of education (many branches of which, I am sorry to add, he is totally deficient in), and to guard his youth to a more advanced age before an event, on which his own peace and the happiness of another are to depend, takes place. Not that I have any doubt of the warmth of his affections, nor, I hope I may add, any fears of a change in them; but at present I do not conceive that he is capable of bestowing that attention to the important consequences of the married state, which is necessary to be given by those, who are about to enter into it, and of course I am unwilling he should do it till he is. If the affection, which they have avowed for each other, is fixed upon a solid basis, it will receive no diminution in the course of two or three years, in which time he may prosecute his studies, and thereby render himself more deserving of the lady and useful to society. If, unfortunately, as they are both young, there should be an abatement of affection on either side, or both, it had better precede than follow marriage."

To the letters in this volume Mr. Sparks has added valuable notes; nor will the Appendix be perused without interest. We hope the work, since the venture has been made here, will be encouraged; and we shall look with no little anxiety for the biography, which, we are glad to observe, will be contained in the reasonable compass of a volume.

*Allan Breck.* By the Author of 'The Subaltern,' &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

There is merit of various kinds in these volumes; yet all the merits resolve themselves into the simple fact of the absence of trickery and clap-trapery. The story is one of considerable interest, and the subject quite as worthy of the immortality of fiction as Eugene Aram. Allan Breck is not, as Eugene Aram was, a convicted murderer; but little doubt can remain on the reader's mind that he was an actual murderer. Selfishness and recklessness are his characteristics, which are painted strongly, though not

grossly, and we are not surprised at any enormities of which he may be guilty. The chief merit of the story is, that it is a story—a tale—assuming not the aspect of history, nor affecting the profundities of philosophy; it has, indeed, a historical epoch, to which it adheres with fidelity, and it may have a philosophical verity; but we are not quite sure, that its characteristic delineations are guided invariably by the spirit of calm and accurate observation. The author may have read nature, but he certainly has read books,—and these too often stand in the way between truth and the eye of the mind. He describes scenery well; but that has been done before as well, and the scenery puts one in mind of books. His exhibition of character is also anything but analytical, and not always satisfactory. But he seems so much taken up with the story as to mind nothing else, and we cannot deny that, in this line of writing, there is more real merit in making readers interested in the adventures of the individuals introduced, than in any profoundly ingenious analysis of human character, or in any anatomical view of human motives. The character which most of all lays hold of our interest for its unrehearsed hardness, is that of Mrs. Macdianmid, the hero's mother—at once most natural and most unnatural;—most unnatural, in that she has no relents of mercy towards an amiable niece, whose abduction she procures for the sake of her own profligate son; and yet most natural, in that all her heartlessness towards others is owing to the intense and blind love for her own unworthy son, to whose vices her maternal eye is blind with a most ingenious motherly perversity. In the exhibition of this character there is, if in any part of the volumes, a display of a curious, though not uncommon truth, in the history of the human mind, and it is this—that those accidents which most repel the love of others do most attract the love of a parent—especially a mother. A father may be proud of a child's virtues; but it is the mother that loves him in spite of his vices: she will, as long as she can, deny their existence; and when she can no longer do that, she will pardon them, and scarcely abhor them, for the sake of him who commits them. We have no inclination to analyze the story; but, for the elucidation of our remarks, we will just state, that Allan Breck had been a fine, handsome-looking youth, up to the age of eighteen, at which time he had the small pox, which not only destroyed his beauty, but made him an absolute fright, and this he took so much to heart, that he became as profligate as he was hideous, and his pretty cousin Marcelly would love him no more. Whether she ever loved him at all, does not very clearly appear. Like many other profligate young gentlemen, he represented all his irregularities to spring from a disappointed affection, and that he should be restored to regularity of demeanour, could he but have the hand and heart of her whom he loved. This hideous profligate, odious to all else, is loved by his mother to a degree of intensity strong in proportion to the disgust which others felt towards him. This we regard as the boldest and strongest feature of the book, and, to tell a bold truth concerning humanity, is a mark of genius. For the rest, the work is rather commonplace; it goes over old ground, exhibits scenery that we have seen

before, characters not new, and in attitudes not new. We give an extract in which truth seems to predominate over beauty:—

"It was on a bracing December night, the ten o'clock drum having just begun to beat, and the closes, lanes, and alleys of Auld Reekie still affording a few minutes of safe passage to the loungers, when Allan, who had sat later than usual at a debauch, entered the Pandemonium in Carrubber's Close, where he had already spent so much of his time. It was an under-ground flat, to which the victim descended by a flight of stone steps, so narrow, that two persons could not by possibility pass one another, and so steep, that the slightest blunder of footing must have precipitated him to the bottom. To the uninitiated it presented the appearance of an ordinary oyster-cellar; that is to say, a mean apartment, fitted up with one or two coarse tables, on which stood large dishes of pandores, received the stray wanderer to a rude hospitality—but the secrets of the place lay beyond. Allan, indeed, scarcely paused to look around him as he traversed this exterior banquetting hall; but passing through a doorway in rear of the counter, entered at once upon a totally different scene.

"On each side of a long passage ran a suite of two rooms, furnished solely with the view of accommodating the lovers of sport. One, containing a billiard-table, was lighted, according to immemorial usage, by means of sconces fastened round the walls; in another, dice and dominoes, with their usual accompaniments, prevailed; the remaining two were set apart for the convenience of such gentlemen as might prefer the more scientific diversion of cards. They were, one and all, mean and filthy to the greatest extent. Chairs, broken in the backs, deal tables, stools, and forms, composed the furniture of these apartments. The floors were bare, except that a coat of sand crimped beneath the feet; the walls and ceiling were black and dingy—a hue to which the incessant smouldering of tallow candles could hardly fail to bring them; while the atmosphere, made up of every conceivable mixture of horrid airs, struck to the vitals of him who encountered it. Yet Lucky Bawden's in Carrubber's Close constituted, an hundred years ago, the most fashionable place of resort to the routés of the Scottish capital; vice appearing there, and claiming her votaries, not as now disguised under the garb of refinement, but in her native deformity and coarseness.

"Neither dice nor billiards presented any attractions to Allan, who cast but a passing glance at the players, and walked forward to the card-rooms. He entered the nearest, but found that every table was occupied, by men whose flushed countenances and breathless silence told how engrossing was the interest attached to their respective pursuits. Somewhat chagrined, and not without apprehension that he had lingered too long over the supper table, he hurried on, and pushing open the second door, looked round. There was one table vacant here, and one only, beside which five or six gentlemen were collected, as if undetermined whether to take their seats or to abstain. Allan advanced, for the purpose of sharing in their deliberations, which he would have decided at once, by proposing a game at brag; but a second glance showed him that both Hatfield and the strange Englishman were among them. A sudden quail came over him as his eye rested on the figure of the former, and he stopped short.

"'You are in excellent time,' observed Hatfield, addressing himself to Allan; 'we were just about to commence operations without you. Brag, too, your own brag, is the order of the night; so come and take your seat among us.' Allan did not feign, for he really felt a strong disinclination to accept the challenge. Never, since the commencement of his novel style of play, had he encountered Hatfield, under whose

sardonic gaze, indeed, he more than once felt his courage quail; and even now, though the single choice lay between doing so and standing idle, he hung back. Nevertheless, the raillery of his friends prevailed—he sat down next to Hatfield, and disguising the agitation which he found it impossible wholly to suppress, gave up his attention, as well as he could, to the progress of the game.

"For some time fortune appeared to deal out her favours with great impartiality. Men won and lost again, according as chance directed; and Allan, like the rest, could count on few gains, till the spirits of the party rising with the progress of the game, bets were doubled and trebled without hesitation. Cautiously, yet with lynx-eyed care, Allan watched his opportunity. The reader need not be told that there is no game upon the cards which gives to the dealer greater facilities of cheating, undetected, than brag. Allan turned these to the very best account. Repeatedly the ace of diamonds turned up to his own hand, when the odds had been taken largely that no such occurrence would befall; and more than once it occurred that a pair of aces fell to his share, even when others distributed the cards. It was not to be wondered at if Allan's confidence should increase in exact proportion to his success. He played more and more boldly, called for brandy-punch, of which he drank a considerable portion, and followed up his course of victory with great effect, till his gains amounted to something not far short of the sum which would have sufficed to clear up the accounts between himself and Hatfield. The goal was thus brought distinctly within view, and in order to insure its attainment, Allan urged his Pegasus to its last degree of speed.

"It so happened that throughout the evening's entertainment, Hatfield had uniformly backed Allan in all his wagers. Allan now challenged Hatfield with reference to a hand which he was himself about to deal, and the other accepted the challenge, to the amount of all his adversary's winnings. The deal proceeded. The players had secured each his two cards—the third was in the act of distribution—indeed all, except Hatfield and Allan himself, had been supplied, when the former leaning towards the dealer, said in a low whisper, 'Beware!' Allan shook in his chair. He cast a hurried glance towards the speaker, whose eagle-eye watched him with an acuteness not to be deceived; and after a vain effort to recover his self-command, went on with the game. Hatfield's card was high—it was the ace of clubs—decidedly the best that had been thrown; and, as was usual on the occurrence of such a piece of good luck, a murmur, expressive of different passions, burst from the lookers on. Again Hatfield took advantage of the momentary confusion. 'It won't do with me, throw away your hoarded diamond, or I will expose you!' This was uttered in a suppressed tone, yet it penetrated the brain of the listener like an arrow. He did drop his hoarded diamond, and turning up a five of hearts, saw his gains pass on the instant, into the possession of his former creditor. Allan's senses became confused. He gasped for breath, and leaning back in his chair, remained, for the space of three seconds, totally unconscious of all that was passing around him."

We repeat our opinion, that this work is interesting for its story: it is written in a pleasant style, and the author is not an adept in the art of ingeniously tormenting; he is merciful to his readers, for when he brings his pretty heroine into a scrape, he speedily rescues her. It is perhaps a fault in ourselves, but we certainly do not feel very deeply interested in the heroine—we are told that she is

pretty, and we have no doubt of it; but we think that she wanted heart—we do not see her character definitively; we only know her by name; we should not know her if we were to meet her in society. This is a fault; for we cannot sympathize with Allan Breck's loss of her love, for want of knowing what his loss was.

*Excursions in the Holy Land, Egypt, Nubia, Syria, &c.* By John Madox, Esq. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

We have glanced hastily over these volumes: the author seems no timid adventurer. He has not hesitated to go into Greece while the land was afflicted with war, nor into Nubia, while the Arabs were invaded by their Egyptian oppressors. A man who could do this, and who lives to relate it, must be accounted not only bold, but lucky; for he ran a threefold chance of death, from climate, treachery, and war. Of his visit to Sicily, or his travels in Greece, we mean to say little; for we are become as familiar with those regions as we are with the Isle of Thanet, and the green hills of Wales. We have even a model of the 'Forked Hill,' and what artist has not exhibited the Maid of Athens? Nay, we may almost say the same of Lower Egypt;—not so of Upper Egypt and Nubia: the gentle feet of ordinary travellers dreaded the desert, and we cannot but express our acknowledgments to Mr. Madox for having ventured so far into regions but partially known, and for determining to lay his adventures before us in the shape of two handsome volumes.

Having penetrated to Kardassi, our traveller resolved to go in search of remains of towers and temples. He first visited Deboudy, with its temple of three porticos; but, knowing something more magnificent was at hand, he proceeded.

"We now arrived at the place of our search—the island of Philoe, with its majestic temples. All was silence, save the murmuring of the distant waterfalls at the cataract. The cangea was fastened to the banks a little below a well-built and large square temple. The first object that attracted the eye was the remains of a beautiful colonnade of massy columns, five being left on one side, and four on the other. Its magnificent appearance gives an air of elegance to the whole. The island is small, and may be said to be literally covered with buildings. Passing this beautiful colonnade, and over fragments of pottery, unburnt bricks, and remains of old mud walls (for there had evidently been some Arab huts built on this spot), I came to a side entrance, built of stones of vast thickness, and covered with coloured hieroglyphics both inside and out; the colours still retaining some of their original brightness. Through this I passed into a long avenue or oblong square. On my right hand was the majestic propylon of this noble and magnificent structure; on the left I was agreeably surprised to find a beautiful colonnade of thirty-six columns, which you do not see till you enter this place, extending nearly to the river's edge. There are thirty columns of one size in a regular line, and six smaller ones. Opposite to them are sixteen only. The thirty are on one side of the island, and form a pleasant walk, being covered with stones of considerable thickness, and this side of it is protected from the torrents that occasionally come down, by a stone wall of great strength, as are also the front and other parts. Mud huts have disfigured the top of this covered way, and the sixteen columns are half

hidden by the rubbish and large stones which are part of the colonnade.

"At the end of this once charming elysium the prospect is most grand and refreshing. As I looked directly up the far-stretching stream that I had so lately descended, I had a view of the mosque, and the banks green with corn on one side, and the high granite mountains on the other. As usual, the sky was of a heavenly deep blue. The *tout-ensemble* was indeed enchantment itself, and I confess I felt much regret that I had no one to whom I could disclose my heart-felt delight. Under this shady retreat I wandered some time, pondering on the singularity of my situation, till I came back to the entrance of the grand temple, which is of prodigious thickness and height, and seems built for eternity. The figures on the walls are of gigantic dimensions, spiritedly cut. The colours still remain. In the front and near this grand entrance, are two large hiero-sphinxes of granite, but they are without heads and much mutilated.

"As I was alone, and a little *penseroso*, my men being on board resting themselves, I sat down on a stone in the entrance-way, and, observing something inscribed on the side directly facing me, I copied it literally.

L'an 6 de la République,  
Le 13 Messidor.  
Une armée française commandée par Bonaparte  
Est descendue à Alexandrie.  
L'armée ayant mis, vingt jours après,  
Les Mamelouks en fuite  
Aux Pyramides,  
Dessaix, commandant la première division,  
Les a pourvus au-delà des Cataractes,  
Ou il est arrivé le 13 Ventose de l'an 7.  
Les Généraux de Brigade  
Davoust, Friant, de Belliard,  
D'Onzelot chef de tout major,  
Latour pous. comm. de l'Artillerie,  
Eppier chef de la 21me Légion.  
Le 13 Ventose, an 7 de la République,  
3 Mars an de Jn. Cal. 1799.

Grave par Carlet, Sculpteur.

"I then entered a small handsome square, having a colonnade of small pillars on each side. On the right there were ten, and on the left, only seven pillars; these supporting a roof, formed a piazza, the walls of which were covered with hieroglyphical sculpture. On the left hand, between the pillars, was a figure playing on a musical instrument like a harp, with ten strings; and at the end of this passage, on the right, was a dog holding a dagger in his paw, and having a tail resembling a snake's head, the lotus-flower growing behind. Passing on through a thick doorway, I entered an apartment, where are ten noble pillars, measuring fourteen feet round, covered with hieroglyphics, and painted in vivid colours, particularly the capitals. The ceiling was of an exceedingly bright blue colour, sprinkled with brilliant stars. Doors are on each side, leading into other but smaller chambers. Pigeons and sparrows in vast numbers had taken up their abode here.

"Passing through the front door, we came to four small rooms in the front, there being others on each side leading up small staircases into more apartments of still less dimensions. The whole had been covered with hieroglyphics, most of which were defaced. Great pains and trouble had evidently been taken to obliterate the faces, but a great part remains, for where the hammer or chisel has been used, the place is only made more conspicuous, and the shape of the figure remains.

Here is a picture of another kind:—

"Oct. 6.—Esneh is a large town, but in a ruinous state, standing rather high, which saves it from the Nile: it contains a few cannon and some Turks. I walked about unattended, saw three or four very large ostriches, and, accompanied by my servant, went to the remains of a very large temple, walled in, and much con-

cealed by the débris around it. On my return to the cangea, a group arrived, consisting of a musician and a dancer—the former, a man, singing and beating a kind of tambourine, to which the latter, a young jet-black girl, was dancing. She had on only one covering or chemise, with a handkerchief tied round her waist; she was fancifully ornamented with an abundance of coins, and had also many ornaments round her neck and arms, with rings on every finger, and a sort of copper or brass castanets on her thumbs. The dancing consisted only in twisting herself about in an extraordinary manner, occasionally twirling round, grinning, and showing her fine white teeth. Another band then arrived, to whom I was obliged to give a backshish, or present, to get rid of them, finding I had paid the first party too well."

The author describes, not ungracefully, the appearance of the Nubians:—

"We next arrived at the first cataract, or Es-Sheilaule, and halted at the village, surrounded as usual by dates, and with numbers of its young, naked, and black population running about on the sands. As I advanced, I found the natives became darker, approaching to black; those that come from Dongola are quite black, and are a hardy race of people. Ascending one of the neighbouring granite mountains, the view from the summit presented to me numbers of mountains, as if thrown about confusedly, and torrents rushing in all directions. I walked among the hovels, most of which had only a doorway, followed by the children, amongst whom I had distributed some paras, which dispelled the fear wherewith they at first beheld me. The women, old and young, some of them squatting on the calves of their legs, were dispersed under the shade of trees, near their huts, while some were bringing fowls, pigeons, and eggs for us to purchase. These females are tall and slim, generally talkative, and well made, with good teeth, but the under lip is made to look horridly blue and projecting. The hair is platted and twisted so as to hang in coils all round the head, those on the forehead being shorter; these, when they are engaged in the delicate amusement of freeing themselves from vermin, are moved successively for the purpose. The dress consists of a loose robe only, but they have two or three different sorts of ornaments round the wrist, and some above the elbow, with rings on their fingers and thumb; and one I observed wearing a ring with a stone set in it, passed through the right side of the nose. One, above the rest, possessed fine laughing eyes and good features; her pigeons were of course purchased, and I gave a backshish to the infant she carried in her arms. They appeared less reserved, and did not wear the veil as in Lower Egypt. Many others, appearing very young, had infants in their arms, whom, in their simplicity, regardless of the presence of the stranger, they were applying to their breasts. An old hag, and I never saw a much worse-looking fury in my life, commenced singing, making them all laugh, as I thought, at my expense."

We had marked for quotation a passage from the expedition of Achmet Pacha against the rebels of Nubia, but we must omit it till next number, when we shall have a word or two to say more about the merits of the work.

#### THE ROXBURGHE REVELS. (MS.)

[Concluding Article.]

Mr. Haslewood and the Roxburghe Club will receive their *coup de grace* this week; and we shall be most happy to have done with, as well as done for, both.

We are heartily sick of the detail of mere sensual indulgence, and shall hereafter touch as little as possible upon the gormandizing



propensities of the Roxburghers. We cannot, however, omit all reference to the subject, inasmuch as we have undertaken to give an account of the proceedings of the Club, and eating and drinking appears to have been with them the *verum omnium primum*—the “be-all, and the end all”—in proof, having cast our eyes once again over the different tavern bills, we find, that since its first institution, up to the date to which we are now arrived, 1826, “the Lions of Literature” had spent upwards of 1000*l.* upon feeding and guzzling only. In addition, however, they had laid out 2*l.* 2*s.* upon a tablet to the memory of Caxton!

Jaquier being, apparently, in eternal disgrace for the “trumpety concern” mentioned in our last, and Grillon and others having probably refused to take in the Club any longer, a move, or (to speak technically, like our author’s “culinary cook”), a *déménagement* was made to Freemason’s Tavern, and Mr. Caff agreed to give “a three-course dinner off plate,” to include turtle and dessert, at a guinea per head, calculating, we suppose, upon making up his loss by the wine. Haslewood—in a passion of enthusiasm on this occasion—breaks out into poetry:—

Brave was the banquet, the red red juice,  
Hilarity’s gift sublime,  
Invoking the heart to kindred use,  
And bright’ning halo of time.

He does not, however, furnish any information as to the actual cost of this “brave banquet,” only observing, that “every one appeared gratified and satisfied,” but adding, that “the record of particulars of the *grab* and the guinea” must be reserved to a future occasion. Had he inserted the particulars, we should have omitted them, in order that we might advert more in detail to the steps taken by the Club regarding the publication of the highly curious and intrinsically valuable poem, ‘Havelock the Dane.’

Experience had proved over and over again that the reprints made by the members of the Club, and under their own superintendence, with a very few exceptions, were worth nothing—that they were mere waste paper, and paper wasted. Sir F. Madden (then Mr. Madden, and Conservator of the MSS. in the British Museum) was dining with Lord Spencer, when the resolution of the Club, adopted at the previous anniversary, was brought under discussion; and Sir F. Madden mentioned, that he had recently discovered the long-lost poem of ‘Havelock the Dane’ in the Bodleian Library. It immediately struck Lord Spencer and some other members of the Roxburghe Club, who were present, that it was exactly the sort of thing that was wanted; and a Committee having been appointed to take the subject into consideration, they resolved in the affirmative, and at the “anniversary” of the 31st of May, 1827, it was proposed and agreed, that ‘Havelock the Dane’ should be printed, and that the impression, instead of being like the Club books, confined to thirty-five copies, should be extended to eighty. Here, therefore, were symptoms of improvement in the nature and value of the work to be printed—in the enlargement of the means of circulation—and in the choice of the person who was to have the care of the undertaking. It was agreed that the whole should be intrusted to Sir F. Madden: and now let us insert what our distinguished author of the ‘Roxburghe Re-

vels’ says upon the subject. He disliked the innovation; and, above all, he disliked that a person, who was not a member of the Club, should be employed to superintend the impression. It is clear that Haslewood had hoped for the editorship himself, notwithstanding his notorious and glaring incompetence, and did not attend any of the meetings, in the expectation that he would be fixed upon; well knowing that, if he were present, such a proposition could hardly, with any regard to delicacy, be made.

#### “Havelock the Dane.”

“The entries on this subject will be as brief as propriety admits in an historical narrative. The printing of Havelock the Dane, if planned to enlarge was not completed to sustain the character of the Club; that is if its literary character may be believed something more than fancied and having virtual existence. To the point:—Thirty one members having run the round of each selecting and printing some particular work finally agree to select and print ‘a MS. of general interest’ at the expense of the Club: to accomplish this—what was the expedient? A MS., not discovered by a Member of the Club, was selected and an excerpt obtained, not furnished by the industry, or under inspection of any one Member; nor edited by a Member—but in fact after much pro and con, it was made a complete hirling concern, truly at the expense of the club, from the copying to the publishing. If the doubt which naturally presents itself, (looking at the public reputation of each member, as a literary man) whether every one was not indebted to auxiliary aid (as essential but excepting the printer) in the individual presentments can be parried by the fact of labours well known, an enquiry might arise as to the want of volunteer assistance in such an emergency to sustain the character of the club and shield it from the imputation of either indolence or impotency.—All slunk from a task, it must be supposed, that should have excited the cupidity of every member.—Those who sanctioned seemed entirely to forget the important semblance of the club, not willing, it is friendly to presume, to incur any labour, or responsibility.—A portion of the Absentees from the meetings held on this matter could not consistently from residence be present, while others voluntary absent may be found among those who value the honour of being a Member highly always provided, it demands no labour. The remainder of the 31 might absent from the bye meetings as knowing it not possible to stem wind and tide (especially if the first ruleth the latter) or to drop a proverbial apposite P. & VP.—Suffice—the end thrust as an appropriate lodgment, the notorious club of *Bibliomaniacs* into a Map—*den*. To effect this the Committee appointed 31st May 1827 recommended the printing of Havelock the Dane & a meeting held 31st May following, present Earl Spencer, Duke of Devonshire, Lord Althorp &c. &c. adopted certain resolutions not afterwards acted upon. A general meeting required by circular dated 1st Febr 1828 for Thursday the 7th at which was present Earl Spencer, T. Ponton, W. Bentham, J. H. Markland, E. V. Uttersen Esqrs, and the Rev. Dr. Dibdin who passed seven propositions to submit to a fuller attendance of the Members on Tuesday the 19th. On the latter day was present Earl Spencer Earl Gower, The Hon. & Rev. N. Grenville, Rev. W. H. Carr, G. Hibbert, T. Ponton, E. V. Uttersen, J. H. Markland, W. Bentham, Esqrs, & Rev. Dr. Dibdin, who unanimously resolved in the course of Eleven resolutions, to give to William Madden Esqrs. of the B. Museum 100*l.* for editing—that each Member pay for his own copy 6*s.* 6*d.* for an extra copy 2*s.* 2*d.* On the 25th of Oct. following obtained my copy, but the printed circular was not dated until the 4th Nov.—It

ought to have been delivered at the meeting of the club next narrated & the entry here of time of delivery out of chronological order, is to dismiss a subject of which it is hoped no similar one will find sanction hereafter from the Club.”

Here we see the Haslewood shine out in all his mild lustre: his mind was a perfect moonbeam, from its purity and its brightness. We have no inclination to comment on this quotation; but, just let the reader imagine a man who could so write, selected to be the editor of a work which required a knowledge, not only of English, but of Greek, Latin, German, old French, and Anglo-Saxon. Why, even the Roxburghe Club could not so grossly blunder as to appoint him; and, from his non-appointment, proceeded his disappointment. He gave vent to his vexation in the paragraphs we have cited, and he, moreover, stirred up a man, a little abler than himself (where could he find an inferior!), to put together some hasty “remarks” upon Sir F. Madden’s Glossary to ‘Havelock the Dane,’ which remarks, in some respects, seemed a happy imitation of Haslewood. He had hoped that his friend’s ‘Remarks’ would make Sir Frederick as mad as Dennis had been driven by the ‘Re-remarks upon Cato’; and it was certainly no proof of sanity that Sir Frederick condescended to answer. We have said thus much about ‘Havelock,’ because it is a work which, on the whole, does credit to the Club, and the Club has need of something to do it credit.

We give the body no praise for the election of Sir Walter Scott: he was a known lover of literary antiquities, besides being the first author of the age, and there could not be a moment’s hesitation in the choice. What must strike every one who knew our friend, or has read these papers, is the strangeness of the association of such men as “the Wizard of the North” and our would-be “Wizard of the South.” But we will pass this point, and proceed to the celebration of the 15th of May, 1828, at which Sir Walter Scott was for the first, and last, time present. He had quite enough of it: one day perfectly satisfied him; for, although he met on that occasion Earl Spencer, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Althorp, Lord Clive (elected of the Club on May 1st), Mr. Phelps, Mr. Markland, Mr. Towneley, and other accomplished gentlemen, Haslewood seems to have been a sort of “frog in the fire,” or a wet blanket, which cast a damp over the whole company: his uninformed dullness was like a cloud that overshadowed and oppressed. And here we must notice a peculiarity in the arrangement of the guests at table. Earl Spencer was in the chair, with the Duke of Devonshire on his right, and Sir Walter Scott on his left. Haslewood also sat to the right of the President, but it is singular that nobody would sit near him on the same side; and rather than do so, Mr. Markland and Mr. Ponton ranged themselves opposite, and thus destroyed altogether the equilibrium of the table. Everything shows that our friend was rather endured than liked: the wonder is, how he could be endured.

After assigning some reasons why only eighteen sat down to dinner, and mentioning that Sir Walter Scott had exhibited a work intended for distribution among the members, Haslewood thus, in his own inimitable style, describes the proceedings of the day:—

“The viands at three crowns per head only,

the wine ad valorem, might have satisfied a crown'd head, though of mere passing importance in life. If good viands please the mind and good wine gladdens the heart, their powers of exhilarating are easily diminished a slight indisposition or a temporal anxiety in worldly events ever tyrannize over cheerfulness and society, however select, cannot conquer however it may slightly ameliorate a depression of spirits. Our President laboured under the effect of a severe cold and the giant of the North had his power of amusement damped by the incertitude of the event of the dangerous illness of his grandson. These apparently personal matters may be minutely as a reason for the recent seeming scanty and of lesser importance than usual, considering who were present. A modified system seemed to arise from these circumstances and the conversation was in a more softened tone than customary at a convivial party and after a gentlemanly parlance of rather more than three hours, the Duke having gone to the King's ball, and others of the Upper House departed, the bill was called and exit."

It is very clear that "the Giant of the North" was grievously disappointed with his company, but it is quite as clear that Haslewood, "the Giant of the South," was disappointed too: a "modified system seemed to arise," and "the conversation was in a more softened tone than customary at a convivial party:" he means, of course, at a convivial party of Roxburghers, which, to use his own words on a former occasion, usually "combined all that Anacreon was famed for, tempered with the reason of Demosthenes, and intersected with the archness of Scaliger." We will not give our own interpretation of these expressions, nor say how much noise, vulgarity, or obscenity, were absent on the occasion to which we are now alluding, when Haslewood regrets that "viands at three crowns per head," and "wine, ad valorem," although, generally, "good viands please the mind [of a Roxburgher], and good wine gladdens the heart," failed to make Lord Spencer, the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Althorp, Lord Clive, and others, forget themselves in coarse carousings and obstreperous mirth. It is not unlikely that Sir Walter Scott was little disposed to converse unreservedly, and that the most capable members were influenced by the same feeling; but, it is not unlikely also, or, rather, it is most probable, that Haslewood could not understand half that was said, and could not recollect the half that he understood. We think that some of the other members present, such, for instance, as Mr. Markland, or Archdeacon Wrangham, could have given a very different version of the day's proceedings. We hope, indeed, that some better record has been preserved, and that Mr. Lockhart, when he publishes the promised Life of his father-in-law, will not be obliged to insert such trash as we have quoted.

The dinner was one of the most economical ever partaken of by the Club, the whole charge for eighteen members being only 38*l.*; whereas, when only fifteen, without a title among them, dined at the Albion in 1818, the charge, it will be remembered, was 85*l.* The Club-books were at a heavy discount in 1828, and Haslewood, balancing profit and loss, was content with moderate fare, and without being considered a "superlative." The tone of the whole Club was now lowered.

One proof of this alteration is the re-condescension of the Roxburghers to dine at the

Clarendon on June 23, 1829; for, though Mr. Cuff had given great satisfaction on two occasions, Freemason's Tavern was not looked upon as a genteel resort (at least, so says Haslewood, whose judgment in all matters of *biensance* is indisputable,) by some of the members; and it was thought a less indignity again to beg Jaquier's pardon, than to be guilty of visiting Great Queen Street. Haslewood was in one of his most sprightly veins, when he wrote as follows:—

"What Clarendon Hotel again. And by what chance came you there once more?—I am not a Free-Mason. The majority of those societies smatter much of the tap tub. The title and mystified insignia never *aspire* above handicraft classes and a sentiment of this description prevails sufficiently in Society to have an effect somewhat prejudicial to the tenant of the Freemason's Tavern.—It was discovered that in our very limited circle more than one member, absolutely objected and indeed mentioned their determination of never dining with the Club while the Meetings were held at that Tavern. The objection appeared strange and hardly to be credited, but by chance I discovered a Member that had expressed such determination to the V.P. He described the House as of an inferior character and unfit to be the haunt of gentlemen. This opinion seems to originate in the Hall being a place for meetings of Freemasons, and however policy entitles a few leading characters to take ostensible situations at Grand Meetings, there is not sufficient in the gilding to pass the common alloy into currency.—Be it as it will our V.P. once and again installed us at the Clarendon.

"Nothing singularly luxuriant to characterise the dinner, though something of novelty might have been reasonably expected to hail our return. It was bespoke for 14.—After Lord Spencer left the Chair, a rally round Holland and a fresh bottle quickened the tarrying spirits to mirth and good fellowship and all would have passed in good keeping but unfortunately the appetite vamped up a claim to something eatable and a 'broiled bone' became the object needed and what so easy to obtain at a Tavern.—Ring the bell.—Give the order.—To the astonishment of all present, lo, the old answer 'No Fire alight.'—It is alleged that some men benefit by experience, Mr. Jaquier appears an exception."

The fact seems to be, that Jaquier might now do what he liked with the humbled Club, especially as the dinner bill had been so cut down as to amount to only 33*l.* 4*s.* They had been driven about from pillar to post, and from post to pillar: "the world was all before them," and *nowhere* "to choose," so that they were compelled to put up with the accommodation Jaquier thought fit to give them. This remark will equally apply to the anniversary of 12th of May, 1830, and the members had been taught better than at 12 o'clock at night to require an anchovy toast: "no hue and cry (says our author) after a broiled bone." The President, and the most distinguished members of the Club, of course, knew nothing of the airs Jaquier gave himself, and the whole affair seems to have been managed between Dr. Dibdin and Haslewood. Either they had some private reasons for adhering to Jaquier (we mean nothing offensive), or they found nothing objectionable or unusual, so far as they were concerned, in the insolence of an hotel-keeper. They seem to have been used to it.

For brevity, we have always called the annual meetings of the Club anniversaries, on whatever day they might be held, but the inconvenience of constant changes in this

respect having been felt, a resolution had been adopted on the 8th of June, 1829, that the dinner should always take place on the first Thursday in May. Nevertheless, it was not adhered to on the very first occasion, and the assembly of 1830 took place on Wednesday, the 12th of May. Mr. Phelps, for some reason or other, could not then attend, and Mr. Bentham being a musical "Lion" (like that celebrated in the German Popular Tales), and a subscriber to the Antient Concerts, preferred to treat his ears rather than his palate, especially as Jaquier was again to provide. Haslewood laments the changes in the days of dining; for, as he sagely observes, "in all the ventures of life, certainty is the most eligible," especially the certainty of getting or going without a dinner, and we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting the following character of Dr. Dibdin from his immortal pen. We are sure that the Doctor will feel much obliged to his lamented friend for having left it upon record, that he is "as lively as a lark, as restless as a squirrel," and that he "seldom appears to imbibe an opinion staid and absolute." To Dr. Dibdin, Haslewood imputes the vacillation we have mentioned.

"Such a succession of comparative uncertainty is enough to mar the meetings of any Society and in particular one predisposed to be well regulated and acting upon certainty, for in all the ventures of life certainty is the most eligible. Unfortunately the record has one in appearance of anything but bearing that character. To attempt to fix blame would be invidious otherwise our volatile V.P. might be found the founder of the error (if it is one) as he seldom appears to imbibe an opinion staid and absolute, such as can live thro' years. Lively as a lark, restless as a squirrel; always in high spirits (even to the envy of those around him,) and therefore seldom considering of results and ever believing he thinks right, from undeviating rectitude of thought, concludes all must be right as far as he is concerned. I note this fearing the error has shook the foundation of the Roxburgh Club."

Our illustrious annalist's grammar and spelling are both conspicuous in this choice extract, and we never shall cease to wonder how it was possible for the rest of the Club to associate upon any terms with such a mass of ignorant presumption. This is a question we have asked before, and we should like to have it answered. What on earth had Haslewood to recommend him? We can discover in a moment why the company of a man like the Rev. E. C. Hawtrey, a gentleman, a scholar, one acquainted with many European languages, and with a mind stored from all sources of knowledge, should be eagerly sought, and we are not surprised, therefore, at his election in June, 1831, to fill the vacancy on the death of the Rev. W. Holwell Carr; but here again, how was it possible to put Mr. Hawtrey in contact with Haslewood? If not forewarned, how he must have stared on the anniversary of the 24th of May, 1832, the first he attended, to hear the latter open his mouth. But, as Haslewood would say, and has said, comparisons are "invidious."

Haslewood seems to have been in high spirits on the 3rd of June, 1831: again he breaks out with his favourite stanza, before quoted, "Brave was the banquet," &c., but in a moment of serious reflection, he adds, "Gay may be the glass, still the unrelenting reader, allowed to peruse (what a privilege!) this inconsequential [he always uses this word

in the sense of unimportant] chronicle, would unquestionably be surprised to find any excitement beyond dullness [note the phrase, "unreading reader," "any excitement beyond dullness"] could be derived from our usual customary (a poetical pleonasm) and, in part, obsolete toasts." So far as we can make out his meaning, we are very much inclined to agree with him: we inserted a list of the toasts in our last article. "Our dinner (he observes farther on) had been *bespoke* for fifteen, and we squatted to number, and retired minus fifty shillings each. Our dinner was a guinea a head, and the divisible proportion of our libations is scarcely worth minuting."

"Only eleven—few—lamentable few! but not without arbitrary reasons," are the words with which our gifted author opens his brief narrative of the proceedings at the anniversary of the 24th of May, 1832—who were the "lamentable few" who still were willing to belong to a club in which Haslewood had a seat? Lord Clive was in the chair, owing to the indisposition [to come?] of Lord Spencer, and he was supported by the Rev. Mr. Hawtrey, the lately elected candidate, Mr. Ponton, Mr. Uttersen, Mr. Markland, Mr. Justice Littledale, Mr. Towneley, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Bentham, Mr. Haslewood, and Dr. Dibdin. These may be considered the last of the Roxburghers; for, although a meeting of a similar kind was held in 1833, we are without any register of its proceedings. "All expressed (says our author) regret and lamentation, but is it to be fancied real or unreal?" This is "a shrewd doubt," and the fact certainly was, that very few, perhaps no one with the exception of Haslewood, was sorry that the Roxburghe Club should die a natural death. "That (viz., whether the regret was real or unreal) is not my task to opiate upon or unravel; suffice, there is a brief notice of the fact, and our travel is somewhat too fast, for there is not upon record yet the covetable burst of the Lion of the day from Lord Cawdor, in the print of 'William and the Werwolf,' got up under the editorship of Mr. Madden."

We ought, in the regular course of events, to have mentioned before, that Lord Cawdor had been elected in June 1829, on the death of Mr. Roger Wilbraham, and with laudable zeal he immediately set about reprinting for the Club, the remarkable poem of 'William and the Werwolf,' to which attention had previously been drawn by the Rev. Mr. Hartsborne, in his 'Metrical Tales.' In order that the whole might be done in the best manner, his Lordship resorted to Sir F. Madden, who had so well discharged his editorial duty, in the instance of 'Havelock the Dane,' though Mr. Haslewood and his friend (*habet et musca splenam, et formica sua bilis inest*) had carpied at it. By this time, they both seem to have discovered their error, and, however Haslewood might grudge at the selection of Sir F. Madden, by Lord Cawdor, when he thought (poor deluded creature!) that he himself had preferable claims, he was too prudent to make his dissatisfaction public, and in the record in our hands he has only registered the bare fact of preference. 'William and the Werwolf' was the very last book printed by any member of the Club, before its extinction, (for it is extinct, and Haslewood has extinguished it,) and it does the body to the full as much credit, perhaps, as any other production which it counte-

nanced. We may say, therefore, of the Roxburghe Club in this expiring act, under the auspices of the Thane of Cawdor, what Shakespeare says of the Thane of Cawdor himself:

Nothing in his life  
Became him like the leaving of it.

If the Roxburghe Club had but commenced upon the plan with which it concluded, viz. applying its funds to the printing of manuscripts, or to the reprint of works the value of which had been ascertained and decided upon by others, we could almost have found in our hearts to forgive them all their exclusive foppery. To multiply a unique copy of a valuable work to thirty-five, or, as in the case of 'Havelock the Dane,' to eighty impressions, is at least so far a gain.

We are now drawing very near the conclusion of the MS. of 'The Roxburghe Revels,' and notwithstanding the offensive ignorance of the writer, there is something so ludicrous about his self-importance, and something so laughably absurd in his style, that we almost regret to be so near the end of our labours. At one moment, we feel heartily weary of our task, and in the next we stumble upon a passage, an anecdote, or an incident that in one way or other seems to compensate for all our trouble. The following is the last line we shall quote from this notorious volume, and it is highly characteristic: the bad grammar, the conceit, the affectation of humour and sprightliness, and withal the vulgarity, are equally conspicuous:—

"Such trifles on such occasions tells well and gives a fillup to the evening lucubration. Notwithstanding our paucity of number we were friendly without argument, jargon, lively, and consistent. There was no seeming hero of the table and therefore no one injudiciously loquacious: A complaint perhaps less to be advanced as against the R. Club, than any collective party I was ever in.—To be short there is to conclude the day the bill of fare to introduce: As why? M. Jaquier has retired to his foreign domain and common consistency demands in what manner we are now catered for, and certainly the best (if not very best) dinner I have partaken of at the Clarendon: But let the Clerk of the Kitchen exhibit in his own spurious dialect."

These few lines contain, as it were, the essence of Haslewood: the allusion to the "seeming hero of the table," was a hit at Sir Walter Scott, and shows the paltry envy of our Roxburgher's character. People may talk as they will of the envy of actors and artists, but it is nothing compared with the envy of authors of an inferior grade: your low *litterati* form the most grudging, carping, fretting, and in some respects most mischief-making and malignant, class of the community. We see it increase in proportion as we descend the scale: Shakespeare, Milton, and Walter Scott, could not be envious; but Ben Jonson, Dryden, and Pope had a spice of it; it corroded the hearts of Ralph and Hill, it was the death of Duck, (we allude to Stephen of that name); it turned to curds all the "milk of human kindness," of the poetical retailers of sky-blue in Bristol, and it devoured Haslewood. It is really laughable to find such a man, after penning such a specimen as the above, talking slightly of the "spurious dialect" of Mr. Chaplin's (for Jaquier had relinquished the Clarendon) clerk of the kitchen. How the waiters could have kept their countenances, while attending upon the Roxburghers, when Haslewood opened his mouth, we cannot imagine. Al-

though Jaquier would never treat him as such, he really was, in his way, a "superlative."

But the Roxburghe Club had not yet reached the lowest point of its declination. With one exception, the constant Vice-President had been Dr. Dibdin, a man, as his friend Haslewood says, "volatile, lively, and restless," and he proved his friendship by saying no more. The Doctor, it seems, was absent on the anniversary of the Society which was held in the beginning of May 1833; the last it ever celebrated, and the last it will ever celebrate. It was necessary, therefore, to supply his absence; and who does the reader imagine was the distinguished individual who was "pressed" to become the Doctor's deputy? No other than our friend Joseph, author of the 'Roxburghe Revels'! Lord Spencer was not in his place as President, and we know not who was in the chair, for here our record unhappily fails us; it closes with the account of the meeting of 24th of May 1832. We said that the quotation, made two paragraphs above, should be the last specimen we would insert of the literary labours of our renowned author, but we cannot refuse a place to his last memorable words, consisting as they do of a most choice original couplet, struck off in the heat of the moment. Wordsworth maintains that poetry is not an immediate, but a reflected impression; and Haslewood proves the truth of the position; for next day, casting back his thoughts to the dinner, wines, &c. of the preceding night, and remembering the satisfaction they had diffused, he again bursts into song—"The Champaigne was excellent; the Port superior! Then who can doubt of

"Choice Cates and good wines promoting hilarity  
And the Revels last close, dear conviviality!"

And here we should close, with "the Revels last close," since "the force of nature can no farther go," were we not anxious to preserve to the world and to posterity the very latest specimen of the composition of one so cherished, while living, by every Roxburgher, and whose memory, now he is dead, will be cherished by unborn generations. We have stated that Haslewood occupied the Vice-presidential seat at the anniversary of 1833; and slipped into the volume before us is a scrap of paper, containing the rough draught of a letter he sent to Lord Spencer, informing him of certain nominations which had been made to fill up certain vacancies. And here we may note the trait in Haslewood's character, (trifles are important when they relate to great men,) that he never seems to have penned the most casual note, without having first made a rough copy, so that it is quite clear that all the extracts we have made from the Roxburghe Revels, were the results of much thought and patient correction. We wish we had time to have the letter to Lord Spencer lithographed, but we must be content to give it intelligibly in type, only remarking that Haslewood seems, by the difference of handwriting, to have employed some person to aid him in the correction of it, before he copied it fair for transmission to Earl Spencer.

"Conduit Street 11th May 1833.

"My Lord,

"Having been pressed at the late meeting of the Roxburghe Club to act deputy for our much regretted absentee, the V. P., I believe it is my duty to communicate to your Lordship that after dinner the subject of the present vacancy in the Club, by the lamented death of Sir Walter Scott



being discussed, the following nominations of candidates for such vacancy were made: Mr. Baron Bolland proposed Mr. B. Barnard of Ham Common Survey; Lord Clive proposed Mr. Archdeacon Butler of Shrewsbury.—I have &c."

Now, here we have only to observe, that among other peculiarities, before the rough draft was corrected, it stood "the following nominations of candidates was made," consistently with our friend's usual non-observance of the trammels of "grammar rules." However, Lord Spencer must have been used to this disregard of the common forms of speech whenever he conversed with Mr. Haslewood; and, had the error been allowed to stand in the above letter, he might not have thought it extraordinary. We think it extraordinary, as we have over and over again said, that such a man should for a single hour have been tolerated as a member of such a body.

We have now finished the 'Roxburghe Revels,' and finished the Roxburghe Club: Mr. Haslewood has finished himself.

#### *Narrative of a Tour in North America, &c.*

By Henry Tudor, Esq. London: Duncan.

We scarcely expect, and we seldom find, in books of voyages and travels, a pure, concise, and nervous style. It would, perhaps, be too much to demand of one who has braved dangers by sea and land, that he should relate them with the grace and elegance of a historian, whose only jeopardy has been on the perilous "edge of a feather bed." We can willingly dispense with a few of the charms of style, from a wish to learn something new; and we confess, that a rough and accurate narrative of adventures in a strange land, is much more welcome to us, than an account, however smooth and harmonious, which treats of scenes with which others have made us acquainted. It has, however, been the pleasure of Mr. Tudor, to make a tour over much of North, and through part of South America, and to imagine that he was either walking on the Terra Incognita, or that such was the fascination of his pen, he could make familiar things charm us by the magic of his descriptions. These opinions are in every way erroneous—Mr. Tudor has come too late into the field; other travellers have been before him, and left him but the gleanings of a rich harvest, and his style is verbose and wearisome.

Having, however, gone through his two volumes of a thousand pages, we shall, perhaps, hereafter, offer to our readers the most interesting passages.

*An Essay on Shakspeare's Character of Shylock, originating in an Examination of the Laws and Customs of Moses, and of the primitive Christians, with reference to enumerations of Population, and the rate of Interest of Money.* By George Farren, Resident Director of the Asylum Life Office. London: Richardson.

Mr. Farren says, in his introduction to this pamphlet, "To those who are acquainted with the pursuits of the author of the following essay, it cannot be unknown that the two essential elements of a system of life assurance are—the probable duration, or, more correctly speaking, the expectation of human existence; and, a defined rate of the breed of money commonly called interest."

"For the former—recourse must be had

to various enumerations of population with the relative lists of burial; and for the latter—to the fluctuations in the value of money, influenced by fiscal regulations affecting the precious metals, and by the laws relating to interest."

Now, in the first place, all who read Mr. Farren's pamphlet must necessarily become acquainted with the author's pursuits, because he puts "Resident Director of the Asylum Life Office," after his name. In the next, it appears to us that to take "the probable duration of human existence," or "a defined rate of the breed of money called interest," or both together, as a thesis on which to found an essay upon the character of Shylock, is little short of an "à-propos des bottes."

"Enumerations of population"—"lists of burial"—"fluctuations in the value of money"—"fiscal regulations affecting the precious metals," and "laws relating to interest," have, no doubt, immediate reference to Mr. Farren's situation, as Resident Director of the Asylum Life Office, but what they have to do with a critical inquiry into the manner in which Shakspeare intended Shylock to be represented on the stage, remains to be shown to us, even after we have read the whole of Mr. Farren's pamphlet.

If the play of 'The Merchant of Venice' were strictly true in all its points, as a record of transactions which had actually taken place—if Mr. George Farren had lived in that day—had been resident director of some Venetian Life Assurance company, and had been called upon, in that capacity, to settle the premium to be paid on a policy proposed to be effected upon Antonio's life, with a view to all the conditions of the bond executed by him to Shylock—then, indeed, we could comprehend the connexion; but as matters really stand, we think Mr. Farren's inducements to undertake the task he has imposed on himself, have arrived to him by a shorter and more natural channel, than it has occurred to him to describe. He is theatrically connected in more ways than one, but, in particular, he is a brother of Mr. William Farren—the universally and justly admired comedian. After all, the production itself, rather than the cause of it, is that with which we have to do. Any attempt to elucidate or illustrate a play, or a character of that master mind, a full understanding of whose vast conceptions, is beyond the grasp of any other human intellect, is entitled to attention and respect; but so numerous and so various have been the annotators of Shakspeare, that we doubt if anything really new, and at the same time worth hearing, can be said upon his works. The drops of truth float, like oil, upon the sea of nonsense, which has been written, and it may be reasonably inferred, that there are no more to rise to the surface. Mr. Farren's essay, is the work of a man of sense and of reflection, yet it leaves the matter just what it was. His principal complaint is of the manner in which Shylock has usually been represented on the stage. He thinks that actors have been unjust to him—that they have made him too coarse, too servile, too vindictive, too penurious, too griping, too unjust, and "so ferocious in his nature, as to be devoid of those common feelings of tenderness towards kindred, with which even the brute creation are generally endowed."—"Nay, (Mr. Farren continues,) he has been divested of even the negative merit of supe-

rior cunning, by being made to propose the forfeiture of a pound of Christian flesh, in a manner so seriously earnest and vindictive towards Antonio, as must have immediately defeated his own object, by at once exposing to his intended victim, the malice and cruelty of his secret intentions.

"It remains to be considered whether this is 'the Jew which Shakspeare drew,' and intended to offer as an exemplar of a whole people."

Does Mr. Farren know where his quotation of "the Jew which Shakspeare drew," comes from? by whom the words were used—and in what spirit they were applied? If not, we can tell him. They were said by Quin of Macklin, and intended by Quin, as an insult to the man, not as a compliment to the actor. And in proof that they were so—he is remembered to have said upon another occasion, when speaking of Macklin, "If that man is not a scoundrel, Providence cannot write a legible hand."

The various feelings alluded to in the first part of Mr. Farren's complaint, as being too forcibly brought forward by the various personators of Shylock, are, to our thinking, clearly and sufficiently made out by the language put into his mouth, but it would carry us into a pamphlet instead of a notice of one, if we were to make all the extracts necessary to justify the opinion we have formed. With regard to Shylock's being divested by his actors, of the "negative merit of superior cunning," does any one suppose it possible that Shylock could in reality have assumed so much cunning, as to have effectually imposed on Antonio and Bassanio, and concealed his real purpose from them? If such had been the author's intention, it strikes us that he would have made Shylock put the conditions of the bond in the alternative—such and such interest, or a pound of flesh—thus helping to conceal his real object, and to throw his victim off his guard, by leaving himself an option which Antonio would never dream that he would enforce, to the prejudice of his ruling passion. Did Shakspeare mean that, knowing Shylock's nature as they did, they should for a moment have been so imposed upon? Surely not—Antonio assents to the bloody condition at once, and without reflection, it is true—and so far it might at first seem that he trusts the Jew's assertion, that he proposes it "in a merry sport"—but the two next speeches, show distinctly that both he and Bassanio are awake to the danger, and contemplate the possibility of its realization, although the former goes on to state that he does not fear it, because of its apparent remoteness—

*Bassanio.* You shall not seal to

Such a bond for me,

I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

*Antonio.* Why, fear not, man, I will not forfeit it.

Within these two months, that's a month before

This bond expires, I do expect return

Of three three times the value of this bond.

As to Shakspeare's having intended to offer Shylock, "as an exemplar of a whole people"—it is not, that we know of, in proof. It has been said by others, but was it ever said or written by the poet himself? The general character of Shylock, his fondness for usurious interest, his simulated patience under insult, his well-grounded hatred of his Christian persecutors, and his anxious watching for the moment of revenge, are, or rather were, among the marked characteristics of his tribe; but the outrageous indignities he

had suffered, at the hands of Antonio, were peculiar to himself, and his strange notion of vengeance was his alone. The malignity of his disposition is yet more strongly marked by his consenting to forego even his idol money, for the sake of a chance, however remote, of lawfully killing "the thing he hates."

One passage more of Mr. Farren's, is all that we have room to notice:—

"From such a being as the Shylock of the last half century, every man would have turned with disgust and horror, and Bassanio, instead of courting his assistance, would have paid an extra rate of interest to any of the other usurers with which Venice then abounded, rather than have come in contact with a reptile so openly repulsive, vindictive, and unnatural."

This is a very odd sort of argument. It reminds us of a little conversation we once had with a child at the performance of a melo-drama. "Doesn't that officer know, that if he goes into that cavern, he will be attacked by the banditti?" said the child.—"Yes, my dear," said we.—"Then why does he go, when he might turn back?" said the child.—"The author has written it so, my dear," said we, "to increase the interest of the piece, by putting him in danger, from which he is afterwards to be delivered."—"Oh," said the child. Surely Mr. Farren would not wish Antonio to answer Shylock's proposition for the penalty of flesh, by saying, "Then as you are so cruel, I shall apply to some other of the usurers, with which Venice now abounds—Good Morning," and so end the scene.

It is true that Shakspeare might have made him say this—but then he did not.

Upon the whole, Mr. George Farren's essay is clever, and may convince others, though it has failed to convince us.

*First Lecture of a Course on Comparative Anatomy delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin.*  
By A. Jacob, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology. Dublin: Hodges & Smith.

THE first steps of a child are pleasing, though rather a *toddle* than a walk; and this brochure is gratifying to us, though rather a *twaddle* than a lecture. Perhaps, in each case, the pleasure arises, not from the thing being well done, but from its being done at all. We rejoice to find that, amongst their other judicious regulations, the Irish College of Surgeons have decided on affording their students information respecting comparative anatomy, the knowledge of which we consider essential towards rendering their calling a profession, not a trade,—towards enabling them to apply a science, not to practise an art; but we regret that Doctor Jacob, for whose character as a surgeon we feel all proper respect, should not have taken more pains to qualify himself for carrying this intention into full effect. We do not know whether Dr. Jacob may be the person who has distinguished himself by discovering the fine and beautiful membrane that forms the external coat of the retina, and the demonstration of which requires such care and delicacy; but if he really be that person, and if he supposes for a moment that his discovery must be taken into account in the physiological consideration of the eye,—in other words, if he supposes that membrane to have any other use than to bear his name, he must at once see the fallacy of the assertion with which he sets out, that "the anatomy of the human body, prosecuted to a degree of minuteness unnecessary for physiological study, is absolutely necessary for

the successful practice of surgery." Is it nothing to the physiology of the eye that Mr. Bauer discovered lymphatics running along with the arteries into the choroid membrane? and what anatomy so minute as this is required in the surgical operations enumerated by Dr. Jacob? Is it nothing to the physiology of the eye, that Dr. Knox discovered the extremely small but numerous vessels passing from the ciliary processes to the zonule of Zinn, thus assisting to form the connexion between the choroid and hyaloid membranes, and retain the lens in the situation requisite for vision? and will Dr. Jacob say, that "the successful practice of surgery" requires anything in minuteness at all approaching this? These illustrations we have taken from the eye, because we believe Dr. Jacob to be an oculist: almost any other organ of the body would supply examples equally conclusive. Dr. Jacob, therefore, who is a professor of physiology, must have forgotten the basis of all his own physiological knowledge, when he made such an assertion. But he seems no less inclined to startle us, with others more immediately connected with his present subject. "Man," he says, "is the only biped." Really birds are not quadrupeds in this country, nor shall we believe they are in Ireland, unless we have Dr. Jacob's assurance to that effect. Again, "Man's heavy head," he says, "is sustained in equilibrium on his curved elastic spine." Why every child knows the reverse of this; and the Professor himself must acknowledge, that if ever he begins to *dose* [s *seff*] when sitting erect in his easy chair, his "heavy head" incontinently bobs forward on his breast, to show that it is not in equilibrium on "his curved elastic spine."

"It must never be forgotten," continues the Professor, "that man enjoys no superiority of organization over the mass of his fellow animals;" we are certainly in no danger of forgetting that the Professor has said so, and that we now learn, for the first time, that the *hand* of a man presents no superiority of organization over the hoof of a horse, or the paw of a bear. What a fool was Aristotle, when he asserted that man alone possesses hands really deserving that name! What a fool was Anaxagoras, when he advanced—what a fool Helvetius, when he repeated, that the hand might almost be looked on as the cause, or at least the means, of man's elevation and improvement! What a fool Galen, when he wrote a whole chapter on the subject, and conceived it the noblest hymn that could be composed to the praise of the Creator! What a fool Sir Charles Bell, when he devoted his talents (and an entire Bridgewater Treatise,) to explain the beauty and applicability of this part to performing the dictates and executing the conceptions of the human intellect! These might all have saved themselves a great deal of trouble, and a vast display of their own ignorance, had they known, what should never be forgotten,—"that man enjoys no superiority of organization over the mass of his fellow animals." Yet we think we detect a little inconsistency in the Professor's next page, for he says "his great brain, with its deep convolutions, extending over the cerebellum, constitutes, as I have already observed, his proud and characteristic distinction." The only observation the Professor had "already" made on the subject, is this, "his distinction is his mind;" now, even if we allow the Professor to consider the mind and the brain as the same thing, he cannot deny that the latter is organized; and if this constitutes man's "proud distinction," we suppose it can only be through some "superiority of organization." The Professor next involves himself in the doubt, as to whether it is "inferiority in organic structure, function, or mechanism," that prevents all other mammalia, except man, from "communicating ideas by distinct articulate sounds." Lordat's reasoning on this point is so

obvious, that we know not how it could have escaped the Professor: "Monkeys don't speak, because they have got nothing to say."

We have only room for one other sentence from the Professor, which certainly for a moment puzzled us not a little. He is speaking of the number of stomachs in different animals: "in the ruminantia and cetacea, various, distinct, and differently-organized cavities are provided, amounting to four in number in the former, and even to eight in one genus or species of the latter, the *diodon*." Now, the fish which the gods called *diodon*, men call *balloon-fish* or *globe-fish*; and it is a little round-about animal, anything but "like a whale." Schæpf, however, in dissecting it, found the kidneys very high up, and mistook them for *lungs*, which, it will be observed, would approximate it to the *cetacea* or whale-kind; and we really thought that Professor Jacob had fallen into the same blunder; but this would not account for the eight stomachs, even if the Professor counted in the swimming-bladders, so we were obliged to try another guess, and we now think he must mean the "large bottle-nosed whale," described by Dale, (*Hyperoodon*), in the lower jaw of which John Hunter found two small teeth, which would certainly authorize the name *diodon*, were it not already appropriated to such a totally different animal. Even in this case, the eight stomachs are but seven and a *duodenum*, a distinction which the Professor, who is so largely indebted for his comparative anatomy to the works of John Hunter, should have known and appreciated. He concludes by promising in his next lecture an inquiry respecting the fossil remains of man! Such a lecture should resemble, as nearly as possible, the seventy-second chapter of 'Horrebow's Natural History of Iceland,' which runs thus:

"CHAR. LXXII.—Concerning Snakes.

"There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole island."

*The Doctor, &c.* 2 vols. London: Longman & Co.

COXCOMBRY is the characteristic of these volumes. The writer, an observant man—a grave and serious reader, we imagine, with a large literary appetite, and a weak digestion—one who can speculate curiously and wisely on a point of philosophy or a question of morals, though he has not grasp enough to embrace either subject in its vastness and unity—has been pleased to set up for a humourist on the strength of some fantastic tricks, which, instead of awakening admiration, will only make sober people stare at his methodical madness. In this, he has done himself injustice; for, beyond doubt, he is a man of information and talent. It is fortunate for us, that his work does not require a critical analysis, for there is neither beginning, middle, nor end—it is, for instance, "the humour" of the writer to number his chapters backwards, to print his introduction at the close, and the dedication in the middle of a volume. The work is, indeed, composed of a number of independent chapters digressing one from the other, and all from the subject originally started with. Nothing remains, therefore, but that we should extract a few anecdotes such as may amuse our readers, and a passage or two calculated to afford the best examples of our author's best style:—

"That bells can convey articulate sounds to those who have the gift of interpreting their language, Whittington Lord Mayor of London Town knew by fortunate experience.

"So did a certain Father Confessor in the

Netherlands whom a buxom widow consulted upon the perilous question whether she should marry a second husband, or continue in widowed blessedness. The prudent Priest deemed it too delicate a point for him to decide; so he directed her to attend to the bells of her church when next they chimed—(they were but three in number)—and bring him word what she thought they said; and he exhorted her to pray in the mean time earnestly for grace to understand them rightly, and in the sense that might be most for her welfare here and hereafter, as he on his part would pray for her.—She listened with mouth and ears, the first time that the bells struck up; and the more she listened, the more plainly they said *'Nempt een man, Nempt een man'*—Take a Spouse, Take a Spouse! 'Aye Daughter!' said the Confessor, when she returned to him with her report, 'If the bells have said so, so say I; and not I alone, but the Apostle also, and the Spirit who through that Apostle hath told us when it is best for us to marry!'"

—"It was one of the Zany tribe whom Guy once heard explaining to his congregation what was meant by Urim and Thummim, and in technical phrase *improving* the text. Urim and Thummim, he said, were two precious stones set in the High Priest's breast-plate of judgment; and when he consulted them upon any special occasion to discover the will of God, they displayed an extraordinary brilliancy if the matter which was referred to this trial were pleasing to the Lord Jehovah, but they gave no lustre if it were disapproved. 'My Brethren,' said the Preacher, 'the stones themselves are lost. But, my Christian Brethren, we need them not, for we have a surer means of consulting and discovering the will of God; and still it is by Urim and Thummim if we alter only a single letter in one of those mysterious words. Take your Bible, my brethren; *use him and thumb him—use him and thumb him well*, and you will discover the will of God as surely as ever the High Priest did by the stones in his breast-plate!'"

Here is a favourable specimen of what the author can do in working out an idea:—

"'What a kind of Being is circumstance!' says Horace Walpole in his atrocious tragedy of the Mysterious Mother.—A very odd kind of Being indeed. In the course of my reading I remember but three Beings equally remarkable, as personified in prose and verse. Social-Tie was one; Catastrophe another; and Inoculation, heavenly Maid! the third.

"But of all ideal Beings the most extraordinary is that which we call the Public. The Public and Transubstantiation I hold to be the two greatest mysteries in, or out of nature. And there are certain points of resemblance between them. For as the Priest creates the one mystery, so the author, or other appellant to the said Public, creates the other, and both bow down in worship, real or simulated, before the Idol of their own creation. And as every fragment of the wafer, break it into as many as you may, contains in itself the whole entire mystery of Transubstantiation, just in the same manner every fractional part of the Public assumes to itself the powers, privileges and prerogatives of the whole, as virtually, potentially and indefeasibly its own. Nay, every individual who deems himself a constituent member of the said Public arrogates them also, and when he professes to be acting *pro bono publico*, the words mean with him all the good he can possibly get for himself."

The following is amusing enough, though somewhat laboured:—

"But it is not so well known that many other tribes noticed in the Old Testament are to be found in this Island of Great Britain.

"There are the Hittites, who excel in one branch of gymnastics. And there are the Amo-

rites, who are to be found in town and country; and there are the Gadites who frequent watering places, and take picturesque tours. \* \* \*

"The Poets, those especially who deal in erotics, lyrics, sentimentals or sonnets, are the Ah-oh-ites.

"The gentlemen who speculate in chapels are the Pub-ites.

"The chief seat of the Simeonites is at Cambridge; but they are spread over the land. So are the Man-ass-ites of whom the finest specimens are to be seen in St. James's Street, at the fashionable time of day for exhibiting the dress and the person upon the pavement.

"The freemasons are of the family of the Jachinites.

"The female Haggites are to be seen, in low life wheeling barrows, and in high life seated at card tables.

"The Shuhamites are the cordwainers.

"The Teamanites attend the sales of the East India Company.

"Sir James Mackintosh, and Sir James Scarlett, and Sir James Graham, belong to the Jim-nites.

"Who are the Gazathites, if the people of London are not, where anything is to be seen? All of them are Gettites when they can, all would be Havites if they could.

"The journalists should be Geshurites, if they answered to their profession: instead of this, they generally turn out to be Geshuwongs.

"There are, however, three Tribes in England, not named in the Old Testament, who considerably out-number all the rest. These are the High Vulgarites, who are the children of Rahank and Phashan: the Middle Vulgarites, who are the children of Mammon and Terade, and the Low Vulgarites, who are the children of Tahag, Rahag, and Bohobtay-il."

Peter Heylyn, in the preface to his 'Cosmography,' tells the following anecdote of himself:—

"'He that shall think this work imperfect,' says he, '(though I confess it to be nothing but imperfections) for some deficiencies of this kind, may be likened to the country fellow, (in Aristophanes, if my memory fail not,) who picked a great quarrel with the map, because he could not find where his own farm stood. And such a country customer I did meet with once, a servant of my elder brother, sent by him with some horses to Oxford, to bring me and a friend of mine unto his house; who having lost his way as we passed through the forest of Whichwood, and not being able to recover any beaten track, did very earnestly entreat me to lead the way, till I had brought him past the woods to the open fields. Which when I had refused to do, as I had good reason, alleging that I had never been there before, and therefore that I could not tell which way to lead him; 'that's strange!' said he: 'I have heard my old master, your Father, say that you made a book of all the world; and cannot you find your way out of the wood?'"

But the best and most interesting anecdote, we have kept for the last. It is not new, but it is not generally known. It will only be necessary to premise that at the time to which it refers, Miller was organist, as he afterwards was the historian of Doncaster, and that Mr. Copley was a gentleman of fortune in the neighbourhood, who being fond of music, was used to entertain himself and friends with a weekly concert:—

"About the year 1760, as Miller was dining at Pontefract with the officers of the Durham militia, one of them, knowing his love of music, told him they had a young German in their band as a performer on the hautboy, who had only been a few months in England, and yet spoke

English almost as well as a native, and who was also an excellent performer on the violin; the officer added, that if Miller would come into another room, this German should entertain him with a solo. The invitation was gladly accepted, and Miller heard a solo of Giardini's executed in a manner that surprised him. He afterwards took an opportunity of having some private conversation with the young musician, and asked him whether he had engaged himself for any long period to the Durham militia? The answer was, 'only from month to month.' 'Leave them then,' said the organist, 'and come and live with me. I am a single man, and think we shall be happy together; and doubtless your merit will soon entitle you to a more eligible situation.' The offer was accepted as frankly as it was made; and the reader may imagine with what satisfaction Dr. Miller must have remembered this act of generous feeling, when he hears that this young German was Herschel the Astronomer.

"My humble mansion," says Miller, "consisted at that time, but of two rooms. However, poor as I was, my cottage contained a small library of well chosen books; and it must appear singular that a foreigner who had been so short a time in England should understand even the peculiarities of the language so well, as to fix upon Swift for his favourite author." He took an early opportunity of introducing his new friend at Mr. Copley's concerts: the first violin was resigned to him: and never, says the organist, had I heard the concertos of Corelli, Geminiani and Avison, or the overtures of Handel, performed more chastely, or more according to the original intention of the composers than by Mr. Herschel. I soon lost my companion: his fame was presently spread abroad; he had the offer of pupils, and was solicited to lead the public concerts both at Wakefield and Halifax. A new organ for the parish church of Halifax was built about this time, and Herschel was one of the seven candidates for the organist's place. They drew lots how they were to perform in succession. Herschel drew the third, the second fell to Mr., afterwards Dr. Wainwright of Manchester, whose finger was so rapid, that old Snetzler, the organ-builder, ran about the church, exclaiming, *Te Teel, te Teel! he run oer te keys like one cat; he will not give my pifes room for to shpeak.* 'During Mr. Wainwright's performance,' says Miller, 'I was standing in the middle aisle with Herschel; what chance have you, said I, to follow this man?' He replied, 'I don't know; I am sure fingers will not do.' On which he ascended the organ loft, and produced from the organ so uncommon a fulness,—such a volume of slow solemn harmony, that I could by no means account for the effect. After this short extempore effusion, he finished with the old hundredth-psalm-tune, which he played better than his opponent. *Aye, Aye,* cried old Snetzler, *fish is very good, very good indeet; I vil luf fish man, for he gives my pifes room for to shpeak.* Having afterwards asked Mr. Herschel by what means in the beginning of his performance, he produced so uncommon an effect, he replied, 'I told you fingers would not do!' and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, 'one of these,' said he, 'I placed on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above; thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two.'

Here we conclude, and without regret—the pertinent and the impertinent are so jumbled together in this work, got up in evident imitation of the style and manner of Rabelais and Sterne, that without decrying the talent or the knowledge of the writer, we have found his book most wearisome.



*Suggestions for a Constitutional and Efficient Reform in Parochial Government.* By T. Walker. (Not published.)

Heat is a subject of general interest, treated of by one who has long and anxiously considered it. Mr. Walker is well known as the author of a work on the nature, extent and effects of pauperism, and as an active magistrate; and we think this little brochure is entitled to serious consideration. Mr. Walker has wisely rather intimated the nature of the evil, and suggested the nature of the remedy, than perplexed himself and the reader with matters of dispute and detail. We shall string together such extracts as will, we think, convey a general notion of the constitutional reform which he suggests.

"It seems to me that the first in order and most important of all reforms, is the Reform of Parochial Governments—that is, the adaptation to present circumstances of the English principle of SELF-GOVERNMENT BY SMALL COMMUNITIES.

"Parochial government is the very element upon which all other government in England depends, and as long as it is out of order, everything must be out of order—representation—legislation—police. Hence, instead of a House of Commons of men of practical wisdom and distinct views in matters of government, saying and doing much, a House of Commons as it is. The choosers and the chosen are alike vague in the knowledge of their duties. They have had no proper training; they have not begun at the beginning—GOVERNMENT AT HOME. Hence also a confused mass of laws, and a flood of vice and crime. Hence demagogues, adventurers, theorists, and quacks, the tormentors of the public peace; and mobs, and combinations, and visionary schemes. Let each portion of the country be thoroughly governed, and the soundness of the whole will make these evils necessarily vanish. • •

"It is by the principle alone of self-government by small communities that a nation can be brought to enjoy a vigorous moral health, and its consequence—real prosperity. It is by the same principle alone that the social feelings can be duly called into action, and that men, taken in the mass, can be noble, generous, intelligent and free. • • Put the administration of justice throughout the land, the police, the poor laws, the roads, into the hands of mere Officials placed over extended districts, with which they are to have little or no community—take from men of business and of fortune everything but their business and their fortunes, and on the one hand will be created a race of traders in public affairs, and on the other, of selfish besotted individuals, with a government relying for its strength on an all-pervading patronage; and, in the proportion that this is done, evil will arise and good be prevented. • •

"It is a melancholy truth that at this moment no small portion of the population through the land may be said to be out of the pale of government, unless when their crimes, the consequences of neglect, draw down its vengeance upon their heads. It is pitiable to see wretches brought before the tribunals of justice, who never had any chance of well-doing, and the only marvel is, that with so many temptations and so little care, there is not far more of disorder and outrage. • •

"The mode of reform I think desirable is briefly this. • • I would suggest a permanent Board of Commissioners under a general act of parliament, empowering them to frame or authorize, within certain rules, constitutions for all parishes according to the circumstances of each, such constitutions to be altered from time to time as expediency should require. • •

"There are three principal points to be attended to in parish government—subdivision according to extent and population—election of officers—and their powers. Division is in all things essential to order, and every parish too extensive or populous for individual superintendence, ought to be divided into wards, over each of which a warden annually elected by the rate payers of the ward, or of the parish, according to circumstances, should preside. It should never be forgotten, that it is indispensable to every well-regulated community that there should be no part of it with which some individual superintendent should not be thoroughly acquainted. • •

"With respect to the powers of the governors, they should have those of peace officers, and each warden should have a subwarden and the requisite number of assistant constables, elected in the same manner as himself. When fit persons could be found, a certain portion of the governors, to be elected amongst themselves, should be magistrates within the parish. • •

"Were parishes properly constituted, it can scarcely be doubted but that the love of distinction and of rule, the hope of further advancement, and the desire of doing good, would be sufficient to induce the best qualified to seek office; and as the electors would come much into immediate contact with the objects of their choice, they would most likely, at least after a little experience, be more careful and discriminating than electors under other circumstances frequently are. Popularity-hunters, mob-flatterers, adventurers and jobbers, would be too nearly in view long to escape detection. • •

"The chief points to be attended to by the Board of Commissioners would be, what parishes ought to be divided—what subdivided or consolidated, and in what manner. How many governors there should be in each, and the mode of election in each. What portion of the powers contained in the general act should be extended to each parish. Where there should be magistrates, and their number. What the limits of taxation according to wealth, distribution of property, and intelligence; and what alterations should in the constitution of any parish from time to time take place.

"Parishes are so many little republics, capable in different degrees of being made by effective organization nurseries of useful ambition, manly intelligence, and social virtue. It is here that public men should begin their discipline, cultivate their sympathies, and learn to see their way. It is here that the lowliest citizen should proudly feel within the reach of merit the first steps to advancement. It is from this goal that 'Nature's nobles' should have a fair start, and the state place her sons in their proper order. Then might representation verge towards the extraction of choicer than now the choicest of the land, legislation become something like the essence of wisdom and simplicity, and police an ever vigilant force having for its chief characteristic moral influence."

*Tales and Popular Fictions—their Resemblance and Transmission from Country to Country.* By Thomas Keightley. London: Whittaker & Co.

THIS is a delightful and amusing book: but the Utilitarian will sneer at it; and we can vividly picture in our mind's eye the look of the scornful gentleman "who has written some things on political economy," on hearing the author discourse of classical Mythology. We can fancy him elevating his *cui bono*, good-for-nothing eyebrows, turning up his nose, studded with blacks from a steam-funnel—plunging his hands into his pockets in search of the circulating medium—pursuing

up his Malthusian ogre-like mouth, and then shuffling off with two feet imbued with the Corn Question, and at a regular parallel with each other, from taking his daily pedestrian exercise on a railroad. For our own parts, we have been once children, and have some hopes of a second childhood, and therefore cordially concur in the sentiment of the great Luther:—"I would not, for any quantity of gold, part with the wonderful tales which I have retained from my earliest youth, or have met with in my progress through life."

"Many years ago (says Mr. Keightley) I chanced to read in a newspaper an interesting account of the loss of a ship; but in what part of the world it occurred, I am now unable to recollect. The narrative stated, that the crew and passengers saved themselves on two desert islets at some distance from each other. They remained for some time separate; at length they joined, and made their way to a friendly port. To their no small surprise, they found that during their state of separation they had fallen on precisely the same expedients for the supply of their wants. As they had been in a state of nearly total destitution, the vessel having gone down, these expedients were necessarily various and numerous, and many of them were remarkably ingenious."

"This little narrative made a strong impression on my mind. I often reflected on it: I compared with it other phenomena as they presented themselves, and insensibly fell into the habit of viewing man as an inventive and independent, rather than a merely imitative being."

We quite agree with Mr. Keightley in his theory, and prefer, like him, to look upon man as something better than a monkey or a mocking-bird. Certain antiquarians are too fond of cackling over literary mares' nests—of proclaiming casual coincidences as direct plagiarisms—and tracing all similar fictions to one source, as if the human imagination had so small a ground-plot, that it was compelled, on the same foundation, to raise story after story, like the architects of Old Reekie. Such pleasant persons will derive the 'History of Jack the Giant-Killer' from David and Goliath, and will discover in the amour of Jupiter and Leda, the original of that rhyme of the nursery,

Goosey, goosey, gander,  
Where will you wander?  
Up stairs, and down stairs,  
And in my lady's chamber.

Magic is an essential ingredient in old romance, and we wonder these ingenious gentlemen have never proved that Necromancy (by Drayton called Nigromancy), was, in fact, negro-man-cy, and derived from the real Black Art of the Obeah!

There are other cases, however, where 'Popular Stories and Fictions' appear to belong, in common, to the most remote nations, the resemblance consisting, not merely in verbal coincidences, associations of sentiment and expression, or occasional identity of incident, but in a continued coherence and community of circumstance, which prove them to be as intimately related as the Siamese Twins. Mr. Keightley, with his great learning and diligent research, has collected some very curious examples of these legendary phenomena, and the migration of these tales of passage from one land to another is as wonderful as that of the swallow. Thus, we find the enchanted flying horse of the Arabian Nights alighting in France centuries before Scheherazade was taught to speak French by M. Galland; and, again, we find a

Neapolitan story, caught up into the air (like Bedreddin Hassan by the genii), and set down again on its legs in Russia! But, what will the English reader think and feel when he is told, that the racy wine of romance, which he imagined to be home-made, he has been drinking almost "neat as imported" from Germany, Italy, Denmark, and Persia? 'Jack the Giant-Killer' seems to belong to us but by letters of naturalization; and, as to Whittington's cat, it is literally a cat of nine tails, and is proved by the parish registers of Kat-holm to have been kitted before Sir Richard was born within the sound of Bow bells. The Dunes, who have effected this incursion on our popular London legend, have made a similar descent on the tradition ground of the Swiss; and the historian of William Tell is shown to have drawn the long bow in behalf of his hero. The famous shoot is discovered to have been grafted on an older stock of the tenth century, when the same feat of archery was performed by one Toko, long before the Helvetian's golden pipkin was in the pip. As this is one of the most close and curious examples of coincidence, we will give the Danish story from that ancient Lindley Murray, Saxo-Græmmaticus, who wrote in the twelfth century:—

"Nor should what follows be enveloped in silence. Toko, who had been for some time in the service of the king, had, by the deeds in which he surpassed his fellow-soldiers, made several enemies of his virtues. One day, when he had drunk rather much, he boasted to those who were at table with him, that his skill in archery was such that he could hit, with the first shot of an arrow, ever so small an apple set on the top of a wand at a considerable distance. His detractors hearing these words, lost no time in conveying them to the ears of the king. But the wickedness of the prince speedily transferred the confidence of the father to the peril of the son, ordering the sweetest pledge of his life to stand instead of the wand, from whom, if the utterer of the boast did not strike down the apple which was placed on him at the first shot of his arrow, he should with his own head pay the penalty of his idle boast. The command of the king urged the soldier to do more than he had promised, the detracting artifices of others taking advantage of the words he had uttered when hardly sober.

"When the youth was led forth, Toko carefully admonished him to receive the whiz of the coming arrow as steadily as possible, with attentive ears, and without moving his head, lest by a slight motion of his body he should frustrate the experience of his well-tried skill. He made him also, as a means of diminishing his apprehension, stand with his back to him, lest he should be terrified at the sight of the arrow. He then drew three arrows from his quiver, and the first he shot struck the proposed mark.

"Toko then being asked by the king why he had taken so many arrows out of his quiver, when he was to make but one trial with the bow, 'That I might avenge on thee,' said he, 'the error of the first by the points of the others, lest my innocence might hap to be afflicted and thy injustice to go unpunished!' By which bold expression, he showed that the praise of fortitude was due to himself, and that the command of the king was deserving of punishment."

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Memorials of a Tour in Greece chiefly Poetical*, by R. Moncton Milnes.'—We like this book, rather for giving us an insight into an amiable and elegant mind, than for any novelty of subject or force of description which it contains.

To us it is always pleasant, in the midst of the distraction and utilitarianism of this age, to meet with one of a spirit such as the author seems to possess, who with a deep sympathy recognizes the beautiful both in nature and in art, and has stored his memory with poetry, and fed thereon, till his admiration has wrought him up to that mood of mind, in which his own thoughts unconsciously take the form of verse, as he wanders through the fair yet melancholy land of Greece. We prefer the passages wherein he gives vent to his feelings, to those wherein dissertation is attempted—and think his prose descriptions of scenery fully as poetical as the verses with which they are agreeably interspersed; and yet some of the latter rise far above mediocrity, as the following extract will prove—He is apostrophizing Olympus.

Thou shrine which man, of his own natural thought  
Gave to the God of Nature, and girt round  
With elemental mightiness, and brought  
Splendor of form and depth of thunderous sound,  
To wait about with awe the chosen pound,—  
All without toil of slaves or lavish gold,  
Thou wert upbuilt of memories profound,  
Imaginations wonderful and old,  
And the pure genius that lie in poets' hearts untold.

God was upon Thee in a thousand forms  
Of Terror and of Beauty, stern and fair,  
Uppgathered in the majesty of storms,  
Or floating in the film of summer air;  
Thus wert thou made ideal everywhere;  
From Thee the odorous planes of Love were spread,  
Delight and plenty through all lands to bear,—  
From Thee the never-erring bolt was sped  
To curb the impious hand or chasten the perjured head.

'*The last Evenings of Catania, with other Poems*, by William Henry Spicer.'—There are laws for poets as well as for partridges. When the birds of Parnassus first venture from the nest, they should not be shot down and bagged by the critical sportsman: before he draws a trigger he ought to allow them time to acquire vigour of pinion, and try a journey in mid air. This, we think, is just and merciful, but we are not sure that the author will thank us for such tenderness.

'*Lives and Portraits of the Celebrated Women of all Countries*, by the Duchess of Abrantes.'—The women are resolved to do themselves justice. Mrs. Child, in America—Mrs. Sandford, in England—and now the Duchess of Abrantes, in France, have all commenced a series of biographies of the more illustrious of their sex. The Duchess takes the wider range—she intends to open, she says, a pantheon, where "the celebrated of all ages shall again live in their genius, their virtue, their talents, their services, and even their crimes, whenever the latter by a mixture of greatness and energy, rise above the common standard." This first number contains memoirs and portraits of Madame Letizia Bonaparte, the mother of Napoleon—Ann Zingha, Queen of Matamba—Lady Jane Grey—and Doña Catalina de Erauso, the Nun Standard-bearer. Of Madame Bonaparte and Lady Jane Grey little that is new can now be told—with the Queen of Matamba we have no sympathy; she was, indeed, an extraordinary savage, but a savage after all—the life of the Nun Standard-bearer is, however, "surpassing strange"—but the outline here given of her eventful history is merely the chronicle of her crimes: we want to read her heart, and to know when and under what circumstances she was touched with gentleness and affection. The only trace of her human nature we have found, is when, left alone amidst the frozen desolation of the Andes, she sat down and wept, and then renewed her journey "telling her beads"—yet there must have been moments when early recollections came over her, and when, perhaps, she said with Lady Macbeth: "Had he not resembled my father, I had done it." There is "a spice of good in things evil," and this spice of good it is that awakens sympathy.—The lithographic engravings are sufficiently well done, but certainly not first-rate.

'*The Usurer; or, the Departed not Defunct*, a comedy in five acts.'—The author of this comedy!!! has written a preface to prove that it is a good one—in his own opinion.—We should have inferred as much from his publishing it, without the assistance of his preface. It is not a good one, in our opinion, with it.—The author complains of the present system of monopoly, at the two great houses as injurious to both Actors and Authors—and here we agree with him; but if it be any consolation to him, to know that his play, which it appears has been rejected by Mr. Bunn's reader, as "not adapted for representation," would have been equally rejected by any other management, we think he may depend on it for a fact.—One short extract from a part intended to have been inflicted on Mr. Farren, will suffice to prove our case:—

"*Moregain*. Camilla, hear me! forgive me! I cannot live without thee! I think, could she hear my cries, she would return—Camilla—come back or I will kill myself!"

The stage direction which follows is worthy of attention:

"*Throttles himself and falls down senseless*!!!!

Before the author wrote this, he must surely have throttled himself, and not only have fallen down senseless, but have gotten up again in the same state.—We remember that in the representation of Canning's 'Rovers,' a great complaint used to be made by the stage manager, to the manager, that Mr. Linton positively refused to comply with the stage direction, of "knocks his brains out against the wall." We dare venture half-a-crown, that the same difficulty would arise with Mr. Farren in the present case.

'*Tales from Chaucer, in prose, designed for the use of Young Persons*, by Charles Cowden Clarke.'

—'Adam the Gardener,' by the same.—We owe Mr. Clarke an apology, for having so long delayed to notice the first of these works. We can assure him, that the neglect was unintentional. Mr. Clarke has undertaken the modernization of those rare and racy Canterbury Tales, with the best possible intentions; and, as his elegant little book is professedly "designed for the use of young persons," an intelligent boy of twelve or fourteen, might probably have been its most fitting reviewer. For ourselves, we are unwilling to have pleasure diminished, by forestalling it; and, we think, that Chaucer might be wisely left untouched, till the reason of the reader was so far matured as to enable him to select the good and reject the gross—and render him willing to encounter the antique style and obsolete language of this father of English poetry, for the sake of the fresh descriptions, and the living pictures which they clothe.—'Adam the Gardener' will be a welcome volume to every child, whose lot is cast among green fields; and by those of larger growth, who remember the pleasures and anxieties of boyhood, gardening will be looked upon with a friendly eye. The successive labours of every month are simply and pleasantly set down; interspersed here and there with a story, that it may not be "all work and no play,"—and a healthy and kind spirit pervades every line of the chronicle, from January to December.

'*The Literary Cyclopædia*, by Thomas Dolby; with an original Memoir to each author, by Thomas Roscoe.'—Of the value of a work of this nature, every man must judge for himself. It is called by the compiler a 'Universal Dictionary of Ideas,' and it contains the best passages in an author's works, arranged under such heads as they seem to Mr. Dolby to illustrate. This first part contains a dissection of the works of Young, Lady Gethin, and a part of Butler. The Memoirs are brief, but satisfactory.

'*Harper's Miscellany for Young Persons*.'—We have heretofore noticed the 'Indian Traits,' and 'Uncle Philip's Conversations,' and we have now seven other volumes of this neat and inter-

esting little work before us: like all American books for the use of youth, they abound in wholesome counsel and choice examples. Three of them consist of 'Tales from American History,' in which we have much of the early discoveries of the land; a fourth treats of the 'Perils of the Sea;' a fifth relates the story of 'Caroline Westerley;' a sixth, entitled, 'Female Biography,' gives us the lives of distinguished women; while the seventh claims our sympathy for the experiences of 'A Clergyman's Orphan.' These are books which daughters need not hide on their mother's approach, and which mothers themselves may peruse with some profit.

'The Anti-spelling Book.'—This excellent little work shows the possibility of teaching children to read, without their being previously harassed, by all the barbarous anomalies to be found in the orthography of our language. Its principles are so clear that we may well be surprised at the length of time during which the spelling system has held undisputed sway. Sure we are that the plan here proposed, would be found to combine ease to the teacher, with pleasure to the child; while the old system is unmitigated pain both to one and the other.

'Lectures at Home,' by Maria Hack.—These lectures contain much useful information, conveyed in language suited to the capacity of children. The book is admirably adapted for the family circle, when children gather round their parents for conversation.

'Analysis of Sounds,' by Miss Newman.—"I think the plan original, simple and excellent," said a learned friend whom the authoress consulted: as to the originality "*cela va sans dire*," the simplicity we should be the last to question, but the excellence is a matter which we have been unable to discover, and on which we would gladly be enlightened by the "learned friend."

'The Stoic,' by Miss Stanford.—We think it probable that this little book may be admired by some, though it is not to our taste.

'Narrative of the Peninsular War,' by Lieut.-Col. Leith Hay.—We are well pleased to see this cheap re-issue of a work, which on its first publication we commended, as a pleasant and honest narrative of proceedings which must ever interest Englishmen.

'Ideas of my Own; or, Industrious Moments of an idle Man.'—"The present little work," says the author, "was written by way of amusement;" our theory on this subject was elaborately explained six months ago—persons who write for their amusement ought to be compelled to read their own books.

'The Irish Farmers' and Gardeners' Magazine.'—It looks well for Ireland, that there is encouragement enough given to the civilizing arts of cultivation, to call for such a work as this, which tells us of Horticultural Societies in Connaught, Dublin, and Kilkenny, and of farming societies elsewhere. If the gentlemen of Ireland could get the peasantry to attend to gardening as they do in England, we should soon cease to hear of midnight marauders, and noon-day conflicts. The editors of the work before us seem determined, at all events, to further such an object, and we wish them success in their undertaking, which is far superior to some of the same kind, that find purchasers on this side the channel.

'General Observations on Vegetation.'—A good translation of a clever paper by Mirbel, the celebrated French physiologist; it is illustrated by notes which explain the meaning of those terms of science, with which people are not in general acquainted.

'Observations on Fumigating and other Baths.'—An account of the success which Mr. Green has had, in treating various chronic diseases, by means of fumigating and vapour baths. We think this species of remedy deserves to be more generally resorted to than it is at present.

'Journal of Steam Transport, &c.'—America by steam navigation has ploughed her deserts and established cities in her wildernesses. Thirty years ago, the people, who had penetrated into the back settlements, after sailing a thousand miles or two down her ocean-like rivers, found markets for their commodities in the sea-coast towns; but against the stream they could not sail back; and as there were no roads it required footpadding for half a life-time before they could win their way home to the valley from whence they came—they could not take bulky commodities in exchange, and money was all but useless in the prairies of the Ohio. America lay comparatively inert and without motion, till Fulton, who was laughed at as a madman, set his steam and put his paddles in motion, and, running against the stream, carried the produce of other lands into the back settlements, and took their produce in exchange—brought the remote vales within a few days' journey of New Orleans and New York—and thrust America one hundred years forward in the progress of nations. She is now adding canals to her rivers—carving out three hundred miles at a stretch by order of the nation, and at the public expense; on her immense waters she is fast establishing all manner of machinery, and her scientific sons have already measured the Falls of Niagara, and calculated how many wheels they will set in motion. Something not unlike all this is going on in India: the Ganges and the Indus will ere long have steam-boats running against their currents; and the time is at hand when but days, instead of months, will serve to pass from Calcutta to Delhi. In Britain we are also on the move: steam-carriages seem likely to change our whole mode of inland communication: every day brings intelligence of some new adventurer in this path of science, who follows in the wake of Gurney. We regard it too as an omen of success, that the practical and circumspect Telford has put himself in the van of speculation. In the last number of the Journal under consideration there are some valuable calculations and statements concerning these almost magical undertakings. The work seems to owe much to the talent and enthusiasm of Mr. Brown; his calculations and arguments go to prove, that the day is not distant when we shall sell our horses, as useless, hang our bridles up, as Cimon did of old in the Temple of Wisdom, and travel and take the air by steam—cultivate our lands by steam—thresh our corn, and go to church by steam; and in short, turn steam into a drudging demon of a servant, who shall save us millions annually in the keep of horses, feed the poor, and save the rich from the oppression of the national debt and the fear of national bankruptcy. That much of what we have intimated can be accomplished, our scientific men believe; nor do we see any reason to doubt that important changes in our social condition are on the eve of being effected.

'Progressive Exercises in English Composition,' by R. G. Parker.—A very useful work, written in a very pleasing style, and remarkable for the excellent arrangement of its progressive exercises.

'Tiark's German Grammar.'—A practical grammar of any language is always a desirable book. Mr. Tiark's is the best introduction to the study of German that we remember to have seen; it is brief, clear and precise; it gives the learner all the information absolutely wanted, and what is almost equally valuable, it gives him nothing more.

'Key to Il Tesoretto dello Scolare Italiano.'—Another of M. Fenwick de Porquet's contributions to our school libraries, revised by Signor Alfieri. It will be useful to teachers not quite satisfied as to their own powers of writing the Italian language with idiomatic correctness.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE KOSA.

[A few lines of this little sketch have been formerly printed.]

THE free-born Kosa still doth hold  
The fields his fathers held of old;  
With club and spear, in jocund ranks,  
Still hunts the elk by Chumi's banks;  
By Keisi's meads his herds are lowing,  
On Debe's slopes his gardens glowing,  
Where laughing maids at sunset roam,  
To bear the juicy melons home;  
And striplings from Kalumna's wood  
Bring wild grapes and the pigeon's brood;  
And herdsmen shout from rock to rock;  
And through the glen the hamlets smoke;  
And children gambol round the kraal,  
To greet their sires at evening-fall;  
And matrons sweep the cabin floor,  
And spread the mat beside the door,  
And with dry faggots wake the flame  
To dress the wearied huntsman's game.

Bright gleams the fire: its ruddy blaze  
On many a joyful visage plays.  
On forked twigs the game is drest;  
The neighbours share the social feast;  
The honey-mead, the millet-ale,  
Flow round, with many a jest and tale;  
Wild legends of the ancient day,  
Of hunting feat, of warlike fray;  
And flow their ready tears and sighs  
As grief and mirth alternate rise.  
Or should a sterner strain awake,  
Like sudden flame in summer brake,  
Bursts fiercely forth in battle song  
The tale of Amakosa's wrong;  
Throbs every warrior bosom high,  
With lightning flashes every eye,  
And, in wild cadence, rings the sound  
Of barbed javelins clashing round.

But lo, like a broad shield on high,  
The moon gleams in the midnight sky.  
'Tis time to part: the watch-dog's bay  
Beside the folds has died away.  
'Tis time to rest: the mat is spread,  
The hardy hunter's simple bed:  
His wife her dreaming infant rushes  
On the low cabin's couch of rushes;  
Softly he draws its door of hide,  
And, stretched by his Guldwi's side,  
Sleeps soundly till the peep of dawn,  
Wakes on the hills the dappled fawn;  
Then forth again he gaily bounds,  
With scrip and horn and queuing hounds.

THO. PRINGLE.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, January 1834.

VERY little doing here, and less done, since you left us. Stay—I forgot the portentously fine *trattato*, full two persons broad, up the Corso: a work so gigantic has not been undertaken here since the Colosseum. My Romans, as Niebuhr says, tread it gingerly, gaping and aghast like a batch of new gods on the starry way, and calling out every moment *cosa stupenda!* At the Forum they are burrowing a little as usual, (I don't mean the Gods, but the Romans, another set of lazzaroni, just as lie-about and licentious). Two whole blocks of travertine, I believe, have been elicited during the last nine months, near Titus's Arch. Then, we have had some dozen additional cart-loads of soil thrown upon one part of the Forum, (Mrs. Starke's *Via Sacra*, in front of Constantine's Basilica,) out of another. The grand cock-pit scooped near Jupiter Stator, *alias* Comitum, *alias* *Græcostasis*, *alias*, &c. is fast growing itself

: In the language of the Southern Caffers, *Kosa* designates a single individual of the tribe; *Amakosa* is the name of the people collectively; and *Amakosina* the name of their country.



a mantle of green. For any important archaeological remains being brought to light by these grubbers, you may as well expect them to disinter the body of Curtius, or drag the Lake of Darkness itself for the antiquities of Pandemonium; they delve in their little trenches—these descendants of the Cloaca-Maxima makers!—as sluggishly as if they were digging their own graves. Yet still they seem to furnish an overplus of materials to the Roman antiquaries, who, indeed, I apprehend, are buried alive under the accumulation, if silence be any proof of having their mouths stopped. Like toads in a rock, however, they at regular intervals give signs of semitortidity. One vents a new reading for a never-to-be-read epigraph; others congregate in some muddy corner to echo their own croukings around King Log in the middle; a tile supplies employment for a twelvemonth to the most vivacious member, and the most fluent squeezes a little water of the brain into that grand depository for antiquarian drivel, the well of Severus's Arch. (Said well, by the bye, is only now walled, though a guild of masons seems to have been lodged in it ever since I first saw the Forum.) Are my Romans still so taken up with military affairs that they must leave the Fine Arts to foreigners? Their noblest antiquities are the work of Greeks, and now Germans must be Greeks to them as antiquarians. Surti is almost the sole exception. He makes one of the literary *Genossenschaft* for executing the great description of Rome, now in course of publication—*Beschreibung der Stadt Rom, von Platner und Bansen: Stuttgart und Tübingen*. Till this work nothing was to be had but old-fashioned rubbish, or such guide-books for gapers as Vasi, Nibby, &c. One volume and a half are published; the rest are to appear shortly. That portion of the work already out, evinces the usual German characteristics of erudition and honesty,—both so rare among our countrymen now-a-days, and the compound unknown. There is no appearance of paste-and-scissors work, no mere printing-house merit, like our ponderous quartos, half barren type half waste paper, (fine grandmother reading!)—but profound, discriminate research, morally and intellectually just criticism. It would be well if our mask-makers for booksellers' windows, that put all their wit in the frontispiece, and leave the back as brainless as a paper balloon, were to take a lesson in conscientiousness, if they cannot in ability, from these honest Germans. But our literature, at present, is radically mountebank; beaten to with a reveille on the salt-box, or the tongs and the bones; a patched, blotched, flaring pasteboard face, stuck upon a wooden head, or a hollow one, to attract eyes with less speculation in them than its own. In another letter I shall re-advert to 'Rome,' as Vol. II. will then perhaps be out; merely adding now, that it is to be accompanied with plans, sketches, and views, by Kunpp and Stier, with documents and inscriptions by Gerhard and Surti. This work should be as soon as possible translated into two editions, the greater complete for scholars, the lesser for travellers, simply comprising those details requisite in a guide-book. We are miserably off between Vasi's old lights, Nibby's new, and Starke's confusion of glimpses. There is a nice balance of impertinences and deficiencies in both Vasi and his supplementalist Nibby; they unite in pestering us with illustrations of obscure things, rather than of things obscure. A good proof how much the translation I spoke of is wanting, may be found in the treatment of the Vatican *Loggia*, aptly enough on all accounts termed 'Raphael's Bible,' containing, as it does, some of the most sublime revelations of his art. Vasi gives a bald, bad syllabus of these; Nibby, (his supplementalist, mind!) just *nothing at all*. Mad. Mariana Starke trips over them with a "see fine frescos" here, which makes us think of a mite come home from the Andes in Hum-

boldt's hayresack, and telling us there are five smart mountains in America. The German 'Rome' devotes nearly a large octavo sheet of print to these divine works,—by no means a German entombment of the subject, but, if anything, rather a laconic tablet to its memory.

I have not done yet with my Germans, who are, now-a-days, at once the pioneers and field-marshal of literature; they have established a second Archaeological Society at Rome, which in four years has made itself the first, though calling itself, with no Italian flatulence of spirit, *L'Istituto di Correspondenza Archeologica*. Its patron is the hereditary Prince of Prussia. When will — or — patronize a British society of this kind; or when will British residents at Rome do anything but goggle and gaud through a world of sublime antiquities they do not comprehend, and evaporate their folly in coxcombdisplays about them at pettulant meetings or coffee-houses? The Institute publishes a bulletin of monthly transactions; that for 1833 I have seen, but shall not epitomize for you till my next.

Let me now turn to the Fine Arts; I am not sure whether you will class under this head two *expositions*, as the French say, now going forward. One is at the *Teatro Pallacorda*, and entitles itself—*Il Trionfo del vero Amore, ossia le Nozze funeste di Macbet, gran Sultano della Persia*.—i. e. the Triumph of True Love, or the Fatal Nuptials of Macbeth, grand Sultan of Persia! Who, after this, will say that foreigners cannot enter fully into the spirit of Shakspeare? But it is quite eclipsed by the other scenic travesty, now enacting in a great ecclesiastical show-box, the church of Ara Celi. Within a small chapel is constructed a stage, about the size of that in a Bartholomew Fair itinerant playhouse; it is brilliantly lighted with caniles as long as my Lord Mayor's wand, furnished with pasteboard scenes and a pasteboard *Dio Padre*, beheld aloft through clouds cut round like a rose-window, glittering in all the splendours of gambouge and smalt-blue; beneath is the *Bambino* in tawdry brocade and swaddle-clothes, the Virgin, St. Joseph, kings, shepherds, an ox, and an ass, all of wood, with staring glass eyes, and pointed to the life on a cuticle of lacquered plaster. The beauty of this exhibition is not quite on a par with its profanity, but having no little merit in delusion, may, I think, be justly considered as a specimen of the Fine Arts.

The great buzz in Rome now is about Horace Vernet's picture of 'The Arabs,' which he let Earl Pembroke have for eight thousand franks, *per compiacenza*, as the lion-shower assured me.—Query, is it not really very illiberal of his lordship to give so good a price to a mere foreigner? Never let us feel out of the spirit of little Flanigan's patriotic exclamation,—"D— the French, the parleyvous, and all that belongs to them!" You must not buy anything, my lord, says the national English painter, but *us*, or an old master! As for the 'Arabs,' it is a canvas about four feet by three high, exhibiting a tropical, hilly, green landscape, with a fig-tree in the middle, letting the sun through upon a group of cross-legged Mohammedans; to the right a Mohammedan tailor sews under a tent, and an iron-grey steed held by Tom Turban outside the same. You see it is a mere illustration for Malte-Brun. Cold, clayey touch and colouring, like all this master's works, and most of his nation's, at present—no depth of chiaroscuro subdues the hardness and glare of a dozen white-laid draperies under the fig-tree, as the Academy Director at Rome might have taught himself, methinks, to make it do, from Sacelli's celebrated group of *St. Romualdo*—vitality neither in the human substance nor the landscape, brown paste and pea-green respectively, bloodless and sapless—composition skillful, handling and design capital; individual expression native and striking, but withal, the group do nought but kill each other's

superiority in a round-robin, so as to leave no principal interest. Why should so much talent descend to these French-paper subjects? It is that a set of Miss-admirers should exclaim—"Goodness! and these are *real*, *real* Mohammedans!—all sitting *cutehacutchoo*, like the Tales of the Genii!—La! there are their very bare feet, and their beautiful glistening slippers! Don't you remember 'Lalla Rookh'?—Now doesn't that woman look as if she was looking out of the tent at them? Oh! such a love of a grey horse!" &c. To be sure, young ladies must be pleased as well as other people, and they are fortunate in finding such a painter as M. Vernet gallant enough to prefer their applause to that of posterity. His *Revolution Scene* is quite revolting; cut-throat, hessian-whiskered heroes, vulgar-faced bloods, and bullies with the Reign of Terror in their visages, another tribe of Arabs *en culottes*, only more truculent looking still,—these are M. Vernet's pattern patriots, illuminated all a-one-side, Honthorst fashion, as if the sun threw candle-light. Now, that they should have come from the same pencil as the *Peasant of Aricia*! Gibson has been wrestling with his twelve hundred pound *Huskisson*; the match was scarce equal, for you know the sculptor is rather one of our light weights. He is a sort of spiritual Jack Randall, the nicest finisher, and when he gets a body into chancery, utter a special pommelling, gives it a *coup de grace* that excites admiration through the whole ring. His model of North (the marble was drowned last year going to England) displeases as much by the narrow-faced prigism of the original, as by any fault of the artist; just as the Huskisson does by that statesman's chap-fallen weakness of feature. In the 'Hylas' just finished, I can see a great deal of almost everything desirable, but the story. Two nymphs fuddle a boy with a pitcher; but what is to tell us they drown him? how can they? where can they? Surely not in his pitcher. Why have not they at least a vixenish jar of their own? And wherefore, too, is Hylas such a mere chit? Does it not rather serve to untell the story: to destroy the beautiful verisimilitude of the fiction? When do grown girls fall in love with little boys? But notwithstanding all this, and some design not perfectly Michaelanguis-like (as in the back of the right-hand nymph, e. g.), there is much to please the spectator of this group as well as the author and the owner; elegance of treatment, grace, and a pretty shamesfulness of attitude, so to speak, about the fair Sybarites, especially her who leans smiling upon Hylas's curls, as it were in wonder at her own voluptuous sensations.—On dit, that Barber Beaumont, higgling about some band-box for Wyatt's 'Nymph stepping into a bath,' lost the beauty to Lord Pembroke, who is a man of fewer words and more hundreds. Modelling, modelling I say, power of design, is what English artists, sculptors as well as painters, are defective in; let this nymph have her undulations a little better felt, as connoisseurs say, and the sweetness, simplicity, the delicate sentiment, and exquisite grace of her ensemble will go far towards making her creator a first-rate Prometheus of the day. Do not let him crumple and complicate his drapery, however; that is not Prometheus. Guaccarini, a young Italian artist, has put up a *Genius of the Fine Arts* in one of the public walks; it has a good deal of French manner and merit, superfluous movement, clever modelling; quite equal to *Labruce's* Genius of the *Gilt Spig*, on the other side, (he holds a branch of glistening metal); but neither comparable to the majestic antiquity between *Hygeia*, all quietude and concentrated grandeur. My last bit of prattle; forswaid ubiquitous Lord Pembroke has bespoken a *Pontine Marsh* from Williams, who, like another Marius, is over head and ears in it; so I can tell you nothing else about him till he has changed his slough.

THE 'Address to the Deep,' in a former number of the *Athenæum*,<sup>†</sup> suggested the idea of the following lines. They were not intended to vie with those of the fair author of 'Uranides,' but merely to express a difference of opinion upon some points of that address.

"Blessing no man, blessed by none—  
O that thy dark reign were done!"

Ought we thus to speak of thee,  
Beautiful and glorious Sea,  
Unto whom so much we owe—  
More perchance than man may know?  
Crime and misery, 'tis true,  
May have cast their darksome hue  
Many a time above thy wave;  
For the tyrant and the slave  
Have along it bent their way  
Many and many a dreary day;  
And where'er they dwell, or go,  
Must be heard the voice of woe.  
It seems much when mark'd alone,—  
But, compared with what hath been  
On the earth's less spacious scene,  
Our surprise is gone.

Then, against that deep distress,  
Which the tempest's raven wing  
Or the hidden rock may bring,  
We should weigh the happiness  
Which thou givest in all time  
Unto man of every clime.  
There's a breeze upon thy breast,  
When the forest leaf's at rest,  
And the flower fades away  
From the sultriness of day;  
E'en the very storms, that sweep  
Over thine unmeasured deep,  
And, thence bursting on the strand,  
Fly for many a league o'er land,—  
Bring a blessing with them still,  
Though they seem to threaten ill:  
Health will ride upon the blast,  
Though it hurry wildly past,  
And before its fresh'ning play  
Of the pestilence gives way.

But, whatever love may be  
In another's breast for thee,  
He, whose home is Albion's shore,  
Ought, methinks, to love thee more.  
In the happy, peaceful hour  
Thou hast borne her richest dower;  
Strife around, and danger nigh,  
Thou hast been her best ally:  
Kings and Courts have fled, or fail'd her,  
As her foes, exulting, hail'd her  
With a deep and deadly will;  
Treaties have been broken through,  
Even whilst their seals were new,  
But thou hast been faithful still,—  
Bearing o'er the brave and free  
Our old flag of victory.  
We look'd to thee in our need,  
Like the Arab to his steed;  
Or the jealous mountaineer  
To his hills, when war drew near:  
And let History explain  
Whether we have looked in vain.

Then all honour unto thee,  
Beautiful and glorious Sea!  
Every other votary gone,  
Thou shouldst still be bless'd by one.

C. A.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We have looked in vain for any announcement of books of original character: Valpy, indeed, promises us a History of England from the year 1760 to 1833; and Murray an edition of Gibbon's History in monthly volumes, with engravings and notes by Milman. The first will probably be something of a compilation, and with the latter the world is well acquainted;

they may, however, both prove good pecuniary speculations. The reverend annotator will, it is probable, soften or extenuate the sternness of the historian in matters of Christian belief; yet we would advise him to be moderate, for it will scarcely be courteous to cavil at and contradict every sneer and insinuation.—We lately saw in our advertising columns, proposals for a full and ample British Biography, by Mr. Dunham, author of the 'History of Spain'; a work of the kind is much wanted, for our national biography is most imperfect, and no man is, we believe, better qualified for the undertaking. We heartily hope, therefore, it will be extensively patronized; and as the writer is content to risk his labour, and will go to press so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers, to cover the outlay of expense, shall have put down their names, it will be disgraceful to the nation if the publication be long deferred.—Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, having grown weary of inditing songs and ballads, has commenced preacher; for so we interpret his announcement of a volume of Sermons.

We omitted last week to make mention of the opening of a new and most interesting Panorama—"Boothia," from drawings by Capt. Ross.

We regret exceedingly there is little probability that the first of the series of Papers, GERMAN SINCE LUTHER, by H. HEINE, can appear before the 16th of February. As we stated on the first announcement, it is impossible to secure ourselves against these disappointments; they are, however, less likely to occur hereafter, and to quiet our own conscience, and satisfy our readers of this, we now state that articles are actually preparing on the Literature of France, by SAINT-REMY; of Spain, by GALLIANO; of Peru, by MIRZA ISRAHIM; of Turkey, by VON HAMMER; of America, by TIMOTHY FLINT—and we are already in treaty with distinguished native writers of other countries.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Jan. 18.—The Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, Vice President, took the chair at the general meeting this day. Among the donations laid on the table were a copy of the *Oriental Annual*, by the author, the Rev. H. Caunter; 'The Round Towers of Ireland,' &c., by Henry O'Brien, Esq.; and, by the Native Education Society of Bombay, an admirably lithographed copy of the historical works of Perishta, of which a translation was published in 1828 by Colonel Briggs.

Captain Harkness, Sec. R.A.S. presented a neatly sculptured representation of the Linga, with cobra-capellus, &c., executed on a beautiful kind of black stone, resembling marble.

On presenting the *Oriental Annual*, Sir Alexander Johnston expressed the gratification he felt at the rapid and extensive sale of this splendid work, as affording a proof of the generally increased interest attached to Indian affairs, an edition of five thousand copies, in English, having been disposed of in two months, besides one of a thousand in the French language, under the patronage of His Majesty Louis Philippe I.

Sir Alexander Johnston laid before the members a series of the Reports of proceedings before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on cases of appeal from India, pointing out the great utility of the researches in which the Society was engaged,—evincing particularly in this instance, as having originated the new and improved system, by which these appeals are brought on for consideration and disposal.

Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Lucy Evans, C.B., and David Urquhart, Esq., were elected members of the Society.

A paper, by Lieutenant Burnes, was read, containing an account of the present state of the celebrated Temple at Sannath, destroyed by Mahmud of Ghizni, A.D. 1024.

These particulars were collected by Lieutenant Burnes in October, 1830: the town of Pattan Sannath is situated on the Guzerat coast in lat. 20° 54'; its antiquity is undoubted, and the inhabitants yet relate, with literal accuracy, the facts recorded of the Mohammedan conqueror, particularly his striking the idol to pieces; nor does the pious Hindu deny the fate which befel his God, but consoles himself with the belief, that he retired into the sea on the approach of the ruthless Moslem, and has since remained there. The great Temple of Sannath stands on a rising ground, on the N.W. side of Pattan, within the walls, and only separated by them from the sea: it is visible at twenty-five miles distance; it is a massive stone building, and, unlike Hindu buildings generally, consists of three domes, the two outer of which are diminutive; the central one has an elevation of more than thirty feet, tapering to the summit in fourteen steps: it is about forty feet in diameter. The mode of constructing the arch, by projecting series of stones gradually approaching each other, is also visible in this temple; but these clumsy attempts have been converted by the Mohammedans into chaster forms. Lieutenant Burnes remarks, that tradition rarely coincides with historical truth, so much as in the accounts given of Pattan Sannath.

A paper, by Captain Harkness, Secretary to the Society, was also read; it contained some account of the system of education adopted amongst the Hindus of Southern India; a part which may be considered to afford a picture of genuine Hindu institutions, since it has been less disturbed by foreign conquest or domination. The author's remarks are particularly applicable to the Tamil, but the system pursued throughout the Peninsula is nearly the same. In almost every village the schoolmaster is an official member of the community, and, as such, is entitled to a house and backyard: the sources of his emolument are, the fees he is allowed to exact from his scholars, and certain presents which custom has established as due to him from the parents at particular periods, and on special occasions. The school is open to every Brahman and Sudra boy, but not to boys of inferior caste, except by sufferance of the community: the hours of attendance are from sunrise to sunset, allowing one hour at mid-day for refreshment or repose. The course of instruction is then explained and exemplified, after which the nature and amount of the master's recompense is detailed, and the paper is concluded with a few general remarks on the system, pointing out its defects, and suggesting the desirableness of an alteration in it, to be carried into effect with the sanction of government.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Jan. 8.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—A paper was read by Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., F.G.S., 'On the Old Red Sandstone in the Counties of Hereford, Brecknock, and Carmarthen, with Collateral Observations on the Dislocations which affect the N.W. margin of the South Welch Coal Basin.'

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Jan. 21.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair. The Secretary read a notice, by Mr. Stuchbury, of a new species of Chameleon, from Africa, (*Ch. cristatus*), remarkably distinguished by an elevated ridge extending from the top of the head along the whole line of the back. The Chairman exhibited a beautiful specimen of the Squacco Heron, (*Ardea comata* of Pallas), which had been recently shot by the gamekeeper of Lord Bolton near Basingstoke. But few British examples of this rare heron have been obtained. A paper was read on the great age and size of many remarkable trees, detailing the circumstances that had concurred to effect their preservation, with

a particular account of a large silk cotton tree on the Island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, by R. A. Shomburg. An extensive botanical collection from the vicinity of Rio Janeiro, carefully arranged in nine large folio volumes, was presented to the Society from General Oliveira.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 14.—Joseph Sabine, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The Secretary read Mr. Broderip's description of the characters of several species of *Placunanomia*, from Mr. Cuming's collection of South American shells. Mr. Gould exhibited a new species of *Trogon*. Mr. Owen furnished remarks on the skeleton and anatomy of the purple crested Tanager, and afterwards pointed out the peculiarities of the crania of lions and tigers, particularizing the distinctions apparent in the skull of the maneless lion, recently brought to this country and exhibited by Capt. Smee. The Secretary, in conclusion, read the remaining portion of Mr. Hodgson's account of the mammalia of Nepal.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Is No. 320 of the *Athenæum* will be found a report of a lecture delivered to this Society by Mr. Wilkinson, on 'Ancient projectile engines of warfare.' On Tuesday, (the 14th,) the same gentleman delivered another on the 'Manufacture of fire-arms.'

It would be difficult, Mr. Wilkinson observed, if not impossible, to ascertain the gradational improvements which have taken place in fire-arms, which he divided into five general classes, distinguishable by the application of a lighted match by the hand; the match-lock; the wheel-lock; the flint-lock, and the percussion-lock. He stated, that though so many centuries have elapsed since the invention of gunpowder, the same methods are employed in various parts of the world, at this time, excepting only the wheel-lock; and even that was frequently to be met with in Germany.

Mr. Wilkinson proceeded to the construction of military fire-arms, in which, he remarked, very little alteration had been made within the last century; and then alluded to the many failures to which the introduction of fulminating powder had given birth. He considered, in the event of a war, that the percussion system would become universal. He next explained the construction of the flint-lock, also its difference when applied to a fowling-piece, and dwelt much at length on the improvement effected in fire-arms, by the application of detonating powder.

He then adverted to some experiments he had made, proving that the flame of fulminating powder will pass through the centre of a box filled with gunpowder without effecting ignition, and he considered that a red-hot ball, by extraordinary velocity, might be sent through a barrel of gunpowder, and no explosion ensue. He showed the effect of the velocity of flame applied to gunpowder through the conducting rod of an electrifying machine. He explained how modern fire-arms were manufactured, and adverted to the fact of the formation of the barrel by machinery, having been the effect of a combination among the workmen. He minutely described the various kinds of barrels used for fowling-pieces, and, by experiment, showed the facility with which a thin riband of *Damascus* iron might be wound round tubing to form gun-barrels.

Mr. Wilkinson closed the lecture with observations on the construction and powers of rifles; and discharged an air-gun, made in Germany, with a spiral spring, and of a very peculiar construction, at a target, at the back of which was placed a pistol, which, in the event of the contents of the gun entering the bull's eye, immediately went off. Fire-arms of various forms were exhibited.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY, Jan. 14.—Dr. Chowne in the chair. Dr. Clendinning read an essay on the poisonous fungi. Amongst a long list of those who have died from eating mushrooms, he enumerated all the family of the tragic poet Euripides, the Emperor Claudian, Agrippina, the Emperor Jovian, Charles Borrouco, Pope Clement VII., the Empress Alexina, and Charles the Seventh. He observed that there were twenty species described, amongst these, the *campestris*, or common mushroom, and the *deliciosus* which had been described as food for the gods, were those which were considered as epicurean delicacies, but even they had been supposed sometimes to have become virulent from their growth in marshy soils or shady spots; so much so, that laws have been made to punish those who gathered them; and edicts were issued even so late as the days of Napoleon to prohibit their use. Modern chemistry seemed to point out the presence of two poisons in the dangerous mushroom, one irritant, the other narcotic, but it had failed to point out the real characteristic by which their different powers might be clearly ascertained. He thought the best proof of the true edible mushroom might be drawn from its appearance, when young, of a roundish form, smooth like a button, which, together with its stalk, is white, especially the fleshy part of the button; the gills within, when broken, are livid; as it grows larger, it expands its head by degrees into a flat form; the gills underneath are at first of a pale flesh colour, but become blackish on standing. These were the characteristics which had been described by the botanists. He then entered into an historical view of its employment as an edible and as a poison.

Dr. Sigmond read some communications upon the *Guano*, relative to whose powers in hydrophobia so much has been said, but which has proved to be completely inert in the hands of English medical men. The papers read were from some physicians in the United States of America, who seem to have been more fortunate in their experience of the powers of the Hunco or Guano; they confirm the statements of the South Americans, and believe it to be the plant with which those who harmlessly handle the rattle-snake, inoculate themselves; they have given it a trial in yellow fever with success; but among the communications read to the Society, there was no practical proof of its powers in hydrophobia. Some discussion arose in the Society on the subject; Sir James Leighton was of opinion that the juice must have undergone some change, so as to modify its power, before it could have been administered in this country. The President observed that great care had been taken in the importation of it into this country; and both Earl Stanhope and Sir Henry Hallford had interested themselves very much on the subject; but that the trials given by Mr. Cesar Hawkins, at St. George's Hospital, could leave very little doubt, that it possessed no specific power in one of the most formidable diseases with which humanity was afflicted.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Royal College of Physicians	Nine, P.M.
	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society	Eight, P.M.
Tues.	Medico-Chirurgical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
Wed.	Society of Arts	Eight, P.M.
Th.	Royal Society	Eight, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
Fri.	Royal Institution	Eight, P.M.
Sat.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

#### PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Sitting of 30th December.

M. Cagniard-Latour mentioned an experiment, which proves that the air favours the reaction of water upon phosphorus. He enclosed two sticks of phosphorus in two tubes filled with

distilled water, one deprived of all air, the other containing it; exposed to the light, the first retained its colour, the other was soon covered with what was ascertained to be hydrate of phosphorus, and not an oxide.

M. Geoffroy St.-Hilaire read another memoir, respecting the existing dispute, as to whether cetaceous animals can be considered mammiferous or not. M. St.-Hilaire sought to prove that cetaceous young were not nourished by actual sucking of their mothers, but by imbibing a sort of mucus shed in the water by the parent.

M. Brongniart read some remarks on the structure of the epidermis in vegetables.

Jan. 6.—M. Auguste St.-Hilaire was elected Vice President for 1834.

M. Telnoue announced the following law respecting acids and other pyrogenous (fire-begotten) bodies:—"Any pyrogenous acid, together with a certain quantity of water and carbonic acid, or with either of these, represents the composition of the original acid that produced it."

The attention of the assembly was next occupied by the inquiries which the mayor of Grenoble has been making of men of science, to learn the cause of the failure of the great conduits which bring water to the town. They are of cast iron, and the obstruction was supposed to proceed from the rapid formation of excrescences of rust, or oxidized iron, within the pipes.

M. Payen read his opinion on the subject; his experiments had led to the conclusion, that iron immersed in solution of alkali, was for a long time preserved from oxidation. But these alkaline solutions are apt to lose power, in contact with the air, the alkali drawing thence carbonic acid. When the water contains but a two hundredth part of the solution of carbonate of soda, conical concretions of rust begin to form, greenish brown at the base, and yellow at top; and this is particularly the case in flaws or crevices, where bodies foreign to the metal have introduced themselves, and of which the contact with the metal causes voltaic action. The Committee are of opinion, that this explanation will be found to apply to the obstruction of the conduits of Grenoble; but, as yet, can only form a conjecture. A member observed, that means had lately been found to prevent calcareous deposits in the leaden pipes of the manufactory of Sevres; the same might be found effectual with cast iron pipes.

#### FINE ARTS.

THE Fine Arts, notwithstanding the complaints of painters and connoisseurs, are spreading, and growing more popular in this country; of this, no better instance need be given than the multitudes of single prints and embellishments for periodical publications which are weekly, nay daily, diffused over the land. Many of these, it is true, are of doubtful merit, but some are exquisitely beautiful, particularly such as are landscape. Nor is it in serious compositions alone that we abound; delineations of a comic cast—caricatures, in short, are plentiful, and some of them, particularly those by Cruikshank, show great wit, and skill in character. We believe no country has any right to be compared to Britain in humorous representations. We have been led into this line of reflection by looking at the works of this kind with which our table is loaded; a pawnbroker's counter, when Saturday night covers it with chains of false gold, strings of true pearls, French watches, forred surtouts, ladies fans, and five hundred other fashionable or superfluous things, is but a type of our table. Let us take them up—glance at them—say a word or two about each, and hand them to fame or to oblivion. The fish in this fifth number of the 'Complete Angler' are as natural as fish out of water can well be; we hold that no painter of



our day may be compared to Inskip for delineating the trouts of old England. That tench seems but this moment moved out of its element on to the moist grass upon the bank—those two perch are exquisitely drawn and engraved; perhaps the scales are not sufficiently rough and sharp—that eel, too, is alive. The notes are not instructive. The trout, which the rhetor says belongs to Lough Neagh, called the Pollen, and is the Vangis of Lochmaben Loch, has little resemblance to that fish; the name is Vendice, and we never heard that it was found elsewhere save in the Swiss lakes.

What little odd sort of periodical is this? 'My Sketch Book,' by George Cruikshank—how full of life, fun, and satire! But, George, this is scarcely civil: here we are most gloriously caricatured among the mob of fashionables in the Montpellier Rotunda. But never mind, we are forgiving; more especially as we see none have escaped without a satiric touch or two. We know the lady who feels alarmed at her own shadow, and well she may, for her petticoats are but scanty. Here we are again in the Montpellier morning parade: that gentleman in the white castor, tassel boots and cane, is our familiar acquaintance. We know, too, that agreeable youth whose mouth and nose are overgrown with mustaches. Perhaps the finest thing in the work is the History of Napoleon—a diminutive soldier, in lifting a globe, is borne backwards with its weight; he cannot escape being crushed in the fall.

Often and often have we been in the Isle of Wight, and these seven numbers of *Barbor's Picturesque Illustrations* of that Island, have recalled some of its finest scenes to our memory; the work is remarkably cheap—and if not quite so beautiful as we could wish, it will be found a faithful companion to all visitors. Pass we on to other matters—what is this?—'The Remains of Raphael, taken on the spot'—a ghastly skeleton laid out in a tomb; on such things some may love to look—we are not of the number.—Here is a subject of a softer sort: 'Cymon gazing on Iphigenia,' engraved by Walker, from the picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The repose of the lady is very natural and graceful, and the graver has done its duty.—How gay matters jostle with the serious!—the print now in our hand is 'The Angel appearing to the Shepherds,' engraved by George Sidwell Sanders; the scene is eastern, and there is considerable force in the delineation. What! the portrait of a friend!—an admirable likeness of one who has taken many fine likenesses—that of F. W. Wilkin. The delineation is masterly, but this is not to be wondered at, as it is from his own hand.—Here we have a gentler visitor: a lady, "beautiful exceedingly," inditing verse—it is Mrs. Norton; and if she appears in this guise at the front of the 'Court Magazine,' there will be a large demand for the impression.—This face is of a sterner stamp: it is that of Captain Ross, rough, weather-beaten, and fit for the wear and tear of northern expeditions.

Alfred Crouquill has indulged us with a look into his Portfolio, No. 2: it contains some good hum. 'A great bustle about nothing' cannot be explained in words: a thin young lady all but lost in a wide circumference of dress, is as near as we can do it. 'A Mug for the Beer' is capital: the face seems as thirsty as a desert, and the mouth has been made for swallowing whole hogheads. 'Well connected' is also excellent: two scamps are on their way whither the magistrate has ordered them—one in fashionable attire, the other in the dress of a raven, but well connected by the tie of a pair of handcuffs. Of the 'Comic Almanack for 1834,' &c., we need not say more than that we have smiled at several of the quaint delineations. Some of the caricatures in the 'Landlord and

Tenant' are capital. There is, however, a too visible leaning to the coarse and the vulgar.

## MUSIC

We resume our musical notices this week, in the midst of a grave and learned company of works, for the most part sacred. We begin with *Novello's Mass, No. 1, for four voices, with an accompaniment for the organ or pianoforte*, having been long anxious to express our respect for this gentleman's talents as a scientific musician, and our thanks for the service he has rendered the public by presenting them with a series of valuable arrangements and reprints. Still, learning is one thing, and fancy another; and we are constrained to admit that we have seldom perused fifty pages of music in which less of originality is exhibited than in the composition before us. Its rich and varied harmonies, however, will make it impressive in a place of worship.

We now come, naturally, to *Purcell's Sacred Music, edited by V. Novello. Prefatory number.* This is more literary than musical, as it entirely consists of a biography of the composer, with extracts from musical historians, correspondence, &c., and critiques by writers of the present day. Mr. Novello has also collected much valuable information with respect to the state of Church music, previous and subsequent to the age in which Purcell lived. We shall notice this work again as it proceeds.

'*Tantum Ergo*,' a soprano solo, with chorus and violin obligato, by C. Guynemer. We are again called upon to repeat the truism, that fancy and science are not synonymous—that to understand does not necessarily imply the power to create. But Mr. Guynemer has treated us to one original idea—the cadenza at the end of the composition—it is, however, most unfortunately undevotional—as well as being needlessly difficult of execution.

*Gresham Prize Composition, No. 2. Anthem, 'Turn thee again, O Lord,'* by J. Pye. This composer is from the Royal Academy, and does more credit to the Institution than sundry others who have presented the fruits of their studies to the public. We suppose that there is some peculiar mystery in minims and semibreves, which makes our modern church writers cling to them with such constancy, in place of adopting the simpler, and, we think, more rational notation of crotchets, &c. Having said thus much generally, we may point out the richness of harmony throughout the first movement as being worthy of praise. It has been carefully studied. It seems strange that modern English composers should, for the most part, confine the display of their science to the service of the church—and that we could enumerate as many good anthems as bad operas. Why should this be?

Reserving one or two other scientific publications for future notice, we proceed to something of a lighter strain than the above—commencing with two more works proceeding from the Academy. With respect to *An Overture as a Duet*, by S. Philpot, it is a noisy and an unmeaning production—a poor imitation of Rossini's poorest. We are fond of contrasts, and the *Thema, with variations, for the violin, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte*, by H. G. Blagrove, affords us an opportunity of indulging our taste. This is a genuine composition, and gives good promise of what may be expected from its author. The *Thema* is elegant, and the variations brilliant and effective for the instrument. (We have just heard that this violinist has been sent to Germany to study under Spohr, at the expense of the Queen. This is good surety for the future.)

*Grand Triumphant March—Polonaise—for the pianoforte*, by J. D. Roloffs. These are pretty, and may be useful as lessons.

*Chorus of Peasants from 'Euryanthe,' as a duet for the pianoforte*, by G. Perry. An easy arrangement of a brilliant and popular composition, but dear at half-a-crown.

*Twelve Waltzes for the pianoforte*, by J. Z. Herrmann. We beg to call the attention of all lovers of good music to this set of waltzes. The first, third, fourth, fifth, and eighth are our especial favorites. The last of these may take its place by the side of the waltzes of Beethoven. We shall be mistaken if this composer does not, one day or other, make himself heard of in the musical world.

*Mr. Charles Incedon's Vocal Concert.*—This took place, on Wednesday evening, at the City of London Tavern. It must always require very nice management, and a judicious selection of music, to prevent a Concert, exclusively vocal, from becoming insipid and monotonous. On this occasion, of five glees, there was only one which we had not heard fifty times before; but this, '*There is beauty on the Mountain*,' is a very sweet composition, by Goss. With respect to the new music performed—'*O Poland, my Country*,' MS. duet by Nelson; '*O believe not the Tears*,' prize ballad by Hobbs; a prize duet by T. Cooke, *Loos* (Mr. Hobbs) and *War* (Mr. Bellamy), we could not help comparing these specimens of the modern English school, with two sweet old melodies by Shield, which formed part of the selection—(we dared not think of any higher standard). As concerns the singers, we have only to say that Miss Betta did her best with the two songs she had to sing, and did well; that Master J. Incedon is a promising boy, with a sweet voice; that Miss Shirreff, in whose future success we have much faith, if she will only consider herself at the foot of the ascent to perfection, and not near its summit, sang as usual; and that Mrs. S. Wood—but we are not going to say harsh things of a lady. It is only fair to state, that the audience appeared to be in the best of humours, and encored several of the pieces.

## THEATRICALS

THERE has been no novelty, since our last report, at any of the houses, within what we may call the home theatrical circuit; and certain intentions which we had formed of visiting the Victoria and the Fitzroy have been washed away by the rain. The theatres generally have been as well attended for several weeks past, as they have been during a similar period in the memory of some of the "oldest" theatrical "inhabitants." This is most likely owing to the absence of any great political excitement, and to the unusual mildness of the weather. Dramatic business has also been "looking up," more or less, all over the country; a good proof of which may be found in the fact, that at the last meeting of the Dramatic Authors' Society, Mr. Miller, their agent, had to report the receipt of upwards of 130*l.* from various country theatres for distribution. It is gratifying to have to report that 50*l.* of the above has been paid in one sum, by the Liverpool Theatre, to Mr. Sheridan Knowles, for permission to act his plays for six months. The legislature has thus given to authors that encouragement which they have long looked in vain to meet with from managers; and dramatic talent of the higher order, wherever it sleeps, may shake off its slumbers, and come forth like a "giant refreshed."

M. Scribe's play of 'Bertrand et Raton,' which has been translated and adapted for Drury Lane Theatre, (report says by Mrs. Charles Gore,) will shortly be produced. We understand that the licence for it, which was in the first instance granted by Mr. Colman, was afterwards withdrawn by the Earl of Belmest, the Vice-Chamberlain. A strong remonstrance was made

thereupon, which proved effectual, and the interior itself was, in its turn, withdrawn.

Two novelties announced for next week, are a piece by Mr. Buckstone at the Adelphi, and another by Mr. Peake at the Olympic.

### MISCELLANEA

*Conversations of the Architectural Society.*—We had the pleasure of attending on the evening of Tuesday, and from the variety and number of designs, &c. exhibited, and the many persons present, we have reason to believe that the Society is flourishing. Among the drawings with which the walls were covered, we particularly remarked some of Mr. Roberts's beautiful Spanish sketches—others by Mr. Scandrett, and a series of designs for a Royal Exchange, by Mr. William Burnes. The latter struck us as displaying much original and picturesque fancy.

*Diffusion of Knowledge.*—At a late meeting of the Literary Society of Liverpool, Mr. Merrit read a paper, entitled 'Remarks on the following passage in a late *Edinburgh Review*':—"It has always appeared to us, that the stationary or degenerate condition of the two oldest families of mankind (those of Asia and Africa) is a sad obstacle in the way of those who indulge in the hope of its uniform and progressive advancement."—On which he incidentally remarked, that the evidence of facts was conclusive against the Reviewer—for, supposing the population of the world at the Christian era equal to what it now is, viz. about 700 millions, it is evident that there never were more than about one-seventh part, i. e. 100 millions, much advanced in civilization: at present, we have at least 270 millions, (230 in Europe and 40 in America) much more highly civilized,—that is, one-third instead of one-seventh; but this is as nothing to our future prospects. In another century, America and Europe conjointly will have not less than 800 millions, or two-thirds of the then probable population of the earth, in a state of improvement which baffles all calculation. When this period shall arrive, the inveterate barbarism of Asia and Africa can no longer sustain itself, but must inevitably give way, and even the obstinate stagnation of India and China be exchanged for a progressive advance.

*Musical Language.*—An interesting report has just been made to the French Institute, respecting a system of musical language invented by M. Sudre. The committee appointed to inquire into the invention, state that it comprises the following advantages: 1st. That it furnishes a mode of communication, capable of giving expression to all our ideas. 2nd. That this new language admits of being rendered by sounds, characters, and gestures. 3rd. That it may serve as a means of communication either near or at a distance. 4th. That it may be employed either for public or secret communications. 5th. That this system, however, is not susceptible, like the pronunciation of speaking languages, of being successively changed, but that it is in its nature unalterable. Among the members of the committee who have made this favourable report of the invention, are Messrs. Cherubini, Boieldieu, and Auber.

*Bath Abbey Church* is at the same time the latest, and the smallest of our English Cathedrals, in the pointed or old English style of architecture. It belongs consequently to the latest period, the period in which the style is commonly called *florid*, but although the structure possesses many of the characteristics of the time, its design is simpler and plainer indeed, than that of works of the period generally.—The present edifice was founded within the last few years of the 15th, or very early in the 16th century, but was not finished when the dissolution of the monasteries took place in 1539, and the revenues of Bath Abbey fell into the hands

of Henry VIII. and the church became the property of private individuals, who stripped the building of its more valuable materials, and reduced it almost to ruin. On becoming, in the latter end of the 16th century, the parish church of Bath, and the recognized Cathedral of the See, the edifice underwent some repairs, and something was done again in the beginning of the 17th century, towards its completion. It continued, nevertheless, in an incomplete state, and many of the unfinished, and exposed parts were falling fast into decay, when the corporation of this city determined to restore the structure, and to complete the original design externally. Unfortunately, however, in proceeding with the work of restoration and completion, the peculiar style of the particular edifice has been overlooked, or neglected, and the general features of the style of the period introduced. The parapet of the nave and choir, which had been finished, is comparatively plain, though it is sufficiently enriched for the rest of the flanks, but it is proposed to place on the circles, which had been without any parapet, a rich pierced and embattled one! The buttresses of the aisles, some of which were appropriately finished with a saddle-backed coping, it is proposed to stud with highly enriched pinnacles! The turrets of the east and west fronts, and those of the main tower are characteristically finished with panelling and machicollations, and these too, it is intended to terminate with pinnacles! Buttresses against the walls of the nave rest on the rudiments of flying buttresses, which should have been thrown over the aisles from the heads of their buttresses in correspondence with those of the choir. The former it is proposed to continue vertically down the walls, between the windows of the nave, cutting away the rudiments of the flying buttresses, and resting them below on corbels. Now we must hint to our many good friends, and many true friends of art in that city, that to stud this edifice with pinnacles, and put an enriched embattled parapet on the walls of its aisles, would destroy the peculiar character of the edifice, but this last alteration would be totally inconsistent with the style of architecture to which it belongs; and the proposed restorations, generally, would be altogether destructive of those qualities, which render Bath Abbey Church an interesting and valuable example.

*Spratt's Secretaire, or Office Assistant.*—A very neat and compact portfolio, which enables a writer by the very simplest means, to multiply copies of letters, &c. It cannot fail to be found useful. The method is by placing the sheet of paper on which you propose to write, beneath a leaf of transparent paper, and inserting between them a prepared sheet—you write on the transparent leaf with a metallic crayon, and the letter and copy are complete, and both as legible, or more so than if written with common ink.

*Lighting of Paris.*—A new system of lighting Paris has lately been introduced, and though some efforts have been made to extend the number of gas-lamps, the city is principally lighted with oil. A calculation has been made of the annual quantity of oil consumed for this purpose, from which it appears that it amounts to 6,500,000 quarts, of the value of about 6,100,000 francs.

*Travelling in France.*—A new species of diligence has just been started at Paris, called a *Feloca*. It is composed of four divisions, similar to that part of the old diligence, called the *Coupe* and each of these coupes will hold three persons. These diligences are intended to be employed upon all the routes of France, and are to travel at the rate of about nine miles an hour. The price is fixed at one franc per post (about five miles). One of these diligences full of passengers, with their luggage, was weighed by order of the Minister of the Interior, and was found to be lighter than one of the old diligences when completely empty.

*Powers.*—An Oxford student joined, without invitation, a party dining at an inn; after dinner he boasted so much of his abilities, that one of the party said, "You have told us enough of what you can do, tell us something you cannot do." "Faith," said he, "I cannot pay my share of the reckoning."

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. W. & Mon. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 16	56 48	29.26	S.W.	Cloudy.
Frid. 17	52 42	29.09	S.W. n.	Rain.
Sat. 18	51 40	29.25	W.	Clear.
Sun. 19	43 35	29.35	S.W.	Cloudy.
Mon. 20	40 35	29.77	S.W.	Drizzle.
Tues. 21	52 46	29.75	S.W.	Rain.
Wed. 22	54 44	29.49	S.W. H.	Drizzle.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus. Nights and mornings, for the greater part, rainy. Stormy wind early on Friday and Saturday.

Mean temperature of the week, 45.5°. Greatest variation, 21°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.43.

Day increased on Wednesday, 50 minutes.

### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Mr. Inglis has in the press a work on the Channel Islands, Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, &c.

The Letters and Journals of a Gentleman filling a Judicial Situation at Swan River, edited by Martin Doyle.

A new Magazine of Botany, under the superintendence of Mr. Paxton.

Essays and Letters on Theological Subjects, by the Rev. James Hargreaves.

A Dictionary of Geography, by Josiah Conder. An Exposition of the Parables, and of other Parts of the Gospels, by the Rev. Edward Greenwell.

Parochial Sermons, by the Rev. J. H. Newman. Practical Sermons, by the Rev. R. Cox.

Twelve Sermons upon Advent, by the Rev. J. H. B. Mountain.

Scripture Biography, by the Rev. R. W. Evans.

A Concordance to the Prayer-Book Version of the Psalms, by the Rev. C. Girdlestone.

The History of the Church in Scotland, by the Rev. Dr. Russell.

Memoirs and Remains of Bishop Lowth, by the Rev. P. Hall.

A New Atlas of Classical Geography, with an Accented Index, Edited by the Rev. J. P. Bean.

Just published.—The Dublin University Calendar, for 1831, 12mo. 6s.—Sirt on the First Resurrection, 12mo. 6s.—The Merchant's Assistant, or Calculator, 8vo. 6s.—Polymetric Library, General Biography, Vol. I. 4s. 6d.—British Library, Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works, Vol. I. 3s. 6d.—Lowndes's Bibliographer's Manual, 4 vols. 8vo. 4l. 5s.—Thorpe's Antiquary's Anglo-Saxonica, 8vo. 1l.—Martin's Catalogue of Privately Printed Books, 8vo. 1l. 8s.—Remains of James J. Carmichael, by the Rev. D. King, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Reply to the Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion, reprinted from the British Magazine, 12mo. 4s.—Webster's English Dictionary, 2 vols. 4to. 4l. 1s.—Christian Obedience, by the Rev. E. C. Kemp, M.A. 8vo. 6s.—Rev. H. Blunt's Life of Christ, Part I. 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Bishop Andrews's Private Devotions, by the Rev. H. Hauchier, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Langley's Lectures, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Dupan's Geometry of the Arts, by Dr. Hirkbeck, 8vo. 9s.—Family Library, Vols. 39 & 40, Sketch-Book, 2 vols. 10s.—Bradwell's Cyclopaedia, or Pictorial Remains in Greece and Italy, 131 Lithographic Plates, 6l. 10s. 6d.—O'Kief's Legacy to his Daughter, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Tudor's North America, comprising Mexico, &c., 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—McCauley's Hebrew Primer, 8vo. 1s. 6d.—Stebbing's Diamond Bible, 32mo. Vol. I. 7s. 6d.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Although the works published this week are not of great importance, they have been numerous, and even our double sheet could not find room for all—'Crabbe's Life,' 'The History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland,' and others, are in consequence deferred.

H. H.—W. Q.—Manfred—received. It is impossible to answer J. J.'s question without more explanations than we have either time or room for—the "interlinear" is, however, very good for his purpose.

We are greatly obliged to our Edinburgh friend—the best work on the subject is Keightley's.

We repeat to R. R. that we are greatly obliged by all communications on subjects of general interest, but we must be constantly informed of the name and address of our informant. In this instance it is of little consequence, as the time was passed for advertising to the subject before his letter was received.

Mrs. Norton's Poem was published in No. 243, but we cannot conceive that it is the one A. L. refers to.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
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## REVIEWS

*The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Crabbe: with his Letters and Journals, and his Life.* By his Son. Vol. I. London: Murray.

This first volume of the new and complete edition of Crabbe's Works, contains the Life of the poet, written by his son, the Rev. George Crabbe. We hardly remember ever to have read a more interesting biography—it is so full, so unaffected, and we are sure so faithful, that we now feel as well acquainted with the man, as we have heretofore been with the poet. The man and the poet, indeed, are here identical—and the anecdotes with which these pages teem, are all so significant and characteristic, that we recognize in every one of them, the tale teller, in his grave, or gay, or tender mood—in his 'Edward Squire,' or his 'Preceptor Husband,' or his 'Lady Barbara.'

Crabbe was born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the Christmas Eve of 1754. We hear little of his mother, but that little shows her to have been an amiable and gentle woman. His father, collector of the salt-duties, or the saltmaster, was of a sterner nature; but though rugged, and at the latter part of his life of dissolute habits, he was not, on the whole, unkind or unjust—as George seems, after a very early period, to have been singled out as superior to the rest of his children, and accordingly treated to something of a better education. The picture of the cheerless scenes and rude people, among which the poet's youth was spent, is graphically given:—

"I have often heard my father describe a tremendous spring tide of, I think, the 1st of January, 1779, when eleven houses were at once demolished; and he saw the breakers dash over the roofs, curl round the walls, and crush all to ruin. The beach consists of successive ridges—large rolled stones, then loose shingle, and, at the fall of the tide, a stripe of fine hard sand—Vessels of all sorts, from the large heavy trollboat to the yawl and prame, drawn up along the shore—fishermen preparing their tackle, or sorting their spoil—and, nearer the gloomy old town-hall (the only indication of municipal dignity) a few groups of mariners, chiefly pilots, taking their quick, short walk backwards and forwards, every eye watchful of a signal from the offing—such was the squalid scene that first opened on the author of 'The Village.'"

"He was cradled among the rough sons of the ocean—a daily witness of unbridled passions, and of manners remote from the senseness and artificial smoothness of polished society. At home, as has already been hinted, he was subject to the caprices of a stern and imperious, though not unkindly nature; and, probably, few whom he could familiarly approach but had passed through some of those dark domestic tragedies in which his future strength was to be exhibited. •• Masculine and robust frames, rude manners, stormy passions, laborious days, and, occasionally, boisterous nights of merriment,—among such accompaniments was born and reared the Poet of the Poor."

The effect which such a scene, and such associates, were likely to produce upon one of a sensitive spirit and feeble frame, may be guessed. It seems, even thus early, to have elicited those powers of observation, which afterwards produced such remarkable fruits. He became a favourite with the hearty dames of the place, while their rough husbands sneered at him as a useless thing:—

"In verse he delighted, from the earliest time that he could read. His father took in a periodical work, called 'Martin's Philosophical Magazine,' which contained, at the end of each number, a sheet of 'occasional poetry.' The Saltmaster irreverently cut out those sheets when he sent his magazines to be bound up at the end of the year; and the 'Poet's Corner' became the property of George, who read its contents until he had most of them by heart. The boy ere long tried to imitate the pieces which he thus studied; and one of which, he used to say, particularly struck his childish fancy by this terrible concluding couplet,—

The boat went down in flames of fire,  
Which made the people all admire.

He was sent to school at Bungay, on the borders of Norfolk:—

"The first night that he spent at Bungay, he retired to bed, he said, 'with a heavy heart, thinking of his fond, indulgent mother.' But the morning brought a new misery. The slender and delicate child had hitherto been dressed by his mother. Seeing the other boys begin to dress themselves, poor George, in great confusion, whispered to his bedfellow, 'Master G——, can you put on your shirt?—for—for I'm afraid I cannot.'"

When he was in his eleventh or twelfth year, surgery having been chosen as his profession, "he was removed to a school of somewhat superior character, kept by Mr. Richard Haddon, a skilful mathematician, in the same county," and here, it seems, he first showed symptoms of a tendency towards vers-making:—

"Some girls used to come to the school in the evenings, to learn writing; and the tradition is, that Mr. Crabbe's first essay in verse was a stanza of doggerel, cautioning one of these little damsels against being too much elevated about a new set of blue ribands to her straw bonnet."

In spite of temptations to quote, which teem at every page, we are constrained to pass over the miserable time of his sojourn at home, during which period he assisted his father in his duties as warehouseman—his apprenticeship at Wickham Brook, and subsequently with Mr. Page, a surgeon at Woodbridge, with whom he was placed in the year 1777—and his introduction to Miss Elmy, afterwards his wife. Nor can we do more than notice his *début* as an author in *Whible's Lady's Magazine* for 1772, in which he gained a prize, for a poem upon 'Hope,'—his first publication of a separate poem, under the unpromising title of 'Inebriety'—his return to Aldborough on the termination of his apprenticeship, about the end of the year 1775—his home trials, owing to the violence of his father—and his visit to London, for the purpose of obtaining medical instruction,—a

fruitless sojourn, for he returned home little the better for his journey. After a few months spent in the service of a Mr. Maskill, (to whom he gave great offence, by chancing to misspell his name Maskwell,) he set up, on his own account, in Aldborough. But that he never took kindly to surgery, as a profession, is evident:—

"He had, soon after he reached London, a narrow escape from being carried before the Lord Mayor as a resurrectionist. His landlady, having discovered that he had a dead child in his closet, for the purpose of dissection, took it into her head that it was no other than an infant whom she had had the misfortune to lose the week before. 'Dr. Crabbe had dug up William; she was certain he had: and to the Mansion-house he must go.' Fortunately, the countenance of the child had not yet been touched with the knife. The 'doctor' arrived when the tumult was at its height, and, opening the closet door, at once established his innocence of the charge."

After a mournful and long struggle with unhappiness of mind and narrow circumstances, the poet became too strong for the surgeon:—

"One gloomy day, towards the close of the year 1779, he had strolled to a bleak and cheerless part of the cliff above Aldborough, called 'The Marsh Hill,' brooding, as he went, over the humiliating necessities of his condition, and plucking every now and then, I have no doubt, the hundredth specimen of some common weed. He stopped opposite a shallow, muddy piece of water, as desolate and gloomy as his own mind, called the Leech-pond, and 'it was while I gazed on it,'—he said to my brother and me, one happy morning,—that I determined to go to London and venture all."

He was right—man cannot serve two masters; and, in spite of all that has been said and sung about genius in a garret, there can be nothing more wretched than the constant inward corroding of a strife, wherein nature may be stunned, but never can be entirely overcome. We pass at once to April 21st, 1780; at which time, he had "cast physic to the dogs," and opened in London his 'Poet's Journal.'

This part of the book is full of mournful interest: we have rarely seen the hopes and fears of genius, struggling under difficulties, more vividly portrayed, and yet it is mournfulness with hope; for we cannot but remark in it, that cheerfulness and perseverance of spirit, which we think are, if not a test, an accompaniment of talent, sure, in the end, to conquer the malice of adversity. Some of the entries are affecting from their simplicity. He had answered an advertisement for an amanuensis:—

"April 27.—Called on Mrs. Brooke, from whose husband or servant in the shop, I had the intelligence that the gentleman was provided—twelve long miles walked away, loss of time, and a little disappointment, thought I: now for my philosophy. Perhaps, then, I reflected, the 'gentleman' might not have so very much of that character as I at first supposed: he might be a sharper, and would not, or an author himself, and consequently could not, pay me. He might



have employed me seven hours in a day over law or politics, and treated me at night with a Welsh rabbit and porter!—It's all well; I can at present buy porter myself, and am my own amanuensis."

Again:—

"I have got pretty forward in my book, and shall soon know its fate; if bad, these things will the better prepare me for it; if good, the contrasted fortune will be the more agreeable. We are helped, I'm persuaded, with spirits in our necessities. I did not, nor could, conceive that, with a very uncertain prospect before me, a very bleak one behind, and a very poor one around me, I should be so happy a fellow; I don't think there's a man in London worth but four-pence-halfpenny—for I've this moment sent seven farthings for a pint of porter—who is so resigned to his poverty. Hope, Vanity, and the Muse, will certainly contribute something towards a light heart; but Love and the god of Love only can throw a beam of gladness on a heavy one.

"I am now debating whether an Ode or ~~sonnet~~ should have the next place in the collection; which being a matter of so great consequence, we'll bid our *Mim* good night."

"May 20.—The cash, by a sad temptation, greatly reduced. An unlucky book-stall presented to the eyes three volumes of Dryden's works, octavo, five shillings. Prudence, however, got the better of the devil, when she whispered me to bid three shillings and sixpence: after some hesitation, that prevailed with the woman, and I carried reluctantly home, I believe, a fair bargain, but a very ill-judged one.

"It's the vilest thing in the world to have but one coat. My only one has happened with a mischance, and how to manage it is some difficulty. A confounded stove's unlovely ornament caught its elbow, and rent it half away. Pinioned to the side it came home, and I ran deploring to my loft. In the dilemma, it occurred to me to turn tailor myself; but how to get materials to work with puzzled me. At last I went running down in a hurry, with three or four sheets of paper in my hand, and begged for a needle, &c. to sew them together. This finished my job, and but that it is somewhat thicker, the elbow is a good one yet."

All this time he was proving

What hell it is in suing long to bide,  
soliciting the notice and patronage of Lord North, Lord Shelburne, and Lord Thurlow, without success; and returning home, night after night, depressed, but not utterly subdued, to chronicle the day's disappointment for "his *Mim*." But the long lane was near its turning. He bethought himself of applying to Edmund Burke; his reception is well known, and its consequences—the publication of 'The Library' under the auspices of that great statesman, and the introduction of the young poet into holy orders. Crabbe now became known to Lord Thurlow, to whom, in his misery, he had addressed a letter, inclosing some verses, which Thurlow returned with a cold note, expressing his regret that his avocations did not leave him leisure to read verses, on which Crabbe addressed to him some strong, but not disrespectful lines, intimating that, in former times, the encouragement of literature had been considered a duty appertaining to the station he held. He now "received a note from the Lord Chancellor, politely inviting him to breakfast the next morning. His kind patron had spoken of him in favourable terms to the stern and formidable Thurlow, and his Lordship was now anxious to atone for his previous neglect. He received Mr. Crabbe with more than courtesy, and most condescendingly said, 'The first

poem you sent me, Sir, I ought to have noticed—and I heartily forgive the second.' They breakfasted together, and, at parting, his Lordship put a sealed paper into my father's hand, saying, 'Accept this trifle, Sir, in the meantime, and rely on my embracing an early opportunity to serve you more substantially when I hear that you are in orders.' As soon as he had left the house he opened the letter, expecting to find a present of ten, or perhaps twenty pounds; it contained a bank note for a hundred."

It is impossible for us to trace his career of success as deliberately as we have followed the course of his early trials. We must, however, mention one noble trait, which shows him to have been well worthy of the good fortune with which the remaining years of his life were blessed, and then conclude with extracting such anecdotes of himself or his friends, as appear most interesting.

"I am enabled to state—though the information never came from my father—that the first use he made of this good fortune was, to seek out and relieve some objects of real indigence—poor scholars like himself, whom he had known when sharing their wretchedness in the city; and I must add, that, whenever he visited London in later years, he made it his business to enquire after similar objects of charity, supposed to be of respectable personal character, and to do by them as, in his own hour of distress, he would have been done by."

Most persons have thought it extraordinary that Crabbe should have been so sparing in the exercise of that gift which had done so much for him during the first part of his life. But, it seems, that he was not idle:—

"I can safely assert (says his son), that, from the earliest time I recollect him, down to the fifth or sixth year before his death, I never saw him (unless in company) seated in a chair, enjoying what is called a lounge—that is to say, doing nothing. Out of doors he had always some object in view—a flower, or a pebble, or his notes, book, in his hand; and in the house, if he was not writing, he was reading. He read aloud very often, even when walking, or seated by the side of his wife, in the huge old-fashioned one-horse chaise, heavier than a modern chariot, in which they usually were conveyed in their little excursions, and the conduct of which he, from awkwardness and absence of mind, prudently relinquished to my mother on all occasions. Some may be surprised to hear me speak of his writing so much; but the fact is, that though he for so many years made no fresh appeal to the public voice, he was all that time busily engaged in composition. Numberless were the manuscripts which he completed; and not a few of them were destined never to see the light. I can well remember more than one grand incensation—not in the chimney, for the bulk of paper to be consumed would have endangered the house,—but in the open air,—and with what glee his children vied in assisting him, stirring up the fire, and bringing him fresh loads of the fuel as fast as their little legs would enable them."

Here is a fine outbreak of the poet, in the midst of the peaceful monotony of the clergyman's life:—

"It was, I think, in the summer of 1787, that my father was seized, one fine summer's day, with so intense a longing to see the sea, from which he had never before been so long absent, that he mounted his horse, rode alone to the coast of Lincolnshire, sixty miles from his house, dipped in the waves that washed the beach of Aldborough, and returned to Seathern."

The account of the primitive family at Parham is a perfect picture, but we have no room to give even a part of it. We cannot

resist, however, a sketch of Crabbe in his canonicals:—

"His style of reading in the desk was easy and natural—at any rate natural to him, though a fastidious ear might find in it a species of affectation, something a little like assumed authority; but there was no tone, nothing of sing-song. He read too rapidly, it is true: but surely this was an error on the right side. The extremely slow enunciation of matter so very familiar is enough to make piety itself impatient. In the pulpit he was entirely unaffected—read his sermon with earnestness, and in a voice and manner, on some occasions, peculiarly affecting; but he made no attempt at extempore preaching, and utterly disregarded all the mechanisms of oratory. And he had at that time another trait, very desirable in a minister—the most complete exemption from fear or solicitude. 'I must have some money, gentlemen,' he would say, in stepping from the pulpit. This was his notice of tithe-day. Once or twice, finding it grow dark, he abruptly shut his sermon, saying, 'Upon my word I cannot see; I must give you the rest when we meet again.' Or he would walk into a pew near a window, and stand on the seat and finish his sermon, with the most admirable indifference to the remarks of his congregation. He was always, like his own Author-Rector, in the Parish Register, 'careless of hood and band,' &c."

This same indifference to form and order appears to have pervaded his private habits: "he neither loved order for its own sake, nor had any very high opinion of the passion in others;" and, during the lifetime of his wife, whose health was very precarious, lived a happy, busy, and careless life—whether at Muston, or Glenham, or Trowbridge, seeing and caring little for the rest of the world, writing novels and treatises, and destroying them when finished.

"We had now and then a party at our house; but where the mistress is always in ill health and the master a poet, there will seldom be found the nice tact to conduct these things just as they ought to be. My father was conscious of this; and it gave him an appearance of imbecility quite foreign to his nature. . . . My mother's declining state becoming more evident, he was, if possible, more attentive to her comforts than ever. He would take up her meals when in her own room, and sometimes cook her some little nicety for supper, when he thought it would otherwise be spoiled. 'What a father you have!' was a grateful exclamation often on her lips."

In the year 1807, he broke his long silence, and reappeared before the public as a poet, publishing his 'Parish Register,' "that he might give his second son also the advantages of an academical education." He was overwhelmed by complimentary letters, and opened a correspondence with Sir Walter Scott, from whom there are three or four in this volume, very delightful. We can only make room for the first:—

"Dear Sir,—I am just honoured with your letter, which gives me the more sensible pleasure, since it has gratified a wish of more than twenty years' standing. It is, I think, fully that time since I was, for great part of a very snowy winter, the inhabitant of an old house in the country, in a course of poetical study, so very like that of your admirably painted 'Young Lud,' that I could hardly help saying, 'That's me!' when I was reading the book to my family. Among the very few books which fell under my hands was a volume or two of Dodsley's Annual Register, one of which contained copious extracts from 'The Village' and 'The Library,' particularly the conclusion of book the first of the former, and an extract from the latter, beginning with the description of the old Romances. I

committed them most faithfully to my memory, where your verses must have felt themselves very strangely lodged in company with ghost stories, border riding-ballads, scraps of old plays, and all the miscellaneous stuff which a strong appetite for reading, with neither means nor discrimination for selection, had assembled in the head of a lad of eighteen. New publications, at that time, were very rare in Edinburgh, and my means of procuring them very limited; so that, after a long search for the poems which contained these beautiful specimens, and which had afforded me so much delight, I was fain to rest contented with the extracts from the Register, which I could repeat at this moment. You may, therefore, guess my sincere delight when I saw your poems at a later period assume the rank in the public consideration which they so well deserve. It was a triumph to my own immature taste to find I had anticipated the applause of the learned and of the critical, and I became very desirous to offer my *gratulations*, among the more important plaudits which you have had from every quarter. I should certainly have availed myself of the freemasonry of authorship—for our trade may claim to be a mystery as well as Abhorson's—to address to you a copy of a new poetical attempt, which I have now upon the anvil, and I esteem myself particularly obliged to Mr. Hatchard, and to your goodness acting upon his information, for giving me the opportunity of paving the way for such a freedom. I am too proud of the compliments you honour me with, to affect to decline them; and with respect to the comparative view I have of my own labours and yours, I can only assure you, that none of my little folks, about the formation of whose tastes and principles I may be supposed naturally solicitous, have ever read any of my own poems; while yours have been our regular evening's amusement. My eldest girl begins to read well, and enters as well into the humour as into the sentiment of your admirable descriptions of human life. As for rivalry, I think it has seldom existed among those who know, by experience, that there are much better things in the world than literary reputation, and that one of the best of these good things is the regard and friendship of those deservedly and generally esteemed for their worth or their talents. I believe many dilettanti authors do cocker themselves up into a great jealousy of any thing that interferes with what they are pleased to call their fame; but I should as soon think of numbing one of my own fingers into a whitlow for my private amusement, as encouraging such a feeling.—I am truly sorry to observe you mention bad health: those who contribute so much to the improvement as well as the delight of society should escape this evil. I hope, however, that one day your state of health may permit you to see this country. I have very few calls to London, but it will greatly add to the interest of those which may occur, that you will permit me the honour of waiting upon you in my journey, and assuring you, in person, of the early admiration and sincere respect with which I have the honour to be, dear Sir, yours, &c.

“WALTER SCOTT.”

The second and the third are little less interesting than the one we have quoted.

From this time, to the close of his life, and particularly after Mrs. Crabbe's death, which took place on the 21st of October, 1813, he appears to have mixed frequently in the literary circles of London, and his acquaintance was sought by the distinguished and gifted in all parts of the kingdom—nay, even a gentle Quakeress wrote to him from Ireland, and claimed his notice, on the strength of having met him “at the house of Edmund Burke in the year 1784.” His answer is delightful, and we refer all lovers of frank

and kindly epistles to the rest of the correspondence:—

“MARY LEADBEATER!—Yes, indeed, I do well remember you! Not Leadbeater then, but a pretty demure lass, standing a timid auditor while her own verses were read by a kind friend, but a keen judge. And I have in my memory your father's person and countenance, and you may be sure that my vanity retained the compliment which he paid me in the moment when he permitted his judgment to slip behind his good humour and desire of giving pleasure:—Yes, I remember all who were present; and, of all, are not you and I the only survivors? It was the day—was it not?—when I introduced my wife to my friend. And now both are gone! and your father, and Richard Burke, who was present (yet again I must ask—was he not?)—and Mrs. Burke! All departed—and so, by and by, they will speak of us. But, in the meantime, it was good of you to write. Oh very—very good.

“But, are you not your father's own daughter? Do you not flatter after his manner? How do you know the mischief that you may do in the mind of a vain man, who is but too susceptible of praise, even while he is conscious of so much to be placed against it? I am glad that you like my verses: it would have mortified me much if you had not, for you can judge as well as write.

“How could you imagine that I could be otherwise than pleased—delighted rather—with your letter? And let me not omit the fact, that I reply the instant I am at liberty, for I was enrobing myself for church. You are a child of simplicity, I know, and do not love robing; but you are a pupil of liberality, and look upon such things with a large mind, smiling in charity. Well! I was putting on the great black gown, when my servant—(you see I can be pompous, to write of gowns and servants with such familiarity)—when he brought me a letter first directed, the words yet legible, to ‘George Crabbe, at Belvoir Castle,’ and then by Lord Mendip to ‘the Reverend’ at Trowbridge; and at Trowbridge I hope again to receive these welcome evidences of your remembrance, directed in all their simplicity, and written, I trust, in all sincerity. The delay was occasioned by a change in my place of residence. I now dwell in the parsonage of a busy, populous, clothing town, sent thither by ambition and the Duke of Rutland. It is situated in Wiltshire, not far from Bath.

“But your motive for writing to me was your desire of knowing whether my men and women were really existing creatures, or beings of my own imagination? Nay, Mary Leadbeater, yours was a better motive: you thought that you should give pleasure by writing, and—yet you will think me very vain—you felt some pleasure yourself in renewing the acquaintance that commenced under such auspices! Am I not right? My heart tells me that I am, and hopes that you will confirm it. Be assured that I feel a very cordial esteem for the friend of my friend,—the virtuous, the worthy character whom I am addressing. Yes, I will tell you readily about my creatures, whom I endeavoured to paint as nearly as I could and dared; for, in some cases, I dared not. This you will readily admit: besides, charity bade me be cautious.

“Will you not write again? ‘Write to thee, or for the public?’ wilt thou not ask? To me and for as many as love and can discern the union of strength and simplicity, purity and good sense. Our feeling and our hearts in the language you can adopt. Alas, I cannot with propriety use it—our I too could once say; but I am alone now; and since my removing into a busy town among the multitude, the loneliness is but more apparent and more melancholy. But this is only at certain times; and then I have, though at considerable distances, six female friends, un-

known to each other, but all dear, very dear, to me. With men I do not much associate; not as deserting, and much less disliking, the male part of society, but as being unfit for it; not hardly nor grave, not knowing enough, nor sufficiently acquainted with the every-day concerns of men. But my beloved creatures have minds with which I can better assimilate. Think of you I must; and of me, I must entreat that you would not be unkindful. Thine, dear lady, very truly,

“GEORGE CRABBE.”

Soon after this, we have a second London journal; how different from the one “kept for Mira!”—a record, wherein the greatest names of our land figure, and which is a most pleasant evidence, that smooth fortunes and literary success neither blunted his affections nor exhausted his powers of enjoyment. It was on this visit that he sold the copyright of ‘The Tales of the Hall,’ and his other poems, to Murray, for “the munificent sum of 3000*l*.” The simple home feelings of the man are made vividly apparent in a little anecdote mentioned in a letter by Mr. Moore.

“When he received the bills for 3000*l*, we earnestly advised that he should, without delay, deposit them in some safe hands; but no—he must ‘take them with him to Trowbridge, and show them to his son John. They would hardly believe in his good luck, at home, if they did not see the bills.’ On his way down to Trowbridge, a friend at Salisbury, at whose house he rested, (Mr. Everett, the banker), seeing that he carried these bills loosely in his waistcoat pocket, requested to be allowed to take charge of them for him; but with equal ill-success. ‘There was no fear,’ he said, ‘of his losing them, and he must show them to his son John.’”

Some pleasant anecdotes were told of Crabbe's kind and charitable nature in a paper, entitled, ‘Recollections,’ which appeared soon after his death in the *Athenæum* (No. 234), and which we are pleased to see interwoven with the present Memoir. Perhaps we may be excused for quoting one passage, that we may afterwards show how our Correspondent is borne out in a postscript to one of Crabbe's own letters:—

“His charitable nature was so well known, that he was regularly visited by mendicants of all grades; he listened to their long stories of wants and woes with some impatience, and when they persevered, he would say, ‘God save you all, I can do no more for you,’ and so shut the door. But the wily wanderers did not on this depart; they knew the nature of the man; he soon sallied out in search of them, and they generally got a more liberal present on the way from his house, than at the door. He has even been known to search obscure lodging-houses in Trowbridge, to relieve the sufferers whom misfortunes had driven to beggary. He was, of course, often imposed upon by fictitious tales of woe, which, when he discovered, he merely said, ‘God forgive them; I do.’”

Here is the postscript to which we referred. Crabbe had gone to Hastings for change of air, and met with an alarming accident, though no ill consequences ensued. After closing a letter to his son, he adds—

“PS.—You know my poor. Oram had a shilling on Sunday; but Smith, the bed-ridden woman, Martin, and Gregory the lame man, you will give to as I would; nay, I must give somewhat more than usual; and if you meet with my other poor people, think of my accident, and give a few additional shillings for me, and I must also find some who want where I am, for my danger was great, and I must be thankful in every way I can.”

But we must break off, and not touch upon

the reminiscences furnished by Campbell, Lockhart, and Joanna Baillie, all of which combine to show the man in the amiable point of view in which he appears to the end. With an account of the last moments of this excellent man, we must conclude:—

"Among the intelligible fragments that can never be forgotten, were frequent exclamations of 'My time is short; it is well to be prepared for death.' 'Lucy,'—this was the affectionate servant that attended along with his sons,—'dear Lucy, be earnest in prayer! May you see your children's children.' From time to time he expressed great fear that we were all over-exerting ourselves in sitting up at night with him; but the last night he said, 'Have patience with me—it will soon be over.—Stay with me, Lucy, till I am dead, and then let others take care of me.' This night was most distressing. The changes of posture sometimes necessary, gave him extreme pain, and he said, 'This is shocking.' Then again he became exhausted, or his mind wandered in a troubled sleep. Awakening a little refreshed, he held out his hand to us, saying—as if he felt it might be the last opportunity, 'God bless you—be good, and come to me!' Even then, though we were all over-powered, and lost all self-command, he continued firm. His countenance now began to vary and alter. Once, however, we had the satisfaction of seeing it lighted up with an indescribable expression of joy, as he appeared to be looking at something before him, and uttered these words, 'That blessed book!'

"After another considerable interval of apparent insensibility, he awoke, and said, in a tone so melancholy, that it rang in my ears for weeks after, 'I thought it had been all over,' with such an emphasis on the *all*! Afterwards he said, 'I cannot see you now.' When I said, 'We shall soon follow,' he answered, 'Yes, yes.' I mentioned his exemplary fortitude; but he appeared unwilling to have any good ascribed to himself.

"When the incessant presents and enquiries of his friends in the town were mentioned, he said, 'What a trouble I am to them all.' And in the course of the night, these most consolatory words were distinctly heard, 'All is well at last!' Soon after, he said, imperfectly, 'You must make an entertainment,' meaning for his kind Trowbridge friends after his departure. These were the last intelligible words I heard. Lucy, who could scarcely be persuaded to leave him, day or night, and was close by him when he died, says that the last words he uttered were, 'God bless you—God bless you!'

"About one o'clock he became apparently torpid; and I left him with my brother, requesting to be called instantly, in case of the least returning sensibility,—but it never returned."

We have confined ourselves to the private, rather than the literary career of Crabbe, because we thought it would be more interesting to our readers—we now, at parting, cordially recommend the volume to their perusal.

*Annali dell' Istituto di Archeologica Correspondenza.*—[*Annals of the Institute of Archaeological Correspondence.*] Rome, 1830-1-2. London: Rodwell.

SINCE the time of awakening succeeded to the darkness of the middle ages, and the attention of the Italian mind was directed towards sciences, arts, and literature, there have been founded at Rome several literary and scientific Academies. None of these, however, were established exclusively for the purpose of promoting Archæological researches. The *Lincei* entirely devoted

themselves to the study of the classics; and if, occasionally, they undertook the examination of an ancient medal, monument, or inscription, it was merely as a literary curiosity, and without any reference to its historical bearing. The Arcadians made Italian literature the object of their especial care, and endeavoured to counteract the injury done to the national taste and literature by the works of Marini and his followers, and the continual irruptions of Spanish, Austrian, and French oppressors. The Tiburini established their Academia in imitation of the Arcadians, and with a like object. The Latin Academicians are, in turn, exclusively Latin, and keep up a perpetual antiphony of poetry and prose, chiefly on the subject of the Madonna and the saints. The *Philo-Pierri* are a body of friends, from whose rhymes the hapless Nine may well pray to be delivered. The Propaganda comprise in their researches the living as well as the dead languages, but with exclusive reference to missionary purposes.

It will be seen, then, that Rome did not possess an Academia, the object of which was exclusively archæological, until the year 1829, when some of the most learned, scientific, and literary antiquarians, residing in Rome, formed themselves into a Society for the purpose of inquiring into the discoveries and monuments of the ancients, and publishing the result of their researches. H.R.H. William, Hereditary Prince of Prussia, was elected Patron, and the Society obtained the grant of an apartment in the Capitol, wherein they might hold their meetings, and deposit such books and antiquities as they might accumulate. By their laws, each member is bound to pay a yearly subscription of two *louis-d'or* (about two pounds sterling), to cover the necessary expenses. The members resident at Rome meet twice a month to read the communications of corresponding members, to discuss antiquarian subjects, and to select the most interesting articles for publication in their Annals. Every year—on the 21st of April, the anniversary of the foundation of Rome—the members assemble to commemorate the formation of the Institution, on which occasion it is the office of the Secretary to lay before them a detailed account of the transactions of the association—to present an account of all the receipts and the expenditure—to allude to their past progress, and future prospects—submitting the whole to their approbation.

Nothing can be more satisfactory than the accounts of the progressive welfare of this association, as exhibited in the Reports of their Transactions now before us. The number of the ordinary members is daily on the increase; and at the end of the year 1832, the association consisted of three hundred and two members, of which number one hundred and forty-five reside in Italy, sixty-one in England, forty in France, forty-five in Germany, four in Russia, two in Belgium, one in Holland, and three in Greece. At that time, the number of corresponding members amounted to eighty, of which fifty-seven are resident in Italy, seven in France, two in England, two in Germany, and twelve in Greece, Turkey, and the Ionian Islands.

The memoirs which are intended for insertion in the Annals, must be written either in French, Italian, or Latin; they are published under the direction of the Committee of the

Institute, who also issue, once a fortnight, a *bulletin* of all the most interesting discoveries in Archæology; and a quarterly Part of the Annals of the Institute appears regularly, containing the plates.

We have to acknowledge, with gratitude, the honour done us by the Society in forwarding to us a complete copy of their publications. We have, heretofore, seen only particular numbers, but the arrival of the entire series has enabled us to go attentively over the whole of their proceedings. We can report, that the work is worthy of extensive patronage, and are happy in having this opportunity of making it more generally known, although the limits of our journal prevent our giving a full account of the many interesting papers which these volumes contain. It is sufficient for us to say, that we find, among many other great names, articles from the pens of Sir William Gell, Count Borghesi, Monsignor Paa, Ingherami, Professor Orioli, Raoul-Rochette, Amati, Petit-Radel, and others of the most learned and best esteemed antiquarians of the age.

To those who are collectors or possessors of the relics of Etruscan, Greek, or Roman antiquity, these Annals of the Archæological Society will be, not only an interesting, but also a most useful work. We must also notice, that this publication is not a speculation entered into for the sake of money-getting. No one of the members of the Committee receives any remuneration, but all the funds are appropriated to the furtherance of new discoveries, and the advancement of Archæological science.

EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY, VOL. XV.  
*An Historical and Descriptive Account of Persia, from the Earliest Ages to the Present Time.* By J. B. Fraser, Esq. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.

THERE is no part of central or western Asia that can compare in interest with Persia, whether we regard its ancient glories, its present political position, or its probable future influence over the affairs of the East. Its name is associated with the earliest studies of youth, occupying a conspicuous position in Jewish and Grecian annals: the ecclesiastical historian knows that no country has had more marked influence on the progress of Christianity; and the general reader knows that Omar's conquest of Persia secured the triumph of Mohammedanism. Occupying, or very nearly so, the space that separates the Russian and British dominions in Asia, its value as a barrier to our Indian empire naturally claims attention; and with a desire for European improvements rapidly spreading among its population, the future condition of Persia affords as much food for speculation as Egypt. From his former works, we were led to expect a very interesting volume from Mr. Fraser, and, on the whole, we have not been disappointed. His chapters on the geography, the statistics, and the natural history of the country, display very extensive information, well digested. There are few travellers who have given so lively and so faithful an account of the habits, manners, and social condition of the Persians; but in writing the ancient history of the nation, Mr. Fraser has relied too implicitly on ordinary authorities: this, however, is a venial fault; for the investigation of Persian history to any good



purpose would require at least two such volumes as those of the Cabinet Library.—Haring recently, in our review of Mirkhond (No. 282), and of Procopius (No. 305), noticed the two most important periods in ancient Persian history, we shall now extract a few of the anecdotes by which Mr. Fraser illustrates its present condition.

The miserable situation of merchants, to whom success, under such an arbitrary government, is scarcely desirable, is sufficiently elucidated by the following strange story:—

"An acquaintance of the writer of these pages, while he lodged in a certain town, was alarmed by hearing, in a neighbouring house, a sort of periodical punishment going on daily. Heavy blows were given; and a person was continually crying out, 'Amaun! Amaun! (mercy! mercy!) I have nothing! Heaven is witness I have nothing!' Upon inquiry, he learned that the sufferer was a merchant, reputed to be very rich, who afterwards confessed to him, that having understood the governor of the place was determined to have a share of his wealth, and expecting to be put to the torture, he had resolved to habituate himself to the endurance of pain, in order to be able to resist the threatened demands. He had brought himself to bear 1000 strokes of a stick, and as he was able to counterfeit great exhaustion, he hoped to be able to bear as many blows as they would venture to inflict, short of death, without conceding any of his money."

Even more striking is a specimen of the causes that prevent artificers from desiring to obtain celebrity in their vocations:—

"A native of Fars, some time ago, made a considerable improvement in the manufacture of porcelain. His fame quickly spread until it reached the court, when the king immediately despatched an order commanding him to repair to Teheran to make china for the shah. Now the poor fellow knew that, once there, he would have to make china not only for the shah, but for all his officers and courtiers,—and that, too, without the hope of any payment, unless it might be an occasional good beating. Seized with consternation, he collected as large a sum as possible, and, presenting it by way of bribe to the minister, besought him to report that he was not the man who made the china, but that the real potter had run away. The business was managed according to his wish, and he returned penniless to his own country, vowing never again to make a bit of china, nor to attempt an improvement of any sort, as long as he lived."

From the earliest ages the Persians were addicted to astrology; the changes of realm and chances of time have left this superstition unaltered:—

"An ambassador about to proceed to India was induced by the representations of the Wise Men, although the ship in which he was to sail was not ready, not only to leave a comfortable dwelling at Bushire and occupy a tent on the hot sands near it, but even to cause the wall of the town and several houses to be penetrated, that he might depart without facing a most malignant, though invisible, constellation, which would otherwise have blasted the success of his mission."

The *Mollahs*, or priests, and the *Seyeds*, or descendants of Mohammed, though regarded with a species of superstitious veneration, have not escaped the keen wit of the lively Persians. In fact, these men have abused their power; and, like the friars in Roman Catholic countries, are the subjects of secret ridicule and invective, though openly of reverence and homage.

"Nothing can be lower than the character of

these people; their hypocrisy, profligacy, and want of principle, are the subject of stories, epigrams, and proverbs without end. 'Take care,' says one adage, 'of the face of a woman and the heels of a mule; but with a mollah be on your guard at all points.'—'To hate like a mollah,' and 'to cheat like a mollah,' are sayings of equal frequency in the mouth of a Persian."

"The *Seyeds* or descendants of the Prophet, notwithstanding their origin, deservedly share in this obloquy; and should one of them have become a *hajji*,—that is, have made the pilgrimage to Mecca,—his reputation as a rogue is fully established. The correctness of this severe remark is illustrated by innumerable stories. One of these relates, that a man having bought a fine-looking bunch of grapes from a person who sat behind a window, paid his money and laid hold of the end to pull it towards him; but every one of the grapes, which had been artificially fastened on, fell in the inside, leaving him nothing but the bare stalk. 'Oh *seyed*! oh mollah! oh *hajji*!' exclaimed the disappointed purchaser. 'You know me, then?' said the seller, opening his door and coming out. 'I never saw you in my life before,' returned the other; 'but I was quite convinced that no one could have played me such a trick who had not a right to all these holy titles.' It is unnecessary to add, that *cazees* and other officers connected with the law come in for their full portion of satirical abuse, and not without cause. Every popular tale is full of their corrupt and shameful venality."

The description of the ceremonies used at a Persian marriage, will probably interest most of our fair readers:—

"Perhaps an account of a marriage in middle life, as it actually occurred, may explain the nature of the ceremonies better than any dry detail. As the men (the bridegroom in this instance was a widower of advanced age) have seldom an opportunity of choosing a wife by sight, they are forced to employ some female friend to select a suitable partner; and to her they must trust for all that appertains to mental or personal charms. The choice being made, and the gentleman satisfied, he sends a formal proposal, together with a present of sweetmeats, to the lady; both of which, it is previously understood, will be accepted. This point being gained, he next forwards an assortment of fine clothes, shawls and handkerchiefs, bedclothes, and bedding, looking-glasses, glass and china ware, bathing and cooking apparatus, henna for her hands, sugar and comfits; in short, a complete domestic outfit: all of which, it is understood, the bride's family will double and return to the future husband. A day is then fixed for fetching home the bride; when a crowd of people collect at both houses,—the gentlemen at the bridegroom's, the ladies at that of the bride. The latter next proceed to complete the duties of their office, by conducting the young lady to the bath, where, after a thorough ablution, she is decked in her finest attire. As soon as it is dark the bridegroom's party proceed to bring her to her new habitation; and much discussion sometimes arises at this stage of the business, as to the number of lanterns, of fiddlers, and guests, that are to marshal the procession."

"On reaching the bride's house, it is usual before she mounts, to wrap her in a shawl provided by the husband. This, again, is often a point of dispute: on the present occasion, the lady's friends objected to the indifferent quality of the shawl; those of the gentleman's party, on the other hand, swore that it was excellent. Neither would give in,—the guests were all waiting, and the affair assumed a serious aspect, when one of the visitors stepped forward, and volunteered his own. It was accepted, and the cavalcade proceeded,—the bride being accom-

panied by a great number of persons, and attended by a boy bearing a looking-glass. At intervals on the road bridges are made in the following manner for her to step over:—Gentlemen of the husband's party are called upon by name, and must place themselves on their hands and knees on the ground before her horse; and the choice generally falling on corpulent or awkward individuals, much mirth is excited. In this way the party proceeds, with fiddling, drums beating, tambourines playing, and lanterns flourishing, till they meet the bridegroom, who comes to a certain distance in advance,—and this distance is the subject of another very serious discussion. As soon as he sees his lady, he throws an orange or some other fruit at her with all his force, and off he goes towards his house. This is the signal for a general scamper after him, and whoever can catch him is entitled to his horse and clothes, or a ransom in lieu of them. When the bride arrives at the door, a man of either party jumps up behind her, and, seizing her by the waist, carries her within. Should this be done by one of the bridegroom's attendants, it is an omen of his maintaining in future a due authority over his wife; but on the contrary, should one of her friends succeed in performing the duty,—and it is always the subject of a sharp contest,—it augurs that she will in future 'keep her own side of the house.' Another effort at ensuring the continuance of his own supremacy is often made by the gentleman, who, on reaching his domicile after throwing the orange, takes a station over the portal, that the lady on entering may pass under his feet, and thereby become subject to him; but if discovered in this ungallant attempt, he is instantly pelted from his post."

"When, at length, she has passed into the room allotted for her reception, the husband makes his appearance, and a looking-glass is immediately held up in such a position as to reflect the face of his bride, whom he now for the first time sees unveiled. It is a critical and anxious moment, for it is that in which the fidelity of his agents is to be proved, and the charms of his beloved to be compared with those pictured by him in his ardent imagination; while the young ladies in attendance, as well as the gossiping old ones, are eager to catch the first glimpse, and communicate to all the world their opinion of her claims to beauty. After this, the bridegroom takes a bit of sugar-candy, and, biting it into two halves, eats one himself, and presents the other to his bride: on the present occasion he had no teeth to bite with, and so he broke the sugar with his fingers; which offended the young woman so much that she cast her portion away. He then takes her stockings, throws one over his left shoulder, places the other under his right foot, and orders all the spectators to withdraw. They retire accordingly, and the happy couple are left alone."

An account of the Afghans is added as an appendix: Mr. Fraser has furnished some curious particulars of the Afghan tribes, derived from original sources of information; but he has said nothing of the almost republican constitution established by Dost Mohammed Khan, and the rapid advance of the city Cabul, both in commerce and civilization. As the journals of the Bengal Asiatic Society are rare, he is, perhaps, not aware that Dr. Gerard's *Letters from Afghanistan* were published in that periodical. We shall not now enter into the subject; ere long, we trust that the publication of Lieutenant Burnes's *Travels* will give to Europe more information respecting the state of central Asia than it has obtained since the days of Marco Polo.

*The Three Great Sanctuaries of Tuscany; Valombrosa, Camaldoli, Laverna: a Poem, with Historical and Legendary Notices.* By the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Bury. Illustrated by engravings of the scenery, from original drawings by the late Rev. Edward Bury. London: Murray.

On opening this very royal looking volume, we paused over its introductory pages for a few moments, when the wisdom of the proposal once so eloquently urged in the *Quarterly Review*, flashed on our minds—namely, that a sort of Protestant Nunnery should be established, into which ladies, when adverse fortune came, or they were bereaved of husbands, or fathers, or friends, might retire, and so secure to themselves society, with the comforts and elegancies of polished life, to which they had been accustomed. An establishment of this kind would be a beneficial one: our reasons for recommending it, may be found in one of the first pages of this work. Lady Charlotte Campbell obeying the feelings of her heart, instead of allying herself to one "born in the purple"—the lord of vales and mountains—married Mr. Bury, a gentleman every way worthy of her affection, who had talent, too, of which this volume is a witness; but he did not rise to riches or to honours in the church, and died far from opulent. To this sad bereavement, Lady Charlotte touchingly alludes in the preface. "In apology for the long delay of the publication of this poem, it may be allowable to state, that its postponement has been occasioned by the deepest affliction that could befall its authoress; namely, the loss of him to whom the work is indebted for its brightest ornament in the graphic illustration of its subject—of him, whose unrivalled talent and judgment would have guided and directed its progress, and who would have shared in the satisfaction of its completion. The desolating reverse of such a happy prospect, will plead in excuse for this testimony of love and respect for the memory of the best of husbands, from his fond and mourning widow."

The work is in its nature descriptive; the pen has called in the aid of the pencil, to give a visible shape and hue to its bodiless delineations. Lady Charlotte, and her husband, visited, in quest of health, Valombrosa, Camaldoli, and Laverna, and united their talents to transfer to these pages the varied beauties of Tuscan landscape. The verse is, in general, harmonious and elegant; and the scenes have sometimes force, and are generally faithful. We are not, however, roused, as we read, by towering thoughts or robust expressions; nor are we hurried unconsciously away by impetuosity of diction: neither do we stop to marvel much over the air and fire of the landscapes: all is calm and tranquil, and sometimes lovely. The muse of Lady Charlotte has little passion, it is true, but then she is not without grace, and moves, in her own way, with elegance and ease, and treats us to a strain, smooth, sweet, and melodious.

When the first thought of Valombrosa comes over her, she remembers that Milton had sung of its loveliness before, and she asks:

How shall I then the venturous height essay?  
How dare to tread upon such hallowed ground?  
May not a streamlet sparkle on its way,  
Although the ocean, with its pulsant sound,  
Proclaims a proud pre-eminence around?

May not a flow'et decorate the plain,  
Because the cedar's branch doth more abound?  
Ah! never will a noble heart disdain  
The faintest, tenderest link in feeling's magic chain.

There's not a gentle mind, that loves to claim  
Kindred with feeling, fancy, poetry,  
Who hath not heard of Valombrosa's name,—  
Which falls upon the ear harmoniously,  
And seems, by charter'd privilege, to be  
A shrine where, second to religious rite,  
Imagination's votaries willingly  
Pay a glad homage of intense delight,  
While round their brows her varied wreaths they fondly dight.

At Florence, she pauses at the Ponte della Trinità, looks around, and says very beautifully—

A spell of sweet endearment in the place  
Twines round the souls of those who sojourn there;  
It has a wooing charm, serene in grace,  
Like dame, who gracefully the garb doth wear  
Of matron quiet and domestic care;  
A gentle dignity, a placid smile,  
A chastened loveliness, withouten glare,  
That can the troubled soul from self beguile,  
Bid thoughts of peace return, and memory sleep the while.

Sternest visions arise: she delineates them with considerable skill and feeling:—

Foremost 'mid those who here high exploits wrought,  
Thirsting for blood, the Amidei rise,  
See, Ponte Vecchio's curious form hath brought  
The white steed and its lord before mine eyes;  
There still, methinks his bleeding body lies,  
The prey of vengeance for his forfeit vow;  
There still the object of his perjuries  
Laments, too late, her fatal rage, I throw;  
Even woman's jealousy to death, perchance, may bow.  
And she, who loved him—whom he loved—for her  
The sun is rayless, and the moon is frown;  
The light of life is darkened—not a stir  
In her stopped pulse gives anguish power to moan—  
All sense, o'en sense of grief, seems turned to stone,  
And happy were it could it ne'er return;  
But sad existence, burthenome and lone,  
Flings a dull current from its chilling urn:—  
Again she wakes, she breathes, again her heartstrings burn.

The thoughts of Lady Charlotte are very naturally led from history to painting: this reminds her of her namesake's Ode to that noble art, and she turns the stream of song upon him:—

Bard of my country! clansman of my race!  
How proudly do I call thee one of mine!  
Perchance thou wilt not deem it a disgrace  
Though with my verse thy name I should entwine;  
It is not writ in borrowed wreath to shine,  
Or catch reflected ray from light of fame;  
But a strong feeling I may scarce define,  
Of Scotia's pride, and friendship's mingled flame,  
Within my bosom glows while writing Campbell's name.

When it is the pleasure of the authoress to glance from Tuscany to the mountains of Scotland, we feel something like vital warmth in her musings: the following passage is a very pretty one; some of the lines are, at once, original in thought, and happy in expression: they have the air of Inverary about them:—

Oft have I roved midst tangled brake,  
And watched the feathery fern leaves shake,  
What time the minor fowl's russet wing  
From covert like itself would spring;  
When o'en the speckled roebuck stood  
Peeping, uncared, from forth the wood;  
And not a zephyr rose to sweep  
The glassy surface of the deep;  
But yet some unseen magic bore  
The salt scent of the distant shore,  
Which, mingling with the heath-flower's bell,  
Flung out a wild delicious smell.  
If Fate my pilgrim footsteps lead  
The earth's remotest verge to tread,  
Should that wild fragrance greet my sense,  
It will a powerful spell dispense,  
Recalling Memory to her throne,  
And tell of hours and scenes long flown.

From the description of Camaldoli, we shall extract a stanza or two. This convent was established by St. Romualdo in a valley of the Apennines, and became celebrated for sanctity and austerity. It seems to have been little to the liking of Lady Charlotte, for thus she takes up her song against it, softening, however, as she sings:—

It was a shrine of fearful worship—there  
Silence and Solitude, with Horror dwelt,  
For heaven was opened by the keys of care,  
While seal mistaken, cruel penance dealt;  
Still it was adoration, deeply felt;  
And who shall dare, presumptuously, to say,  
In vain they bowed the heart, and wept, and knelt?  
We know but little—darkling is our way—  
Children of doubt and woe, the heirs of swift decay.

She moves by the hanging woods and mountain streams of this solitary place till the gloom departs, and cheerfulness descends: the following is in a kindlier mood:—

Yes! there are dreams of such exalted kind  
Engendered in this valley's lone retreat,  
That much I pity those, in dulness blind,  
Whose ruler souls to taste them are unmet.  
How the mind soars above what earth calls great,  
While musing pensively these scenes among,  
Weaving the rhyme's sonorous strains repeat,  
And as swift shadows 'cross my path are flung,  
Their varied aspect mark, not slighted, nor unseem.

The Muse next moves on to Laverna, harp in hand.

The strains of Lady Charlotte Bury are of a mournful hue: sorrow for her husband's loss may account for this, but the receding of "fortune's fickle tide" has doubtless had an influence. We write this with sympathizing sincerity, and from no desire to disturb domestic sorrow, or pry into the privacies of life. The book is an elegant one, and will justify, both by its verse and engravings, extensive patronage.

*Deontology; or, the Science of Morality.* From the MSS. of Jeremy Bentham; arranged and edited by Dr. Bowring. London: Longman & Co.

Though Bentham was not the inventor of the Utilitarian Philosophy, he was the first to form it into an orderly system, to pursue it to its remotest consequences, and examine it in all its relations to the purposes of life. He shrunk from no difficulty; he courted inquiry; and so far was he from slurring over an apparent objection to his theory, that he has put forth for consideration more arguments against Utilitarianism, than are to be found in all the writings of his adversaries. On the truth or falsehood of his theory, it is not necessary to offer an opinion: ours is a critical, not a philosophical chair; our duty is fulfilled when we say that the theory is clearly stated, candidly scrutinized, and ably supported, and that any ordinary reader is competent to judge of its cogency. Simplicity of style was not one of Bentham's merits; the editor, therefore, deserves credit for the ease and elegance manifest in these volumes. Dr. Bowring has ably interpreted his friend, and has thus done good service to his memory, and to the moral system that he advocated. The gist of that system is contained in the following sentence:—

"Vice may be defined to be a miscalculation of chances; a mistake in estimating the value of pleasures and pains. It is false moral arithmetic; and there is the consolation of knowing, that, by the application of a right standard, there are few moral questions which may not be resolved with an accuracy and certainty, not far removed from mathematical demonstration."

The examination of the virtues and vices on this hypothesis, however erroneous the final result may be, must of necessity lead a man of acute mind to the discovery of several important truths, and the detection of many popular errors. We shall quote a few of the observations to which Bentham was led in the course of his investigations, selecting

those that have least necessary connexion with the Utilitarian or any other theory.

*Gratitude and Ingratitude.*—"It was the sign of a certain degree of advancement in morality, to think of making ingratitude a crime; but it was the sign of an era but little advanced in wisdom not to see that it was impracticable to designate it as a crime upon all occasions. How long and intricate an account must it not often be necessary to take between two persons who have lived much together, before it can be known, in point of good offices, which of them is the debtor? The fortunes, the necessities of each must be known. The most generous, the most worthy, would always stand the worst chance. The most crafty, the least sincere, would be sure to gain the cause. What he gave, he would give before witnesses; what he received he would receive in secret. There would soon be no such thing, as either generosity on the one hand, or gratitude on the other."

*Generosity.*—"Generosity without the guidance of prudence or benevolence, is vice and folly. He who gives away all that he has to another, who wants it less than himself, and thus confers less pleasure than he sacrifices, does a very generous, but a very foolish act."

*Habits.*—"Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant actions of life succeed each other. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake, that is added to the pile, produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue."

*Authority of ancient Philosophers.*—"A man thinks not so highly of Plato as he deserves. What is the consequence? Nothing. A man thinks more highly of Plato than he deserves? What is the consequence? He goes and reads him. He tortures his brain to find meaning where there is none. He moves heaven and earth to understand a writer, who did not understand himself; and he crawls out of that mass of crudities, with a spirit broken by disappointment and humiliation. He has learned that falsehood is truth, and nonsense sublimity."

*Kind Language.*—"To use kind language costs nothing at all; unkind, costs always more or less; oftentimes more to him who employs it than even to those to whom it is addressed. But every man is bound to anticipate that unkind language will produce the fruits of unkindness, that is, suffering, in the bosom of others."

We regard this publication as a valuable contribution to moral science; but we are bound to express our regret, that, in the second volume, the author has entered too much into minute detail, and applied his system to particulars whose mention is unnecessary, and may by some be deemed offensive.

*Travels in America.* By George Pibleton, Esq. ex-barber to his Majesty the King of Great Britain. New York: Pearson; London, Kennett.

Two hundred pages of nonsense are beyond a joke. The idea was a good one—but the writer wanted wit and humour to carry him pleasantly through so long a journey. Of course the work is a skit on the Trollope, Hall, Fidler, and other English travellers, who have described the States so little to the satisfaction of the natives. A few of the notes and memorandums of George Pibleton, Esq. may entertain the readers—and we shall begin with the beginning.

"As we came into the American waters, we saw flocks of gulls flying and screaming around us. But they were poor starved creatures, and no more like the English gulls than a heron is like a goose. I could not help remarking the difference to a Yankee passenger on board. Said I, 'What contemptible gulls you have in this country. They're not at all to be compared with our English ones.'"

"'Very true,' said he, 'You have unquestionably the greatest gulls in the world.'"

"I noticed large schools of porpoises—called by the Americans *peposoes*—sporting about the ship. They were, however, quite different from our English porpoises, both in shape and size, as well as colour. They were pea-green, striped with yellow; and had their tails very awkwardly joined to the rear of their bodies."

"But what I could not help noticing in particular, was, the motion of these porpoises, so different from those I had been accustomed to see in the waters of England. They seemed to be turning summersets; for every time they came to the surface of the water, they very uncivilly threw their tails over their backs, and then disappeared in a moment. So they kept sporting round on all sides of us; and I thought they several times manifested a particular curiosity to see who was aboard the ship; and that they once or twice, in an especial manner, fixed their eyes upon me. I did not so much wonder at this, considering the high official station I had so lately held under His Majesty; and considering likewise that these poor porpoises, in all probability, had never before seen any Europeans of much note. But I could not for the life of me, forgive that rude behaviour I have before mentioned, and which, after gazing at me, they never failed to exhibit, just as they plunged again into the briny deep."

"At the Narrows, there are one or two forts, so called. • • • Besides these forts, there are two or three others, very near the city. One of these is named Fort Columbus, in honour of the builder, a famous Englishman, who, in the thirteenth century, discovered New York. He was seized and put in chains by the Yankees, who, having healed him up in a hogshhead of molasses, sent him home again to his own country."

"The city of New York, which is a place of some little commerce, is situated at the mouth of the Hudson's Bay River—sometimes called the North River. • • • From the aboriginal founders, the city was at length taken by the Dutch. • • • From the Dutch the city fell into the hands of the Yankees; from whom it was taken by the English in the revolutionary war; and who finally ceded it to the Americans, at the peace of '83. • • • To the east of New York is the Island of Brook-line, which supplies the city with butter, poultry, sweet potatoes, and other vegetables. But the best sweet potatoes, as I am credibly informed, are, after all, brought from Canada. The States, in fact, are more or less dependent upon the British provinces for every thing of any value. To be sure they raise wheat in considerable quantities, such as it is. But it is merely fit for horses—the only good wheat bread in the country being made of English flour."

"The population of New York consists of Dutch, Yankees, Niggers and Indians. The latter, who emigrated to this place, partly from the East, and partly from the West Indies, generally go armed with tomahawks, and get their living by plundering the blacks and whites. The police have made some forcible attempts to put them down: and a severe battle was fought, while I was there, between the Indians, under the command of the famous chief Black Hawk; and the whites and niggers, under the command of Old Hays, as the field marshal is called."

"The principal town, after passing the Highlands of the Hudson, is called Hyde Park. The

name is derived from the circumstance of the people formerly driving an extensive trade in the hides of the poor Indians. They were stripped off whole; and being afterwards cut in two transversely just above the hips, the lower parts were turned into leather breeches, which required no seams, nor indeed any other tailor's work except making a few button-holes, setting on the buttons, and the like. These leather breeches were very much worn by the people of this country a few years ago, and thus held out a strong temptation for the white people to hunt the Indians, which they did for the sake of their skins, until nearly the whole race were exterminated."

"Finding that this mode of obtaining the skins was like cutting down the oak in order to get the acorns, the cunning Yankees at last hit upon the plan of skinning them alive, in expectation that the skin would grow again, and that thus they might take the spoils as often as once a year. The first experiment they made was with a famous chief of the One-eyed tribe. They first got him drunk, and then commenced skinning, thinking that he would not be likely to come to himself until his hide was completely off. In this however, they found themselves mistaken; for they had scarcely got him stripped down to the waist, when being aroused by the excessive smart, he sprang upon his butchers, and before they had time to make their escape, he had tomahawked and scalped twenty-one. He afterwards got well; but the upper part of his body, in consequence of having been skinned, always retained a red appearance, from which circumstance he received the name of RED JACKET."

These are the best bits in the volume.

*Heeren's Manual of the Political State System of Europe and its Colonies.* Oxford: Talboys.

Mr. Talboys is entitled to our best thanks for his translations of Heeren's works; there may be more entertaining historians, writers with greater command of imagery and illustration, but, in scrupulous fidelity, in sound judgment, and in clear reasoning, the Göttingen professor is second to none. His design in the volumes before us, is to give a connected view of the political and colonial system of Europe, from the time that the relations of the European States were formed into a system, towards the close of the fifteenth century, to the re-establishment of the States-system, consequent upon the fall of Napoleon. A subject requiring more extensive views, and at the same time more minute details, can scarcely be mentioned: while, on the one hand, we find general ideas operating successively in producing almost a uniform system of action; on the other, we find what may be termed, the generation or alteration of these ideas linked with a number of events, severally of little importance, but collectively sufficient to operate a moral revolution. Heeren brought to the task a philosophic mind, accustomed to trace the latent springs of action; fortunately, his labours were first directed to ancient history, where there is little room for the exercise of passion or prejudice, and he thus accustomed himself to regard facts as a chemist does experiments, that is, as the premises from which truth is to be deduced, not as the arguments by which a theory is to be supported. His work is a perfect whole; every part of it is joined and dovetailed together, as the events themselves really were; and an extract would give no adequate notion of its merits. It is the best



history of modern Europe that has yet appeared, and it is likely long to remain without a rival. We regret to learn that the illustrious author is beginning to feel the infirmities of age, and that this is probably the last work to be expected from his hands. Few writers have done more good in their generation—few have reaped a richer harvest of fame; for England, France, and America, have paid as great homage to the genius of Heeren as his native Germany.

*The Monthly Journal of Medico-Chirurgical Knowledge.* London.

WE have received the first number of this new periodical, devoted to the sciences connected with the healing art, and edited by Doctors Troussseau, Lebaudy and Gouraud. The object of this new journal, is thus stated in a very well written introductory address, by Dr. Gouraud. "In creating a new periodical, our main object was to seek a remedy, if any such there be, to the medical individualism so prevalent now-a-days; and to unite, by one common bond of union, all those who devote themselves to the pursuit of the same science, and who everywhere appear so anxious to contribute to its progress, and increase its wealth. With this view the Journal is published in French, English, German, and Italian, and notices given of the principal medical works that appear, in each of these languages." This promises to be an interesting feature in the work, but, as far as the practice recommended in it goes, we feel no hesitation in saying at once, it will never do for English schools of medicine. It is too much of the dilatory, expectant kind—that kind which certainly never kills a patient, but only lets him die. This is strongly exemplified in the very first case related, a case in which croup was allowed to run so far that tracheotomy became necessary. The operation was tolerably well performed: but it would, in all probability, not have been required had the treatment of the physician first called in, been at all vigorous. A mustard footbath, and a few leeches to a remote part of the body, for a child of six years old, affected with acute laryngitis, were remedies perfectly contemptible: had the practitioner known more of Cheyne, and less of Sydenham, whose precepts he professes to admire and obey, he might have saved himself so troublesome, and his patient so dangerous an experiment.

The translation of the review into English is made by a person who understands our language grammatically, but cannot write it idiomatically. The consequence of this will be, that the work can never acquire any popularity amongst us.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### TO WORDSWORTH.

THOSE who have laid the harp aside  
And turn'd to idler things,  
From very restlessness have tried  
The loose and dusty strings;  
And, catching back some favourite strain,  
Ran with it o'er the chords again.

But Memory is not a Muse,  
O Wordsworth!—though 'tis said  
They all descend from her, and use  
To haunt her fountain-head:  
That other men should work for me  
In the rich mines of Poesie,

Pleases me better than the toil,  
Of smoothing under hardened hand,  
With attic emery and oil,  
The shining point for Wisdom's wand;  
Like those thou temperest 'mid the rills  
Descending from thy native hills.

Without his governance, in vain  
Manhood is strong, and youth is bold.  
If oftentimes the o'er-piled strain  
Clogs in the furnace, and grows cold,  
Beneath his pinions deep and frore,  
And swells, and melts, and flows no more,  
That is because the heat beneath,  
Pants in its cavern poorly fed.  
Life springs not from the couch of Death,  
Nor Muse nor Grace can raise the dead;  
Unturn'd then let the mass remain,  
Intractable to sun or rain.

A marsh, where only flat leaves lie,  
And showing but the broken sky,  
Too surely is the sweetest lay  
That wins the ear and wastes the day;  
Where youthful Fancy pouts alone,  
And lets not Wisdom touch her zone.  
He who would build his fame up high,  
The rule and plummet must apply.  
Nor say—I'll do what I have plann'd,  
Before he try if loam or sand  
Be still remaining in the place  
Delved for each poliah'd pillar's base.  
With skilful eye and fit device,  
Thou raisest every edifice:  
Whether in sheltered vale it stand,  
Or overlook the Dardan strand,  
Amid those cypresses that mourn  
Laodamia's love forlorn.

We both have run o'er half the space  
Bounded for mortals' earthly race;  
We both have crossed life's fervid line,  
And other stars before us shine.  
May they be bright and prosperous  
As those that have been stars for us!  
Our course by Milton's light was sped,  
And Shakspeare shining overhead:  
Chatting on deck was Dryden too,  
The Bacon of the rhyming crew;  
None ever crost our mystic sea,  
More richly stored with thought than he;  
Tho' never tender nor sublime,  
He struggles with and conquers Time.  
To learn my lore on Chaucer's knee,  
I've left much prouder company.  
Thee, gentle Spenser fondly led;  
But me he mostly sent to bed.

I wish them every joy above  
That highly blessed spirits prove,  
Save one—and that too shall be theirs,  
But after many rolling years,  
When 'mid their light, thy light appears.

W. S. LANDOR.

#### MR. EDWARD UPHAM.

WE have to announce the decease, at Bath, on the 24th ult., of Mr. EDWARD UPHAM, author of a 'History of Buddhism,' published in 1829, containing many curious illustrations of that faith from original drawings, procured in Ceylon, by Sir Alexander Johnston; and the editor, more recently, of translations of the three principal Buddhist Histories of Ceylon, and various tracts connected with the same subject, of which a notice was inserted in the *Athenæum*.† Mr. Upham was also the author of two novels on Oriental subjects, published anonymously—'Ramases,' an Egyptian tale, in three volumes, which appeared in 1824, and 'Karmath,' an Arabian tale, in one volume, brought out in 1827; besides which, he contributed various papers to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and other periodicals, and a concise 'History of Turkey,' in Constable's Miscellany.

His 'Ramases' is a work which evinces considerable research, but it is, unfortunately, written in a style so turgid and diffuse, as to have prevented its general circulation: the subject is in

itself interesting, and the notes appended to each volume are curious and valuable. 'Karmath' is written in an easier and more agreeable manner, and it would seem that a continuation of it had been purposed by the author; but this intention was abandoned for that of publishing another work of the same class, embodying, in a tale of fiction, some traits of the more prevalent superstitions of the East. Circumstances, however, having directed his attention to the history and nature of Buddhism, as existing in the island of Ceylon, he undertook the works before mentioned, and, although unacquainted with the language in which the originals were written, his industry and perseverance enabled him to place these documents before the world in a clear and satisfactory manner. To him, indeed, and to the distinguished individual who placed these remarkable records in his hands, Oriental Literature is much indebted, for the light they throw on the character and principles of the native sovereigns of that fair and beautiful territory, on their systems of law and government, and on the condition of the people subjected to their authority,—matters which were previously involved in obscurity, and would probably have remained so much longer, but for the zeal and enterprise of Mr. Upham.

Mr. Upham began life as a bookseller in Exeter, and was for many years one of the most eminent of that city. He became a member of the corporation, and attained the highest civic honours. It has been related of him, that when officiating during his mayoralty, on the bench, with the learned judges of the circuit, he displayed in conversation so much erudition as to excite their astonishment, which was not abated on finding that he was a bookseller. Having accumulated what he considered a sufficient property, he retired many years ago from business, and devoted the remainder of his life to his favourite pursuits.

It is a matter of deep regret to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, that his literary exertions should have been trammelled and weakened by severe mental and corporeal sufferings for many years. Calm and placid in his demeanour, cheerful in the company of those he esteemed, possessed of high moral rectitude and genuine philanthropy, he was respected while living, and will now be regretted.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE friends of Dr. Babington have resolved to erect a public statue to his memory, and have subscribed 1,300*l.* for that purpose. To ensure a fine and characteristic work, competition has been resorted to, and many sculptors have been named—with Baily, Westmacott, Behnes, Campbell, Lough, among them—who are now preparing models against the day of examination. We hope the committee of management are men of taste and discernment; we have already but too many bad or middling monuments in St. Paul's; and we fear, too, that the subscription is not sufficient for a statue of the proportions required for the situation.

The feelings of the country seem to be turning from taste to utility. Instead of statues to Wilberforce, hospitals for the incurable or the blind are talked of; nay, some have seriously advised to lay out the money on Wilberforce rail-roads and Wilberforce steam-carriages. Five hundred pounds are proposed for a monument to the great slave-emancipator in Westminster Abbey: when the church fees are paid, there will be money enough to purchase a slab, or some such thing—and, talking of slabs, what is become of the black marble slab which lay over the grave of Cowley, in the Poet's Corner?

Wilkie is painting a picture called 'The Polish Exiles.' Poetry has tried to save or restore Poland in vain; and, much as we admire paint-

ing, and acknowledge its powers, we are afraid it will not drive the Russian Destroyer from his prey.

A second series of the 'Naval Sketch Book' is forthwith to appear. It was not probable that the gallant officer would have been so long, and in such stirring times, on the Douro, and have found all barren.

We were heartily glad to hear, the other day, something more than a rumour of a German Opera during the months of May and June. If we had not our own personal feelings on the matter, we should rejoice in the continuance of so valuable a lesson to our English musicians and managers, as their performances have hitherto been.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 23.—F. Baillly, Esq., V.P., in the chair. An appendix to Professor Daubeny's paper on Thermal Springs was read. The Professor stated, that an analysis of the gases evolved by two hot springs, which gushed from the rocks under Clifton, confirmed the views he had already developed in his paper on the Bath springs. The conclusion of Dr. Faraday's sixth series of Electro-chemical experiments, and the commencement of the seventh, were read. The general outline of these communications is the same as that of the Professor's lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, and we, therefore, refer our readers to that report.

### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Jan. 15.—The Right Hon. Lord Bexley in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Wilkinson, 'On the Colours used by the ancient Egyptians.'

The choice and arrangement of the hieroglyphics found on the ancient monuments of Egypt, were regulated, not only by the nature of the subject, but likewise by the harmonious effect of the colours. But, besides the hieroglyphic delineations, every part of the Egyptian buildings, from the roof and the walls, to the minutest article of furniture, or sculptured ornament, was coloured in a manner adapted to its purposes and situation. Striking evidences of the remarkable skill, elaborate care, and magnificent, if not pure taste, of the Egyptian artists, yet remain, especially, in the Theban temples.

Specimens of the principal colours employed, were exhibited by Mr. Wilkinson; these were red, yellow, blue, green, black, and white. The first two are both ochres; the blue and green are obtained from copper; the white is a very fine lime, and the remaining colour a lamp black.

The Secretary read a 'Memoir on the Authenticity of the Writings ascribed to Manetho,' by T. C. Beke, Esq.

Mr. Beke believes that he has discovered sufficient grounds for asserting that the Mirmim of Scripture is not the Egypt of profane history and of the present day, but the country to the eastward of the Isthmus of Sues: if this conclusion be just, it follows that the references made in Manetho's writings to the bondage and exodus of the Israelites, as connected with any of the monarchs of Egypt, but more especially with any who reigned in the Thebaïs, must be unfounded. Hence, he was led to doubt the authenticity of that historian; and abundant confirmation of his doubts, he conceives, may be drawn from those portions of his remains, which are found in the works of Josephus. As a further and more direct proof, however, the writer brought forward a passage, alleged to be from Manetho's history, on the authority of the Egyptian succession of the Chronographer Syncellus. The import of this passage is, that Susakim, King of Egypt, went against Jerusalem with an army of Lybians, Ethiopians, and Troglodytes, in the

reign of Rehoboam, King of Judah; and, it being manifest, from the exact correspondence of the passage, word for word, and letter for letter, with the Septuagint version of 2 Chron. xii. 2, 3, regarding the expedition of Shishak, with his army of Lubim, Sukkim, and Cushites, that it is an interpolation, a suspicion arises, that the received history of Manetho, if not altogether apocryphal, has been extremely corrupted—probably by the Alexandrian Jews, in order to make its testimony coincide with their own incorrect notions respecting Egyptian history. As, however, whatever further proof Mr. Beke may have in reserve to support his theory, that which was the most prominently brought forward in the present paper, rests upon this single passage, his conclusions are weakened by the fact, that it does not appear to speak the language of Manetho, but is a note introduced by Syncellus himself. This circumstance must have the effect of laying the writer open to refutation from some of the numerous members of the Royal Society of Literature, who are occupied on those researches into the sculptured antiquities of Egypt, which, in no small degree, depend on the reciprocal verification afforded by Manetho's record, and the celebrated hieroglyphic succession.

Mr. Beke's ingenious memoir concluded with announcing several other opinions, on points connected with Scripture Geography, widely different from those which are currently received.

### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 27.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—An abstract was read of the Journal of a Tour in the Himalah, performed in 1827, by Capt. Clement Johnson, 11th Dragoons. Having formed a party with two of the officers of his regiment, Captain Johnson left Cawnpore on the evening of the 1st of April; and after a journey in palanquins of about 350 miles, arrived at Hurdwar during the period of the great Hindoo fair, held there in the early part of April. The situation of Hurdwar is near where the united streams of the Bagerutty and Alacunda—forming what is called the Ganga, or river, (Ganges)—issue from the mountains into the plains. It is consequently held sacred; and the assembling of persons from the most remote parts of India to perform their ablutions and devotions at it, led ultimately to the institution of a fair, or mercantile meeting. Capt. Johnson considered, from what he saw and learned, that the usual estimate of the visitors at Hurdwar, one year with another, being two millions of souls, was rather below, than above the true average.

From Hurdwar the travellers proceeded up the valley of Deyrah, and across the successive ridges of low hills which here skirt the Himalah to Barchaut, whence, quitting the course of the Bagerutty, they crossed to Catnaur, on the Jumna. They thence proceeded up to Jumnotri, and visited the celebrated hot springs, at an elevation of 10,840 feet, which are usually considered the sources of the Jumna; and which, as such, terminated the researches in this direction of Hodgson and Fraser. After traversing a field of snow, however, which completely covered the stream for above a mile, the party again caught it in the ravine higher up, and traced it to an elevation of 11,200 feet, when they were finally stopped by arriving at an amphitheatre of about three acres in extent, at the further end of which was a bare cliff forty feet high, and over it fell a small streamlet, apparently given birth to by the melting of the snow above. The mountains ascended beyond this to the height, apparently, of 4,000 feet; and pine trees were flourishing in forests, amid the snow, on their sides, for about half that distance. The vegetation up the ravine had changed from holies (growing to the size of a forest tree), onks, and hazels, with an

underwood of yellow jasmine and rhododendrons, to stunted birch with barberries; and, at last, even the dwarf bamboo failed; only the gigantic pines, (*Pinus Deodar.*) already noticed, being seen springing from the snow, and extending on either side as far as the eye could reach.

The hot springs of Jumnotri have been before described; they have their source in a ledge of rock ten or twelve feet above the bed of the river, and fall into the stream, covering the rock with a sediment of variable colour, but chiefly yellow, and soft and spongy to the touch. Above this ledge the water forces its way through a cleft in a smoking jet of five or six feet in height, which has melted the snow to the distance of twenty or thirty yards. The Hindoo devotees bathe in a small basin, where the water of the river is mingled with that of the hot springs; after which they are marked on the forehead with the yellow sediment.

Returning now to the southward, the travellers crossed the Jumna at Thuan, and proceeded by Goondesh to the Pabur; afterwards ascending the ravine down which this river flows. In this route they had to contend with great difficulties; ascending and descending mountainous defiles, and crossing and re-crossing the same rivers repeatedly, as the road offered fewer obstructions on the one or the other side. They crossed the great snowy range of the Himmalech, by the Broon pass, 15,300 feet above the sea: having previously witnessed a most splendid waterfall, where several streamlets unite, a few hundred feet below the line of the snow, and fall over a solid wall of rock, making two shoots down to the bed of the Pabur. The first shoot is the longest. For some distance the water leaps in a tolerably compact mass, but afterwards separates into white foam; and lower down even this disappears, being so much broken and dissipated before it reaches the ledge on which it is again collected, as not to be seen at the distance of half a mile. It then runs in a short foaming channel till it makes another shoot to the Pabur. The total fall is above 1,500 feet.

The party next descended to the valley of the Sutlej, which they reached and crossed at Poanri, a beautiful village situate in a recess of the mountains, imbedded in a forest of apricot, peach, vine, and walnut trees, and rendered still more beautiful by the force of contrast with all around it. Fifty, out of seventy followers, whom they had with them, here deserted them, so unwilling were they to proceed in the dangerous paths along which they were led. The Sutlej is here 80 yards wide, deep, and uninterrupted by rocks, but flowing strongly, and dotted with whirlpools. The country on the right branch is called Kurawur by the natives; Budh Mooluk by their opposite neighbours. It is on the confines, though not a province of Thibet. The first Yak was here met with; but in advancing they became common. The vines were carefully trained by the inhabitants on trolises, along the face of the rocks, near the river; above, were plantations of corn: higher, and ascending perhaps half the height of mountain visible, were interminable pine forests, which were uniformly crowned with the "diadem of snow." The height of the river above the sea, at this point, is about 6,000 feet.

Proceeding to the northward, and still ascending, they met with traders in salt, coming south; sheep and goats were their beasts of burthen; and they carried salt or iron in saddle-bags to exchange for corn. Above 3,000 feet above the river, or 9,000 above the sea, they passed the city of Kanum, a considerable place, situate on a fine table land, and surrounded by a rich cultivation. The houses are flat-roofed, and clustered together, some of them seven or eight stories high, looking like watch-towers. There is in this city a Lama temple, with an excellent library, said to contain a copy of every work to be found in the great collection at Teshoo Loom-

bon. In this the Hungarian traveller, Tehoma da Coxna, (said to have been sent hither expressly to trace the origin of the Huns,) had buried himself for some years, and was seen by our travellers. He said that he had made several curious discoveries; among others, some translations of the classics, and in particular a very accurate version of Virgil; but he was not, on the whole, communicative. He lived the life of an absolute hermit; and, we think, that we have heard lately of his death. We trust that his MSS. will be preserved.

From Kuum the party proceeded still in a northerly, or north-east direction, to Nako, crossing the Speeti a little above its junction with the Sutlej, and thence ascending the Panjool mountain to the level previously attained by Dr. Gerard—viz. 19,411 feet. In this excursion they encountered great danger and hardship, but were less sensibly affected by the lightness of the atmosphere than they had expected. Their attendants were much distressed, but they themselves felt little more than a difficulty in drawing breath. Even at their night encampment, it was almost impossible for them to draw a cigar. Their perpendicular elevation at this place was 8,000 feet above the Sutlej, yet Capt. Johnson thought that its horizontal distance was not above 500 yards; so absolutely precipitous is the ravine in which it flows.

The extreme northerly point attained by the party, (Changier-jung, on the Budh-po river, above its confluence with the Speeti,) was reached on the 19th of July, and here they were compelled to return, in deference to the positive orders of Lord Amherst, who had forbidden them to enter the Chinese territory. Capt. Johnson was of opinion, that otherwise they might have advanced considerably further without difficulty, having, to this extent, met with no moral obstacle worth naming. The return journey was marked by the same features as the advance; magnificent scenery, almost impassable defiles, and bridges and passes so dangerous as to create even more alarm after they were passed, than before. Of the latter, one in particular occurs to us, stated to have led along the face of a cliff, where the Sutlej was foaming along 4,000 feet below, while its estimated horizontal distance was less than 50 yards; the path itself being in many places not above a foot wide. We should have thought that scarcely even a Cuchemire goat would have travelled such a road.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Ainsworth, of Dublin, by whom this abstract of Capt. Johnson's journal was prepared and forwarded. Several new members were balloted for, and others proposed.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Jan. 16.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Crofton Croker laid on the table some fragments of the singular wooden cabin lately dug out of a bog in the county of Donegal, and described by Capt. Mudge, from whom a communication on the subject was read to the Society, at its first meeting this season. Besides the fragments of the cabin itself, there were also some specimens of the pent in which it was imbedded. A note from Mr. Croker to Sir H. Ellis intimated Capt. Mudge's opinion, that there must have been a village on or near the spot, and probably of similar constructions. Further excavations may lead to interesting discoveries, with relation to the habits of the Irish at an early period, but, as yet, there is nothing to identify what has been found with any particular period.

The Secretary concluded the reading of Mr. Rickman's paper, on some of the Earlier Ecclesiastical Structures of this country. It contained some curious information, though not of a nature to be rendered interesting in a notice of this kind.

; See Athenæum, No. 319, p. 834.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 22.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—Mr. Murchison read a 'Memoir on the Structure and Classification of the Transition Rocks of Shropshire, Herefordshire, and parts of Wales, and on the Lines of Disturbance which have affected that Series of Deposits, including the Valley of Elevation of Woolhope.'

The Memoir contained a résumé of many of the principal points of the author's examinations during the three last summers.

He proposes, for the adoption of geologists, a classification of these ancient rocks, and a division of them into certain great formations, each distinguished from the other by the order of superposition and organic remains. Amid the dislocations of the strata of this age, the author discovered that, in the Abberley Hills, the regular order is reversed along a distance of some miles, a phenomenon which he considers to have been caused by the eruption of the contiguous rocks of pseudo-volcanic origin. Enlarged drawings of portions of the Ordnance Survey, coloured geologically, were exhibited, and afforded a full proof of the intimate connexion between the results of the Trigonometrical Survey, and the labours of the geologist.

All the country described was illustrated by sheets of the Ordnance map, similarly coloured, and also by a numerous suite of organic remains.

In concluding, Mr. Murchison took occasion to point out the utter hopelessness of speculations in boring for coal, within the area of the old red sandstone, or in any of the underlying Transition rocks, in consequence of his having ascertained in the course of his journeys that a delusion to a considerable extent prevailed upon this subject.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 21.—Three papers were read: first, 'A Descriptive Account of a Newly Invented Portable Hot-Water Apparatus,' by Mr. Major; second, 'Notes on the Growth, under different Circumstances, of the *Oxalis Crenata*,' by Mr. Corbett; and third, 'A Report on some of the most remarkable Hardy Ornamental Plants raised in the Society's Garden from Seeds received from Mr. Douglas in the years 1831, 1832, and 1833,' by Mr. Bentham. The first was accompanied by a model of the machine, which is principally adapted for conservatories, frames, and those greenhouses in which artificial heat, under the forms in general use, cannot be introduced, as it may either take up its station on the floor, or be suspended by wire or cord. The fuel employed is charcoal.

The second communication contained the computed returns, per acre, of the plant, destined by some to supersede the potato, and gave, in a tabular form, the comparative results of an analysis which had been obtained of their component parts. A new part of the Transactions was delivered to the members.

The exhibition contained some very beautiful camellias, the *nevea dealbata*, with its fragrant flowers, *Astrapora Wallichii*, varieties of *Cypripedium*, *Strelitzia*, *Neottia*, *Bilbergia*, and many other exotics. A set of garden tullies, with numbers impressed, and made of the common stone ware, were on the table, and were recommended on account of their low price and ability to withstand all the changes of the atmosphere.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Jan. 24.—The evening meetings for the season were opened by a lecture from Dr. Faraday, the object of which was to explain his theory of a power lately observed in metals, by which they cause gases that are merely mixed to combine chemically.

The fact came under his notice during a course of experiments which he was making to determine the identity of the variously-elicited kinds of electricity. He had decomposed water in

glass tubes by means of the voltaic pile, and leaving the gases (oxygen and hydrogen) thus obtained to lie together for some time, was astonished to find that they slowly disappeared, while the tubes again became filled with the water in which their open extremities were immersed. He knew that these gases, if mixed in a jar and left together for any length of time, would remain uncombined. Why then did they combine in his tubes? The platina plates, which had been made poles of the voltaic battery, had been left at the bottom of each tube, in contact with the gases. If any water remained between the plates and the gases, combination did not take place. But it was next found, that platina plates would produce the same effect, without having been poles of a voltaic battery, provided they were perfectly clean. This was best insured by immersing them in hot oil of vitriol, which has no effect on platina itself, but decomposes all the organic matters that might have adhered to its surface. It then struck him, that the voltaic battery could have only acted in the same way, as its powerful decomposing agency would necessarily have removed all organic matters from the platina. A plate not cleaned never produced the effect. Now, why does a clean platina plate cause gases to combine?—for the question is, by elimination, now brought to that.

In proceeding to the solution of this, he brought him of the experiments of other philosophers. Sir H. Davy showed that certain metals possessed a power to cause a slow combination of oxygen with a combustible body, without actual flame. Thus a platina wire, if heated, and held close to the surface of ether in a glass, will continue to glow at a red heat, until all the ether be consumed; simply because it produces a combination of the vapour of the ether with the oxygen of the atmosphere, this being combustion. It is further known, that spongy platina, if placed in a current of mixed oxygen and hydrogen, will cause them to explode, and water is formed. But the property is not even confined to metallic bodies. Messrs. Dulong and Thénard found that a glass rod, heated and held over ether, will show a faint luminous halo—that is, will cause slow combustion or combination of the vapour with oxygen gas. They obtained the same result with many other bodies, particularly if assisted by heat; so that, at last, they seemed to think it a general property of all solid matter. As to the *modus operandi*, they could say nothing. Fusinieri, of Milan, proposed a theory, which, however, was as wild, as to be totally inadmissible.

Dr. Faraday's theory has the merit of being simple, and, as he thinks, adequate. He first showed the singular fact (giving, as it were, the *comble* to those already mentioned), that if a thin plate of platina, cleaned as above directed, and perfectly cold, be introduced into a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen gases, also cold, combination of the gases will at once commence; by degrees, the combination becomes so rapid as to rise to combustion, the platina becomes red-hot, and the gases, remaining in the tube at that moment, explode.

The peculiar power of metallic bodies to produce such effects, he accounted for—first, by the supposition of their possessing a specific power of attraction for gases, totally different from chemical affinity; and second, by the peculiar condition of elastic bodies when mixed.

The first supposition he attempted to support thus: he threw a little magnesia in water, and, at the same time, filings of zinc on a different portion of water. The former immediately became wet, and sunk; the latter remained dry, and floated: in fact, it seemed to evince, as it were, a repulsive power towards the water. In the same manner, every one knows that other metallic bodies are not easily wet. Immerse the blade of a knife in water; on drawing it out, it will not be equally wet, but the water will appear in patches, or run into globules,



But, suppose you dip in the platina plate, cleaned as directed, it comes out uniformly wet. Now, the only difference is, that the matters adhering to the surface have been, in the latter case, removed—but they are chiefly gases, vapours, atmospheric air, &c.; for such, therefore, metals must have a specific power of attraction, and being thus in contact with them, refuse contact with liquid bodies. But, for the second point, Dalton has shown, that the particles of one gas preserve, under every pressure (short of that which produces liquefaction), the same relative distance; but, it appears, that they may approach indefinitely near to the particles of any other gas. It is above shown, that they may come into actual contact with a clear metallic surface. If then our platina plate be introduced into a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gases, it is evident that an atom of each, in an indefinitely near state of approximation, is, at the same moment, brought in contact with a solid substance; their elasticity is thus destroyed, but elasticity is the condition of their gaseous existence; this, therefore, can no longer continue—they combine, and fall down in the form of a liquid.

"Such," said Mr. Faraday, "is my theory: every one is, of course, partial to the child of his own imagination; and I have not, after much pains, been able to see where this is deficient. In submitting it to your attention, as the result of experiments conducted in your laboratory, I wish to show, that I have not lightly prized, or indolently reposed under the favours you have conferred on me by appointing me Fullerian Professor in this Institution. Should my views appear correct and satisfactory, they will receive their highest reward in your approbation; should they appear to any one to require further proof, I hope I shall never shrink from their fair and candid discussion. We can all here have but one object—the elucidation and confirmation of truth."

The lecture terminated amidst very general marks of satisfaction and applause.

#### ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

The first Evening Meeting at the College was held on Monday last, Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., K.C.H., President, in the chair. We never remember to have seen the Library so crowded as it was on this occasion; there could not have been less than five hundred persons present, consisting of the most eminent members of the learned professions. The President read a highly interesting and luminous address, on the Education and Qualifications of a Physician; in the course of which, he happily alluded to the character of the late Lord Grenville, Chancellor of the University of Oxford. The meeting did not break up until near twelve o'clock.

**WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.**—The debates in this Society have been on questions purely medical, since our last notice. At the sitting of the 18th, Dr. Johnson, while making some observations on climate, especially referred to the advantage the locality of Hastings possessed; he reported that a thermometer had been carefully noted by a patient of his during the last months of November and December, and in no one instance had it been observed under 63 degrees.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
Mon.	Harveian Society	Eight, P.M.
	Philological Society	p. 7, P.M.
	Entomological Society	Eight, P.M.
	Linnæan Society	Eight, P.M.
Tues.	Horæ-ortulæ Society	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
Wed.	Society of Arts	p. 7, P.M.
	Geological Society	p. 8, P.M.
	Royal Society	p. 8, P.M.
Th.	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society	Three, P.M.
Fri.	Royal Institution	p. 8, P.M.
	Astronomical Society	Eight, P.M.
Sat.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

## MUSIC

### VOCAL SOCIETY.

THE second concert of this Society was honoured by the presence of H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent, and the Princess Victoria. We must not be considered captious if we say, that there was not that contrast in the pieces selected for the evening's entertainment, which is required to make a performance so exclusively vocal interesting. The songs, by which the glees and serious concerted pieces were relieved, were generally of too grave a character; nor did we find the long *pièces d'harmonie*, which was introduced between the acts, anything of a relief. Praise, however, is due to the Directors of the Society, for the spirited resolution to bring forward new music. We had, on this occasion, a psalm by Fesca, who is, we believe, only known in this country as the composer of some clever quartets and a symphony. To our ears, accustomed to the gravity of our own church style, the sacred music of modern Germany sounds something too dramatic. These psalms, for the most part, consist of choruses, relieved by alternate solos for the different voices—the instrumentation of the one under consideration was most luxuriant; but we must be just in our blame as well as praise, and hint to the Vocal Society that if they bring forward new music, we cannot, therefore, excuse them from executing it with proper effect; the trombones, horns, and other wind instruments were so disproportionately loud, that the melody could not penetrate such a mass of sound. Miss C. Novello sung the sweetest movement in the psalm with great taste, but we thought the composition a little tedious. Of the English school, the finest specimen was Green's anthem—'O clap your hands.' This was very well executed; we should be glad to hear it equalled in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's. Of the songs, we preferred Neukomm's *David's Lament*. Braham was in excellent voice, and he never fails to produce his best effect in this composition, which also affords fine scope for Lindley's violoncello. A dreary, though finely conceived song by Handel, 'My Father,' was revived, and allotted to Miss Masson; we think her performance of it, the best female singing of the evening: and this brings us to a fair *débütante*, Miss Woodvatt, who, for the first time, encountered the terrors of an ordeal of London critics—(we think we have heard her name in the provinces). While we gravely protest against the absurd practice of forcing out singers before the public when in a state of preparation—a practice which has done more to deteriorate English music, than we have time here to trace—we have pleasure in stating that this young lady has a soprano voice of good quality and compass; and that if she will consent to undergo the further study requisite to ensure perfection, we think that we can promise her a high place among the vocalists of the present day. We have only room just to mention Horsley's very charming glee—'Come, gentle Zephyr,' and to say that the madrigals, 'Stay, Corydon,' by Wilbye, and 'All Creatures now are merry minded,' by Benet, were well performed. The audience seemed bent on enjoyment; half the pieces were *encored*.

We have been very much pleased with a Mass which we heard on Sunday last at the Bavarian Chapel, which, we are told, is the composition of Mr. Nixon, the organist. It does him great credit; the 'Credo,' and 'Agnus Dei,' struck us particularly, especially the 'Et Incarnatus' of the former.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Anthem, for three voices*, by J. Turler. 'Almighty and most merciful God,' by the same.—This gentleman is organist at Westminster Abbey, a situation which must have afforded him the best of opportunities of becoming familiar

with the style of our church writers. That this has not been bestowed in vain, is evident from the compositions before us. The subjects are characteristic, and worked with skill and science, and the accompaniment is rich without being overloaded.

*Sacred Minstrelsy; a collection of Sacred Music, arranged as solos, duets, trios, &c. and choruses; with an accompaniment for the pianoforte.* Parker. —We consider this the best collection of sacred music, of the many which have lately passed through our hands. It contains seven compositions by the best foreign and English masters, clearly and correctly printed, for the moderate price of eighteen-pence—and, what we heartily approve, a biographical notice, and remarks on the art in general, which are promised to be continued in the future numbers.

*Plain Directions for accompanying the Chant or the Psalm Tune*, by the Rev. J. A. Latrobe, M.A.—We like the author of this work, for the earnestness with which he calls the attention of the public to the musical part of the services of the Church; and entirely agree with him in condemning the practice of adapting secular melodies to devotional purposes.

## THEATRICALS

### ADELPHI.

A new piece called 'Thirty Years of a Woman's Life,' which thirty years are compressed into three acts, and about as many hours, was produced here on Monday last with complete success. Mr. Buckstone is the author. The piece, both in its serious and its comic portions, is very creditable to him, and it is, upon the whole, decidedly good of its sort. That we do not happen to like the sort, signifies very little to the manager, so long as the public, at least the Adelphi public, does not agree with us. The truth is, that our imagination has been stretched by them until it will hardly come into its place again. We begin to wish that somebody may put an end to the system, by writing a piece, the first act of which shall take place in the Garden of Eden, the second in Rome, and the third in Piccadilly. Joking apart, 'Victorine; or, I'll sleep on it,' ought to have been the last of them, as it was the best. In that, the absurdity was naturalized, or rather wholly done away with, by the happy and poetical idea of making the long lapses of time the effect of a dream. On *Victorine's* couch the subject ought to have dropped and slept.

### THE ENGLISH COMPANY AT HAMBURG.

This speculation, which promised so well at its outset, is at an end. Nothing could exceed the liberal and cordial encouragement which the great mass of the inhabitants of Hamburg were eager to afford it; but the good intentions of the many have been defeated by the sordid selfishness of an interested few, backed by interest and influence, which Mr. Livius, a stranger in the land, could not stand against; and he, as undertaker of the expedition, has had to attend the funeral of his well-grounded hopes. In a letter, which we have seen, from Mr. Livius, he speaks in the highest terms of the feeling manner in which all the members of the company, who remain with him, have behaved to him under the circumstances of his unlooked-for and unmerited persecution and disappointments. They have offered to remain under his direction, and, without holding him personally responsible for salaries, to share risk with him, and work their passage home, as it were, by acting at Hanover, Frankfort, Brussels, or Paris, as may be found most advisable. Arrangements have been made for them to appear at Hanover, but nothing else is at present settled.

## MISCELLANEA

**The National Gallery.**—A very beautiful model of Trafalgar Square, with the intended National Gallery, and several other highly finished models, among them one of the Thames Tunnel, lighted up, with the proposed inclined plane and staircases by which carriages and foot passengers are to descend and ascend, is about to open in King William Street. The National Gallery will, we think, prove highly satisfactory to the Public; and, considering the very limited sum allowed for the erection of the building, will be found far more magnificent in its general appearance than could reasonably have been anticipated. The suggestion which the model offers, of a triumphal naval monument in the foreground, will, we trust, be adopted.

**Crosby Hall.**—Thomas Willement, F.S.A. has liberally offered to present the stained glass for the Bay Window of Crosby Hall, which will contribute, in so essential a manner, to the object the committee have in view, the restoration of the building to its original character and beauty, that they have accepted the offer with the warmest expression of their thanks, and resolved that as it would be highly desirable to adopt the same appropriate style of ornament for the other windows, they will invite the subscribers to contribute their several armorial bearings.

**Gresham Prize.**—A premium of ten guineas will be given, in the year 1855, for the best Essay on the Life and Character of Sir Thomas GRESHAM.

**Artists.**—We understand that for some time several artists and others have been preparing plans, &c. for building and endowing a College, or, in plain terms, Alms-houses, for decayed artists and their widows; and that the whole is now so far matured, that a public meeting will be held, in a few days, to take the subject into consideration.

**The Eastern Athenæum.**—A literary and scientific Institution, under this name, has been lately established at Stepney, and with every probability of success. We exceedingly regret that we have been unable to avail ourselves of the invitation of the directors to attend the lectures on the Antiquities of Egypt, by Dr. Mitchell.

**The Spanish Athenæum.**—The state changes in Spain are made manifest enough in the increased desire for information: no less than seven new papers were to start at Madrid on the first of the year; among these, one was to be called '*The Athenæum*.' We are, of course, proud to stand godfather to our foreign relation, and hope he will live long and prosperously, and do honour to the name.

**Bust of Napoleon.**—A committee, of which Marshal Clausel is chairman, has been formed at Paris, for the purpose of receiving subscriptions for copies of Dr. Autommarchi's bust of Napoleon, taken at St. Helena; the original to be deposited at the Hotel des Invalides. The price of copies in bronze, is to be 100 francs, in plaster, 20 francs; all charges of packing and carriage to be paid by subscribers.

**Caution.**—The following has been addressed to the Editor of the *Northampton Herald*.—Sir, —The season is so mild, and such repeated instances of ripe strawberries, raspberries, &c. are announced, that I think it would be but thoughtful and kind in you, to caution your youthful readers against the danger of eating cherries, plums, and other stone fruit. —FANNY FLORA.

**The Music Trade.**—One of the rankest sources of bad taste in music, and consequently one of the greatest obstacles to the advancement of that delightful science, is the vile system by which a portion of the press is hired to puff the miserable trash which fills the portfolios and

empties the pockets of modern musical (so called) amateurs. The business of music-selling, indeed, is one of absolute plunder in the hands of many of those who carry it on.—*United Service Gazette*.

**Steam Carriages.**—It is stated in the *Edinburgh Observer* that a company has been formed in that city, for the purpose of "carrying into effect an improved system of communication, by the partial or total introduction of the agency of steam," and that, under the superintendence of Mr. Russell, interim professor of Natural Philosophy: the general arrangements are so far completed that it is expected the company's carriages will begin in a few weeks to run between that city and Glasgow.

**Vents in Guns.**—It has long been complained of that a very large portion of the charge of all pieces of ordnance, is expended at the touch-hole in vent, the force of explosion through which has hitherto prevented the use of percussion caps to field pieces or larger guns; and it has also been deemed a great inconvenience that no safe means had been invented to stop the vent-holes of guns during the period of reloading. A very simple, but at the same time most certain remedy for those evils has been shown us, the joint invention of Mr. Bartholomew, of Titchfield, and Mr. H. Clarke, of Portsmouth; it consists in the introduction of a pin through the metal of the bore ring and grooved into the vent field, and fits so close to the vent-hole as to be air tight. A small portion of this pin is perforated at the end, and an opening in the side communicates with the touch-hole; at the perforated end is fitted a percussion cap, the fire from which is sufficiently strong to ignite the cartridge, and as the pin remains in its place, the vent is never unclosed. The mode of striking the pin, when the gun is to be discharged, is ingenious and simple, and is done by a man who stands behind the gun, with a lanyard in his hand, as he now does, when he pulls the trigger of a lock—by this contrivance no loose powder or quill tubes are wanted, by which many accidents have happened. No accident can happen in the re-loading the gun from the vent being unstopped. It will be a great saving of powder, for as none is lost through the vent, either less will be required, or the shot will be thrown further: it is calculated this will make twenty-five per cent. difference. The invention is sanctioned by the Admiralty Board, and is about to be tried on board the *Excellent*.—*Hampshire Telegraph*.

**Alexandria.**—The *Moniteur Egyptien* gives a statistical article respecting Alexandria, by which it appears that the number of inhabitants of that city is between 36 and 40,000, of whom 3000 are English, Maltese and Ionians, under the protection of England. Under the protection of the Consulate of France, there are 300 Frenchmen, 40 Germans, 30 Italians, 10 Swiss, 10 Algerines, and 20 natives of different parts of the Levant. There are, besides, 400 Greeks, 500 natives of Tuscany, 296 Austrians, 150 Neapolitans, 70 Sardinians, and 60 Spaniards. Total number of foreigners, 4876.

**Acceleration of the pulse in deaf and dumb persons exposed to a high temperature.**—Professor Remartino, Mayor of Geneva, in feeling the pulse of persons covered with fire-proof metallic coats, and exposed to the flames for some minutes, constantly found, that, with those deaf and dumb, the pulse was increased twenty or thirty beats in the minute more than ordinary; whilst with persons enjoying the sense of hearing, the pulse was augmented sixty beats, and even more. From the preceding experiment the following question arises:—Does congenital deafness tend to diminish the organic sensibility? or does it so happen, that individuals endowed from their birth with a slight degree of

sensibility, cannot, on this account, enjoy the sense of hearing?—*Medical and Surgical Journal*.

**Steel Buses.**—It is extremely probable that whatever conducts the electricity of the body from it, will occasion direct debility. With this view, I have long been in the habit of causing females who used steel supports to their stays to lay them altogether aside. The experiments on Caspar Hauser confirm this supposition.—*Prof. Knolz in Med. Quarterly*.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. & Mon.	Max. Min.	Numer.		
Thurs. 23	56 50	29.00	S.W. N.	Rain.
Frid. 24	56 47	30.70	W.	Moist, r. n.
Sat. 25	53 42	30.05	N.W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 26	56 53	29.78	S.W.	Drizzle.
Mon. 27	56 47	29.00	S.W.	Rain.
Tues. 28	56 32	29.15	S.W.	Drizzle.
Wed. 29	41 28	30.15	N.W.	Clear.

*Prevailing Cloud.*—Cirrostratus.

Nights and mornings, for the greater part, fair. Stormy winds towards the end of the week, with very high tides.

Mean temperature of the week, 42°. Greatest variation, 26°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.65.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D.—C. C.—J. S.; received.

G. W. had better mention the name of the MS. to our publisher. The confusion has arisen from the initials. In our notice of Mr. Farren's Essay last week, we quoted the introductory passages to the preface, about the "probable duration of human existence," and the "defaced rate of the breed of money," and then stated that the argument seemed to us little short of an *à propos des boîtes*. Mr. Farren is of opinion, that had the whole preface been quoted, the impression on the mind of the reader would have been different—here then is the remainder, and those who desire to form an opinion on the subject, may turn to page 64, and read the article over again:—"Now the earliest enumerations and classifications of population are those recorded in Exodus, xxx. 12, 13, 14; Leviticus, xxi. 3; Numbers, i. iv. and xxi. and 2 Samuel, xxi. Some of these books also speak of interest of money; and in the course of a minute examination, on these points, of the laws and customs of Moses, as well as of those propounded for the primitive Christians, the Author was forcibly struck by the recollection of certain passages in Shakespeare which seemed to him to have been derived from sacred sources.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
(J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*A Bibliographical Catalogue of Books privately Printed, &c.* By John Martin, F.L.S. London: Arch.

In general, we feel a distaste to books privately printed: either the works were not worth preserving at all, or they merited more general circulation. This, of course, will be the observation of nearly everybody, who takes up a production of which some twenty, thirty, or fifty copies only have been issued. It is defeating the great end of that art which makes knowledge both imperishable and universal: in many cases, a work even of excellence might almost as well have continued in manuscript, as to be thus limited. If one man have acquired more learning than another, or if he have the power, by efforts of imagination, to elevate and enlarge the understanding, and to improve the faculties of others, it is his duty to make the attempt. What should we say of a surgeon, who, passing by when an accident had occurred, should hesitate, or refuse to apply his skill? It is the same with the mind: we are bound to do our best to make others as wise and as good as ourselves, provided we are really wiser and better than our neighbours. "Divide with reason," says Lord Bacon, "between self-love and society." The usual incentive to private printing is self-love, without any regard to society: the authors wish to gratify their vanity without the risk of responsibility; they like to see themselves in print without the danger of criticism.

These remarks have been produced by hastily turning over the pages of Mr. Martin's very beautiful, and, in its kind, nearly perfect work. Every reader must be struck by the quantity of type and paper wasted upon the great majority of the productions there registered; perhaps three-fourths of them never ought to have been written, much less put into print; and all that remains to reconcile us to the fact, is, that it employed a certain number of hands, who might otherwise have wanted work, and occasioned the expenditure of a certain sum of money that would, perhaps, otherwise have been hoarded. Sir Egerton Brydges is a most amiable and highly accomplished man; in 1813 he established a private press at Lee Priory, of which Mr. Martin (p. 379) gives a full account; but, putting out of view his own pieces and those of his relatives, let us ask, what single work issued from it which merited the heavy expense incurred in that issue? Sir Egerton would answer, for he has answered, 'Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.' Why, the cost of that work, (supposing it to be worthy the highest admiration, which we are disposed to deny,) as prepared at Lee Priory, was about as many guineas as it required shillings to purchase Pickering's reprint with numerous curious additions. We only mention this by way of illustration. Among other information supplied by Mr. Martin, is a long

and complete list of all the publications (if publications they may be called,) under the superintendence of the Roxburghe Club. We have recently had a good deal to say respecting this celebrated association; we have denied its utility, and excited some surprise by asserting that so few of its reprints were of intrinsic value. We know them all, and we only ask our readers to turn over the pages of Mr. Martin's book from 457 to 486, and to look at the titles and the particulars he furnishes, and then to form some judgment for themselves. We had occasion to mention many, and to distinguish several that merited approbation, but we omitted one, a notice of which was not then particularly required, and Mr. Martin's able and accurate work enables us to supply the deficiency: we allude to the two 'Chester Mysteries,' or old religious plays, on the Deluge and on the Slaughter of the Innocents, which were printed under the care of Mr. Markland. However the prices of other Roxburghe books have fallen, this has always obtained a large sum; it has been sold as high as twenty guineas, and never, we believe, below ten guineas; and we only wonder that the editor has not yet consented to give it a more extended circulation than it can ever enjoy while only fifty-three copies are in existence. The learned essay which precedes the two plays, has indeed been reprinted by Mr. Boswell, in the third volume of his edition of Shakspeare; to it the author could, no doubt, after recent discoveries, make important additions; and we think a public service would be rendered by Mr. Markland, if, now the club is extinct, he would superintend a republication of his whole volume.

In the preface to his elaborate work, Mr. Martin gives a brief sketch of private presses in England, from the reign of Henry VII. downwards; and here we have to notice the almost solitary omission of which he has been guilty in this department. He tells us that the reign of James I. "appears to have been little disturbed by the productions of private presses." He is right in this general remark, but he ought to have made an exception, in reference to the private press set up and long used by the celebrated George Wither, author of satires published under the title of 'Abuses Stript and Whipt,' and of a hundred other productions in verse and prose, given to the world between 1613 and 1666. In his *Masque at Court* of 'Time Vindicated,' presented in 1623, Ben Jonson introduces Wither by the name of *Chronomastix*, and asserts that he kept his materials for privately printing his works

In a hollow tree, where, to conceal him,

He works by glow-worm light—the moon's too open; which, of course, we are to receive as a poetical exaggeration; but there cannot be a moment's doubt that Wither had a private press. In the Premonition to his 'Britain's Remembrancer,' written on the Plague of 1625, he tells us, "I was fain to imprint

every sheet thereof with my own hand, because I could not get allowance to do it publicly." The book consists of nearly 600 closely printed pages, so that it was no slight undertaking; but his industry and perseverance were as remarkable as his talents, and overcame enemies as well as obstacles.

We heartily wish that Mr. Martin's plan had enabled him to insert more specimens from privately printed works, in which injury and injustice have been done to the world at large, by non-publication. He has, indeed, now and then stepped out of his usual course for this purpose, but not so often as would have been expedient, had he not been afraid of swelling his volume to too large a bulk. It would be no unpleasant task to collect, and hereafter to make public, such specimens, culled with judgment, from a mass of tedious trash, and it would form an agreeable supplement to the work now before us. We recommend him to think of this suggestion.

That much is sometimes lost by the reluctance of authors to give general circulation to their productions, may be judged by the following translation, into English, of a Latin poem by Marc Antonio Flaminio, who was patronized by the celebrated Cardinal Pole, and died in 1550. It is addressed to his paternal home, to which Flaminio returned after a long absence.

Dear mansion, once my Father's home!  
Sweet farm, his pride and joy!  
Ye could not shield, ye could not save,  
When he was carried to the grave,  
His little orphan boy.

A stranger came with iron hand,  
Lord of that evil day;  
And drove me forth with weeping eye,  
To seek, through toil and poverty,  
My miserable way.

But now my gracious Prince restores  
The Port's home again:  
He comes with his victorious reed,  
To touch the river, moat, and mead,  
A proud, yet grateful strain.

He comes, in your dear laticed room  
To dream of childhood's days;  
He comes, beneath his father's trees  
To mix with rustic melodies  
The great Farnese's praise.

Break forth, my Father's blessed home!  
Thou prize of minstrelsy!  
He comes—thy good old master's son—  
Up with thy tuneful benison:  
Give praise and melody.

This version was made by the late Rev. E. W. Barnard, son-in-law to Archdeacon Wrangham, and is to be found in a volume privately printed by the latter in 1829. We should also like to have had a quotation or two, perhaps more, from a satire which, a few years ago, excited a good deal of attention in fashionable circles, (not that they are, in general, the best judges of literary merit,) written by Mr. H. L. Bulwer, brother to the novelist, under the title of 'To-day and Yesterday.'

The mention of fashionable circles has brought to our recollection a clever literary trifle, written by a lady of plebeian origin, but now united to a peer, which had for its avowed object the improvement of those cir-

cles. It was privately printed about three years ago, but as it consisted of only a single sheet octavo, it has escaped the notice of Mr. Martin. It was entitled a 'Prospectus of a Plan for the Improvement of the Fashionable Circles,' by the establishment of what the noble authoress calls 'a Royal Intellectual Bazaar.' It is a very pleasant and good-humoured, though satirical, *jeu d'esprit*, and as there can be no reasonable objection to a more widely extended knowledge of its contents, we shall not scruple to make a quotation or two from it, to show still farther that the public sometimes sustains a loss by confined circulation of productions of merit. Explaining the purpose for opening the 'Royal Intellectual Bazaar,' the tract thus commences:—

"It has long been a subject of reasonable lamentation amongst those who have the advantage of frequenting the very highest circles of fashion, that that most useful and necessary article of consumption, *small talk*, or *polite conversation*, has, for want of proper care and cultivation, fallen grievously into disrepute, so that the designation itself bears with it the stamp of ridicule. Great wits will not descend to talk small, and the small talk of fools is too insignificant to be tolerated.

"We appeal to a judicious public, whether a plan might not be devised to furnish the first-mentioned class with smaller (and more current) ideas than those which they are themselves in the habit of conceiving; and the second with such as may soar somewhat above their ordinary flight. Thus the two extremities would be brought nearer to each other, and both would amalgamate better with the great mass of moderate intellect which occupies the middle space between them.

"A joint stock company has, therefore, been formed, with a sufficient fund of ideas to produce, at fair and reasonable prices, such topics, anecdotes, jokes, criticisms, &c., as may, when got into general circulation, very materially tend to improve and enliven the intellectual atmosphere of that hallowed and unattainable sphere which is viewed at a distance with admiration and envy, but which is found on a nearer approach to be encumbered with fogs and vapours, as dense, heavy, and oppressive as those which envelope and obscure this physical atmosphere of the great chaos which furnishes the atoms of which it is composed."

To this succeeds a list of goods to be sold at this new Bazaar, with the prices affixed: we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of extracting a sample or two:—

"Criticisms on the Fine Arts, in packets, each containing fifteen well-turned sentences. Those on music will be accompanied by the first two bars of fine popular airs by Rossini and Weber, for such purchasers as can hum a tune. Those on painting will have in the packet twelve technical terms of art, and the names of sixteen of the great artists of the Italian and Flemish schools, to be introduced by the purchaser as opportunities may offer.—1s. 6d. each packet.

"Platitudes for bolls, &c., adapted to pleasing insipid young ladies, and military whiskered dandies—a remarkably cheap article, to be sold wholesale in large bags, each containing about 250 sentences. N.B. One bag would serve all the subaltern officers of a regiment through two sets of Almacks, and might be available at second hand in country quarters.—1s. 3d. per bag.

"French phrases meaning nothing, but being dexterously introduced according to the accompanying paper of directions, affording a pleasing and elegant polish to polite conversation.—Just imported from Paris in bottles. It is requested

that the sealing-wax should not be removed from the corks till the last moment, as the spirit is so subtle that it quickly evaporates.—5s. per bottle."

These are followed by other commodities of a similar kind, arranged under sundry heads, all the items being drawn up with equal taste and spirit. The subsequent are among those "for the use of travellers."

"Sarcasms on the want of taste in England.

"Do. on English climate.

"Do. on everything English.

"Rhapsodies on every thing foreign.

"The four last articles are sold at the low rate of 1s. 6d. per thousand. N.B. Two gentlemen who have been considerable purchasers of these goods, have been elected members of the Travellers' Club, without having been farther from London than Epping Forest."

Mr. Martin's 'Bibliographical Catalogue' also includes notices of some works of extraordinary cost and splendour, prepared and printed at private expense, such as the late Lord Bute's Botanical Tables, which he made out for the Queen about the year 1785, and which he procured to be engraved and printed at a charge of not less than £12,000, the number of impressions being only twelve, so as to cost, therefore, £1,000 per copy. It is a pity, under such circumstances, that what is called the Natural System of Botany, adopted within the last 20 years, should have now rendered his Lordship's tables of little use. Sir Richard Worsley expended £27,000 upon the engravings, &c., for his Collection of Antiques, but in this instance 250 copies were printed. These particulars, and many others of the same kind, are found in Mr. Martin's work, which is certainly one of the most accurate and valuable productions of the class to which it belongs. It must have cost the author years of labour and research, for which no sale can ever repay him.

*An Encyclopedia of Gardening; containing the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, Arboriculture, Landscape Gardening, &c.* By S. C. Loudon. Parts I. & II. London: Longman.

For nearly a century, the 'Gardeners' Dictionary' of Philip Miller was the standard work on Gardening in this country. The numerous editions which rapidly followed each other—the gradual growth of the book till it arrived at the dimensions of a portly folio—the praise of foreigners, who called its author *Hortulanorum Princeps*, and the great mass of excellent matter which it contained, gave it an authority which few works on such debatable subjects as the art of gardening, have acquired, either before or since. In course of time, however, it became a mere bookseller's speculation; and the name of Miller's Dictionary was used as a "catching title" for a production in four ponderous tomes, by the late Professor Martyn, of Cambridge, in which the original matter was fairly smothered by the botanical erudition, as some said, or by the paste-and-scissors skill, of its learned editor, as others more maliciously, but more truly, asserted. From that time forward, similar liberties have been taken with the name of Miller. Mr. George Don found it a convenient title for his translation of *De Candolle's Prodromus*. A number or two of what is impudently called the ninth edition of Miller's Dictionary, in 8vo, has lately appeared, under the editorship of

some person who has had wisdom enough to conceal his name, the very first article in which is a piracy from the Penny Cyclopædia, mixed up with the most astounding instances of blundering and absurdity; and we are actually threatened with another ninth edition, under the care of Mr. Professor Renne, of Chancery notoriety.

It is, however, probable, that without the aid of editors, the increasing knowledge and education of that part of the community which takes an interest in horticultural affairs would have brought Miller's Dictionary into neglect; the plan of that work is unsuited for the times we live in: we do not want to find books on Gardening incumbered with technical definitions of plants, intelligible only to the practised botanist; on the contrary, it has at length been discovered that information upon the systematical parts of Botany is only to be profitably sought in books especially devoted to such subjects; neither will people now be satisfied with instructions in the art of cultivation drawn up like the receipts in a cookery-book. The world would know the reasons why one method of doing a thing is better than another: no longer the *temporis acti laudator*, a gardener expects to be furnished, in such works, with full information upon all the discoveries in which the age is so prolific; and he will not (or, at least, he should not) rest contented with being told that a thing is good, because his grandfather thought so. Those "palmy" times for book-makers are gone by, we trust never to return.

Such considerations led, about fourteen years ago, to the appearance of one of the most remarkable books with which we are acquainted, the title of which stands at the head of this notice. Its author, Mr. Loudon, states that the object of the work was, after omitting all that relates to mere botanical description, to introduce the important subjects of design, taste, and the arrangement of gardens; and also to show the rise, progress, and actual condition of every branch of the gardener's art, from raising a salad to constructing a hot-house, or decorating a palace garden. This extensive project was effected in an octavo volume of between fourteen and fifteen hundred pages of letter-press in small type, illustrated by nearly six hundred wood engravings. It was, of necessity, in a great degree a compilation, and sometimes not a very skilful one; but it was no piracy, being written with honesty and openness. Books, whence information was drawn, were in all cases carefully acknowledged; and this, independently of its right-mindedness, was important to the reader, because it often enabled him to judge of the value of the information itself, by the general reputation of the authority upon which it was given. This we think it simple justice to the author to state, in these times of profligate plunder of literary property.

When the *Encyclopedia of Gardening* first appeared, considerable difference of opinion was expressed as to its merit. There were those who extolled it to the skies, as a miracle of clever compilation and a mass of useful practical information; others, on the contrary, pronounced it a worthless collection of all that was bad, mixed with but a little that was good, and so blemished by errors as to be practically useless. In the end, the public settled the question of its utility by the pur-

chase of several large editions, and the work has come to be generally recognized as a standard digest of horticultural affairs.

It was, nevertheless, true, that its errors were extremely numerous: it was not free from expansions upon matters of faith, which had nothing to do with the subject, and which good taste should have suppressed; and the little botany it contained was of an indifferent description: but all these were as nothing compared with its importance as a key to everything known of horticulture at the time of its appearance. That its blemishes should not have been earlier and more generally corrected, has been with us, we confess, a subject of surprise; but it would seem as if the author had been reserving his strength, and waiting till he should have collected information and materials enough to enable him to do so effectually; for this his last edition, of which two parts have now appeared, is in fact a new work, in which all that was valuable of the original seems to have been retained, the less important part omitted, errors, whether of fact or opinion, unsparingly corrected, and the essence of all that has appeared since 1822 incorporated. The latter part of his undertaking is the most difficult; not so much on account of the quantity of really new matter that has appeared, as of the enormous load of rubbish which the press has of late years poured forth, in the shape of periodical gardening publications,—mixed, however, with a good deal of matter of considerable practical value, if any one had but the patience and skill to extract it. We trust Mr. Loudon possesses the latter, as we are sure he does the former. We also trust he will introduce a chapter, which we do not remember in the first edition, upon the important subject of climate, and its effects upon vegetation—a subject universally neglected by horticultural writers, and yet in a far greater degree the foundation of the art of cultivation than soil, manures, and all those *earthly* agents upon which writers on gardening so much insist.

Extracts from such a work as this would give no idea of its nature, especially as the letter-press loses much of its interest if separated from the wood-cuts, many of which, such as the ideal view of the Garden of Eden, after Martin, p. 5, the Divi Ladner, or Forbidden Fruit of Ceylon, p. 4, and an Italian View after Breemberg, p. 30, are specimens of wood engraving and printing carried to the highest perfection. We, therefore, refer our readers to the work itself, as one which is indispensable to every one that would possess, in the compass of a single volume, the essence of all that is worth knowing about modern horticulture.

*Excursions in the Holy-land, Egypt, Nubia, Syria, &c.* By John Madox, Esq. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

BEFORE we commence our extracts from these volumes, let us say something of the manner in which the author has acquitted himself in the two-fold capacity of traveller and author. He is bold, venturesome, and patient; not daunted by high mountains, rapid rivers nor savage inhabitants; but his powers of observation, or rather his talent for recording what he has seen and felt, are not equal to his spirit. He has roamed over interesting countries, seen scenes which millions in

our isle will never be able to gaze at, and kept company with strange hordes of semi-barbarians, by whom he was entertained, ridiculed, caressed and robbed, as they happened to be in the humour: yet he has failed in making his book as interesting as his journey must have been. It is not enough to say that he walked up a hill and then walked down again—that he measured the remains of an old temple, and found the dimensions very great—and that he saw very interesting groups of ladies seated under palm trees, and chiefs of rank standing in a grove of figs and almonds. Our author has too much of this; he is anxious to get over a given quantity of ground, and scarcely thinks that his chief duty is to watch nature, and record her looks and speech by the way. He is not particular enough; his records of the country and the people are too diplomatic and general. With all these drawbacks, nevertheless, we are glad to see this work: the writer is conscientious and honest: he has no wish to paint Palestine as a Paradise, nor the fierce Bedouins of the desert like heroes. When he chooses, he can write with graphic skill; and he now and then shows us a power which we wish he had exerted oftener.

We promised, in our last number, a scene from the wars of Achmet Pacha. The battle was a sort of skirmish and race: many were shot or speared down, and a hundred or so taken prisoners. The latter were disposed of in a tragic way:—

"April 20.—All was quiet last night; but this morning a number of Arabs were brought here from the villages and from the mountains on the other side of the river. There were ninety-five of them, generally speaking, well-made and fine-looking fellows, with scarcely any dress on, except round the middle. When I saw them, they were sitting very quietly on the ground, tied together by a rope passed round the arms and back of each. Returning from a stroll on the banks of the Nile, I was accosted by the Piedmontese officer, who informed me that Achmet had just walked from his tent to the place where the Arabs, who had been taken prisoners were; that, after just looking at them, he gave orders for them to be shot—*en masse!* I was disgusted at hearing this, and I kept on my way, but, after a pause, thinking as I was here I might as well be present, I returned and stood among the throng, and witnessed this dreadful butchery.

"A battalion of one hundred of the new-raised Arab infantry advanced and fired, but few, apparently, fell at the first fire; they fired again, both times at the word of command; and, finally closing in, discharged their muskets a third time. The Turkish soldiers, who were looking on, then used their sabres to pierce those who were struggling! This was a revolting spectacle; but I confess, though I felt so much shocked in returning to see them, yet during the scene it did not strike me with that horror I had anticipated. Whether it was from the colour of the people, not observing the blood to flow, or from their taking it so quietly, (most of them sitting with their arms akimbo, and the moment the Arab soldiers fired, seeing the heads of the party fall, drooping as it were on their shoulders, and with little or no noise,) I cannot tell; but I confess my feelings were not so worked upon as I had expected. Perhaps the true cause of this was, that my attention was partly taken off from this horrible scene by the circumstance of two of the Arabs, who had broken loose at the first fire, and dashed into the Nile, trying to swim over to the other side; but the current proved too strong for them, as

it propelled them more to this side, and whilst carried down the stream, several shots were fired at them; this continued during the massacre of their comrades."

Our author left Nubia, and desiring to see the splendid ruins of Palmyra, proceeded on his way through the wilderness. At Hammah he met with friends, who told him an armed guard of three hundred men was necessary to protect him from the roving Arabs: here he was hospitably entertained. These wild men of the desert know how to live.

"At about four P. M. we set out for the secretary's house, and soon after arrived at one of the most lovely spots imaginable. Here were wheels of enormous size at work, conveying water into aqueducts, supported upon arches, in the midst of a garden: the *tout ensemble* formed a delightful scene. Upon our arrival at the secretary's house, aqua vitæ, in small cups, was given to us; and we walked out on the terrace on the top of the house to survey the scenery around. This was in the form of an amphitheatre, the middle of which was a delightful garden, full of a variety of trees, and the houses gradually sloping down above each other towards it. Returning from the terrace, aqua vitæ was again offered us, and we walked into the garden and shrubbery, through an extraordinary and narrow entrance. We then returned to the divan, and music was introduced—a Jew playing a seetonet, a Turk two little drums, and another singing. Candles were now brought in; sherbet was handed about, and sixteen or eighteen dishes were placed on the round dinner-table, principally of vegetables, fowls in soup, &c. Bread and napkins were given us, and a sort of plate. We had brought knives and forks, and each helped himself from whatever dish he pleased. The room was under an archway and quite open to the air, and I observed on the walls some sketches of a horse-race, drawn in pencil, by Mr. Bankes, who had lately been here."

Moving onward towards Palestine, our tourist entered the land of Imaiyly, a tribe who inhabit some two hundred villages, a few of which are fortified, and maintain the worship of the Venus of Libanus—"the expiring embers," says Clarke, "of those holocausts which once blazed in honour of the Sidonian Astarte." Here he was entertained in a way less to his pleasure than at Hammah.

"Dinner being announced, we passed through some dirty rooms and dirtier attendants, and then crowded round a table about a foot high, to the number of eight or ten besides ourselves: the governor, to our surprise, standing up amongst his guards and servants. The dinner, or perhaps it was their supper, was the most simple I had seen, consisting of three piled up dishes of rice and one of wheat, and round the table were a dozen brown earthen dishes filled with beans, garlic, balls of wheat, and gourds, with a sort of soup or gravy poured amongst them. The bread was laid on the floor at our feet, and large wooden spoons were placed on the table. With these we helped ourselves to the rice, and then dipped it into the little dishes of soup. There was no meat on the table. In about five minutes a pan of water was brought to us, and as some got up, others in attendance took their places. We were soon glad to escape to our own apartment, where we obtained some roasted fowl and tea, and after smoking, retired to rest. The apparently strange conduct of the governor in remaining standing, we were afterwards told, was meant as a civility to us, and he sat down to the table as soon as we left it."

On his approach to Mount Lebanon, Mr.



Madox was astonished by the towering head-dresses of the ladies: vanity is the offspring of every clime, and belongs to all races, civilized and savage.

"The costumes of the inhabitants of the mountains of Lebanon are very curious, and of great variety of colours; those of the higher order are particularly rich and splendid. That portion of their dress, however, which most attracts the notice of the traveller, is the silver and gold tantoura. This is a hollow tube, worn generally by the females; those worn by the princesses are embossed and studded with diamonds and other precious stones; it is fastened on the forehead, and projects about sixteen inches. Over this is flung a white muslin or crape veil, which falls rather gracefully down the back. The women appear to be remarkably shy. If perchance you happen to be passing a fountain, whither they resort with their pitchers or jars for water, they immediately conceal from view their faces, drawing the large loose white veil, which covers the tantoura, closely over their head, leaving sometimes only visible a sparkling black eye! When an opportunity presents itself, they have no dislike to this being seen by a European. They frequently stop while you pass them, with their back turned towards you, their faces directed to the bank or hedge. These tantouras are principally worn by married women, but some unmarried females of the lower classes also wear them; these latter are sometimes made of wood or thick paste-board. It undoubtedly at first sight has a very extraordinary appearance; but still a more curious effect is produced by the side tantoura, or trumpet, for I know not exactly what to call it. This is worn in other neighbouring districts. It is tied on close to the temple, a little above the ear, and is of a very different shape, being much larger at the projecting end: they are generally of silver, or silver gilt, with ornamental engravings, and are, like the others, hollow; for if solid they would be insupportable."

He began to ascend Lebanon, on his way to Damascus: here and there a house was stuck among the rocks; and here and there a wild stream leapt foaming down the mountain side; but these picturesque matters were forgotten when he came within sight of the magnificent cedars of the mount. They are between five and six hundred in number; they stand upon hillocks, some in a valley at the foot of the higher part of the mountain, and a few scattered about the lower parts of it. Our traveller resolved to bivouack on the mount.

"The guides at length being all present, and leaving with them a partridge they had shot on their way, I desired a fire to be made, and dinner to be prepared under another tree, and while this was being done, cut out my name on it, finding it would yield to my knife, and seeing the names of Messrs. B. Barker, Fish, and King, and of several others whom I know. This tree measured twenty-seven feet in circumference a little way from the ground. Under the branches of this noble tree, (which, when we arrived, were of a fine green, but which had become loaded with the snow that was falling,) we made, between one and two o'clock, a large fire; and, having roasted a couple of fowls, a piece of mutton, and the partridge, and spread my carpet, we dined, having given up all idea of crossing the mountain on my route to Damascus, for this day. Being provided with wine of the village and aqua vita, I and my guides and servant, six in number, soon made ourselves comfortable round the fire. The guides sang and danced, drinking my health, 'Viva Signor Madicks!' and declaring that they never had such a treat under the cedars before. At about four it cleared up a little, and I prepared to return to Bshirrai, but previously to this went

to see the largest of the cedars, which is on the northern hillock, a little on the side of the mountain, and which I found to be thirty-nine or forty feet in circumference. This has three very large stems and seven large branches, with various smaller ones. I dated and began five letters under the largest tree, the snow falling part of the time. Three guides preceding me, I now made the best of my way to the village, and was welcomed back by the ladies of Bshirrai. Pipes and coffee were handed round, and some of them told me a long story about five men who had set out the night before from Tripoli for Damascus, two of whom had perished on Mount Lebanon from cold and fatigue. This, however, I only considered 'a weak invention of the enemy' to deter me from going at this late season to Damascus, and told them that none but a madman would have thought of going on to-day, but that we should see to-morrow, a word always to be heard, everything being put off by them."

At Damascus he had the good fortune to meet with Miss Abbott, the daughter of the British Consul, who enabled him to give a very graceful account of a visit which she paid to the village of Brumana, belonging to the Druses.

"At the period of our visit, the village was in mourning for its chief prince, whose death had taken place a few days before we arrived; but six others yet remained, which struck us as a tolerable supply for so small a territory. One of these princes called upon my father, who shortly after returned the compliment. On this occasion, the chief princess (a Druse) sent word that she wished to see him, and offered either to receive him in her own apartments or to come to him. My father left the matter to her own convenience, and she preferred the latter. The princess in a short time entered, when my father with the princess rose. They, however, almost immediately resumed their seats; but he, observing that his fair visitor remained standing, did the same, and on her desiring him to sit, explained to her the custom of England in such a case. She sat down directly, and entered into conversation, offering the usual compliments, and excusing herself from visiting us, as contrary to the custom of the Druses while in mourning, adding that, as soon as she was able, she would not fail to do so. She came soon after, and was extremely kind. At her invitation, we attended her daughter's marriage, of which ceremony I will give you some little detail.

"When betrothed, the prince, her future husband, sent the bride-elect a ring, and other golden ornaments for her person, after the acceptance of which, neither the prince nor any male stranger was permitted to see her; certain prayers are then read by a priest, and from that moment she is regarded as espoused. A short time is suffered to elapse, after which her husband sends for her. There is no fixed period at which he is obliged to do this, but, during the fourteen days which precede his requisition, he repeatedly forwards presents to her, and, five days before she is summoned from her father's house, despatches a confidential woman with others of greater value, such as diamonds and pearls for the head, necklaces, armlets, dresses, &c. Under the care of this woman she is bathed. Her hands are stained red, and her face painted like that of a doll. When this is completed, she is seated in a corner and required to keep her eyes closed during the whole day, except at the hours of eating.

"The day before her removal, a prince and princess, with a considerable retinue, are sent by the bridegroom to escort her to him. In the evening after their arrival, the bride is taken from her room and paraded round the court-yard, for the gratification of the villagers, who flock

in to see, and take leave of her with benedictions. In the procession there are about fifty women, bearing lighted candles, who precede and follow the bride: and a princess on either side of her acts as her supporter. As before, her eyes remain closed. There is a second night of parade, and, on the following day, the princesses, who are relatives, take leave. The bride is then mounted on a richly caparisoned horse, sent by her husband, and, accompanied by the prince and princesses, with about fifty men and twenty women, proceeds to his residence. Here she is received with every honour and respect; the inhabitants of the village in which the bridegroom dwells welcome her; and, on alighting, she is led to a room, where an attendant priest joins the couple in 'holy matrimony.'"

On reaching the terraced hills near Jerusalem, he obtained a full view of that once splendid city: it lay lower than he expected, appeared small, and seemed lonely and deserted. The dome of the Church of the Sepulchre he thought heavy, large, and broad, and sombre in appearance. Here is the account of his visit to the place which for seventeen centuries had been the resort of pilgrims—some with swords and some with prayers:—

"I went to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on my showing to the Turks, waiting at the door, where they sometimes smoke and drink their coffee, the paper from the Pasha of Damascus, they told me to pass on, and soon after the paper was returned to me in the church. Immediately as you enter, and elevated about a foot above the pavement, is a large slab of yellow-veined marble, with a sort of marble framework, about a foot high. At each end are four large candlesticks with wax-lights, and directly over it eight lamps are burning. On this slab was placed the body of our Lord when taken from the cross to be anointed before burial: and here, as people enter, they crowd around, men, women, and children, falling upon their knees, kissing the slab, and rubbing their cheeks upon it. I went forward and entered the rotunda, or chapel, between the columns or pillars which support the dome: of these, there are eighteen, and upon each is a painting. Directly under the dome was the Sepulchre of our Saviour, in a chapel or screen of stone, of an oblong shape, with one end as it were cut off, and forming the entrance. Many pilgrims were going in, pulling off their shoes or boots at the door, but this is not done by Franks. Stooping through the low doorway, I entered the chapel, which is about eight or nine feet square, and not more than six or seven in height. It is paved with marble, and has marble ornaments on the sides, with a great number of massive lamps kept constantly alight. As soon as the number of pilgrims, who were kissing the place, permitted me to proceed, I squeezed into the other room, of about the same height but less in breadth, in which there is scarcely room for two people to pass beside the tomb, at least whilst they are kissing and rubbing their faces upon it, which some pilgrims kept doing for so long a time that the attendant told them to go.

"This is the spot on which our Lord was deposited, and a priest occasionally sprinkled the slab with honey-water. The attendant took money from those who chose to give it, and I observed my servant, (who had kissed and rubbed his cheeks upon the marble like the rest,) throw him down a three-piastre piece, and on his telling him I was English, he poured some of the scented water into my hand. This room was also well lighted up. At the round end of this screen is a small chapel of the Copts, having been added afterwards to the Sepulchre. This part of the church consists only of the dome, and receives a good light through a large

circular aperture at top, which has only an iron network. On entering, the church appears smaller than would have been expected from the external ponderous appearance of the dome, but more lofty, from the whole building being in such a hollow. The entrance of the Sepulchre faces a few steps that lead into and through the body of the Greek Church, passing under the other dome of the Greek part of the church, to which you ascend by a few steps."

Mr. Madox, though a venturesome traveller, was never but twice in real danger. The first time the danger was over before he was aware of it, and the second time he brought it upon himself. In the plains of Sharon he lost some of his baggage, and seizing three Arabs, bound them, and would have carried them off. He was pursued by the tribe to whom they belonged.

"The kafeh or caravan was at this time stretched along in Indian file, with the muleteers and baggage in the rear. Our path lay down the gentle declivity of one of those hills which skirt the western borders of the plain of Esdraelon, and on either side were high weeds and grass, so that we naturally fell into the position above mentioned. Presently an Arab came riding furiously along, by the side of the kafeh, then stopped suddenly and set up a loud cry. In a moment we saw a large company pouring down upon us. The dragoman of Mr. Bromhead now levelled his piece to shoot the man who came first on horseback. If he had fired, we should in all probability have been cut down by the infuriated mob which was coming, but he was ordered not to fire, and as he did not seem to hear, a Moslem, one of our companions, ran, up caught hold of his gun, and prevented him from shedding blood. The Moslem had scarcely got hold of his gun, when one of the Arabs who were pursuing us came up in a most determined manner, with his sword drawn, and running to the prisoners, with one blow of it severed the rope which bound them together, then cut the cord which tied their hands, and set them at liberty, giving one of them a heavy blow on the shoulder; for what reason we could not understand."

All was confusion and terror, when one of the chiefs of the tribe appeared upon the scene, and restored order and gave peace; and our traveller resumed his journey.

*Avantures d'un Marin de la Garde Impériale, &c.—[Adventures of a Sailor of the Imperial Guard, &c.]*

[Second Notice.]

Soon after M. Ducor's escape from Cabrera, he was reinstated in his corps, which was ultimately attached to the grand army, and marched to Russia. He has drawn a most terrific picture of the sufferings of the soldiers during their retreat from that country. Some of the personal anecdotes will bring the scene vividly before the reader:—

On the day on which the Emperor quitted the banks of the Beresina, I was about a hundred yards in the rear of my company, when a man of my own corps, but with whom I was scarcely acquainted, approached me.

"Could you lend me twenty francs?" said he. "For there is a soldier selling small loaves, and I must have one."

"Comrade," I replied, "you apply to the wrong man; for since we left Smolensko I have not had a single sou!"

"Well then," said he, "suppose we set out together on a marauding expedition; perhaps we may find wherewith to make bread and biscuit. I am quite exhausted."

"Agreed," I replied; "but our company is

already a good way off; and if we don't take care, we shall be unable to come up with it again."

"No matter," said he; "we shall eat, at all events."

We accordingly struck into the first cross-road, and in about a couple of hours reached a village, the remaining houses of which were falling a prey to the flames, which had destroyed the others. There were no inhabitants; but we saw about a hundred marauders like ourselves driving away, or butchering the cattle which had been abandoned there. We immediately followed their example, and soon succeeded in killing a fine black hog. This was a splendid capture; and we dragged it into a barn, in the middle of which there was a large fire, at which some of the soldiers were warming themselves.

"Who will have pork," we asked, "in exchange for bread or biscuit?"

No one replied, for each had abundance of meat. We were therefore obliged to content ourselves with a broiled chop. As we ate, we looked at the sky: it was dark and lowering; the snow fell in large flakes; the cold was intense, and night near at hand. This shook our determination to leave immediately; and we, moreover, yielded to the temptation of a good fire, the delightful warmth of which eased the aching of our weary limbs. All, in short, seemed to invite us to enjoy a repose we had not had since we left Moscow. My companion was now attacked with dysentery, and became so ill that it decided the question. • • •

Day had not yet dawned, when I roused my companion. He rose with regret, and forth we sallied, taking with us one of the quarters of our hog. Soon after, we heard the report of a cannon, then another, and, after a short interval, many others in rapid succession. This sound made us thrill with joy.

"Let us quicken our pace," said I, "the French army is not far off."

But on account of my companion's weakness, we advanced but slowly; and just as we were about to enter the high road, we perceived a small body of cavalry.

"They are Polish lancers belonging to the rear-guard," said my comrade.

"No such thing," I replied, after looking at them attentively; "they are Cossacks. Let us cock our pieces, and get under the shelter of the wood." And, without losing a moment, I retreated towards the forest, thinking that my companion was following me. He was, I knew, very weak; but I thought that the presence of danger would have roused him to exertion. On turning my head, however, I found that he had stopped. I beckoned to him.

"No," he replied, "I can go no further."

"Come, friend," said I, "make an effort."

"Impossible!"

"At least, defend yourself."

"It is useless."

The eyes of the Cossacks were as sharp as ours. My companion yielded himself prisoner. Resolved to defend myself, I continued to run towards the forest, but not at full speed, lest I should be out of breath when it became necessary to act. Three Cossacks pursued me: I heard the galloping of their horses, and their dreadful shouts; I therefore suddenly stopped, and getting behind a huge pine tree, awaited their approach. The foremost of them soon appeared. I presented my piece; he stooped over his saddle to avoid the shot: I fired, and saw him fall. I immediately quitted my tree, and ran for it, trying, as I ran, to draw my bayonet, which was entangled in my accoutrements. Unhappily, the further I got into the wood, the wider were the trees asunder, and the Cossacks were soon at my heels. The trunk of an enormous tree lay across the road; I tried to leap over it, but my foot sank into a hole

covered with snow; this made me stumble, my firelock flew out of my hands, and I came to the ground. I now gave myself up for lost. Before I could move I was wounded with three lances. I thought my last hour was come; but the Cossacks made me a sign to rise, and though I could scarcely move, I was forced to obey.

Eventually, both M. Ducor and his companion escaped from the Cossacks; but the latter was soon after frozen to death. M. Ducor himself wandered about the country; fell in with various bodies of French prisoners, who, without guards, were prowling about like beasts of prey, with scarcely a trace of their human character. The following is an instance of generous kindness, which deserves to be recorded:—

Whilst we [a Swiss youth having now joined him,] were warming our emaciated limbs by some burning logs of pine, a tall, thin, raw-boned Cossack approached. His countenance seemed so ferocious that we drew back in horror and affright. He advanced towards us with a soldier-like air, and spoke with extreme volubility; but we could not understand a word he said. Vexed at this, he evinced a feeling of anger; but a moment after his features assumed an expression of benevolence; and perceiving that the clothes of my companion were stained with blood, he made signs expressive of a desire to see the wound, and that we should follow him. On arriving at the first hut, he ordered a woman to prepare forthwith a bed of straw, and warm some water, saying he would return in a few minutes. The woman muttered something between her teeth, spread a little straw, but forgot to warm the water, and we dared not remind her of it. When the Cossack returned, he asked us, by a rapid sign, if any food had been given to us: we made a sign in the negative. No doubt he had ordered her to give us some supper, for he called, and seemed to scold her. She then showed him a small tub containing a few beans, and appeared to assure him that this was all she had in the house. This we did not believe. The Cossack became angry, and threatened, but to no purpose: all he could obtain from her was, that she would warm some water. He again went out, and returned in a few minutes with a piece of wild boar, which we eagerly devoured, though it was half raw. Whilst we were eating, the benevolent Cossack looked at us with an air of satisfaction, checking us, however, with his hand, lest we should make ourselves ill by eating too greedily.

After our meal, he again spoke to the woman; and from what we could make out, the dressing of our wounds was the subject of conversation. He asked her for some rugs, but she always replied, "*Niema nieta*"—I have nothing. The noble-hearted soldier at last seized her by the arm, and forced her to search every corner of her hut; but the search was vain. Irritated at her obstinacy, he drew his sword; the woman uttered a piercing shriek, and we, believing that he intended to strike her with it, threw ourselves at his feet, and besought him to spare her. A smile tranquillized us, for we easily understood it: he had intended only to frighten her into an act of humanity.

The woman trembled in every limb: nevertheless, she produced no linen rag, and the generous Cossack unbuttoned his uniform, took off his shirt, cut it into strips with his sword, and began to dress our wounds. During this operation he talked a great deal, and mingled in his animated speech many Polish and German words. But his jargon was unintelligible to us. His actions, however, revealed to us the benevolence of his feelings. • • •

He was on his knees, but as this posture tired him, he seated himself upon the ground, and placing the young Swiss between his legs, wash-

ed and cleansed his shoulder with extreme care; then addressing himself to me, he seemed to talk of extracting the ball with an old knife he had about him. On his attempting gently to separate the lips of the wound, the Swiss lad uttered an involuntary cry: he immediately gave up his attempt, and placing his head upon that of the poor boy, seemed to be begging his pardon for having given him pain. I then, in admiration of his conduct, seized his hand, and pressed it strongly in mine. Trying to recollect all I knew of Polish, Russian, and German, I made an attempt to speak to him, but my heart was too full. He understood me. When my turn came, he examined my wounds, and made me a sign that they were very slight, and would heal without any further dressing. \* \* \* He was still attending to us, when one of his comrades called out "Paulowski." It was thus we heard his name. He left us, carrying our blessings along with him.

The following is a deplorable picture of suffering:—

Daylight brought with it the same eternal sight: pine trees, vast white plains, and extinguished fires. Twenty times, in the course of the day, we beheld swarms of prisoners wandering about in all directions, without guards. We overtook several of these bands, who allowed us to pass them without even looking at us. The heads of all were invariably either sunk on their brows, or so surrounded with rags and strips of uniforms, that they preserved not the least shape of human heads. I questioned many of these prisoners, but not one replied. When I turned back to look at them, I saw nothing but grim faces, hollow cheeks, features begrimed with smoke, and beards bristling with hoar frost and icicles. Fastenings of every kind either kept on fragments of shoes, or served in their stead. The covering of these poor fellows were halves, thirds, and quarters of great coats, trousers burnt up to the knees, and a hideous variety of white and black sheepskins torn from the backs of the cavalry horses. There were also bits of fur, the last remnants of the plunder at Moscow; and strips of handkerchiefs of all colours, fragments of petticoats, and shreds of tarred canvas taken from the baggage trains, upon which were crowns, and eagles, and grenades, and great N's. All these spectres wandered without order through immense forests of pines, the branches of which seemed breaking under the weight of the snow. And these were the soldiers of the grand army!

Here is another picture of misery:—

Here again we saw fires; they were Russian bivouacs. Round the first were about a score of men thawing their frozen bodies. From the rags that covered them, we perceived that they were French. Certain of being driven away, if we approached without a loud of wood, we searched the neighbourhood, and took with us the fragments of the nearest fire to theirs, which was uselessly lending its warmth to four corpses. A fifth individual was yet alive: we asked him to join us, but he chose to remain where he was, and die.

With our burning wood in our hands we joined the other party. The ranks opened at our approach; but it was only to receive our fuel. Each then resumed his place, and shut us out. We protested against this breach of faith and humanity; but we might as well have talked to the winds.

"At least, give us back our firebrands," said the little Swiss.

Our just claims were, however, unattended to. Every man warmed himself, and made us no reply. At length our expostulations became so vehement, that two soldiers told us to sit down upon the body of one of their companions, who, as they assured us, had been dead half an hour.

"Sit upon him if you like," said his neighbour; "but he is still alive."

"Well!" exclaimed one of the two men who had first spoken to us; "let them stand, if they don't choose to sit upon him. For my own part, I shall not stir."

"Nor I," said every other.

In our uncertainty whether the man was alive or dead, we sat down with the greatest precaution. The body slightly moved; and whilst we were gone to fetch some water, the poor fellow expired. We then seated ourselves upon his body without scruple.

We pass over a horrible account of a quarrel about the entrails of a horse, to come to the following:—

The cold was dry and intense. The sun appeared; but what a sun, Great God! Deprived of his rays, he resembled a pewter dish, and threw out a light only just sufficient to make the reflection of his dim beams in the snow most trying to the sight. My eyes, already weak and bloodshot from the bivouac fires, did not cease twinkling. Notwithstanding this inconvenience, which was the least of the ills I endured, I continued to advance, and had been walking for the two last hours towards Wilna, in constant dread of meeting the Russians, when suddenly, and without any perceptible transition, or being able to account for what I felt, this dread was changed into stupor at seeing nobody near me. My heart became oppressed, and I stopped. I measured these immense solitudes with my eye, and seeing them covered with dead bodies, thought myself the only living being in the world. This idea struck me with affright!

Those Russians whom I had seen depart—the horse-whippings I had received—the barbarity of the Jews—and the existence of my Swiss lad—all appeared to me as the dream of a disordered mind. I felt my limbs; for I doubted of everything, even of myself. My senses were leaving me. To change the course of my thoughts, I leaned against a tree, and persevered in keeping my eyes shut for two or three minutes, fully persuaded, that when I again opened them I should return to reality. This precaution restored me to myself, but without dissipating my fears. I was pusillanimous as a child. I was under an inexplicable spell, to break which, it would have been necessary for me to hear the rolling of the drum, and the cry of "Forward!" or the report of artillery. But the din of war had ceased—all was silent as the grave, and I was alone in these vast plains of snow. What a field of mourning! I had never seen so many dead together; and yet the Russian armies had taken no share in this slaughter—the climate alone had been the destroyer.

Each trunk of a tree supported a victim. In some places four or five bodies were grouped in the most whimsical attitudes: one on all fours—another squatted upon his haunches—a third with his knees touching his chin, and his arms folded outside his legs, which were drawn close to his chest—a fourth with his arms resting upon his thighs, his head reclining, and seeming to be asleep.

But that which excited my surprise the most, was to see a gunner standing behind his piece, with his hand upon the breech of the gun, and facing Russia. The Russian army had defiled before him, and had respected him. He was in the midst of this ocean of snow, like a monument raised in commemoration of our disaster. I could not help going up to this dead soldier. I walked twice round him, looked at him in stupid astonishment, and was surprised that he did not speak to me. His looks were turned to heaven; and from the contraction of his lips, he seemed as if deprecating its vengeance.

A somewhat similar anecdote is told by the Duchess of Abrantès, in her account of the escape of that she-devil, Doña Catalina

de Erauso, from Chili to Tucuman, by crossing the wildest and most inaccessible part of the Andes:—

"Ponce de Leon secured her escape from the convent, and having received from him a horse, arms, ammunition, some provisions, and a small sum of money, she advanced boldly into the desert, where she felt almost sure of perishing. Three days after the commencement of her journey, she overtook two soldiers on horseback. Such a meeting, and in such a place, was well calculated to excite her apprehensions. The soldiers had equal reason to fear her, and the travellers accosted each other with mutual mistrust. These two men were malefactors who had fled from justice; but Catalina saw in them only two men resolved to die rather than be taken. This was just what she wanted. She had the advantage of intellect over them, and made use of it to subdue them to her will.

"They long followed the sea coast. In these dreary wilds, the presence of man is almost unknown. The temporary hut of the nomadic shepherd, even at immense intervals of distance, is not to be seen. There is no fisherman's hut to offer its hospitable roof to the weary traveller; no inhabitant to welcome him, even in an extent of territory equal to a European kingdom. Nothing strikes the eye but arid sand, intersected with vast sheets of water, displaying here and there tufts of sea-weed:—the hand of man is nowhere visible. And yet this was the easiest part of their journey.

"The provisions of the travellers soon beginning to fail, they killed one of their horses, then a second, and afterwards the third. This last resource was soon exhausted. They were at this time in the wildest part of the Andes. Ever since the preceding day, they had reached the frozen regions, and piercing cold added to the sufferings they already endured. They walked with great difficulty, and often dragged themselves on by seizing the frozen rocks. Catalina was by far the strongest of the three.

"On a sudden, one of her companions uttered a shout of joy; he saw a man smiling at him. The soldier had only strength to point out the stranger to his companions: he then fell upon the snow and called for help; but he was past all human aid. Catalina, who had immediately perceived the stranger, ran forward, and saw a second close to him. She called to them in the language of the country, for they were Indians. But neither answered—both remained motionless, leaning against a block of ice. She approached them, they stirred not—there they stood with a smile upon their lips. But it was the smile of death—they were frozen to the block—they were stiff and cold."

With this anecdote we conclude our notice of a work, in which we have hardly found so much to interest us as we anticipated: it is too full of naked horrors.

*The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Vol. III. 1833. Part II. London: Murray.*

THE second Part of the proceedings of this valuable Society during the year 1833, having come before us in this collected form, we cannot but call the attention of the public to the interest and importance of the contents of the volume. The substance of many of these papers has already appeared in our Reports of the transactions of the Society—and we proceed to give extracts and abstracts of such of the remainder as will, we think, prove most generally interesting.

'On the Seiches of Lakes,' by Colonel J. R. Jackson, (being a second, and, in some degree, a supplementary paper of a series en-



titled *Physico-geographical Essays*—the first containing observations on Lakes).

"The Lake Leman, or of Geneva, has been long remarkable for a phenomenon known by the name of *seiches*, and which has been considered peculiar to this lake: it consists of a kind of ebb and flow of the waters of the lake, in certain parts, without wind or any other apparent cause. While the phenomenon lasts, the waters are seen to rise and fall several times in the course of a few hours. These oscillations, more or less considerable, sometimes attain the height of five feet, though the general maximum seldom exceeds two feet: in the greater number of cases the rise is confined to a few inches, the minimum being 0. • • Although the duration of the *seiches* is very variable, its greatest extent seems not to exceed twenty or twenty-five minutes, but usually lasts a much shorter time.

"It appears unquestionable, that the phenomenon of the *seiches* is due to an unequal pressure of the atmosphere on different parts of the lake at the same time; that is, to the simultaneous effect of columns of air of different weight or different elasticity, arising from temporary variations of temperature or from mechanical causes; and if such be in fact the case, all lakes of a certain extent, and even inland seas, must be subject to the same influence, and therefore present the same phenomenon; and I have little doubt but that correct observations will verify this presumption.

"Moreover, the effect of unequal atmospheric pressure, in producing inequality in the level of the surface of large masses of water, once established as a positive fact, will throw much light upon several subjects interesting to physical geography, particularly upon that of currents, as affected by sea and land breezes, irregular winds, sudden changes of temperature, the configuration and aspect of coasts as regards the sun; and the consequent periodical influence of reverberated heat on the density of the circumjacent air.

"It is, therefore, upon these considerations that I am desirous of calling to the subject the attention of such persons, as from the habitual nature of their occupations, or their studies, or their love of science, are best enabled to add to our knowledge regarding it."

'The Backwater of Malabar,' extracted from a memoir addressed to the Madras government by F. C. Brown, Esq.

"Nature has provided South Malabar, and nearly all Travancore, with a noble system of inland navigation, called the Backwater. Such a gift to countries without roads, or wheel-carriages, or beasts of burden, is calculated to be of inestimable value. The Backwater extends from Chowghat in Malabar north, to Trivanderam, the capital of Travancore, within fifty miles of Cape Cormorin south, a distance of one hundred and seventy or one hundred and eighty miles. A continuation of it is in progress of being *naturally* formed; and is, in fact, navigable for small boats, during the rains, from Chowghat to Cotah, sixteen miles south of Tellicherry, a further distance of about ninety miles: and all that this portion requires is that the bed be deepened during the dry weather,—the rivers descending to the sea, every eight or ten miles, will flow into and fill the deepened bed during the rains.

"The Backwater runs nearly parallel to the sea, sometimes at the distance of a few hundred yards, at others of three or four miles. Its breadth varies from twelve and fourteen miles to two hundred yards; its depth, from many fathoms to a few feet. Into this Backwater, as into a grand trunk, all the numerous rivers flowing, like so many veins, from the Western Ghats, are discharged and retained. The Backwater empties itself into the sea only by

six mouths; of all which, the only one navigable for ships is the mouth on the south bank of which is situated Cochín. There is a bar at this mouth; the depth of water on the bar at high-water spring tides is seventeen or eighteen feet. • • Within the bar, the Backwater expands into a fine estuary, three, five, and six miles wide, at least twelve miles long, and deep enough for the largest ships:—down and pattamars, of sixty and seventy tons burthen, load and discharge at the water's edge; ships, at the distance of a cable's length."

'On the Communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific.—Captain Phillips, R.N., communicated to the Society some valuable information, received from a merchant for thirty years acquainted with the country, as to the practicability of opening a direct communication between San Juan de Nicaragua, and San Juan del Sul, on the Pacific. This, in his informant's opinion, might be easily effected, by cutting a canal from the town of Nicaragua to the port of San Juan del Sul, and by establishing steamboats on the lake and river of San Juan de Nicaragua.

On comparing this project with that of the road proposed to be made from La Trinidad to Chorrera or Panama, its advantages, says Captain Phillips, are obvious: "for the former passage leads alone to the Pacific, whilst the passage by San Juan de Nicaragua would affect the whole commerce of Costa Rica and central America, and most likely be the means of a commercial transit to the South Seas." Three ports in the Pacific are likely to be of use in the proposed communication—the port of Real Lejo, distant about fourteen leagues from the town of Leon, with a harbour capable of containing even line-of-battle ships; San Juan del Sul, fourteen leagues distant from Nicaragua, a perfectly secure port, with four fathoms water close to the shore, and considered a healthy situation; and Puente d'Arena, a safe and commodious port in the gulph of Nicoya, on the Pacific, from whence a direct intercourse is maintained with all parts of Costa Rica, by a road twenty-six leagues in length.

From Guatemala, the capital of central America, to Cartago Interior, in Costa Rica, is a distance of four hundred leagues; the road passes through the towns of San Anna Grande, San Salvador, San Miguel, San Carlos, whence it crosses the bay of Fonseca, and so onward through Pueblo Viejo, Chinandega, Leon, Pueblo Nuevo, Margaroti, Matias, Managua, Masaya, Granada, Nicaragua, San Juan a Casti, Esparsa, A la Huela, Heredia, San José, and Cartago. When it is considered that this great road passes from town to town in a direct line—that a communication is kept up by post, and by Arrieros—that the proposed canal to San Juan del Sul intersects it—it all speaks in terms most favourable as to San Juan del Sul being the most desirable position for the passage to take place.

Lieut. Emery furnishes 'A short account of Mombas and the neighbouring Coast of Africa,' which contains some curious information:—

"From Tanga (a little south of Mombas) to the Equator, the coast is inhabited principally by a quiet and intelligent race of men, called *Sohilies*: these, judging by their present mode of building houses, as compared with the numerous ruins of ancient towns all along the shore, must have been a great nation. Their

complexion formerly was similar to that of the Arabs, which can plainly be inferred by the sallow appearance of many of the old men; but the present generation are nearly black, owing to intermarriage with the inland tribes called *Whaneckas*. • • • The island of Mombas is wholly Mohammedan, having in the two principal towns eight mosques. About twelve miles to the northward is the hamlet of Mtuapa, situated at the entrance of a small river, which runs about sixteen miles into the country. About a quarter of a mile from Mtuapa are the ruins of a large walled town, one of whose gateways is still standing, having a *pointed* archway; as have also the windows and doorway of the place of worship, which resembles a Christian cathedral, except that it is not built in the shape of a cross. Three miles farther to the northward, are ruins of another town; and I have been informed by the natives, there are ruins all along the coast, within a day's journey of each other."

Mr. Brooke has communicated an interesting paper on the Mahavillaganga river, well known as the largest stream in the island of Ceylon:

"It takes its rise from the mountains in the Kandyan country, and after encircling the city of Kandy, flows in an easterly direction almost as far as Bintenne, when it bends suddenly to the northward, and after running some distance, divides into two streams, one falling into the great bay of Trincomalie, the other, which is called the Virgel, into the sea, twenty-five miles southward of Trincomalie. • • • A bridge has been recently thrown over the Mahavillaganga, at Peradenia, consisting of a single arch (principally of *sain-wood*) of two hundred and five feet span. The roadway is twenty feet wide, and its height above the river at low-water mark about sixty-seven feet. The arch is composed of four treble ribs transversely distant from each other five feet from centre to centre. The arch was commenced in the middle of July, 1832. The centering was struck on the first of October, and the roadway was completed before the first of January 1833. This bridge was designed and set up under the superintendence of Lieut-Colonel Fraser, deputy quartermaster-general of the forces in Ceylon."

'Recent accounts of the Pitcairn Islanders,' extracted from a letter from Captain Freemantle, of his Majesty's ship *Challenger*, dated 30th May, 1833.

"At Otaheite I understood that all the Pitcairn islanders had returned to their island, having been assisted by the missionaries and the Europeans on the island to freight an American vessel to convey them, they being very discontented and unhappy, and a sickness having become prevalent amongst them, which had carried off twelve of their number.

"Having, therefore, as far as lay in my power, settled all the complaints which came before me, and tried to impress upon the authorities of Otaheite the necessity of preventing the recurrence of the piracies which have recently taken place among the islands to windward, I proceeded to Pitcairn's Island, off which I arrived after a passage of twelve days. The ship was immediately visited by most of the men of the island, who came out in their canoes to invite the officers on shore; they were all well-dressed, and in every respect had the appearance of Englishmen. I was sorry, however, to find that they were not improved by their visit to Otaheite, but on the contrary, as I had reason to think, were much altered for the worse, having, since their return, indulged in intemperance to a great degree, distilling a spirit from the tea root, which grows in great quantities on the island. I found on the island a Mr. Joshua Hill, a gentleman nearly seventy

years of age, who appears to have come from England expressly to establish himself amongst these people as a kind of pastor and monitor. He had not been on the island more than two or three months, and was officiating as school-master, having quite succeeded in supplanting the Englishman who had acted previously in that situation. He informed me that on his arrival he had found the island in the greatest state of irregularity. He landed on a Sunday, but found most of the islanders intoxicated, and the Englishman 'Nobbs,' who acted as their pastor, in such a state, from the effects of drunkenness, as to be incapable of performing his duties; he had consequently taken them upon himself, wishing to render as much service as possible to the islanders.

"The number of people in the island at present is seventy-nine, and there appears to be an abundance of vegetables of every description. They are not themselves under any alarm respecting a want of water, saying, that as their numbers increase they must dig more reservoirs and wells. With respect to food, I am satisfied the island is capable of supporting nearly a thousand persons; the soil is particularly good, and most part of it being as yet uncultivated, there is little fear of scarcity.

"It is impossible for any person to visit this island without being pleased with a people generally so amiable, though springing from so guilty a stock, and brought up in so extraordinary a manner. And although I have no hesitation in saying, that they have lost much of that simplicity of character which has been observed in them by former visitors, they are still a well-disposed, well-behaved, kind, hospitable people, and, if well-advised and instructed, would be led to anything; but I fear, if much left to themselves, and visited by many ships, which now is not an uncommon occurrence, that they will lose what simplicity they have left, and will partake of the character of their neighbours the Otaheitan. The present generation of children is the finest I ever saw; and out of the whole number, seventy-nine, there are fifty-three under twenty years of age, who appear to have been well instructed, many of them being capable of reading, and nearly on a par with children of the same age in England."

It is grievous to think that the happiness and moral purity of this interesting colony should be endangered by the turbulence and bad example of three Englishmen, run-away sailors, whom, unfortunately, the natives have allowed to settle among them.

There is also the interesting 'Mémorial on the Civilization of the Tribes inhabiting the Highlands near Dalagôa Bay,' by Mr. Cooley, of which we heretofore made mention; in which he purposes to show, not only that industry and civilization are more or less developed among those nations of the highlands of the interior of Africa, but also that they were once much more manifest than they are at present; and that the country between the Cape Colony and Inhamban, at Cape Corrientes, from the character of its population, its climate, productions, and situation in the vicinity of the Cape Colony, holds out particular inducements to the enterprise of British merchants, that it unites probably more of the elements of a great and civilized community than any other portion of Southern Africa; and it needs hardly to be added, that on these accounts it deserves to be immediately explored.

We have not noticed the most valuable papers—On the Indus, by Lieut. Burnes; on the Euphrates, by Captain Chesney, and others—because the abstracts which first ap-

peared in the *Athenæum* were as full as the limits of our paper would permit, and sufficiently so for the information of the general reader.

*Hymns for Childhood.* By Felicia Hemans. Dublin: William Curry, jun. & Co.

As able and eloquent contributor long ago† enabled us to do justice to the genius of Mrs. Hemans; but, since that time, the present fairy-like little book, in its green livery, gives us the first opportunity of noticing one of her volumes—for, if we mistake not, she has not published any of her poems collectedly for the last two or three years.

We were always admirers of Mrs. Hemans's poetry, since the days when we sat up for an entire summer's night to read her 'Forest Sanctuary;' and have fancied that of late we could discern a change in its tone which has increased our admiration. Mrs. Hemans has passed through the region of classicism—of pure and graceful, though somewhat cold, correctness,—she has gone nobly over the fair fields of romance, and gathered and given forth its high heroic legends with an elevation and fervour peculiar to herself, and not so much as touched by any of her British or American imitators—their name is Legion; she has displayed the workings of the gentler and finer affections, in verse of the most musical sweetness; but she has now, if our theory be correct, reached a still loftier point than heretofore. We hope that it is not the stern teaching of time and trouble which has infused into her later verses so much of thought and devotional feeling; although, selfishly speaking, we are gainers—for simplicity has gone hand in hand with wisdom—and a certain tendency to mysticism, which was discernible in some of her poetry, has latterly disappeared from it entirely.

These remarks are not to be understood as applying to the tiny book before us—but merely as bringing up our opinion of this gifted woman to the present moment; and yet, a more delicious little volume we never opened. It is not merely a book "for Childhood." All who have been wounded by familiar and fulsome addresses to the Deity, miscalled 'Sacred Lyrics,' or wearied by weak and prosaic paraphrases of Scripture, will join us in appreciating the beautiful taste, and the sweet and simple melody which breathes through every line of these Hymns. We extract at random. They are all good, and some one or two of them old friends.

#### *The Rainbow.*

I do set me how in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between us and the earth.—Genesis, ix. 12.

Soft falls the mild reviving shower  
From April's changeful skies,  
And rain-drops bend each trembling flower,  
They tinge with richer dyes.

Soon shall their genial influence call  
A thousand buds to day,  
Which, waiting but that balmy fall,  
In hidden beauty lay.

Even now fall many a blossom's bell  
With fragrance fills the shade;  
And verdure clothes each grassy dell,  
In brighter tints arrayed.

But mark! what arch of varied hue  
From heaven to earth is bow'd?  
Haste; ere it vanish, haste to view  
The Rainbow in the cloud!

How bright its glory! there behold  
The emerald's verdant rays  
The topaz blends its hue of gold  
With the deep ruby's blaze.  
Yet not alone to charm thy sight  
Was given the vision fair;—  
Gaze on that arch of coloured light,  
And read God's mercy there.  
It tells us that the mighty deep,  
Fast by the Eternal chained,  
No more o'er earth's domain shall sweep,  
Awful and unrestrained.  
It tells that seasons, heat and cold,  
Fixed by his sovereign will,  
Shall, in their course, bid man behold  
Seed-time and harvest still.  
That still the flower shall deck the field,  
When vernal zephyrs blow;  
That still the vine its fruit shall yield,  
When autumn sunbeams glow.  
Then, child of that fair earth! which yet  
Smiles with each charm endowed,  
Bless thou His name, whose mercy set  
The Rainbow in the cloud!

#### *Christmas Carol.*

O lovely voices of the sky,  
That hymn'd the Saviour's birth!  
Are ye not singing still on high,  
Ye that sang, "Peace on earth!"  
To us yet speak the strains  
Wherewith in days gone by,  
Ye bless'd the Syrian swains,  
O voices of the sky!  
O clear and shining light, whose beams  
That hour Heaven's glory shed  
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,  
And on the Shepherd's head;  
Be near, thro' life and death  
As in that holiest night  
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,  
O clear and shining light!  
O star which led to Him, whose love  
Brought down man's ransom free;  
Where art thou?—Midst the hosts above,  
May we still gaze on thee?—  
In heaven thou art not set,  
Thy rays earth might not dim—  
Send them to guide us yet!  
O star which led to Him!

Here is a beautiful little poem from among the minor pieces:—

#### *Epitaph over the Grave of two Brothers, a Child and a Youth.*

Thou, that once gaze upon thine own fair boy,  
And hear his prayer's low murmur at thy knee,  
And o'er his slumber bend in breathless joy,  
Come to this tomb! it hath a voice for thee!  
Pray!—thou art blest—ask strength for morrow's hour,  
Love, deep as thine, lays here its broken flower.  
Thou that art gathering from the smile of youth,  
Thy thousand hopes—rejoicing to behold  
All the heart's depths before thee bright with truth,  
All the mind's treasure silently unfold;  
Look on this tomb!—for thee, too, speaks the grave,  
Where God hath seal'd the fount of hope he gave.

*German National Origin.* (or, National Origin of the Germans geographically and historically elucidated, with especial reference to the language). By Henry Meidinger. London: Schloss.

This is a work of elaborate research, and will be valuable to the readers of history; while the manner in which the author has treated his subject—connecting his inquiries with a view of manners, customs, institutions, and religions, will make it a readable and interesting book, even to the less learned. We can do no more than give a sketch of its contents. The first section contains an inquiry into the structure, geographical position, and geological properties of the Alps. The second section contains a hydrographical description of the German territory; treating of its noble rivers and harbours as well as of its artificial canals, ancient and modern. The third embraces the actual circumference of Germany, according to its boundary line, as marked by congeniality of language or dialect. The fourth treats of the Teutonic Gothic nations separately. The sixth and the seventh comprise a detail of the state of society, laws, manners, &c. The appendix contains an interesting description of the Roman provinces in Germany, and the Roman antiquities to be found there.

† See *Athenæum*, No. 172.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## SONNETS.

BY SIR EGERTON RAYDOLES.

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THOU hast thy life of golden glory run,  
And clos'd in earth thy mouldering relics lie:  
The day is silent; but thy soul speaks loud,  
And from the grave a thousand accents rise,  
And float on wings of wind, and in the sun  
Of life are heard with animating cry,  
And all the vigour of thy voice, endow'd,  
That round the globe's wide space careering flies!  
O mystic laws of fate!—why not bestow'd  
A little longer to our love, esteem,  
And admiration, ere the fond abode  
Of angels open'd to fulfil thy dream?  
Earth had a true magician on its face,  
While thou wast running thy transcendent race!

Dec. 22, 1832.

TO THE DEPARTED YEAR.

GONE—never to return!—Into the grave  
Of ruthless Time for ever thou'rt descended!  
What hast thou done to make thee fairly  
known

To late posterity—who will run on  
Oblivious like thyself, the deeds to save  
Which seek with fond remembrance to be  
blended?

'Tis said that thou the fertile seeds hast sown  
Of grand reform—whence future glories dawn;  
But tho' hope in my trembling bosom burns  
With rays which frosts nor tempests can put  
out,

There also is a mingled fear, which turns  
My highest prospects into cloudy doubt.—  
Experience has a frightful lesson taught,  
Which but with sorrows and with wrongs is  
fraught!—

Genova, Jan. 1, 1834.

## ORIENTAL TRANSLATION COMMITTEE.

ALTHOUGH the system of operations adopted by the Oriental Translation Fund does not furnish any public opportunities of making known its progress, and the nature of the literary acquisitions which it is constantly making, yet, at the meetings of the committee, matters of considerable interest to the friends and patrons of Oriental literature are occasionally discussed, particularly with reference to the works in the publication of which the committee is itself engaged; and we shall have great pleasure in being able, from time to time, to record these notices of the committee's proceedings in our pages.

At a recent meeting of the committee, at which the Earl of Munster presided, complete specimen copies of three new works were submitted; one of these was the *Metrical Arabic Grammar*, entitled the '*Alfiyya*,' edited by that distinguished oriental scholar, the Baron Silvestre de Sacy, who has added a commentary and notes, of which the value cannot fail to be duly appreciated. The second work is a translation from the Turkish by the Chevalier von Hammer, viz. the travels of Evliya Effendi in various parts of the Turkish Empire, in the 17th century. Of the contents of this first volume of the work, many parts are likely to excite considerable interest, particularly the author's elaborate description of Constantinople, and his statistical details regarding the empire in general. Lastly, a translation of Father Sangermano's '*Description of the Burmese Empire*,' compiled by him chiefly from native authorities, has been made from Sangermano's original manuscripts, by the Rev. Wm. Tandy, D.D., a member of the Branch Oriental Translation Committee at Rome, where the work has been printed. Sangermano went out in 1782, and was stationed at Rangoon, where he completed the erection of a Church and Missionary College; and it is curious that a

young Burmese, who received his education at this institution, is now practising his profession in Rome. Father Sangermano returned to Italy in 1808, and died at Arpinum, his native city, in 1819. The work comprises details of the Burmese cosmography, history, moral and physical constitution of the Burmese empire, and an abstract of the Burmese code, entitled '*Damasat*,' or the Golden Rule. The style in which this work has been printed reflects great credit on the Roman press, and evidences the careful supervision which has been bestowed on it by its learned and respectable editors. It is expected that the whole of these works will shortly be placed in the hands of the subscribers.

Of those works now preparing for publication by the Committee in England and on the Continent, of which specimens were laid before the members, we may notice the following: the '*Didascalia*,' or Apostolical Constitutions of the Abyssinian Church; of this, the original Ethiopic text is printing, edited, with an English version, by T. P. Platt, Esq., M.A. The '*Hurivansu*,' which may be considered as a supplement to the '*Mahabharata*,' the celebrated Hindú historical poem. Of this, a translation in French is preparing by M. Langlois, at Paris. M. Klaproth is engaged on a translation of the *Annals of the Japanese Empire*, from B. C. 600, entitled, '*Nippon-dai-ishi-rau*,' and this is nearly completed. Professor Flügel, of Dresden, is preparing a Latin version of *Haji Khalifa's* Arabic, Persian, and Turkish Bibliographical Dictionary, comprising notices of upwards of thirteen thousand works, and which, as our readers may be aware, formed the basis of D'Herbelot's excellent '*Bibliothèque Orientale*.' The first volume of this work, it is understood, will be ready by the next anniversary meeting of the subscribers to the Fund; and in the last place, Mr. Dubou's Persian History of the Patriarchs, Prophets, and Philosophers of the olden time, and of the Mohammedan power, known by the title of the '*Tarikh Tabari*.'

From the correspondence which came under the consideration of the committee, we learn that Professor Wilson has liberally offered his important assistance to prepare for publication a translation, made some time ago by the venerable Director of the Royal Asiatic Society, Henry Colebrooke, Esq., of the '*Sanc'hya Carica*,' a metaphysical work, containing, in seventy-two stanzas, the tenets of the *Sanc'hya* system of philosophy. Professor Wilson proposes to publish, not only the original text of the *Carica*, but also that of the '*Sanc'hya Bhāṣya*,' the best commentary on the former work, and to add to Mr. Colebrooke's translation of the *Carica*, an English version of the *Bhāṣya*; thus supplying the necessary explanation and illustrations to make the work intelligible and useful. The Committee received and accepted Professor Wilson's offer with the highest gratification, and we believe it likely, that the work will have the advantage of being printed under the Professor's own superintendence, at the University Press. Professor Wilson, we are enabled to state, has also undertaken to prepare translations of the '*Siddhanta Samudhi*,' a most valuable and standard grammatical work in Sanscrit; and of the '*Vishnú Purāna*,' a work containing a copious genealogy of Hindú sovereigns, the Life of Krishna, and treating fully on the subject of the principal votaries of Vishnú.

Lieut. Chalmers, of the Madras Army has favoured the Committee with an abridged translation of the *Akbar-Namah*, executed in a manner highly creditable to that gentleman's talents; and we understand that the Committee considers the work of sufficient importance to warrant its requesting Lieut. Chalmers to complete his version.

A translation of a curious work in Chinese, on Rewards and Punishments, offered by Pro-

fessor Julien, has been accepted; and the original text, it is stated, will be printed with Chinese types, cast by a new and simple process, under M. Julien's superintendence.

An intimation was received from Professor Kosegarten, of Greifswald, that he had dispatched three sheets of the *Divan* of the Huzailis for the inspection of the Committee, via Leipzig. This *Divan* is a collection of ancient Arabic poems, similar to the *Hamasa*, of which an edition has been undertaken by Professor Habicht; and the translation is to be accompanied by the original text and scholia.

Professor Jarrett, of Cambridge, announced his expectation of being able to complete his translation of the History of the Samaritans, by the end of the present month.

The second volume of Mr. Belfour's translation of the *Travels of Macarius*, and of Mr. Fraser's *Annals of Naima*, were ordered to be proceeded with at once; and a translation, by the Rev. Dr. Bialloblotzky, of a curious Hebrew Chronicle of the Kings of France, and of the House of Ottoman, by Rabbi Joseph, written in the 16th century, will likewise shortly be ordered to be put to press.

Among the translations offered and not yet decided upon by the Committee, we may mention Col. Thomas Gordon's English version of a small collection of *jeux d'esprit* in Turkish; and one of a *Chronology of the Armenians*, by M. J. Glen.

A donation of six Persian manuscripts from Lieut. Alexander Burnes, was announced to the Committee, and ordered to be suitably acknowledged. They were purchased by that gentleman at Balkh, the capital of Bokhara, in 1832, and with a list of them we shall conclude our present notice of the proceedings of the Oriental Translation Committee. 1. *Ajāib al Tabakāt*, an account of the cities and countries of Khorasan, Transoxiana, &c., by Mohammed Taber Ebn Abulkasim; 2. *Tazkerat al Shuara*, a biography of the most esteemed Persian poets, by Doulet Shah; 3. *A History of Balkh*, with an account of the holy and distinguished men of that city, by Muhammed ben Omar; 4. *A History of the Family of the Emperor Timur*; 5. *A History of the Kingdom of Bokhara*, from the time of Baber to that of Selim Khan; and 6. *History of the Descendants of Jenghiz Khan*.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We were startled, as well as grieved, to see the death of Newton, the painter, announced last week in one of our public journals;—we say startled, because we knew at the time that the accomplished artist was living; yet we are not much surprised at the statement, for the rumour of his death was spread far and wide. Newton is living, but his health has suffered a sad decay, and it is more than doubtful whether we ever receive another picture from his hand. The natural elegance of his delineations was strongly felt, and in all the ranks of our Academy we had not a more promising painter. America has reclaimed one of her two gifted sons, in taking Leslie from us; and now ill-health has robbed us of the other.

We have just received an early copy of the *North American Review*. It is decidedly a good number, though not a particularly interesting one. There are able articles on '*Taylor's Life of Cowper*,' '*The Early Literature of Modern Europe*,' '*Decandolle's Botany*,' and '*Story's Constitutional Law*'; an interesting sketch of the *Whale Fishery*, with Reviews of '*Brisot's Memoirs*,' '*Hutchinson's History of Massachusetts Bay*,' and, among other works, '*Men and Manners in America*.' This last is declared to be, "in point of literary execution, one of the best works that have yet appeared upon the United States," but, as a representation of their



state and condition, a lamentable failure. The review is very ably written; so ably, indeed, that we wonder throughout at the thin-skinned sensibility of the writer: "he seems to have been flayed," like Red Jacket, "and to walk about ever since in a pepper-and-salt great coat." One objection which the reviewer makes to English travellers is, that they absurdly draw general conclusions from accidental circumstances, and are as much annoyed by difference of manners as by difference in morals,—assuming too readily that all difference is error; but does the reviewer suppose that English readers cannot see this, and cannot laugh at the poor prejudice which alone is manifest in Mr. Hamilton's account of the breakfast at Banker's Hotel, and his disgust at seeing eggs eaten out of a wine-glass? But the error is not peculiar to English travellers in America, but common to all travellers. *Reviewers*, too, are apt to argue from particulars, or we should have had a comprehensive notice of Hamilton's work, wherein important errors would have been pointed out if they exist, and if they exist not, an honest acknowledgment, that, as a whole, the impression left after reading the work was correct. It may be very ridiculous to object to eating eggs out of a wine-glass, but not more so than to make a mighty stir in consequence of such an objection, and to favour us with no less than sixty pages of like commentary on like trifles. The writer, however, is a powerful man, and, therefore, much sound matter is scattered over the review.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 6.—J. W. Lubbock, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer, in the chair.—Seven candidates were elected Fellows of the Society. It was announced, that a paper had been received from Dr. Phillips, entitled 'An inquiry into the Nature of Death;' but that it could not be read until the account of Professor Faraday's detail of his electro-chemical experiments was concluded.

The reading of Dr. Faraday's paper was then resumed. He stated, as a result from the experiments previously detailed, that there is a definite law of electro-chemical action, and that the best measure of its intensity is the decomposition of water. This law is, that electro-chemical action is directly proportionate to the electric current passed, and that it is not changed by varying the size of the electrodes (poles), the intensity of action, the strength of the solution of acid employed, or the species of acid. The strength of the electricity may be measured by the quantity of decomposed gas collected in tubes, graduated to the hundredth parts of a cubic inch. Such a tube may be called a voltaic electrometer, and its divisions may as justly be named degrees as those of the thermometer.

By the voltaic electrometer, we can determine the character of the products evolved at the electrodes (poles). Some of these are primary, or the results of electric action; others are secondary, being modified, either by the matter of the electrodes, or the chemical action of the decomposing medium. Primary results are determinable by the voltaic electrometer, because they are such results as are directly proportionate to the electric current. The professor then detailed several experiments, showing the difference between primary and secondary results, and establishing the definite nature and extent of electro-chemical action.

### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 1.—The Right Hon. Sir A. Johnston, V.P. in the chair.—The following papers were read—viz. 'An Account of the *P'hangigars*, or Gang Robbers in India, and of the *Shoodgarshid*, a fraternity of jugglers,' by J. A. R. Stevenson,

Esq., and part of some 'Notes on the Mineralogy of the Western Half of Cutch,' by Alexander Henderson, Esq.

The particulars furnished by Mr. Stevenson, relative to the *P'hangigars*, were obtained from the examination of part of a large gang, whose head quarters were at a village near Bijapur; the troop consisted of about sixty males, most of whom had families, and were under the command of two Naigs, or chiefs; they were also responsible for the payment of a regular tribute to the Pottail, or chief of the village, as the price of his silence and protection; the greatest portion of this gang were Mohammedans, but there were, among them Rajaputs, and men of other castes; their ostensible employment is agriculture, but their only means of subsistence is derived from the plunder of their victims, it being an inviolable rule, never to rob without first depriving their victim of life—never to attack by open force—and never to leave the smallest trace of their crime: they are bound to each other by the strongest oaths, and it may therefore be readily supposed, that great difficulty has been found in endeavouring to put a stop to their infamous practices.† The *Shoodgarshid* is a tribe of fortune-tellers and jugglers, who wander about the Deccan; the term *Shoodgarshid* is of Canarese origin, and is compounded of *Shoodgar*, a burning or burial ground, and *Shid*, proficient or ready, from the custom of the class to prow about such places to collect certain pieces of human bone, with which they are supposed to work their charms and incantations. They are notorious for kidnapping children, and also for an abominable traffic, consisting in the sale of sinews extracted from the breasts, the wrists, and the ankles of females, which are supposed to be preservative charms against all evil; but, in order to be fully efficacious, they must have been taken from the body of a woman who has recently been delivered; in illustration of this, Mr. Stevenson adduces a case which occurred at Sholapore, a few years ago.

Mr. Henderson commences his observations by stating, that the western half of Cutch may be considered to have two ranges of hills, distinct from those of the eastern half. The southern range is nearly continuous, but the northern is a succession of higher hills, unconnected, and dispersed over the face of the country; the southern range does not average more than 660 feet in height; it rests generally on a base of clay slate, running into sandstone slate, over which is a bed of red or yellow sandstone, acquiring a black colour on exposure, which gives a peculiar appearance to the hills: the general dip of the clay slate is to the south, giving the hills abrupt northern faces, with gently sloping sides to the south, which have, in some instances, followed the direction of the strata so exactly as to give the appearance of artificial paving; the rock having split into square masses transversely: there is no table land in this range. The clay slate of the northern range, where also it predominates, rests on beds of argillaceous clay and bituminous shale, over which lime stone and trap rock are occasionally met with: the highest hills are in this range, but even these do not exceed, it is believed, 1200 feet in height. These ranges approximate at the western extremity of Cutch, terminating in low undulating ground, covered with masses of trap rock. After some notice of the rivers and soil, the author proceeds to a description of the stratified rocks—the continuation of which was deferred to the next meeting on the 15th instant.

### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 6.—H. Hallam, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—Three gentlemen, who had been previously elected, were formally admitted Fellows of the

† A very ample account of the origin and constitution of these bands of organized assassins will be found in the *Anatic Researches*, vol. XIII. p. 230.

Society, and another, whose term of probation had expired, was balloted for, and elected.

The Dean of Wells exhibited to the Society a very fine alabaster or episcopal crozier, with the boss and ferule, which were dug up together about thirty years ago, within the consecrated precinct of Wells Cathedral. The relics are of brass gilt, and are highly enriched; the crozier head having within its volute a figure of the archangel Michael, and a dragon, whose tail forms a scroll ornament to support the volute, the volute itself terminating also in a dragon's head. Dragons form the enrichment of the boss, and dragons crawl along the ferule. The eyes of the angel and of all the animals are of rubies, and the bodies are studded with turquoises, all of which remain in their places.

Sir H. Ellis read a long and interesting paper, by Mr. Hawkins, of the British Museum, descriptive of some coins of the reigns of William the Conqueror and William Rufus, which were found lately in a village near Alresford, in Hampshire, to the number of nearly 6000. They were all pennies, and of silver, and appear to have been very little worn.

### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 4.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—Several members were proposed, and others balloted for and elected. A portion of Professor Schomburgk's paper was read in continuation, which included a detailed description of the measurements, &c. of various trees in different parts of the world, remarkable for their peculiar growth, age, and size. Among the books on the table most worthy of notice, was Beauvois' beautiful folio work on the Insects of Africa, published at Paris in 1805, bought for the Society's library by the council.

### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 5.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—Three communications were read; the first, by Mr. Prestwich, was on some of the faults which affect the coal-field of Coalbrook Dale, and on the occurrence of trilobites and marine testacea associated with the fresh-water shells in the ironstone of that district. The second, by the Rev. Thomas England, gave an account of the coal-field of the forest of Wyre, near Skourport, in Shropshire; and, the third, was on the fresh-water formation of Cerdagne, in the Pyrenees, and on the evidences which that chain affords of obliterated lakes at different altitudes, by Charles Lyell, Esq., For. Sec. G. S.

### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 28.—The Secretary read a description of the characters of several species of shells from Mr. Cammug's collection, belonging to the genus *Ulima*, of M. Risso. The stomach of a fourth species of *Semnopithecus* was exhibited, showing its perfect accordance with the anatomical description of this organ, as given in the Society's transactions by Mr. Owen. A portion of a paper by W. S. Macleay, Esq., was read, entitled, 'A few remarks tending to illustrate the natural history of two antelope genera—namely, *Uranin*, of Fabricius, and *Mygale*, of Walckenaer. *Uranin* is a term used to designate a genus of butterflies, remarkable as very high fliers, the specimens of which being obtained either by very small shot from a gun, or by pellets blown through a long tube by the mouth, are mostly mutilated. Mr. W. S. Macleay has succeeded in breeding one species, which he has called *U. Ferdinandus*, and has sent over with his paper, drawings of the insects in all its stages. The second part of the communication, referring to the bird-catching spider, was reserved for the evening meeting of the 11th inst.

### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 4.—A communication was read to the Society, which had been received from Mr. John

Mearns, F.H.S., on a method of producing grapes from vine cuttings the first season. The details of Mr. M.'s practice was very interesting, and the success which attends his efforts may be imagined from the fact, that, on the 8th of January, he was in possession of a shoot of Miller's Burgundy grape, with twenty vigorous bunches of fruit upon it, (of the future excellence of which he had no doubt,) that had only been potted and put into heat on the 20th of November preceding.

A note from Mr. Munro was also read, stating the comparative growth of two pine apples of the same age, &c., placed side by side in the store, one plunged in the tan as customary, the other, according to the suggestions of Dr. Lindley, placed in a shallow earthen pan, in which water, to the depth of 1½ inches, was constantly supplied: the result proved the superiority of the latter treatment, the fruit of the first being only 2 lb. 9 oz. in weight, while the latter, with a much handsomer appearance and earlier maturity, attained the weight of 3 lb. 6 oz.

Flowers of *Gorenia superba*, a variety of *amaryllis sulcata*, *camellias*, and *cacti*, were the most prominent in the collection exhibited.

William Courtenay, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, Jan. 31. — Mr. Ritchie undertook, at a short notice, to supply the place of Mr. Brande, who was prevented lecturing by a domestic calamity.

He said he should, in the first place, show some of the new experiments in electro-magnetism; secondly, exemplify the mode of changing the direction of electric currents so as to produce rotation; and, thirdly, prove that in electro-dynamic problems involving three quantities, any two being given, the third could be found. He showed that the magnetic poles were not, as is commonly supposed, the points which possessed the strongest powers of attraction in the magnet; but were merely centres of parallel forces—points to which a resultant equal to the sum of these forces being applied, would produce the same effect. He exemplified the mode of making magnets by induction. This was done by slowly passing the poles of a permanent horse-shoe magnet along a thin bar of iron which had been bent until its ends met, and then welded together so as to form a long oval. When the circuit had been completed, the oval was broken by a smart stroke of a hammer, and each end exhibited magnetic powers. He then deprived them of these powers, by passing the magnet again over them in a contrary direction. The end which had the longer sides possessed the stronger magnetic power. On this fact Mr. Ritchie has been making experiments, and hopes to be able to reduce it to a certain expression. A soft iron bar was next made to rotate by means of electricity. The motion produced was rapid; but Mr. R. stated, he had almost given up the idea of making it a substitute for the steam-engine.

On the third point, we cannot flatter ourselves with having clearly understood Mr. Ritchie. He seemed to say, that electro-dynamic problems present three quantities, and that, two of these being given, the third may be determined. To the first assertion he himself showed an exception, in which he allowed he could not find more than two quantities, and that from one of these nothing could be inferred as to the other. With respect to the three quantities, where they did exist, we understood him to give as one example, magnet, electric current, and direction. In conclusion he stated, that by mechanically imitating the attractive or repulsive effects of electric currents, we could "get back" the electricity originally employed.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY, Feb. 3.—The proceedings of this Society increase in interest. After

the election of officers and other routine business was over, the following papers were read:—Observations upon a small weevil found in Tamarinds, by W. Christy, Esq., F.L.S.; descriptions of several new and singular exotic beetles, by the Rev. F. W. Hope; observations upon the economy of a gregarious species of nest-making butterfly from Mexico, by Mr. Westwood; descriptions of several new Australian spectro insects, by G. R. Gray, Esq.; descriptions of some new British species of cuckoo-spit insects, (*cicada*, Lin.) by Mr. Lewis; descriptions, by Mr. Hope, of several species of insects found in mummies, a great number of which had been extracted from the head of a female mummy of the Green-Egyptian era, brought from Thebes by Mr. Wilkinson, and which was exhibited to the meeting, having the hair beautifully perfect, and platted in the modern fashionable style termed the three plat. Mr. Pettigrew made some observations upon this and other mummies, stating that from the numerous specimens of insects (500 at least of one species), which he had extracted from the skulls of two mummies, it was evident that the process of embalming must have been a work of some time, to have allowed the admission of so many, several of which had gone through their first change, and their exuvie were as perfectly preserved as the insects themselves. The oldest modern specimen known to entomologists is a coleopterous insect discovered by Sir Hans Sloane in 1710. In some mummies, however, no insects were discovered, as in the one recently opened at the College of Surgeons. Mr. Pettigrew also exhibited two curious breast-plates of mummies, from the collection of Samuel Rogers, Esq., upon which were sculptured the sacred beetle. One of these breast-plates had been brought from Egypt by Belzoni.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	{ Royal Geographical Society ... Nine, P.M.
	{ Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.
	{ Medical-Botanical Society ..... Eight, P.M.
	{ Medical-Chirurgical Society ..... Eight, P.M.
Tues.	{ Institution of Civil Engineers ..... Eight, P.M.
	{ Zoological Society (Scientific Business) ..... p. 8, P.M.
Wed.	{ Society of Arts ..... p. 7, P.M.
	{ Royal Society ..... p. 8, P.M.
Th.	{ Society of Antiquaries ..... Eight, P.M.
Fri.	{ Royal Institution ..... p. 8, P.M.
Sat.	{ Royal Asiatic Society ..... Two, P.M.
	{ Westminster Medical Society ..... Eight, P.M.

#### PINE ARTS

##### BRITISH INSTITUTION.

This is a well-arranged and interesting Exhibition: many of the works, indeed, have been shown elsewhere, and want the gloss of novelty; and others are not very attractive, either from grace of delineation, or natural beauty of colouring; yet, many of the new pictures display both vigour of conception and happiness of handling, and some which we claim as old acquaintances, may be looked at thrice without weariness. Artists, we fear, are as apt to err in exhibiting too many pictures, as authors in printing too many books. Such is the desire of the world for novelty, that much care cannot well be bestowed upon any work of genius for he who prints or paints but once in every three years, is likely to be forgotten by the world, or outrun by others in the race for fame. Yet, noble works of genius are not always the offspring of time and study; poems, which the world admires, and pictures, which gold cannot purchase, have been dashed off at one glowing movement of fancy. But then, these are works of gifted minds: ordinary intellects must plod, and plan, and toil, and strive to acquire fame by long-continued efforts and protracted study.

The present Exhibition contains, in all, five hundred and sixty-nine works of art, of which thirteen belong to sculpture: portraits abound

less than formerly, nor are the landscapes so numerous: domestic or poetic painting has come more into favour, but there are pictures of considerable beauty in all the departments. We shall notice some of the best: 3. 'A Dutch Ferry,' by Callcott, is in his own clear, natural, and happy manner; 4. 'A Naughty Child,' by Edwin Landseer, must make many visitors pause: their recollections will readily supply them with images enough to vindicate the fierce, sullen, dogged look of this new-breeched urchin. A character of another kind is impressed by the same artist on 144, 'Suspense': a dog watches, with eyes bright with longing, and chops impatient to be employed, by the hole of a door, through which he expects prey to come: a bloody feather lies beside him, and we imagine we hear the cackling of cocks and hens. No. 156, 'Deer and Hounds in a Mountain Torrent,' comes from the same hand; nothing can be more natural than the foaming stream, the exhausted deer, and the struggling dogs.

JOHN WILSON has some vigorous landscapes: those of Geddes have the merit of being new, and also natural: his grouses, too, are characteristic; one of the best scenes in the rooms is by Constable—'A Heath in a showery day': the clouds are like a wet sponge; the ground is soaked, and the air seems filled with moisture: a rainbow bursts through all, and gives a singular splendour to the composition. Perhaps, the most striking picture in the place is 'The Interior of Seville Cathedral,' by Roberts; the truth of the drawing, and the splendour of the colouring, will not be easily matched. COPLEY FIELDING, LEE, COOPER, and others, have contributed several clever landscapes.

'The Village School,' by Webster, is capital: the dunce looks a true blockhead; in vain a good-natured, quick-witted child, tries slyly to help him with his task. 'The Unexpected Return,' by Farnier, exhibits the confusion of a ladies' boarding-school, when the mistress, who opens the door, is believed to be far off. McCLURE, too, has contributed not a little to the attractions of the Exhibition: his 'Irish Halloween' we have laughed at before: but his 'Hypochondriac' is a new picture, and strongly impressed with character. 'The Hen-Coop,' by Inskip, is in his own striking and peculiar way: his 'Perch Fishing,' too, is a picture which no hand but his own could paint.

We may, perhaps, return to this subject again, and name a few more works, which we reckon worthy of public notice.

#### THEATRICALS

##### COVENT GARDEN.

THE long-talked of ballet, entitled 'The Revolt of the Harem,' has arrived at last. It was produced on Wednesday, and, with the exception of the well-executed evolutions of the female army in the last scene, and the military dance in the second act, a mighty dull affair it proved to be. These merited and received a vast deal of applause, but all the rest was laudanum. The only person who deserves to be named is Madlle. Pauline Leroux, and she, pleasing as she is in person, is but an indifferent dancer. The other importations are inferior to Madame Vedy, and two or three more of the fixtures of the theatre. Monsieur Silvain is one of that hop-skip-and-jump school, now shuttlecock, now peg-top, for which we nourish a favourite aversion. Justice and truth, however, call upon us to say, that he is good of the sort, and that his exertions were loudly applauded. Some of the scenery is extremely beautiful—particularly the first—a part of the Alhambra Palace, opening upon what the learned people who make out the bills at this house, call the "Court of Lyons"! In charity, we were willing to suppose that this was a printer's error, but no—there it was again in the bills

next day, flourishing in full-blown ignorance. We were not aware, until now, that any court of the city of Lyons could be seen from the Alhambra, but "live and learn" is our motto, and we recommend it to the framers of the Covent Garden bills. The bath scene, about which so much has been said, is excellent as far as the Messrs. Grieve are concerned. In all other respects it is far inferior to that at the Adelphi; the little theatre has also a decided superiority in the dresses of the female warriors. We do not think this ballet will do much for the treasury, unless some better dancers shall be marched up to its support. Disapprobation was heard occasionally during the performance, and at the end, but the applause greatly predominated. The music, with the exception of a very few well-known and favourite airs, is dull and heavy, and it was, generally speaking, badly played.

## OLYMPIC.

On Monday a new harlequin, in three acts, called 'In the Wrong Box,' was added to the stock—the laughing-stock pieces of this house. In producing this, Mr. Penke has made his first appearance at the Olympic as an author—an appearance which all genuine lovers of broad grins must hail with satisfaction. The first tragic writer of the day (need we name Mr. Sheridan Knowles?) kicked by the sprawling of foreign legs from the mis-called national theatres, has taken refuge at the Victoria; and two of the most favoured of our comic writers (Messrs. Kenney and Peake), expelled by the same indecent means, have found an asylum at the Olympic. As far as a cordial reception goes, the wandering dramatists have had no cause to regret the change, on either side of the water. 'In the Wrong Box' is founded, as stated in the bills, on a story in an entertaining book called, 'Three Courses and a Dessert.' The incidents are improbable—nay, more—some of them are impossible; but Mr. Peake did not care for that—no more did the audience. The materials are highly laughable; and, having dipped the feather of his pen freely into them, he commenced at the commencement by tickling the sides of his hearers, and, having once worked them into a laugh, he took good care never to let them out of it until the curtain fell. "A sea of heads rolled roaring in the pit," and the house had all the appearance of suffering under the "exhibition" (as the Doctors say) of laughing gas. It is superfluous to say, that the piece was completely successful. Mr. Keeley, Mr. F. Matthews, Mr. J. Vining, and Mrs. Orger, exerted themselves to the utmost, and, as has been shown, with the happiest effect. The under parts were played unusually well—we particularly allude to those played by Mr. Wynman, Mr. Salter, and Mr. Huggins.

## MISCELLANEA

**Sale of MSS.**—We observe that the very important and highly interesting collection of manuscripts, state papers, and autograph letters, received by Sir Robert Southwell, while clerk of the Privy Council, and secretary to the Duke of Ormonde in Ireland—his son, the Hon. Edward Southwell, and William Blathwayt, secretary of war, the property of the late Lord De Clifford, is to be sold next week, by Messrs. Christie. There is also a very interesting collection of letters from M. Van der Meer, relating to the Vaudois—orders and warrants signed by the sovereigns of England, from James the First to Queen Anne—letters and papers from foreign crowned heads, Electors and Princes—the original orders to the army at the siege of Londonderry, signed by James the Second, taken at the battle of the Boyne—the correspondence of some of our ambassadors at the principal foreign courts; together with some curious pamphlets, and a few printed books on Heraldry. Some of the

items in the catalogue appear interesting, particularly the letters from the Duke of Ormonde and Lord Orrery, relating to the Popish Plots.

**Popular Chemistry.**—We have been at the Cosmorama in Regent Street, to attend a popular Lecture on Chemistry, illustrated by numerous and well made experiments. As we understand a course of such lectures is to be delivered, we recommend them to the attention of any of our readers, who may be in search of amusement combined with instruction.

**Italian Opera in China!**—Strange as this announcement may appear, it is no less true. We have been kindly favoured with a transcript of a programme of one of Paer's operas. The 'argument' is exceedingly curious, but too long for insertion. Here, however, is a copy of the announcement:—"Italian Theatre at Macao.—The Musical Society will begin to perform on Friday, 26th June, with Paer's celebrated opera, semi-seria, in two acts, entitled, 'L'Agnesse di Fitzhenry, o, el Delirio Paternal.'"

The principal actors are, Signora Teresa Schieroni, Signor Domingo Pizzoni, Signor Joaquin Bettali, Signor Gius. M. Mayorpe, Signor Pino, Signor Gerate; and Leader of the Orchestra, Monsieur Theophile Planel.

Prices, &c. \* \* \*

The announcement has the following attached:

*N.B. The Society has employed all the means in her power to engage the musical men here to touch in the orchestra; but the excessive price they asked has not allowed her to have them. However, the Society has engaged some of the best musicians, and hopes that the ladies and gentlemen will excuse if the Orchestra is not so numerous."*

**The Vegetable Kingdom.**—A French scientific writer calculates that at Spitzbergen, which is situated near the 80th degree of north latitude, there are only thirty species of different plants. In Lapland, which is under the 60th, there are about 343. In Iceland, which is under the 63rd, there are 353. In Sweden, which extends from the northern part of Lapland to the 55th, there are 1300. In Brandebourg, between the 52nd and 54th, 2000. In Piedmont, between the 43rd and 46th, 2800. In Jamaica, between the 17th and 19th, 5100. And at Madagascar, which is under the tropic of Cancer, between the 13th and 14th, there are more than 5000.

**Paris Improvements.**—Many improvements are in contemplation in Paris. Among the first projects of embellishment is a prolongation of the rue Vivienne, which will be made to extend to the *carrefour*, which the rue de Provence, the Faubourg Montmartre, and the rues Cadet and Richer, will form in their junction.

**A new Porcupine Man.**—A middle-aged man, of very athletic and robust form of body, presented himself at the hospital a few days ago, in order to show himself to the surgeons and students of the establishment. He is completely covered with a green, horny substance, in the form of quills, not dissimilar to those which are produced in the porcupine. The parts which have escaped the deformity, are his face, the palms of his hands, and soles of his feet, every other part of his person is abundantly supplied with this green horny substance. He sheds his horns annually, and a fresh crop succeeds. He has been thus afflicted since his earliest infancy, and all the male members of his family, from the great-grandfather down, have been similarly furnished. His general health is excellent, and all the secretions regular. A model has been taken of him in one of the Borough hospitals. —*Med. and Surg. Journal.*

**Transference of Vital Power.**—A not uncommon cause of loss of vital power is the young sleeping with the aged. This fact, however explained, has been long remarked, and is well known to every unprejudiced observer. But it has been most unaccountably overlooked in medicine. I

have, on several occasions, met with the counterpart of the following case: I was, a few years since, consulted about a pale, sickly, and thin boy, of about five or six years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was a slow and remarkable decline of flesh and strength, and of the energy of all the functions,—what his mother very aptly termed, a gradual blight. After inquiring into the history of the case, it came out, that he had been a very robust and plethoric child up to his third year, when his grandmother, a very aged person, took him to sleep with her; that he soon afterwards lost his good looks; and that he had continued to decline progressively ever since, notwithstanding medical treatment. I directed him to sleep apart from his aged parent, and prescribed tonics, change of air, &c. The recovery was rapid. But it is not in children only that debility is induced by this mode of abstracting vital power. Young females married to very old men suffer in a similar manner, though not to the same extent. These facts are often well known to the aged themselves, who consider the indulgence favourable to longevity, and thereby often illustrate the selfishness which, in some persons, increases with their years.—*Dr. Copland's Dict. of Pract. Medicine.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. A. Mos.	M. S. Min.	Mean.		
Thur. 30	45 39	30.27	S.W.	Cloudy.
Frid. 31	50 46	30.15	S.	Drizzle.
Sat. 1	50 30	30.12	S.E.	Clear.
Sun. 2	55 40	29.98	E.	Cloudy.
Mon. 3	56 38	29.90	S.E.	Clear.
Tues. 4	50 34	29.76	S.E.	Drizzle.
Wed. 5	52 27	29.75	S.E. to S.	Rain, r.m.

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Cirrocumulus.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 43°. Greatest variation, 20°. Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.01.

Day increased on Wednesday, 1 h. 34 min.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

A Selection from the Lyric Poems of Goethe, with a few Translations in English and Italian, by the Rev. Mr. Hawtrey.

Shakspeare's *Sämmtliche Werke* in einem Bande (Shakspeare's Complete Works in one Volume), in German and English.

A reprint of Goethe's *Faust*, in German, with an Introduction and Notes, by Dr. A. Bernays.

**Just published.**—The Child of the Church of England, 12mo. 2s.—The Young Seer, by Miss E. T. Day-ley, 8vo. 5s.—Job; a Dramatic Poem, by R. Whifflin, 8vo. 3s.—Anecdotes of the Animal Kingdom, 12mo. 10s.—Memoirs of James B. Taylor, 12mo. 5s.—Counsels to the Aged, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Israel's Sojourn in the Land of Egypt, 8vo. 6s.—Mr. Lelland's Essay on the Cathedral of Glasgow, 4to. 12s. 6d.—*Æchylus' Prometheus Vincens*, with English Notes, by the Rev. T. Griffiths, 8vo. 3s.—Stephen on Criminal Law, 8vo. 12s.—Miscellany of Natural History, Vol. II. *Feline Species*, &c.—History of British Colonies, Vol. I. (to be completed in 5 vols.) by R. Montgomery Martin, 8vo. 11. 1s.—The Writings of Washington, with his Life, by J. Sparks, Vol. II. 12s.—Sedgewick's Discourse, 8vo. 4s.—Tyler on Gaths, 8vo. 9s.—Sir Rodolph of Hapsburg, 3 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Napoleon's Dying Soliloquy, and other Poems, by Thomas Stewart, 3s. 6d.—Entomologia Edinensis, by Wilson and Duncan, 12s.—*Ingles in Ecclesiastical Establishments*, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—The Value of Money, by Mrs. Barwell, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Melchizedek, by the Author of 'Elijah,' &c., 4s.—Whately on Transportation, 8vo. 6s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wormesley.—X.—received.

T. B. left as directed.

A correspondent desires to know where subscribers' names are received for Mr. Dunham's proposed National Biography?

The Reports of the proceedings at the learned Societies, invaluable to absent members, and to the learned in Europe generally, and never before given so fully and accurately as in the *Athenæum*, necessarily occupy so much space at this time of the year, that we have resolved, as they cannot, without injury, be abridged, to give another extra sheet next week, that they may not seem to encroach on the space usually occupied by general literature.











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# THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 329.

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazine to all parts of the World.  
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## REVIEWS

*Helen: a Tale.* By Maria Edgeworth. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

Maria Edgeworth has so long ceased to wave her magic wand, or to let her voice be heard in the regions of fiction, that we imagined she had destroyed her rod, like Prospero, and obstinately determined to be silent. All at once, when we least expected it, she has cast her spells abroad—and the result is, we are as much under her influence as ever. The *Quarterly Review* has called her the most accomplished of living novelists: in this commendation we all but concur; she has not so much vigour as some we could name, nor such electric bursts of feeling as others; but in the gradual and full development of character, and in the unities and proprieties of action and narrative, she is unequalled. She cannot be judged of by bits; and in this she resembles Richardson; we cannot turn to a brilliant passage, and say, "Behold a sample of all." It is one of her chief beauties, that she commands life-blood to flow through every member of her narrative, and diffuses her feeling and her fancy everywhere. Brighter sallies of genius, and more consummate handling may be pointed out in pages and in chapters of even living novelists;—but in the bulk she excels; and it is by this she will be and is judged. We consider this a proof of her skill; she seems to have no wish to make a vivid impression by dealing out sparkling, striking sentences: she goes meekly and quietly to work; secures our attention by the perfect truth and inimitable ease of her delineations; and we are not aware, till we try to lay down her volumes, that we are on charmed ground, and under the spell of an enchantress.

We have felt as we have described in reading the work before us: it has, however, less action, and abounds more in dramatic and dissecting conversations, than any of her earlier compositions. 'Helen' is a tale of morals and manners, and its object is to press on the human heart the honour and advantage of a constant adherence to truth. The scene is laid in England, and in our own times; the story lies, as most good ones do, in a small compass. Helen, an orphan remarkable for beauty, both of person and mind, is less properly the heroine than her friend and school-fellow Lady Cecilia Clarendon: the latter is lively, affectionate, and innocent; but in girlish simplicity of soul, she had, when a spinster, engaged in a sort of Phyllis-and-Corydon correspondence, by letter, with a certain Colonel D'Aubigny, and when General Clarendon wooed and won her, she had not fortitude sufficient to inform him of this, but satisfied her own heart by assuring him—what was perfectly true—that she had never sincerely loved any one but himself. All this passes off well till Colonel D'Aubigny dies, and his correspondence falls into the hands of those who have no good-will to Cecilia and her friend Helen:

the letters are shown to a satirist and small wit; he says they will make a stir, when well peppered and salted; the pepper and salt are administered, and the whole are on the point of being published, and the exposure of Cecilia is certain, when she prevails on Helen, whose handwriting and style resembled hers, to call them her own. This is done, and done reluctantly; Cecilia is saved—not so the orphan Helen:—the finger of scorn is pointed at her in public; in private, her best friends waver; the truth is, however, brought to light by her intrepid lover Beauclerc, who challenges and wounds the lampooner Churchill; the cloud of calumny is cleared away from the heads of Helen and Cecilia; the latter is reconciled to her husband, and the former led blushing to the altar, and all parties unite in the opinion, that much sorrow and wrath and misrepresentation might have been warded off by a closer adherence to truth.

Such is the story. The characters, we have said, are numerous; we may add, some of them are admirably drawn. Let the narrative flow onward, or stand still, or even turn back, which it sometimes does, the characters never halt; they move on, and the less stir the story makes, the more insight we get into human nature. In the vindication of the truth, several well-sustained characters appear: Helen herself is in the van till the saying of Cecilia persuades her out of her propriety; General Clarendon supports it like a soldier, with a stern military air; Lady Davenant loves it for its own sake, and because she finds that it always answers best; while Miss Clarendon, a plain outspoken lady from the Welch mountains, supports it in a straightforward boisterous way; she calls a spade a spade, and a lie a lie, after the bow-wow way of Dr. Johnson. On the side of what may be called polite fibbing, we must rank Cecilia, though she becomes, at last, a convert to the side of truth; the polished and witty and heartless Churchill; the sarcastic and envious Lady Katrine Hawksby, and the scoundrel Lord Beltravers. Among the neutrals, we class the enthusiastic and accomplished Beauclerc; Aunt Pennant, a kind-hearted Welch lady; and, better still, Lady Bearcroft. Our readers will now be enabled to feel the merits and meaning of the passages which we have selected, as containing in themselves much of the spirit, and feeling, and tact of the accomplished authoress.

The tale commences with a conversation between Helen, and a worthy curate and his wife, respecting the future prospects of the desolate orphan—she is well connected—and the generosity of her relations is thus discussed:—

"'Lady C—— does not invite her, for she has too many daughters, and they are too ugly, and Helen is too beautiful,' said Mrs. Collingwood.

"'Lady L—— has too many sons,' said Mr. Collingwood, 'and they are too poor, and Helen is not an heiress now.'

"'But old Lady Margaret Dawe, who has neither sons nor daughters, what stands in the way there? Oh! her delicate health—delicate health is a blessing to some people—excuses them always from doing anything for anybody.'

"'And the Berkeleys, the Dean's most particular friends, and who doted on Helen, what can they find to say? They would have been really so happy to have her; but going to travel, Gods knows where, or for how long! Oh!—and no carriage could carry Miss Stanley, I suppose, along with them.'

In the midst of these deliberations, an invitation comes from Cecilia and her General, and Helen hastens to the residence of her friend; she is received warmly. Out of many conversations we select the following, as lively and graphic:—

"'Lady Cecilia, in a moment at the writing-table, ran off, as fast as pen could go, two notes, which she put into her mother's hand, who gave an approving nod; and, leaving them with her to seal and have franked, Cecilia darted out on the terrace, carrying Helen along with her, to see some Italian garden she was projecting.

"'And as she went, and as she stood directing the workmen, at every close of her directions she spoke to Helen. She said she was very glad that she had settled that Beauclerc was to come to them immediately. He was a great favourite of hers.

"'Not for any of those grandissimo qualities which my mother sees in him, and which I am not quite clear exist; but just because he is the most agreeable person in nature! and really natural; though he is a man of the world, yet, not the least affected. Quite fashionable, of course, but with true feeling. Oh! he is delightful, just!—then she interrupted herself to give directions to the workmen about her Italian garden—

"'Oleander in the middle of that bed; vases nearer to the balustrade—'

"'Beauclerc has a very good taste, and a beautiful place he has, Thorndale. He will be very rich. Few very rich young men are agreeable now, women spoil them so.—[Border that bed with something pretty.]—Still he is, and I long to know what you will think of him; I know what I think he will think, but, however, I will say no more; people are always sure to get into scrapes in this world, when they say what they think.—[That fountain looks beautiful.]—I forgot to tell you he is very handsome. The General is very fond of him, and he of the General, except when he considers him as his guardian, for Granville Beauclerc does not particularly like to be controlled—who does? especially by one only a few years older than himself. It is a curious story—[Unpack those vases, and by the time that is done I will be back.]—Take a turn with me, Helen, this way. It is a curious story: Granville Beauclerc's father—but I don't know it perfectly, I only know that he was a very odd man, and left the General, though he was so much younger than himself, guardian to Granville, and settled that he was not to be of age, I mean not to come into possession of his large estates, till he is five-and-twenty: shockingly hard on poor Granville, and enough to make him hate Clarendon, but he does not, and that is charming, that is one reason I like him! so amazingly respectful to his guardian always, considering how impetuous

he is, amazingly respectful, though I cannot say I think he is what the gardening books call *patient of the knife*, I don't think he likes his fancies to be lopped, but then he is so clever. Much more what you would call a reading man than the General, distinguished at college, and all that, which usually makes a young man conceited, but Beauclerc is only a little headstrong—all the more agreeable, it keeps one in agitation; one never knows how it will end, but I am sure it will all go on well now. It is curious, too, that mama knew him also when he was at Eton, I believe—I don't know how, but long before we ever heard of Clarendon, she corresponded with him, but I never knew him till he came to Florence, just after it was all settled with me and the General; and he was with us there and at Paris, and travelled home with us, and I like him. Now you know all, except what I do not choose to tell you, so come back to the workmen.—That vase will not do there, move it in front of those evergreens; that will do."

Visitors, as might be expected, arrive: among others, Miss Clarendon—here is an instance of her plain speaking:—

"Miss Clarendon smiled again, and admitted that she was prejudiced, 'but everybody is; only some shew and tell, and others smile and fib. I wish that word fib was out of the English language, and white lie drummed out after it. Things by their right names and we should all do much better. Truth must be told, whether agreeable or not.'

"'But whoever makes truth disagreeable commits high treason against virtue,' said Helen.

"'Is that yours?' cried Miss Clarendon, stopping short.

"'No,' said Helen.

"'It is excellent whoever said it.'

"'It was from my uncle Stanley I heard it,' said Helen.

"'Superior man that uncle must have been.'

"'I will leave you now,' said Helen.

"'Do, I see we shall like one another in time, Miss Stanley in time,—I hate sudden friendships.'

"That evening Miss Clarendon questioned Helen more about her friendship with Cecilia, and how it was she came to live with her. Helen plainly told her.

"'Then it was not an original promise between you?'

"'Not at all,' said Helen.

"'Lady Cecilia told me it was. Just like her,—I knew all the time it was a lie.'

Their time is not, however, wholly spent in conversational disputes; they now and then ride out; in one of these excursions they see a very beautiful scene—it is as beautifully described:—

"They rode on through a lane fragrant with primroses, mingled with violets white and blue, in gay profusion, and this lane led gently down to the banks of the Thames—those beautiful banks! The road now continued along the river side, where the black steam-boat never marked the way; where yet you breathe Nature's fresh air unpolluted by smell or smoke; where yet the busy hum of men, the din of commerce, prevail not; but where the river flows on, and seems as if it would for ever flow in full broad placid silence and dignity: nor ship, nor boat, was to be seen, save one pleasure-skiff skinning along over the light-streaked water, the 'silvery Thames,' here no unmeaning epithet, but the just distinction of that smooth mirror, reflecting every object on its banks—its banks, not here, as Beauclerc pointed out, crowded with citizen's boxes, or gay with merely pretty villas, but spreading into parks of vast extent, woods towering above and beyond, and below,

in gentle sweeps feathering down to the water's edge, some just tinged with early green, some in the full foliage of advancing spring. The General, less poetically inclined, would name to Helen all the fine places within view—'residences,' as he practically remarked—'such as cannot be seen in any country in the world but England; and not only fine places such as these, but from the cottage to the palace—"the homes of Old England" are the best homes upon earth.'

They are too well bred to talk about themselves only: they make excursions into the realms of literature and art: in their colloquies several names well-known to the world are included:—

"'I hear the loud voice of universal execration,' said Beauclerc; 'you have all abused me, but whom have I abused? What have I said?'

"'Nothing,' replied Lady Cecilia; 'that is what we complain of. I could have better borne any abuse than indifference to Sir Walter Scott.'

"'Indifference!' exclaimed Beauclerc—'what did I say, Lady Cecilia, from which you could infer that I felt indifference? Indifferent to him whose name I cannot pronounce without emotion! I alone, of all the world, indifferent to that genius, pre-eminent and unrivalled, who has so long commanded the attention of the whole reading public, arrested at will the instant order of the day by tales of other times, and in this common-place, this every-day existence of ours, created a holiday world, where, undisturbed by vulgar cares, we may revel in a fancy region of felicity, peopled with men of other times—shades of the historic dead, more illustrious and brighter than in life!'

"'Yes, the great enchanter,' cried Cecilia.

"'Great and good enchanter,' continued Beauclerc, 'for in his magic there is no dealing with unlawful means. To work his ends, there is never aid from any one of the bad passions of our nature. In his writings there is no private scandal—no personal satire—no bribe to human frailty—no libel upon human nature. And among the lonely, the sad and the suffering, how has he medicined to repose the disturbed mind, or elevated the dejected spirit!—perhaps fanned to a flame the unquenched spark, in souls not wholly lost to virtue. His morality is not in purple patches, ostentatiously obtrusive, but woven in through the very texture of the stuff. He paints man as he is, with all his faults, but with his redeeming virtues—the world as it goes, with all its compensating good and evil, yet making each man better contented with his lot. Without our well knowing how, the whole tone of our minds is raised—for, thinking nobly of our kind he makes us think more nobly of ourselves!'

"Helen, who had sympathised with Beauclerc in every word he had said, felt how true it is that

'—Next to genius, is the power  
Of feeling where true genius lies.'

"'Yet after all this, Granville,' said Lady Cecilia, 'you would make us believe you never wished to have seen this great man?'

"Beauclerc made no answer.

"'Oh! how I wish I had seen him!' said Helen to Lady Davenant, the only person present who had had that happiness.

"'If you have seen Raeburn's admirable picture, or Chantrey's speaking bust,' replied Lady Davenant, 'you have as complete an idea of Sir Walter Scott as painting or sculpture can give. The first impression of his appearance and manner was surprising to me, I recollect, from its quiet, unpretending good-nature; but scarcely had that impression been made before I was struck with something of the chivalrous courtesy of other times. In his conversation you would have found all that is most

delightful in all his works—the combined talents and knowledge of the historian, novelist, antiquary, and poet. He recited poetry admirably, his whole face and figure kindling as he spoke: but whether talking, reading, or reciting, he never tired me, even with admiring; and it is curious that, in conversing with him, I frequently found myself forgetting that I was speaking to Sir Walter Scott; and, what is even more extraordinary, forgetting that Sir Walter Scott was speaking to me, till I was awakened to the conviction by his saying something which no one else could have said. Altogether, he was certainly the most perfectly agreeable and perfectly amiable great man I ever knew.'

Of well-bred, polite, and brilliant people Cecilia grows weary; she thus expresses herself in confidence to her friend Helen:—

"'Very delightful, very delightful! as you say, Helen, it has all been; but I am not sure that I should not be very much tired if I had much more of it. Oh! yes, I admired them all amazingly, but then admiring all day long is excessively wearisome. The very attitude of looking up fatigues both body and mind. Mama is never tired, because she never has to look up; she can always look down, and that's so grand and so easy. She has no idea how the neck of my poor mind aches this minute; and my poor eyes! blasted with excess of light. How yours have stood it so well, Helen, I cannot imagine! how much stronger they must be than mine. I must confess, that, without the relief of music now and then, and ecarté, and that quadrille, bad as it was, I should never have got through it to-night alive or awake. But,' cried she, starting up in her chair, 'do you know Horace Churchill stays to-morrow? Such a compliment from him to stay a day longer than he intended! And do you know what he says of your eyes, Helen?—that they are the best listeners he ever spoke to. I should warn you though, my dear, that he is something, and not a little, I believe, of a male coquette. Though he is not very young, but he well understands all the advantages of a careful toilette. He has, like that George Herbert in Queen Elizabeth's time, "a genteel humour for dress." He is handsome still, and his fine figure, and his fine feelings, and his fine fortune, have broken two or three hearts; nevertheless, I am delighted that he stays, especially that he stays on your account.'

This is the brilliant Horace Churchill, the man of wit about town, who enjoyed the reputation of genius without ever having displayed any; but who had all the

Snapsnap short and interruption smart, of which Pope complains in the 'Dunciad.' Lord Davenant—a character that seldom speaks—sat listening to the sarcastic sallies of the aforesaid Horace—

"'Well, really this is comfortable,' said Lord Davenant, throwing himself back in his arm-chair—'True English comfort, to sit at ease and see all one's friends so well dissected! Happy to feel that it is our duty to our neighbour to see him well cut up—ably anatomized for the good of society; and when I depart—when my time comes—as come it must, nobody is to touch me but Professor Churchill. It will be a satisfaction to know that I shall be carved as a dish fit for gods, not hewed as a carcass for hounds. So now remember, Cecilia, I call on you to witness—I hereby, being of sound mind and body, leave and bequeath my character, with all my defects and deficiencies whatsoever, and all and any singular curious diseases of the mind, of which I may die possessed, wishing the same many for his sake,—to my good friend Doctor Horace Churchill, professor of moral, philosophic, and scandalous anatomy, to



be by him dissected at his good pleasure for the benefit of society.

"Many thanks, my good Lord; and I accept your legacy for the honour—not the value of the gift, which every body must be sensible is nothing," said Churchill, with a polite bow—"absolutely nothing. I shall never be able to make anything of it."

"Try—try, my dear friend," answered Lord Davenant. "Try, don't be modest."

"That would be difficult when so distinguished," said Beauclerc, with an admirable look of proud humility.

"Distinguished Mr. Horace Churchill assuredly is," said Lady Davenant, looking at him from behind her newspaper. "Distinguished above all his many competitors in this age of scandal; he has really raised the art to the dignity of a science. Satire, scandal, and gossip, now hand-in-hand—the three new graces: all on the same elevated rank—three, formerly considered as so different, and the last left to our inferior sex, but now, surely to be a male gossip is no reproach."

"O, Lady Davenant!—male gossip—what an expression!"

"What a reality!"

"Male gossip!—*Tombe sur moi le ciel!*" cried Churchill.

"*Pourrai-je que je me venge*, always understood," pursued Lady Davenant; "but why be so afraid of the imputation of gossiping, Mr. Churchill? It is quite fashionable, and if so, quite respectable, you know, and in your style quite grand."

And gossiping wonders at being so fine!—

Malice, to be hated, needs but to be seen, but now when it is elegantly dressed we look upon it without shame or consciousness of evil; we grow to doat upon it—so entertaining, so graceful, so refined. When vice loses half its grossness, it loses all its deformity. Humanity used to be talked of when our friends were torn to pieces, but now there is such a philosophical perfume thrown over the whole operation, that we are irresistibly attracted. How much we owe to such men as Mr. Churchill, who make us feel detraction virtue!"

The witty Churchill was outshone in his most elaborate sallies by Beauclerc, whose quick imagination was found too much for him; and he was likewise nettled by the coldness of Helen, who despised him as a heartless and polished profligate; he therefore suddenly departed to town, summoned, he said, by an illustrious personage who desired to be cheered by his wit. Another berry of visitors succeeded—the envious Lady Katrine supplied the place of the unamiable Churchill; she hated Helen heartily for her loveliness, and for having had the opportunity of saying No to such a prize as Horace. See how she handles her:—

"Often to escape from one false imputation she exposed herself to another more grievous. One night, when the young wished to dance, and the usual music was not to be had, Helen played quadrilles and waltzes, for hours, with indefatigable good-nature, and when some of the party returned their cordial thanks, Lady Katrine whispered, 'Our musician has been well paid by Lord Estridge's admiration of her white hands.' His lordship had not danced, and had been standing all the evening beside Helen, much to the discomfort of Lady Katrine, who intended to have had him for her own partner."

"The next night, Helen did not play, but joined the dance, and with a boy partner, whom nobody could envy her. The General, who saw wonderfully quickly the by-play of society, marked all this, and now his eye followed Helen through the quadrille, and he said to some one

standing by, that Miss Stanley danced charmingly, to his taste, and in such a lady-like manner. He was glad to see her in good spirits again; her colour was raised, and he observed that she looked remarkably well."

"Yes," Lady Katrine answered, "remarkably well; and black is so becoming to that sort of complexion, no doubt this is the reason Miss Stanley wears it so much longer than is customary for an uncle. Short or long mournings are, to be sure, just according to fashion, or feeling, as some say. For my part, I hate long mournings—so like ostentation of sentiment; whatever I did, at any rate I would be consistent. I never would dance in black. Pope, you know, has such a good cut at that sort of thing. Do you recollect the lines?"

And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances and the public show."

The persuasions and example of Cecilia induce Helen to lay aside her mourning, and moreover to expend more money than her income could well allow on pearls and trinkets. She is rebuked by Lady Davenant:—

"After affectionately embracing her, Lady Davenant held her at arm's length, and looked at her as the light of the lamp shone full upon her face and figure. Pleased with her whole appearance, Lady Davenant smiled, and said, as she looked at her—'You seem, Helen, to have shared the grateful old fairy's gift to Lady Georgiana B. of the never-fading rose in the cheek. But what particularly pleases me, Helen, is the perfect simplicity of your dress. In the few minutes that I was in the ball-room to-night, I was struck with that over-dressed duchess: her figure has been before my eyes ever since, hung round with jewellery, and with that *aurore* a foot and a half high on her head: like the Russian bride's headgear, which Heber so well called "the most costly deformity he ever beheld." Really, this passion for baubles,' continued Lady Davenant, 'is the universal passion of our sex. I will give you an instance to what extravagance it goes. I know a lady of high rank, who hires a certain pair of emerald earrings, at fifteen hundred pounds per annum. She rents them in this way from some German countess, in whose family they are an heir-loom, and cannot be sold.'"

"Helen expressed her astonishment."

"This is only one instance, my dear; I could give you hundreds. Over the whole world, women of all ages, all ranks, all conditions, have been seized with this bauble insanity—from the counter to the throne. Think of Marie Antoinette and the story of her necklace; and Josephine and her Cisalpine pearls, and all the falsehoods she told about them to the emperor she revered, the husband she loved—and all for what?—a string of beads! But I forget," cried Lady Davenant, interrupting herself, "I must not forget how late it is: and I am keeping you up, and you have been dancing: forgive me! When once my mind is moved, I forget all hours. Good-night—or good-morning, my dear child; go, and rest." But just as Helen was withdrawing her hand, Lady Davenant's eye fixed on her pearl bracelets—"Roman pearls, or real? Real, I see, and very valuable!—given to you, I suppose, by your poor dear extravagant uncle?"

The wise, the reflecting Helen resumed her former prudent system of expenditure; nor did she listen with anything like envy in her heart to the too graphic account given by Lady Bearcroft, how she smuggled lace and jewel from France to England; we must make room for a bit of this communication:—

"But a better thing I did myself," continued she; "the last trip I made to Paris—coming back, I set at defiance all the searchers, and

stabbers, and Custom-house officers of both nations. I had hundreds of pounds worth of Valenciennes and Brussels lace hid—you would never guess where. I never told a servant—not a mortal maid even; that's the only way; had only a confidante of a coachmaker. But when it came to packing up time, my own maid smelt out the lace was missing; and gave notice, I am confident, to the Custom-house people to search me. So much the more glory to me. I got off clear; and, when they had stabbed the cushions, and torn the inside of my carriage all to pieces, I very coolly made them repair the mischief at their own cost. Oh, I love to do things bravely! and away I drove triumphant with the lace, well stuffed, packed, and covered within the pole leather of the carriage they had been searching all the time."

Our readers must suppose that the mystery of the Corydon and Phillis correspondence between Cecilia and Colonel D'Aubigny, is on the point of unravelment; and that Helen, about to be married to Beauclerc, has made her appearance at a London rout, or some such festival, where she finds slander busy with her name. In the midst of this distress Beauclerc gets some excellent counsel from a lady unknown to him—Lady Bearcroft:—

"As you love her, do not heed one word you hear anybody say this night, for it's all on purpose to vex you; and I am as certain as you are it's all false—all envy. And there she goes. Envy herself in the black jaundice," continued she, looking at Lady Katrine Hawksby, who passed at that instant.

"Good Heavens!" cried Beauclerc, "what can—"

"No, no," interrupted Lady Bearcroft, "no, no, do not ask—better not; best you should know no more—only keep your temper whatever happens. Go you up the hill, like the man in the tale, and let the black stones bawl themselves hoarse—dumb. Go you on, and seize your pretty singing thinking bird—the sooner the better. So fare you well."

The secret withheld from Cecilia by her friends was soon communicated by the public press; it is not easy to imagine with what emotion she read these paragraphs—how like they are to what we see almost daily:—

"*La Belle Fiancée.*"

"Though quite unknown in the London world, this young lady cannot fail to excite some curiosity among our fashionables as the successful rival of one whom the greatest painter of the age has pronounced to be *the fairest of the fair*—the Lady B. F. . . . . This new Helen is, we understand, of a respectable family, niece to a late Dean, distinguished for piety much and virtue more. It was reported that the niece was a great heiress, but after the proposal had been made, it was discovered that *Virtù* had made away with every shilling of her fortune. This made no difference in the eyes of her innamorato, who is as rich as he is generous, and who saw with the eyes of a youth 'Of Age to-morrow.' His guardian, a wary general, demurred—but *nursery tactics* prevailed. The young lady, though she had never been out, bore the victory from him of many campaigns. The day for the marriage was fixed as announced by us—But we are concerned to state that a *postponement* of this marriage, for mysterious reasons, has taken place. Delicacy forbids us to say more at present."

"Delicacy, however, did not prevent their saying in the next paper in a paragraph headed, '*Mystery solved.*'"

"We understand that in the course of a few days will appear the '*Memoirs of the late Co-*'"

lonel D—y; or, Reminiscences of a Roué, well known in the Fashionable world.'

"This little volume bids fair to engross the attention of the higher circles, as it contains, besides innumerable curious, personal, and secret anecdotes, the original love-letters of a certain *belle fiancée*, now residing with a noble family in Grosvenor Square."

Helen heroically resolves to sacrifice herself rather than destroy the happiness of Cecilia and Clarendon; all this is not unobserved by the penetrating, the quick-witted Miss Clarendon, who carries her away to the mountains of Wales, after the following characteristic colloquy:—

"Helen opened the door, and saw—Miss Clarendon. Her voice had sounded so much lower and gentler than usual, that Helen had not guessed it to be hers. She was cloaked, as if prepared to go away, and in the outer room was another lady seated, with her back towards them, and with her cloak on also."

"My aunt Pennant—who will wait for me. As she is a stranger, she would not intrude upon you, Miss Stanley, but will you allow me one minute?"

"Helen, surprised, begged Miss Clarendon to come in, moved a chair towards her, and stood breathless with anxiety. Miss Clarendon sat down, and resuming her abruptness of tone, said, 'I feel that I have no right to expect that you should have confidence in me, and yet I do. I believe in your sincerity, even from the little I know of you, and I have a notion you believe in mine. Do you?'

"I do."

"I wish it had pleased Heaven," continued Miss Clarendon, 'that my brother had married a woman who could speak truth! But you need not be afraid; I will not touch on your secrets. On any matter you have in keeping, my honour as well as yours, will command my silence—as will also my brother's happiness, which I have somewhat at heart; not that I think it can be preserved by the means you take. But this is not what I came to say. You mean to go away from this house to-morrow morning?'

"Yes," said Helen.

"You are right. I would not stay where I did not esteem, or where I had reason to believe that I was not esteemed. You are quite right to go, and to go directly; but not to your old housekeeper."

"Why not?" said Helen.

"Because, though I dare say she is vastly respectable,—an excellent person in her way, I am convinced,—yet my brother says she might not be thought just the sort of person to whom you should go now—not just the thing for you at present; though, at another time, it would be very well and condescending; but now, when you are attacked, you must look to appearances.—In short, my brother will not allow you to go to this old lady's boarding-house, or cottage, or whatever it may be, at Seven Oaks; he must be able to say for you where you are gone. You must be with me; you must be at Llansillen. Llansillen is a place that can be named. You must be with me—with General Clarendon's sister. You must—you will, I am sure, my dear Miss Stanley. I never was so happy in having a house of my own as at this moment. You will not refuse to return with my aunt and me to Llansillen, and make our home yours? We will try and make it a happy home to you. Try; you see the sense of it: the world can say nothing when you are known to be with Miss Clarendon, and you will, I hope, feel the comfort of it, out of the stir and din of this London world. I know you like the country, and Llansillen is a beautiful place—romantic, too; a fine castle, an excellent library, beautiful conservatory; famous for our conservatories we are

in South Wales; and no neighbours—singular blessing! And my aunt Pennant, you will love her so! Will you try? Come! say that you will."

"But Helen could not; she could only press the hand that Miss Clarendon held out to her. There is nothing more touching, more overcoming, than kindness at the moment the heart is sunk in despair. 'But did General Clarendon really wish you to ask me?' said Helen when she could speak. 'Did he think so much and so carefully for me to the last? And with such a bad opinion as he must have of me!'

"But there you know he is wrong."

"It is like himself," continued Helen, 'consistent in protecting me to the last. Oh, to lose such a friend!'

"Not lost, only mislaid," said Miss Clarendon. 'You will find him again some fair day or other: truth always comes to light.'"

These last words were prophetic; time—reasoning—a duel, and some other matters which cannot be explained briefly, set all to rights; the character of Helen was vindicated to the world; the flirtation letters between Cecilia and the Colonel were bought up and burned; and, to conclude in the words of the country toast, the single were married and the married made happy. The moral aim of the authoress is shown in full lustre at the last—and all who read 'Helen, a Tale,' will be convinced of the folly of falsehood and the value of truth.

*History of the British Colonies.* Vol. I. *India.* By R. Montgomery Martin, Member of the Asiatic Society, &c. London: Cochrane & McCrone.

THE colonial history of the British empire,—or, what is the same thing, the history of the sources of Britain's commercial prosperity,—is a topic whose importance cannot be too highly estimated; it is at the same time a subject presenting difficulties that might daunt the most daring, and requiring labours which the most diligent might hesitate to encounter. Mr. Martin possesses eminent qualifications for the task he has undertaken; he has not merely a taste, but a passion for statistics; a sheet of figures is to him as delightful as a landscape of Claude's to a virtuoso, and he forms tables with as much facility, as if Babbage's calculating engine formed part of his mental machinery. Connected for many years with the Colonies, he has acquired a thorough knowledge of colonial and commercial policy; an economist of no mean order, he has arranged and digested that knowledge, so as to afford information for the past and guidance for the future. Above all, imbued with the purest principles of philanthropy, his aim in all his publications has been, to point out the best means for increasing the amount of human happiness. It is true, he has many prejudices, to which he clings the more fondly because they happen to be unpopular, and among these we may reckon his enthusiastic admiration of the Court of Directors, in whose entire political career he can scarce discover an error.

The work commences with a condensed but satisfactory view of the circumstances that led to the establishment of the British empire in India. It is to be regretted, that he did not prefix an account of the establishment of the Mohammedans in Hindustan, and show how the British were almost forced to become the heirs of the Mongolian em-

perors. Ferishta's History contains ample proof, that even the government of the tyrants in Delhi, was preferable to the anarchy under the native chiefs †.

The second chapter, on the physical condition of India, is rather defective; Mr. Martin is neither a naturalist, nor a geologist, and consequently his account of the structure, and of the animal and vegetable productions of the country, is neither very full nor very accurate; but in the statistics of the provinces he is quite at home, and the fulness of his knowledge enables him to relieve the dry details of his subject by many curious illustrations.

The chapters on government, finance, and commerce, merit high praise; the author has manifestly consulted every available source of information, and condensed the result of his researches with great ability; sound and liberal views of policy are displayed in the chapter on the press, but we could have wished for more definite information respecting the progress of literature among the natives. The chapters on Ceylon and the other Indian dependencies, have the same merits as those on Hindustan; they have also the same deficiency—too little attention is paid to the religion, literature, and former history of the native population.

*Mithriaca; ou Les Mithriaques.* [An Academic Essay on the Worship of Mithras.]

By Joseph Von Hammer. Edited by J. S. Smith. Paris, and Caen.

THIS work is incomplete; it wants an appendix of oriental texts, to which references are made, and an explanation of the plates in the Atlas, by which it is accompanied. The editor informs us, that this deficiency is to be attributed to the printers, Messrs. Dondey-Dupré, of Paris, from whose office the manuscripts, proofs, and printed sheets of the Appendix were, "at one fell swoop," unaccountably abstracted. The essay, however, is still very valuable, and illustrates the history of opinion during two very important periods.

The worship of Mithra emanated from the religion of Zoroaster, and seems indeed to have formed part of the creed taught by that great religious reformer. It gratifies us to find that the researches of Mr. Von Hammer confirm in every particular our theory, respecting the religious revolution which established that creed in Persia, and the general views of ancient Persian history developed in our review of Shea's Mirkhond. (No. 228.) But the more immediate subject of this essay is the effect produced by the introduction of the Mithraic doctrine and ceremonies into the western world, which took place in the age of Pompey, that is, immediately before the promulgation of Christianity.

It is known to most readers of ecclesiastical history, that the battle which the Fathers

† We cannot allude to this work, without noticing a circumstance highly interesting to all who feel anxious for the advancement of civilization in the East. It is well known, that the eastern nations dislike printed works, because no types can equal the beauty of their calligraphy; the discovery of lithographic printing presented a means of overcoming this difficulty, which has been recently adopted in Bombay. Ferishta's History has just issued from the Bombay lithographic press, and its execution appears almost miraculous; it fully equals in beauty the finest manuscript. We understand that Mr. David Shea intends to publish an edition of Mirkhond on the same plan.

of the Church had to fight against the pagan philosophers, was infinitely more severe than that they had to maintain with the pagan priests. Grecian polytheism, with all its poetic beauty, fell the very moment that its claims were fairly stated; but polytheism, shrouded by mysteries, and veiled by allegories, presented no tangible points of attack; and consequently the heathen philosophers, deserting the vulgar path, sought shelter behind the mystic traditions of Egypt and Persia. The Mithraic doctrines being derived from the religion of Zoroaster, the finest system of faith not based on revelation, afforded to the adherents of paganism, a strong defensive position, which they were not slow to occupy; and it is no exaggeration to say, that the existence of polytheism was thus prolonged for a century.

It would be impossible for us to enter into any discussion of the Mithraic doctrines; such a subject would require volumes rather than columns. We feel highly pleased with Von Hammer's work, as far as it goes; but, we trust that he will give us some more extended treatise on a topic so intimately connected with the history of religion, the history of philosophy, and consequently with the history of civilization.

*The Village Patriarch—Love—and other Poems.* By Ebenezer Elliott. Vol. II. Steill.

Is there a spring coming for poets as well as trees? There is certainly something of a flush of blossoms just now, though scanty compared with what we would fain see. Mrs. Hemans has just put forth one, and promises three other volumes—(we had almost said *flowers*); another bright day or two will bring Mary Howitt out; and our old friend, the Corn-Law Rhymers, here presents us with a garland, hardy and well knit enough to have braved the worst storms of mid-winter, but so full of freshness and beauty, as to be fit to take into the woods with us on a bright, still, summer day. We are glad to welcome his *new* poems, (for the earlier ones of the collection are, as our readers will be aware, merely reprints). We are glad that the brave, and occasionally bitter, prose, which he has been lately writing, has not altogether caused him to forget "his lyre's sweet cunning"; and we shall make many a lover of the true and vigorous share our pleasure, by the extracts we shall subjoin from those works with which we and they were not previously familiar.

Is not the following a beautiful picture? It is of a young wife, struck blind by lightning on her wedding day.

Sad, then, it was, to see a form so fair,  
In tears resign'd, though dark not in despair.  
Still on his bosom she could lean and weep,  
And feign a dream of eyelids closed in sleep;  
Still, when with him she walk'd, at eve or morn,  
She could inhale the odours of the thorn;  
And while she hung so helpless on his arm,  
Dependence gave his words a double charm:  
They fell like dew o'er violets on her ear,  
Or like offended Love's forgiving tear  
On man's warm breast. Yet, by the plaining rill,  
The thought would rise, that flowers on every hill  
Were beautiful to every eye, but hers;  
That brown and hawthorn and the armed furze  
Bloom'd, vainly fair, beneath the sapphire sky—  
Still was'd the birch in memory's happy eye.

The consequences may be foreseen; the husband grows weary of his charge—deserts her—enlists—she is taken to a hospital, and whilst dying,—

Murmurs at length, then voices reach'd her bed;  
There was a letter from her Charles, they said.  
For the last time, like one risen from the tomb,  
She raised her feeble form: a transient bloom  
Flash'd her fall's cheek: with intermitting breath  
She bent toward the messengers of death,  
As shipwreck'd seamen listen tow'rd the land.  
She held, stretch'd forth, her agitated hand,  
Expecting, not believing, propp'd in bed  
On one lean arm, but less in hope than dread;  
With feeble shriek, she fell, and tried to rise;  
And strain'd the letter to her sightless eyes.  
And kiss'd it o'er and o'er. But when she heard  
The written words, she lay like death, nor stirr'd  
Grey tress, or wasted limb.

But hear the end of the story; the repentant one comes back.

Beside her cottage door,  
Remember'd well for pranks play'd there of yore,  
He met a woman, lame and bent, whose breast  
Had pillow'd Anna's infant cares to rest;  
One who had taught him many a childish game.  
But when he pass'd, and ask'd that aged dame,  
In tones that told the sudden dread he felt,  
Not if his Anna lived, but where she dwelt,  
Back shrank the crone, as from a thing abhorred;  
Then slowly forth she drew, without a word,  
The brooch which, erst, his ill-star'd Anna wore,  
And, with a look that pierc'd him to the core,  
Placed in his hand (and turn'd abrupt away)  
A lock of faded hair, too early grey!

It may be interesting to those who have compared the poet of 'The Village Patriarch' with Crabbe, to read the following passage, bearing in mind those exquisite and graceful lines from 'Lady Barbara,' beginning,—

There is not young nor old if Love decrees, &c.  
Our extract is from a poem called—'They met again.'

Thy word, O Love, bade light and beauty be,  
And Chaos had no form, till touch'd by thee!  
Though call'd of old the god of serpent wiles,  
Thou source of sweetest, bitterest tears and smiles!  
Thy voice endears to man the humblest home;  
Fair is the desert, if with love we roam.  
Where barks the fox, by golden broom o'erhung,  
Where one the fern-fowl o'er her cowering young,  
Thou gloomiest rocks acclaim, with greeting stern,  
To thee the uplands bow their feathery fern:  
Shaking the dewdrop from his raptur'd wings,  
The waking thrush salutes his mate, and sings:  
With amorous lays the glad lark climbs the sky,  
And Heaven to earth pours down his melody.  
But in thy name when erring mortals sin,  
A plague, a cancer, blackens all within,  
Till life groans loud his hopeless load beneath,  
And the soul darkness into worse than death.  
Then Love's meek question meets with no reply,  
Save the fierce glance in hatred's sullen eye:  
Sad is the day, and sleepless is the night,  
And the rose poisons like the acornite.  
Earth's verdant mantle is become a shroud;  
Sweet Eden's blushes vanish from the cloud;  
The rural walk, that pleas'd when life was new,  
Where pendant woodbines grow, as erst they grew,  
Can please no more; the mountain air is dead;  
And Nature is a book no longer read.

Is there not between these two passages the precise difference which exists "between the lot of the peaceful fortunate clergyman, and of the anxious care-taught operative"?

But the poem of the book, to our thinking, is the one to which we regret that its author has given the Della Cruscan and far-fetched title of 'Withered Wild-flowers.' It is a New England tale, but how unlike the creation of the lively American authoress! The story is the old and dreary one of crime, and anguish, and death,—but see how beautifully it is treated. The man who could write thus, could reconcile us to almost any subject.

Midnight was past; but not a streak of gray  
Dawn'd in the east, to tell of coming day.  
No murmur on the dreams of silence broke,  
The moon still slumber'd o'er the gospel-oak,  
Beneath whose shade Newhaven's fathers kept  
Their first sweet sabbath, grateful while they wept  
To think of England, whence their steps were driven,  
To worship in his wilds the God of Heaven.  
Blue, brightly blue, was night's ethereal hall,  
When, like a form that decks some temple's wall,  
And paler than the marble, wander'd forth  
Seneca, the betray'd; and the cold north  
Play'd with her hair, that sought her feet below,  
And on her shoulders lay like night on snow.  
Crisp in the night-wind shook her single vest;  
The moon look'd calmly on her naked breast,  
And the wan stars beheld with awed delight,  
One like themselves, sad, silent, cold and white.

The victim and her betrayer are both dead. The following is from their funeral scene; Elliott is the speaker; we do not know where we should look, in modern poetry, to find anything finer than the three following passages:—

Of cloudless day, ere noon, is overcast:  
Bright colours soonest fade. We know the past—  
We cannot know the future. Fair we deem  
Of what seems fair, and well and wisely dream  
That human good can last, though change is near  
To wake and mock us. And when guilt and fear  
Turn o'er the unlock'd pages of the heart,  
Well may we shudder if the angels start  
And read in pale surprise—in that and tomb  
Lie youth and beauty blasted in their bloom.  
Let dust inform our hearts that sin is woe!  
Once—but my tears will flow, and let them flow!  
Nor would I be the only weeper here.  
My friends, ye also weep; and well the tear  
Becomes you. Jesus wept.—Ye modest maids,  
Loveliest in tears, like flowers that woo the shades!  
She once was bless'd, and beautiful like you!  
Ye, pure in heart, she once was spotless too!

The next is a fearful picture of remorse:—

Foot-sore, and weary, and in soul distress'd,  
I was returning from the travel'd west:  
The night was gloom unbroken; and I lost  
My way amid the many paths that cross'd  
The dangerous forest. Long and far I went,  
Still more and more astray, and vainly sent  
My voice for help through echoing gloom abroad.  
At last a red light from a lone abode  
Flash'd through the kindling verdure. Vast and high,  
The building darken'd on the starless sky.  
Deserted, and all-tenantless it seem'd;  
And yet the brightness of a pine-fire gleam'd  
Wide from the centre of the ample floor.  
Apart I stood, and through the open door  
Survey'd awhile, in fear, that vault-like room:  
Its vast retiring depth was lost in gloom.  
I spoke—I shouted; from disturb'd repose  
Behind the fire a startled wretch arose,  
Casting his lengthen'd shadow far aloof,  
That, like a spell-raised giant, propp'd the roof,  
And, lighted from below, his features wan  
Seem'd such as fear would not ascribe to man.  
Like a stray'd captive by his goler found,  
His terror utter'd a despairing sound.  
While fast he grasp'd with both his hands his hair,  
Gazing on darkness with a murderer's stare,  
Thick o'er his brow one raven lock was roll'd,  
And at his feet Seneca's terrier howl'd.

The last, more gentle, describes the softened heart, and the wandering restless fancies of the dying man, with a felicity and feeling which remind us of him who could throw poetry round the last moments of Falstaff, and make him "babble of green fields."

And oft—his only visitor—I sought  
The hermit of the desert; for I thought  
That He, who died for all, might yet impart  
The grace that passeth utterance to his heart;  
And alteration in his eye to me  
Seem'd heaven-sent hope, and growing piety.  
But weak and weaker hourly he became;  
More frequent tremors shook his faded frame;  
A deadly hectic flush'd his fallen cheek,  
His voice was changed to treble, small and weak;  
Pain in his eye subdued th' expression wild,  
The Misanthrope was gentle as a child;  
And he complain'd that oft the light was green,  
That blue sparks girt his bed, in darkness seen,  
And that the rushes on the floor had wings,  
And moved, and flow, like animated things.  
Then would he mourn his nights unblest with sleep,  
And bend his face upon my knee and weep,  
And say that he had wished in vain to die;  
And that (although he shrunk when death seem'd  
nigh.)

Or had he gazed upon the heaving main,  
And long'd to leap, and turn'd, and look'd again.

*Narrative of a Tour in North America, &c.*  
By Henry Tudor. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

According to our promise, we return to these volumes, and shall now give the few extracts for which we could not conveniently find room when our first notice was published. Here, however, we think it just to Mr. Tudor, to state, that though we cannot conscientiously commend his work, we believe him to have been influenced by the very best feelings in publishing it—a desire to rectify the misrepresentations of others. "Nothing



was farther from the author's intention, than the publication of the remarks that might be suggested in the course of his excursion; and had he not perceived an unhappy and unwarrantable tendency in American tourists, particularly in the authoress of a work entitled 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' to sully the fair reputation, and to depreciate whatever is excellent in the rising greatness of our Transatlantic brethren, his observations would have been confined to the narrow sphere of his own family circle." Like professions are common enough with travellers, but there is throughout Mr. Tudor's work such considerate good feeling, that it is impossible to doubt his sincerity.

Here is an account of his visit to the grave of Washington:—

"We visited the private tomb in the grounds, distant but a short way from the house, and shaded by a few cedars, within which repose his mortal remains: and I must own my disappointment in beholding the grave of such a man at once so mean and so neglected. It had, in truth, the appearance of an old brick-kiln that had been closed up, and for which, had I not known what it was, I should doubtlessly have taken it.

"We afterwards passed through the garden; but all was forlorn and in a state of dilapidation. For this we could have accounted, had the house been untenanted and deserted. However, that was not the case, as we were kindly permitted to walk over it; and were shown, among other things, a portrait of Washington on part of an earthen pitcher, which, having been broken, had been preserved by the family, who esteemed it the best likeness of him that had ever been made. We had shown to us, also, the key of the Bastille of Paris, hung up in the hall; but by what means it came there, we were not informed.

"In returning through Alexandria, on our way back to the city, we visited the museum of that place, where the various relics of the departed hero were preserved with, apparently, as much religious veneration as those of a patron saint by the most enthusiastic devotee. To give you a specimen of some of the articles: one was an elegant satin robe, in which Washington was baptized, and which struck me as being rather aristocratic for a simple republican. At all events, the distinction was not *his*, as not being exactly of an age, when he wore it, to make it a dress of his own adoption. Another was a pen-knife, given to him by his mother when he was twelve years old, and which he had preserved for fifty-six years. A third article was a pearl button, taken from the coat that he wore when first installed into office as President of the United States. A fourth was the last stick of sealing-wax that he used, and the last letter ever written by him, declining an invitation of himself and Mrs. Washington to a ball at Alexandria, and containing the expression, 'Alas! our dancing days are over.'

In South America, our traveller visits the Mining districts, where so much English gold has been lost in search of Spanish silver, and descends into the famous Real del Monte.

"The vein of silver ore, now unfolded to our view, forms a closely compacted component part of the solid rock, on the surface of which are perceived the glittering particles of the precious metal. It is hewn in small pieces with prodigious labour, requiring the best and sharpest instruments, and a plentiful supply of gunpowder, in order to blast what cannot be otherwise procured. The dip of the vein from a perpendicular, forms an angle of about 15°, so that in following the ore the depth continually increases, and the steam-engine is required to be in almost continual operation in order to discharge the

water, that flows in upon the workmen, by means of shafts, levels, and excavations, made for that purpose. The veins of silver are principally found in primitive and transition rocks, of which the porphyries are esteemed the richest.

"I had no adequate idea whatever of the enormous toil and expense to be encountered before a single shilling could be coined, from the first breaking of the stone to the subsequent smelting, amalgamation, and running of the metal into bars. The works are principally carried on by Mexicans, under the superintendence of Englishmen, many of whom are obliged to stand for hours together up to their knees and middle in water, hammering, boring, drilling, and blasting, night and day, by the light of candles stuck on the points of the rock, and on their hats; the two portions of this period being assigned to distinct bodies of men successively relieving each other. The appearance of so many subterranean galleries traversing and intersecting each other through an almost interminable length, and where, in some instances, you are compelled to crawl on your hands and feet—the appalling sound of the blasting rocks reverberating through these dismal caverns with a terrific echo, as if the superincumbent mountain were rushing down upon you—the sickly and lurid glare of a hundred flickering tapers gleaming around you—and the anti-mundane aspect of this second race of Cyclops, driving their wedges and thundering away in their mining avocations,—produce as startling and astounding a sensation as an inhabitant of the upper regions of earth could well experience, and much more than he could imagine. Give me a crust of bread, with a glass of cold water, under the blessed light of the sun, and without ever seeing the face of a single shilling, rather than all the hidden wealth of the mine, if alone to be procured by working for it in these gloomy shades of 'Chaos and old Night!'"

The pleasure which awaits the traveller who descends into these dripping excavations on his return to upper air, is generally a fever; and should he escape disease and the doctor, he is apt to be waylaid by some of those fierce adventurers, half civilized, who live in the woods, and shoot down a deer or a tourist, when they want food or money. These bandits are well armed and well mounted, and carry the formidable lasso, with which they pluck the traveller from his horse by the neck, and trail him along the ground till he expires. The following story is well told:—

"A rather startling instance of its formidable character was communicated to me by Mr. Hotchkiss, an American officer of the United States army, which personally occurred to himself during a journey he was taking on horseback, accompanied by a native servant, through one of the provinces of Mexico. Both were well mounted, and armed with pistols and swords; a circumstance absolutely requisite for every traveller passing through the country; and, in addition to these, his attendant carried a lasso, in the use of which he was sufficiently expert. On arriving at an intricate and lonely part of the road, they were suddenly attacked by three robbers on horseback, who issued from a species of ambuscade in a wood, where they appeared to have been lying. The highwaymen, when within a dozen yards of the travellers, called out to them to stop and surrender their money. The appeal was speedily answered, by the American drawing forth a pistol from his holsters, with which he immediately shot dead the first of the three who approached, and instantly ordered his servant to make use of his lasso. More dexterous in the management of this weapon than of the pistol, he obeyed the order, and wheeling his horse on one side, while the robbers were rushing on his master to revenge

their fallen companion, he whirled round his thong, and threw it with unerring aim over the head of the assailants. The effect was instantaneous; the captured ruffian was in a moment hurled from his saddle and dragged along the ground at no very gentle pace, as you may imagine, at the heels of the lasso-bearer's horse. The third villain, after firing his pistol at the American, fortunately without effect, perceiving the fate of his two comrades, hastily turned round, and putting spurs to his steed, galloped off and made good his retreat. As the danger was now over, the servant dismounted for the purpose of disentangling the noose from the neck of his vanquished foe, whose body presented a hideous spectacle. His neck appeared to be broken, his features were mangled by the stones over which he had been so violently dragged, his face suffused with blood, his clothes torn to pieces, and the spark of life extinct. There he was left along with the corpse of his lawless companion, to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, while the American, who was a man of athletic form, and possessed of the professional courage of a soldier, prosecuted his journey without further molestation."

With this we conclude.

### *The Frolics of Puck.* 3 vols. Bull & Churton.

This is a bold work, and that in a two-fold way. It is bold—some will say presumptuous—to lift the magic wand of Shakespeare, and, waving it on English ground, summon Puck and his merry companions to renew their pranks in a second Midsummer night's dream; and it is perhaps bolder still to take the Utilitarian association by the nose, and, instead of teaching a blacksmith how to make a horse-shoe, or a mason to hew a stone, as some of those wise men did, bring back Oberon and Titania, with Robin Good-fellow, and their elvish train, to amend the morality and punish the follies of the people of Kent. We never imagined that, even in romance, elves would be brought again to earth, to bathe in the dew of cowslips; ride post on the wings of the dragon-moth; hunt the bat for his leather plumes, or the bee for its bag of honey; or, benevolently aiding mankind, proceed, by means of pranks and wiles, to scare misers into deeds of mercy, drunkards into sober men—a hard task; pester the presumptuous till they grow humble, and the proud till they become courteous; keeping watch and ward, in short, over innocence and beauty, and punishing the sordid and the vile.

We are not, however, of those, who, acquainted only with the world which lies between Whitechapel and Hyde-park Corner, laugh at all rustic creeds and superstitious influences, and think them worthy only of contempt and derision: on the contrary, we respect them as the reliques of an ancient faith, and as the expiring lights of the public imagination. We know, too, that in pastoral and secluded places, such beliefs still exist; but then they are torpid rather than active: knowledge has frozen up all the fountains of superstition, and, like the anatomist who doubted of the soul, because he could not detect it with his knife, the public will believe in nothing which is not seen and felt. The warlock's staff lies broken; the witches' charm is of no avail; the sound of the brownies' flail is no longer heard; nor are fairies any more seen moving in midnight procession among the pasture mountains to the sound of

their elfin minstrelsy. It is true that we remember a brighter day of belief: an old dame, of our acquaintance, had been all but present at a fairies' bridal; a ploughman, whom we remember in his eightieth year, had his life prolonged by drinking a cup of elfin wine at one of their nocturnal banquets; a sportsman, who lived in our dule, shot at a mysterious-looking hare one day, when he was half tipsy, but was sobered by puss putting on the form of an old woman limping from age. These things are awakened in our memory by the book before us, of which it is more than time to give some account.

The idea of the work we think, though not original, is entitled to praise; nor is the execution of the task much amiss; there are passages, and long ones too, of no common beauty, abounding with life, and fun, and fancy. The author imagines the world to be in the same state, as to belief and manners, in which it stood when the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' was written, and has supposed that Oberon and his Faery Queen were still in something like the sillens, respecting the "changeling," of whom Shakespeare represents his majesty to be suspicious. On the side of Oberon we find Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, a tricky sprite, and on that of Titania, there is Pease Blossom, Mustard Seed, and Cobweb, and other such gossamer companions. Honest Robin, bold in his master's quarrel, seats himself on a cloud, and as the queen, attired in full spring beauty, with all her train, is on her way to her fairy lord, all feathered and jewelled, she is almost smothered in a storm of hail which Puck directs against her. She complains of him at the throne, and sentences of banishment is pronounced on the culprit, till he can discover "what it is that most pleases woman." Away goes Puck, a fugitive and a vagabond; and his adventures, in quest of a solution of the royal riddle, fill up the three volumes.

There are four "Frolics," or adventures, in all: the first is called 'Calshot Castle,' and the scene is laid in its neighbourhood, the New Forest, and the borders of the Southampton Waters. Puck, in the disguise of a gipsy, carries a young sailor to the Castle, to introduce him to the owner; assumes, himself, the aspect and bearing of the lord of the manor, and when his comrade is well nigh drunk, sends him for more wine to the cellar, where he meets with the following whimsical adventure:—

"Frank looked around him in high admiration of these arrangements and of the ample provision of wine, enough he calculated to last a reasonable toper for his lifetime, amongst whom, however, he did not include his lordship. Kneeling down, for in no other way could he contrive to reach the cup, he applied himself to the nearest cask, and endeavoured to draw out the peg, which acted the part of a spigot; but the tenacious wood kept its place the firmer for his efforts. Still he persisted, till suddenly he was interrupted by a smart rap on the knuckles, while at the same time a small, husky voice called out, 'leave that pipe alone! it's mine.' Looking up in surprise at this unpleasant comment on his labours, he spied a fat little urchin straddling across the barrel, in size and form the very prototype of those chubby representatives of Bacchus, who at one time were the frequent ornaments of the lower class of inns, and even now are occasionally to be met with in similar situations, either in transparency over the door, or making a more solid appearance in

carved wood. This singular apparition created a strange confusion in his brain, already in more than sufficient disorder from drinking, and, jumping up from his knees, with the cup in one hand and the candle in the other, he confronted his opponent, though without being able for some time to give speech to his astonishment. The goblin seemed to enjoy his surprise prodigiously; he pouted up his lips, nodded with a cunning leer, as much as to say, 'look on! it's I, nobody but I,' and merrily switched the cask he rode on with his vine-rod—the very identical instrument, by the by, which had so forcibly expressed his dislike to any felonious intromission with the wine under his guardianship. When Frank could gather so much breath from his wonder, he demanded of the elf 'where he came from?'

"'From the moon,' was the ready answer."

The tricky spirit, however, behaves honestly in this affair; he rewards fidelity and affection, and is so much pleased with what he has done, that he imagines a woman loves most the company of her lover. On reflection, this solution of the riddle seems unsatisfactory, and so he embarks in a second "Frolic," the name of which is 'Trouble Fields;' the scene shifts to the Isle of Wight. In this adventure Puck personates the Duke of Buckingham, on the evening after Felton's dagger had dealt him a death-blow, and with extraordinary skill and fancy works so upon the feelings of the two suitors of a young beauty of the island, that he shows the evil nature of the one and the noble nature of the other, and enables the young lady to make a happy choice. This goes but a short way in solving the riddle, and Puck plunges into "Frolic" the third: the scene continues in the Isle of Wight. The mortal hero of this adventure is Alfred, a young spendthrift, and, what is worse, an habitual drunkard. But what will true love not accomplish? Marian, a physician's daughter, loves him, and in spite of the ministrations of Puck, who presents to her lover a silver cup in which wine for ever wells, she succeeds in reclaiming him, and weds him—nor is the elfin sulky; he appears at the wedding, and bestows a bridal gift. There are some admirable scenes in this wild story—the attempt of Alfred to get rid of the fairy cup is well told:—

"If it gave him some difficulty to adopt this resolve, it cost him still more to carry it into effect. In the words of the Poet it was 'multa gementi,' with many a groan, that he took his way to Luccombe Chine, where in the near vale lay a neglected well, the depth of which, like the Guiley in Chertsey Meads, was said to be unfathomable. This was a bad choice, if all was true that was spoken, for according to the popular faith wells are the common haunt of fairies—unless, indeed, he was influenced by an excess of honesty and wished to return the good people their borrowed treasure.

"From his manner any one would have imagined he carried some living animal under his cloak, so extremely affectionate was he in his caresses of the hidden goblet, hugging it to his bosom and apostrophising it from time to time with the most passionate devotion. Matters were still worse when he actually stood on the brink of the well with the doomed vessel in his hand. Now, for the first time he observed the figure of a beautiful female in high relief upon the lid, of a workmanship so exquisite as for a moment to withdraw his attention from thoughts of more serious import. Strange to say, the image seemed to return him gaze for gaze, and to look at him most beseechingly, as if imploring him not to throw her into the water, a fate,

which, setting aside the indignity of being drowned like some supernumerary blind kitten, might in reason be supposed peculiarly disagreeable to one, who was the presiding genius of a wine-cup. This, however, only rendered him more desperate, and wisely thinking that if the devil of beauty joined the devil of wine in his temptations, a poor sinner like himself would stand no chance, he flung the goblet from him into the well, and down it went bounding from side to side, each blow being followed by a shrill sound that might almost have passed for the cry of something human. Alf began to think that it would never reach the spring. At length, however, he heard a tremendous splash, a sure sign that the wine and water had met, but so little did the purer element relish his new acquaintance that it immediately began to hiss and boil, and, brimming over the well, it placed Alf ankle-deep in its flood before he could recover from his amazement. The prospect of being drowned, if he remained, awoke him to the full use of his faculties, and away he scampered up the hill, followed at a furious rate by his elemental enemy. But run as he would, the water rose yet faster, and in a few seconds he found himself floundering and splashing about, while in the depths below all sorts of grotesque monsters were mocking and mowing at him. There were huge polypi with a hundred arms, all stretched towards him, and grasping as if to pull their prey down to the bottom, where the cruel shark lay in wait and gigantic crabs pointed their tremendous claws to seize and crush him. In this crisis an unlooked-for ally appeared in the shape of Grey Mantel, who, catching him by the hair, gave him a hearty ducking, and then flung him on the dry land with no more ceremony than he might have used to an old piece of sea-weed. In an instant Alf had regained his feet, and without stopping to look over his shoulder he fled home on wings that were plumed with terror."

This experiment, though it has reclaimed a drunkard, leaves the riddle still unsolved; Puck therefore quits the Isle of Wight, and at St. Leonard's, in the New Forest, resolves to try "Frolic" the fourth. The heroine of this tale is Lady Emily Monkton: she has three lovers, two of whom are sordid unworthy fellows, and on them Puck pours all his elfin indignation. It happened that a ruined friary stood nigh the young lady's house, which had the reputation of being haunted, and into this place, at midnight, one of the suitors is inveigled by a wager—he had soon reason to repent him of his visit.

"In the midst of all this turmoil between the desire of sleep and the usual occupants of his brain, he was not a little startled by the deep echoes of a curfew bell, that apparently came from the roofless chapel hard by. His eyes opened with involuntary motion at the sound, when they were greeted with that which made him draw yet more closely into his nook. A host of friars, jolly little personages, not more than three feet high, but of conventual rotundity, swarmed upon the timbers above, some striding across the beams in hobby-horse fashion, some dangling by a single hand, and others, of a yet merrier mood, standing upon their heads and bumping at a furious rate along the rafters. To forbear watching these mad pranks was impossible even to a frightened man. His fears gradually gave way to increasing interest in the scene, when a rosy-checked brother, who sat on a lofty beam at the gable end of the building, and who seemed to be on the look out, began to call upon the absent father-abbot to return to his duties. This hint was taken by the whole fraternity, their gambols ceasing on the instant, and all joining the watchman in his summons.

*Watchman.*

Friar Rush! halloo! halloo!  
 Jolly Rob, we wait for you.  
 In what corner are you hidden?  
 At what merry prank forbidden?  
 Are you now *colt-pixy* playing,  
 Rilly foals around you neighing!  
 Or with tricky vixens creeping  
 On the brain of maiden sleeping.

*Second Voice.*

It may be some maid he shrives;  
 Or gives counsel to the wives,  
 Teaching them the way to fool  
 Mates unapt to lawful rule;  
 Or he skims the cream-bowl set  
 By the friends who love him yet.  
 Friar Rush! halloo! halloo!  
 Jolly Rob, we wait for you.

*Third Voice.*

Leave the bowl and leave the maid,  
 Carlew tells the hour of shade;  
 Here is work that must be done,  
 Ere the rising of the sun;  
 Barley, wheat, and oats a store—  
 We must thresh them on the floor.  
 Friar Rush! halloo! halloo!  
 Jolly Rob, we wait for you.

"Thus invoked on all sides, the Abbot suddenly bounced in upon them, like a coal leaping from the fire amongst a party of Christmas gossips, and a pretty Abbot he was!—except that he carried a flail for a crozier, his appearance would have reminded any one of the Boy-bishop of the old game, for though his body was round as an ale-barrel, his face had all the rosy freshness of childhood before the down is on the cheek. The holy friar handled his weapon with singular dignity, and chanted forth a reply with as much unction as if he had been celebrating high mass in the Cathedral-Church at Winchester, to the great edification, as it seemed, of his tiny auditors.

*Friar Rush.*

Here am I with ready flail;  
 When did Friar Rush e'er fail?  
 Bring Sir John the bearded knight,  
 Black and blue I'll thresh the wight;  
 Bring Don Wheatcar,—he shall quake,  
 Every bone within him ache;  
 Bring me surley yeoman, Oat,  
 I will trim his yellow coat.  
 In the coigne no idler lurk,  
 They, who eat, must stoutly work.  
 Till the morning cock shall crow,  
 And we're off with ho! ho! ho!

And the whole party joined in chorus—

Ho! ho! ho!  
 Mock and mow,  
 Till the early cock shall crow.

"While the walls were yet ringing with their jovial voices, down slipped the friars, much after the fashion of a flock of sparrows dropping from the tree, on which they have been keeping watch, into the barn-yard below. No sooner had the Abbot of this elfin monastery alighted on his feet, than he began to sniff and give other tokens of his nose having received some mortal offence.

"Ugh! ugh! all is not right here. Ugh! ugh! methinks you have not swept the floor clean to-night."

The suitor is discovered, and prettily pinched, and plucked, and tormented. In this last of his fields Puck discovers, to his infinite joy, that what woman loves best is her own will; with this on his lips, he makes his appearance suddenly at the fairy court; the solution of the royal riddle is accepted as the true one, and there is nothing but mirth among all the elves, and says, and fairies, at the return of their joyous companion.

That passages much too whimsical, and even whole chapters such as must make many gape with astonishment, are to be found in these volumes, we have no desire to deny; but all readers who have any share of imagination will find much after their own heart; a fine vein of poetic fancy runs through the whole; there is not a little humour as well as wild fun: nor will those

who insist upon the truth of nature being preserved in fiction be wholly disappointed; they will find domestic manners and home-bred tastes cleverly delineated; nay, the most extravagant sallies in the work are in keeping with what was once popular belief.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE, Vol. X.—*The Baronet*, by Miss Julia Corner.'—The Library of Romance has always had our best wishes for its success. We approve of the spirit with which it was entered upon; and have not only a high opinion of the talents of its Editor, but also a kind feeling towards all works in which literary men venture their own capital—nor is it in our nature, we trust, to say one severe or sarcastic word to a debutante, who is modest and sensible enough to send forth her first venture without preface or pleading: but, critical justice compels us to hint to the Editor, in all friendliness, that a tale published with the sanction of his name, should be something more than a mere harlequinade of anonymous notes, with their consequent mysteries and unravellings—of insipid flirtations—elopements, and weddings. The day for such works is gone, but if we must have them, we should prefer their being administered deliberately in five-volume doses, by Anne of Swanssea, or Elizabeth Helme, when a purchaser may make his election at once, whether to read or not to read. If life and society were such as this young lady describes, the best chronicle thereof would be to be found at the Olympic. We have seen the Queen of its revels exercise her powers of fascination on the suspicious, the sensitive, or the sulky, on the plan of the fair Louisa in this story-book, at least a dozen times, and a dozen times more successfully.

'*Church and School*, by the Rev. James White, Vicar of Loxley.'—This is a strange little volume, and assuredly it will make a stir. The Rev. James White is, it appears, the author of 'The Village Poor House,' a poem, which we yet remember to have read with surprise and pleasure. The present is of a somewhat different character, but the same hand is visible. It is a dialogue in verse, between "a good old tory of the good old school," and "a brother churchman." The passages we shall select will explain the nature of the argument.

*Friend.* Are our pastors blind, or heed they not  
 The change on all things else that time has wrought,—  
 How learning—once the charter of their band—  
 Is spreading in a flood thro' all the land;  
 And blush they not, 'mid penitential tears,  
 This light is drawn from other urns than theirs?  
 Or dream they that the deluge they can stem?  
 Or that the law is still an ark for them,  
 To carry them in safety o'er the tide  
 That rolls above the wreck of all beside?  
 Dark were their prospect, if their influence leant  
 On nothing save an "Act of Parliament!"  
 If Statute,—Cap.—and Anno Dom.—supplied  
 The only aid on which their hopes relied,  
 But other help is theirs—a spell remains  
 To bind their foes.

*Rubrick.* What spell is their's? . . .  
*Fr.* Let faction lose its power, and zeal be shown  
 More for their Master's interests than their own.  
 With careful patience let them lend their aid  
 To mend what fraud or malice hath decay'd;  
 To cleanse their temple from the spots of sin,  
 Which make it weak without, and foul within;—  
 By acts like these their lives shall be endear'd,  
 And Love shall guard the altar Law be rear'd.

The Church can fear no loss,  
 Kept safe beneath the shadow of the Cross;  
 Its rights and privileges and power shall stay  
 Till heaven and earth and all shall pass away.  
 And safe shall be our Church, if she relies  
 On him who has the pow'r to make her wise,  
 And trusts not to her wealth, and pomp, and state,  
 Which only have the pow'r to make her great.  
 Her riches, rank, and station law may sway,  
 All else law neither gives nor takes away.  
*Rub.* What else? of riches, greatness, rank, bereft  
 By law,—pray tell me what by law is left?  
*Fr.* All that the Saviour left his servants; all,  
 Save Miracles, which Christ bestowed on Paul.

Pow'r to exhort, rebuke, confirm, and teach,  
 "The gospel to the poor and lost" to preach;  
 To raise the lowly, comfort the distressed,  
 And show mankind the method to be blest.

The Friend is a wise and liberal friend, and desires to see the church strong in the affections, and secure in the knowledge of the people, and, therefore, is he a friend to education.

When Ignorance, tho' Misal once, supplies  
 Our bliss no more, 'tis wisdom to be wise.  
 But if the Church oppose the School's career,  
 And Education's course awake her fear;  
 Such fear will show her weakness: if her reign  
 Is just, the School her empire will sustain;  
 But if injustice stains her, if she rears  
 Her sceptre 'mid our curses and our tears;  
 And, while the land is poor, in wealth she rolls,  
 And starves alike our bodies and our souls;  
 The School, no doubt, will hurl her to the dust,  
 And who shall murmur at a fate so just?  
 But if with honest zeal her care she bends,  
 To soften foes, and make more firm her friends,—  
 To win the stray'd, the virtuous to respect,  
 Tho' conscience leads them to some other sect—  
 To amend her faults, and teach, where'er she can,  
 Glory to God—on earth good-will to man—  
 The Church shall be indeed our Country's pride,  
 The rich man's trust, the poor man's friend and guide.

We think there will be a good deal of shuddering, and more shaking of heads than hands at the next Visitation.

'*Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works*. Vol. X.—This volume contains 'The Lord of the Isles,' and is illustrated by engravings of Staffa, and Loch Coriskin, from the drawings of Turner. The poem has more tenderness and less fire than Marmion, and though very varied, must take rank as the fourth great gothic romance of the poet. The scenes supplied by the painter are not much to our liking; the basaltic regularity of Staffa, has been obliged to bend to the whim of the painter, and amid the cloud-like rocks of Coriskin, we looked anxiously for the Loch, and are not sure that we found it. Turner may tumble clouds about as he likes, and even raise up the sea in "undulation vast," but we object to his moving the solid rocks, and the everlasting hills, in order to make them look more picturesque.—The notes added to the pages of the poem are not numerous: among them we find an extract from one of Sir Walter Scott's private journals, which he kept during a tour through the Scottish Islands. He was perhaps one of the most accurate of all describers, either in verse or prose; he never used an epithet, which failed to intimate the colour, or shape, or character of the object. He scattered no words at random: if he spoke of a grey tower, he meant literally what he said; his streams run as pure in nature as in his verse; and the painter who cannot paint from his landscapes is no master.—A few "occasional pieces" of verse are added to the volume, all of which have appeared elsewhere; two of them are on the King's visit to Scotland, and are scarcely worthy of the poet. Yet it is right to preserve them; they cannot but cheer young bards, who may feel frightened with the unapproachable fire and impetuosity of Marmion, the romantic grandeur of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, or the Lady of the Lake.

'*SACRED CLASSICS*, No. II. *Cave's Lives of the Apostles*. Vol. I. With an Introduction by the Rev. H. Stebbing, M.A.—Cave was one of the most industrious scholars and honest writers that England has produced; he spared no pains to discover the truth—when attained, he never coloured it, but placed the fact and its proofs simply before his readers: when certainty was not to be had, he stated that the case was doubtful, and never endeavoured to disguise ignorance by invention. The lives of those chosen by the Author of the Christian Faith to diffuse his doctrines, the difficulties they encountered, and the persecutions they endured, have, from the earliest ages of the church, excited a deep interest in every Christian community. Unfortunately, the materials for gratifying this laudable curiosity were few and scattered: room was thus af-



fording for the legends of dreaming monks, and the jejune inventions of artful impostors. Scarcely was there a heretical sect in the early ages of Christianity, that did not produce its own forgeries of Gospels, Lives of the Saints, and Apostolic Epistles. Too many of the orthodox descended to the same artifice, until at length the Martyrologies became extravagant romances, and the lives of saints as apocryphal as those of the Champions of Christendom. The necessary consequence was, that when these fictions were discarded, the truths united with them in unholy alliance, were also distrusted. Cave thought that it would be a useful labour to separate the grain from the chaff, and, undaunted by the severe and irksome toil, he undertook it and succeeded. No better proof can be given of his success than the approbation his work has received from all sects and parties.—Many have been disposed to controvert his opinions, but no one has ventured to question his facts; and now, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, his work is received as standard authority both by Catholics and Protestants.

The judicious and temperate introduction prefixed to the work by its present editor, contains one of the best estimates of ecclesiastical traditions we remember to have seen. In the true spirit of Christian charity, that "thinketh no evil," Mr. Stebbing shows how tradition originated in the church, and how closely the desire to preserve some personal trait of those we admire is interwoven with the best feelings of our hearts.

'The Tyrol, &c. by H. D. Inglis,' 2nd edit.—When a first edition is exhausted within a month of publication, the public have justified the good opinion of the critics, and we may rest content with announcing the second.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## BREEZES AND BILLOWS.

(WRITTEN IN A GALE.)

If I were only on dry land,  
And safely off the sea—  
Let it be low, or eke, high land,  
If but true land it be ;—  
The sea might be a washing tub  
For Neptune and his wife,  
The breeze that blows might dry their clothes,  
I'd lead an earthly life.

The captain shows his studding sail  
With pride, when fair the breeze;  
His pride with me will not prevail,  
—I'd rather see some trees!

I only like the breeze that blows  
From flowers, the morning dew,  
And not a ranting gale that throws  
Myself and chair askew.

I wish I were at home, I know,  
Among the stocks and stones;  
This tossing makes my spirits low,  
And very sore my bones!

But I've a friend who will not fear,  
He calls the sea sublime ;—  
It may be so—but I am clear,  
I like it best in rhyme!

'Tis very easy getting in  
These waves—but out is hard;  
I'm not a fish—I've not a fin—  
I cannot swim a yard!

And I would rather find a shark  
In me, (when nicely fried,)  
Than find myself all dead and stark,  
Some day in his inside!

I wish I were in town, I know!  
I would not much mind where,—  
Only, by choice, I'd rather go  
Where I could take a fare;

A coach or cab—I'd not be nice,  
(When will this breeze give o'er?)  
Nor would I grumble at the price,  
Though half-a-crown or more.

## THE LITERATURE OF GERMANY.

GERMAN POETS—HENRY HEINE.

By Edgar Quinet.

"Are you sleeping or waking, sister?" is the question which we, in France, are constantly tempted to ask of Germany. Is this "sleeping beauty" dreaming for another hundred years, that no one has any tidings of her? Has she no more names to teach us—no more day-dreams—no more visions—no more systems—no more poems—no more songs to murmur in the ear of old Society, who is weaving her shroud? Whilst France, that industrious labourer, was performing her hard task through peace and war, without taking an hour's respite; whilst she was building up, and throwing down, and kneading her clay with her blood and her tears—afar off, and most of all in Germany, the quire of poets was never silent. To amuse her after her labour, there came from a distance, at the close of the day, a fresh breeze bearing their songs. While her people were destroying her people—whilst they were undermining thrones with their pickaxes—whilst they were removing crowns—the sound of the distant harmony of foreign lands was ever reaching us—poor labourers without reward, and giving us courage; these unknown names made us raise our heads, and we thereby saw clearly that our task was not finished. At one time it was Ossian; and he who most rejoiced in him was called Napoleon. Another time, at the end of a long day, it was Schiller; and, on another day, when we had gained still more, Goethe; and on another evening, Byron; and afterwards, when, under the restoration, we entirely sunk under our burdens, the brilliant fantasies of J. Paul and Hoffmann, who received their light from our lamp. Every one of these new names was as the invasion of an idea, which descended from its mountain, sliding on its shield. Sometimes we began to think that this invasion was never to end; and, for my part, I recollect that in the early day of my life, when I had passed the frontier, in the direction of the Black Forest, I expected to find under every tree and every shrub of the north, an iden armed *cap-à-pie*, with its helmet on its head, sitting on the grass, and ready to pass the frontier. Near how many springs have I spent endless hours, expecting something, which would resemble in the distance the Undine of the romance of the fisherman! I declare that at that time I never entered the house of a Protestant minister, (I then knew many,) and never sat under the chestnut trees in his court, without having as often found amongst the members of his family, the Louisa of Voss, Werter, Herrmann, and Dorothea. Under the flowering almond trees of the Neckar, I never heard the voice of a girl calling me, that I did not recognize, without being once deceived, Margaret, Clara, Mignon, and, in that place particularly, the Leonora of Burger's ballad, with her pale cheeks. All these poetic fancies had a real life for me. I believed them to be gathered together in inexhaustible numbers, in every village of the Odenwald; and I did not knock at a door of the Bergstrasse, without imagining that it was one of those doors of ivory, whence the poet made to issue, at his pleasure, the dreams which then filled the world.

Once more—Is it, indeed, now all over? Hath the North sent us all its visions? do not its shadows conceal one other—one more phantom of love? Is it true that there will no more appear above our path one of those glorious meteor-travellers, whom we call Scott, Byron, and who permit us to drink from their urns, filled with the tears of another clime? Is this true? or rather is it only a sign that it is time for us to depend on ourselves alone—that we have no longer shelter for visions, save such

as we fabricate ourselves—that we must henceforward live upon our own substance, and that the world is already weary of lending us its shadows?

When I look towards Germany, sadness possesses my heart, and I am already eager to lay down my pen. For behold this great country, from a land of Faith and Love, has become, in its turn, the empire of doubt and passion. It were a long and miserable history, to trace the progress of doubt among a people, whom religion has so entirely satiated, that they will away with no more, and with whom mysticism has ended at the same point as scepticism amongst us. It were only to show the efforts of that people to arrest its own fall, and to float yet awhile longer upon wandering creeds, ere it sunk, never to rise again. The same conflicts which her Luther underwent during his watchings—the cryings out—the weeping—the sighings—the groanings—these same has Germany endured upon her lonely pillow—behind her curtains—in that long waking-time of glory, which began with Frederic and finished with Goethe. For it is not in an hour that she has reached the spot where we stand. She has offered her adoration to all things; and in this downfall of heaven upon earth, everything has given away under her hand, and sunk with her. When the realm of letters reeled, she took refuge in intellect; and when intellect, utterly ruined by mysticism, in its turn gave way at the point where her faith failed, she betook herself to the worship of philosophy—that was the time of Fichte and Schelling—and then, this empire being undermined, fell into the *nothingness* of Hegel, and it was necessary to make another god.

There was once a time when patriotism served religion, when men prayed in battle, and faith was retempered in blood; when the *Te Deum* of Leipzig arose fearlessly in its cathedral, from the midst of smoke and confusion: and this faith, the most easy to maintain, has, in its turn, passed away with the smoke of the bivouacs. There remained, at least, the worship of Art. Her shrine had always been preserved. But Goethe, whom she adored, himself destroyed it. Thus Germany has descended into doubt with the same honest earnestness which she had shown in ascending into faith. It has not been, as with others, by the irremediable and sudden fall of a day, but by an infinity of steps and circuits, regulated beforehand. I see her descend progressively into nonentity, and scientifically into doubt. Her cathedrals are worn out—not by the praying and the kneeling of men. She has encircled them with the symbol of mysticism, as the flowers of winter are bound round the foreheads of the dead. Thus, by another way, she has reached the point where the world was awaiting her; and at this moment, under different languages and different names, the whole of Europe can boast that it lives under the same shelter, that is to say, in the same void: and henceforward behold the three great Queens of the modern world, France, Germany, and England,—all seated on the earth, like Shakespeare's Richard—all three having fallen by different steps from the same throne of religion to the same nonentity—from the same faith into the same doubting,—all three exchanging glances, half-stupified, without their accustomed God—of destinies so different, so similar in misery, and ready to mock each other even unto death at this common disappointment in the Infinite.

In France, and in England, incredulity has sent its cry abroad by the means of Voltaire and Byron. It is a study to examine how it has

ized upon German literature, and made it its resting-place and its abode. Poetry has undergone the same disguising, which minds have assumed to themselves, and it has been only after many attempts, and centuries without number, that the word has been pronounced. From thence, there has been nothing known of that sudden convulsion, which, in other places, has forced out such astonishing utterances. The bonds of creeds have been gently untied; and there was kept in reserve, a healing for every wound. There was a consolation provided for every sacrifice; the heart was not broken at once, but gently despoiled, stripped, and lulled to sleep. Innumerable were the disagements and hallucinations of sect, which concealed its destitution. Poetry, on the other hand, was not a luxury to be dispensed with. She passed for the religion which she had replaced, and she imitated, to the point of deceiving the world, its air and its austerities. The church had fallen, but the hymn had been preserved. Novalis sung in the night, and how could one believe that to be a ruin which was inhabited by a voice still so melodious and young? It is thus: that by always replacing faith by poetry, the figure by its picture, and God by its shadow, Germany has been able, without any violence, to lull her Past, like a babe, to sleep on the lap, and to shroud it in death without its awakening. The whole question is to determine whether, when she shall begin to perceive that what she adores is but the dust of what she once worshipped, she will utter a cry of distress, or, whether she will not familiarize herself with nonentity, even more cordially than we have done.

See how she sets about it! The root of the matter is, that the two religions, Protestantism and Catholicism, mutually aid each other's destruction. They interchange their doubts, their belief, their churches, their cradles, their graves. Under the same roof they were born, they live, they pray, they die—they have the same cross,—the same shroud. And when their lustred is, by chance, kindled, they say to human reason, before they contend with it, the gladiator's words to the Emperor, "They who are about to die, salute thee."

This character of conciliation in death has never appeared more strikingly than in Goethe. Here was a man who comprised within himself all the doubts of modern man, and who allowed none of them to appear. He attacked nothing—he defended nothing; he treated all belief, and every enthusiasm, as the mummies which Aristotle received from Asia, and classed in his Academy. He, too, in his church, so classed all forms of worship, and put the dead face to face with each other. The infinity of doubt was concealed in him, beneath the infinity of faith. He is, apparently, totally different to Voltaire—in reality the same. He shuts out nothing—not he! He admits phantoms—aye, even the least; and this universality of belief is, at the same time, the universality of scepticism: assent without limit, is positive denial. Voltaire was the analysis, he the synthesis of nonentity: it is the point where their thoughts meet; and was it, in truth, worth the trouble, that these two names, and the two nations whom they represented, should make war so long, to understand each other so well at this place? For, Goethe has not only taught Germany to know herself; he opened her ears to the howlings of the present. He cast her all alone upon the highway of modern revolution. He revealed to her his doubt, of which she yet wished to doubt. He divulged the secret of her wavering faith, which she would have still so well concealed from others in her mystical retreat. Like the wicked spirit, he cried aloud in the church to this kneeling Margaret, "Rememberest thou thyself, Margaret, when thou believest what thy lips murmur, and what thy heart desires?—when thy Luther had not yet

deceived thee, and thou, young, fair as thy hope, and a child of Christ, didst pray, morning and evening, in the cathedral of thy Cologne?" It is this which he has said, in a thousand forms, in prose, as well as in verse, and which the world has heard. From this day, Germany has joined the great company of the sceptical nations. She has come forth in her pure *cecidit*, and, in her turn, is in the midst of the conflict of the age. Many voices, doubtless, have been raised against the great poet—many have been the efforts which she has made to retrace her steps, but it has been all in vain; she must advance, no matter towards what precipice; she has stepped beyond the bounds of her belief—she cannot enter them again; the Modern Spirit has seized her; he hath dragged her whither we are all driving each other; he is the black horseman, who has carried away his Leonora. In spite of earth or heaven, triumph or ruin, life or death, she must now, without even once turning her head, perforce accompany this cold spirit of the age towards the place whither we are all preceding her.

Goethe had revealed to Germany the doubt which she wished to conceal from herself—but this revelation bore, for a long time, only a personal meaning. She was resolved to see in it the state of the interior of one mind, and not the confession of a people. She accused the poet—she absolved herself. It required much time, and rude convulsions, before she could make the avowal, that the man in this case was the entire nation. The critical school of the Schlegels knew marvellously well how to disguise the evil, and conceal its surface. To speak properly, they threw Germany into a magnetic sleep, during which, invasions, and revolutions, and the clattering of Napoleon's spurs were passing around her, without calling forth a sigh. During this trance of fifteen years, all the effort which this country made was to detach herself for the present, and to turn away her head from her bleeding wounds: she saw through and proved every period save the one in which she was living. This was, but under an original appearance, a movement something similar to that of France at the time of the Restoration. Latent public life, to all appearances dead—a long suffering and mystical literature—poesy taking the veil, and cutting off her long tresses—a complete renunciation of all that had belonged to the world—a peculiar manner of showing the end of her recollections, and ceasing where they became bitter,—regrets,—mystery,—nothing of hope, nor of noisy popularity; and on the whole, a mode also of establishing a freedom in glory, and of passing triumphantly under the caudine forks.

The poets then went to the cloister with Werner, or at least were converted with Stolberg, F. Schlegel, and Adam Müller. The one who remained at the door of this small church, the only one whose connexion with the world did not appear destroyed, was Louis Tieck. He preserved just enough of doubt to laugh at phantoms; he ridiculed shadows, and thought to live in peace. All this time he was playing with scepticism, without thinking that the dwarf would become a giant, and the monster would, one day, have claws and teeth. It was Tieck whom it deluded most completely: he dressed it in the skin of an ass, and gave it the seven-tongued boots of the fairy tales, to traverse the wilderness of human hopes withal. He introduced trifling into the bosom of old German Art, and because it had masked itself behind simplicity, he believed himself to be its master—that the smile would not depart from its lips—that its mind thus muzzled could not break its bonds—and that its heart, at least, would never bleed—and yet, this was a bitter mockery, that whilst the earth shook with the sound of the Convention and Napoleon, that the people should be intoxicated from King Arthur's goblet, and with its Carolingian poetry, and those sylphs, and those visions, and those

improvident fairies—which, if they had been examined nearer, would have been seen to shake from their wings the dust of Wagram, Jena, and Austerlitz.

There was then a man who wounded belief to the heart, and hastened its ruin, while he wished the entire contrary. This man was the peasant Voss, who, like the Anabaptist, ferociously attacked the principle upon which German thought was at that time living. He did not openly strike at the ideal philosophy of his own epoch—his blows were not aimed so high; but he betook himself to pursue it with bitterness in its application to the knowledge of the ancients. This blind one did not see, that in destroying the symbolic principle, he was at the same time destroying the life of all Germany. There was a time when that pacific country resounded with imprecations against the votaries of symbolism. He would willingly have made a single funeral pile of all these monuments, and he did, in fact, raise more than one insurrection against my most honoured and peaceable master, Dr. Frederic Creuzer. This man carried with him into science a vigour of passion, which is rarely found save in the excitement of political assemblies. Under this scholastic guise, the question was great and imminent; and related to the present—this past of 3,000 years. The revolutionary instinct assumed without knowing it, this mask of antiquity; and the venerable Voss, whilst he cursed France, introduced the eighteenth century armed among the gods and heroes of Homer. It was the conflict of Protestantism with Catholicism, both of which met within the lists of Science, there to decide their last quarrel. This revolted slave entirely destroyed that great monument of German learning, in which every phantom of the imagination had found its place—those super-statues which decorated the entire fabric, like a host of statues in their niches—that poetry more true than history. He did not leave one idea standing without breaking its visor. As far as he could, he made of German learning, a learning like all the rest, naked—visible—to be measured—without forethought, without mysteries, without divination—a mere science, and no longer a religion—a protestant temple, and no longer a cathedral with its thousand worshippers. He stripped its poetry from the past, and he did not see that he had also destroyed the present. He did not perceive that the spirit of his country is brother to the Platonic spirit, and that to overthrow Alexandria was to overthrow Germany. He would have the ancient manners, but not the ancient faith; he did not perceive that the cathedrals wherein Protestantism was sheltered, had their foundations based upon the Greek basilicas, and the basilicas upon the temples, and the temples of Greece upon those of the East; and that it was impossible to touch one of these foundation stones without pulling down the entire edifice of human faith. He had neither peace nor rest till he had sapped those primitive foundations; and he did not see the cathedrals which bowed and trembled above his head like the masts of a vessel in a storm, threatening to crush himself and his methodizing beneath their ruins; and when he had at his pleasure weeded German imagination, and branded every chimera, he withdrew in peace to his idyll of Louisa, and abode there—blind puritan that he was!—amongst its long hexameters, fragrant with the flowers of the linden-tree, reposefully and without remorse.

But the evil did not stop there: it infected Philosophy, and through her entered boldly into the heart of Germany. The philosophy of nature, that adventurer who had till then governed the destinies of this country, had no longer the courage to proceed. After these attempts, exhausted and unequal to further effort, she retreated in confusion within the circle of Catholicism, and would come forth no more. The

idealism of Schelling felt itself perishing, and demanded absolute from the dogmas of faith; and declining knowledge, dying faith, joining together, and seeking to reanimate each other, formed but a new version of Heloise and Abelard embracing each other in the tomb. There is a heroic effort being made even now at Munich, like the attempt of M. de Lamennais, to retain life. Baader, Goerres, are watching by Catholicism, and wearying themselves to breathe into the breath of life. It is no more a religion, nor a philosophy, nor a poetry, but the wreck of all these—a science without a name, a faith without a name, a holy dust. For this dust dig you a large grave, with room enough for all the hopes, and the fancies, and the visions, and the well-being also, of old Germany.

In the north, the philosophy of Hegel has perished with its founder, or is at least absorbed in social knowledge; as, in the south, the philosophy of Schelling is absorbed in religion. The disappearance of those tribunes of idealism, who gathered the people round the infinite, is a striking sign. They kept it for thirty years upon the Mount Aventine of spiritualism; and now it is crying that it hungers and thirsts for the world of reality, and knows not how to descend thither fast enough.

In this invisible dissolution, sects imperceptibly take the place of religion, and maxims that of morals—under a thousand names, as Pietism, Methodism, the lethargy advances and insinuates itself every where. In proportion as Germany becomes more sensual, there are formed codes of imposing austerity. In the first moment of astonishment, every thing excited her disgust; she has quitted the highway of innocence, and entered into the mazes of scruple. This poor Eve covers herself with leaves too late; her past deeds are not, therefore, the less condemned. That which was the charm of this country beyond all others—confidence, serenity, the remains of disbelief in evil, are every day disappearing. A hard casuistry has succeeded, and pretends, single-handed, by the force of maxims, to make head against the advancing ruin. Better convinced than the English Kant, he troubles, even to their last moments, those virgin souls, of which this country is yet full. He makes them old in a day; and nothing more completely shows the dismembering of creeds, than the phantoms of sect, which thus float from time to time through the public conscience.

It must be said, that all these symptoms were long concealed under the effervescence which followed the wars of independence. The extravagant hopes raised about that time, entirely concealed the disenchantments begun, and the painful losses. Nations and kings had embraced in blood; they had interchanged a thousand oaths, and the ancient German faith reappeared for a moment. Uhland was the poet of this alliance. It was thought for some time that he need only dry his eyes, and that the tear of doubt and disbelief, which he had found so acrid, would return no more. The figure of Germany of the middle ages, showed herself everywhere among the works of art, golden-haired and calm, only a little saddened by that benumbed wound which she thought healed. And I know not if still those improvident poets of Suabia, and all the south, the incorrigible lineage of the Troubadours, do not now remain at that point.

And yet all is completely changed. Kings have for one moment had the faith, the virtue, the religion of Germany in their power. When all perished, and she found her best assurance nothing but dust, she gave her last hope into their hands; she poured her last illusion into their worm-eaten cups, and said, Drink with me. When her philosophy deserted her, she put herself under their teaching; and they were not moved by this sincerity, but had the heart to

smite her as they would any other nation. They destroyed this hope; they refused this illusion; they have made no distinction between this nation and any other nation. Oh, it was base! for it was not only the crowns and the thrones, (as among us,) which they put in peril, but the ancient faith—the Christ living in all hearts—the Providence, of whom they were the image to credulous souls—the existence of an oath yet unviolated—the very dead and adored angels—the heaven and hell by which Christians assure. It was not only that they broke sceptres, but they trampled upon ideas, stifled religions, and an entire world of thoughts, of traditions, of prayers, and of vows, depending upon their word, and which crumbled to dust with it.

It was all over; the fatal blow was struck; it could no longer be concealed. It had been thought that if the kings of the middle ages could cure bodily infirmities by the imposition of hands, they must know, by this time, how to cure the deadly diseases of the mind;—on the contrary, there resulted nothing from the contact but broken hearts and vanished hopes. Languages and inspiration were of necessity changed. Ballads were strengthened with gall, and sonnets with wormwood. When, in the fifteenth century, German invention had completed her Strasburg Cathedral, it sculptured on the summit a Satanic figure, to mock, from its height, the entire edifice. It was a fiend-likeancer which fell, from that figure, on the stone virgins, on the columns and pinnacles, on the saints in their niches, on the pavement, and on the altar, and on all that impotence of human worship and human faith. In her turn, Poetry did as much. She mounted to the highest step of the ladder of German idealism, and leisurely betook herself to mocking all that she had loved, to love all that she had hated, and to prophesy with Heine, like the dervish from the top of his minaret, the last hour—the midnight hour of this day of German genius, a thousand years long. This time her irony wore no disguise. She held her head erect, and hissed in the open air.

The verses of Heine, whose name I have just mentioned, have, in fact, light and trifling as they seem, a true social signification. Thirty years ago, they would have been thought impossible, and the pure imaginations of those days would never have endured their cruel satire. There are, amongst them, little songs of ten verses, which, with all the appearance of innocence, (for they are true wild roses,) bear within their flowers a poison which has required three ages, at least, to distil to this strength. They are charming flowers, wrought and coloured with the ancient skill of Teutonic art, which all dart the glance of a basilisk. There are transparent and delicate sonnets after the manner of those of Petrarch, in the depths of which you can see the crawling reptile—ballads which hide under their liveliness, as a woman under her veil, their evil thoughts and their poisons. There are love songs, which bear you enured along their stream, to drown you at last in one Satanic word—for it is the original characteristic of this poet to make you drink the gall and the lees of our times, in the form of the expression and the honey of primitive ages—the age of Byron in the age of Hans de Sachs. To all the sentiments of society, in its advanced state, he gives the popular rhythm of society in its beginning; and this despair which borrows the language of hope, this death which speaks like life, this cradle which again becomes a tomb, these old and satiated passions, which move in the measure of infant passions, this health and this corruption, this gall and this honey, this alpha and omega, which mingle and are gathered in the texture of these rapid poems, make them so many perfect works of art, of fancy, of originality, and of immorality.

Most of the poems of Heine are contained in a volume entitled 'Book of Songs.' The first are dated in 1817. At this period the young poet belonged to the school of the Schlegels and Tieck. It was from them that he learned the popular style and the simplicity which, at a later period, he directed against them. From this time the sting sharpened and wounded every year. From his travels through the Hartz, Italy, and the North Sea, he brought home impressions of flowers, and woods, and love (of which he preserved the thorn), that in the alembic of his mind produced a honey of wrath and hatred. Those songs, the offspring of different climates, preserve little or no local character. It is a hope, a desire, met with by chance, that he withers in passing; and they lose both their date and their origin, as a fallen leaf loses its scent and its colour. Among them there are poems born in pure Tuscany, under the sun of Lucca and of Florence, which have retained the scent neither of orange nor of myrtle, and savour only of wormwood. We might say that a Satanic breath destroys all the enchantment of climate, leaving only at the bottom the same word and the same sting everywhere. The poet cannot hear on his journey the voice of a girl, or look on a flower upon its stem, but he must address to it a Mephistophelic madrigal. In vain do the stars bashfully conceal themselves under their veils—he always ends, as in the Clouds of Aristophanes, by some ironical question, which makes them shed tears of gold. When he approaches the Northern Sea, it is the only place where his irony assumes a local character; it becomes ample and colossal as the ocean. He makes blankets of the clouds of the Baltic, wherein to toss gods living and dead, the past with the present, and leaves you there on the shore with a burst of laughter; so that when you close this book, in appearance so trifling, all nature has become a void, the heavens a desert, and the heart also; and all the fruits of the great tree of life have been smitten, one after the other, with a black blight, and the worm has gnawed them.

Cruel poet that you are! Do you find Ruin proceed on her course too slowly? When you struck so deadly a blow at the heart of this enchanted forest of Germany, did you not hear the branches as they sighed, and the leaves as they trembled, and the voice which cried to you, "Impious! had you waited till evening, we should have all of us been withered without your aid!"

O Heine! if you have love for anything, I entreat, for my sake, your mercy upon the flowers that may yet remain for you to wither—upon the springs that you may yet dry up. Wherein, I pray you, have those poor university towns offended you, that you are forced so bitterly to awaken them, and with their own secular pens to blacken their visages with ink! and Gottingen, and Hamburg, and Munich, and your native town of Dusseldorf? You breathe upon them every morning, and the dust of ancient customs, which covers them, as the foliage arranged for a thousand years in their libraries, passes away in smoke, and you take it entirely for yourself. But think what is also threatening us, on the other hand, in France. Formerly, when our revolutions and our tumults left us for a moment, we crossed the Rhine, and found there the Past all entire, where we might rest from the Present. There yet existed settled thoughts, which might take us under their wings. All that we had lost was preserved in that asylum, and we repaired thither from day to day to take shelter in your faith. But now that you have cast scorn upon these visions, it is sadly true that there is no longer a place in the world wherein to rest the head for an hour. We must, henceforward, learn to sleep exposed to the wind and the tempest.

To this time, your satire has been satisfied



with the North; you avail yourself of France to laugh at Germany. But, when you are weary of this sport, will you make no change? When your old home customs are levelled to your pleasure—when there shall be no longer neither princes, nor doctors, nor towns, nor villages, which have not passed under your hands, are you sure that you will not turn your weapon against us?—that you will not find amongst us some settled hope to lay waste? I have, for my own part, serious fears, while I look at other countries, that you will not always resist the merriment of striking these empty glasses against each other, and that, in this dance of death, in which human creeds whirl round, you will not cease joyously to pipe up your charming, and sweet, and satanic melodies.

Thus, it is true then, that the long monologue of German idealism has ended in a burst of laughter. She has drunk her poetry, even to the dregs. Once more her Rhine has lost itself in the sands.

Thus, an entire world of hopes and visions is swept away at this moment with old Germany, and no one here turns his head to trouble himself about the matter. There, near to us, myriads of phantoms vanish, noiselessly, as they were born. These divine visions, whose breath fails, have lived their rapid life. A universe is about to be swallowed up without awakening so much as a bird in her nest.

What then signify those accusations against the poetry of France of to-day, which have recently reached us from Vienna and Edinburgh? Can it be thought that we should find it difficult to prove the same misery anywhere else. Ruin is here—ruin there—and who has ever imagined that this was other than a general death? What matter that, in France, as well as in Germany, verse and prose crumble into dust, when the entire poem of modern society is being torn into shreds? It is not this page alone upon which I am writing, which has been already attacked by the worm; it is the book wherein we are all writing—the book of the present, in which people and kings each speak their own tongue, and which, at this time, has neither margin nor fly-leaf whereon to write its own name.

It would be necessary, if we wished to bring the shades of the poets to trial, for the world and the ruling powers to be less shadowy than them; for what law is there, what society, what church, what religion—I speak not of man—but what institution is there which does not present itself to-day in the guise of a shadow, and which one does not treat as a shadow?—which has any serious and other pretension to life than as a vision? Who, for example, imagines that our laws are laws?—that our kings are kings?—and does not see that these be merely shadows wearing an appearance? Fantastical beings, who come we know not whence—whose longest life is but a day—who disappear by chance, and are seen no more. From what dust did you take them yesterday?—into what dust will you cast them back to-morrow? You do not know yourself. Kings, more chimerical than the dreams of Hoffmann, their crowns are not crowns, but the bandages with which you blind their eyes;—their sceptres are not sceptres, but the rods with which you chastise them. The people are not people—without present, without past, without name, without heritage, they are, in truth, the dead robed in the garment of life, and worthily attend upon these decapitated monarchs.

And yet, say not that poetry is no more; say rather, that she alone remains living, if hers be life. Nothing exists to-day save what is in the hearts of men. There is no tradition, no authority, no written words, which do not fall to dust, if you but touch them. In this destruction of the Real—the Ideal alone remains;—she alone keeps her eternal crown upon her head, and there is neither people nor king who shall

take it from her. Where nothing takes bodily form, everything becomes thought. We walk and live not in the things that are, but in the shadow of that which ought to be, and that which one day will be. Shadows as we are, we are ourselves a world of poetry, and we know it not.

No doubt, the ideal which each nation has formed of absolutism decays every hour—in England and Germany, as in France;—for this ideal was itself; each despoiled itself of its local traditions, of its indigenous art, and cast around itself the spell of a thousand years. But these particular ruins form the personality of the human race. The same cosmopolite genius replaces the different geniuses of different idioms and races. In this poetry of the world, every idea will have place; nor verse nor prose will be put to the pain of finding the requisite number of rhymes or feet.

From thence, in truth, the real mission of the poet has only its beginning. Social life has only taken it up as of yesterday, and already it cannot die tranquilly in its bed. The time is gone by when it might have lived in peace to its last hour. He must now quit, with Byron, with Chateaubriand, with Lamartine, his frontier town or his island. He must bear the wind and the rain, the heat and the cold, the love and the hatred of foreign lands; for his heart is henceforth too mighty for either town or village to contain it entirely. His religious vocation is to be the mediator between future nations. His words no longer belong to any one. In the interregnum of political powers, he alone becomes sovereign; he is already the law-giver of the great European confederacy, which, as yet, does not exist. Behold him henceforth, with his heart for his only companion. All imitations are exhausted; all realities vanished. Every known path leads only to the desert; all the old countries have yielded up their fruits. It is necessary that this Christopher Columbus of the new ideal world, should trust himself afar—alone—upon the ocean of his thoughts; he goes on—he advances, and this expanse is continually on the increase. He still proceeds; and that which they call land, is yet a cloud; and that which they call hope, is yet an illusion; and the people whom he draws after him, cry—“We are drowning, master; let us return;” and he saith unto them—“To-morrow;” and the morrow is an age. And in the ocean of his genius he never casts anchor, nor furls sail, till he hath reached that shore where issues the fountain of life, and its name is Eternity.

#### CHEAP GIFTS: A SONNET.

[In a leaf of a quarto edition of the *Lives of the Saints*, written in Spanish by the learned and reverend father, Alfonso Villages, Divine, of the Order of St. Dominick, set forth in English by John Heigham, Anno 1639, bought at a Catholic book-shop in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, I found, carefully inserted, a painted flower, seemingly coeval with the book itself; and did not, for some time, discover that it opened in the middle, and was the cover to a very humble draught of a Saint Anne, with the Virgin and Child; doubtless the performance of some poor, but pious, Catholic, whose meditations it assisted.]

O lift with reverent hand that tarnish'd flower,  
That 'shrines beneath her modest canopy  
Memorials dear to Romish piety;  
Dim specks, rude shapes, of Saints! in fervent  
hour

The work perchance of some meek devotee,  
Who, poor in worldly treasures to set forth  
The sanctities she worshipped to their worth,  
In this imperfect tracery might see  
Hints, that all Heaven did to her sense reveal.  
Cheap gifts best fit poor givers. We are told  
Of the lone mite, the cup of water cold,  
That in their way approved the offerer's zeal.  
True love shows costliest, where the means are  
scant;

And, in her reckoning, they abound, who want.

CHARLES LAMB.

#### SWAN RIVER.

[Extracts from a Letter received from Swan River, dated July, 1833.]

You have no idea what settling is, (properly called squatting)—it is a gipsy party with a vengeance. But I will now answer categorically the string of questions you put.

First, What are you doing? Why, trying to settle. I bought a cow (thirty-two guineas), but a rascally boy turned her loose, and she has been now three years in the bush.

I also tried to merchandize—did very well at first, but lost 100*l.* afterwards, and gave it up for a bad job. Laid down a fine ten ton sailing-boat of native timber—as fine a boat as ever swam, and did very well at first, making 100*l.*; but the captain contrived to make a total wreck of her on a fine summer's day with a fair wind; and though I got judgment against him in the civil court for the value of the boat (120*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*), it was a bad job again, for I had law expenses to pay, and he was not worth a farthing.

I am now a miller, having offered to build a corn-mill on my own two town allotments here in Perth, and get an artificial stream of water to turn it—*pro bono publico*—if government would lend me the money to do so. And this arrangement I in part effected, only government bound me down not to charge more than two shillings per bushel grinding; and allowed me only half the sum required for a complete mill, as they, as well as others, doubted my power of creating a mill-stream where there was none before,—there being no mill-streams in the settled part of the colony in the summer, when grinding is especially wanted.

I have completely succeeded, however, as far as half the money would go, and have now been working these six months. My reservoir is 170 feet by 80; eight feet deep; the bottom puddled with impenetrable clay; and the water is used with such economy, that I have not as yet felt any embarrassment. The fall of water from the reservoir to the river is twenty-four feet, and there is about eleven more (in all thirty-five) to the water level of the country, whence it is supplied. I have not yet regularly tapped this water level, however, further than by cutting the reservoir. What naturally drains into it is sufficient for my present works; but when I get the rest of the money, I shall easily be able to make the mill capable of grinding 6 or 7,000 bushels of corn annually.

I got the millstones of the full size (four feet diameter, and ten inches thick,) from the Blue Hills—(they look very blue at a distance)—about thirty-five miles off. People laughed, and said that it was impossible that millstones could be found in this country; but I laughed too, in my sleeve, for I am an old hand, you know, at that work. They have answered beautifully—quite equal to French burrs. They are of granite formation, both equally hard, but of very different qualities. Every part of them gives showers of sparkles when struck with a hard steel; their colours are part transparent, beautifully crystallized in plates, part pure opaque white; with reddish, grey, black, and purplish spots.—The lower stone is, to all appearance, a grey granite, with no soft particles, except here and there inconsiderable portions of a micaceous substance in plates; and though equally hard, is dull, and has not that lively cutting quality so necessary for the upper, or running-stone, and which the lower stone ought not to possess. The runner-stone is veined, the lower is not; but both, if polished as slabs, would be exceedingly beautiful—small specimens would not show their beauty.

All the lime-stone found in this colony is on or near the sea coast. It produces lime of the purest white; and much of it appears to be trunks, roots, and branches of an extensive forest of large trees; in some, even the bark and an-

nular ring are visible. One trunk, or now pillar, of lime-stone, stands about forty feet high, perfectly isolated and upright, without branches, but showing the beginning of the bole. I have seen it myself: it is about two feet diameter in the smallest part. In all the lime-stone are found imbedded small samples of compact porcellaneous lime-stone, about the bigness of a small hand, or less—the rest is either chalky or gritty.

In all the streams about the colony is found abundantly a minute, ponderous, black sand, strongly attractable by the magnet. In the island of Rottenest is also a fruitful mine of rock salt, which is used at table in its crude state; but I suspect, from its taste, contains more salts than muriate of soda. Water holding iron in solution is common among the small springs; and iron-stone is also common. One spring, I know, is loaded with a sort of sweetish tasted alum.

Clay of all sorts is abundant—viz., brick, fire, pot, and pipe or china clay, I am not certain which. The mountains consist chiefly of various kinds of granite, with, at their bases, what I call trap—a dark, green and black speckled, dull, heavy, hard rock: I hate it—it is of no use in engineering. Abundance of pure quartz is found everywhere, colours various. At the top of the hills iron-stone predominates.

Large tracts of the colony are sandy, but not barren sand; it carries a luxuriant native vegetation, and, if well treated, bears wheat, oats, barley, vegetables, &c.; indeed, anything, with manure, and water in the summer. Clay lands are, of course, the same as in England, requiring a laborious cultivation to make them produce. They are too cold and wet in winter, and too dry and hard in summer, without much judicious work.

The wild flowers are splendid as well as the shrubs, and many are scented. The forest trees are principally eucalyptus, called here white, blue, and red gum tree. Banksia or honeysuckle; casuarinas, or shee and swamp oaks; and mimosa, or wattles, are also abundant. The gums of all the trees are soluble, to a certain extent, in water, and are of the colour of blood or port wine. The least soluble in any liquid is the gum of the grass tree. It tinges water, turpentine takes up a good deal, fat oils take up a little, and alcohol some; but there is a substance left at last insoluble in anything; to all appearance it is lac. When the solid gum is bruised, it is of a most brilliant yellow; before bruising, it is red, transparent, and very inflammable.—N.B. (Grass tree is the *Xanthoma* of Frazer.)

The finest wood is our native mahogany, as beautiful as Spanish. It has no other name with us, for it was unknown till we came here, and I first found it. It has nothing to do with the genius of real mahogany.

You ask, why there have been any difficulties in settling the colony?—but it would take 143½ pages of closely printed quarto, fairly to show all the difficulties and their causes. The causes may be reduced to three heads—want of wisdom in some, poverty in others, and foolish and evil passions in all, more or less. It is certainly neither in the climate nor soil that the difficulties consist; though this spot is no more a Garden of Eden than any other that I have heard of in any quarter of the globe. The climate, though a warm one, is as fine as any; and wherever the soil has been properly treated, it has yielded abundantly, from the potato to the vine and sugar-cane.

The grand difficulties in colonizing generally, arise from the same three heads—viz. 1. erroneous ideas in the formation of a settlement; 2. mismanagement afterwards; 3. the misconduct of the wretched class of people who constitute the great bulk of new settlers. For very few and far between, are the steady, upright, and persevering settlers, particularly with any money

—you may compare them to the planets among the fixed stars.

Estates are only to be cleared and cultivated properly by hired labourers. This requires so much more capital here, as labourers are all drunkards in a new colony, and will not do more than two or three hours' hard work in a day, for which they insist on being paid five, six, and even seven shillings, or else they leave the colony, as hundreds have done here. We have now only 1,500 souls, big and little; and once we mustered 2,500. "What a falling off is here!" There seems to be a fatality about emigrants. So few keep their spirits consistently up to the pressure of their difficulties, that almost all become more or less unsteady; and then, how can the settlement prosper? So far from attaching great importance to our beginning difficulties, I am only astonished, knowing as I do their detail, how we continue together at all; and the very existence of the colony, at this moment, seems to me to prove incontestably that the locality of the place is good—that is, as to climate, soil, and water, which last has been reported not to exist among us. I own that it now and then requires the tremendous effort of digging for it some twelve feet deep: but, with this sacrifice, good fresh water is everywhere abundant.

You mention Canada and Holmst Town: I know nothing of them, but suspect that, barring a somewhat greater degree of advance, the same difficulties will be found there as here. And Kangaroo Island also may be beautiful; but bread and cheese, beef and mutton, are the staff of life in this world; and they may happen to be scarce there too, in the beginning.

The climate here is very healthy, barring a few colds and rheumatisms, caused by too great exposure in huts and tents not weather-proof. We have had numerous deaths, however, from drunkenness and drowning, by being drunk in boats. The climate is certainly hot—quite as hot as Naples; and there is little or no frost in the winter, but much rain, which lasts in showers from June to October, and plenty of gales. In the summer it does not rain; and sometimes the thermometer rises to 106° in the shade. When it is below temperate, or at 55°, we call it cold, and have fires. There are abundance of fleas, mosquitoes, and sand-flies in summer; but no wild beasts that we know of, but kangaroos, emus (both bipeds), and wild dogs; ants are of all kinds; ducks, swans, geese, pigeons, of many various kinds, all wild; land and water sharks, the latter by far the least dangerous; and fish are all in plenty.

The natives are often troublesome. They cannot forbear stealing "very good"—(bread, flour, biscuit, pigs, &c.) Several white men have also been speared by them, but generally through their own, or their neighbours' fault. Drunken white men pick unnecessary quarrels with them. They are, just now, very quiet.

You will like to know, however, with all this work, what the colony has produced. Last harvest, between four and five thousand bushels of corn were gathered in. The harvest, this year, will be more productive, as much more ground is broken up. The kinds of corn already effectually reared here are numerous. Wheat, oats, barley, Indian corn or maize, Caffee corn or broom corn, (introduced by us), &c.

Vegetables are of all kinds: turnips, radishes, onions, eschalots, garlic, peas, beet-root, mangel-worzel, celery, cabbages, cauliflowers, spinach, beans, potatoes by the ton, sugar-cane, now standing fifteen feet high, bananas, salad herbs, water-cress (introduced by us), chilis, artichokes, almonds, peaches, apples, vines, pine-apples, all the melon tribe, water-melons, cucumbers, vegetable marrow, vegetable bottles—every thing.

Cattle, where not speared by the natives from want of protection, or lost in the bush from want of care, thrive exceedingly, and multiply very

fast. Mr. Drummond, the brother of him who went with Captain Franklin, brought one cow, and has now eight, several in calf. Wool from this colony has fetched the highest price in the London market.

Many hundred thousand bricks have been made, and a great deal of lime burned, and stone quarried. Our bed-room is paved with slabs of soft, white, chalky limestone.

I have discovered, on the banks of the Swan, above Perth, the finest plaster stone in the world. It is transparent as glass, rhomboidal, in plates, with many internal fractures and flaws; some of it is of the most beautiful satin kind. Captain Friend, of the *Wanstead*, took away a bag-full, and called it selenite. I call it, after the Italians, *Speculum Asturum*, or *Specchio d'Asino*. It burns in the heat of the bread oven, and when ground fine, and mixed with water, sets into a firm hard plaster of pure white; but, unlike plaster of Paris, it takes twenty minutes to set, and does not form a milk or cream with water. It is found in lumps, from a nut to an egg, bright and clean, imbedded in a white clay marl, mixed with reddish clay, and sand. Quere, were they all burnt together and ground, would they not form a Roman or water cement?

The Swan and Canning Rivers are both navigable for boats up to the hills, 30 or 40 miles; but they are both in a state of nature, and require a little doctoring at the obstructions of the flats, and where trees have fallen across. The Avon, beyond the hills, in the district of York, is a non-descript river. In winter it is a good sized small river, with a strong current—in summer it is a mere chain of pools. It is not a mountain torrent, and has no mouth—at least, none has yet been discovered. On the lands in its vicinity, and to the eastward, as far as has been explored (60 miles), grass grows luxuriantly; and the sandal-wood is also found there, or a tree so similar in beauty and scent that the difference is immaterial. Eight hundred sheep already pasture, also, on these lands; and a considerable extent of ground is under tillage. There is room enough, indeed, for 10,000 settlers; for all, as far as has been explored, is admirably adapted for tillage and pasture.

There are hundreds of other subjects on which I could wish to write you; but the ship sails to-morrow, and I am pressed for time. What is already written, however, will give you a general idea of the colony; and, if you read it all, you will be convinced that its locality is good, and that some time hence—not in our time, for all first settlers must, of necessity, go to the dogs—Western Australia will be a flourishing state.

There is no French settlement to the southward. You allude, of course, to Shark's Bay. . . . The voyage from England here is long, but it passes away; and, if you take a cabin passage, you have a chance of escaping being devoured by the cockroaches. If you feel inclined, therefore, to come and see the place, we shall be happy to see you, and I will show you the lions.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, January 1834.

To go on with my *Fine Arts*, begun in my last. Do not, however, I beg of you, mistake my opinions for oracles, because I fling them abroad with such freedom, like one of the prophetic trees at Dodona. But I have heard artists confess, they are themselves as often wrong from professional prejudices, as dilettanti from want of professional practice. You recollect the notorious example of Mengs, who does all but designate Michelangelo a mere wall-smoker, and the chiaroscuroist, Correggio, Prince-perfect of painting. To be sure, that pearl of dilettanti, Chevalier D'Azara, goes a step beyond Mengs in absurdity; for *he* pronounces Mengs himself a

better painter than Raffael, Titian, and Corregio put together! When autocrats of criticism can utter such outrages, who can be accused of presumption? Truth would appear to lie equally out of sight from those who have suns in their eyesockets, as from those who have orbs of common earth. The impossibility, in fact, of finding such a thing as a veritable critic, may be demonstrated *a priori* from the circumstance, that, to constitute him such, he should be at once an artist and no artist—neither, yet both; *quod est impossibile*—same thing true of poetical critics: this by the way, as a wagon of litter drops straw. Did you see Canova's Somnolent's monument to Canova in the Capitol? Poor enough. Canova lies a-top on his elbow; and Minerva's head, looking like anything, or any twenty things you please. In the panel below, stand three bas-relief figures of Painting, Sculpture, and Poetry, trapesing gentlemen, with stick-crowns, and Canova-noses turned up tearfully to each other's faces, in the elegant distress of school-girls wet to the shift. What miserable, chilblained, livid-looking marble, our modern sculptors seem to fancy! Instead of the rich, glowing, marrowy Parian, you have either cold chalky or leaden-blue stuff, or a glitter-spritz loaf-sugar thing, through a nose or eyebrow of which you can look as through the brim of a burning candle, and, by consequence, lose all the deep-missy effects of chiaroscuro. But you will tell me I am an antediluvian. Thorwaldsen has done some fine bas-reliefs, they say; but I have not had time yet this season to walk through his new world of whites at Piazza Barberini; it is an expedition for Pizarro: in his wilderness of creatures bursting alive from blocks of marble, one thinks of the Hæthen Flood, when men grew out of stones, and is about to call him a second Deucalion. He has begotten another *Horse*, big enough to hold a squadron of cuirassiers within, and the Colossus of Rhodes without. All, I suppose, after his fashion, in that same whity-blue marble that gives one the shivers, like the sight of London milk of a winter's morning. 'Tis reported by the bye, (in the whisper of a cannon,) that our mighty *Thor* is a bit of a skinflint; employs cheap labour and marble. Of a venty, his antagonist tomb to Canova's in St. Peter's, what with its stultifical composition, sticky Peruginian character (*minus* expression), and the livid dye of its material, makes but a poor fight against Clement XIII. and his lions: it looks fitter for a monument to Bluebeard than Pope Pius. But I shall have a hail of imprecations on my head from the Dane's idolaters, for this piece of impiety; just as if I were not an adorer myself, though not precisely a blind one.

Tadolini's monument to Count Mosti of Ferrara is what Sir Callaghan O'Callaghan would call a pretty open concealment of celebrated models: the Cocat's bust crowing *per regulum* on the middle peak, like a weathercock on the top of a roof-tree; to the left, stands a genius of the Apollino cast; to the right, a weeping woman, daughter of Canova's on the Alfieri tomb at Santa Croce, of a Capitoline Venus, and other sleeping partners innumerable. This system of crossing will never much improve the breed of statues, but make it right mongrel, unless done with consummate judgment. Even in Canova's attempts to modernize Greek, the result is frequently a spurious, corrupt thing, mere *Romane*. Let us keep to the spirit of our age, simply purifying, if we can, by an infusion of what is standard, never entering for the vulgar taste, high or low, by musk or peppermint admixtures. Tadolini has made some good copies of famous originals. He seems to model (tell it not in Gath!) better than some of our English artists, who set up for being famous originals themselves. Few of our sculptors will debilitate their stomachs, I apprehend, like Buonarrotti, in anatomic modelling; but surely they will give up as much time to this, as the French to pseudo-classic! Our starting-post

is the true one, but why stop before our sinew are well stretched, and sit down to cut a god out of the first milestone? Our rivals go much farther, and get higher: it is only a pity that it is on the wrong route. We do not model half a life and money-scripe the remainder: one or two seasons at the Academy, and we commence scavenging. Yet people will look blank, and moonish, and wonder-stricken, and lengthen their months like eyelet windows, asking what can occasion the decline of the Arts! We should as soon think of giving sixteen hours to a sigh, as sixteen years to a statue, like Polygnotus to his Tylisis: can we wonder, then, that none of us is a Polygnotus? Not that I am inhuman enough to require such self-sacrifice on the altar of ambition; but all I say is, do not let us expect to be supreme artists without it. My hint regards our painters yet more than our sculptors. Leonardo spent four years on the Monna Lisa, and left it *unfinisshed*: as soon as an English student can stick two hands under a boddyce, and a head above it, he sets up for a painter of portraits. To be sure, he says, naively enough,—"I don't intend myself for a Leonardo!"—Wise resolution! But should he intend himself for a tradesman, a gold-finder? Let him look at Titian's, Paolo's, earlier works, and see them designed with the pains of an Albert Durer. This was the real secret of their freedom and facility afterwards. However, here am I, got again into the critical pulpit, and have put you to sleep, I suppose, with my sermon.—Rothwell is among us: what can possess you all, to insist upon this man making himself over again, after having been so well cast by Nature? True, he is not what you could wish, but is he not great in his own way? Let him perfect himself in his line: do not take him to the tongue where two roads part for the temple of Glory, the beautiful and the sublime.—do not, I say, take him to this tongue, and split him upon its point; but rather let the whole man travel in one direction. How many a genius becomes less than he might, by endeavouring to be more than he may? Exquisite taste and feeling, tenderness of expression and colour, distinguish this artist: why not sip of a cup so deliciously flavoured as he presents you with, and go to some other if you wish strong waters? Why ask him to mingle them together, and so, perhaps, only muddy his own? Surely his sketches are the most delicate rose-leaving imaginable. He has done nothing original here as yet, but dead-coloured a *Thorwaldsen*; full, even now, of ethereal fire, that, flashing upward, seems less to draw inspiration from the skies than lance it thither. I should not wonder if he damped the flame, when he throws more paint on it. A miniature copy of Titian's famous *Assumption*, is much liked: this muster has, with all his *impasto*, a transparency difficult to be rendered by a copyist, however light and thin his style. Rothwell would copy a Rubens better. They say he is about a *Sir Coutts Trotter*, or somebody with such a golden name: if a man were a golden calf, he would make him as interesting as one garlanded with flowers. I shall have done now with *chitâ*, merely adding, that Severn, after his success with a preternatural work, the *Ancient Mariner*, has undertaken a herculean, the *Chaining of the Dragon*, an altarpiece for Cardinal Weld—Cammuccini, the *Conversion of St. Paul*, (or subversion, I am not sure)—Overbeck, a *Religion regenerating the Arts* (little more than an N or M name as yet)—and, by contract for the King of Bavaria, Cornelius, a *Last Judgment*! Your friend Tinto, after his dry punning way, said there was not much judgment in the subject, whatever there might be in the execution. It is to be Sistine Chapel size, for the Cathedral of Munich; Michelangelo's wall, I suspect, will, notwithstanding, be still the greater. My next shall discuss these latter items more to your satisfaction. Now for my promised archaeological epitome.

The 'Transactions for 1833,' of the Institute, begin with a communication from Pompeii: no important edifices, but many curious bronzes, have been discovered; two represent a Centaur sounding a lyre, and a Centauree with a double flute; three double-fronted heads (of a woman and youth), *chef-d'œuvre*. Sig. Maggiore relates, that a Greek inscription has been found at Palermo, last December, in the *Ippogeo*, where a Latin was also found in 1754, whence it would seem that this, the sole existing monument of ancient Panormo, appertained to different epochs of antiquity. Same gentleman contributes a notice of the Vase found at Centorbi in Sicily, 1830, painted, not as usual, on a black ground with yellow-red colours, nor *vice versa*, but in different colours, encaustic, like the pictures of Pompeii and Herculaneum; the pencilling free but intelligent, half tints delicate, chiaroscuro firm and distinct, the whole admirably modelled. At Sella di Orlando (Orlando's Saddle), about two miles from the ancient *Erbitta*, has been found a numismatic novelty, no less than a golden coin of Hiero II., containing Ceres on one side, and Victory on the other, with the rare inscription ΣΙΚΕΑΙΩΤΑΝ.—Excavations at Syracuse. Paper on the *Corago*, a Pompeian mosaic (copied in the work of Raoul-Rochette), and about the scene of which antiquaries have raised some dust, throwing a little genteelly into each other's faces, and a good handful into the eyes of the public. One holds the columns to represent a scene of the theatre; another a *Coragio*, or sort of property-room behind; the third a room in the *Corago*'s own house, while some contend that the *Corago* is no such poetical personage at all, but a mere vender of masks. In a paper on the construction of Porto, Sig. De Fazio, chiefly profiting, he says, by the observations of Sir W. Gell, recommends from the practice of the ancients at Pozzuoli, Miseno, Nisita, &c. what may be called *open masonry* where possible, instead of continued breakwater, so as to prevent accumulations of sand, &c. Excavations at Pompeii, Corneto, Volterra. Austrian Antiquities (*Aetherthümer in der österreichischen Monarchie*): an article containing several inscriptions found chiefly at *Aquileia*. The last, being a *crux*, proposed by M. Kellerman to our English antiquaries, I shall transcribe.

T. FLAVIUS  
GRENSCES [sic]  
EQV. ALE. TAMEP  
X. BRIT. AN. XXX. STIP. XV  
DOM. DVROCORREM  
H. S. E. FLAVIUS SILVAN  
VS. DEC. A. . . . .  
H. P. P.

Query: what is this DVROCORREM, which appears so different from *Durocorro* or *Durocorora* in Belgia? Whereabouts in Ancient Britain lay this people hitherto unknown?—A valuable paper on Etruscan by M. Kellerman, originating from three new bilingual Etrusco-latin inscriptions, added by Sig. Pasquino to the present scanty treasure. You are aware that we know little more than the alphabet of this tongue? What with the discoveries of Young and Champollion, it may be now designated the real cryptic language, and might just as well be written in owl, and apes, and ibis's, as in letters resembling Greek, Roman, and Irish *ogham*, mutilated and mixed together. When Rosellini's Dictionary of 3000 words has appeared, Egyptian will become household talk among our antiquarians. Omitting, says M. Kellerman, the few Etruscan words preserved by ancient writers, and the still fewer demonstrated from coincident inscriptions, all that is certainly known of the language, may be thus summed up from Müller. The desinent syllable *at* indicates a patronymic—joined to the prenominal father—to the family-name, a mother, *sa* desinent, and sometimes *th*, indicates the wife of the man whose name is thus declined. *Eta*



desinent (or *ei*, curtailing the last vowel as usual in Etruscan), is added to the wife's family name, and *i* for *ia*. Thus *Thana Urinai Tutuasa* means *Thana*, born *Urinatæ*, married to *Tutusa*. *Lth Titi Leenesa Cinal* means *Larthia*, of the family *Titi*, daughter of *Cinnia*, and wife of *Leene*—[Vide Lanzi, *Sagg. della Lingua Etrusca*, p. 354, 44. p. 361, 69.]

Apocops of Irish ogham: the patriotic son of an Irish nobleman would persuade me lately, that some Etruscan letters on the Chimera at Florence, read by Lanzi, *Finsevit*, were neither more nor less than the precise Gaelic orthography of Fingal, viz. *Fia McCuil*!

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE musical world is all astir with the rumour of a festival, which is to take place in Westminster Abbey, on even a grander scale than Handel's Commemoration, so pleasantly chronicled by Dr. Burney. Their Majesties, it is understood, have signified their intention to patronize, and be present at the performances, and the profits are to be divided between the Royal Society of Musicians, the New Musical Fund, the Choral Society, and the Royal Academy of Music. We trust that the selections and general arrangements will be such as to give satisfaction. In the provincial festivals, the local interests of individuals are frequently too strong to leave the management entirely at liberty to exercise its best judgment; but, on this occasion, there need be no such perplexing difficulties. It is a good opportunity for giving that precedence to the Philharmonic and other celebrated bands, which will at once confer honours, where they may, with reason, be expected; and in the selection of the music, something should be done to advance the modern, as well as perpetuate the ancient school. What a splendid opportunity it would afford of adding to the fame of the country some first-rate work by one of the great living composers. We would have one composed expressly for the occasion—remembering that *old Handel* was not *old Handel* always. Sir George Smart is to be conductor, assisted in his general arrangements by a Committee of Professors; and native talent alone is, it is said, to be employed in the vocal department.

A paper in the present number, by Edgar Quinet, on the Poets of Germany, with especial reference to Heine, was intended as an introduction to Heine's own articles on the General Literature of Germany. We heretofore expressed our regret, that this promised series should have been so long delayed—we must now add, with still greater pain, that we cannot consent to publish the first of the series, which alone we have at present received. M. Heine has considered his subject under four different heads—religion—philosophy—history—and literature. Now, with all possible respect for M. Heine's sincerity, and all admiration of his genius, he is certainly one of the last men to whom we should have applied for an article on the history or influence of christianity; we should have anticipated just such an essay as we have received—one full of splendid passages, but sarcastic, withering, and appalling—one which, in the language of M. Quinet, leaves "nature a void, the heavens a desert, and the heart also." We must, therefore, throw ourselves on the considerate kindness of our readers. Our scheme is great and noble, but dependent, as we stated at the outset, on so many persons and contingencies, that nothing like regularity in publication can be insured. We have done all that was in our power; and, certainly, except that the appearance of these particular articles have been delayed beyond the time calculated on, our readers have suffered no loss: more than the promised extra sheets have been given. We presume,

that the second paper by M. Heine will shortly arrive, and then we shall be better able to announce our course of proceedings. In the mean time it may give to our readers some well-founded hopes of the promise of the future, if we state, that M. Galliano's Papers on the Literature of Spain are already received.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 10.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—Several letters were read from and concerning Capt. Back. Three from him were dated Norway House, (Jack River, Lake Winnipeg,) 27th June last, and detailed his proceedings at some length: from which it appeared that he had had difficulty in engaging the requisite number of men to accompany him; but that, having at length succeeded, chiefly through the zealous co-operation of the Hudson's Bay Company's officers and agents, he was about to proceed to Cumberland House, whence, after seeing his heavy boats off under the care of his companion, Dr. King, he prepared himself to go forward in a light canoe to the Athabasca Lake, with the view of verifying a report he had received, that an easier passage into the Thlew-ee-cho could be made from it than from Great Slave Lake. The letters concerning him were from agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, who announced his arrival at Cumberland House, and subsequent departure thence on the 24th July—all well.

It was further mentioned by the Secretary, that in consequence of the above expressions in Captain Back's letter, from which it appeared that an impression had been made in his mind, that he could find an easier passage to the Thlew-ee-cho from Athabasca than from Great Slave Lake, Dr. Richardson had addressed a letter to the Society, lamenting the existence of that impression, and showing the great improbability of its being verified. There was no doubt that Captain Back, on the spot, would have superior opportunities of ascertaining the real fact, than any possessed in this country, and the utmost confidence might be placed in his prudence and sagacity in selecting the best route; yet there was considerable interest in reasoning on the premises even here, and these appeared to Dr. Richardson conclusive against the contemplated deviation from the original plan. Our knowledge of the Thlew-ee-cho, Dr. R. observes, does not rest merely on Indian report. It was crossed by Hearne in 1772, shortly after its issue from Point Lake, and was there certainly to the northeast of Great Slave Lake, though somewhat also to the eastward. It seems demonstrable, therefore, that the benefit of the water carriage by Great Slave Lake to a point which, whatever the subsequent difficulties of the journey, must be much nearer than any part of Athabasca Lake, should not lightly be given up; and in proceeding from Athabasca Lake there were, moreover, other dangers to be encountered, of great importance. A considerable extent of barren ground would have to be traversed, along which it would be very difficult to forward supplies; and, deceived by the initial word Thlew-ee-cho, which merely signifies river, and is, therefore, of very general application, the expedition might embark on a wrong river, and be brought out on the eastern, instead of the northern sea. Other reasoning was adduced by Dr. Richardson, showing the limits within which any error of Hearne's, in laying down the position of the Thlew-ee-cho, where he crossed it, must be confined. The thanks of the Society were voted to him for his communication; at the same time the utmost confidence was expressed from the chair, that in no case would Captain Back suffer himself to be led astray—the rather, as his

intention appears obvious from his letter, of heading his expedition in a light canoe.

The Secretary then gave an account to the Society.—1. Of such particulars regarding Mr. Lander's expedition up the Quorra, as he had been enabled to collect from Mr. MacGregor Laird, who had accompanied it, and, having very recently returned, was then in the room: 2. Of a proposed expedition into the interior of Africa, from Dalagon Bay, of which the object was chiefly commercial, but which was of so much promise, both in this respect, and also as regarded geographical discovery, that the council had resolved to subscribe 50*l.* towards it from the funds of the Society: 3. Of a similar expedition into the mountainous interior behind British Guiana, which offered so many advantages, both commercial and scientific, yet was opposed by so many difficulties, that the council had voted 50*l.* towards its equipment, and 50*l.* a year more, for three years certain, towards its subsequent maintenance.

The expedition under Mr. Lander, it is well known, was fitted out by a company of enterprising Liverpool merchants, and consisted of two steam-boats, the Quorra, of 150 tons, wood-built, and of the usual construction, the Alburkah, an iron boat, of 57 tons burthen, weighing, however, only 15 tons absolute weight, and drawing little more than 3 feet water, and a brig of 150 tons, which was meant to lie at the mouth of the river, and load goods as brought down by the steam-boats. This little flotilla left England about the end of July, 1832, and arrived off the Nun on the 19th of the following October, having previously run down the coast of Africa from the Isles de Loos, and touched at Sierra Leone, Liberia, Cape Coast Castle, and other settlements, to procure refreshments and embark Kroomen. It was in this way, probably, however, that sickness so early showed itself in the expedition, Captain Harris, of the Quorra, and two seamen, having already died before it entered the river.

Their first cares on arriving were, to moor the brig in security, to await their return, and to tranship from her, into the two steam-boats, an adequate supply of goods for the interior trade. The steam-boats proceeded up the river on the 27th, encountering no direct opposition from the natives, though they had reason to believe that King Boy was averse to their proceeding, and had even directed their pilot to run them ashore. For the first forty miles the banks were mere mangrove swamps; afterwards they acquired some degree of rudely consistency. The tide ascended about eighty miles, running up about four knots; but the current down on the ebb was above seven. They arrived at Eboc on the 7th of November, having thus far escaped without any additional loss of life, though, in addition to the general unhealthiness of the swampy country traversed, they had encountered some sharp hostility from the inhabitants of a village about thirty miles below Eboc, which they considered themselves obliged, in consequence, to destroy by way of example. Mr. Laird believes that the quarrel originated in mere misunderstanding. The signal from the Alburkah, the leading steam-boat, to the Quorra to anchor, was a gun. This was fired opposite to this village after dark, and, naturally alarming the inhabitants, was answered by a sharp fire of musquetry from the bank. It became indispensably necessary, however, to stop this at all events, and the result was as stated, to the great regret of the assailing party.

The reception of the strangers at Eboc was not the less cordial for this event; indeed, the social system along the whole river was found to be so dislocated by the unhappy slave trade, that though a sort of authority was asserted by some principal places, as Eboc, Atta, and Funda, over the others, it was the mere authority of force and aggression, the strong insulting and oppressing

the weak,—not any bond of union for mutual protection. And in this way the fate of the destroyed village was never alluded to by any of the natives as a reproach to the party, though, no doubt, it was known to many, and operated as the warning desired. They remained at Eboe two days, which were passed in palavering (exchanging presents and other civilities) with the King, and in embarking the supplies thus obtained. They then proceeded on the 9th, and passed through what Mr. Lander in his previous voyage had supposed to be a considerable lake, with three rivers proceeding from it, but which proved to be merely a widening and separation of its stream into two, not three, channels by an island. The river was here, from bank to bank, about 3,000 yards across, with a varying depth from seven fathoms under; but Mr. Laird can scarcely imagine whence all the water comes that appears to be discharged into the gulph of Benin by the numerous rivers which flow into it. He cannot think that the Quorra alone furnishes the whole. Its mean breadth is not above 1,500 or 1,600 yards, and it is nowhere above two miles and a half across. Its stream is full of shallows; and altogether Mr. Laird thinks that the Nun mouth alone discharges as much water as it brings down, though there is probably considerable deception in this, arising from the periodical accumulation of water near the mouth, caused by the flood tides.

Two days after leaving Eboe the mortality recommenced in the expedition, and a blank occurs in Mr. Laird's recollection in particular, until the 5th of December, when he found that he had lost in the Quorra alone fourteen men, and in the Alburkah three more. This disproportion was believed to be owing to the superior coolness of the latter vessel, the iron hull of which conducted, and diffused all over her the freshness of the water in which she floated.

The expedition was now at Atta, a considerable town picturesquely situated on a low hill on the left bank of the river, and containing a population approaching to 15,000 souls. The population of Eboe was not supposed to exceed 6,000. The expedition was now fairly entered within the district of the Kong mountains, which rose on both sides to an estimated height of 2,000 to 2,500 feet, and were extremely grateful to the eyes of those who had been so long accustomed to dull swamps, and who hailed the change as the harbinger of future health. The loftier among them were extremely precipitous in their ascent, with flat table summits; the lower were also frequently table, but some rose in conical peaks. They appeared to be distributed in two nearly parallel ranges, crossing the river in a direction from N.W. to S.E. with a spur, as it appeared afterwards, running N.E. from the point of land between the Quorra and Tschadda, and dividing the basin of the latter from that of the Coodoonia. Their composition appeared to be chiefly mica-schist as far as Mr. Laird was enabled to observe.

The King of Atta was not so friendly to his visitors as the King of Eboe had been; and all endeavours to engage him in an ivory trade were fruitless. It did not appear whether he was without a supply of ivory himself, as he sometimes allowed, though always with magnificent statements of the quantity which he could procure; or whether he was guided merely by feelings of suspicion and malevolence; but both, probably, combined. He was rude and disrespectful in his bearing, and his priests made a fetish above where the boats lay, (that is, sacrificed a human victim, and threw the body, in morsels, into the river,) to prevent the boats from passing up; but at length, weary of his prevarication, Mr. Lander left the place, and the natives were much disappointed at finding their incantations of no avail. The next point to which the party proceeded was Bocqua, a town

which Mr. Lander had left on the right bank of the river, but which, having been sacked in the interval by enemies, was found removed to the opposite side. A market on the river, which had been held in the old town, had followed to the new; and a remarkable circumstance was here observable, arising probably from the necessity of the case, but which shows how near the extremes of barbarism and civilization may meet. This market was a neutral ground, a sort of free port in which the subjects of antagonist kings met in peace. The people of Egga, Cuttum Curfee, and other towns up the river, exchanged their goods here, without molestation, with those of Atta, Eboe, and others below; the chief articles of exchange being tobacco, horses, goats, sheep, rice, &c. Butter was also found in the boats from above, of good quality, but without salt; of which last commodity there is an almost total want in this part of the river. The substitute is a harsh, acrid, pungent deposit from a lixivium of the ashes of certain plants; a potash rather than a salt, but crystallized.

The river above Atta was found excessively intricate in its navigation. Mr. Laird, indeed, considers that a step, or rise in its whole bed, takes place here, corresponding with the adjoining elevation of the Kong mountains; and that probably its course above this is again comparatively clear, as far as Boussa, where, according to Mr. Lander's report in his first voyage, another similar rise takes place. Among the sand-banks thus encountered the Quorra repeatedly grounded, and at length finally hung for six months, her progress upwards being here arrested. The Alburkah was more fortunate—she went up to the junction of the Tschadda, and Mr. Laird thinks might easily have gone farther. But she did not so proceed till the following season.

The mortality in both vessels meanwhile proceeded, though not with the same frightful violence as below Atta; and the character of the diseases was various, fever, ague, dysentery, debility, &c. The blacks (Kroomen) embarked at Cape Coast Castle, fortunately remained well and faithful; and Mr. Laird pays the usual tribute to the valuable qualities of these people, who are familiarly called the Scotchmen of the coast of Africa, and without whom scarcely any trade could be prosecuted along its shores. A good detailed account of them is wanting to the British public; we know of none except some short notices in the parliamentary reports on Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast; yet some instruction must be deducible from the details of their erratic disposition, and general superiority to the other natives.

In February Mr. Laird lost his last immediate companion in the Quorra, Dr. Briggs, the surgeon and naturalist who accompanied the expedition; and he is peculiarly earnest now in a wish to do justice to this most amiable and excellent young man, whose memory has been injured by a report that he was incompetent to his duties, and had not taken out with him the requisite supply of medicines. These misrepresentations appeared in a letter which was some time ago published in the newspapers, and to which his father (Dr. Briggs, of Liverpool) has replied in print. But besides this, the most satisfactory testimonials are adduced now by Mr. Laird as to the high qualifications of his lamented friend; and the fact, that on the return of the Quorra from the interior her medicine-chest was still well supplied, is a conclusive answer to the other allegation.

After Dr. Briggs's death, Mr. Laird became dispirited from living so much alone; for, the Alburkah being above six miles higher up, his intercourse with Mr. Lander and Lieut. Allen, who were embarked in her, was necessarily very limited. He planned, accordingly, an excursion to Funda, a considerable town up the Tschadda,

and departed on this in April. He had become, by this time, so confident of the pacific dispositions of the people, or, at least, of his own power, as a white man, to command them, that he set off with only one white attendant; the remainder of his crew were blacks. He took up, at the same time, a considerable stock of goods for trade. On arriving at the Tschadda, he found that river wider than the Quorra, but shallower, the utmost depth not exceeding nine feet. The water was also 5° colder, which seems to indicate a short and rapid descent from a mountainous region; although the natives afterwards assured Mr. Laird, that it came from Lake Tschad, and that, in fifteen days, they could take him to Kouka "on one water." No reliance, however, is to be placed on this account, and it seems extremely improbable. About thirty miles up the river, from its junction with the Quorra, and on its right, or north, bank, Mr. Laird found the town of Jammahar, the sea-port of Funda in the dry season, when a creek, which approaches to within ten miles of it, ceases to be navigable. Funda was thus also found to be north of the river, and twenty-five miles distant from it: Mr. Lander's information, in 1831, had led him to believe it was to the southward. Jammahar is distant from it thirty miles by land, and above fifty by water, ascending first the Tschadda, and afterwards the creek leading to the town. It is a small place, very beautifully situated, as usual here, on the top of an abrupt hill; and the ravine, interposed between it and the main land, is bridged by an artificial mound, or *levee*, above thirty feet high, and very well constructed, with sloping sides, and a well-made road above. This work, indeed, the walls of Funda, which are twenty feet high, with a ditch thirty feet deep, and almost regular Moorish bastions,—and some other extensive works of a similar description, almost induced Mr. Laird to think, that the country, at some period, not very distant, had been occupied by a people farther advanced in civilization than its present inhabitants. Funda itself is an immense place, as large, Mr. Laird thinks, as Liverpool, and with a population not under sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants. He remained here two months, but in extremely bad health the whole time, and unable to open a beneficial trade.

The king he found a brutal and ferocious savage, not bloodthirsty, but excessively sensual and tyrannical. His seraglio consisted of 1,600 women, and his palace was merely a group of round huts, inclosed by a palisade. In one of these Mr. Laird was lodged, but he was debarred from intercourse with the other inhabitants; and all his firmness and resolution were requisite to support him in this new and difficult position, for he was refused permission to return, though not otherwise ill-treated.

At length, he bethought him of an expedient, which procured his release. The constant answer to his demand to be dismissed, was, that applications were made to the gods in his behalf, but no favourable answer was returned. He then said, that he must send them a messenger himself; and, accordingly, letting off a rocket, of which a small parcel was among his other goods; he afterwards burned a blue light, the colour of which, he announced, would be indicative of a favourable reply. And such was the impression made by this stratagem, that not only was he himself dismissed, with his goods, but Lieut. Allen, who afterwards visited the place, also was enabled by it to assume a tone of threat and defiance towards the old king, which equally served his purposes of return.

The inhabitants of Funda, Mr. Laird states, are about equally divided into Mohammedans and Pagans. The king is partly both; and there is little or no bigotry among either. Mohammedanism is understood to be rather on the increase, which may be advantageous; but, with it, the

power of the Fellatahs, the nearest Mohammedan nation, directly north, is also increasing, which is a more doubtful benefit. While Mr. Laird was up the river, these people made an incursion along the west bank of the Quorra, having crossed near Rabba; and, although the party did not probably exceed 1000 in number, for even fear did not estimate them at more than 5000, no one thought of resisting, but all of flying from them. They thus sacked the country far and wide; among other places destroying Adda-Kudda, a place of considerable extent near where the steam-boats lay, and further remarkable for an extensive dyeing establishment, of which the process was as follows:—In a clay mount, of considerable extent, artificially constructed, a number of pits were dug, four feet wide, by about eight deep. These were about one quarter, or one fifth filled with indigo balls, three inches in diameter, but very coarse and dirty, and were then filled up with water and a ley from wood-ashes, when the whole was left to ferment. When the fermentation had ceased, a plank was put down, which coarsely raked the deposit to one side, and the cloths, suspended from a gallows, were dipped in the blue water, and hung to dry, alternately, till the colour was approved of; they were then highly glazed, as Clapperton describes, by heating. The colours were good, in consequence of the quantity of Indigo used; but not fast, even soiling the hands when touched. (Specimens were on the table of the Society.) All this the Fellatahs destroyed, their only object being slaves, booty, and destruction; but the art is widely diffused throughout the country.

The inhabitants of Funda are also good weavers of coarse cotton cloths; and did not at all approve of our Manchester goods, in which, they said, there was no stuff. They very much admired, however, our gaudy colours. They are also good common blacksmiths; fashion copper into bowls for their pipes, which they make so long, that when riding they can draw them resting the bowl on the foot; dress and sew leather well; and brew an excellent beer. They are ignorant of distilling, and, as yet, indifferent to rum,—they will too soon learn, and suffer under its effects.

The breed of horses in the country is small, but active; and the natives are great riders, sitting well on Moorish-shaped saddles, high before and behind. The dress of ceremony, when going out on horseback, is a quantity of clothing, such as almost to make the rider helpless; but this is seldom used. The Arab bit is employed. The breed of cows is also small; of sheep and goats middle-sized; of poultry very small indeed. Great variety of fish is found in the river: one in every respect externally resembles the salmon, but the flesh is white; its average weight is about 9 lb. Two kinds of alligator, or rather crocodile, were met with—one snub-nosed, which attacked men, and was only found in the brackish water near the mouth of the river; the other was found higher up, with a long snout, and only dangerous when attacked. The natives take it in the same manner as the Egyptians take their crocodiles, by introducing into its open mouth, when running at them, a thick short stick, sharpened at both ends. Two, or more, will also attack them with spears, but the issue is more doubtful. The flesh is eaten; in the latter case, with great triumph. A race of the natives are peculiarly fishermen, and in the dry season build round straw huts on the mud-banks in the stream, for the more convenient prosecution of their trade; but Mr. Laird believes that they are also frequently engaged slaving, the encouragement for which unhappy occupation is here prodigious, there being a slave trade both up and down the river. To this, almost alone, he attributes the failure of the present expedition as a commercial speculation;

nor does he think that any can be very successful while it is maintained.

By the letter of our present treaties with Spain, slave ships can only be condemned if found with their cargoes actually on board. In consequence of this, they lie in the several rivers with their provisions on board, slave decks laid, and in every respect ready, without the least regard for the British cruisers watching them, until these are obliged to return to Fernando Po for supplies, or are otherwise out of the way. The human cargoes are then embarked, and four or five vessels sailing together, but immediately dispersing, with few exceptions all escape. Forty-six such vessels were said to be on the Benin coast when Mr. Laird was there; and eleven in the port of Bonny alone.

We must now, however, conclude this rapid analysis. On his return from Funda, Mr. Laird found that Mr. Lander had gone down the river to communicate with the brig, and obtain reinforcements and supplies. He was absent several months, having been induced to visit Fernando Po; and Mr. Laird, finding the crew of his vessel, the Quorra, now afloat, reduced to himself, so ill that he could scarcely crawl, and two English seamen very little better, determined also to return. He came away in August, and, when half way down, met Mr. Lander then returning up, and intending to prosecute the voyage at least to Boosan. He also touched again at Eboe, where, notwithstanding his helpless state, he was received with the same deference and kindness as before. In descending thence, he got into the wrong branch of the river, and had some difficulty in extricating himself from that leading to Benin, which he considers the principal mouth, in order to get into the Nun, an inferior stream. Having recruited his stores from the brig, he proceeded to Fernando Po, where his health was much restored; and he laments, both for the sake of the trade and the British cruisers on this coast, that this station is about to be abandoned. A road is now cut through the wood from Clarence Cove to the top of the hill, (11,000 feet,) so that any climate may be commanded; and captured slave ships arrive here in a few hours, whereas the voyage to Sierra Leone costs many weeks. He afterwards visited Old Calabar, and in October left the coast to return home.

The communication was closed by an intimation that Mr. Laird was a candidate for admission into the Society; and his election being carried by acclamation, the other business of the evening was gone into, our account of which, however, we must postpone for a week.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Feb. 5.—Colonel Lenke in the chair.—Mr. Hamilton read part of the translation of a memoir on 'The Birds' of Aristophanes, by Mr. Süvern, which is published in the volume of Transactions of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin for the year 1827, printed in 1830. The author's object is to prove that the poet's purpose in writing this comedy, which was exhibited at Athens in the 3rd year of the ninety-first Olympiad, or 414 B.C., being the eighteenth year of the Peloponnesian War, was to expose to the Athenian people the folly of the great Sicilian expedition, which had sailed from the port of Piræus the year before, the issue of which was still uncertain, the Salaminian galley which had been despatched to fetch back Alcibiades, that he might undergo his trial, not being yet returned. The novelty and importance of this interpretation of the hidden meaning of the poet are particularly striking, as all the notions of preceding critics upon this subject are exceedingly vague, and it has been stated that "this play is amongst the least pleasing of the poet's performances, and, notwithstanding what the commentators say about *Duelira*, the *scopus*

*dramatis* is rather uncertain." Mr. Süvern has shown, on the contrary, that all the characters of the play, as well as the whole tenor of the plot, are intimately connected with this great feature of the Peloponnesian War. The author commences by showing that, notwithstanding the peculiar characteristics of the three grand divisions into which the *dramatis personæ* are distributed, namely, the Birds, the Gods, and the Men, are strictly preserved, and portrayed in the most lively manner, yet they are all essentially Athenians, and the satirical strokes levelled at each of the three have all a direct allusion to the political or moral state of Athens. This ingenious admixture of character has been a principal cause why the real view of the poet has lain so long concealed. But it is not merely the danger and folly of the expedition to Sicily which Aristophanes lays open in the course of the play, but also the farther ambitious designs of Alcibiades and his party, which, though only suspected at that time by the more enlightened part of the Athenian public, were a very short time after betrayed by that commander to the Spartans, when he took refuge amongst the enemies of his country.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Capt. Bagnold, on the manufacture of ships' biscuit by machinery, the invention of Mr. T. Grant, and now successfully employed in the Royal Clarence Yard. The subject was illustrated by various drawings, lent by Mr. Grant, with permission from the Lords of the Admiralty; but as the principle has been heretofore very fully explained in the public journals, we do not think it necessary again to advert to the subject.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
MON.	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Harveian Society	Eight, P.M.
	Philological Society	Seven, P.M.
TUES.	Linnæan Society	Eight, P.M.
	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts	P. 7, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society	P. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Royal Institution	P. 8, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—*Sitting of 13th January*.—A paper from Mr. Milne Edwards was read, giving an account of his researches on the change of colour in the chameleon. Another from M. Fournet, on the nature of the obstruction in the iron conduit of Grenoble. In M. Fournet's opinion it does not proceed from the metal at all, but consists of peroxide of iron, gelatinous flint, and carbonate of lime; these, at first held in solution by carbonic acid, are precipitated on the evaporation of this acid, and form the deposits which obstruct the canal. He proposes to obviate these, by rendering close the passage of the water from the spring-head into the conduit.

A report was made on a paper, by M. Richard, on the irregularity of the flower in vegetables. He is of opinion that the irregularity of petals always proceeds from the loss or abortion of the stamina, a proposition that was illustrated and shown with great ingenuity. The commission bestowed high encomiums on this essay.

An important memoir was read by Dr. Breschet, disclosing a new mode of cure for the venous disorders of the *circocele* and *varicocele*. He has effected the cure of these diseases, at the Hôtel de Ville, by means of an instrument compressing the vein for a certain time, until it disappears altogether. Details were given of two very curious cases.

Jan. 20.—M. Lecanu read some observations on the chemical composition of the fat of animal bodies.

M. Morlet sent a memoir of considerable



length, on terrestrial magnetism. Its first part contained the theory of a magnetic sphere; the latter, the application of it to the earth: an attempt was also made to establish the equation of the magnetic equator. As there will be a report on the memoir, we defer speaking of it more at length.

M. Dutrochet related some experiments and discoveries that have proceeded from his principle of the *endosmose*. The academicians present observed, that Dr. Faraday had anticipated M. Dutrochet.

M. Girard read a note on the Obelisks of Luxor. He had measured them during the French expedition to Egypt. The height of the western obelisk, that nearest to the Nile, was 20.946 metres from the base of the rising of the pyramid to the summit. The other is injured at its base. M. Girard proposes to place the obelisk, just arrived, in the court of the Louvre, and to give it a cubical base of 4 metres at either side, itself to rest on a base 1.199 metres deep and 10 metres wide. He wishes also to give to this base a determined height above the level of the sea, and thus to make it serve as the general measure of levels throughout France. He calculates that the Place de la Concorde is 32.5 metres above the surface of the ocean, the Place du Carrousel 36.5 metres, and the court of the Louvre 34.8 metres. Few people will agree with M. Girard: first, it would be all but impossible to fix the height of Paris above the level of the sea, to the precise metre; for the survey made by Delambre for the meridian of Paris, and that undertaken more recently for the projected canal between Paris and Havre, differ by many metres in the height in question: in the second place, it would be strange to give to the base of the obelisk dimensions deduced from metres, whilst the Egyptians have expressed the height of the obelisk in royal Egyptian cubits. We thought that M. Girard, to whom the discovery of the Nilometre of Elephantine is due, would have been the first to demand that the base of the obelisk should be expressed in Egyptian cubits; this cubit is 525 millimetres, so that 40 cubits just make 21 metres, the height of the obelisk. Instead of 4 metres, they might give 8 cubits to the cubical base of the monument, 4 cubits of thickness for 20 cubits on the side of the base; thus all would be expressed by one and the same system of measurement.

**Zoology:** On the changes of birds from the influence of climate, by M. Gloyer, of Breslau. It is observed, that in Germany the number of southern birds increase yearly; about 150 years ago, the sparrow was not to be met with in Asiatic Russia. It follows towards the Obi and the Lena the progress of cultivation, and is never seen farther than the line which separates the crops from the barren plains. It is the influence of these alterations that M. Gloyer has studied. According to him, the black colour, or dark brown, becomes darker as the animal approaches the south; lighter towards the north. The grey, or brown grey, remains nearly the same when it is not mixed; but when it is rust colour, or blue grey, or slate colour, it becomes black in the south, or, on the contrary, white if it be mixed with whitish grey. In the north, the grey and the brown-grey become lighter, or are changed to white. The different shades of rust colour are those which in warm countries have the greatest tendency to deepen and to spread all over the animal. Pink, and the colours which approach it, suffer the least modification. Blue, green, yellow-green, escape almost entirely the influence of climate. The beak and feet undergo similar changes, that is to say, if the colour of the bird becomes darker from the effect of heat, those take also a darker hue. The author remarks, that if the characteristics of blue eyes and fair hair, which antiquity has attributed to the Germans, is no longer so generally found to exist

in Germany, this proceeds less from admixture with other races, than from the softening of the climate by cultivation.

## MUSIC

### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE first rehearsal of new music took place on Thursday week. We consider the overture by Andreas Romberg, as the most successful of the compositions which were tried on this occasion; another by M. Berlioz (we believe, the husband of the late Miss Smithson,) was by no means so satisfactory. A third, by Mendelssohn Bartholdy, was much admired; as also was one composed by Mr. Lucas, pupil of the Royal Academy of Music—a rising artist who does that institution no little honour. Mr. Potter conducted a symphony of his own composition, which we consider his best, as it surpasses all his former works in boldness of outline, ingenuity of counterpoint, and instrumental effect; it was, however, much too long. The English composers may thus be said, at this rehearsal, to have maintained their place well, by the side of their foreign contemporaries. The arrangements of the orchestra remain the same as formerly. A morning paper has entered upon the subject of the custom of changing leaders and conductors, in a right spirit, but not so decidedly as we think the matter requires to be treated. Let us see what our French neighbours (the precision of whose orchestras is well known,) have to say on this point. The following is an extract from the report of the Paris Committee of Professors: "For the well going and perfect discipline of large orchestras, the most intelligent and least offensive method of giving the time is by signs, either the motion of a bow, or a *baton* in the hands of the conductor. The latter should not take any executive part in the music, but remain wholly free, that he may notice, by sign, look, or gesture, any change of time, or modification of expression, which the composition may require. He should be well acquainted with the contents of the score before him, and placed within view of every musician of the orchestra." We wish that those who have the direction of music, amongst us, would lay these things to heart.

### VOCAL SOCIETY.

THIS third Concert was, like the last, honoured with the presence of Royalty—the audience, too, was more numerous than before. The selection of music for the evening, though not marked by any particular novelty, was classical and excellent. The directors do well in placing the graver compositions at the beginning of the scheme. A chorus by Negri, '*Quoniam tu solus sanctus*,' containing some fine suspensions, opened the performance. Mr. Vaughan's reading of '*Oppressed with Grief*,' a beautiful song by Beethoven, was very happy. Mrs. Bishop appeared for the first time this season, and was most warmly greeted—she deserved applause for her chaste and expressive singing of '*Foi che aspetta*,' and of '*Alma Virgo*,' from Hummel's Offertorium. Miss C. Novello did full justice to Haydn's cazonet, '*While hollow burst the rushing winds*—we are happy to see that she has amended in the matter of portamento, the excess of which (no doubt, owing to her French education) was so obvious to remark last season. Mr. E. Taylor has so many claims upon the gratitude of this Society, for his zeal in its service, (of his singing, we will say nothing,) that we do not wonder at the applause which he received. It was a pity that the lovely duet from '*Jessonda*,' translated by this gentleman, was not given to two voices more suited for it, than those of Miss Masson and Mr. Hobbs—the gentleman wants the energy which it demands, though his part

singing is delicate and agreeable. Winter's comic septetto from '*I Fratelli rivali*,' was a pleasant variety. The glees by Linley, Stevens, and Clifton, were well sung. In the one by Sir George Smart (or, to speak more correctly, the harmonized melody), Miss Woodyatt and Mr. Horncastle made themselves worthy of mention: it was *encored*. The two madrigals went exceedingly well, and were repeated "by most particular desire"—there were '*As Vesta*,' by Weekes, and '*Down in a Flowery Vale*,' by Festa. Mrs. Anderson played the first allegro of a concerto of Hummel's, with much taste. The finale to Beethoven's '*Fidelio*,' was an entire failure—this requires a powerful band, as well as an efficient choir, which first the Vocal Society does not at present possess.

## THEATRICALS

### DRURY LANE.

M. Scribe's play of '*Bertrand et Raton*,' translated by Mr. Bunn, the lessee, was represented for the first time on Saturday last. We have perhaps been guilty of the sin of omission in not having read the French original, but we understand that the translation is literal, and shall, therefore, treat it as such. People do not always save money by killing their own mutton; and we know, by experience, that it is cheaper to pay threepence each for new-laid eggs, than to keep fowls; still, where a literal translation will do, we think Mr. Bunn acts wisely, seeing, by the present specimen, that he can execute his task very respectably, to save his money. Whether the play under consideration presents one of the cases in which a literal translation will "do well" in theatrical parlance, remains to be proved. We think not. It evinces much talent on the part of the author, but, tried by our rules, it is very defective in construction, and too political in its tendency; it is, moreover, too long, and, upon the whole, unquestionably tedious and dull. It has been said, that it was written at the instigation of the present French government, who, having been placed exactly where they wanted to be by the effects of a revolution, have come to a decided opinion, that revolutions are very absurd and unnecessary proceedings—just like the old woman who borrowed everybody's teakettle until she got one of her own, and then determined neither to borrow nor lend. It has been said that *Bertrand* is intended for a portrait of M. Talleyrand; and that *Raton*, the popular leader, whom he makes his tool, is written at M. Lafitte. It has been said—but what does it signify what has been said? The English public go to the theatre, not to seek politics, but to seek relief from them, leaving for that purpose the club, the reading-room, or the public house, as the case may be. The French, on the contrary, rush to the theatre to excite, to be excited, and to express their state of feeling as to any matter which may for the moment agitate the public mind. In proof of this, it is well known that in all times of great political excitement, the French theatres are filled, while here they are deserted. Indeed, it is precisely owing to the absence of such matters, that they have lately been so well attended both in London and in the country.

In '*Bertrand et Raton*,' the scene is laid in Denmark, in the time of Christian the Seventh, and the plot may be told in very few words: *Count Bertrand* is a member of the administration, a wily minister, and a waiter upon Providence. The Queen-mother is plotting the overthrow of the Queen Regent, and her paramour *Struensee*; finding that she is likely to succeed, and that a change of ministry will surely follow, *Bertrand* takes occasion to quarrel with his colleagues upon a popular question (he, of course, taking the popular side), and, thereupon, to resign—the change effected, he is naturally re-instated. *Raton* is a wealthy mercer, who has

everything to lose by a violent commotion, and nothing to gain; yet, the vanity of becoming a popular leader, blinds him to the consequences, and Bertrand, working upon his weakness, makes free use of him in furthering his ends. When all is over, he finds that he had better have minded his shop, for that, whereas by assisting in the disgrace of the reigning Queen, he has lost one of his best customers. There is an under-plot, consisting of the loves of a son of Raton (Mr. Cooper), and the daughter (Miss Ellen Tree) of the Secretary at War (Mr. Matthews). This love story is brought to a most unsatisfactory and lame conclusion, or rather, to no conclusion at all—at least, it was difficult for the audience to draw any conclusion from it. The lover conceals himself in the lady's chamber, to avoid being seen by her father, and, on discovery, falsely accuses himself of treason to shield her reputation. He is condemned to death:—the daughter tells the truth to her father, and calls upon him to proclaim it, and countermand the execution. The father, too happy to be rid of a thorn in his path, refuses. She vows, if her lover dies, that she will not outlive him long—this fails. She then tells her father that his cruelty has sundered all ties between them, and makes him the following reasonable proposition:—"If you will save him, I promise never to marry him;"—but adds, "If you will not, and he should chance to be saved by any other means than yours, I will marry him in spite of you." This scene is full of interest; it is the only chance Miss Tree has, and she does not throw it away:—but what is the result? The lover is saved by a rising of the people, and arrives in triumph in the room a few minutes afterwards: whereupon the young lady takes no notice of him, but walks quietly over to her father, and hangs upon his arm, while other people finish the play. We want to know whether "they all live happy afterwards," or not; and we consider that we have a right to know it. There are no really good parts in the piece but Mr. Farren's and Mr. Dowton's: the former acted admirably, but we do not agree with the press generally, that it is one of his greatest efforts; and this only because we do not think great effort required. It strikes us as rather an easy character to act, and one which could not be mistaken—as one, in short, which, to use a theatrical phrase, in a great measure "plays itself." Mr. Scribe has written it so neatly, so closely, and so beautifully, that the words themselves are stage directions throughout, and scarcely admit of being said more than one way. In saying this, we have no wish to detract one jot from Mr. Farren's high reputation. If the part had been twenty times more difficult, he is just the man to have supplied both conception and execution. We consider Mr. Dowton to have been a slobbering and unsatisfactory performance. He could play the part well, and it is to be hoped, that when he knows his words, he will. He, of all men on the stage, is bound to study his author to the letter; for the language he supplies, when he finds himself at fault, shows him to be at fault indeed. The vulgar action which he once used will probably not be repeated after the signal and prompt marks of indignation with which it was visited by the audience. Mrs. Glover did her best with a part wholly unsuited to her; and Mrs. Sloman, in the Queen-mother, was objectionable in very nearly the last degree. The other characters were respectably filled, and the play, with intervals of most exhausting length between the acts, proceeded heavily to its close, which was marked by but feeble applause. The scenery is admirable.

Many of our readers will remember certain anecdotes, theatrical and otherwise, which we used occasionally to put forth under the head of *Octogenarian Reminiscences*. This head has been asleep for some time, which, at eighty, a head

has an undoubted right to be, if it likes. In the course, however, of writing the above notice, we have talked aloud and woken it. It feels inclined to speak; and, as our friends were wont to be amused with what it said formerly, we shall let it.

**Head.**—"Who are those people you are talking about, Christian the Seventh of Denmark, and his wife Caroline Matilda, the sister of George the Third?—Bless you, I recollect them both well.—Let me see—they were married in '68, and came to England in '68. He was then travelling under the title of the Prince of Travandahl. I recollect seeing him at Drury Lane when he went to see Garrick. Struensee, I remember, came over with them. I recollect being in Richmond Gardens towards the end of the summer of '68, when our King gave Christian the Seventh a grand display of fire-works. I tell you what I recollect also. The noble Dane was so gratified by the attentions shown him in England, that he proposed giving a grand masquerade and entertainment at the King's Theatre. He was informed, however, that although masquerades had not been uncommon in England during part of the reign of George the Second, they had been for many years strictly prohibited. Upon this, he asked permission of our King as a personal favour. It was granted, and the rule thus broken through has never been renewed.

"I recollect another circumstance. George the Third, wishing to surprise his brother-in-law, sent for Mr. Nathaniel Dance, the then celebrated artist, (afterwards Sir Nathaniel Holland,) and asked him if he thought he could paint a portrait of Christian the Seventh from memory. Mr. Dance having undertaken to do so, it was arranged that he should, habited as one of the King's pages, attend upon the royal party at dinner, that he might have the more time, and better opportunity, to make his observations. He did so, and produced one of the most extraordinary likenesses I ever saw. The picture was taken to Saint James's, and placed in a conspicuous situation in an apartment through which Christian must pass the next time he came to court. The King and his attendants were struck with astonishment, and this little essay of royal fun made (as I have heard you say Mr. Mathews says), 'a great laugh at the time.'

"I also remember.—" Here the head went to sleep again.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Cheap Literature.**—Our contemporaries are just now writing a great deal on this subject, and we observe that constant reference is made to *The Penny Magazine*, as to a publishing prodigy which nothing can approach. "To be cheaper and undersell *are easy*," says the *Literary Gazette*, in an article on the proceedings of the Diffusion Society, "where you are supported by foreign funds, such as subscriptions." Now, in the best of tempers, we must observe that it is *not easy*—at any rate, what follows will prove that it has not yet been done. A Correspondent, who, it should seem, has gone into some minute calculations on this subject, has compared the *typographical contents* of the monthly part of the *Penny Magazine* for December, sold for 6d., with the *typographical contents* of the monthly part of the *Athenæum*, sold for 1s. 4d., from which it appears that, *line for line*, (and the lines contain as nearly as possible the same number of words,) we gave 959 lines for one penny, while the Diffusion Society, in their penny prodigy, gave but 710!—and our Correspondent observes, that he has not included a single one of nineteen pages of advertisements, which, however, are of great use and interest to many, and of some interest to all. We heartily thank our unknown friend for his active services; but must further observe, that, when price is considered, it should be with reference to like things; and we might then speak

of the superiority of the paper and print of the *Athenæum*—of the superiority of the literary contents—of the far greater cost of getting up *any* paper which gives the current literature of the day, the weekly proceedings of the learned Societies, &c., than a mere compilation, which may be stereotyped and printed six months in advance. Our Correspondent has not noticed the wood-cuts in the *Penny Magazine*, though creditable; because he says that numerous casts from them are resold, yielding a profit. Thus, then, it appears that *one-third or one-fourth more is given for a penny in the Athenæum than in the Penny Magazine!*

Fourteen new pieces were played at Paris during the month of January—viz. an opera, a melo-drama, and twelve vaudevilles. Twenty-six authors co-operated in these fourteen productions. The Académie Royale de Musique, the Théâtre Français, and the Gymnase, have reserved their novelties for this month.

**Anecdote of Linnæus.**—It is but justice to Linnæus to state, that during his whole life he refrained from replying to the criticisms (often very severe,) that were made upon him and his writings, either because he disclaimed them, or because he felt that he had a larger and more glorious mission to fulfil. He allowed Siegenbeek, Browall, and others, to let loose their choler against him, and enjoyed in peace the admiration of his age. The only instance of transient ill-will which can be cited is against Browall. This person in his youth was very humble in relation to Linnæus, and the latter dedicated to him a genus of plants, which contained only one species, under the name *Browallia demissa*. Afterwards made Bishop of Abo, Browall assumed to be a great lord, and Linnæus found a second species of the same genus, which he named *Browallia exaltata*. Browall having become furious, wrote against Linnæus pamphlets in no very measured terms; a third species was found, a little different from the genus, and Linnæus named it *Browallia alienata*. By a singular chance, no other species of the genus has ever been found, so that the names of *Browallia* still preserve the anecdote entire. —*Silliman's American Journal of Science.*

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

DAYS OF THE MONTH.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W.A.Mon. M.E. M.M.	Mean.	Mean.		
Thur. 6	33	31	29.75	S.W. Clear.
Frid. 7	43	38	29.80	Var. Foggy.
Sat. 8	41	37	29.80	E.E. Ditto.
Sun. 9	41	39	30.20	Var. to S.E. Ditto.
Mon. 10	44	30	30.12	S.W. Cloudy.
Tues. 11	46	30	30.10	S. Ditto.
Wed. 12	48	31	29.30	S.E. to N.W. Rain, &c.

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus. Nights and mornings for the greater part fair. Dense Fog on Friday and Saturday.

Mean temperature of the week, 46°. Greatest variation, 26°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.85.

Day increased on Wednesday, 1 h. 38 min.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

In a few days, *The Sea-Service; or, Popular Sketches of Ship-building, Navigation, and Naval Warfare*, by the Author of 'A Tour in Spain.'

A new edition, with additions, of *Italy*, by Josiah Conder.

*The Short-Hand Standard attempted by an Analysis of the Circle*, by Thomas Most.

*The First Monthly Part of a new work on Natural History*, by Henry Woods, F.Z.S. A.L.S.

(In the 1st of March, the First Number of the Oxford University Magazine.

*Just published.*—Chitty's Forms, 12mo. 18s.—Antrobus Clifton, a Poem, 8vo. 3s.—Gilbert's History and Principles of Banking, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Thoughts on Providence, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—McNeill's Letters to a Friend, 12mo. 3s.—The Teacher, by Abbott, 3s.—Austrocer on Dentition, 18mo. 4s.—Green's History of Framingham and Saxsted, 8vo. 12s.—Ideas of my Own, or, Indolent Moments of an Idle Man, 12mo. 3s.—The Lay of Life, a Poem, by Hans Bush, cr. 8vo. 6s.—Great Britain for the last Forty Years, by Thomas Hopkins, 12mo. 6s.—Dickson on Diseases of India, 8vo. 4s.—The Pilgrims of the Rhine, 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—Last Words, by the Author of 'Little Mary,' 3s. 6d.—Macaulay on Field Fortification, 12mo. 12s.—Rev. J. H. B. Mearns's Twelve Sermons on Advent, 12mo. 4s. 6d.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

## Sales by Auction.

**BOOKS OF PRINTS, ENGRAVINGS, AND VALUABLE WORKS IN GENERAL LITERATURE.**  
To be SOLD BY AUCTION, by Messrs. SOUTHGATE, SON, and GIMSTON, at their Rooms, 57, Fleet-street, on MONDAY, February 17th, and following day, at half-past 12 o'clock precisely, comprising,

**BROCKEDON'S Passes of the Alps, India**  
proofs, 2 vols.; *Jamerson's Beauties of the Court of Charles II.*, 4 Nos. India proofs; *Nichols's Autographs*; *National Portrait Gallery*, 18 Nos. India; *Lodge's Portraits*, 30 to 60; *Illustrations to Byron and Scott's Poems*, &c. several copies of *Landscape Annual* for 1864; *Prælections of the Elites of Bacon*, after Stoddard, by Watts, India proofs; &c. &c. &c.

**In Folio—Boece's History and Croniklis of**

Scotland, transmitted by Bellenden, fine copy, Morocco; *The Acts and Constitutions of Scotland*, (the Black Acts), MCCCLXVI.; *Ancient and Modern Universal History*, 24 vols. calf gilt; *Bede's History*, 2 vols. Morocco; *Literary Vestiges*, 2 vols. In Quarto—*Chronicles of England and France*, by Holinshed, Moravia, &c.; *Somers' Tracts*, Harleian Miscellany, &c. 4d. vols. brown calf, uniform; *Pugna's Paris*, India proofs; *Hakewill and Turner's Italy*, Morocco; *Gelli's Pompeiana*, 2 vols. Encyclopædia Britannica, new edition, 21 parts. And in Octavo—*Waverley Novels*, new edition, 48 vols. Morocco; *Chalmers' Shakespeare*, 2 vols. fawn; *Romney's Norfolk*, 11 vols.; *Annual Biography and Obituary*, 15 vols.; *History of the English Stage*, 10 vols.; *Channing's Speeches*, 6 vols.; *Shilling's Works*, by Gifford, 6 vols.; *Wilton's House of Remoli*, 2 vols.; *Family Library of French Classics*, 30 vols.; *Baty's Rhine and Hanover*, Morocco; *Bernes's Reformation*, 4 vols. L. P. Morocco; *Pantologia*, 12 vols.; *Shaw's Zoology*, 20 vols.; *Lindley's Botanical Cabinet*, 17 vols. &c.

May be Viewed and Catalogues had at the Rooms.

## TO PUBLISHERS, ETC.

Messrs. SOUTHGATE, SON, and GIMSTON respectfully announce, that they are instructed to sell by Public Auction, the **STEREOTYPE Plates of Johnson's English Dictionary**, the Stock, Copper, and Copyright of Cooke and Donaldson's *Pompeii*, 2 vols. folio; the Stock, Copper, and Copyright of *Johnson's Public and Private Buildings*, Stereotype Plates, Stock, and Copyright; the Plates; 1150 Copies of *Underside's Devotional Letters*; Published and Unpublished Copper of *Buck's Ancient Vases*, together with a large quantity of Miscellaneous Books in paper, &c.

Catalogues are preparing.

Messrs. E. FOSTER and SON beg to announce to the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that the following is the arrangement of SALES OF PICTURES and WORKS OF ART, at the Gallery, 54, Pall Mall, for the present and ensuing Month.

**ON WEDNESDAY, FEB. 19, and following**  
Day, a genuine and pleasing COLLECTION of PICTURES of a Private Gentleman, from whose Country Residence they have been removed for the convenience of Sale. Many Pictures of merit will be found in this Collection, particularly a set of the Cartoons, copied by Sir James Thornhill; Holy Family, Cottage—Assumption of the Virgin, Guide-Landscape, A. Vander Neer—Child's Landscape, Beethoven—and Diana and Calisto, Albano.

On WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26, and Two following Days, an extensive COLLECTION of PICTURES of the ITALIAN, DUTCH, FLEMISH, and ENGLISH SCHOOLS, most of which have been placed in Messrs. Foster's hands for Sale without reservation; particularly a noble Landscape, S. Room—the Four Seasons, Carravaggio—Holy Family, Palma—Virgin and Child, Procaccio—Grand Altar—Peace of Christ and the Centurion; and others of merit.

On WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, a Genuine COLLECTION of PICTURES of great merit, the property of a Gentleman, without reserve. Among the most striking Works in this Sale will be found, a Landscape, by Wynant—the Battle of Lepanto, Engleback—a grand Landscape, the united efforts of the two Poussins—a grand Landscape, by Artos, enriched with groups of Figures by Goussier; and some sweet Specimens of the English School.

On THURSDAY, MARCH 6, a CABINET of PICTURES, of the most pleasing description, in the DUTCH, FRENCH, and ENGLISH SCHOOLS, the entire property of a Gentleman, and removed from his Residence: containing some remarkably good examples of the Modern British School of Art, by Anderson, Town, Hobson, and others, and a good Specimen of the late Sir W. West.

On WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, and following Days, (on account of the Importer) a valuable Consignment of CABINET PICTURES, selected from known Collections in HOLLAND and GERMANY by an Amateur, whose good taste is a sufficient guarantee for their originality and excellence. They are mostly of the Dutch and Flemish Schools, and include instances of many of those Masters whose works are universally held in high estimation. At the same time will be sold a valuable Collection of BEVER, DRESDEN, and ORIENTAL CHINA, consigned to Messrs. Foster with the Pictures.

On WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, and following day, the very choice and valuable COLLECTION of the ITALIAN, DUTCH, and FLEMISH SCHOOLS, the property of a private Gentleman, selected from the following Continental Galleries, viz. The Orleans, King of Poland's, Van Loo's, D'Orville's, Hope, Strengbach, De Gayer, Cassiana, Lorrain, Agnassoli, Vandy, &c. This grand Cabinet is replete with Masterpieces of the Italian School from the above-mentioned Galleries, and forms one of the most splendid Cabinets of Art offered to the public for some time.

On SATURDAY—MAY next, the second portion of the superb COLLECTION of PICTURES, the property of CHARLES O'NEIL, Esq. In the early notice, it will be sufficient to remark, that the pictures in the present sale are in quality equal if not superior to those which were sold last season. The collection (consisting of about 10 pictures) contains unobscured specimens of many of the most famous and some of the most rare masters of the Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Flemish Schools, in a state of preservation rarely met with, and embracing subjects equally pleasing to the professed connoisseur and the general admirer of works of art.

Messrs. FOSTER and SON beg to recommend the above collections to the attention of that portion of the public, connected with works of art, and solicit their attendance at the View of the various Sales, which will take place two days before each Catalogue may be had at the Offices, 54, Pall-Mall, and 14, Colnbrook-street, sub-square.

## BARON HUMBOLDT ET BONPLAND'S WORKS.

**MR. L. A. LEWIS** has received Instructions to prepare for immediate SALE BY AUCTION, the remaining Stock of the VALUABLE and SPLENDID PUBLICATIONS of the BARON A. DE HUMBOLDT and M. BONPLAND'S, amounting to many Thousands of Pounds.

Catalogues are preparing, and will be forwarded to any Gentleman who will favour Mr. Lewis with his address.—13, Poultry.

## ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE.

**FOR THE BENEFIT OF Mr. BUTLER.**

On Monday Evening, Feb. 24, will be performed

**PIZZARRO.**

Rolla... Mr. BUTLER.

To conclude with

**LUKE THE LABOURER.**

Luke (for this night only)... Mr. Butler.

## THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS,

DRAWINGS, and SKETCHES, by the late R. P. BOWLING, is NOW OPEN to the Public, at 200, Regent-street.

This interesting Collection contains the greater part of his Best Productions, and altogether comprehends Three Hundred and Fifty different Subjects, many of which are entirely new to the Public. Open from Ten till Six.

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For our advantage, on the bitter cross,"—(SHAKESPEARE)—

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## REVIEWS

*A Series of Discourses upon Architecture in England, from the Norman Era to the close of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, with an Appendix of Notes and Illustrations, and an Historical Account of Master and Free Masons.* By the Rev. James Dallaway. 8vo. London: Williams.

"More than twenty years ago (says Mr. Dallaway), I published 'Observations on English Architecture;' but, upon due consideration, instead of a second edition, I determined upon offering a series of Discourses, chronologically placed, in which I should attempt a condensation of critical opinions and historical facts, either original, or acquired from other authors during the interval of that publication."

Mr. Dallaway was early in the field. Since his work was published, in 1806, the labours of Moller, Rickman, Hunt, and others, have thrown much light upon this interesting subject. Of these, and of his own accumulated experience, he has availed himself in the present work.

But unfortunately Mr. Dallaway seems to think that he has done enough, by bringing together loads of information respecting old English architecture, and heaping it up like materials collected for erecting one of the Gothic edifices of which he loves to treat. He ought, we think, to have done more: he should have arranged his information in a clear and scientific manner—and as he believes that the Gothic architecture sprung from the Grecian, he should have supported his assertion by examples, and not dismissed the subject with the tantalizing assurance, that he could give reasons, and good ones, for his belief, but he has no wish to offend the critical and the self-sufficient. The principles of combination are so totally dissimilar in a Gothic Abbey and a Greek Temple, that we cannot conceive the process through which the latter went, before the strange metamorphosis was accomplished. There is a geometrical nicety and unity in both, but they differ as much as a cross-bow differs from a barquebus. Those however who dissent from Mr. Dallaway—and they cannot be few—will admit that he has collected many curious and striking facts respecting the Saxon, Norman, and Gothic architecture.

"T. Warton has denominated the 'absolute Gothic,' as being entirely free from any mixture of the Saxon or first Norman style. Westminster, Tintern, Monmouthshire, and Netley Abbey, Hanta, are superior examples, which resemble each other so nearly, that it is a fair conjecture that they were all three the work of the same architect. After the total dereliction of what has been aptly termed the Romanesque distinction, as having grown out of an imperfect imitation of Roman models, in the architecture practised by the Normans, arose the 'Early English style,' which, from credible evidence, made its first appearance in England after the middle of the twelfth century. But the English did not adopt much decoration so early as the

Germans and French. 'We can imagine that they would abandon with regret, the beautiful simplicity and sobriety of their former style, in which they had so eminently excelled.'

"Now was first seen geometrical tracery in windows, with millions of the nail-head and toothed mouldings. Of the same date and description are likewise the elaborate compartments and ribs, which are wrought upon the surface of the vaults, after that the simpler forms were relinquished. The cathedrals of York, Lincoln, and Ely, contain at this time not only the most exquisitely wrought and variously designed specimens of Gothic sculpture, and minuter carving; but those which remain to us in the greatest perfection. The patterns were composed of geometrical figures with forms of foliage, all very delicately finished."

"But it is beyond controversy, that the first Norman architects, in the lengthened vista of their nave, which was not interrupted by the choir-screen, produced a sublime or imposing effect by their simple grandeur, and amplitude of dimensions. The transition from this noble simplicity to rich embellishment, was in certain instances, from the different areas of the building, sudden and abrupt. In the galilee, or great porch, and the inside of the tower of Ely cathedral, we have perhaps the first instance of mural arcade, or one placed merely for ornament against a wall, composed of tiers of subordinate arches, which are not interlaced. Of the last description, are many in the earlier Norman churches. They were double cylindrical columns, with bases seated upon a single plinth, wherever they were applied."

Some of our architects would do well to read oftener than once the following sensible passage respecting the scientific proprieties of the Gothic structures: it would save them from encumbering the earth with disproportioned elevations and confused interiors:—

"Under the auspices of Wykeham, himself eminently versed in the science, we have the boldest instance of the second manner, or pure Gothic. Very few Greek or Roman architects have carried technical ability and a strictly correct calculation of the proportions between strength and burthen, beyond the master masons by whom churches in the fourteenth century were built. The vaults of several of the larger dimensions, are only from nine to ten inches thick; and the outer walls, though more than fifty feet high, do not exceed two feet in thickness, at their summit. The equally clustered pillar, with a comparatively low and sharp arch, prevailed in the first part of the reign of Edward the third, over which was placed an open arcade, as originally introduced into the Norman churches, and was adopted, as far as the idea only, from them. Of the beauties which characterise the style of this era in particular, a complete specimen offers itself in the octagonal louvre at Ely, which, and the chapel of our Lady attached to the cathedral, were the sole design of Alan de Walsingham, and executed by himself between the years 1322 and 1349. It is certain that architecture was understood and encouraged by ecclesiastics in that age, and it is pleasing to rescue the name of a single practical architect, so eminently superior to others of his own time. Whilst those who designed and completed the great churches on the Continent are recorded scrupulously, re-

specting their talents and works, our own, not greatly inferior to them, are rarely to be ascertained."

Of the Gothic buildings of Scotland, Mr. Dallaway seems to know little; a glance at the mere engravings of them might have saved him from asserting, that the boast of the North are the chapels of Roslin and Holyrood. The former is smothered in flowers and finery; and neither of them can be compared to Elgin or Melrose; nay, the little Abbey of Sweetheart, on the Solway, for beauty of form, harmony of parts, and characteristic beauty of ornament, is much superior to some of those which he has named as holding a high rank in architectural elegance. The ribs of the arches in the northern Gothic spring from corbels; in the South, the ribs rise from marble columns, which reach down to the floor. The reason is obvious: England could afford such costly materials—Scotland could not. We shall do Mr. Dallaway the justice to quote what he says on the Scottish Gothic:—

"Of the ecclesiastical architecture in Scotland, the venerable remains of which will amply gratify antiquarian research, even the following cursory notice must not be omitted. David I. king of Scotland, was the founder of the magnificent abbey of Melrose and Kelso, in the twelfth century. Their style accords in general with that prevalent in England at the same period. In the same reign, both Dryburgh and Jedburgh were built. These are all of them in Roxburghshire, a border county, and were built in emulation of Tynemouth Abbey and the cathedral of Lindisfarne in Northumberland. Other interesting remains are seen at Lincluden College, at Dumblaine, Aberdeen, Elgin, and Glasgow."

"But the just boast of Scotland are the chapels of Roslin and Holyrood. For richness, quantity, and variety of ornamental carvings, both withinside and without, the first-mentioned cannot be exceeded. Of arches, there are no less than thirteen different forms. The whole plan is absolutely without a parallel, and conformable with no other specimen of the fifteenth century, in which it was erected by Sir William St. Clair. Holyrood chapel is anterior, having been finished by King James, second of that name, in 1440. It is a beautiful specimen, and has a remarkable peculiarity in the forms. Flying buttresses, more rich in ornament than any in England, are applied in either instance."

The seemingly perplexed construction of a Gothic cathedral puzzles Mr. Dallaway: how the fanciful arches, with all their ornamental ribs and dropping keystones, hang in the air, and how the stones ascended to their respective places, seem a mystery to him. "The hemispherical carved courses of the groins, as I have been assured," he says, "by a very able master mason, might have been worked on the ground, and with the keystones, though of a ton weight each, raised to that height by means of an ancient instrument now called a 'Lewis,' of the powers of which a very curious account appears in the *Archæologia*." Any one ignorant of masonry would imagine that Mr. Dallaway had made a grand disco-

very here. Why, the "Lewis" is a simple and common instrument, known to the meanest mason's labourer: it is in the form of a dovetail, and is sunk into the upper bed of the stone; a block and tackle is applied to it, and the powers of a crab employed to raise the block. Our London readers may see one at work at Buckingham Palace daily; stones six tons weight are elevated readily; the merit of the instrument is, that it takes an internal hold of the block, and thus enables the mason to guide it to its proper bed, without endangering the joints. In truth, masonry cannot be put up well without it.

Perhaps the most interesting Discourse is that which treats of military architecture. The proud castles of the feudal times, with their historical and chivalrous associations, are brought before us in all their arrangements, from the dark *donjon* to the lady's bower.

The description, too, of the Tudor domestic architecture, will be acceptable in the present rage for that style of building. While examples remain to us of the beautiful mansions erected in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., it is astonishing that any should prefer the puerile conceits and absurd misapplications that followed.

The last Discourse is a historical discussion on Master and Free Masons. This is imperfect and unsatisfactory. Of the claims of ecclesiastics to the title of architects, Mr. Dallaway says,

"Although the number of those who have been styled architects will be considerably reduced by ranking as such only the *magistri edificantes* and the *latomi*, yet that claim may be authenticated by comparing the several designations by which patrons and contributors only are distinguished from others, who might possibly have given the original designs.

"We are accustomed to attribute, and justly in many known instances, all the arts of design to ingenious ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages. But this concession must not be exclusively made with respect to professional artists. Proofs indeed abound, that individuals among the higher rank of clergy cultivated and understood architecture *theoretically*. We generally see in contemporary chronicles, supplied from local registers, the single name of the bishop or abbot recorded, under whose patronage the master-masons were employed, but who are sunk in oblivion in most instances. Although most frequently their plans were executed by ordinary masons, it cannot be fairly supposed that the erection of many cathedrals could have been designed and perfected excepting by eminent professors, exclusively devoted to the study and practice of their art.

"It may be found necessary to disrobe several of the prelates and abbots who have so long enjoyed the fame of being the architects of their own churches, in pursuit of this evidence. The parts taken by these great ecclesiastics should be separately considered:—first, as contributors only, or patrons of works; or, secondly, as having designed plans which were communicated to the master-masons for execution by them. They were probably not so well versed in geometrical science as the master-masons, for mathematics formed a part of monastic learning in a very limited degree.

"The real obligation of posterity to the founders of these magnificent edifices, which all who are endued with taste or religious feeling will not cease to venerate, in those which have been preserved to the present day, constitutes their true praise. Only let us reflect, upon a comparison with the present value of money, what

an expenditure would be necessary to complete even the least considerable of them! Funds, always accumulating, were dedicated solely to those purposes, with a perseverance, and to an extent, of which we can recognise no other example. It would be invidious to attribute the only cause to their superfluous wealth."

Those who desire to amass facts and collect materials respecting the history and character of the English Gothic architecture will find much that is valuable in this volume; it will indeed be especially serviceable to architectural students—but whose wishes to master its principles, become familiar with its beauties, and ascertain its claim to originality, will not be so well satisfied.

*Luiza Strozzi, Storia del Secolo XVI.*—

[*Luiza Strozzi, a tale of the 16th century.*]

By Giovanni Rosini. Pisa: Capurra; London, Rolandi.

THIS is the second time that Professor Rosini appears before the world in the character of a historical novelist, if that name can be justly assumed by a writer who, instead of interweaving an interesting fictitious tale through the real events recorded by history, merely dilates one of those real events, describing minutely the different actors therein, relating imaginary conversations, and passing the various distinguished artists and literati of the day before us, as they visit or are visited by the other characters. A few words of abstract will prove how completely without story is the present *Storia*. Luiza Strozzi, though in love with Francesco Nasi, unresistingly marries Luigi Capponi, the husband of her father's choice, foils one or two abrupt attempts at seduction and violence, on the part of the Florentine tyrant, Alessandro de' Medici, and dies poisoned, either by Alessandro in revenge, or by her family in prevention of her possible future dishonour. We shall translate a scene or two, to show Rosini's mode of exhibiting his facts and his characters. The opening one is, we think, one of the most spirited and dramatic:—

"How long the palace bell rings this morning!" Thus spoke, on the 6th of July, 1531, in the *Mercato Nuovo* of Florence, a young peasant, to another of advanced age, who, in his general carriage, and his air of easy assurance, as he walked about the city, bespoke a familiar acquaintance with its ways.

The latter replied, "The magistrates will be assembling to lay on some new tax; but let us ask the lemonade-seller of *Vaccareccia*" [the old name of a street].

So saying, they turned the corner that led from the Old Bridge to the *Piazza*, but had not taken two steps ere they perceived that something extraordinary must have occurred. The multitude was thronging towards the palace-gates, but paused beneath the platform whence the Signory generally addressed the people, and gazed upwards, as though struck by some new spectacle. In fact, three coats of arms were displayed on the spot where Capponi had put up his inscription. The first coat was the Pope's, the second Duke Alessandro's; the Florentine Commonwealth's was the third.

The curiosity of the countrymen being now greatly increased, they turned to the lemonade-seller's door; and the old man, raising the latch, put his head within to ask a question, his young companion remaining somewhat behind him.

"What do you want?" exclaimed from his bench Master Cosimo, who, begirt with a coarse black apron that reached to his feet, sat polish-

ing a pewter salver with a white cloth. He spoke with an air of wonder—in fact, he supposed the rustics had confounded the door of his shop with that of the neighbouring public house.

"Master," returned Ciarpaglia, (so was the old man called,) "we would fain know what all this ringing is for."

"Go your ways, brethren," replied the worthy shopkeeper; "the bell does not ring so, except for affairs of state—and I have no mind to see Ser Maurizio's ugly phiz again. I had enough of that three months ago, only for asking what brought Cardinal Ippolito to Florence. If you have nothing else to say to me, God be with you away."

"And who is this Ser Maurizio?" asked the youth, when they had left the shop.

"Dost know what the Bugaboo is to children? That is this hangman to us. To see him is enough to make one ill for the day." • • •

At this moment, a holy friar of San Marco advanced rapidly, hurrying perhaps to say mass in the private chapel of some nobleman. He rolled his eyes from side to side, (as though, by their movement, he would escape from some painful thought,) and met, by chance, those of Cocchetto, the younger rustic. He, taking courage, when they were close together, civilly inquired, "Wherefore this ringing, father?"

The friar sighed deeply; then cast down his eyes, bowed his head, exclaimed, "My son, for our sins," and passed on.

"That is a Whiner," said the old man.

"Which means—"

"I understand, myself."

They stood silent for an instant, then advanced three steps, and met a tall, slender young man, with his hood upon one shoulder, and his hair hanging about his neck. Of him, likewise, the young peasant inquired what the ringing meant.

"The Devil's Masses," was the reply.

"And where are they chaunted?"

But the long-haired youth went on without answering, and they saw him enter Master Cosimo's shop.

"That is a Raver," said Ciarpaglia,—"and my wonder is, that any of the seed should remain." • • •

The peasants had now gained the *Piazza*, and keeping to the right, near the steps that lead up to Orgagna's gallery, Ciarpaglia met an acquaintance. This was the chaplain of the Impruneta, who chanced to be at Florence. Seeing his companion greet him, Cocchetto took off his cap, and kissed the priest's hand.

Meanwhile, from the various streets that lead to the *Piazza*, streamed people of all sorts, some impelled by hope, some by fear, all by curiosity to behold a novelty; but on no countenance shone that ray of joy and of satisfaction, which, in our youth, made popular festivals appear so delightful. Nothing was to be seen but different groups forming, here and there, talking earnestly amongst themselves, asking questions, and giving answers, because the innate passion for talking prevailed over prudence and fear in all who had not like Master Cosimo, experienced its irksome consequences.

"Let us go up into the gallery, since there is room," said the priest to the old peasant; "so we shall see much better."

"And what shall we see?" asked his young comrade, tormented by curiosity.

"We shall see the magistrates pass as they go to the palace to take the oaths of obedience." And he told them how Alessandro de' Medici,

• Another description. Maurizio, the rival of Alessandro, Ser Maurizio was a sanguinary and arbitrary judge.

• The followers of Savonarola were called *Piagnoni*, which is, from their constant lamentations over their own sins and those of others.

• The Democrats of Florence were called *Arrabbiati*, meaning the furious or mad.



having arrived overnight, almost unexpectedly, from Flanders, was coming that morning, to beacknowledged head of the State of Florence.

The following is an account of a visit to Michael Angelo's studio, paid by Don Antonio Muscettola, the Imperial Ambassador and Mentor at the court of Duke Alessandro, in company with Madonna Clarice, a daughter of the Medici, her daughter Luisa, and Francesco Nasi:—

Michael Angelo was in the ordinary dress that he always wore in his workshop, (as a Studio was then called), and had upon his head his pasteboard cap, in the vertex of which appeared a socket, wherein at night was fixed a candle, to illuminate the marble upon which he was at work. The light, coming from behind, and striking upon the parts fronting him, revealed every little projection that could render them harsh, or less perfectly true.

He made no apology for his dress, but received them as they deserved. He turned respectfully to Don Antonio and Madonna Clarice, with a smiling countenance to Luisa, took Francesco by the hand, and then presented to them the artists who were with him, of whom two were working at his statues, and two had come to visit him.

Of these last, the one, recently arrived from Rome, and preparing to return thither, displayed extraordinary vivacity and spirit: the other was quiet and thoughtful; but his countenance indicated uncommon intellect. Finding him here, and honoured by Michael Angelo, the aspect could not mislead. The other was abundantly forward.

In fact, during the short silence that follows the first civilities, whilst the eyes are cast around, upon entering any place, that excites the mind to veneration and respect, ere the party had well begun to admire the designs for the Medicean monuments, the completed statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano, the four other incipient statues, the marvellous picture of Leda, and the cartoon of Venus kissed by Cupid, the former artist (who proves to be Benvenuto Cellini), began to speak.

"This cartoon," said he, "will astonish the world when it shall be coloured. But why talk of things to be done, when there is so much to say of those that are done? Madonna Clarice, look at your brother; does it not seem as though he would rise up, if you only called him?"

One of the artists, meanwhile, was patiently polishing the statue's lower garments; he was that Ascanio Condivi who afterwards followed the master to Rome, remained with him till his death, and so beautifully wrote his memoirs.

The other, in the opposite corner, was at work upon Duke Giuliano's face, intent to giving it that softness and finish which are produced more by patience than by the sharp, bold, and decisive strokes of the chisel, such as Michael Angelo's were wont to be. Thin and insignificant, he had changed his nature with the lapse of years, but retained a designation that he no longer deserved. He had been nick-named *Il Tribolo* (the torment), but was now the quietest and most peaceable little man in the world; so that his appearance did not promise the excellent artist that he turned out. • • •

Cellini went on,—"This brother of yours, Madonna, has been not wrought, but created thus; he sprang from the marble without all these models,—for to him who knows what he is about, a hint is enough." With a patronizing air he now opened a cupboard, whence he took a tiny model of a span long, and showing it round, added, "Is it not true? Making great models, as if for fear of blundering in the proportions of the statue—just as boys put lines under their paper for fear of writing crooked—

is a precaution befitting knaves and poltroons. Is it not true, Niccolo?" and he shouted into the ear of him who was busy about Giuliano's face, "Is it not true? Why dost not answer?"

"Most true; yes, whatever it comes into your head to say or do is most true, even though it were to give a naked Saint boots, like Topolino." • • •

The Ambassador, who had hitherto listened and laughed, now asked what was this story of Topolino; and Michael Angelo related, that his stone-cutter had taken a fancy to turn sculptor, had completed a naked St. Sebastian, and was proudly exhibiting him, when some one remarked that the legs, from the knee to the foot, were too short by a span. "That is nothing," he replied. Then cutting the legs in two, he fitted in a pair of boots; and asked everybody, with the utmost simplicity, whether it did not do admirably so. And the great man smiled good-naturedly; for the most powerful intellects are always the most ready to compassionate the weak—mediocrity only is arrogant. • • •

"Why, Benvenuto," exclaimed Michael Angelo, "dost think this noble company have no eyes, and I no ears? Without thus making me blush, suffer them to observe what art has inspired me with, in this, not easy, enterprise."

Then turning to Clarice he said, "My Night has been much praised; but the Duke Lorenzo — (and he led her towards the place where Ascanio was at work)—appears to me the most alive of all my statues."

"And that," resumed Cellini, "is because it was created in the marble, not in the model, of which, when transferred to the marble, it becomes else a mere translation."

All eyes turned upon Michael Angelo, as if to ascertain what he thought of this assertion.

"Assuredly," said he, "I never heard that Homer wrote the *Iliad* in prose, and then translated it into verse."

Here we conclude. As a novel, 'Luisa Strozzi' is a failure; but it contains many clever scenes which throw light on the situation of Florence at the most interesting period of its history. There are two editions of the work published; one is illustrated with portraits of the more celebrated characters, and outlines of some of the more celebrated works referred to.

*The Seven Temptations; a Dramatic Hecatology.* By Mary Howitt. London: Bentley.

It is long since we had a volume from the hand of Mary Howitt. We are, indeed, occasionally called upon to notice those snatches of song of hers, which give beauty and freshness to the *Annals*, but which, from their appearing singly, only represent a part of her powers at a time. Here, however, she puts them forth entire. She has chosen a bold subject—none other than the strife between good and evil—and wrought it out by a series of scenes from life (not the life of this century, or that country, but in its most universal sense), which she has dashed off with a free and fearless pencil. We are not among those critics who reverse the practice of worthy Mrs. Gibbans, (*vide* 'Ayrshire Legatees,') who was reconciled to Mozart's music on a Sunday, by the happy idea that it might be a paraphrase of the Song of Moses; nor have we fellowship with him who, while he refuses to license angels, lets all manner of devils loose upon the world, under the sanction of his *imprimatur*; nor do we mean to look wise, and shut the book, and say "it is naught," because high themes are approached therein: on the contrary, we acknowledge at once that

we have gone through the whole volume with sincere pleasure. We will not stop to find a name for these—not tales, for the thread of the narrative is broken at pleasure, and oftentimes left incomplete—nor poems, as they are partly written in energetic prose—nor dramas, for the action proceeds spontaneously and steadily forward, and the passion is not struck out by passing events,—but will extract such a set of passages as will prove that the delightful authoress of 'The Seven Temptations' unites within herself a purity of feeling—an earnest simplicity—solemn, sarcastic, or tender, as it may be—closely resembling the life-like pathos of Defoe, with such an occasional sublimity of imagination as is shared by few—very few women.

Let us take a passage from 'Thomas of Torres'—a descriptive soliloquy:—

Such was the lord of Torres three years since!  
He rode, he ran, he hunted, and he hawked,  
And all exclaimed, "a gallant gentleman!"  
He had his gay companions—what of that!  
They said that youth must have his revels.  
He laughed, he sung, he danced, he drank his wine,  
And all declared, "a pleasant gentleman!"

The lord of Torres did outgo his rents;  
His many friends had taken his ready cash;  
"What then!" said they, "thy lands are broad and rich,

Get money on them!" Ah, poor thoughtless fool,  
He listened to their counsel!—Feasts and gifts,  
And merry friends, again have made him bare!  
"Cut down thy woods!" said they. He cut them down;

And then his wants lay open to the day,  
And people said "this thriftless lord is gone!"  
This touched his pride, and he grew yet more lavish.  
"Come to my heart," said he, "my faithful friends;  
We'll drink and laugh, to show we yet can spend!"

"The woods are felled, the money is all spent;  
What now remains?—The land's as good as gone,  
The unweary doth take its yearly rent!"  
So spake the lord again unto his friends;

"Sell house and all!" exclaimed the revellers.  
The young lord went to his uneasy bed  
A melancholy man. The portrait old  
Looked from their gilded frames as if they spoke  
Silent upbraidings—all seemed stern but one,  
That youthful mother, whose kind eye and smile  
Appeared to say, Return my son, return!

The lord of Torres is a thoughtful man:  
His days are full of care, his nights of fear;  
He heedeth not which way his feather sits;  
He wears the velvet jerk in for the silk;  
He hath forgot the roses in his shoes;  
He drinketh the red wine and forgets the pledge;  
He hears the jest, and yet he laugheth not;  
Then said his friends "thy lord hath lost his wife,  
Let's leave him ample space to look for them!"  
They rode away, and left his house to silence;  
The empty rooms echoed the closing doors!—  
The board was silent; silent was the court,  
Save for the harking of the uneasy house.  
Soon spread these friends, the news of his distress!  
And then again a crowd was at his doors;  
This was a jeweller, and must be paid;  
This was a tailor—this had sold perfumes,  
This silks, and this confectiories and wine—  
They must—they must be paid—they would be paid!  
"The lord of Torres is a ruined man!"

Again, the prodigal fallen from his proud estate, apostrophizing Fire:

A fire's a good, companionable friend,  
A comfortable friend, who meets your face  
With pleasant welcome, makes the poorest shed  
As pleasant as a palace! Are you cold?  
He warms you—wears! he refreshes you—  
Hungry? he doth prepare your viands for you—  
Are you in darkness? he gives light to you—  
In a strange land, his face is that of one  
Familiar from your childhood—are you poor?  
What matters it to him? He knows no difference  
Between an emperor and the poorest beggar!  
Where is the friend that bears the name of man  
Will do as much for you?

This drama is founded on the scripture parable of the rich man.

*Enter Steward.*

Steward. The barns are full, my lord, and there is yet grain to be housed.

Lord of T. The cost were great to build more barns—let it be housed under this roof.

Stew. My lord!

Lord of T. To be sure! the state-rooms are large and lofty—and to me they are useless, let them be filled!

• It still exists in the R. Gallery, and is admirable.

*Stew.* What! with the gilt cornices, and the old lords and ladies on the walls!

*Lord of T.* The same? are they not well placed, so that a wain might approach without impediment?

*Stew.* It were a mortal sin!

*Lord of T.* I cannot afford to build new barns—remember the mildew last season, and the cow that died in March—these are great losses!

*Stew.* Well, my lord, the harvest is ready, it must be done quickly.

*Lord of T.* A broad door-way making, will not cost much; send me a builder to-morrow, and let us have an estimate—these people require being tied down to the farthing!

*[The Lord of Torres unlocks his iron door, counts his bags, puts his keys under his pillow, and then lies down—after some time he starts up.]*

*Fire! murder! thieves! my gold! my iron chest!*

*They will break in, and rob my iron chest!*

*[He rubs his eyes, and looks around him.]*

*Was it a dream? thank heaven, it was a dream!*

*Then all is safe—my iron chest is safe!*

*[He feels for his keys.]*

*Ay, they are safe, the keepers of my treasures—*

*Now let me sleep—I've much to do to-morrow.*

*I must be wary in this estimate.*

*One half the sum he asks will be enough!*

*[He lies down and sleeps.]*

*[An awful voice passes through the chamber.]*

*"Thou fool, this night thy soul will be required from thee; then whose will those things to which thou hast provided?"*

The next drama, 'The Pirate,' contains passages and descriptions of fearful power, but we cannot make room for them; nor will we give a hint of the story, as we must show the writer in her gentler mood.

*A sylvan grotto, the floor covered with rich Indian mat. Albert asleep, with his head resting on the knees of Edah, a beautiful young native, who fans him with a gorgeous plume of feathers—she sings in a low, sweet voice:*

*Little waves upon the deep,  
Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;  
Gentle birds upon the tree,  
Sing their sweetest songs for thee;  
Cooling gales, with voices low,  
In the tree tops gently blow!  
Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,  
All things love thee, so do I!*

*When thou wak'st the sea will pour  
Treasures for thee to the shore;  
And the earth in plant and tree,  
Bring forth fruits and flowers for thee;  
And the glorious heaven above  
Smile on thee like trusting love,  
Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,  
All things love thee, so do I!*

*Albert [opening his eyes] 'Tis a sweet song—who taught it thee, my Edah?*

*Edah.* Love taught it me—I made it as I sang.

*I ever think thus when I think of thee;*

*Thou art a song for ever in my soul!*

*Albert.* My glorious Edah, thou art like a star

*Which men of old did worship!*

*Edah.* Golden stars!

*The wise men of our nation call them worlds,*

*Where happy spirits dwell—where those that loved,*

*And those that have been wise and good, like thee,*

*Live in delight, and never die again.*

*I love the stars—the happy stars—dost thou?*

*Albert.* All that is beautiful resembles thee,

*And what resembles thee I love, my Edah!*

*But know'st thou we must part?*

*Edah.* Why must we part?

*Oh, no! thou said'st we would not part till death!*

*Albert.* A spirit from my native land doth call—

*I may not disobey it!*

*Edah.* When called it thee?

*Albert.* I hear it calling ever—I must hence!

*Edah.* Is't death? For on the eve my sister died

*I saw a shadowy phantom, and I heard*

*Low voices calling—is it death thou hearest?*

*Albert.* No, no, my beautiful! it is not death,

*But it is strong as death!—in my far land*

*I have a mother who doth mourn for me,*

*And ever, ever, do I hear her voice!*

*Edah.* Oh! I would leave my mother for thy sake!

*Let me go with thee!*

*Oh do not leave me!*

*Come back and see the grotto I have decked—*

*Thou said'st thou lovedst the red rose and the lotus,*

*Come back and see how I have twined them for thee!*

*Thou said'st thou lovedst the gushing, fragrant melon,*

*I've sought the island o'er to find the best;*

*Come back and eat it with me!*

*Albert.* Oh, kind heart,

*It wounds my very soul to part from thee!*

*Edah.* Each shell thou praised—pearl ones, that

*blush inside,*

*And rose corallines, I have collected—*

*Oh come thou back! I would be slave to thee,*

*And fetch thee treasure from the great sea-caves!*

*I would do aught to win thee back again.*

*Albert.* Thou can'st not go; but, my sweet island queen,

*I will return to thee! now fare thee well!*

*Edah.* Wilt thou, wilt thou indeed? oh then farewell!

*For a short season, I will watch for thee*

*Far ever from the hills, and all night long*

*Keep a bright beacon burning! Oh come soon,*

*And bring thy mother with thee—I will love her,*

*Thou dost not know how I should love thy mother!*

We wish that we had space for some of the scenes on board the plague ship; but it cannot be. We must, however, give a picture of six lines; it is of a maiden rescued from death, and spared for a worse fate:—

*Cap.* The loaded sails

*Dropped momentarily their heavy beads of dew*

*Upon the silent deck, meeting out time*

*As the clock's ticking;—still she stood, like death,*

*The midnight dew in her black trailing hair,*

*And the white moon upon her whiter face!*

We pass over 'Raymond,' and 'The Old Man,' to give this extract from 'Philip of Maine,'—a scene from a popular tumult:—

*Man.* These scenes are plain enough!

*Mother S.* I saw, myself,

*Two armies from the north and south o' the sky*

*Come up like hissing dragons; and the heavens*

*The while were red as blood!*

*Man.* And bloody banners,

*And fiery swords and spears, like flickering lightning,*

*Are thicker set than stars!*

*Old Man.* Wherefore these signs?

*I'll tell ye—to arouse ye to repentance!*

*Banners, and awails, and shields, to teach that ye*

*Are soldiers of a holy militant church;*

*Rivers of blood, to show the blood of Christ;*

*Groanings and awful sighings, to recall*

*The death on the cross; and moans and hissing wild—*

*Mother S.* Peace, driveller, hold ye peace!

*2nd Man.* No, no, these signs,

*These awful, fiery signs, have other meanings—*

*Tokens of wrath, to show the end o' the world*

*Is now at hand!*

*Philip of M.* I see these diverse sights

*Of comets and wild meteors in the air;*

*And streaming fires, which from the northern pole*

*Cast o'er the sky this wild, terrific glare;*

*But what of these, my friends?*

*These things are tokens,*

*Sent to the great and powerful of the earth*

*To shake their souls! High heaven is wroth with them!*

*Mother S.* Thou art a woe man! I do read these

*things*

*As thou. But hark! here comes the Innocent—*

*The poor dumb Innocent! that now doth speak—*

*Such wonders are abroad!*

*[The crowd gives way, and the Innocent enters, tossing his arms wildly, and speaking.]*

*Look, they're coming from the clouds!*

*Thousands, thousands; crowds on crowds!*

*Banners streaming; bright swords flashing—*

*Onward, onward dashing, crashing!*

*Lo, they meet! The weak are strong!*

*Right is mightier now than wrong—*

*Drive the bloody ploughshare deep;*

*Strike the sickle in and reap!*

*Weapons not of earth they wield*

*'Tis a crimson harvest field!*

*Warrior to the fight away!*

*This is the appointed day!*

*Cowards, do ye quake with fear!*

*Up, the man of might is here!*

*Where is he? the man of might?*

*Give him - give him to my sight!*

*I have seen him in my sleep—*

*Heard him in the silence deep—*

*Now I know by signs of fear*

*That the man of might is here!*

*Hence! ye hide him from my view—*

*[He parts the crowd, and looks around him]*

*Where art thou, O warrior true?*

*Ha! I see thee! thou art he!*

*Get thee hence to victory.*

*[He falls back insensible, at Philip's feet.]*

We have stretched our space to include these, and have still been compelled to omit half the passages we had marked, particularly some of the beautiful lyrics with which the book abounds. Those we have given, however, will speak for themselves.

*The Works of Robert Burns: with his Life.*

*By Allan Cunningham. Vol. II. London:*

*Cochrane and McCrone.*

This volume carries down the compositions of the poet as far as the 'Twa Dogs'—the editor having done his utmost to arrange

them in the order in which they were written, and supplied many notes and commentaries thereon, in his own pleasant and earnest manner. We extract a few anecdotes from the former, which are new to us—and first, of the Prince and Power of the air—(a note to Burns's 'Address to the Deil'):

"The Prince and Power of the air is a favourite topic of rustic speculation. The peasantry complain that Milton has made Satan too acceptable to the fancy, and seem to prefer him, with his monkish attributes—horns, cloven-foot, and tail. An old shepherd told me he had, when a boy, as good as seen him.—'I was,' said he, 'returning from school, and stopped till the twilight, groping trouts in a burn, when a thunder-storm came on. I looked up, and just before me a cloud came down as dark as night—the queerest-shaped cloud I ever saw; and there was something terrible about it, for when it was close to me, I saw, as plain as I see you, a dark form within it, thrice the size of any earthly man. It was the Evil One himself—there's nae doubt o' that.'—'Samuel,' I said, 'did you hear his cloven-foot on the ground?'—'No,' replied he, 'but I saw ane o' his horns—and, O what waves o' fire were rowing after him!'"

We have some curious anecdotes as to the displeasure which Burns's spirited, and often too audacious sallies, excited among the straight-laced:—

"These satiric sallies were not unavenged by the children of the Old Light. They called Burns unbeliever, profane scoffer, and ungodly rhymer—epithets of influence in those days; and they moreover represented, that the Bachelor's Club of Mauchline, where the Port presided, met for other than moral purposes. Their language was reported as loose, their boasts indecorous, and one of the elders, it is said, having caught up two or three wild stanzas scattered by Burns at one of those mirthful meetings, kept repeating them wherever he went, saying, at the end of every verse, 'Oh, what a wild lad! A lost sheep—a lost sheep!'"

Perhaps, as Imagination seems just now not disinclined to turn back to study fairy lore, the following extract may not be mistimed—it is from a note to 'Halloween.'

"Of the fairies who, on sprightly couriers, rode on Cassilis-Downans, we have from Burns but a brief account;—the tale of Tamlane lets us more into the secret of their midnight doings;—tradition adds a few particulars. They were not a mischievous race: they loved romantic hills and lonely valleys—they were fond of music and of children—their dress is invariably described as green—their heads bare, and their hair long and of a golden hue. The horses on which they rode were from fairy land, had small bells at their manes, long tails, and were of a cream-colour. The musical instruments of these spiritual people were corn-pipes and bog-reeds—but they could extract divine harmony out of an ordinary whistle. They loved bread baked of new meal: milk, warm from the cow, and honey dropped from the comb. They had the power of blessing or of cursing families and flocks, and never overlooked an ill deed nor forgot a favour. It is generally admitted that they left our land about seventy years ago: their mournings and moanings among the hills on the Halloween night of their departure—according to the assertion of an old shepherd—were melancholy to hear."

A short account of Tam Samson, appended to his elegy:—

"No poet ever emblazoned fact with fiction more happily than Burns: the hero of this poem was a country sportsman, who loved curling on the ice in winter, and shooting on the moors in the season. When no longer able to

Guard or draw a wick or bore,  
Or up the risk like Jehu roar  
In time of need;

or march over hill and hagg in quest of

Patricks, teals, moor-pouts, and plivers,

he loved to lie on the lang-gettle, and listen to the deeds of others on field and flood; and when a good tale was told, he would cry 'Hech man! three at a shot; that was famous!' Some one informed Tam that Burns had written a poem—'a gay queer ane'—concerning him: he sent for the Bard, and in something like wrath, requested to hear it: he smiled grimly at the relation of his exploits, and then cried out, 'I'm no dead yet, Robin—I'm worth ten dead fowk: wherefore should ye say that I am dead?' Burns took the hint, retired to the window for a minute's space or so, and coming back, recited the *Per Contru*, 'Go, fame, an' canter like a filly.' Tam was so delighted that he rose unconsciously, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed, 'That'll do—ha! ha!—that'll do!' The poetic epitaph is inscribed on his grave-stone in the churchyard of Kilmarnock; he survived the writing of the elegy and—the hand that wrote it."

A house-keeper's opinion of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night':—

"When Burns was first invited to dine at Dunlop-house, a westlan dame, who acted as housekeeper, appeared to doubt the propriety of her mistress entertaining a mere ploughman who made rhymes, as if he were a gentleman of old descent. By way of convincing Mrs. McGuistan, for that was her name, of the bard's right to such distinction, Mrs. Dunlop gave her 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' to read. This was soon done: she returned the volume with a strong shaking of the head, saying, 'Nae doubt gentlemen and ladies think mickle o' this, but for me its naething but what I saw i' my father's house every day, and I dinna see how he could ha' tauld it ony other way.'"

In a note to one of Burns's paraphrases of the Psalms, is the following anecdote:—

"It is related in our Scottish legends that a wayfaring Irishman took shelter, one stormy night, in a farmer's house, just as the household struck up the ninety-third psalm, some say the hundred and nineteenth—in family worship. The stranger, ignorant of the devotional turn of his host, imagined the psalm to be a song in honour of his coming—in short, a welcome. He sat and heard it to an end, and then said, 'Merry be your heart, goodman; that's a long song, and a good song; and, by way of requital, I shall give you a touch of Brian O'Linn.'"

*The Curiosities of Literature.* By I. D'Israeli. Ninth edit. Vol. I. London: Moxon.

THIS is the first of the series of volumes, which we announced some time since. If we were to argue as to the general sale from personal feeling, we should say that the work promised to be one of the most successful of its kind. Mr. D'Israeli's volumes are literally a store-house of the most delightful anecdotes: we return to them with ever fresh delight; they have received, and deservedly, the highest commendation of the most distinguished men of the age. The present edition has been revised, and is not only cheap, but beautiful; a portrait of the Author is prefixed to this first volume. The following is an extract from the Preface:—

"Among the literary novelties of our times, one not the least interesting has been those secret histories of their works, which some of our great authors have prefixed to their late publications. . . .

"I cannot, myself, consign to the press, for the ninth time, these 'Curiosities of Literature,'

in their present popular form, without being reminded of the peculiarity of their fate. It is now approaching half a century since their first volume appeared; about a year or two after the second succeeded. Twenty years elapsed before a third was produced; and six years subsequently the last three volumes were at once given to the world. Of volumes produced at such distinct intervals, it may be worth notice that they reflect three eras of the writer's life. In the first stage of investigation we are eager to acquire and arrange knowledge: in the second our curiosity becomes more critical, and more varied; and in the third, knowledge and curiosity opening the virgin veins of original research, and striking out new results, in the history of human nature, we combine philosophy with literature."

*The Pilgrims of the Rhine.* By the Author of 'Pelham,' Eugene Aram, &c. London: Saunders & Otley.

AS it is with the drama, so it seems likely to be with literature,—the intellectual superseded by the visible. Authors yet remain for the stage; but there are more important personages—viz. scene-painters, carpenters, dress-makers, and machinists, to say nothing of the concoctors of advertisements. And how many books are now recommended to, and received by, the public, not on the strength of the writer's talents, but by dint of paper luxuriously fine, typography indescribably neat, prints of such an exquisite fineness and delicacy of execution, that they seem almost to live and to smile upon you, and such pretty bindings, that they reproach you for not transferring them from the shop to the drawing-room table. An author, of course, can have no objection to see the produce of his genius, or the result of his inspiration, given to the public in a graceful and winning form; but, unless he be blinded by vanity, a painful thought must occasionally cross his mind, that the sale may be in part attributable to external embellishment, as well as internal worth and virtue. It is certain that many books have found a market, as many pretty simpletons of the gentler sex have, rather for their beauty than for their wit; and the proprietor of 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine,' observing how much has been effected by beauty without wit, has boldly ventured on the union of the two, calculating, we suppose, that if embellishments will sell a given number, and the genius of the author a given number, the union of the two will sell twice as many as either alone. The book before us has this twofold interest, and requires, therefore, a twofold criticism; but as its literary merit is great, we intend to confine ourselves, on this occasion, entirely to its literature.

The design of the work is to illustrate the Rhine by the double aid of picturesque fiction and pictorial embellishment. Mr. Bulwer expresses a wish that his "work should be tried by rules rather of poetry than prose." Certainly it must be so tried, if it be tried fairly; for it is not a prose tour,—it touches indeed upon that which is seen, but also upon that which is unseen—on ancient recollections, and on ancient superstitions; and so far it is essentially poetical. It is not a rapid narrative of facts and of forms which may be gabbled over, and perused like a catalogue of curiosities, that nobody is curious about; but it puts the shell to our

ear, that we may hear its music; it dwells upon feeling, and makes the river live in our imagination. The artist and the author are independent; both illustrate the same subject by their own peculiar poetry: the prints, though connected with the literary department, are not merely its ministers, and the author has not written merely to explain the engravings. The work opens with a "Prefatory Poem to the Ideal," which will please many readers, though it does not satisfy us. We are not sure that we shall make ourselves understood,—but to us there is something strained and straddling in the style; it wraps up common thoughts in huge complicated folds. The language puts one in mind of the long-legged figures in Fuseli's pictures; the legs and arms look much too long, though we cannot exactly point out how they can be made shorter. Indeed, we like Mr. Bulwer's prose a great deal better than his verse. Heedless of the critics, almost all the verse-makers for the last thirty or forty years have treated rhythmus, accent, and quantity with the profoundest contempt, and instead of making verse, they make minced prose, only to be converted to a semblance of verse by means of a villanously misplaced accent. Who could imagine that the following was part of the poem—and who can now put it back into verse?—

"The wish to be better and brighter than we are—our claim to make men great and blest, and consummate our likeness to the glorious shapes of heaven."

The first chapter introduces us very amusingly to the fairies who quit England for the banks of the Rhine, and afford opportunity, in the course of the work, to illustrate some superstitions, and to tell some pretty nursery tales. The pilgrims themselves are described in the following extract:—

"From the heights of Bruges a mortal and his betrothed gazed upon the scene below. They saw the sun set slowly amongst purple masses of cloud, and the lover turned to his mistress and sighed deeply, for her cheek was delicate in its blended roses, beyond the beauty that belongs to the hues of health; and when he saw the sun sinking from the world, the thought came upon him that she was his sun, and the glory that she shed over his life might soon pass away into the bosom of the 'ever-during Dark.' But against the clouds rose one of the many spires that characterize the town of Bruges; and on that spire, melting into heaven, rested the eyes of Gertrude Vane. The different objects that caught the gaze of each was emblematic both of the different channel of their thoughts, and the different elements of their nature; he thought of the sorrow, she of the consolation,—his heart prophesied of the passing away from earth,—her's of the ascension into heaven. The lower part of the landscape was wrapt in shade; but just where the bank curved round in a mimic bay, the waters caught the sun's parting smile, and rippled against the herbage that clothed the shore, with a scarcely noticeable wave. There were two of the numerous mills, which are so picturesque a feature of that country, standing at a distance from each other on the rising banks, their sails perfectly still in the cool silence of evening, and adding to the rustic tranquillity which breathed around. For to me there is something in the stilled sails of one of those inventions of man's industry, peculiarly eloquent of repose; the rest seems typical of the repose of our own passions—short and uncertain, contrary to their natural ordination; and doubly impressive from the feeling which admonishes us how precarious is the stillness—how



utterly dependent on every wind rising at any moment, and from any quarter of the heavens! They saw before them no living forms, save of one or two peasants, yet lingering by the water side.

"Trevelyan drew closer to his Gertrude: for his love was inexpressibly tender, and his vigilant anxiety for her, made his stern frame feel the first coolness of the evening, even before she felt it herself.

"Dearest, let me draw your mantle closer round you." Gertrude smiled her thanks.

"I feel better than I have done for weeks," said she, "and when once we get into the Rhine, you will see me grow so strong as to shock all your interest for me."

"Ah, would to heaven my interest for you may be put to such an ordeal!" said Trevelyan, and they turned slowly to the inn, where Gertrude's father awaited them.

"Trevelyan was of a wild, a resolute, and an active nature. Thrown on the world at the age of sixteen, he had passed his youth in alternate pleasure, travel, and solitary study. At the age in which manhood is least susceptible to caprice, most perhaps to passion, he fell in love with the loveliest person that ever dawned upon a poet's vision. I say this without exaggeration, for Gertrude Vane's was indeed the beauty, but the perishable beauty, of a dream. It happened most singularly to Trevelyan, (but he was a singular man,) that being naturally one whose affections it was very difficult to excite, he should have fallen in love at first sight with a person whose disease, already declared, would have deterred any other heart from risking its treasures on a bark so utterly unfitted for the voyage of life. Consumption, but consumption in its most beautiful shape, had set its seal upon Gertrude Vane, when Trevelyan first saw her, and at once loved. He knew the danger of the disease; he did not, except at intervals, deceive himself; he wrestled against the new passion; but stern as his nature was, he could not conquer it. He loved, he confessed his love, and Gertrude returned it."

This beautiful invalid, her romantic lover, and her not romantic, though deep-feeling and sensible father, make the tour of the Rhine, seeing all that is worth seeing, and admiring all that merits admiration, curious as to the past as well as to the present, and rendering their progress more pleasing by many tales and traditions characteristic of the regions through which they pass. The fairies also act a kind of subordinate part in the machinery of the pilgrimage, but do not influence the destiny of the mortal travellers quite so much as the gods and goddesses of Olympus influenced the destiny of the heroes of the Iliad. The principal use of these fairies seems to be to tell a fairy tale quite *à la mode Germanorum*, and we know not whether Mr. Bulwer will thank us for it or not, but we certainly mean it as a compliment, when we say that in the story called 'The wooing of Master Fox,' he is quite equal to Mother Bunch, whom we take to be unquestionably the Homer of Fairyland. The high-minded Trevelyan also tells some excellent stories, which are too long for extract. 'The Maid of Malines' is to our taste the best. But we wish to have a word or two with Trevelyan, who has undoubtedly some good points about him, but who has some crotchets in his head about literature, which the sooner he gets rid of the better. The father of Gertrude says:—

"What ambition can ever bring an adequate reward? Not surely the ambition of letters,—the desire of intellectual renown."

"True," said Trevelyan, quietly, "that dream I have long renounced; there is nothing palpable in literary fame—it scarcely soothes the vain; perhaps—it assuredly chafes the proud. In my earlier years I attempted some works, which gained what the world, perhaps rightly, deemed a sufficient meed of reputation; yet it was not sufficient to recompense myself for the fresh hours I had consumed, for the sacrifices of pleasure I had made. The subtle aims that had inspired me were not perceived; the thoughts that had seemed new and beautiful to me, fell flat and lustreless on the soul of others; if I was approved, it was often for what I condemned myself; and I found that the trite common-place and the false wit charmed, while the truth fatigued, and the enthusiasm revolted."

This is the commencement of a long speech all to the same purport; and now, in the utmost sincerity of heart, and with all good feeling towards Trevelyan, we take leave to tell him that next to quarrelling with his own bread and butter, the worst thing a man can quarrel with is the world. You cannot send the world a challenge; if you wish to call it out, who is to be your second? There is no such thing as pulling the world's nose, though it has a great many. And the worst of the matter is, that if the world will be saucy, it is impossible to teach it better manners. The world has no malice against Trevelyan, and is quite as ready to do justice to him, if it knew how, as to Homer and Milton. To be out of humour with the world, is to be out of humour with oneself. If we want the world to be pleased with us, we must be pleased with the world. The world is to us as we make it; if we do not care for it, it will not care for us; if we run into a desert it will not run after us; if we write what it likes, it will read it—not to please us, but to please itself: and if we write what it does not like, it will not read it, but out of no personal spite to us! But there ought to be consolation for Trevelyan, in the assurance that if the world admires in the wrong place, it has no judgment, and if it has no judgment, it must be inferior to him that has; and is it not a sufficient consolation, to be able to look down on the world's intellect? And further, if the world have not judgment to discern what is good, what is the value of its applause? Trevelyan seems to have a philosophical mind, and we would suggest to him that the best use of philosophy is to ascertain, or to endeavour to ascertain, the causes of apparently incurable evils, and to see whether there may not be some good in them. The next best thing to getting rid of an evil, is the proving it to be a good. After all, as it is possible, just possible, that Trevelyan does not read the *Athenæum*, and if so, he may not see our good advice, we will leave him, and return to the work itself, as we are anxious to conclude our review with an extract from the last chapter, describing the death of Gertrude. It should be premised, that the party had lately visited a beautiful and romantic spot, connected with an interesting legend, when "Gertrude turned, with tears starting to her eyes, and laying her hand on Trevelyan's, whispered, 'In such a spot, so calm, so sequestered, yet in the neighbourhood of the house of God, would I wish this broken frame to be consigned to rest.'" Then follows the chapter from which we take our last extract:—

"One evening, amidst the desolate ruins of Heidelberg, Trevelyan, who had gone forth

alone, to indulge the thoughts which he strove to stifle in Gertrude's presence, suddenly encountered Vane. That calm and almost callous pupil of the adversities of the world, was standing alone, and gazing upon the shattered casements and riven tower, through which the sun now cast its slant and parting ray.

"Trevelyan, who had never loved this cold and unsusceptible man, save for the sake of Gertrude, felt now almost a hatred creep over him, as he thought in such a time, and with death fastening upon the flower of her house, he could yet be calm, and smile, and muse, and moralise, and play the common part of the world. He strode slowly up to him, and standing full before him, said with a hollow voice and writhing smile; 'You amuse yourself pleasantly, sir: this is a fine scene;—and to meditate over griefs a thousand years hushed to rest, is better than watching over a sick girl, and eating away your heart with fear.'

"Vane looked at him quietly, but intently, and made no reply.

"Vane!" continued Trevelyan, with the same preternatural attempt at calm: 'Vane, in a few days all will be over, and you and I, the things, the plotters, the false men of the world, will be left alone—left by the sole Being that graces our dull life, that makes, by her love, either of us worthy of a thought!'

"Vane started, and turned away his face. 'You are cruel,' said he, with a faltering voice.

"What, man!" shouted Trevelyan, seizing him abruptly by the arm, 'can you feel? Is your cold heart touched? Come, then,' added he, with a wild laugh, 'come, let us be friends!'

"Vane drew himself aside, with a certain dignity, that impressed Trevelyan even at that hour. 'Some years hence,' said he, 'you will be called cold as I am; sorrow will teach you the wisdom of indifference—it is a bitter school, sir, a bitter school! But think you that I do indeed see unmoved my last hope shivered—the last tie that binds me to my kind? No, no! I feel it as a man may feel; I cloak it as a man grown grey in misfortune should do! My child is more to me than your betrothed to you; for you are young and wealthy, and life smiles before you; but I—no more—sir—no more.'

"Forgive me," said Trevelyan, humbly; 'I have wronged you: but Gertrude is an excuse for any crime of love; and now listen to my last prayer—give her to me—even on the verge of the grave. Death cannot seize her in the arms—in the vigils—of a love like mine.'

"Vane shuddered. 'It were to wed the dead,' said he—"No!"

"Trevelyan drew back, and without another word, hurried away; he returned to the town; he sought, with methodical calmness, the owner of the piece of ground on which Gertrude had wished to be buried. He purchased it, and that very night he sought the priest of a neighbouring church, and directed it should be consecrated according to the due rite and ceremonial.

"The priest, an aged and pious man, was struck by the request, and the air of him who made it.

"Shall it be done forthwith, sir?" said he, hesitating.

"Forthwith," answered Trevelyan, with a calm smile—"a bridegroom, you know, is naturally impatient."

"For the next three days, Gertrude was so ill as to be confined to her bed. All that time, Trevelyan sat outside her door, without speaking, scarcely lifting his eyes from the ground. The attendants passed to and fro—he heeded them not; perhaps as even the foreign menials turned aside and wiped their eyes, and prayed God to comfort him, he required compassion less at that time than any other. There is a stupefaction in woe, and the heart sleeps without a pang when exhausted by its afflictions.

"But on the fourth day Gertrude rose, and was carried down (how changed, yet how lovely ever!) to their common apartment. During those three days the privat had been with her often, and her spirit, full of religion from her childhood, had been unspeakably soothed by his comfort. She took food from the hand of Trevelyan; she smiled upon him as sweetly as of old. She conversed with him, though with a faint voice and at broken intervals. But she felt no pain; life ebbed away gradually, and without a pang. 'My father,' she said to Vane, whose features still bore their usual calm, whatever might have passed within, 'I know that you will grieve, when I am gone, more than the world might guess; for I only know what you were years ago, ere friends left you and fortune frowned,—and ere my poor mother died. But do not, do not believe that hope and comfort leave you with me. Till the heaven pass away from the earth, there shall be comfort and hope for all.'

"They did not lodge in the town, but had fixed their abode on its outskirts, and within sight of the Neckar; and from the window they saw a light sail gliding gaily by, till it passed, and solitude once more rested upon the waters.

"The sail passes from our eyes," said Gertrude, pointing to it, "but still it glides on as happily though we see it no more; and I feel—yes, father, I feel—I know that it is so with us. We glide down the river of time from the eyes of men, but we cease not the less to be!"

"And now, as the twilight descended, she expressed a wish, before she retired to rest, to be left alone with Trevelyan. He was not then sitting by her side, for he would not trust himself to do so; but with his face averted, at a little distance from her. She called him by his name; he answered not nor turned. Weak as she was, she raised herself from the sofa, and crept gently along the floor till she came to him, and sank in his arms.

"Ah, unkind!" she said, "unkind for once! Will you turn away from me? Come, let us look once more on the river; see, the night darkens over it. Our pleasant voyage, the type of our love, is finished, our sail may be unfurled no more. Never again can your voice soothe the lassitude of sickness with the legend and the song—the course is run, the vessel is broken up, night closes over its fragments; but now, in this hour, love me, be kind to me as ever. Still let me be your own Gertrude—still let me close my eyes this night as before, with the sweet consciousness that I am loved."

"Loved!—Oh Gertrude speak not to me thus."

"Come, that is yourself again!" and she clung with weak arms caressingly to his breast; "and now," she said more solemnly, "let us forget that we are mortal; let us remember only that life is a part, not the whole of our career; let us feel in this soft hour, and while yet we are unsevered, the presence of The Eternal that is within us, so that it shall not be as death, but as a short absence, and when once the pang of parting is over, you must think only that we are shortly to meet again. What! you turn from me still? See, I do not weep or grieve, I have conquered the pang of our absence, will you be outdone by me? Do you remember, Albert, that you once told me how the wisest of the ages of old, in prison, and before death, comforted his friends with the proof of the immortality of the soul. Is it not a consolation?—does it not suffice, or will you deem it wise from the lips of wisdom, but vain from the lips of love?"

"Hush, hush!" said Trevelyan wildly, "or I shall think you an angel already."

"But let us close this commune, and leave unrevealed the last sacred words that ever passed between them upon earth."

"When Vane and the physician stole back softly into the room, Trevelyan motioned to them to be still; 'She sleeps,' he whispered; 'hush!' And in truth, wearied out by her own emotions, and lulled by the belief that she had soothed one with whom her heart dwelt now, as ever, she had fallen into sleep, or, it may be, insensibility, on his breast. There as she lay, so fair, so frail, so delicate, the twilight deepened into shade, and the first star, like the hope of the future, broke forth upon the darkness of the earth.

"Nothing could equal the stillness without, save that which lay breathlessly within. Far not one of the group stirred or spoke; and Trevelyan, bending over her, never took his eyes from her face, watching the parted lips, and fancying that he imbibed the breath. Alas, the breath was stilled! from sleep to death she had glided without a sigh: happy, most happy in that death!—Cradled in the arms of unchanged love, and brightened in her last thought by the consciousness of innocence, and the assurances of heaven!"

We cannot conclude without expressing our admiration of the taste and skill with which Mr. Bulwer has arranged and cemented together his materials. He has entered fully into the spirit of his subject, and has fairly done it justice. We have read every line of the book, and shall be happy, when occasion offers, to read it again. We particularly admire the sound good sense of Gertrude's father; and though he sometimes speaks crabbedly, and almost misanthropically, we cannot but like, and acknowledge that there is good in him. There is something beautiful in misanthropy—the sweetest wine makes the sourest vinegar; and he that cannot hate cannot love. We wish that we had room to extract his story, called 'The Tour of the Virtues'; the subject is pleasantly handled, and though it tells no new truth, it puts a very important one in a very clear light.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA, No. 51, *The History of Natural Philosophy*, by Professor Powell, &c. &c.'—This volume is what lawyers would call, "a surplusage" in the Cabinet Cyclopædia: Herschel's beautiful 'Introduction to the study of Natural Philosophy' contained all that was necessary to be known by ordinary readers, respecting the origin and progress of physical science. Had that refuge for the ill-fortunate volumes of the Cyclopædia, the Cabinet Library, been in existence, Professor Powell's work might have found an appropriate place in that series, but its present position only tends to prove that proportion and organization form no part of the plan on which the Cyclopædia is conducted. In one respect the volume merits its present place—no proportion is observed in the space allowed to the several topics of which it treats: the author began on a scale which would require three or four volumes; and when he saw how much of his allotted space had been consumed by ancient history, he adopted a more limited course, and thus contrived that the extent of the information he affords should decrease, as the interest of his subject increased. With singular candour, he tells us in his preface, and in his concluding paragraph, that such has been the fact, and supposes that abatement must as a matter of course follow confession. We fear the forgiveness he will receive, will resemble that bestowed by Rowena on Bracy, in 'Ivanhoe'—"I forgive you, Sir Knight," said Rowena, "as a Christian." "That means," shouted Wamba, "that she does not forgive you at all."

'Conybeare's Elementary Course of Lectures on the Criticism, &c., of the Bible.'—This excellent little volume, is primarily addressed to Theological students in the new college at Bristol, but it is the best manual of biblical criticism that has yet been provided for those who are beginning a scholastic course of divinity. The appendix to the second lecture, which treats of the general grammatical principles of the Semitic languages, is especially excellent, for it removes many of the difficulties that have hitherto impeded the study of Hebrew and Arabic. Mr. Conybeare suggests one improvement, which we trust to see adopted in all future Hebrew grammars, the use of significant names for the conjugations, Active, Passive, Causative, Reciprocal, &c., instead of the unmeaning terms, Kal, Niphal, Hiphil, &c. We are not prepared to consent to the rejection of the vowel points, though we grant that they should not be taken into account, in questions of comparative philology.

'Political and other Poems,' by Charles Cole, a London Mechanic, to be continued Monthly.—We cannot believe that party politics and poetry, have anything in common. Too much of personal bitterness mingles with partizanship, to make its wishes and efforts suitable themes for verse, and we regret, when we see any who might be pilgrims through the land of the beautiful, wilfully seeking the thorny noisy way, and choosing as matter for their musings, the inconsistencies of Cobbett, or the offences of Sir John Key. We have said thus much, because we find in these pamphlets, evidences of poetical power on the part of Mr. Cole, which show him capable of better things than any he has published. The two first stanzas in his series of poems, are about the best amongst them.

A Boy—I dream'd of Liberty:  
A Youth—I said—"but an I Free!"  
A Man—I felt that Slavery  
Had bound me in her chain:—  
But, yet, the dream which, when a boy,  
Was wont my musings to employ,  
Fast rolling years could not destroy,  
With all their grief and pain.  
No! still, the thought that mocks control,  
Whose only rest is Freedom's goal,  
Would, mantling, rise within my soul,  
Till every vein ran free!  
My spirit, in a spell was bound—  
The spell of an enchanting sound,  
Which bade me wake—and breathe around  
The murmurs of the Lyre!

'Songs and Poems,' by Charles Mackay.—This author observes in his preface, "never was an age more prolific in rhymes, than the present, and never was there a greater outcry against the public, for her insensibility to song." Precisely so, (as the gentleman in black says,) and the insensibility of the Public will always be in proportion to the number of Rhymers. Twenty false prophets may easily keep up such a coil in her ear, that she will refuse to listen to the voice of the true one. We fear that Mr. Mackay will rather make the number *twenty-one*, than *two*, and have the less hesitation in saying so, as his book (half a crown dearer than a volume of Crabbe or Byron, and containing about an eighth as much matter, without reference to quality,) is published by subscription.

'Canzone a Sonetto, (à Carlo Napier, &c.) di S. P. Taner Toscano.'—An ode to Admiral Napier, full of the highest sounding praise for valour which language can offer, and two sonnets to Count Villator, also laudatory, can claim no long notice. There is some elevation of language in both, but we have the remembrance of Filicaja, and Herrera's odes of triumph, fresh in our recollection, and moreover cannot like anything savouring strongly of personal adulation, which these do. The notes are interesting.

'History of England.'—Here we have the first volume of Mr. Valpy's new edition of Hume and Smollett, which is to be continued from the accession of George the Third to 1835, by the Rev.

**T. S. Hughes.** The work is to be published in nineteen monthly volumes, and illustrated with seventy-six engravings on steel. It is only necessary for us to announce, that it is printed with good type, and on good paper.

*'Readings in Science.'*—This is a very singular book, and we are almost at a loss how to characterize it. There is in it an original mode of narrating scientific deductions, together with a facility of illustration, that must make it very captivating to an intelligent schoolboy. But there is a want of method apparent, particularly at the commencement, where the author seems to have followed no determinate plan, but to have taken the first subject that came to his hand, and explained it in the first mode that came into his head. Yet even in this way, we have an excellent chapter on triangles, and one tolerably good on the construction of a watch. It would appear as though some one had then suggested to the author the necessity of something like order, for he takes up the two great subjects, Light and Heat, and proceeds to elucidate their qualities and effects, in a more systematic manner. This introduces us to entertaining chapters on reflection, refraction, mirrors, kaleidoscopes, telescopes, thermometers, together with pottery, glass-making, and other manufactures depending on heat; concluding with an account of the microscope, and the wonders which it reveals—and the volume is abundantly illustrated with well executed wood-cuts.

*'The Dublin University Calendar.'*—The second volume of this publication fully maintains the high character which the first obtained. The Examination Papers subjoined to the volume, bear honourable testimony to the advanced state of science in the Dublin University, especially those that bear the name of Mr. Luby, which not only exercise mathematical ingenuity, but supply materials for philosophical speculation. Dr. Singer's examination in Classics is excellent in the critical, but rather meagre in the historical department. Dr. Elrington's questions in Divinity, are well calculated to exercise both the judgment and the memory: it is perhaps to be lamented, that their tendency is in some instances too directly controversial.

*'Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. Vol. 49, Part II.'*—Having spoken at some length of the first part of this volume of the Society's Transactions, it is only necessary for us now to announce the publication of the second, and to state generally, that it contains many papers of interest and value, and many hints and suggestions, that may be of service to practical men.

*'Adam's Roman Antiquities, by James Boyd, LL.D.'*—This is a cheap edition of a valuable work. The editor states that he has availed himself, to correct errors and supply deficiencies, of many valuable books published since the time of Dr. Adam, and that he has greatly enlarged the Indices. It is neatly printed, and illustrated with nearly a hundred wood-cuts.

*'Chambers's Journal, Vol. II.—The Mechanic's Magazine, Vol. XIX.—The Mirror, Vol. XXII.'*—These works do honour to cheap literature, and are excellent in their several ways.

*'Arcana of Science and Art, for 1834.'*—This little annual volume contains, as usual, a great deal of valuable information, gleaned from a variety of sources.

*'Hunterian Reminiscences.'*—These are notes, taken by Mr. Parkinson, and now published by his son, of a course of lectures delivered by John Hunter in 1785. As the leading doctrines touched on in these lectures, were afterwards more fully explained by Mr. Hunter in his published works, we cannot see the use of bringing them forward in their less perfect form.

*'Xenophon for beginners.'*—A work well calculated to facilitate the progress of young stu-

dents in the Greek language. The lexicon at the end is equally creditable to the taste and diligence of the compiler. A few of Lucian's short and lively dialogues, edited on the same plan, would make an excellent school-book.

*'Rowbotham's French Genders.'*—The French Genders, by W. Benner.—Every one knows, that the genders present the greatest difficulty that the students of the French language have to encounter. Messrs. Rowbotham and Benner have both endeavoured to remove this difficulty, and not wholly without success; but, after all, practice and experience can alone give accurate knowledge of the subject.

*'Briefwechsel zwischen Heinrich Voss und Jean Paul, herausgegeben von Abraham Voss—(Correspondence between Henry Voss and Jean Paul, published by Abraham Voss)—mit Heinrich Voss's Bildniss.'*—The fame of Jean Paul has filled all Germany, and made him known, by name at least, over Europe. Voss is the able translator of our immortal Bard. These letters are pleasant, light reading; they are the familiar chat of two amiable men of kindred tastes, feelings, and pursuits; and they are strongly marked with that single-mindedness, which we so often find in the German character; but translations would not sufficiently interest the English readers: many topics referred to are of a local or temporary nature, and many of the criticisms on our own Literature, though judicious enough, want novelty.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE opening of the Italian Opera is delayed, from many causes and disappointments, which, we have no doubt, arise in a great measure, from the uncertainty as to obtaining its management, which must have prevented Laporte from making the necessary arrangements in time. Of late years, the Opera has never paid its expenses till after Easter: this delay, therefore, may prove rather advantageous to the lessee, but to the world of loungers it is anything but pleasant. This time, a provincial town has got the start of us; an Italian Opera company, direct from Genoa, with a *corps de ballet* and *scene-painter* from Seville, has temporarily established itself at Liverpool. The season was to commence on Monday last with 'Semiramide.' The names of the members of the company are strange to us, but we hear that there is every prospect of their performances being something more than commonly good, as well as successful. Mr. J. Z. Hermann was to lead.

His Majesty, we are told, takes much interest in the projected Westminster Festival. Sir George Smart, Messrs. Hawes, Potter, Cramer, Parry, Sherrington, and F. Meyer (why the last three?) have been appointed as sub-committee, to make the musical arrangements. We cannot but again urge the reasonableness and expediency of bringing forward some new work of consequence. Birmingham is to open her new Town Hall with the Chevalier Neukomm's 'David.' Why should London be behind hand?

A pleasant report has reached us from Dublin, that Lady Morgan is engaged on a new work.

His Majesty has, we understand, ordered busts of Nelson and Wellington to be placed in the Royal Gallery at Windsor Castle: they are from the chisel of Chantrey. The former is to find an appropriate pedestal formed from the mast of the Victory.

Estimates, we hear, have been made and tendered of the probable expense of raising the bronze statue of the Duke of York to the summit of the column in Waterloo Place: none exceed 500*l.*, and one is as low as 250*l.* A statue placed at such a height requires only to be a well-proportioned human figure: all likeness is lost, and one man is as good as another.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 13.—His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, President, in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Faraday's series of papers on Electro-Chemical Decomposition was concluded. He considers that his experiments have so decisively established his theory of the definite nature of electro-chemical decomposition, as to warrant the introduction of a new nomenclature, dependent on their exhibitions, when subjected to Voltaic electricity, and the forming of tables, in which their decomposition might be expressed by numbers, to be called electro-chemical equivalents. He proved that these electro-chemical equivalents have definite proportions, which perfectly coincide with those of ordinary chemical affinities, and may consequently be derived from the composition of bodies; and he believes ordinary chemical affinity to be the result of that attraction which holds the particles of matter together.

These views were further expanded in the thirteenth section. Mr. Faraday showed that the quantity of electricity necessary to decompose a body, is exactly equal to that which holds its particles together. And he detailed some experiments to show that this quantity is much greater than we have usually imagined; for instance, a single drop of water resisted, for more than three minutes, the action of a stream of electricity, which kept three inches of platina wire red hot, and appeared, from other experiments, equal to an ordinary flash of lightning. This leads us to reflect on the amazing quantity of electricity associated with matter, and suggests that, by means of chemical decomposition, a mode of generating electricity may be discovered so far superior to the Voltaic battery, as to transcend ordinary calculation. The new theory of electro-chemical decomposition so completely harmonizes with the theory of definite proportions, that both seem to form part of the same system; and as the similarity of the magnetic and electrical laws has been previously established, it is probable that a clue has now been found to the discovery of the general law that comprehends all the mutual agencies of matter.

The reading of Mr. Phillips's paper on Death was commenced.

Feb. 20.—H. R. II. the Duke of Sussex, President, in the chair.—The reading of Dr. Phillips's paper, 'On Death,' was resumed. The writer stated, that death, under its various forms, whether arising from old age, excessive stimulants producing exhaustion, debilitating causes that weaken vital action, injury, or disease of vital organs, is always preceded by a loss of sensibility, so that the precise action we properly call death, is one unattended with pain. This is proved by the experience of those who have been recovered after submersion or strangulation, for they all agree, that no pain was felt when the vital functions were suspended, but that acute pain attended their first sensations of returning life. Death, then, is simply the loss of sensibility.

A paper, 'On the Tides in the Port of London,' by J. W. Lubbock, Esq., V.P., was read; one by Capt. Ross, 'On the Means used to Raise the Treasures sunk in H.M.S. the *Thetis*, at Cape Fryon,' was commenced, and the remainder deferred to the next night of meeting.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Feb. 15.—The Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, V.P., in the chair.—The following, amongst other donations, were laid on the table:—From Capt. Harkness, Sec. R.A.S., a richly-coloured plan, executed by a native artist, of the Seringapat Temple, with elevations of the gateway, &c., and a massive silver neck-chain, worn



by the inhabitants of the Nilagiri hills. Capt. Harkness also presented, in the name of Tiru Venkatachala Mudaliar, a teacher in the College of Fort St. George, a series of works, designed to facilitate the acquisition of the Tamil language; and, in the name of Visoambra Sastri, a similar series of works in Sanscrit. From H. J. Davis, Esq., his notes on Java, and a curious antique Javanese coin, perforated in the centre, with a representation of Adam and Eve on one side; from Capt. Grindlay an original oil painting of a Byraggi, or Hindû devotee; from William C. Taylor, Esq., a copy of the *Foreign Quarterly Review* from the commencement; on announcing which, the Right Hon. Chairman observed that it was a contribution to the library, from a gentleman who had devoted considerable attention to Oriental literature, and was the author of several articles of great merit in this and other periodicals, written in the hope of exciting more general interest in the subject, and many of his suggestions were likely to prove of practical utility. Sir Alexander also laid on the table, in the name of the author, a copy of Mr. Auber's recently published work on China, and several valuable documents connected with appeal cases from India, which have been heard before the Privy Council.

James Bird, Esq., surgeon on the Bombay establishment, was elected a resident member of the Society; after which he commenced reading a paper, being an historical introduction to a translation of the *Mirdî i Ahmadi*, a Mohammedan history of Guzerat, which he has completed, and illustrating the constitution of Hindû society and the state of India, from the end of the 10th to the beginning of the 13th century. The obscurity which hangs over the Hindû annals from the end of the 10th to the end of the 12th century is very great, and Mohammedan authors supply little more than a list of names of the Rajas opposed to the Kings of Ghizni and Ghor. No work deserving the name of history, (not excepting the *Raja Taringini*, translated by Professor Wilson,) can be said to exist among the Hindûs; and were it not for the aid afforded by the grants of land inscribed on copper, and the Mohammedan annals, but little could be done in the way of fixing the dates of even comparatively recent transactions. After these preliminary observations, Mr. Bird proceeds to explain the geography of the western coast of India, as it appears to have been known to the early Sanscrit authors, and then narrates the first invasion of India by the Mohammedans, under Subuktigin, in A.D. 977: the Hindûs were, on this occasion, defeated with great loss near Lumbhan; and Mr. Bird here enters into a consideration of the causes of the inferiority of the Rajputs, as soldiers, to the Mohammedans, leading to some remarks on the general state of India at that time; after which he succinctly describes the several irruptions into India by Mahmûd of Ghizni, illustrating the whole by notes and explanations. The further reading of the paper was postponed till the next meeting, on the 1st of March.

Among the visitors present on this occasion we noticed Capt. Ross, R.N., Capt. Chesney, R.A., &c. &c. In the meeting room were suspended several original portraits of natives of the Nilagiri hills, executed by a gentleman of the Madras army, at present residing there.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 13.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—Mr. C. Parker, architect, having been previously elected, was admitted a Fellow of the Society. Communications were read from the Dean of Wells, and from Mr. Gage, the learned Director of the Society, in further illustration of the crossier exhibited by the former gentleman at the last meeting. They both agree in assigning it to the latter end of the twelfth, or

the beginning of the thirteenth century. Mr. Gage suggests, that it was the crossier of Savaricus, who was consecrated Bishop of Wells on St. Michael's day, 1194, and who transferred the see, during his occupation of it, to Glastonbury; he being at the same time Bishop and Abbot of that place. This suggestion acquires force from the fact, that the monastery was dedicated to St. Michael, whose effigy, we stated last week, decorates the volute of the crossier. Mr. Gage communicated also a notice of a Roman coin found at Barklow in Cambridgeshire, near to where some important discoveries of Roman remains were made last year.

Sir H. Ellis commenced the reading of a paper by Mr. Otley, a Fellow of the Society, and the keeper of the prints in the British Museum, on some ancient decorated and illuminated manuscripts of early date, one of which is preserved in the Museum. The present reading, however, was merely introductory of the subject, which will be continued.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Feb. 7.—Mr. Dent on the Balance Springs of Watches. He commenced with a slight historical sketch of the attempts at constructing watches with balances of different kinds, dwelling particularly on the original invention by Hook, and the subsequent improvements by Arnold. He then noticed the inaccuracies to which the balance spring was liable, and showed them to depend on two causes—the expansion of the material by heat, and its loss of elasticity. The latter cause produced by far the greatest amount of error. To remedy this, he had instituted experiments calculated to ascertain whether this loss of elasticity, consequent on variations of temperature, might not be less in some other bodies than in metals. Glass proved to have the desired qualification; and, in consequence, he had constructed a chronometer with both balance and balance spring of glass, which gave the most satisfactory results in several comparisons that he had made of it with other time-keepers of great accuracy. To ascertain, however, perfectly the value of the instrument, it is at present undergoing a six months' probation at Greenwich Observatory; after which a report on its merits is to be made to the Admiralty. So far as the experiment had gone, Mr. Dent stated it to be perfectly in proof of the value of his discovery. The powers of the glass spring also, in resisting the effect of concussion, had been proved by his chronometer being placed in actual contact with a cannon, which was fired off without in the least affecting the rate of going of the timepiece.

Mr. Dent having concluded, Mr. Faraday mentioned a few facts which just occurred to him, as showing that metals were slow in assuming their final and definite position upon a change of temperature. Mr. Fisher, who accompanied the expedition under Capt. Parry to the North Pole, found, on examining metallic bars at extreme degrees of cold, that they had actually not diminished in length, as he had been led to expect; but when he struck them with a key, so as to cause a certain vibration or motion of the particles, contraction then took place. Mr. Wheatstone had observed a fact of the same kind under increased degrees of temperature; both of which circumstances indicated the imperfection of the elasticity of metallic bodies. On the contrary, Professor Ritchie, in certain experiments made on glass, found it always to exhibit elasticity in a very high degree: thus, a thin filament of glass, wound into a spiral, however fine, instantly resumed its straightness and full length upon being left to itself. These facts Mr. F. mentioned as tending to strengthen Mr. Dent's opinion.

Feb. 14.—Mr. Faraday undertook to explain the principles of Mr. Ericsson's new invention,

the Caloric Engine. He said that, in doing so, he should abstain from giving any opinion as to its merits, the matter having now become one in which pecuniary interests were mixed up. The question had originally been put to him in a scientific point of view, whether it was possible to transfer heat from one current of air to another, passing alternately through the same tubes. To this his answer was in the affirmative, and the method by which this is done constitutes one of the peculiarities of Mr. Ericsson's machine. The principle was long since proposed as a motive power with fluids; applying it to gases belongs to Mr. Ericsson. The part of the engine in which the process of transfer takes place is called the regenerator. The pipes contain numerous plates of metal resembling partial valves, by which the current of air is broken, and brought into more perfect contact with their sides. There are two cylinders, of unequal magnitude and temperature, and the air, driven from the one to the other, and expanded or contracted in its passage through the tubes, produces the motion of the pistons. By the aid of diagrams, Mr. Faraday demonstrated the mode in which the engine would work, adding that, as it occurred to him at the moment, there was no provision for preserving the duo balance of power necessary for the continuation of motion. This point, however, he merely mentioned on the suggestion of the moment; he had not given it any reflection, nor had he been able to mention it to Mr. Ericsson, by whom, perhaps, it might have been obviated.

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 18.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair. Several candidates were balloted for and elected. The Secretary read the third and last portion of Professor Schomburgk's paper on remarkable trees, which described the silk cotton-tree of the West Indies; and the paper concluded by detailing the habits of a particular and formidable species of ant. Among the presents on the table was a collection of plants from the south of France.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 11.—Joseph Sabine, Esq. V.P., in the chair. The Secretary read Mr. Broderip's descriptions of several species of shells, belonging to the different genera which M. Lesson has included in the family *Calyptrææ*. These genera are founded on certain modifications of the foot and mantle of the animals, which have reference to the form, situation, and size of the inner funnel-shaped disk. Mr. Owen supplied the anatomical details of the soft parts. Mr. Owen afterwards pointed out, upon some recent preparations, the peculiarities of the pharynx and organs of digestion in the *Capybara*, confirming the views, and the account of the anatomical structure, published by Mr. Morgan, in the last volume of the Transactions of the Linnean Society.

The Secretary afterwards read the second part of Mr. William Macleay's paper, which referred to the natural history of the genus *Mygale*, of Walckenaer. The author details the habits of one species, showing that the name *M. acicularis* is misapplied, and Madame Merian's account of its bird-killing propensities incorrect. Examples of this species, of large size, would not attack the smallest humming bird, but retreated in haste, although they readily seized other prey when offered to them. So far from being bird-catchers, they do not even spin a web but live in holes in the ground. The largest spider that spins a web in that country, is *Nephila clavipes*, but so little fear have even the humming birds of being entangled by them, that one species of small size, *Trochilus pectoralis*, may frequently be seen examining their webs, and picking the already caught flies out of them.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society	Eight, P.M.
Tues.	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society (Scientific Business)	Eight, P.M.
Wed.	Geological Society	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Arts	p. 7, P.M.
Th.	Royal Society	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
Fri.	Royal Institution	p. 9, P.M.
	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
Sat.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

On Friday, the 14th inst., a highly interesting introductory lecture, 'On the Study of General History,' was delivered at the London University, by the lately-appointed Professor, the Rev. R. Vaughan.

Mr. Vaughan, after defining the subject of General History, touched on the numerous sources whence its materials must be derived, and the qualifications requisite to constitute a just and faithful expositor of them. Of these last, he dwelt especially on the importance of unwarped industry, retentive memory, sagacity to infer just and comprehensive conclusions from minute and desultory facts, conscientiousness, and even devoted love of truth, benevolent interest in the destinies of mankind, and a lively sympathy with the feelings, whether of a secular or religious character, by which they are influenced. On this latter point, especially, he dwelt with much force. Referring to his own character and situation, he said, that he was not there to teach Religion, nor should he think of so far deviating from his immediate duties as to give his labours such a direction. But, feeling deeply the large share which religious feeling had, in all ages, possessed in forming national character, and influencing human events, he would assuredly give it a corresponding place in all his Analyses; without which, he contended, History would seem to have but one eye, and a historian would be constantly dealing with effects without causes. He would merely strive on this head to be always rigorously impartial, giving to each religious creed and impulse precisely its due weight, and neither more nor less: for a cold and a bigoted estimate of the value of religious influence, are alike injurious to the character of the general historian.

Mr. Vaughan next adverted to the matters of instruction, to be deduced from the study of General History, and classed them under the several heads of Legislation and Government, Commerce, Science and Art, Literature, Religion, and National Character, including Manners and Customs. He regretted that the information communicated regarding these, in our classical histories, is, for the most part, so mixed up with other matters, as to make it extremely difficult to extract each lesson separately; but he adduced examples, both from Hallam and Gibbon, to show, that an opposite method is not necessarily dry or didactic; and, for his own part, he conceived, that the advantages which Science has derived from classification, can, with equal, or even superior, effect, be obtained also in General History from its use. He illustrated this view at some length, then intimated the several parts into which he proposed to divide the subject, which he should treat, he said, at such length as to extend a complete course over two academical sessions; and concluded with an animated appeal regarding the importance of historical studies at all times, but especially at the present moment, when a considerable amount of restlessness pervades the community, and some of the elements of society would seem to be again in the crucible. At such a period, it is of peculiar importance that the experiments of bygone ages should be carefully and methodically reviewed, and the appropriate lessons deduced

alike from their success and failure. And they who would reject, or neglect, such a preparation for enabling them to form a correct judgment of proposed arrangements for the future, are only less foolish, and may be much more mischievous than those who, in regulating their private affairs, dwell ever in theory and speculation, and reject the lessons of their own past experience.

One of the large theatres of the University was crowded to excess, so that, at least, 400 persons must have been present.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—*Sitting of the 3rd February.*—This and the preceding sitting were almost exclusively taken up with medical reports, little suited to the generality of readers. From the Memoir read on the 3rd, we give merely the following:—

M. Bousingault read a memoir relative to the action of acid hydro-chloric gas on silver, at a high temperature, with observations on the *départ sec*.

Formerly, chemists gave the name of *départ sec* to an operation, by means of which they succeeded in separating from gold, the silver and other metals amalgamated with it. The dry work, as it is called, of separating these metals, may be traced to the highest antiquity; and it was only about the year 1350, that their separation by aquafortis began to be known in Europe. During a long period it was confined to the laboratory of the assayers.

Chemistry having since made immense progress, the low price of acids, which was a consequence of it, soon allowed them to effect the separation no longer by the *voie sèche*, but by the *voie humide*. Yet, so little are the arts advanced in Europe, says M. Bousingault, that in many *ateliers* I have very lately observed the old mode of proceeding used in the middle ages. Thus, in such an important establishment as that of New Granada, the separation of silver from the gold of the mines, is still performed by cementing albiato in a mixture of brick-dust and sea salt, causing to pass over red hot silver a current of hydro-chloric gas, the acid is decomposed, the chloride of silver is formed, and disengages itself from the hydrogen gas.

The decomposition of hydro-chloric gas by silver, is a fact analogous to that of the decomposition of water by iron. Silver fixes the chlorine of the acid, as iron unites itself to the oxygen of the vapour of water: in the two cases, the hydrogen is free. Nevertheless, at the same temperature at which those metals become decomposed, hydrogen retains the property of reducing, to the metallic state, the chloride of silver and the oxide of iron, producing hydro-chloric acid and water.

*Puits forcés.*—M. Hericart de Thury read a notice on the results obtained at Tours, by M. de Gouze, civil engineer in that town. The well sunk under the direction of this skilful engineer gives 1,502,000 litres of water in twenty-four hours. The ascension of the water is twenty-nine metres above the level of the Loire, and four or five metres above that of the soil. Three years ago the town of Tours was supplied by fountains which were often dry in summer; at present, four bored wells give such a volume of water, that each inhabitant has 149 litres per day.

The quantity of water furnished by these wells has been rapidly increasing—the first having given 30,000 litres of water in twenty-four hours; the second 75,000; the third 173,000; and the fourth 1,500,000.

The power of ascension of the water in the last well is very considerable. It cast up, the first days, fragments of a green free-stone of a cubic inch. A ball of four pounds, introduced into it, was ejected with force. It was the same with balls of six and eight pounds. A tin cylinder, containing twenty-two balls of eight pounds, was thrown up.

## FINE ARTS

In other days—not at all remote—the engravings which gave form to the fictions of our poets were so weak and worthless, that buyers sarcastically demanded an abatement of price in the purchase of a Milton or a Thomson carrying the dead weight of cuts. It is not so now: artists of high talent have taken compassion upon some of our bards, and Byron, Scott, and Rogers, have made their appearance, with illustrations worthy of the verse. In this list we might have included Bulwer. We have seldom seen the pen and pencil in better harmony. Not but that we think some of the fairy revels "all under the light of the moon," a little too fantastic, and some of the scenes from the hand of Roberts, architectural rather than picturesque. The volume, however, is a beautiful one, and, perhaps, from the very circumstance we have alluded to—the mixture of fact and fiction—it may catch the public regard. Those who wish to see the towns and towers of the Rhine as Roberts saw them, or the elves and fairies of the land as M'Clise imagined them—who love what is beautiful and real, or admire what is graceful and grotesque—should buy these illustrations.

Here we have a work of a graver nature; viz. the fourth number of the 'Illustrations of Modern Sculpture.' It contains the 'Distressed Mother,' by Westmacott, a touching group, somewhat vulgarized by a bundle of clothes and a big stick, yet natural withal, and well handled. The second figure is 'The Falconer,' by Carew; a well imagined work. The third is less to our liking—'Innocence,' with a serpent fondling on her naked bosom. The artist who designed this has committed a mistake; instead of awakening pleasant and gentle emotions he has excited the reverse: he has erred in his allegory; let Folly take a serpent to her bosom, but give Innocence something akin to her own heart.

In the tenth number of 'Finden's Gallery of the Graces,' we have some sweet faces and some sweet poetry. 'The Shade of Sadness,' and 'The Wild Flower,' by Boxall, have much of his peculiar grace of expression; the eyelids of the latter are large, and the chin of the former is too blunt and big; still, they have a feeling about them which compels us to look again. 'The Passion Flower' of M'Clise is a little fantastic, we fear, as well as impassioned; it is accompanied by some verses by Barry Cornwall—all elegance and music.

Of Tilt's 'Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott,' we have two numbers before us, containing an engraving of Kneller's Duchess of Monmouth; a curious head of the poetic Scottish King, James V., from a carving made during his lifetime, and a number of landscapes exhibiting lakes and castles. Some of the scenes are after the pencil of Turner, and were heretofore published; the public need not be told how exquisitely he can handle wild mountains, lonely lakes, and romantic castles. The 'Hall of Roakeby Castle,' by Hart, is well conceived: a hoary old warder shows it by torch-light, to a stranger; the effect is novel and natural.

We have also on our table four numbers of Lodge's new issue of 'Portraits and Memoirs of Illustrious Personages in British History.' This is justly regarded by the public as a very valuable work; we cannot open it but we find something to rouse or interest us. Let us try. Here we have a three-quarter length of Oliver Cromwell, after Walker; what a noble head! not coarse and vulgar, but elevated and commanding. He seems meditating the dissolution of the Long Parliament, or an attack upon Prince Rupert—probably the latter, for he is armed and ready for the field.

'Major's Cabinet Gallery,' No. 6, Vol. II. contains 'The Stutting Booth' of Wouvermans,

'The Trumpeter' of Terburg, and 'Hagar and the Angel,' of Claude Lorraine. The Trumpeter is a capital thing, full of subdued glee and quiet humour; the landscape part of Claude's picture is gracefully handled; nor is the scene in the sutling booth without interest. Turn we from Major and his prints and biographies, to 'Shaw's Specimens of Ancient English Furniture.' Here we have a splendid couch, coloured and carved, pertaining to Penshurst; also a singular salt-cellar presented to the New College, Oxford, in 1493, and, better than both, a magnificent arm-chair, richly carved, belonging to Hardwicke Hall, Derbyshire. This is a valuable work; it preserves to future ages the forms of furniture which pleased the taste of our ancestors—nor can we help feeling that they had notions of grandeur and durability surpassing their descendants. 'The Picturesque Memorials of Salisbury' exhibit scenes interesting to the man of taste as well as to the antiquary. 'The Memorials of Oxford,' reaching to the 14th number, will be welcome to many Oxonians; nay, an engraving of Merton College, by Le Keux, is accurate enough for an architect, and yet with much of the elegance required in a true work of art.

Of single prints we have sundry before us of great excellence. Here is Uncle Toby looking innocently into the dangerous blue of Widow Wadman's eye, engraved by Danforth, in a way which cannot but be pleasing to Leslie, who painted the original. But what is this? 'The Fairy Mab,' of the imaginative Fuseli! The elfin sprite has entered into a forbidden chamber, and is enjoying the junkets; her origin is indicated by something like the vision of an eastern attendant. Raddon has held the graver with much success in this singular work.

'Early Piety,' after Wright, by Coombs, is much to our taste; a mother and child are reading the Bible, in a manner natural as well as earnest; the former, however, in too finely dressed: simplicity of attire is not the error of any of our artists, save Stothard.—Mr. Mills has drawn and engraved a scene from Moore's 'Loves of the Angels,' in which the natural ease of a sleeping earthly beauty contrasts well with the writhing extravagance of a heavenly admirer. This artist has embodied another scene from the same poet, in which three angels are sitting on the ground, by the side of a wizard lake; they are looking at ladies walking in the distance, and their conversation, we fear, is of earth, earthy. The landscape is a fine one, but a little too like John Martin to be quite original. When we have mentioned 'Coney's View of the Interior of Milan Cathedral'—a work at once artist-like and scientific—we have done our duty to all specimens of the Fine Arts at present on our table.

## MUSIC

### PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

GREAT activity prevails among the directors of this establishment, in preparing novelty for the ensuing season. This is as it should be. We were fortunately present at their second rehearsal of new music, which promises well. How the admixture of grand vocal works, with the long instrumental pieces, in place of the lighter music with which they used to be diversified, may suit the public taste, we know not. Three new vocal compositions were rehearsed; the first, by Mr. Norello, consisted of solos for a soprano, introduced by recitative, and interspersed with concerted pieces for the other voices; and though some of the musical phrases, and the entire style of the instrumentation might be traced to Mozart and Spohr, it was too good not to receive general praise. Mr. Bishop produced an adaptation of part of 'Paradise Lost' to music, in which was displayed a grandeur and sublimity of concep-

tion, and a richness of instrumentation, which place him where he should be. Ever since the day when his 'Aladdin' was announced in competition with Weber's 'Oberon,' our brethren on the Continent have been asking us searching questions about Mr. Bishop. We are rejoiced at last to be able to give them an answer. This work was enthusiastically applauded—we hope for a little more quietness on the part of the wind instruments, when it shall be performed.

Mr. J. H. Griesbach conducted a new composition of his, an overture to a sacred drama: it does him great credit for masterly and original conception. Another overture, by Marschner, at once pleased and offended us. This composer is very clever, but we have yet to hear music of his which addresses the heart, as well as the intellect; and his scores are overloaded to cumbersome. A third overture, also, was executed, which was not without merit. On the whole, we anticipate much from the coming season.

There has been lately performing at the English Catholic Chapel at Moorfields, the first two movements of a new unpublished mass, by an Italian writer of the name of Caruso. The music is, part of it, exceedingly pretty, the fugue in the 'Kyrie,' and the short trio 'Cum Sancto Spiritu,' being, perhaps, among the best things in it.—The great attraction which this mass has proved both to the chapel and choir, has determined the authorities there (if Rumour speaks correctly) to lay aside altogether the masses of Haydn and Mozart, and to substitute for them, what is termed a 'lighter species of music,' one of the forthcoming novelties of this kind being, it seems, a mass of Lord Burghersh's. It however appears, that the Requiem of Mozart is about to be adopted as the regular funeral mass at Moorfields; a design which we may fairly enough attribute rather to the good taste of the directors, than to the wishes of the subscribers.

## THEATRICALS

### VICTORIA THEATRE.

"If I may be allowed to express my own opinion of the play, upon which the present drama has been founded, I should say that it was not entitled to much success, nor yet to utter condemnation—but let that pass. I have endeavoured to profit by the animadversions of my critics; and have expunged, condensed, and added, where I thought I could do so with effect."

Such is the frank and manly, yet modest opening of a short address, which Mr. Sheridan Knowles has prefixed to the printed copy of his successful drama, called 'The Beggar of Bethnal Green,' produced at this theatre on Wednesday last, and which is an alteration from his unsuccessful play called 'The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green,' acted at Drury-lane some years ago.

If the critics of that day had done their duty, and boldly upheld a play which ought not to have been allowed to sink, for the short time which would have been required to make some trifling alterations, they would have done themselves more credit, and Mr. Knowles better justice. Unfortunately, it is too much their habit to save themselves the trouble of thinking, by going with the stream. There were, as we well remember, two or three situations in it, which gave rise to laughter; not that they were ludicrous in themselves, but they came out so in the acting, (a circumstance which cannot always be foreseen,) and an English audience (never less entitled to be called a thinking people, than when within the walls of a theatre) in the excess of their indignation against these trifling offences,

we perceive by Mr. Knowles's address, that he points to an honourable exception in the *Atlas*—we were not then in critical existence, but we envy the *Atlas* this distinction, and trust that "it had been so with us had we been there."

condemned, for their sake, a play of considerable interest, and replete with passages of high poetic beauty. Had Mr. Knowles been in affluence, it is probable that the hoisterous and thoughtless rudeness of that evening would have driven him for ever from the stage; luckily for others, he was not—and having since, by the production of a series of beautiful plays, schooled the public into a proper respect for his talents, he has now done that which he ought to have been allowed to do at first—made some alterations, and re-produced his ill-used drama. He must be, indeed, unreasonable, if the cheers and plaudits of Wednesday evening have not more than consoled him for his former unmerited annoyance. The legitimate drama, insulted in its former lofty home, trampled under foot by horses, and danced over in its fall by foreign capers, has gained a settlement in Lambeth parish—and there has found a refuge for its destitute children; long may the parish play-house keep them from the parish work-house! We need not detail the plot of 'The Beggar of Bethnal Green.' Its foundation is to be met with in the 'Percy Reliques'—and Mr. Knowles's story varies but little from the original. He has altered the time to the reign of Elizabeth, but this was quite allowable. We found portions of the first act rather tedious, but we suspected that this was mainly owing to certain defects in the acting; we have since read the play, and our suspicions are confirmed. The second and third acts possess considerable interest—the serious situations are striking, and the comic ones excellent and well worked out; and all the characters intended to be prominent, are not only well drawn, but admirably painted.

Mr. Knowles is as well aware as we are that he has not the face or person for the Romeo-like Lord Wilford, but he has mind enough for a dozen Romes; his reading of the part was what might be expected from the man who could write it. Mr. Williams was highly efficient in *Old Small*; Mr. Abbott highly amusing in *Young Small*; Mr. Latham was very respectable in *Peter*, and sang a song with considerable humour. Mr. Chippendale was sensible, but (physically speaking,) weak in *Strap*. Mr. Forrester was a capital representative of *Ralph*: we are happy to offer him praise without alloy; we are inclined to doubt that the part could have been better played. A Mr. Wynne, whom we never remember to have seen before, and who may, for all we know, be a capital actor in a different line, was terribly misplaced in *Albert*, the blind beggar. He "tore his passion to tatters—to very rags." We have no wish to hurt any one's feelings, but we look for reasonable protection for our own; and really this blind man nearly made us deaf. Miss Jarman enacted the part of *Bess* with much good sense, propriety, and feeling; and Miss P. Horton, to whose rising merit we feel pleasure in adding our testimony, well deserved all the applause she met with in *Kate*. The other ladies had not a great deal to do, but acquitted themselves respectably of their several tasks. We subjoin a few specimens of the writing, and recommend our readers to see the play, upon our assurance that the remainder of the language will be found to answer to sample.

### Love at first sight.

I have heard  
That subtle passion from a glance has sprung—  
Hath in a moment taken root so deep,  
Years could not pluck it up; but in the heart  
It grew and grew, though beams of sunny hope  
Did never fall upon it.

Belmont is trying to rouse Wilford from the state of despondency, into which he has fallen, after a fruitless search to find the object of his love:

Belmont. Art thou to pine  
To death! This malady is of the head  
More than the heart. Believe it can be cured,  
Thou'lt find 't will be so. Be thyself again!  
Be free! But once beheld may be forgot.



*Wifford.* Yes, if a thing that any fellow hath.  
I may forget a diamond, can I find  
Another one as rich; but show me one  
That is the paragon of all the mine,  
And try if that's forgot, though seen but once!  
Say that but once I see a beautiful star,  
I may forget it for another star;  
But say but once I do behold the sun,  
And name the orb will blot its image out.

At length he finds her, but, at the same moment, learns that she is the destined bride of another.

*Wifford.* Is she to be a bride?  
*Belmont.* Are you awake?  
*Wifford.* I am—I am—as one,  
That long at sea doth pine him sick for land,  
And, ever dreaming on't, starts up at last,  
With the rebound which says his bark has struck,  
And drowns in sight and very reach of it!  
*Belmont.* Is that the maid?  
*Wifford.* It is. Now wonder at me!  
Wouldst thou not ask, spring ever that from earth?  
Look there; and think of us anatomy!  
Can lurk the cancer death in such a cheek?  
Is not that flower imperishable, as  
It lodged the virtue of the feigned one  
Which never dies—in part's song 'scapt  
The immortal Amaranth!

### MISCELLANEA

**Mr. M. C. Wyatt's Sculpture.**—We received a card of invitation to meet a select party on Sunday last, (the 16th,) at Mr. Wyatt's. A letter, dated Feb. 11, which accompanied the card, set forth, that we were, with others, invited to a private view "of a sculptured dog; and, at the same time, the finished model of a horse, in size approaching the colossal, part of a group for the equestrian statue of King George III., previously to its being cast in bronze. The statue first named," said the letter writer, "represents the celebrated Newfoundland dog, 'Bashaw,' the property of the late Earl of Dudley, from whom Mr. Wyatt received the splendid commission to execute it in various marbles. The living prototype is held to be a specimen of the Newfoundland breed, of surpassing grandeur and beauty. The statue has occupied nearly three years in accomplishing, and is considered by connoisseurs to be the most elaborate and veritable sculptured portrait of a quadruped that has, perhaps, been ever produced by ancient or modern art; and, being wrought in black, grey, and white marble, is costly in proportion, and pronounced to be unique." Our active contemporary of the *Gazette*, having "witnessed the performance in its origin, and during its progress," felt "authorized in taking the lead in describing it to the public;" and, accordingly, published his criticism on Saturday (the 15th). Thus said the critic: "Mr. M. C. Wyatt, whose superior knowledge, &c., is manifest in the magnificent colossal horses which he has modelled, and the charger, intended for the equestrian statue of King George the Third, to be cast in bronze, has finished a statue of an admired Newfoundland dog, a matchless specimen of the breed, the property of the late Earl of Dudley, from whom Mr. Wyatt received the splendid commission to execute it in marble. The statue, which has occupied nearly three years in completing, is, we are sure, the most elaborate representation of a quadruped ever produced by ancient or modern art. Being wrought in black, grey, and white marble, its characteristic effect is strikingly natural, &c., &c., and combining truth, taste, and care, may be pronounced singularly effective, magnificent, and unique." Seeing how heartily and entirely the parties agreed, we thought our readers might be content with their judgment, and thus save us a weary journey to "Dudley Grove House, Paddington."

**Society of Painters in Water-colours.**—Messrs. Charles Bentley, G. Chambers, and Nash, have been elected Associates of this Society.

**Fountain of Fire.**—Professor Orioli, of Bologna, in encouraging his fellow citizens to turn their attention to the sinking of those wells, commonly called *Artisian*, stated, that, by working to a sufficient depth, springs of water, or of inflammable gas, would certainly be procured. These remarks passed without notice, though confirmed by facts

recorded of certain wells in China, in a volume of the *Annals of the Society for the Propagation of the Catholic Faith*, printed at Lyons in the year 1829, till a recent occurrence established their truth.—In the month of May, 1833, Count Alfonso Serafino di Porcia di Conegliano, whilst boring for a well, on his father's estate, was surprised, after twenty days' labour, at which time the boring-tool had reached the depth of seventy feet, by the sudden issuing forth of a stream of hyper-carbonate hydrogen gas, which flamed up, with a distinct crackling sound, to the height of seven feet, and was six inches in volume. This flame remained constantly kindled, and was only interrupted when its passage was obstructed by the falling of earth, or by the continuance of the work. After ten days of further excavation, the boring-tool having gone to the depth of a hundred and fifty feet, the jet of hydrogen gas increased to a surprising degree; and, on its first sudden irruption, was accompanied by an explosion of mud and hot water. This phenomenon, which, at first, caused some alarm, was afterwards an object of great attraction to many spectators. The flame increased, till it became thirty feet high, and six feet wide, and was burning when the account (of which this is a translation) was written, more than a month after the bore was first thrust into the earth.

**Discovery of a European Colony in New Holland.**—A Liverpool paper has been kindly sent to us, professing to contain extracts from the *MS. Journal of a Lieut. Nixon*, who was one of an exploring party, sent out by a scientific society at Singapore, which landing at Raffles Bay, on the north coast of New Holland, on the 10th of April, 1832, made a two months excursion into the interior, and discovered a colony of 300 inhabitants, the descendants of some Dutch men and women, wrecked upon the shore more than 170 years ago. The account is full of minute particulars, but carries on the face of it indubitable marks of falsehood. We are not, however, the less obliged to our correspondent.

**Fertility of the Island of Corsica.**—It appears by a recent investigation into the climate of the island of Corsica, that the soil is more fertile than any part of France. The mountains are covered with vegetation, and many plants grow without requiring the least cultivation. The soil is found to be very favourable for the cultivation of the vine.

Great improvements have lately been made in France, in the manufacture of tiles used for painting. A stone called the Volvic stone, produced by the lava of the rocks of Auvergne, is found to answer the purpose of tiles, much better than any stone previously in use. This stone has also been introduced into the manufactory at Sevres, and is found to make very excellent china as well as tiles, and is used for enamelling. Some beautiful specimens of enamel painting upon this stone, have lately been executed at Sevres. One is a copy of a masterpiece of Gerard Dow, and another a beautiful specimen from Rubens. This stone sustains any heat without injury, and is so hard, that it may be employed for pavement. Indeed, it is intended to be used in Paris, in those streets which are to be improved after the English fashion.

M. Germain, a Belgian, has invented an instrument to cure horses of the glanders. He calls it a Betzilian. Twenty horses, which had been sent to the Infirmary at Betz, are said to have been perfectly cured with this instrument, in a very short space of time.

**Street Music.**—Passing along Regent Street a few evenings ago, a friend of ours heard the entire overture to *Il Don Giovanni*, executed on *quatuor*, consisting of two violins, clarinet and violoncello. The performers were surrounded by an admiring crowd. We question if any four performers in the Opera band could, without

much previous practice, thus execute from memory the classical harmonies of Mozart.

**Error in Courtesy.**—A countryman, wishing to sympathize with his neighbour for the loss of his wife, said, "I am sorry your poor woman is gone to heaven." "Thank you," replied the other, "may it be long before you get there!"

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—We observe that the following interesting Works are advertised for publication by Mr. Murray in the course of next week, viz.—I. *The Life of Sir John Moore*.—II. *A Third Volume of Mr. Le Bas' Sermons*, with New Editions of the Two First. —III. *Rubbles from the Brunnens of Naman*.—IV. *Mrs. Somerville on the Connexion of the Sciences*.—V. *The late Matthew Lewis' Journal of a West India Planter*.—VI. *A Second Volume of Mr. Jesse's Gleanings in Natural History*.—VII. *The First Number of Landscape Illustrations of the Bible*.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]—THE PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE.—We are requested to state, that Mr. Bulwer's new work, 'The Pilgrims of the Rhine,' price 11. 11s. 6d., beautifully illustrated, is now ready, and may be had of the Booksellers in Town and Country, or of the Publishers, Messrs. Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street, Hanover Square, where also it may be obtained in a variety of elegant bindings.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of	Thermom.	Barometer,	Winds.	Weather.	
Week.	Max.	Min.			
Thur. 13	49	54	29.83	SW. to NW.	Cloudy.
Frid. 14	50	57	30.10	Var to S.W.	Ditto.
Sat. 15	40	51	30.15	S.E. to N.E.	Ditto.
Sun. 16	48	57	30.30	S.E.	Clear.
Mon 17	51	41	30.32	W.	Ditto.
Tues. 18	57	41	30.15	W.	Cloudy.
Wed. 19	52	38	29.90	S.W.	Ditto.

*Prevalent Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cirrus.  
Nights and mornings fair. Frost on Sunday night and Monday morning.

Mean temperature of the week, 45°. Greatest variation, 30°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.07.

Day increased on Wednesday, 3 h. 26 min.

### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

A New Edition of the *Poetical Works of S. T. Coleridge*, Esq., containing many new Poems.  
The *Archæological Magazine*, conducted by J. C. Loudon, P.L.S., &c., will appear March 1, and be continued monthly.

*Chère; a Tale of Married Life*, by Mrs. Leman Grimstone, Author of 'Woman's Love,' Character, &c.  
*Memoir of the Life, Character, and Writings of Sir Matthew Hale, Bart.*, Lord Chief Justice of England, by J. B. Williams, Esq.

*Education Reform; or, the Necessity and Practicality of a Comprehensive System of National Education*, by Thomas Wye, Jun., Esq., late M.P. for the County of Tipperary.

*Just published.*—The *Frolics of Puck*, 3 vols. 11. 7s.  
—Fifty Four Sermons, published for the Benefit of the Irish Clergy, 2 vols. 8vo. 2ss.—Dr. Armstrong's Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Physic, 8vo. edited by Joseph Rix, Esq., 10s.—The Life and Works of Burns, by A. Cunningham, Vol. 2, 6s. 6d.—Excursions to the Holy Land, Egypt, Nubia, &c. by John Madox, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 3ss.—The London Medical and Surgical Journal, Vol. 4, 8vo. 1ss.—Brady and Mahon's Dictionary of Parochial Law and Taxation, 12mo. ss. 6d.—The Art of being Happy, with notes, &c., by T. Piliot, post 8vo. 6s.—Sullivan's Dictionary of Derivations, 12mo. 4s.—Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. 1, (Lions and Tigers), 6s.—Membham's Memoirs of the Council of Trent, with plates, 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.—The Evergreen, 3s. 6d.—Memoirs of John Roberts, by W. Howitt, 1s. 6d.—Frank and his Father, by Draper, 5s.—The Child at Home, by J. Abbott, 1s. 6d.—Imaginative Biography, by Sir E. Brydges, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11. 1s.—Memoirs of Henry Maccartney de Laute, by T. W. Calcraft, 12mo. 6s.—Bell's Mathematical and Physical Tracts, 8vo. 4s.—Craig's Sacred Monitor, 12mo. 5s.—Stewart's Hebrew Chronology, 8vo. 11s.—Sketches of the Feathered Tribes, by Robert Mudie, with coloured plates, 2 vols. post 8vo. 11. 8s.—Philip on Minute Doses of Mercury, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—De Porquet's First French Reading-Book, 2s. 6d.—De Porquet's French Dictionary, English and French, and French and English, 5s.—The Little Lexicon, &c. 3s. 6d.—The Little Gazetteer, &c. 3s. 6d.—Report from the Select Committee on Steam Carriages, 8vo. 4s.—Weatherhead's Pedestrian Tour through France and Italy, 8vo. 12s.—Eccles on Ulcers of the Leg, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Royal Mariner, &c., by C. D. Sillery, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The History of Twelve Great Living Companies of London, by William Herbert, 14s.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. N. T.—F.—C.—Y. Z.—P. G. Waldron—T. P. S.—received.

We have received a paper from T., and should wish to know, in confidence, the name of our correspondent.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

## Sales by Auction.

## IMPORTANT SALES BY AUCTION.

**MR. STANLEY** has the honour of announcing to the Public, that, in the course of the present week, the following very important Collections of Works of Art will be entrusted to Sale by him, at his Gallery in Madras-street, Hanover-square, and at his Rooms, 71, Old Bond-street; viz., those of

**The late RICHARD HEBER, Esq.,**  
Of Putney, and Holnet Hall, Shrewsbury;

## CONSISTING OF

An extensive and valuable COLLECTION OF PRINTS, by the most eminent early Italian and German Engravers, and of numerous curious and rare Portraits of later periods; with many copies of the best modern Artists; numerous illustrated Books and Works connected with the Fine Arts; a numerous Collection of Maps, Charts, and Works of various kinds; a fine and valuable selection of DRAWINGS by OLD MASTERS; many of which enriched the Portfolio of the late WILLIAM ROSKOE, of Liverpool.

A magnificent Collection of ANCIENT GREEK and ROMAN COINS and MEDALS, with a multitude of those of the 18th Century by the celebrated Medallists of that period; numerous Fine Medals, and of illustrious Characters down to a late Era; with many curious Medallions of high interest to Artists.

The unequalled CELLAR of WINE and SPIRITS, for choice, rarity, and age, will follow the Sale of the Works of Art.

**The late COUNT FRIES, of Vienna.**

His MAGNIFICENT CABINET of ANTIQUE and MODERN GEMS, containing upwards of five Hundred Cases and Intaglios of the purest Greek and Roman Workmanship, in all the various of precious stones; with a beautiful Selection of the finest diamonds of the Pickers, Berlin, Ulm, and other celebrated Artists; Italian and French Gems, and other ancient and elegant Italian Gem Engravers.

His fine and highly-interesting COLLECTION of DRAWINGS by Old Masters, and of the Works of modern Artists, in about 200 papers, purchased many years back, at the most liberal prices, from the Marquis, Count, and other grand Collections.

**The late REV. JOHN MORGAN RICE.**

His choice and valuable CABINET of GREEK, ROMAN, and ENGLISH COINS and MEDALS.

Several choice COLLECTIONS of PICTURES, some of which are now on its way from the Continent, rich in the Works of Italian, Dutch, and Flemish Masters.

Catalogues of all the above are now being prepared by Mr. Stanley; and due Notice of the given in this, and other Periodicals, of the respective days of sale.

At the Rooms, Old Bond-street.

## LAW BOOKS.

Including the LAW LIBRARY of NEWMAN KNOWLES, Esq.

By Messrs. SOUTHWICK, SON, and GRIMSTON, at their Rooms, 21, Fleet-street, on THURSDAY, 1 January 27th, 1841, and following Day, at half past 10 o'clock precisely, comprising VALUABLE OLD REPORTS, by Ambler, Pollock, Hardres, Levis, Bald-trader, Barnardiston, Salmon, Rolle, Vaughan, Plender, Fortescue, Lezard, Molera, 13 vols.; Rolle, Bunsbury, Keble, Hobart, Lutyens, Ventris, &c.

## MODERN REPORTS.

By Durnford and East, 6 vols.; East, 16 vols.; Maitre and Selwyn, 6 vols.; Barnardiston and Anderson, 5 vols.; Barnardiston and Selwyn, 10 vols.; Moore, 10 vols.; Moore and Payne, 4 vols.; Tindal, 6 vols.; Dore, 5 vols.; Bligh, 3 vols.; Brown, 5 vols.; Robinson, 6 vols., &c.

Also, Statutes at large, to 10 Geo. IV. 30 vols.; Irish Statutes at large, 20 vols.; Hargrave's State Trials, 11 vols.; Dugdale's History of the Justices, 10 vols.; The Black Acts; Year Books, 10 vols.; Journal of the House of Lords and Commons, 107 vols.; Hargrave's Conveyancing, 4 vols.; Cruise's Digest, 7 vols.; Viner's Abridgement, 20 vols.; Bacon's Abridgement, by Gusham and Dred, 6 vols.; Scoulden's Reports, 1801 to 1829, 30 vols.; Durnford's Parliamentary History and Debates, 119 vols.; Mallet's State Trials, 10 vols., &c., &c.

May be viewed, and Catalogues (price 6d.) had at the Rooms.

**COLLECTION OF MODERN WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, OF THE LATE G. F. ROBSON, ESQ.**

By Messrs. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and CHRISTIE, at their Great Rooms, King-street, St. James's-square, on WEDNESDAY, APRIL the 9th, and following day, at One o'clock precisely, (by order of the Executors).

**THE very VALUABLE COLLECTION of MODERN WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS** of that distinguished Artist, **GEORGE FENNELL ROBSON, Esq.** deceased; comprising some grand Drawings and beautiful Productions of his own hand, from Views taken in some of the most romantic parts of Britain, Scotland, and Wales, framed and glazed, and in the Portfolio a beautiful collection of Drawings by the late Sir George, by J. M. Wright; Illustrations in Don Quixote, by the same; and a Collection of capital Specimens of the following Artists:—

McNair	Richter	Cribb	P. Williams
F. Sandby	Prosser	Hunt	Drye
Girtin	J. A. Kneller	Holland	Wyld
Dowd, R.A.	C. F. Harding	Fluch	Fluch
Barnett	Harting	Eyde	Mon. Byrne
Do Wint	Cattermole	Bentley	A. Varley
Scamland	Cox	Evans	Hartlett
Ross	Cotton	Byrne	C. Varley

Also, a very spirited Group of Wild Horses, in plaster, by Lopez; some Frames and Glasses, and a few Black Scrap-books, &c.

Catalogues are now being prepared, and will be ready a fortnight before the Sale; and the Collection may be viewed on the Monday and Tuesday preceding the Sale.

## IMPORTANT ADVICE.

**THE FRENCH and ITALIAN LANGUAGES** taught by a Literary Gentleman, Member of several European Universities, Author of various Works, who enables most of his Pupils to read and converse fluently in Two Months, without the tedious task of committing to memory. His instruction is of the highest character. Being a very English scholar than most foreign Professors, he can explain every idiom and idiom. Apply, only by letter, to L. M. at Italian's Library, in Piccadilly.

## SCHOLASTIC.—TO CLERGYMEN AND OTHERS.

**A GOOD BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL** for YOUNG GENTLEMEN, in the Country, to be TRANSFERRED on reasonable terms, owing to the ill health of the Proprietor.—Apply to Messrs. F. de Pourquet and Cooper, 11, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

## IMPORTANT TO HEADS OF FAMILIES

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Messrs. F. de P. and Co., supply schools with their own publications, of which new editions have been very recently reprinted, and with such other elementary and other works, allowing the professors a very liberal discount, satisfactory in its various branches on equity of assistance terms.

As numerous applications are daily made to them for the terms of good schools, for placing pupils, and half boarders, they select those persons who have not yet sent their propositions to name the same to be delivered gratis at their own house, stating the names of the professors who attend them, with proper references, if not already known to them.

Well recommended Governors and Teachers may at all times find on Messrs. F. de Pourquet and Co.'s books eligible situations all the year. Letters to be post paid, addressed to 11, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, will be punctually attended to.

N.B. School property, if approved of, transferred with confidence.

## HANOVER SQUARE CONCERT ROOMS.

**GIULIO REGONDI**, the celebrated Guitarist, assisted by his Father, **SIGNOR REGONDI**, having returned from Edinburgh, respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry, and the Friends, that he intends to give a CONCERT at the above Rooms, on TUESDAY EVENING, February 25th, and also on THURSDAY MORNING Feb. 27th.

Mr. REGONDI and Mr. WEIPPERT have kindly offered their Assistance.

Admission, 6s.; Family Tickets, to admit Three Persons, 12s.; and for each additional Person 2s.

Tickets to be had of Signor Regondi, 2, North Crescent, Bedford-square; at the principal Music Warehouse. The Programme may also be obtained at 10s. Pieces.

••••• The Evening Concert will commence at Half-past Eight o'clock; and the second at Ten o'clock precisely. Early Performance will occupy about an hour and a half.

## NOTICE.

**RAPHAEL—CORREGGIO—CLAUDE, EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.**  
The EXHIBITION of THREE SPENDID PICTURES by these great Masters, WILL OPEN on SATURDAY, the 1st March. Admission, 1s.; including Catalogue.

**THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, and SKETCHES, by the late R. P. DONINGTON, is NOW OPEN** in the Picture, at 209, Regent-street. This interesting Collection contains the greater part of his finest Productions, and altogether comprehends Fifty Hundred and Fifty different Subjects, many of which are entirely new to the Public. Open from Ten till Six.

**GRAND EXHIBITION, NATIONAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, Adelphi-street and Lincolns Inn-avenue, Strand; displaying an extensive VARIETY OF OBJECTS of general interest—Steam Gun—Steam Boat—Models propelled on Water—Steam Carriages for Railways—Wheels revolving at the rate of Five Miles per Minute—Railroad Combustion of Steel—Magnet producing a strong current of Light and Electricity—Electric Magnet—Compression of Water—Cooking by Gas—Distillation of spirits from Bread—Instrumental Music—Magnetic Painting, sculpture, &c., &c.—Open from 10 in the morning. Admission, 1s.; Annual Tickets, 1l.**

**J. C. PICKEN** (eldest son of the late Mr. Andrew Picken, Author of the 'Domestic Legacies,' 'Black Watch,' &c., &c.) has commenced Business as a BOOK-SELLER and STATIONER in the above-named situation. Where every variety of STATIONERY, and all the new Publications, may be obtained on the very best terms.

A large Assortment of Juvenile Books, at all prices, for Presents, &c.

Also, nearly ready, a PORTRAIT of the late Mr. ANDREW PICKEN, done in the first style in Lithography, by the second Son of Mr. Picken, and will be published immediately.

**TO BOOKSELLERS, ETC.**  
**WANTED TO PURCHASE, A SMALL CIRCULATING LIBRARY OF MODERN BOOKS.** Application to be made to A. B., Chronicle Office, York.

**TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, No. 1.**  
New Series, for FEBRUARY, Price One Shilling, contains:—Mistaken Discernment—the Sage's Nephew's Supper. By the Author of 'Sights of the Roman Table'—Autobiography of the English Opioider, No. 1.—Attendance in Parliament—Propriety of the People during the evening Session—Port Law—London Street—The Establishment and the Discontent—Decline and Fall of the Empire of Fashion—Lord Althorp—Political Register, &c.

Published by William Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London; and John Canning, Dublin. Orders received by all Booksellers.

This New Series gives as much better press, by some of the ablest writers of the day, at the rate of Twelve Shillings annually, as at the rate charged by the more expensive of the London Magazines and Reviews, would cost Twenty-five Shillings.

••••• An honest, an able, a sound, and better aimed periodical does not come from the press.—Edinburgh.

••••• Tait's simple page looks as fresh and open as ever; its matter is as good and as various as before.—Spectator.

## NEW MAGAZINE OF BOTANY.

## PAXTON'S MAGAZINE OF BOTANY.

No. 11. for MARCH, contains, The Schizanthus Priesneri—Pseudotsia Kermesini—Ipomoea elegans—and Mimulus Roseus, of the natural size, beautifully coloured. Also, Culture of the Cactacea—of Plants in Rooms—of the Ruscaceae—Operations in March, &c.; with other Articles, illustrated with Woodcuts. Price 2s.

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No. 331.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1834.

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“Dr. Moore took his son to walk in the garden of the Tuileries, and while he was looking at some of the statues, John strayed aside to gaze at some French boys whose dress diverted him. French children in those days were wont to be equipped in full formal suits, like little gentlemen; their hair was powdered, frizzled, and curled on both sides, and a bag hung behind; whereas Moore’s dress was simple, according to the custom in England, so the contrast to each seemed preposterous. The French boys stared, smiled, and chattered to each

other, while Moore, not understanding a word of French, could only express his displeasure by gestures. Mutual offence was taken, and the parties proceeded to hostilities; but as French boys know nothing of boxing, they were thrown to the ground one across the other. Dr. Moore, hearing the outcry, hastened to the scene: he raised up the discomfited, and endeavoured to appease their rage. Then he reprimanded his son for his unmannerly rudeness, and led him back to the hotel.”

And this is the picture given of him by his father, in a letter, dated Geneva, written during the same journey:—

“Jack is really a pretty youth; his face is of a manly beauty, his person is strong, and his figure very elegant; he dances, fences, and rides with uncommon address; his mind begins to expand, and he shows a great deal of vivacity, tempered with good sense and benevolence; he is of a daring and intrepid temper, and of an obliging disposition. He draws tolerably; he speaks, reads, and writes French admirably well; he has a very good notion of geography, arithmetic, and the easier parts of practical geometry. He is often operating in the fields; and informs me how he would attack Geneva, and shows me the weak parts of the fortification.”

For five years he enjoyed the advantages and pleasures of travelling—he was introduced at many foreign courts:—

“At Carlsruhe the Dowager Margravine of Bareith, niece of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, took great notice of young Moore. She often questioned him. ‘You were at Strasbourg,—did you see Marshal Contade?’ ‘Yes,’ said Jack, ‘I had the honour to dine with him.’ ‘And what did you say to him?’ He replied, ‘I did not say one word to him of the battle of Minden, nor of the Prince of Brunswick.’ The Margravine was delighted with this answer, and often repeated it.”

These, however, were among the last holiday years of his life; the Duke of Argyle obtained for him an ensigncy in the 51st regiment, and after two months spent with his family, he hastened to Marseilles to embark for Minorca, which he reached early in the year 1777. Here, after having been initiated into the forms of military discipline by the veteran General Murray, the spirit of enterprise made him unwilling to remain inactive. He wrote home, and at a lucky moment for his wishes—for the Duke of Hamilton, whom, it seems, “Lady Derby could not make a fop,” (vide letters in the second volume,) had raised a regiment for immediate service, and was enabled to promote his former travelling companion to the rank of lieutenant, as well as to appoint him paymaster. With this regiment, which, however, the duke’s marriage prevented his accompanying, Moore embarked for Halifax, in Nova Scotia, under the command of Brigadier-General Maclean.

His first “smelling of powder” was attended with credit to himself; we prefer his own words, extracted from a letter:—

“On the 28th, after a very sharp cannonade from the shipping upon the wood, to the great surprise of General Maclean and the garrison,

the rebels effected a landing. I happened to be upon picket that morning, under the command of a Captain of the 74th regiment, who, after giving them one fire, instead of encouraging his men (who naturally had been a little startled by the cannonade) to do their duty, ordered them to retreat, leaving me and about twenty men to shift for ourselves. After standing for some time, I was obliged to retreat to the fort, having five or six of my own men killed, and several wounded; I was lucky to escape untouched. This affair of the Captain is only whispered; so you need not mention it.”

During his stay at Halifax he was made a captain. He writes in a free and artless style to his father, concerning the prospects of his brother Frank; and there is a pleasant account of his return home, having unexpectedly met another brother (Graham) in New York; and of their coming suddenly on their father, “who was then busily engaged in writing Zeluco.”

In the year 1783, peace being proclaimed with France, Spain, Holland, and the United States, Captain Moore was put upon half-pay—but he did not retire to idleness; he resumed the studies of fortification and field tactics, and when Pitt gained the ascendancy, and the coalition of Fox and North fell to the ground, he represented four Scottish boroughs in the new parliament, through the influence of his friend the Duke of Hamilton.

But in 1787 we find him again with the army—major to a new battalion which was added to the 60th regiment—in the next year, major to his first regiment, the 51st, which was quartered at Cork; and on its being ordered to prepare for foreign service, he took advantage of the lieutenant-colonel’s indolence, as a “family man,” and purchased his commission.

During the years which passed before the regiment sailed for Gibraltar, in 1792, he seems to have been unwearied in disciplining his regiment, and by uniting the *fortiter* and the *suaviter* in just proportions, succeeded to his heart’s content. During their stay at Corsica the 50th and 51st regiments were summoned to Toulon, to reinforce the garrison, but summoned too late:

“It was late in the evening of the last day of December, that the transports entered Hieres Bay, when immediately Moore went on board the Victory, Lord Hood’s flag-ship. He presented a statement of his regiment, together with the orders which he had received from Sir Robert Boyd, to his Lordship, who expressed some surprise at the smallness of the number of men, and said, ‘You have come rather late.’ He then turned to a navy officer with whom he had been transacting business. Moore, after this dry reception, retired into the outer cabin to join General Dundas, the commander of the army. Every part of the Admiral’s ship was crowded with French men and women of the principal families of Toulon, who had made their escape the night the town was evacuated. Moore hearing the sound of a violin and of dancing in the ward-room, made some enquiry, and was



much surprised to learn that the French were dancing out the old year merrily."

On the 14th of January 1794, Colonel Moore, Major Koehler, an artillery officer, and Sir Gilbert Elliot, the King's commissioner in the Mediterranean, set sail for Corsica, to examine how far an attack upon the island was practicable; their report, upon the whole, being favourable, "the commanders of the fleet sailed to Porto Ferraro, to assemble the troops, and collect ordnance stores for the invasion."

"During this passage, the captain of the ship one night burst into the outer-cabin where General Dundas, Sir James St. Clair, and Moore were lying; he exclaimed, 'Rise, gentlemen, for the ship is driving on a lee-shore:' he then passed into the inner cabin, and repeated the same alarming news to Lord Hood; adding, that he feared the ship would soon strike. Moore, from the position of his cot, could see into Lord Hood's cabin, and he observed that his countenance was no way discomposed. He saw him also carefully draw on one pair of worsted hose over another, to protect his thin legs from the cold. This precaution tranquillized Moore, who being aware that a landsman could do nothing to avert the danger, remained in bed, and fell fast asleep. On awakening next morning he learned that the ship had weathered the lee-shore."

The account of Moore's gallant achievements in Corsica, is full of spirit and interest, as also are his own letters, but we have been dallying perhaps too long among the minor anecdotes and traits of character, which make the picture complete, to have room for any extracts; and yet the siege of Calvi, under the command of General Sir Charles Stuart, is hardly to be passed over, and we must notice the following interesting anecdote:—

"Captain Nelson's name was accidentally left out of the despatches, as he had gone aboard his ship to be treated for his hurt by his own surgeon. Some weeks afterwards, when he read the printed gazette, he was highly offended at this trivial omission, but consoled himself by saying that 'one day he would have a gazette of his own.' This prophecy was frequently and gloriously fulfilled."

Differences ensued between Sir Charles Stuart and Sir Gilbert Elliot; the former resigned his command; and Moore occupied himself solely with his military concerns. He had, however, made friends with the people of the island:—

"Moore was a conspicuous favourite, because he was strong, hardy and active, both on foot and on horseback. He slept on the ground, fed with them on chestnuts when necessary, and talked with them familiarly. By the freedom of habitudes, and of conversation with the best company of both sexes, he learned that the nation generally entertained a strong aversion to their former tyrants, the French, and a warm attachment to the British."

Occasionally he visited the venerable General Paoli, but beyond this, and concerting measures with General Triggs for the defence of the island in case of invasion, his conduct seems to have given no foundation for the suspicions of Sir Gilbert Elliot; the consequence of which was, that after an unsatisfactory conference he was dismissed from his employment, and ordered to leave the island in eight and forty hours.

He returned to England, and lost no time in justifying his conduct to the satisfaction of Pitt and the Duke of York; so much so, indeed, that he was suddenly

advanced to the rank of Brigadier-General, in the West Indies. His destination was St. Lucia—an island whose natural defences had been turned to the utmost advantage by some skilful French engineers. The circumstances of the attack, and its subsequent success, are minutely and spiritedly told, and will be most interesting to all who take pleasure in military manœuvres; but here is a trait of self-devotedness which will be appreciated by a yet wider circle, and we extract it in preference:—

"Moore then found that, with all his vigilance, he could not sufficiently superintend the various posts, working parties, and nightly watches under his direction; he therefore signified to Sir Ralph's aide-de-camp that he wished General Knox to be appointed to take a part of the duty. Sir Ralph went up, took Moore aside, and told him that he had never thought of sending any one to supersede him, and he was much surprised to learn that he had applied for an officer his senior in rank. To this Moore answered, 'I have asked for another General, because another is requisite for the numerous duties. I ventured to propose General Knox, because he is a man of good sense and an excellent officer: for it is of the utmost importance that the service should be well conducted, but of none which of us commands.' The novelty of this sentiment surprised Sir Ralph, and when it was divulged to the army, it excited amazement. Next day, however, General Knox was put in orders, and he and Moore acted in perfect harmony."

The possession of St. Lucia, when once gained, was not maintained without constant care and firmness; and the harassing effects of these, together with the influence of climate, may be judged of from an extract or two from his letters:—

"St. Lucia, 30th August, 1796.

"My dear Father,—I have often reproached myself with not writing to you; I know how anxious you all are about me; but since I have been left in this island, I have never had a moment I could call my own; and am at times so worn out, as notwithstanding my honour, being addressed as his Excellency, &c., I am infinitely more an object of pity than of envy. \* \* \*

"Your satisfaction was damped by the rumours which had reached you, of unsuccessful attacks afterwards, loss of officers, &c. Your letter, together with one I received the same day from Nesbitt, representing the state he had found my mother in, affected me so much, that I cried like a child. There is nothing I dread so much as your receiving accounts during an attack. \* \* \* Many of the Blacks, previous to the surrender, escaped with their arms into the woods and interior of this island. For some time they remained quiet, but since, encouraged by white people attached to the republic, and who were very improperly allowed to remain in the island, they began burning houses, and villages, murdering people of all ages and both sexes, so that it became highly necessary, not only from humanity, but for the safety of our posts and the colony, to march against them. They were joined by numbers of blacks from the plantations; all of that colour are attached to them. I have not only these Brigands to subdue, but the coast to guard from succours which may be thrown in, in small boats from Guadeloupe, and I have unfortunately very few officers upon whom I can depend."

From a letter to Sir Ralph Abercrombie:—

"The army you left in this country is almost entirely melted away. The officers and men are dispirited; the former thinking only of getting home, and framing excuses, in many instances the most shameful, to bring it about."

Even Moore's energies gave way at last; he was attacked by a fever, and was ordered home to recruit, but not to rest. His next campaign was in Ireland, during the time when its rebel chiefs were negotiating for French assistance. He seems to have well understood the temper of the people among whom he was now thrown.

"To check the irregularities of those men of lawless habits, and to form them to obedience, was a difficult task. But notwithstanding their faults, they were a fine body of soldiers, and remarkably good tempered; so by kind, yet strict management, Moore gradually brought them into tolerable order. Among other regulations, he never suffered the bands to play tunes grating to Irish feelings; and to prevent the jarring of the discordant parties, the soldiers were marched to church without music."

The events of the Irish rebellion are too well known to be dwelt on. Moore's was no sinecure service; his brother was an eye-witness of some of its hardships, and tells of their meeting thus pleasantly:—

"An exaggerated report of General Moore's illness at Wexford had reached London, and thrown his family into consternation. I asked, and obtained my father's consent to pass over into Ireland to take charge of my brother's health. I then set off for Dublin, and found there a messenger going with dispatches to the Lord-Lieutenant; I got admittance into his chaise, and by travelling night and day, overtook the army at Newton-Mount-Bellew. It was in the middle of a fine star-light night, when we approached the camp; a sentinel challenged us; the messenger gave the pass-word, and we were permitted to enter. The army, with the exception of the guards and pickets, was reposing in tents. We were conducted to a house in which Lord Cornwallis slept: a surrounding guard was on the alert, but encumbered the passages and staircases. Through these soldiers fast asleep, the messenger with his dispatches, was conducted to the Earl's bed chamber. A staff-officer inquired who I was; and on communicating my name and business, he directed a dragoon to take up my portmanteau on his horse, and conduct me to the reserve, which was encamped upwards of a mile in front. I was led over a wild heath, and by the rising dawn, saw the summit of a ridge of hills at no great distance."

"The dragoon told me that the reserve was posted there. As we ascended, the light increased, and the morning gun was fired, followed by the sound of trumpets, bugle-horns, pipes, drums, and fifes, playing the *revueille*. Tents instantly were struck, and a line of infantry and cavalry appeared, drawn out in battalia. The dragoon inquired for General Moore; he was directed to the left of the line, to which we proceeded, and saw a table cloth, with a breakfast apparatus, spread on the grass. Seven or eight officers sat around, among whom was my brother. Seeing me, he sprang up with glad surprise, and clasped my hand. 'Well, James! have you come to see a battle?' 'I came to bring you health to fight one; but your looks show that you've got it already. Yet, when blows are near at hand, a surgeon dropping in may not be superfluous.'"

The scene of Moore's duties was, on the pacification of Ireland, once more changed, and in August 1799, he was to be found off the coast of Holland, in the expedition commanded by Sir Ralph Abercrombie and Admiral Mitchell; and in the thickest of the battle, by which the Duke of York made himself master of the towns of Berghen and Alkmaar. Sir Ralph Abercrombie bears honourable testimony to his gallantry, in the

following note, which he wrote from the field of battle to Dr. Moore.

"Edmond-on-the-Sea, Oct. 4th.

"My dear Sir,—Although your son is wounded in the thigh, and in the cheek, I can assure you he is in no sort of danger; both wounds are slight. The public and myself are the greatest sufferers by these accidents.

"The General is a hero, with more sense than many others of that description. In that he is an ornament to his family, and to his profession. I hope Mrs. Moore and his sister will be easy on his account, and that you are proud of such a son.

"Your's,

"RALPH ABERCROMBIE."

"Before he had recovered from his wounds," (so begins the next chapter of this chronicle of a brave man's life,) "his Majesty appointed him Colonel of the 52nd regiment;" and he was hardly restored to health, when he proceeded to Chelmsford, to discipline his new charge assembled there.

In the middle of May 1800, he embarked with his friend Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and after sundry voyages hither and thither, took part in the Cadiz expedition, concerning which, and its abandonment, he writes to his father at some length. The conclusion of his letter is worth extracting:—

"I once thought it probable I should see you this winter; of this there is now no chance, nor is there a possibility of saying when I am to have that pleasure. As these are not times for honourable ease and retirement, I have no wish to be at home until the war is over. And it must be a consolation to my mother and you, that in following the course of my profession, I am employed upon the service by much the most important that is going."

Short was the breathing time allowed him. We hear of him next in the Egyptian campaign; he was wounded in the same battle which cost us our brave Abercrombie, of whose daring he gives us an interesting anecdote:—

"Sir Ralph had always been accused of exposing his person too much; I never knew him carry this so far as in this action. When it was so dark that I could scarcely distinguish, I saw him close in the rear of the 42nd regiment, without any of his family. He was afterwards joined by General Hope. When the French cavalry charged us the second time, and our men were disordered, I called and waved with my hand to him to retire, but he was instantly surrounded by the hussars. He received a cut from a sabre in the breast, which pierced through his clothes, but only grazed the flesh. He must have been taken or killed, if a soldier had not shot the hussar."

We do not dwell on the events of this campaign, which are already sufficiently well known, our object being to follow our hero's career closely, however rapidly. He returned home in the year 1801, in time to close the eyes of his father; and, upon his death, generously pressed his mother's acceptance of an additional annuity from himself, half of which only she would receive. The mother appears, throughout the correspondence, to have been worthy of the son; and the last letter in the volume breathes a sorrow for his loss, almost too deep to admit the comfort of resignation.

During the precarious cessation of hostilities, Moore was actively employed in drilling and disciplining those regiments which were to do such good service on a future day. Here is an anecdote, of a reply of his to Pitt,

who was at that time Warden of the Cinque Ports.

"He frequently rode over to Shornecliff, where Moore was encamped, who had the pleasure of explaining to this great statesman all his plans. On one of these occasions, Mr. Pitt said to him, 'Well, Moore: but as on the very first alarm of the enemy's coming, I shall march to aid you with my Cinque Port regiments, you have not told me where you will place us?' 'Do you see,' said Moore, 'that hill? You and yours shall be drawn up on it, where you will make a most formidable appearance to the enemy, while I with the soldiers shall be fighting on the beach.' Mr. Pitt was exceedingly amused with his reply."

In September, 1804, George III. conferred upon him the Order of the Bath; in October, news was received of his brother's having distinguished himself at sea, on which occasion he addresses his mother thus:—

"My dear Mother,

"I think I see the spectacles jumping off your nose, in reading the account of Graham's success. We shall hear no more of his being relaxed. Depend upon it, that since the 5th instant, the day he fell in with the Spaniards, he has been quite well. Everybody rejoices, I believe, that this good fortune has fallen to the lot of Graham Moore."

He was next sent to Ferrol, on a fool's errand, as it proved, ministers having proceeded upon insufficient and incorrect information. Pitt died, and Fox dispatched his brother to Sicily, to supersede Sir John Stuart in the command of the twelve thousand men there. Moore was appointed second in command.

It is impossible to enter into anything like a detail, or even a notice, of the Sicilian affairs in which he was engaged. They are stated here at length, and present a wearisome catalogue of petty intrigues and fruitless expeditions. From thence he sent his mother a silk shawl of Sicilian manufacture.—"Not but that you could get a better in London," he says pleasantly, "but it would not be a present from my son in Sicily."

From Sicily we must follow him to Sweden, whither he was sent in command of an army destined to aid the King: but the impracticability and insanity of that monarch rendered his presence worse than useless; he was even subjected to the ignominy of an arrest, and fled secretly from Stockholm. He was well received by the Duke of York, on his return to London. But he was allowed no respite: his regiment was ordered to the Peninsula; and, as if the campaign were doomed to be a disastrous one for him, it commenced with what he considered a personal affront, his being placed subordinate to two officers, Sir Hew Dalrymple, and Sir Harry Burrard; the first of whom had never served in the field as a general. Moore, though he had proved himself a man who did not scruple to sacrifice any punctilio to the interests of his country, could not endure such a slight tamely. The Secretary of State having made him so unpalatable a communication,

"He spoke as follows:—'My Lord, a post-chaise is at my door, and upon leaving this, I shall proceed to Portsmouth to join the troops. It may perhaps be my lot never to see your Lordship again, (this prophecy was fulfilled:—) I therefore think it right to express to you my feelings of the unhandsome treatment I have received.'

"Lord Castlereagh broke in, saying, 'I am not sensible of what treatment you allude to.'

"Sir John continued to this effect, 'Since my arrival from the Downs, if I had been an ensign, I could hardly have been treated with less ceremony. It is only by inference that I know how I am to be employed; for your Lordship has never told me in plain terms that I am appointed to serve in an army under Sir Hew Dalrymple. And coming from a chief command, if it was intended to employ me in an inferior station, I might expect that something explanatory should be said.

"You have told me that my conduct in Sweden was approved of, but from your conduct I should have concluded the reverse.

"His Majesty's ministers have a right to employ what officers they please; and had they on this occasion given the command to the youngest General in the army, I should neither have felt nor expressed that the least injury was done to me. But I have a right, in common with all officers who have served zealously, to expect to be treated with attention, and when employment is offered, that some regard should be paid to my former services."

He departed for Portugal, after having gladdened the heart of his mother by a few hours spent at her country house—the last they were to spend together! And here we cease to follow him—the results of his ill-starred expedition are well known, and we have neither time nor space to enter upon the much-disputed point of praise or blame to be attached to his conduct in retreating upon Corunna. We have been anxious to give some outline of the varied events of his life. We have seen him as affectionate a son as he was a gallant officer; we must show him once more in the last moments of his life:—

"He was placed on a mattress on the floor, and supported by Anderson, who had saved his life at St. Lucia; and some of the gentlemen of his staff came into the room by turns. He asked each, as they entered, if the French were beaten, and was answered affirmatively. They stood around; the pain of his wound became excessive, and deadly paleness overspread his fine features; yet, with unsundered fortitude, he said, at intervals, 'Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!'

"Anderson, you will see my friends as soon as you can. Tell them—everything.—Say to my mother—'Here his voice faltered, he became excessively agitated, and not being able to proceed, changed the subject."

"Hope!—Hope! I have much to say to him—but cannot get it out. Are Colonel Graham, and all my aides-de-camp, safe?' (At this question, Anderson, who knew the warm regard of the General towards the officers of his staff, made a private sign not to mention that Captain Burrard was mortally wounded.) He then continued,

"I have made my will, and have remembered my servants. Colborne has my will, and all my papers.' As he spoke these words, Major Colborne, his military secretary, entered the room. He addressed him with his wonted kindness; then, turning to Anderson, said, 'Remember you go to Willoughby Gordon, and tell him it is my request, and that I expect he will give a Lieutenant-Colonelcy to Major Colborne;—he has been long with me—and I know him to be most worthy it.'

"He then asked the Major, who had come

\* Sir John Hope, who succeeded to the command; afterwards the Earl of Hope-town.  
; Of Balgowan, now Lord Lyndoch.

last from the field, 'Have the French been beaten?' He assured him they had on every point. 'It's a great satisfaction,' he said, 'for me to know that we have beat the French. Is Paget in the room?' On being told he was not, he resumed, 'Remember me to him; he is a fine fellow.'

"Though visibly sinking, he then said, 'I feel myself so strong—I fear I shall be long dying.—It's great uneasiness—its great pain!'

"Everything François says is right.—I have great confidence in him.' He thanked the surgeons for their attendance. Then seeing Captains Percy and Stanhope, two of his aides-de-camp, enter, he spoke to them kindly, and repeated to them the question, 'If all his aides-de-camp were 'safe,' and was pleased on being told they were.

"After a pause, Stanhope caught his eye, and he said to him, 'Stanhope! remember me to your sister.' He then became silent. Death, undreaded, approached; and the spirit departed; leaving the bleeding body an oblation offered up to his country."

How he was buried has been sung too nobly already, for any one else to attempt the subject.

*Essay on the Cathedral Church of Glasgow, and a History of the See as connected with the Erection of the existing Church; with a Survey of its present Condition and Plan for its Repair and Restoration, together with the general Improvement of the Ancient Portion of the City.* By Archibald McLellan. Glasgow: Brash; London, Longman.

THEIR ruined abbeys and cathedrals seem to be attracting the attention of the Scotch. They unroofed them, indeed, in the days of Knox, with a little more zeal than they appear to exert now in preserving or restoring of them; but we are glad of the awakening spirit, and though they cannot renew the stately splendour of Elgin, the magnificence of Melrose, nor the scientific beauty of the Abbey of "Sweetheart," they can at least screen them a little from time and the spoiler. Poetry has had some share in this change of feeling: the magic lays of Scott threw a protecting mantle over "Grey Melrose," his dust has made Dryburgh Abbey a sacred place: Burns had done something for the sinking beauty of Lincluden—the rudest visitor now respects the ruined tower,

Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air,

and treads with reverence on the spot where the vision of Liberty was seen by the bard. Painting too has lent its aid: the Scotch saw in other lands magnificent landscapes to which monastic ruins lent half the charm, and returning, looked on those of their native country with a feeling amounting to sympathy. Men are no longer permitted to build cottages—nor even kirks out of these venerable reliques; the proprietors have generally forbidden such dilapidations; and, in some instances, small clubs of gentlemen of taste have purchased for long periods a right to every carved stone or "coign of vantage," and employed vigilant and trusty persons to walk with strangers round the ruins, and keep away all spoilers save Time. Interiors have been cleared out; tombs traced, and, in one or two instances, the summits of the walls have been crowned with flag-stones laid in cement, to keep the rains out of the masonry. This is as much, per-

haps, as can be done with safety; for though some of the structures—we speak from personal examination—are firm and unshaken, yet few of them could support the weight of even a slight gothic roof; and one of another character would be absurd. We advise all our restorers too to be warned by the catastrophe of the Chapel of Holyrood: a new stone roof burst the walls asunder, and reduced that truly elegant pile to all but a heap of ruins.

We have been led into these obvious remarks by the work before us; the author is a citizen of Glasgow—a tasteful one, for he is chairman of the Dilettanti Society of that city—and a patriotic one, for his name is always numbered with those who seek to advance the fortunes or augment the beauty of the "Queen of the West." None of our readers need be told, perhaps, that of all the Cathedrals of Scotland, that of Glasgow alone survived the Reformation. When the Lords of the Congregation approached, brandishing the crow-bar and pick-axe, the trades of the city rose to a man, and, displaying their arms, declared they were ready to live or die that day with venerable "St. Mungo." A parley took place, in which the citizens consented to purify the place of its images; they removed them with their own hands, and broke those of stone and burned those of wood, "and the Cathedral," in the homely but expressive words of Andrew Fair-service, "looked as crouse as a cat when the fleas are combed off her." Now, though this structure stands firm and entire, it has not escaped the eye of Mr. McLellan, that not a little of its beauty is concealed from the public, by a faulty line of approach and other impediments, and that it requires repair and restoration. He enters into a detail of the meditated improvements, and calls on his fellow citizens and others to aid him in this meritorious labour. His suggestions seem in general judicious; nay, some of them are necessary, and we have no doubt, that in time the result will be according to his wishes. The volume contains an interesting history of the Cathedral; anecdotes of its bishops—one of whom, Wishart, is dear to all lovers of freedom. It may with perfect propriety be added, that Glasgow is rising fast into eminence, both in art and literature; of the latter, we shall not now speak, but as regards the former, the fact, that in the exhibition of pictures in that city last year, eight hundred pounds worth of paintings were sold, is conclusive. This is the necessary result of opulence and leisure; when men have secured food and clothing, they have time to think of what is elegant and refined.

*Journal of a West India Proprietor, kept during a Residence in the Island of Jamaica.* By the late M. G. Lewis, Esq., M.P. London: Murray.

MONK Lewis (taking his title from his work, as people say. *Anastasis Hope—Saturn Montgomery*), was proprietor of two estates, and three hundred and fifty negroes in Jamaica. From an anxiety to ascertain their condition, and "see how his stock got on," he made two voyages, one in 1815, the other in 1817, and on his return from the latter he died, leaving this pleasant gossiping account of his travels and observations, which has only now, at length, been *déterré*, and given

to the world by the aid of Mr. Murray. It contains several opinions and facts bearing on the slave question, which, we thank God, is now definitively set at rest, so that we may pass these over as possessing no other importance or interest than that of a *post mortem* disquisition on its merits. That a West India planter should consider slavery, as Sambo considered run, "no bad thing," and that, finding a well-fed Jamaica negro to grumble less than a half-starved Manchester weaver, he should, therefore, conclude the condition of a slave in a cane-field to be better than that of a freeman in a factory, was sufficiently natural; but—

Male verum examinat omnis  
Corruptus iudex.

Besides, there are no longer any slaves in the cane-fields; so that, as Johnson would say, "The matter's settled, Sir; and there's an end on't."

Turn we then to the journal, and our first glance discovers Mr. Lewis looking out of an inn window at Gravesend, and reconnoitring his travelling companions on their way to embark.

"Just now, too, a carriage passed my window, conveying on board a cargo of passengers, who seemed sincerely afflicted at the thoughts of leaving their dear native land! The pigs squeaked, the ducks quacked, and the fowls screamed; and all so mournfully, as clearly to prove that theirs was no dissimulated sorrow! And after them (more affecting than all) came a wheelbarrow, with a solitary porker tied in a basket, with his head hanging over one side, and his legs sticking out on the other, who neither grunted nor moved, nor gave any signs of life, but seemed to be of quite the same opinion with Hannah More's heroine,

Grief is for little wrongs—despair for mine!

"As Miss O'Neil is to play 'Elwina' for the first time to-morrow, it is a thousand pities that she had not the previous advantage of seeing the speechless despondency of this poor pig: it might have furnished her with some valuable hints, and enabled her to convey more perfectly to the audience the 'expressive silence' of irremediable distress."

Scarcely had they cleared the Lizard, when they encountered a desperate storm:—

"The wind musing, the waves dashing against the stern, till at last they bent in the quarter gallery: the ship, too, rolling from side to side, as if every moment she were going to roll over and over! Mr. J—— was heaved off one of the sofas, and rolled along, till he was stopped by the table. He then took his seat upon the floor, as the more secure position; and, half an hour afterwards, another heave chucked him back again upon the sofa. The captain snuffed out one of the candles, and both being tied to the table, could not relight it with the other: so the steward came to do it! when a sudden heel of the ship made him extinguish the second candle, tumbled him upon the sofa on which I was lying, and made the candle which he had brought with him fly out of the candlestick, through a cabin window at his elbow; and thus we were all left in the dark. Then the intolerable noise! the cracking of bulk-heads! the sawing of ropes! the screeching of the tiller; the trampling of the sailors! the clattering of the creakery! Every thing above deck and below deck, all in motion at once! Chairs, writing desks, books, boxes, bundles, fire-irons and fenders, flying to one end of the room; and the next moment (as if they had made a mistake) flying back again to the other with the same hurry and confusion. . . .

"Every thing is in a state of perpetual motion. *Nulla quies intus* (nor *otus* indeed for the mat-



ter of that), *nullaque silentia parte*.' We drink our tea exactly as Tantalus did in the infernal regions: we keep bobbing at the basin for half an hour together without being able to get a drop; and certainly nobody on ship-board can doubt the truth of the proverb, 'Many things fall out between the cup and the lip.' • • •

Nothing is so common as to see a roast goose suddenly jump out of its dish in the middle of dinner, and make a frisk from one end of the table to the other; and we are quite in the habit of laying wagers which of the two boiled fowls will arrive at the bottom first.

N.B. To-day the fowl without the liver wing was the favourite, but the knowing ones were taken in; the uncarved one carried it hollow.

Of dolphins and flying-fish we have, of course, the usual allowance, with little variety, except that Mr. Lewis chose to eat a dolphin-steak, and found it nearly as good "as bad haddock." He was much pleased with the conjugal affection exhibited between two sharks, that had followed the vessel; the female was one day killed, and the desolation of the male was excessive—

"Che fare sans Eurydice?"

"What he did *without* her remains a secret, but what he did *with* her was clear enough; for scarce was the breath out of his Eurydice's body, when he stuck his teeth in her, and began to eat her up with all possible expedition. Even the sailors felt their sensibility excited by so peculiar a mark of posthumous attachment; and to enable him to perform this melancholy duty the more easily, they offered to be his carvers, lowered their boat, and proceeded to chop his better half in pieces with their hatchets; while the widower opened his jaws as wide as possible, and gulped down pounds upon pounds of the dear departed as fast as they were thrown to him, with the greatest delight, and all the avidity imaginable."

Arrived at Jamaica, Mr. Lewis found all his negroes in a tumult of delight, at the idea of seeing "Massa"; the care they took to prevent his doing anything that should injure his health, was at times excessive:—

"Polly is a pretty, delicate-looking girl, nursing a young child; she belongs to the mansion-house, and seems to think it as necessary a part of her duty to nurse me as the child. To be sure she has not as yet insisted upon suckling me; but if I open a *jaalousie* in the evening, Polly walks in and shuts it without saying a word. 'Oh, don't shut the window, Polly.'—'Night-air not good for massa'; and she shuts the casement without mercy. I am drinking orangeade, or some such liquid; Polly walks up to the table, and seizes it; 'Leave that jug, Polly, I am dying with thirst.'—'More hurt, massa'; and away go Polly and the orangeade. So that I begin to fancy myself Sancho in *Barrataria*, and that Polly is the Señor Doctor Pedro in *petticoats*."

Against the common idea, that the slaves have no religion, Mr. Lewis reclains:—

"The negroes have in various publications been accused of a total want of religion, but this appears to me quite incompatible with the ideas of spirits existing after dissolution of the body, which necessarily implies a belief in a future state; and although (as far as I can make out) they have no outward forms of religion, the most devout Christian cannot have 'God bless you' oftener on his lips than the negro; nor, on the other hand, appear to feel the wish for their enemy's damnation more sincerely when he utters it."

Nor were his exertions wanting to improve these promising germs into something practical:—

"I think nobody will be able to accuse me of neglecting the religious education of my negroes: for I have not only promised to baptize all the infants, but, meeting a little black boy this morning, who said that his name was Moses, I gave him a piece of silver, and told him that it was for the sake of Aaron; which, I flatter myself, was planting in his young mind the rudiments of Christianity."

This method of implanting *Christianity*, had at least the merit of originality; something was certainly requisite beyond the ordinary modes, which appear to have been crowned with little success. A Moravian missionary had been for more than five years established on a neighbouring estate; "every facility had been afforded him, and he and his wife had jointly used their best efforts to produce a sense of religion in the minds of the slaves; they were all permitted to attend his morning and evening lectures if they chose it," yet, out of a very numerous population, his congregation seldom exceeded ten or twelve. The Church of England clergy were, at the same time, engaged in a plan of periodically visiting the several plantations, to which Mr. Lewis declares his intention of affording every assistance; though, he adds,—

"For my own part, I have no hope of any material benefit arising from these religious visitations at quarterly intervals. It seems to me as nugatory as if a man were to sow a field with horse-hair, and expect a crop of colts."

Yet the negroes are not without notions of their own on the subject. A formidable conspiracy (fomented, as Mr. Lewis and all other planters believe, by Methodist missionaries,) was discovered during his stay on the island. One of the Eboc negroes had been appointed king, and the plan included a general massacre of the whites.

Indeed, proofs were too strong to admit of denial; among others, a copy of the following song was found upon the King, which the overseer had heard him sing at the funeral feast, while the other negroes joined in the chorus:—

*Song of the King of the Ebocs.*

Oh mo good friend, Mr. Wilberforce, make we free!  
God Almighty thank ye! God Almighty thank ye!

God Almighty, make we free!

Backra in this country no make we free;

What Negro for to do? What Negro for to do?

Take force by force! Take force by force!

CHORUS.

To be sure! to be sure! to be sure!

"The Eboc King said, that he certainly had made use of this song, and what harm was there in his doing so? He had sung no songs but such as his brown priest had assured him were approved of by John the Baptist. 'And who, then, was John the Baptist?' He did not very well know; only he had been told by his brown priest, that John the Baptist was a friend to the negroes, and had got his head in a pun!"

When "the massa" speaks to them on religious subjects, the negroes are generally attentive, and often ask questions not easily answered:—

"Every Sunday since my return from Kingston I have read prayers to such of the negroes as chose to attend, preparatory to the intended visitations of the minister, Dr. Pope. About twenty or thirty of the most respectable among them generally attended, and behaved with great attention and propriety. I read the Litany, and made them repeat the responses. I explained the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer to them, teaching them to say each sentence of the latter after me, as I read it slowly, in hopes of impressing it upon their memory. Then came 'the good Samaritan,' or some such apologue; and, lastly, I related to them a portion of the

life of Christ, and explained to them the object of his death and sufferings. The latter part of my service always seemed to interest them greatly; but, indeed, they behaved throughout with much attention. Unluckily, the head-driver, who was one of the most zealous of my disciples, never could repeat the responses of the Litany without an appeal to myself, and always made a point of saying—'Good Lord, deliver us! yes, sir!' and made a low bow."

A passion for talk forms a prominent trait of negro character:—

"Indeed, this 'talking to massa' is a favourite amusement among the negroes, and extremely inconvenient: they come to me perpetually with complaints so frivolous, and requests so unreasonable, that I am persuaded they invent them only to have an excuse for 'talk to massa'; and when I have given them a plump refusal, they go away perfectly satisfied, and 'tank massa for dis here great indulgence of talk.'"

"There is an Eboc carpenter named Strap, who was lately sick and in great danger, and whom I nursed with particular care. The poor fellow thinks that he can never express his gratitude sufficiently; and whenever he meets me in the public road, or in the streets of Savannah la Mar, he rushes towards the carriage, roars out to the postillion to stop, and if the boy does not obey instantly, he abuses him with all his power; 'for why him no stop when him want to talk to massa?'—'But look, Strap, your beast is getting away!'—'Oh! damn beast, Massa.'—'But you should go to your mountain, or you will get no vittle'—'Oh, damn vittle, and damn mountain! me want no vittle, me want to talk with massa'; and then, all that he has got to say is, 'Oh massa, massa! God bless you, massa! me quite, quite glad to see you back, my own massa!' And then he bursts into a roar of laughter so wild and so loud, that the passers-by cannot help stopping to stare and laugh too."

At times their gratitude is no less troublesome: Mr. Lewis had ordered that those on his estate should have four additional holidays every year:—

"The poor creatures overflowed with gratitude; and the prospective indulgences which had just been announced, gave them such an increase of spirits, that on returning to my own residence, they fell to singing and dancing again with as much violence as if they had been a pack of French furies at the Opera. The favourite song of the night was,

Since massa come, we very well off;

which words they repeated in chorus, without intermission (dancing all the time), for hours together; till, at half-past three, neither my eyes nor my brain could endure it any longer, and I was obliged to send them word that I wanted to go to bed, and I could not sleep till the noise should cease. The idea of my going to bed seemed never to have occurred to them till that moment. Fortunately, like Johnson's definition of wit, 'the idea, although novel, was immediately acknowledged to be just.' So instantly the drums and gumbies left off beating; the children left off singing; the women and men left off dancing; and they all with one accord fell to kicking, and pulling and thumping about two dozen of their companions, who were lying fast asleep on the floor. Some were roused, some resisted, some began fighting, some got up and lay down again; but at length, by dint of their leading some, carrying others, and rolling the remainder down the steps, I got my house clear of my black guests about four in the morning."

The full pleasure of the serenade cannot be estimated, without a slight description of their instruments:—

"Their music consisted of nothing but Gambys (Eboc drums), Snaky-snekies, and Kitty

katties: the latter is nothing but any flat piece of board beat upon with two sticks, and the former is a bladder with a parcel of pebbles in it."

But this is not the only pleasure of a planter's life, though some of them cost him rather dear;—for several weeks after Mr. Lewis's arrival, the weather was delicious, the sky cloudless, and the air constantly refreshed by a cool north breeze; but, *per contra*,—

"Not a drop of rain has fallen since the 16th of November; the young canes are burning; and the drying quality of these norths is still more detrimental than the want of rain, so that these winds may be said to blow my pockets inside out; and as every draught of air, which I inhale with so much pleasure, is estimated to cost me a guinea, I feel, while breathing it, like Miss Burney's Citizen at Vauxhall, who kept muttering to himself, with every bit of ham that he put into his mouth, 'There goes sixpence, and there goes a shilling!'"

We think it is Lady Morgan who pleasantly describes some lady as "having seven daughters with seven ideas,—one a-piece;" from the following we conclude they must have been a negro family:—

"Naturalists and physicians, philosophers and philanthropists, may argue and decide as they please; but certainly, as far as mere observation admits of my judging, there does seem to be a very great difference between the brain of a black person and a white one. I should think that Voltaire would call a negro's reason 'une raison tres particulière.' Somehow or other, they never can manage to do anything quite as it should be done. If they correct themselves in one respect to-day they are sure of making a blunder in some other manner to-morrow. . . . The girl, whose business it is to open the house each morning, has in vain been desired to unclose all the jealousies: she never fails to leave three or four closed, and when she is scolded for doing so, she takes care to open those three the next morning, and leaves three shut on the opposite side. . . ."

For above a month Cubina and I had perpetual quarrels about the cats being shut into the gallery at nights, where they threw down plates, glasses, and crockery of all kinds, and made such a clatter that to get a wink of sleep was quite out of the question. Cubina, before he went to rest, hunted under all the beds and sofas, and laid about him with a long whip for half an hour together; but in half an hour after his departure the cats were at work again. He was then told, that although he had turned them out, he must certainly have left some window open: he promised to pay particular attention to this point, but, that night the uproar was worse than ever; yet he protested that he had carefully turned out all the rats, locked all the doors, and shut all the windows. He was told, that if he had really turned out all the cats, the cats must have got in again, and therefore that he must have left some one window open at least. 'No,' he said, 'he had not left one; but a pane in one of the windows had been broken two months before, and it was there that the cats got in whenever they pleased.' Yet he had continued to turn the cats out of the door with the greatest care, although he was perfectly conscious that they could always walk in again at the window in five minutes after. But the most curious of Cubina's modes of proceeding is, when it is necessary for him to attack the pigeon-house. He steals up the ladder as slyly and as softly as foot can fall; he opens the door, and steals in his head with the utmost caution; on which, to his never-failing surprise and disappointment, all the pigeons make their escape through the open holes; he has now no resource but entering the dove-cot, and remaining there with un-

wearied patience for the accidental return of the birds, which nine times out of ten does not take place till too late for dinner, and Cubina returns empty-handed. Having observed this proceeding constantly repeated during a fortnight, I took pity upon his embarrassment, and ordered two wooden sliders to be fitted to the holes. Cubina was delighted with this exquisite invention, and failed not the next morning to close all the holes on the right with one of the sliders; he then stepped boldly into the dove-cot, when to his utter confusion the pigeons flew away through the holes on the left. Here then he discovered where the fault lay, so he lost no time in closing the remaining aperture with the second slider, and the pigeons were thus prevented from returning at all. Cubina waited long with exemplary patience, but without success, so he abandoned the new invention in despair, made no further use of the sliders, and continues to steal up the ladder as he did before. A few days ago, Nicholas, mulatto carpenter, was ordered to make a box for the conveyance of four jars of sweatmeats, of which he took previous measure; yet first he made a box so small that it would scarcely hold a single jar, and then another so large that it would have held twenty; and when at length he produced one of a proper size, he brought it nailed up for travelling (although it was completely empty), and nailed up so effectually too, that on being directed to open it that the jars might be pucked, he split the cover to pieces in the attempt to take it off. Yet, among all my negroes, Nicholas and Cubina are not equalled for adroitness and intelligence by more than twenty. Judge then what must be the remaining three hundred."

This long extract has exhausted our space. The negro sagacity evinced in it, is, we think, fully paralleled by the ingenuity of a Sir Charles Price, who, finding his plantation much infested by rats, imported, at a considerable expense, a larger and stronger species, for the purpose of extirpating the others.

"The new-comers answered his purpose to a miracle; they attacked the native rats with such spirit, that in a short time they had the whole property to themselves; but no sooner had they done their duty upon the rats, than they extended their exertions to the cats, of whom their strength and size at length enabled them completely to get the better; and since that last victory, Sir Charles Price's rats, as they are called, have increased so prodigiously, that (like the man in Scripture, who got rid of one devil, and was taken possession of by seven others) this single species is now a greater nuisance to the island than all the others before them were together."

We should have made our extracts convey some useful information, but for the accidental circumstance that there is none in the book.

*The History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.* Vol. I. By J. S. Reid, D.D. Edinburgh: Waugh & Innes.

Dr. Reid writes as a polemic rather than a historian, and devotes more attention to doctrines and ceremonies, than to characters and events. This is probably to be attributed to the present condition of the Presbyterian church in Ireland, which the Unitarian controversy, needlessly provoked, and intemperately conducted, has divided into two parties; and the reverend author of this volume is desirous to show that the principles maintained by the party to which he belongs, are the same for which the founders of Presbyterianism fought and bled. Still the work is far from being destitute of historical

value; Dr. Reid, with creditable diligence, has collected many important documents unknown to former writers, and has greatly elucidated the circumstances under which the Protestant church was established in Ireland. Leaving creeds and forms to be discussed by theologians, we shall briefly direct the attention of our readers to the principal historical facts, which Dr. Reid has been the first either to establish or explain.

The Protestant church in Ireland approached more nearly to the doctrine and discipline of the Puritans, than that in England; consequently, when James I. resolved to colonize Ulster, he found the Scotch willing to settle in a country where their opinions of church government were not merely tolerated, but triumphant. Many circumstances induced the British government to connive at this state of things, but the chief were those connected with the formation of the colony in Ulster. James had confiscated the greater part of that province for the alleged treason of Tyrone and Tyrconnel; the guilt of these chiefs was never legally proved, and even if it had been ever so well established, the decrees of forfeiture would still have been unjust, because the Irish chiefs had not property in the soil, but merely sovereignty over it; and, consequently, the septs that had not engaged in the treason, could not justly be involved in its legal penalties. The Scotch colonists were, therefore, intruders, and like the first settlers in North America, were hourly exposed to the hostility of those whom they had driven from their lands. It was, therefore, the obvious policy of James to avoid everything which might discourage settlers, since the security of his favourite colony could only be maintained by physical force. Another, and scarcely less influential circumstance, was the notorious fact that the puritanical part of the Protestant clergy alone possessed learning, ability, or even decent behaviour. In proof of this, Dr. Reid quotes the indisputable testimony of the lord-deputy, Sydney. Twenty years afterwards, the poet Spenser draws a more striking picture of the inefficiency of the Protestant clergy in Ireland:—

"It is a great wonder to see the odds which is between the zeal of Popish priests and the ministers of the Gospel; for they spare not to come out of Spain, from Rome, and from Rheims, by long toil and danger travelling hither, where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward or riches is to be found, only to draw the people to the church of Rome: whereas some of our idle ministers having a way for credit and esteem thereby opened unto them, without pains and without peril, will neither for the same, nor any love of God, nor zeal of religion, nor for all the good they may do by winning souls to God, be drawn forth from their warm nests to look out into God's harvest which is even ready for the sickle, and all the fields yellow long ago."

Similar complaints were made by Bishop Bedell, who laboured strenuously to correct the evil, but he found that the corruptions of the church were defended by high authority; and the aid which he reasonably expected, failed him at the moment it was required. Archbishop Ussher, with all his estimable qualities, was not a man of moral courage; and he not only refused to support Bedell, but absolutely thwarted his plans of reformation.

"In a spirit, unworthy of his great name, the primate soon after apprized Bedell, that 'the

side went so high against him in regard to pluralities and non-residence, that he could assist him no more." To this disheartening intimation the latter nobly replied, "that he was resolved, by the help of God, to try if he could stand by himself." This he was scarcely able to effect. His plans of reform were frequently opposed and thwarted by the civil authorities, as well as by his spiritual superiors."

The prevalence of puritanical principles in Ireland soon excited the jealous hostility of Laud, and he sent thither, as chaplain to the unfortunate Wentworth, one of his creatures, Bramhall, whom Cromwell afterwards felicitously named "the Canterbury of Ireland." Bramhall's account of the state of the Irish church at this period, in a letter to his patron, deserves to be quoted.

"Right reverend father, my most honoured lord, presuming partly upon your licence, but especially directed by my lord deputy's command, I am to give your Fatherhood a brief account of the present state of the poor church of Ireland, such as our short intelligence here, and your lordship's weighty employments there, will permit. First, for the fabrics; it is hard to say whether the churches be more ruinous and sordid, or the people irreverent. Even in Dublin, the metropolis of this kingdom, and seat of justice, to begin the inquisition where the reformation will begin, we find our [one?] parochial church converted to the lord deputy's stable; a second to a nobleman's dwelling-house; the choir of a third to a tennis-court, and the vicar sets the keeper. In Christ's church, the principal church in Ireland, whither the lord-deputy and council repair every Sunday, the vaults from one end of the minister to the other are made into tipping rooms for beer, wine, and tobacco, demised all to popish recusants, and by them to others, much frequented in time of divine service. — Next for the clergy, I find few footsteps yet of foreign differences, so I hope it will be an easier task not to admit them, than to have them ejected. But I doubt much whether the clergy be very orthodox, and could wish both the articles and canons of the church of England were established here by act of Parliament or state; that as we live all under one king, so we might, both in doctrine and discipline, observe an uniformity. The inferior sort of ministers are below all degrees of contempt, in respect of their poverty and ignorance. The boundless heaping together of benefices by commendams and dispensations in the superiors, is but too apparent; yea, even often by plain usurpations and indirect compositions made between the patrons, as well ecclesiastical as lay, and the incumbents: by which the least part, many times not above forty shillings, rarely ten pounds in the year, is reserved for him that should serve at the altar; inasmuch that it is affirmed, that by all or some of these means, one bishop in the remoter parts of the kingdom doth hold three and twenty benefices with cure. Generally their residence is as little as their livings. Seldom any suitor petitions for less than three vicarages at a time."

Wentworth and Bramhall diligently emulated the example of the High-Commission Court in England; some of the most deserving ministers were summarily ejected from their cures; legal penalties were denounced against conventicles, and both preachers and hearers severely punished. Dr. Reid has extracted from an unpublished manuscript some anecdotes characteristic of the period.

"John Semple, afterwards an honest zealous minister in the church of Scotland for many years; and Mr. Campbell of Duket-hall, and the laird of Leckie were so nigh to be taken by the pursuivants divers times, that it appeared to be

more than ordinary providence that they escaped. Particularly one time John Semple met a pursuivant by the way, who was sent to take him, and of John Semple inquired the way. Yet the man, having formerly a description of him, did not know him. Another time, the laird of Leckie, with major Stewart and John Semple, came to Newton-Stewart together about their affairs. While the former were taking a drink, it was presently told them that three pursuivants were at the door: upon which major Stewart mounted John Semple on his horse, and gave him his hat; who being mounted, and riding by the pursuivants, inquired, 'whom they were seeking?' They said, 'if you will tell us where they are whom we are seeking, we will give you a reward.' He answered, 'it may be I will.' Then said they, 'we are seeking the laird of Leckie and John Semple.' Then putting spurs to his horse, he answered, 'I am John Semple, you rogues!' While they were calling others to help them to follow him, the laird took his horse and escaped, and major Stewart also. The pursuivants being disappointed, said, 'all the devils in hell will not catch these rogues.'

"Mr. John McClelland being excommunicated by the court in Down, retired up the country to Strabane, and being lodged one night in a house where the woman was a non-conformist, and it being noticed thereafter, her husband, called William Kennah, was fined in five pounds for lodging an excommunicated person one night. There being a young man, a merchant in Strabane, a non-conformist, the bishop of Derry, Bramhall, coming to that place, inquired of the provost, 'what a man he was?' The provost answered, 'he was a young man, a merchant of the town.' The bishop answered, 'a young man! he is a young devil.' Thus that spirit raged amongst them [the prelatists] before the rebellion, persecuting and imprisoning all who would not conform and take the black oath; amongst whom were divers women eminent in suffering with patience and constancy, which become the godly."

These cruelties drove the Presbyterians to unite with the native Irish in accusing Strafford; and notwithstanding the frantic hatred of popery, felt or affected by the puritans of that age, we find that the deputation sent over by the Irish parliament to support the impeachment of the late viceroy, consisted both of Catholic and Presbyterian members. This anomalous union ended with the life of Strafford; the Catholic deputies were justly terrified by the violent denunciations against popery, with which the English parliament resounded, by the execution of Priest Goodman, for the crime of saying mass, and by the strange petition, recorded by Rushworth, that eight persons acquitted on the same charge should be hanged. In such circumstances they were ready to listen to the proposals made by the king, for the support of royal authority. Dr. Reid unhesitatingly accuses Charles of sanctioning the great civil war of 1641, or Great Rebellion as it is more frequently called. His account of its immediate causes is the most reasonable that we have yet seen.

"With the Roman Catholics of the committee, deputed from the Irish parliament to represent the grievances of the nation, it is believed both Charles and his queen intrigued, with the view of detaching them from the puritans, with whom they had hitherto co-operated, and of inducing them to form a party in their native kingdom and parliament, in support of the falling cause of prerogative. In return for this seasonable assistance, ample immunities, both civil and religious, were freely promised; extending, it is alleged, even to the legal establishment of the

Romish faith. The Irish deputies readily listened to the royal suggestions, and at once espoused the cause of Charles. The marquisses of Ormond and of Antrim, the most influential noblemen at this time in Ireland, had already been separately enlisted in the same cause.

"The plan on which these several partisans of the king were required to act was, to take measures for the simultaneous seizure of Dublin and the principal forts and castles throughout the kingdom, and for disarming and securing those who would not join in the project—even the lords justices themselves, in case they offered any opposition. They were then to organize the disbanded soldiery, and augment their number to twenty thousand. And having thus secured the power, and assumed the authority, of the government in the king's name, they were finally to call a parliament, which, circumstanced as the country would then be, would be necessarily devoted to the royal cause. With the resources of the entire kingdom thus placed at his disposal, Charles, with his bigoted and overbearing consort, calculated on obtaining a speedy and final triumph over the obnoxious parliament. \* \*

"The Romanists of the pale, who constituted the more liberal portion of the catholic population, entered readily enough into the scheme; and on communicating it, through the officers employed in raising forces for Spain, to the Ulster Irish, of whose long-meditated project for the total subversion of the British power they appear to have been ignorant, the agents of Charles met with a still more cheerful concurrence in their views. The northern partisans, however, concealed from their new and less violent associates the plans of spoliation which they had been secretly maturing in conjunction with their expatriated relatives. But, at the same time, they hesitated not to embrace with ardour the proposed co-operation, in order to gain one step, and that the most material in their original scheme—the wresting of the kingdom out of the hands of the puritans, then predominant both in the parliament and the government.

"Up to this point, the views of both parties among the conspirators were perfectly coincident; beyond it, they were quite opposite. The primary projectors of the rebellion, such as lord Maguire, Roger Moore, Plunket, Sir Phelias O'Neil, &c., looked upon the seizure of Dublin and the re-organization of the army, merely as preliminary steps to the overthrow of the British power, the separation of the kingdom from England, the recovery of the forfeited estates, and the expulsion of the protestants:—on the accomplishment of these objects, they might then, as an independent catholic nation, support Charles against his refractory parliament. On the other hand, the king's confidential friends, such as the Earls of Ormond and Antrim, Lord Gormanstown, and perhaps the other gentry of the pale, Sir James Dillon, &c., do not appear to have contemplated, in their scheme of insurrection, any unnecessary violence to the persons or properties of the British. Their grand aim was to remove the puritan party from the government of the kingdom, and to place it and its resources at the disposal of the king. Until the rebellion broke out, however, both parties cordially co-operated, and conducted their negotiations without division or apparent distrust."

We feel no inclination to enter into the controversy respecting the extent of the Irish massacres, and the relative guilt of the contending parties; guilty both were, as Dr. Reid has successfully shown,—indeed, as the parties themselves boasted.

The first volume of Dr. Reid's history concludes with the adoption of the covenant by the Protestants of Ulster; we trust that he will be induced to continue the work, for though by no means unprejudiced, he is a



patient and pains-taking investigator of original authorities.

*The Recess; or, Autumnal Relaxation in the Highlands and Lowlands; being the Home Circuit versus Foreign Travel, a serio-comic Tour to the Hebrides.* By Frederick Fag, Esq. London: Longman & Co.

A good book of travels in Scotland is not a little wanted. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides is much to our mind; but the great moralist was too near-sighted to see for himself, and he very wisely resolved not to see with other men's eyes. Pennant's Tour has been overrated: the antiquarianism is sound, but the observations on men and manners are neither very original nor very accurate. Heron's Tour was a hurried work: he spoke kindly of every place where he got a good dinner; but where the wine refused to flow, it was all barren. The Sporting Tour of Col. Thornton has a heavy sort of vivacity, and a flippancy of remark which entitle it to little notice: nor can we say much more in favour of the Tour of Mawman; his observations are common, or erroneous; he seems to have known little of the character of the people. The Picture of Scotland, by Robert Chambers, is entitled to more respect; the descriptions are clear as well as short—the picture of manners is true and amusing—and much is related of the past and present condition of the people.

Though all these works, and many more, are in the market, there is room enough for the Tour of a clear-sighted, and sagacious traveller. We are not indeed disposed to say that the writer before us is such a man; for his book is much too rambling and diffuse, his observations are often hastily made, and his conclusions rashly drawn. He gives us, nevertheless, some pleasing descriptions,—nay, passages in which manners are cleverly delineated; and has such good-will towards the land, that he often speaks the truth about it. His fault is, that he not only talks too much, but he imagines he is talking wittily, and that there cannot be too much of a good thing. As a specimen take the following account of his companions on board the steam-boat:—

"We had JUDGES, who, having recommended a trip to Tyburn or Australia, to several of their countrymen (by way of change of scene) had wisely summed up in favour of a trip to Ayrshire for themselves—SENATORS, who had impaired their own constitutions, while patching that of the state, and were on their way to the mountains for recruit of health—TAILORS from Bond-street, who, being tired of measuring the 'Corinthian pillars of the state,' were making a fashionable tour to the Hebrides, to measure the basaltic columns of Staffa—ANGLERS and FOWLERS, enough to depiscate (may I use the term?) half the streams and depopulate half the moors of Scotland—ANTIQUARIANS bound for Beregonium, to examine the remains of a city that never existed—MINERALOGISTS on a journey to Craig Phaidric, to chip off pieces of lava or pumice-stone from the summit or side of a volcanic mountain, as specimens of vitrified forts—HEBREWS, from Change-alley and Monmouth-street, to ventilate and purify, as a peace-offering to cholera and a preparation for their new franchises—BANKERS, from Lombard-street, going to compare notes with their Scotch correspondents."

Now this is well enough; but then it runs on through two or three very closely printed

pages, and the idea is elaborated out till it becomes wearisome.

Traveller Fag is the kindest of all tourists: he seeks to extract enjoyment out of every thing; when he begins to laugh, he hardly knows when to stop, and he goes smiling over the land, scattering his jokes and his jibes like a prodigal. Edinburgh, he says, is a remarkable union of order and idleness—from the Castle to the Canongate he counted four hundred and seventy individuals completely idle—most of them taking snuff, and some of them whiskey. So much for idleness—now for order: on the evening of the day when the Reform Bill was commemorated in Edinburgh, and the whole population was in the streets, the only breach of the peace he saw was between two gentlemen in a hotel. But then, no wonder they were peaceable; "for never in my life," says our traveller, "did I see such a multitude of meagre, stunted, half-starved, pallid, and sickly human beings." We have seen the streets of Edinburgh filled with people who looked healthy and happy; but the city, it seems, has fallen on evil days. We have no objection to the comparison which he makes between Bannockburn and Marathon, but we deny him the merit of discovering it. What! does he imagine that a people who perceived the resemblance between the Acropolis of Athens and the Calton-hill of Edinburgh, and who sung of the victors at Roslin,

Next came Sir Simon Fraser,  
Who was as bold as Cæsar,  
Great Alexander never  
Could exceed that hero bold—

saw not also how closely the field where Bruce triumphed, resembled that where Leonidas fell?

It would have been better, perhaps, had our tourist thought less of Greece and Rome, and more of Scotland, while he was giving a picture of the latter. This might have saved him from confounding the Lowlanders with the Celts, which he does at his landing at Leith, and prevented him from giving a song of Burns to Sir Walter Scott; for 'My heart's in the Hiellands,' though quoted by the latter, was written by the former. When the tourist goes northward again, we trust he will be in a soberer mood of mind: he can write agreeably when he pleases, and he has some poetry, too, in his nature; but his alacrity at sinking into frivolity, and his imagining that what is passable—nay, agreeable—in conversation, will shine and sparkle in a book, are against the popularity of his present work. In plain truth, however, we suspect that Frederick Fag, Esq., is no novice at the art of book-making; and from his strange, irrelevant, though not unpleasant garrulity, and some two or three touches about malaria and the climate of Italy, we cannot but believe that we have shaken hands with him and our heads at him before.

*Narrative of Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, in the 17th century, by Evliya Effendi.* Translated from the Turkish by Ritter Joseph Von Hammer, &c. Published by the Committee of the Oriental Translation Fund.

It is only within the last few years that the existence of a Turkish literature has become generally known; a few oriental scholars were, indeed, aware that the conquerors of Constantinople had not wholly neglected the

arts and sciences of those they had vanquished; but, with the great majority of the public, the name of Turk was supposed to represent ignorance and bigotry. The publication of an excellent Turkish grammar, by Davis, contributed much to dispel this illusion. This extraordinary young man, whose premature death was occasioned by his ardent devotion to study, compiled a grammar of the Turkish language, which has few rivals, before he attained his twenty-first year. The specimens of Turkish literature he subjoined as exercises attracted the attention of scholars to this neglected branch of oriental learning, and his extract from the 'Travels of Evliya Effendi' excited in his readers a desire for the appearance of the entire work, which seemingly promised to afford new and valuable information respecting the resources of the Turkish power, and the nature of the Turkish character.

But for the Oriental Translation Committee, this curiosity, if indeed a desire for knowledge should thus be called, had no chance of being gratified: thanks to their liberality, the first volume of the work is now before us.

Evliya was born at Constantinople in the beginning of the 17th century; he was educated at one of the colleges in that city, and from his earliest youth was celebrated for his literary acquirements. When he reached the age of twenty-one, he had a dream, in which he imagined that he was divinely commanded to travel, and he spent forty-one years visiting the Turkish provinces, and the neighbouring kingdoms. Towards the close of this period, he obtained permission to make a tour through Europe, and accordingly proceeded through Germany, the Netherlands, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and thence home through Poland. The last ten years of his life were spent in retirement at Adrianople, where he devoted himself to preparing an account of the various places he had visited, the shrines of the saints at which he had worshipped, and the wonders he had seen. The first volume relates his excursions in and round Constantinople, of which city and its environs he has furnished the best topographical account extant, and, at the same time, has given a good statistical survey of the Sultan's resources, and a very interesting description of the municipal institutions of Turkey.

The account Evliya gives of the wars that led to the establishment of the Turks in Europe merits our attention, because his grandfather was standard-bearer to Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople. He confirms the account of Bayazid (Bajazet) being confined in an iron cage by Timur (Tamerlane), a fact which has been recently controverted by several historians, and adds to the narrative some characteristic circumstances which give it a strong appearance of truth.

"Yildirim Bayazid (Bajazet the Thunderer) wisely made Edirnech (Adrianople) the second seat of empire, and besieged Islambul (Constantinople) during seven months, with an army of one hundred thousand men. . . . Soon afterwards, Timur-Leng, issuing from the land of Iran, with thirty-seven kings at his stirrup, claimed submission from Bayazid, who, with the spirit and courage of an emperor, refused to comply. Timur therefore advanced, and encountered him with a countless army. Twelve

thousand men of the Tatar light horse, and some thousands of the foot soldiers, who, by the had councils of the vizir, had received no pay, went over to the enemy; notwithstanding which, Ravaid, urged on by his zeal, pressed forwards with his small force, mounted on a sorry colt, and having entered the throng of Timur's army, laid about him with his sword on all sides, so as to pile his foes in heaps all around him. At last, by God's will, his horse, that had never seen any action, fell under him, and he, not being able to rise again before the Tatars rushed upon him, was taken prisoner, and carried into Timur's presence. Timur arose when he was brought in, and treated him with great respect. They then sat down on the same carpet together, to eat honey and clouted cream. While thus conversing together, "I thank God," said Timur, "for having delivered thee into my hand, and enabled me to eat and discourse with thee at the same table; but if I had fallen into thy hands, what wouldst thou have done?" Yildirim (Bajazet) from the openness of his heart, came to the point at once, and said, "By heaven! if thou hadst fallen into my hands, I would have shut thee up in an iron cage, and would never have taken thee out of it till the day of thy death!" "What thou lovest in thy heart, I love in mine," replied Timur, and ordering an iron cage to be brought, forthwith ordered Bajazet to be shut up in it. "By God's will, Yildirim died that very night of a burning fever, in the cage in which he was confined."

The fate of Jem-Sháh, called by European historians Zizim, was naturally the subject of much misrepresentation in the East. After an unsuccessful rebellion against his brother, the unfortunate prince sought refuge among the Christians, and fell into the hands of Alexander Borgia. The Pope is said to have designed the surrender of the fugitive to the Sultan; but, being forced to yield him as a hostage to the king of France, he gave him poison. Evliyá records a report, that another person was poisoned instead of Jem-Sháh, and that the fugitive prince became sovereign of some country bordering on France. The cause of this favour he asserts to be a near relationship between the royal families of the Franks and the Ottomans, and to the same cause he attributes the precedence uniformly given to the French ambassador. Wild as this tradition is, it has frequently enabled France to obtain ascendancy in the councils of the Porte.

In the topography of Constantinople, the mosque of Saint Sophia occupies a conspicuous place; with the description of the various parts of the edifice is mingled an account of their miraculous properties. It would be well for the good citizens in Paternoster Row, if the ball of Saint Paul's could convert blockheads into men of talent as effectually as the golden ball of St. Sophia.

"If any man have a bad memory which he wishes to improve, he should place himself beneath the Golden Ball, suspended in the midst of the cupola, and say the morning prayer seven times, and each time eat seven black grapes, and then whatever he hears will remain fixed in his memory, as if engraven on stone. A most noted example of this was Hamdi Chelebi; he was so foolish and forgetful, that if any one saluted him, he was obliged to have the salutation in writing before he could make the proper reply. No doctors could do him any good, so that at last he went to the mosque of St. Sophia, where, after saying the requisite prayers, and eating the grapes as prescribed above, he was so completely cured of his stupidity, that he began immediately to

compose his poem of Yussuf (Joseph) and Zulukhá (the wife of Potiphar), which he finished in seven months; after which he wrote his Treatise on Physiognomy, which is known all over the world, as a wonderful poem on the nature of the sons of Adam."

The suppression of the rebellion of Abáza Páshá in the reign of Sultan Murád IV., (A.D. 1628,) is an incident of importance, for it shows us at what an early period the insolence and turbulence of the Janissaries threatened the ruin of the empire. It was against them, and not against his sovereign, that Abáza revolted, and hence he readily obtained not only pardon but promotion from the Sultan. The Janissaries, however, were implacable, and Murád was obliged to sacrifice Abáza to their fury. Evliyá gives a different account of the execution, which is very curious:—

"When Soleimán Páshá was governor of Erzerúm, and I the humble Evliyá was with him, (A.D. 1646,) Abáza Páshá again made his appearance on his return from Persia. Soleimán immediately assigned him an allowance, and reported the case to the Sublime Porte. Abáza began to find out his old acquaintances, and soon became the chief of a party, to whom he related all his remarkable adventures. According to his account, Sultan Murád being obliged to yield to the Janissaries, who refused to march to Erzerúm so long as Abáza was in the camp, took another man, whom he dressed in a white shirt, and had him executed instead of Abáza. Abáza was then taken in a galley to Gallipoli, whence he sailed on board an Algerine ship of war. He soon afterwards obtained the command of that ship, and for seven years was a formidable pirate in the Archipelago. On the very day on which the Sultan Murád died, he was beaten at the Cape of Temenis by a Danish ship, and remained seven years a prisoner amongst the Danes. He was then sold to the Portuguese, with whom for three years he sailed about in the Indian ocean. He then went to India, China, the country of the Calmucks, Khoráshán, Balkh, Bokhárá, Isfahán, and Erzerúm, to the governor of which town he related the whole of his adventures in a manner that excited my greatest astonishment. Soleimán's report having reached the Emperor, Sultan Ibrahim, he asked the chief executioner whether he recollected having executed Abáza in the time of Sultan Murád. The executioner replied, that he had executed a man in a white shirt, whose name was said to be Abáza, that the usual ablutions after his death were performed by the imam of the imperial garden, and that the body was interred at the monument of Murád Páshá. A thousand strange reports having been raised by this story, a special messenger was immediately dispatched with an imperial warrant, and on his arrival at Erzerúm, he seized Abáza at the gate of the music-chamber of the lower diván, severed his head from his body, and carried it to Constantinople."

The interview between Evliyá and Sultan Murád, is very characteristic and amusing, but unfortunately too long to be extracted; and for the same reason we must omit the account of the war with Rakoczy. But we recommend both narratives to the attention of our readers; as also the description of the colleges and hospitals at Constantinople, institutions which may well put many Christian states to the blush.

We cannot take our leave of this valuable work, without bearing testimony to the scrupulous care bestowed upon it by its editor.

*Uniomackia, Canino-Anglico-Græce et Latine.* Edidit Habbakukius Dunderheadius, Coll. Lug. Bat. olim Soc. &c. &c. Editio Quarta. Oxford: Talboys.

*Uniomackia:* rendered into the English Tongue, by Jedediah Puzzlepate.

*Proceedings of the Star-Chamber at Oxford.* Oxford: Vincent.

*An Emollient and Sedative Draught to be taken by the Members of the Rambler and Union.* By Lenient Lullaby, F.R.S., Domestic Surgeon to Bedlam Hospital, &c. Oxford: Talboys.

Oxford has contributed its share to the amusements of the season: the jokes of the venerable University are of a serious caste, as becoms a learned institution—they are, as Pindar says,

Clear to that chosen few, the classic band,  
But need expounding to the vulgar herd.

Rare are the instances of merriment provided specially for scholars; for every other class of society some *cadeau* is brought out at Christmas; but the classical student has no Annual, serious or comic, but must laugh for the thousandth time over his dog-eared Horace and well-thumbed Martial. In sheer compassion we shall give them a share of the fun provided by the *Uniomackia*—a contest not to be paralleled since the days

When threat'ning nice advanc'd with warlike grace,  
And waged dire combats with the croaking race.

It is necessary to expound the causes of the war—a gownsmen would say,

Longa est injuria, longum  
Ambages, sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.

The Union Club at Oxford is or was, (for we have heard a whisper that it has been dissolved,) one of the most aristocratic literary debating societies in the kingdom. From a copy of its journals now before us, it appears to have been at first rather liberal in politics; but in 1829 the Tory party acquired the majority; and their strength was still further increased by the general dislike with which the Reform Bill was viewed in the University. The Whigs resolved to compensate by tactics for their deficiency in numbers; and at the commencement of the last session they stole a march upon their opponents, mustered in strength, and filled all the offices with their own candidates. The conservatives, upon this, without quitting the Union, formed a kind of *caucus*, or club within a club, to which they gave the name of the *Ramblers*. Wyatt's rooms were the scene of the Union debates: these the *Ramblers* pre-occupied on a recent occasion, and the Union was forced to adjourn. Upon this, a special meeting was called, for the purpose of expelling the *Ramblers* in a body: a wordy war ensued, to which the battle of the gods about Troy was a mere joke.

Habakkuk Dunderhead is the Homer of the war: his account is written in Macaronic Greek, of which we have never before seen a specimen: he has imitated the stately march and sounding epithets of the *Iliad* with talent and humour; nor is he less successful in parodying the barbarous latinity and laborious trifling of commentators. The following verses describe the opening of the campaign:—

Ἦντε τορκάτωνελαγγή περί γάρρητα σούνδει  
Οἱτ' ἐπὶ ὠλέμαϊδην ἐφυγον, βρόμαυ τε μέ-  
λαιναν.

Κοιμῶνται ρόθοισι δόμων τερπναῖσι γύναισιν,  
Ὡς σούνδει ελαγγή πάντων ὡς ὕνιον ἐστι,





was known principally for its violence, its difficulties and its dangers. Excepting to the painter, its points most distinguished were those where armies had succeeded in crossing, or where soldiers had perished in vainly attempting to do so; but the power of steam, bringing its real character into existence, has lately developed peaceful properties which it was not known to have possessed. The stream which once relentlessly destroyed mankind, now gives to thousands their bread; that which once separated nations now brings them together; national prejudices, which, it was once impiously argued, this river was wisely intended to maintain, are, by its waters, now softened and decomposed; in short, the Rhine affords another proof that there is nothing really barren in creation but man's conceptions; nothing defective but his own judgment, and that what he looked upon as a barrier in Europe, was created to become one of the great pavés of the world!"

The boat stops, as usual, here and there, to land passengers or goods, and to receive others in exchange:—

"In one of these carrels, or exchanges of prisoners, we received on board Sir — and Lady — a young fashionable English couple, who having had occasion, a fortnight before, to go together to St. George's Church, had (like dogs suffering from hydrophobia, or tin canisters,) been running straight forwards ever since. As hard as they could drive they had posted to Dover—hurried across to Calais—thence to Brussels—snapped a glance at the ripe corn waving on the field of Waterloo—stared at the relics of that great *Saint*, old Charlemagne, on the high altar of Aix-la-Chapelle, and at last sought for rest and convivial refuge at Cöln: but the celebrated water of that town, having in its manufacture evidently abstracted all perfume from the atmosphere, they could not endure the dirt and smell of the place, and therefore had proceeded by land towards Coblenz."

They come on board, accompanied by "their rosy, fresh-coloured French maid, their dark, chocolate-coloured chariot, and their brown, ill-looking Italian courier." It appears that they have brought a full measure of English aristocratic airs with them:—

"Towards some German ladies, who had slightly bowed to them, they looked with a vacant haughty stare, as if they conceived there must be some mistake, and as if, at all events, it would be necessary to keep such people off. Yet, after all, there was no great harm in these two young people; that, in the countries which they were about to visit, they would be fitted only for each other, was sadly evident; however, on the other hand, it was also evidently their wish not to extend their acquaintance. Their heads were lanterns, illuminated with no more brains than barely sufficient to light them on their way; and so, like the babes in the wood, they sat together, hand-in-hand, regardless of everything in creation but themselves."

How many members of this silly, empty-headed, and exclusive hand-in-hand, or, rather, two-in-hand club, do we remember to have laughed in our sleeves at!

But to our author. The Italian courier, though meaning to be overpaid himself, underpays the men who have assisted in getting the carriage on board, and their leader vainly remonstrates with him:—

"The poor fellow, finding that the Italian was immovable, came aft to the elegant English couple, who were still leaning towards each other like the Siamese Boys. He pleaded his case, stated his service, declared his poverty, and, in a manly voice, prayed for redress. The dandy listened—looked at his boots, which were evidently pinching him,—listened—passed

four white fingers through the curls of his jet-black hair—showed the point of a pink tongue gently playing with a front tooth; and when the whole story was at an end, without moving a muscle in his countenance, in a sickly tone of voice, he pronounced his verdict as follows:—*'Alley.'*

"It is with no satirical feeling that I have related this little occurrence. To hurt the feelings of 'gay beings born to flutter but a day'—to break such a pair of young flimsy butterflies upon the wheel, affords me neither amusement nor delight; but the every-day occurrence of English travellers committing our well-earned national character for justice and liberality to the huge slave-driving hand of a courier, is a practice which, as well as the bad taste of acting the part of a London dandy on the great theatre of Europe, ought to be checked."

Our author arrives at Langen Schwalbach, and gives us an interesting and animated description of the waters, the baths, of those who come to benefit by them, and generally indeed, of all he sees and does:—

"In the time of the Romans, Schwalbach, which means literally the swallow's stream, was a forest containing an immense sulphureous fountain, famed for its medicinal effects. In proportion as it rose into notice, hovels, huts and houses were erected; and a small street or village was thus gradually established on the north and south of the well. There was little to offer to the stranger but its waters; yet, health being a commodity which people have always been willing enough to purchase, the medicine was drunk, and in the same proportion the little hamlet continued to grow, until it justly attained and claimed for itself the appellation of Langen (long) Schwalbach."

"About sixty years ago, the Stahl and Wein Brunnen were discovered. These springs were found to be quite different from the old one, inasmuch as, instead of being sulphureous, they were both strongly impregnated with iron and carbonic acid gas. Instead, therefore, of merely purifying the blood, they boldly undertook to strengthen the human frame, and in proportion as they attracted notice, so the old original brunnens became neglected. About three years ago a new spring was discovered in the valley above the Wein brunnens; it did not contain quite so much iron as the Stahl or Wein brunnens; but possessing other ingredients, (among them that of novelty) which was declared to be more salutary, it was patronized by Dr. Fenner, as being preferable to the brimstone, as well as all other brunnens in the country. It was accordingly called Pauline, after the present Duchess of Nassau, and is now the fashionable brunnens or well of Langen-Schwalbach. The village doctors, however, disagree on the subject; and Dr. Stritter, a very mild, sensible man, recommends his patients to the strong Stahl brunnens, almost as positively as Dr. Fenner sentences his victims to the Pauline. Which is right or which is wrong is one of the mysteries of this world; but as the cunning Jews all go to the Stahl brunnens, I strongly suspect that they have some good reason for this departure from the fashion."

He goes early in the morning to taste the waters:—

"Clear as crystal, sparkling with carbonic acid gas, and effervescing quite as much as champagne, it was nevertheless miserably cold; and the first morning, what with the gas, and what with the low temperature of this cold iron water, it was about as much as I could do to swallow it; and, for a few seconds, feeling as if it had sluiced my stomach completely by surprise, I stood hardly knowing what was about to happen, when, instead of my teeth chattering, as I expected, I felt the water suddenly grow warm

within my waistcoat, and a slight intoxication, or rather exhilaration, succeeded."

Now for the bath:—

"As soon as the patient was ready to enter his bath, the first feeling which crossed his mind, was a disinclination to dip even the foot into a mixture which looked about as thick as a horse-pond, and about the colour of mullagatawny soup. However, having come as far as Langen Schwalbach, there was nothing to say but *'en avant'*; and so, descending the steps, I got into stuff so deeply coloured with the red oxide of iron, that the body, when a couple of inches below the surface, was invisible. The temperature of the water felt neither hot nor cold; but I was no sooner immersed in it, than I felt it was evidently of a strengthening, bracing nature, and I could almost have fancied myself lying with a set of hides in a tan-pit. The half hour, which every day I was sentenced to spend in this red decoction, was by far the longest in the twenty-four hours; and I was always very glad when my chronometer, which I always hung on a nail before my eyes, pointed permission to extricate myself from the mess."

"These baths are said to be very apt to produce head-ache, sleepiness, and other slightly apoplectic symptoms; but surely such effects proceed from the silly habit of not immersing the head? The frame of man has beneficently been made capable of existing under the Line, or near either of the Poles of the earth. We know it can even live in an oven in which meat is baking; but surely, if it were possible to send one half of the body to Iceland, while the other was reclining on the banks of Fernando Po, the trial would be exceedingly severe, inasmuch as Nature, never having contemplated such a vagary, has not thought it necessary to provide against it. In a less degree, the same argument applies to bathing, particularly in mineral waters; for even the common pressure of water on the portion of the body which is immersed in it, tends mechanically to push or force the blood towards that part (the head) enjoying a rarer medium; but when it is taken into calculation that the mineral mixture of Schwalbach acts on the body, not only mechanically, by pressure, but medicinally, being a very strong astringent, there needs no wizard to account for the unpleasant sensations so often complained of."

"For the above reason, I resolved that my head should fare alike with the rest of my system; in short, that it deserved to be strengthened as much as my limbs. It was equally old—had accompanied them in all their troubles; and moreover, often and often, when they had sunk down to rest, had it been forced to contemplate and provide for the dangers and vicissitudes of the next day. I, therefore, applied no half remedy—submitted to no partial operation—but resolved that, if the waters of Langen Schwalbach were to make me invulnerable, the box which held my brains should, humbly, but equally, partake of the blessing."

In the foregoing we know not which predominates—good sense—good writing—good humour—or good advice.

A dinner at the table d'hôte is next described. First, soup—then "the barren meat from which the soup has been extracted;" this dish is attended by "a couple of satellites," the one a quantity of cucumbers dressed in vinegar, the other a black, greasy sauce. "After the company have eaten heavily of messes which it would be impossible to describe, in comes some nice salmon—then fowls—then puddings—then meat again—then stewed fruit; and after the English stranger has fallen back in his chair quite beaten, (did they ever try an Alderman of the city of London?) "a leg of mutton majestically makes its appearance."

On this our author remarks—

"I dined just two days at the Saals, and then bade adieu to them for ever. Nothing which this world affords, could induce me to feed in this gross manner. The pig, who lives in his sty, would have some excuse; but it is really quite shocking to see any other animal overpowering himself at mid-day with such a mixture and superabundance of food. Yet only think what a compliment all this is to the mineral waters of Langen Schwalbach; for if people who come here and live in this way morning, noon, and night, can, as I really believe they do, return to their homes in better health than they departed, how much more benefit ought any one to derive, who, maintaining a life of simplicity and temperance, would resolve to give them a fair trial! In short, if the cold iron waters of the Pauline can be of real service to a stomach full of vinegar and grease, how much more effectually ought they to tinker up and repair the inside of him who has sense enough to sue them *in forma pauperis*."

We had marked at least twenty more passages on various subjects for extract, but we have already almost arrived at our limit, and this when, with all our skipping, we have only arrived at page 71, of a book which contains nearly 400. If this does not speak volumes for the one volume before us, we know not what will.

With one more extract we shall conclude. Shall it be one of our author's graphic descriptions of town or country?—shall it be a story—a legend—or one of his incidental essays? It makes but little difference; we will, therefore, help ourselves from the next and following pages, and give his remarks on the state of society abroad (i. e. on the continent,) and at home. We cannot quote even these entire,—and for those portions which we must perforce omit, an apology is no less due to the reader than the writer.

"Our dinner is now over; but I must not rise from the table of the Allee Saal, until I have made an *'amende honorable'* to those against whose vile cooking I have been railing, for it is only common justice to German society, to offer an humble testimony, that nothing can be more creditable to any nation; one can scarcely imagine a more pleasing picture of civilized life, than the mode in which society is conducted at these watering places.

"The company which comes to the brunns for health, and which daily assembles at dinner, is of a most heterogeneous description, being composed of Princes, Dukes, Barons, Counts, &c. down to the petty shop-keeper, and even the Jew of Frankfort, Mainz, and other neighbouring towns; in short, all the most jarring elements of society, at the same moment, enter the same room, to partake together, the same one shilling and eight-penny dinner.

"No one seemed to be under any restraint, yet there was no freezing formality at one end of the table, nor rude boisterous mirth at the other.

"In England we are too apt to designate, by the general term 'society,' the particular class, clan, or clique in which we ourselves may happen to move, and if that little speck be sufficiently polished, people are generally quite satisfied with what they term 'the present state of society,' yet there exists a very important difference between this ideal civilization of a part or parts of a community, and the actual civilization of the community as a whole; and surely no country can justly claim for itself that title, until not only can its various members move separately among each other, but until, if necessary, they can all meet and act together.

"In England, each class of society, like our

different bands of trades, is governed by its own particular rules. There is a class of society which has very gravely, and for aught I care, very properly, settled that certain food is to be eaten with a fork—that others are to be launched into the mouth with a spoon; and that to act against these rules (or whims), shows 'that the man has not lived in the world.' At the other end of society there are, one has heard, also rules of honour, prescribing the sum to be put into a tin money-box, so often as the pipe shall be filled with tobacco, with various other laws of the same dark caste or complexion. These conventions, however, having been firmly established among each of the many classes into which our country people are subdivided, a very considerable degree of order is maintained; and, therefore, let a foreigner go into any sort of society in England, and he will find it is apparently living in happy obedience to its own laws; but if any chance or convulsion brings these various classes of society, each laden with its own laws, into general contact, a sort of Babel confusion instantly takes place, each class loudly calling its neighbour to order in a language it cannot comprehend. Like the followers of different religions, the one has been taught a creed which has not ever been heard of by the other; there is no sound bond of union—no reasonable understanding between the parties: in short, they resemble a set of regiments, each of which having been drilled according to the caprice or fancy of its colonel, appears in very high order on its own parade, yet, when all are brought together, form an unorganized and undisciplined army; and in support of this theory, is it not undeniably true, that it is practically impossible for all ranks of society to associate together in England, with the same ease and inoffensive freedom which characterize similar meetings on the continent? And yet a German Duke or a German Baron is as proud of his rank, and rank is as much respected in his country as it is in our country.

"There must, therefore, in England exist somewhere or other a radical fault. The upper classes will, of course, lay the blame on the lowest—the lowest will abuse the highest—but may not the error lie between the two? Does it not rather rest upon both? and is it not caused by the laws which regulate our small island society—being odd, unmeaning, imaginary, and often fictitious, instead of being stamped with those large intelligible characters, which make them at once legible to all the inhabitants of the globe?"

After describing a parcel of labouring boys, whom he saw together in a forest, our author says—

"As they separated, off went their caps, and they really took leave of each other in the very same sort of manner with which I yesterday saw the Landgrave of Hesse Homberg return a bow to a common postilion.

"It is this general, well-founded, and acknowledged system, which binds together all classes of society.

"On the continent, so long as a person speaks and behaves correctly, he need not fear to give offence to any one."

After speaking of the various sorts of manners to be met with in England, from the "very noble aristocratic manners," down to "the parti-coloured manners of the mobility," our author thus concludes his remarks.

"Now, with respect to these motley manners, these 'black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,' which are about as different from each other as the manners of the various beasts collected by Noah in his ark, it may at once be observed, that (however we ourselves may admire them,) there are very few of them, indeed, which are suited to the continent; and, consequently,

though Russians, Prussians, Austrians, French, and Italians, to a certain degree, can anywhere assimilate together, yet somehow or other our manners—(never mind whether better or worse)—are different. Which, therefore, I am seriously disposed to ask of myself, are the most likely to be right? the manners of 'the right little, tight little Island,' or those of the inhabitants of the vast continent of Europe?"

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Enthusiast, a Metrical Tale; with other Pieces; and a Preliminary Chapter on Poetry*, by John Mackay Wilson.'—The poetic feeling of this little volume is obscured by the startling language and crowding fancies of the author. The nurse who smothered her child in linen and velvet, was but a type of this young bard: he abounds in fine words, and loves to be continually in motion; a storm is always raging among the trees of his Parnassus; and he thinks the muse never looks handsome but when she hops and jumps. That the natural elements of song are in him, this volume sufficiently testifies: his feelings are warm, and his sympathies powerful; he is vehement too, and rapid occasionally, and paints with a pathetic hand the emotions of the heart.

The chapter on poetry shows much sensibility and moderate judgment; and 'The Enthusiast' contains passages beautiful and affecting. The story is an ordinary one: the hero of the tale loves a lady above his station; imagines his love to be unrequited, and flies to the Indies, leaving his parents to die broken hearted. He achieves independence, returns to his native land, finds his true love kind as well as constant, marries her, and lives to a good old age. All this might have been accomplished without the help of enthusiasm. The story wants keeping, and the characters want propriety. We cannot afford room for any of the scenes of the longer poem: we must seek something short. Here is a pretty song, which some of our fair readers may love for its images of domestic joy, and fireside glad-

ness:

#### Can I Forget?

Can I forget the woody brakes

Where love an' innocence foregather;

Where aft in early summer days

I've crooned a sang among the heather!

Can I forget my father's hearth,—

My mother by the ingle spinnin',—

Their sweet-pleased look to see the mirth

O' a' their bairns round them rianin'!

It was a waeft' hour to me,

When I frae them an' love departed;

The tear was in my mother's e'e,—

My father blest me—broken-hearted;

My auldier brothers took my hand—

The youngers a' ran frae me greetin'!

But waur than this—I couldna stand

My faithfu' laird's farewell meen!

Can I forget her parting kiss,

Her last fond look, an' true love token!

Forget an hour as dear as this!

Forget!—the word shall ne'er be spoken!

Forget!—na, though the foaming sea,

High hills and moony sweepin' river,

May lie between their hearth an' me,

My heart shall be at hame for ever.

'*The Lay of Life; a Poem*, by Hans Busk.'—

Honest Hans loves a staid and devout muse, and takes one or two of the sacred Nine sternly to task, for having forsaken the pure wells of truth, for the puddles of falsehood. But his anger against the inspired, is nothing compared to his fury against the profane.—The poem by which Hans seeks to vindicate the muse, is called, 'The Matins of Life,' not 'The Lay' as the title-page intimates, and is divided into three vigils. The chief blemish is obscurity, and the chief beauty, occasional flashes of description. For a specimen of the first, the book may be opened anywhere, for a specimen of the latter we take the following stanza—the image of the young swimmer is a fine one.

On a bluff rock and imminent, behold  
 Uggirt and free the stripling swimmer stands;  
 Below—the tide of liquid emerald roll'd,  
 Prints mimic waves upon the silver sands;  
 Slow yet impatient, tremulously bold,  
 He stretches to the tempting leap his hands:  
 Downward he plunges, dextrous to emerge  
 And rides the billows, buffeting the surge.  
 Then treads his watery stage, intent to teach  
 His comrade mariners their oars to ply;  
 Or ventures dives, precipitous, to reach  
 Some glittering pebble that attracts his eye;  
 Whilst looser, neglected on the trodden beach,  
 A thousand richer, worthier trophies lie:  
 The prelude such of life and such the game,  
 The objects different, impulsive the same.

From the lesser poems, the 'Lyra Attica,' we can make no extracts. The language of this writer wants simplicity; he loves strange words, and odd impressions. This is the more provoking, for he can write with simplicity when he chooses; and moreover be clear and explicit when it suits him.

'Job; a Dramatic Poem, by Richard Whiffen.'—To vindicate the ways of God to man, is the task our author has undertaken, and he has chosen Job for his text, and preached, we fear, a very superfluous sermon. To write a commentary on the story of the Patriarch, might become a divine; but to turn the narrative of his sore trials and miseries into blank verse, is what we never imagined any one would attempt; for who could hope to succeed in such an undertaking? To give a new meaning to his woes, would not be endured by the world; and to rise above the original in poetry, no one could hope. All that is to be gained by an attempt like this, is the knowledge of our inferiority to the inspired bards of the Hebrews; and this we were ready to admit, without requiring a pigmy to stand by the side of one of the sons of Anak. The author is a good—a devout man, has some poetic feeling, and now and then speaks like one who has lived in the neighbourhood of the muse.

'The Poetical Works of the Rev. G. Crabbe. Vol. II.'—We are disappointed in this volume; not that we like the poems which it contains less than formerly, but we think it over-edited. The passages of criticism so liberally extracted in the notes, are many of them "passages which lead to nothing," or, at all events, to the self-same place, and by the self-same way. Indeed, from the nature and tenor of his writings, there could not be that variety of opinion with regard to Crabbe, which was shown in the panegyrics and animadversions upon Byron; nor did we expect to find the variations of text so interesting as those given in the recent edition of Scott; but we looked (and particularly after having read the Biography,) for anecdotes of the localities and persons alluded to in the several poems, and of these there are very few. We extract some of the omitted lines from the opening of 'The Library':—

Yet Contemplation, silent goddess, here,  
 In her vast eye, makes all mankind appear,  
 All Nature's treasures, all the stores of Art,  
 That fire the fancy, or engage the heart,  
 The world's vast views, the fancy's wild domain,  
 And all the motley objects of the brain:  
 Here mountains hurl'd on mountains proudly rise,  
 Far, far o'er Nature's dull realities;  
 Eternal verdure decks a sacred clime,  
 Eternal spring for ever blooms in Rhyme,  
 And heroes honour'd for imagined deeds,  
 And saints adored for visionary creeds,  
 Legends and tales, and solitude and sighs,  
 Pure doating dreams, and miserable lies,  
 The empty bubbles of a pensive mind,  
 And spleen's sad effort to debase mankind.

We are glad to see a description of the opinions of the partizan of those days, restored to 'The Newspaper':—

He joins the cry, that all the courtly race  
 Strive but for power, and parley but for place;  
 Yet hopes, good man! that all may still be well,  
 And thanks the stars he has a vote to sell;  
 While thus he reads or raves, around him wait  
 A rustic band, and join in each debate;

Partake his manly spirit, and delight  
 To praise or blame, to judge of wrong or right;  
 Measures to mend, and ministers to make,  
 Till all go maddening for their country's sake.

The infidel poacher alluded to, at the close of the first canto of 'The Parish Register,' was, it seems "drawn from a blacksmith at Leiston, near Aldborough, whom the author visited in his capacity of surgeon, in 1779, and whose hardened character made a strong impression on his mind. Losing his hand by amputation, he exclaimed, with a sneer, 'I suppose, Doctor Crabbe, I shall get it again at the resurrection.'"

Here are two other persons whose portraits are in the third canto of the same poem:—

"Isaac Ashford's prototype was honest John Jasper, the parish-clerk at North Glemsham; of whose manly independence of mind and integrity of conduct Mr. Crabbe often spoke with cordial warmth and respect, long after he had left Suffolk. John's only complaint was a dread of a workhouse, when his ability to labour should be over.

"Robin Dingley, the wandering pauper, was suggested by Richard Wilkinson, a parishioner of Muston, who every now and then disappeared, like some migratory birds, no one could conjecture whither, and, just as his existence was forgotten, home came Richard to be again clothed and fed at the expense of the parish."

The subjects of the illustrations to this volume are Slaughden Quay, upon which Crabbe used "to pile up the butter casks, in the dress of a common warehouseman," and Beaconsfield, the seat of Burke.

'The Child of the Church of England, by the Rev. C. B. Tayler.'—Time was, when Mr. Tayler wrote elegant little sketches: one story of his in particular, 'Guyon of Marseilles,' we yet remember with pleasure, as being simple, and full of pure and excellent feeling. But of late, he has come forth as the champion of a party, with more zeal than skill—wielding his puny bulrush with as much complacency as if it were the excalibur of King Arthur himself. This book (like his late work, 'Social Evils and their Remedy,') is absurdly weak; and if the days are to be brought back, "when young gentlemen did not feel themselves at liberty to sit down in the presence of their fathers and mothers, without first asking their permission," we cannot think that Mr. Tayler is the magician by whose agency the change will be achieved.

'On Wages and Combination, by R. Torrens, Esq., M.P. F.R.S.'—In old times, the addresses of members of parliament to their constituents were brief and rare; but now volumes are required to contain the confessions of faith made by our representatives. Mr. Scrope favours his electors with his opinions on the whole circle of political science, and Colonel Torrens enlightens the men of Bolton with his sentiments on the effect produced by corn-laws on manufactures. The principles which the Colonel very ably maintains may be told briefly: 1. A general rise in wages occasions a general fall in profits—corn-laws raise wages, and diminish profits; the farmer suffers as well as the manufacturer, and though the landlord may gain for a time, even he must, ultimately, be a loser. 2. Combinations among employers to reduce wages, and among workmen to raise them, produce a contrary effect to that desired by those who combine; and 3. The abolition of the corn-laws would greatly increase the surplus of profit to be divided between employers and workmen.—Though a zealous advocate for free trade, there is one article of raw produce on whose importation the author is anxious to place some restrictions—to wit, Irish labourers. The worthy Colonel tells the people of England "to look to it;" for if Irishmen are produced at the present cheap rate, the more costly Englishmen will be driven out of the market.

'The Sea Service, by the Author of 'A Year in Spain.'—The substance of this work appeared originally in the Encyclopedia Americana. The subject is treated of under three heads, scientifically of ships and ship-building, historically on navigation, and lastly on naval warfare, which may be considered the popular view of the subject; although as the whole is written pleasantly, and the little book abounds with information, the work, we should think, is likely to be generally acceptable.

'The British Battalion at Oporto, by Corporal Knight.'—The writer of this narrative, meeting accidentally with Knight, was so well pleased with his graphic and animated descriptions, that he resolved to string them together, and if possible procure, by their sale, a few pounds for the veteran soldier. We heartily wish him success, but in plain sincerity must acknowledge, that the suppressions he hints at, if carried further, would not have injured the work.

'The Infidel's Own Book.'—The author of this ingenious little work shows the truth of Christianity, by demonstrating the absurdities that necessarily result from the assertion of its falsehood. His work is written in a simple and familiar style, and is well-calculated to effect the object intended.

'Professor Thomson's Elements of Euclid.'—This is one of the best editions of the Elements we have seen; the appendix on Geometrical Analysis, is excellent. Of course, the editor has a new mode of getting over that opprobrium of geometry, the theory of parallel lines; and of course he fails as signally as all the other geometers who have attempted to solve the problem for twenty centuries: perhaps the cause of this difficulty may be an attempt to solve a self-evident truth, or a truth included in the signification of the terms; parallelism and identity of direction, may be considered as one and the same thing; taking the angles formed by a secant as the measure of direction, it may be regarded as a truth, that the secant of two identical directions must *ex vi termini* have the same measures. We merely offer this as a suggestion, perhaps not a novel one; but we should certainly recommend some more obvious proposition to be substituted for the twelfth of Euclid.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

BURNS AND SCOTLAND.

Written after reading Allan Cunningham's  
 'Life of Burns.'

THERE pass'd a form before mine inward eye,  
 A heavenly spirit, shedding earthly tears;  
 The very breath of her immortal sigh  
 Did shake mine inmost heart with unknown fears,  
 As, sternly sad, she pointed, midst her weeping,  
 To where a bard was sleeping.

"Behold," she cried, "the hallow'd grave of one  
 Who swept the loudest lyre with noblest hand!  
 Long have I stood beside his turf alone:  
 I am the Spirit of his Father-land;  
 Yet came I not above his rest to weep,  
 Nor sorrowing vigil keep:

"His is a name too mighty to be mourn'd!—  
 His soul hath sent its echoing voice afar—  
 Little of him hath to the dust return'd:  
 He set—as yonder sets the day's lone star,  
 That ne'er hath mark'd a radiance where it shone,  
 So glorious as its own!

"For HIM I weep not, but for THEM whose name,  
 When breath'd with his for whom they dug the  
 grave,  
 Doth raise an universal cry of 'Shame!'—  
 Such is the sound that o'er mine utmost wave,  
 Or height of echoing hill, no storm can hush:  
 I hear the voice—and blush!"

ELEANORA L. MONTAGU.

February 12, 1834.



## ON THE CHANGE OF CLIMATE IN ENGLAND.

THE extraordinary mildness of the present, and of several of the winters of recent years, has been a subject, upon the natural causes of which few rational conjectures have been yet put forth. Aged persons, who have lived to witness the almost entire disappearance of ice and snow from the fields of this country, are seldom heard to attribute this revolution of climate to causes having any foundation in the construction, arrangement, or changes of the natural world. To give a rational, and perhaps a useful direction, to conjectures upon this subject, a correspondent (Mr. H. Fairbairn) presents us with the following observations.

This rapid change in the climate of these islands is to be attributed to the clearing of the forests of Canada, and the northern states of the American Union. The increasing prevalence and more increasing warmth of the westerly winds over the North Atlantic Ocean, is attributable to the wide openings effected by the axe, in recent years, in the woods of our Canadian dominions. The north-west wind of the continent of America, hitherto passing over immeasurable tracts of forest country, has never been tempered by the warmth given out by the earth, shaded from all accumulation of solar warmth in the summer months. Though lying in latitudes parallel to the genial climate of the Mediterranean sea, yet have the winters of America, till the extensive openings of the woods in the last quarter of a century, been of a severity unknown in European latitudes full twelve degrees nearer to the north. Within this period, however, extraordinary changes have been observed to take place: snow, once a barrier for months, has now fallen in greatly diminished abundance, and thaw and rain are of frequent occurrence in districts of Canada where all interruption of the rigours of winter was formerly unknown. The St. Lawrence river now closes annually later in the winter, and opens earlier in the spring. Cotton, Indian corn, the mulberry, and the vine, can be cultivated in districts where, within a quarter of a century, such productions were entirely unsuited to the mean temperature of the year. The abruptions of the ice in the Polar Sea, and the appearance of icebergs in the Atlantic Ocean, a phenomenon of the last quarter of a century, are also to be traced to the accumulations of heat in Canada and the circumjacent land. But rapid as have been these changes in the climate of the continent of America, it is probable that, with the still more extended demolition of the woods, by the compound increase of labour, by increasing emigration, and increasing population, more rapid still will now annually be the increasing mildness of the winters of Canada; nor will another century pass away, till the great St. Lawrence river will never close at all.

Passing from a consideration of the vast advantages to England of a colony thus converted from a Siberian wilderness into a garden abounding with the fruits, flowers, timber, and grain of a Mediterranean latitude, how, it will be asked, can the climate of Canada have sympathy with the climate of England, an island at a distance of three thousand miles? This is answered by a description, first, of the wide range of the north-west winds of Canada over the Atlantic Ocean and the whole continent of America, frequently hurrying down the thermometer—in the city of Mexico itself—from 70 to 35 degrees of Fahrenheit, in a single hour. If, then, the severity of the north-west wind is thus felt in the winter season in the latitude of Mexico, and even in the island of Cuba, and the seas of the

West Indies, it is certain that the changes at its fountain, in the wastes of Canada, will be felt over all the countries watered by the North Atlantic Ocean; and thus is the increasing warmth of the Atlantic winds the cause of the increasing mildness of the winters of the British Islands. The very rapid inroads of the ocean upon the western coast of Ireland, are attributable to the increasing prevalence of the westerly wind, from the clearing of the forests of America; and even the north-east Trade wind, from the same cause, has been driven many degrees further to the south, there being now, to the knowledge of the writer, no Trades observable in the Gulphs of Mexico and Florida. In the harbours of the western coasts of England and Scotland, the wind from the westward is known to merchants and navigators to have assumed almost the permanence of a Trade wind; and, without the aid of steam power, for conveying outward bound vessels to the sea, extraordinary losses would be sustained in the interruption of our foreign trade. Connecting this chain of observation, it is seen how the opening to the sun of millions of acres of the forest lands of America has revolutionized the seasons of these islands; and, as the same circle of causes will continue to extend the circle of effects, with the continued fall of the Canadian forests, winter, in the southern counties of England, where no mountains intervene to oppose and refrigate the westerly wind, will become unknown.

We had received Mr. Fairbairn's paper before any notice appeared of M. Arago's speculations on the subject; nor is there anything really contradictory in them—Mr. Fairbairn assuming, what every man's experience will prove, that our winters are milder, M. Arago, that our summers are colder. However, we shall give a sketch of M. Arago's opinions, with Mr. Fairbairn's commentary. M. Arago states that the summers in France are colder now than they were formerly. He proves his position by showing, that in various districts, where the grapes in former times became perfectly ripe, they do not now ripen sufficiently to be used for wine of any description. M. Arago instances Macon among other provinces. In 1553 it appears that wine was made of the Muscat grapes, at a village near the town of Macon itself, and that it is now impossible to make wine of the Muscat grape, as it does not ripen sufficiently. The vineyards of Etampes and Beauvais were at one time celebrated, but according to a report made in 1830, no wine can be now made in the whole department of La Somme, in which those places are situated. M. Arago also instances the same change of climate in England, as, he says, it is proved by old chronicles, that at one time vines were cultivated in the open fields, throughout a large extent of the country, and that now it requires great care to bring grapes to proper maturity in the open air. After stating these general facts, M. Arago enters into an inquiry into the causes of this change of climate, taking it for granted, as admitted, that a marked change of climate has taken place, both in France and England. "The cause (says M. Arago) is certainly not connected with the sun, a proof of which is given in the steadiness of the temperature at Palestine." Some persons, he adds, believe it to be caused, by an unusual extension of the ice of the Arctic Pole, by a general movement, which, after having drawn with it these masses of ice several degrees towards the south, has carried them towards the coast of Greenland, where they have united. This hypothesis, he says, is supported by the fact, that when the eastern coast of Greenland was first discovered, towards the end of the tenth century, it was entirely free from ice, but that still he does not believe the hypothesis well founded, as there was very hot weather in France, after the formation of

these masses of ice upon the coast of Greenland.

Upon this statement, Mr. Fairbairn observes, It is probable, that the cause of the increasing coldness of the summers of France, is in reality at home, and that M. Arago need not have travelled for this mystery, either to Greenland or the Pole. If grapes no longer can be ripened in certain departments, it is caused by the increase of the neighbouring forests, since that country being possessed of no mineral fuel, or none of any value, the increase of towns, foundries, and manufacturing mills, produces an increase of woodlands for the supply of wood fuel; and one third part of the surface of France, from this cause, is covered with forest shade, in the present day. M. Arago will undoubtedly find, that the deterioration of the growth of the vine in particular departments, has corresponded with the decreased temperature of the district, by the increase of the woods, caused by the increase of a manufacturing population. Would the people of France buy their fuel from the people of England, who have coal drawn out of the darkness of the earth, at one-third of the cost at which wood can be grown upon its surface, then would the disappearance of the forests very soon revive the temperature of districts, and the cultivation of the vine would be resumed in the places to which M. Arago refers. This is, indeed, a strong instance of the punishment which the prejudices and folly of nations inflict upon themselves, for by this refusal to be supplied with the mineral fuel of England, we see how the soil of France is wasted in the growth of wood, its climate cooled, its wine, corn, and silk deteriorated in quality and value, and all these, and countless other disadvantages, because France will not see her own interest, and hasten to shake hands with England.

Respecting the changes in the climate of England, described by M. Arago, it is apparent that experience is directly opposed to the assertion, that the air of this island is colder than in former times. Only one of the Chronicles makes mention of the cultivation of the vine in the open fields; and when we remark the judgment with which the situations of the monasteries would appear to have been chosen, the fertility of the sheltered vales in which their ruins are now found, and the exquisite remains of horticulture to be seen at such places as Waverley Abbey, it appears to be not probable that the vine was ever cultivated, other than as wall-fruit, in the gardens and domains of the religious houses. But though the temperature of the climate of England has risen so rapidly in recent years, from the causes explained before, yet its ripening powers, as observed by M. Arago, have probably not increased, since the increasing prevalence of the westerly wind has produced a considerable increase of rain; this being unhappily a very moist wind. Certainly, our climate has no deficiency of temperature, the mean annual heat of London being only two degrees lower than the mean heat of Paris; and yet, neither the vine, nor the choice fruits, nor the invaluable plant called Cobbett's corn, can be regularly ripened in so superabundantly moist an island. It is because less rain falls upon the east coast than on the west, that the grain of the eastern counties is much heavier, riper, and more valuable than the grain grown in the west; for a quarter of wheat grown in Norfolk will weigh about 6 lbs. more than a quarter of wheat grown in Lancashire or Wales. The increased comfort to the mass of the people, from the increasing warmth of the winters, is certainly a paramount advantage; but it may admit of considerable doubt whether the rapid changes of our climate have brought any corresponding advantages to the agriculture of the nation.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE  
AND ART.

THE publishers seem at length awakening from their wintry slumbers; we have had a plentiful crop of new and pleasant works this week, and that our readers might have as many as possible in their first bloom, we give an extra sheet. Yet we must defer Capt. Cook's 'Travels in Spain,' the second series of Jesse's 'Gleanings in Natural History,' Sir Edgerton Brydges's 'Imaginative Biography,' and other less important works.

The Italian Opera opens to-night with 'La Gazza Ladra,' in which Madame Penzon, Curioni, and Zuchelli will sustain the three principal characters, followed by 'La Sylphide,' in which the incomparable Taglioni will make her appearance. The first Philharmonic Concert takes place on Monday—the first Antient Concert on Wednesday: thus giving the lover of music the choice of being sentimental, scientific, or serious, as his fancy may lead him.

The views at the Diorama, have been changed this week for the 'Ruins of Fountain's Abbey, by moonlight,' and the 'Crypt of St. Denis Cathedral,' both interesting, and the latter one of the finest paintings, or most perfect pictorial illusions, which art has yet produced. The effect is most extraordinary, and it is scarcely possible to believe, that you are looking on a smooth surface.—It may be well also to mention that 'A Wonderful Clock' is now exhibiting in Regent Street. It is an extraordinary piece of mechanism, and though spoiled by some cuckoo and puppet-show work, is worth seeing. It was made a hundred and thirty years ago, by one John Lovelace of Exeter, who is said to have been thirty-four years in completing it. It contains thirteen separate movements, shows the rising and setting times of the sun and moon all the year round, the months of the year, the days of the month, the recurrence of leap years, the days of the week, and the four-and-twenty hours of the day and night; and must have cost much labour, and required some ingenuity. We must, however, recommend the exhibitor not to startle others, as he did us, by turning loose upon them the most asthmatical choir of birds it was ever our hard fortune to listen to.

We have looked, and no more, into three of the Magazines for the present month: *Blackwood's*—duller than *Maga* has any business to be, with 'The Cruise of a Midge,' in place of 'Tom Cringle'—and falling off: it contains, however, a poem by Aird, with some fine things in it:—the *Dublin University*, which is more readable, though by no means brilliant, with a long make-believe letter from Mr. O'Brien, our friend of the 'Round Towers,' and the first of a set of papers also tending seaward, (we shall be glad to see some of the periodicals coming ashore again); and the *Oxford University Magazine*, of which the present is the maiden number, and promises well, because it professes little, a plan of proceeding at once wise and gentlemanly. It is to appear in the months of March, June, and November.

We have, this moment, received a letter, announcing the melancholy news of the murder of Captain Skirling, who was engaged under the direction of the Board of Hydrography, in surveying the west coast of Africa. Our correspondent says: "I am sorry to have to communicate to you the death of my friend, the excellent Hydrographical surveyor Captain Skirling, who left England last autumn, to survey the coast of Africa.

"We left his ship early in the morning of the 22nd of December 1833, to commence the survey of Cape Roxo, in a boat, accompanied by four men and a boy; but not returning at the expected time, the Lieutenant manned the other boats, and went in search of him. When they

arrived near the shore they observed the stripped and wounded bodies of two Europeans on the beach; and, on their attempting to land, the natives came down in numbers shouting their war-cries, and fired on them. Not being in sufficient force, they returned to the ship, brought her up, so as to command the shore, where the bodies lay, and under the protection of her guns the boat returned to the beach. By this time one of the bodies had been removed, and, much to the horror of the crew, they found it to be that of their excellent Captain, who, by his constant attentions to them, had rendered himself generally beloved.

"In the course of the night, three men and the boy, the remainder of the crew of the Captain's boat, returned to the vessel, and stated, that directly the Captain's boat landed, the natives, apparently attracted by the glitter of their instruments, attacked them, shot the coxswain, and then speared the captain. But they were so intent upon plunder, that they allowed the rest of the crew to escape. They hid themselves in the bush, and after some time made their way down to the coast, where they were so fortunate as to discover the boat of the tender to the Etua, signalled her, and only escaped from the natives, who had again discovered them, by wading through the water to the boat.

"Thus a melancholy end has been put to this expedition at its very commencement, and the public has lost the services of a most excellent and meritorious officer. Captain Skirling served under Captain Hewitt in the *Fury*, in the survey of the North Sea. He then sailed in Capt. P. P. King's expedition round Cape Horn, and succeeded Captain Stokes in the command of the *Beagle*. He was a most charitable and good man, and has left a wife and two young children to deplore his early death."

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 24.—George Long, Esq. in the chair.—An extract was read from a Sydney paper (New South Wales), of date the 22nd July last, and received within the previous few days. This announced the receipt at Sydney of letters from Newcastle, relating the arrival there of a *Luscar*, who said that he had suffered shipwreck on the north-west coast of Australia two years before, and had since traversed the island from west to east, coming out about thirty miles north of Port Stephens. He said that he had been at first accompanied by an English seaman, who died about the end of the first year; that he had directed his route chiefly by observing the direction of the rising sun; had been uniformly well treated by the natives; had found the country reasonably well supplied; and thus experienced little comparative hardship. He further stated, that he had crossed a very large river, running south, about five months before he reached the sea; but not, as he thought, above two months steady travelling from it; had followed its banks for some distance; but, having reason to believe that it eventually deflected to the west, had crossed and abandoned it. When he first saw it, it was about a mile and a quarter broad; when he left it, not under two miles: it is not stated how he crossed it: its current he thought to be about four knots. The mountains whence it was said to rise, were in sight to the north-east; but he left them on the left hand. His account of the products of the country is somewhat minute, including coal, lime, several varieties of quartz, viz. cornelian, red, yellow, and other colours; a wood resembling lance-wood, sandal-wood, a wood like ebony, &c. A fish, resembling cod, was abundant in the river; and yams, kangaroos, and birds, were common.

The account rests on very slender authority, no names being given in the Sydney paper of

persons who had seen or conversed with the individual in question; nor are any private letters known to have been received, mentioning the circumstance of his arrival. But the story is not otherwise very improbable; it is much less so, at least, than the account of a Dutch colony said to have been discovered in the same direction, of which we gave a short notice in our last number.

Afterwards were read, 'Notes of Excursions in Caffraria,' by Lieut. Rogers, of the 90th Light Infantry; previous to noticing which, we ought perhaps to lay before our readers the plans of two original expeditions patronized by the society, and explained to it at the previous meeting,—our account of which, at the time, was necessarily postponed, in consequence of the length to which our notes on Mr. Lander's expedition up the Quorra extended. But as these expeditions are of great interest and importance, we shall rather make them the subject of a separate article next week.

Lieut. Rogers's Notes seemed chiefly valuable from the general sketches which they contain of the face of the country, and of the Caffers residing near the Kat, an affluent of the Great Fish River. This young officer commanded, for some time, a frontier post in this direction,—the duty in which was to protect the cattle and horses of the neighbouring colonial farmers from the depredations of the Caffer freebooters, who were generally supported, underhand, by the neighbouring chiefs. The object could only therefore be obtained by a judicious system of retaliation, which, when successful, interested these chiefs themselves in the restitution of plunder carried off; and by dint of this the borders were gradually rendered secure.

"The mountain tract," thus says Lieutenant Rogers, "between us and Macomo (one of the chiefs in question) was, in a great measure, inaccessible to horsemen, except by devious paths worn by the elephants and other huge tenants of the forest; while, by men on foot, especially the active, unencumbered Caffers, it could be traversed in all directions, and was precisely the sort of country best suited both for their safety and sustenance; the latter being afforded by the smaller kinds of antelopes, and the honey which the little brown, inconspicuous bird, the Indicator, assists in finding in great quantities in trees and rocks, and in those conical heaps of clay raised by the ants, and so thickly scattered over every open spot in South Africa, as to give it the appearance of a pimped country. These are frequently found between three and four feet high, their outer coating so hard as to resist the action of the atmosphere, and only amenable by a sharp instrument, or the weight of a waggon wheel. They are added to on the outside,—the insects breaking through this coat, and extending their accommodation as required;—and the labour is extraordinary which they thus encounter,—their distance being frequently very great from water, and the clay requiring to be carried this distance in a clammy state. Large ant nests are also sometimes found on trees, suspended to a branch, and composed of light earth and leaves, with a slimy outer coating, which turns the rain. The labour of constructing these must be still greater. Whenever that great enemy of this insect, the ant-bear, has invaded one of its colonies, and with his long tongue lapped up the inhabitants; the bees succeed them, and are in their turn a prey to man, when he and the honey-bird conspire for their destruction. On such occasions, the Caffer calls the bird by a peculiar cry, if it has not voluntarily presented itself, and endeavoured to attract notice by its peculiar chirp. Once satisfied that it is noticed, it flies off towards the bees' nest by short stages, chirping as it goes; the Caffer answers with his cry; and arrived at the spot, the bird patiently waits for his share, which

is always left to keep up the good understanding."

We cannot stop to give the incidents of the foray, which Lieut. Rogers next details; but one or two extracts more will exhibit the sort of information combined with them:—

"Early dawn found us prepared for a forward movement, and the advance was as rapid as the nature of the ground admitted. We soon found ourselves at the doors of the nearest huts, in which every soul was asleep, even to the dogs, whom the cold and watching had overcome; and the utmost silence prevailed, the mists of morning shrouding the mountains, and giving an indistinctness, which, combined with the romantic and broken scenery around, and its deep repose, inspired the mind with feelings of awe. It was our painful task to break this silence, and scare the Caffers from their dwellings; so up went a shout which made the mountains ring, and forth they started in all directions, diving their way among the houses down into the glens and deep cover, each, however, with his weapons in hand, of which we did not stay to dispossess them, booty being our only object. The women and children remained, it being well understood that they are never molested in these border frays; their interests are even attended to in parting the spoil, the milch cows and calves being left for them, and only the slaughter cattle and war-bullocks carried off. In the training of these latter, the Caffers pass most of their time, and they well repay the labour, being able assistants in almost any enterprise, and exhibiting extraordinary docility and intelligence. The only way to arrest them in full career, when bearing down all before them, is to shoot their leader; the remainder seem to be panic-struck, and may be driven off; but the Caffers even in this case, retain an extraordinary command over them by voice and gesture.

"The appearance of Caffers, when advancing to attack an enemy, is striking. They throw aside their karos, or usual covering of softened bullock's hide, worn *à la toga*, and are totally naked and unincumbered: the only marks on their dark brown and glossy skins, which stream with sweat from their exertions, being the brass and ivory rings worn as armlets, the former on the wrists, reaching in some half way up to the elbow, the latter on the muscles of the upper arm, half a dozen together: also the strings of coloured beads, and jackalls' and other teeth, worn as charms, round the neck by some, by others about the waist. In the left hand, they grasp a bundle of assegays, or spears, from five to seven in number, attached to a club or knobbed stick, intended as a finisher in the last extremity, and particularly useful at close quarters. The assegay is about six feet long, having a blade of upwards of a foot, frequently barbed and jagged; the shaft is slender, tapering to a point, and, as it flies, it vibrates in the air, and is easily seen, its motion being less rapid than an arrow. From fifty to seventy yards is its range, and within this distance it will pass through the body. They are thrown with great precision, and it is a great object with the Caffers in fight to recover them. The club, or kerri, is also thrown with much dexterity, but is rather used in the hand; they parry well with it, and are, otherwise, very quick in its use. Sometimes they break their last assegay, and use it as a dagger, in which form it is a most efficient weapon. Their usual mode of attack is from an ambush; and, if they can induce the troops opposed to them to throw away their fire, they are so extremely fleet, that their attack has been frequently fatal. But, to avert this, the Cape troops are now generally provided with double-barrelled pieces.

"The Caffers appear tall when in activity, and without the karos; and even when with it, if seen drawn up, as at a conference, with the right arm bare, and used in graceful gesticulation, en-

forcing their discourse. But their average height is not really great; and their arms, chest, and breadth of shoulder, are not equal to those of Europeans. From the constant exercise they take, their legs, thighs, and feet, are prodigious, and ill-proportioned; the trace, or spur, of a Caffer's foot being thus easily distinguishable by its length, width, and the spreading of the toes. They are indefatigable travellers, and their activity is unwearying; as is said of antelopes, they will not even fall when shot. However severely wounded, they almost always scramble away into cover, and have been seen crawling off, thrusting tufts of grass, and leaves, even into a body wound, to staunch the blood, nor ever stopping while life and breath remain. From their abstemious and hardy mode of life, they also recover from gunshot wounds which would be fatal to Europeans."

The thanks of the Society were voted to Lieut. Rogers for his communication, and the meeting adjourned.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 20.—Thomas Amyot, Esq., Treasurer, in the chair. The Committee for promoting the execution of the beautiful seated statue of Sir Joseph Banks, presented a choice proof of the engraving which has been made of it, for distribution among the subscribers to the monument. The secretary read a communication from Mr. Gage, giving an account of some further excavations and discoveries, of Roman remains at Barklow, and afterwards continued the reading of Mr. W. Y. Otley's very interesting essay, on the illuminated manuscript of Annius, of the second or third century, which is preserved in the Harleian collection in the British Museum. Mr. Otley exhibited some tracings of the writings, and copies of some of the very singular illuminations in illustration of his subject.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The anniversary meeting of this Society was held at its apartments, in Somerset House, on Friday, February 21.—The chair was taken by the President, George Bellas Greenough, Esq., at one o'clock, and the Secretaries proceeded to read the reports of the Council and the Auditors on the state of the Society, and the accounts for the past year. Thanks were then voted to the retiring Vice Presidents and Members of Council. It was afterwards announced, by the President, that the proceeds of the Wollaston Donation Fund had been awarded, by the Council, to Mons. Agassiz, in testimony of the high opinion entertained of his work on Fossil Fishes, and to encourage him in the prosecution of his important undertaking. Mr. Greenough then read that portion of his annual address which included the Obituary; and the business of the morning terminated by the election of the following gentlemen to be the Officers and Council for the year ensuing:—President, G. B. Greenough, Esq.; Vice Presidents—W. J. Broderip, Esq., M. T. De la Beche, Esq., R. I. Murchison, Esq., and H. Warburton, Esq., M.P.; Secretaries—Prof. Turner, M.D., and W. I. Hamilton, Esq.; Foreign Secretary, Charles Lyell, Esq.; Treasurer, John Taylor, Esq.; Council—G. W. Aylmer, Esq., Rev. Prof. Buckland, D.D., Major S. Clarke, K.H., Rev. W. D. Conybeare, C. G. B. Daubeny, M.D., Sir P. Egerton, Bart., W. H. Filton, M.D., Davies Gilbert, Esq., Woodbine Parish, Jun., Esq., Capt. Alex. Robe, R.E., Rev. Prof. Sedgwick, Lt. Col. Sykes, J. H. Vivian, Esq., M.P., Rev. James Yates. In the evening, the Fellows and their friends dined at the Crown and Anchor; the remainder of the President's address was delivered from the chair at the Society's apartments.

Feb. 26.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—Charles Allsop, Esq., Williamson Peile, Esq., and James R. Hope, Esq., were elected Fellows of this Society. A communica-

tion was first read from Leonard Horner, Esq., F.G.S., on the quantity of earthy matter obtained by the author from the water of the Rhine, at Bonn, in the months of August and November. A notice was afterwards read on the Plastic Clay near Reading, by J. Rofe, Jun., Esq. Mr. Lyell then gave an account of two parallel sections through the eastern portions of the Pyrenees, from Parmier, near Thoulouse, to Puycedra, and from Ceret to La Estela. The sheets of the Ordnance survey, including Southern Devonshire, and coloured geologically by Mr. De la Beche, were afterwards exhibited, and that gentleman briefly explained the leading geological features of the country. Sir Philip Egerton also pointed out some of the particularities of a series of casts, the property of Viscount Cole, of the Deinotherium and other fossil quadrupeds preserved in the museum at Darmstadt.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 18.—Papers were read on the management of bark beds in the culture of the pine-apple, and further remarks on the production of grapes from vine cuttings, the first season. The details of the first communication were principally directed to the means employed in causing a great retention of heat in the tan, and it was stated by the author, that the mode adopted by him sustained the temperature at 80° Fahr. for sometimes fourteen months together, independently of which property it effected a material saving in labour and expense, by averting the necessity of frequently turning and renewing the beds. Mr. Mearns's remarks went to confirm his former statements, and he considers that there is every probability of his gathering a considerable crop of fine fruit from this season's rootless shoots. The regulations for again carrying into effect the exhibitions at the Society's gardens, which were last year so popular, were read. The days proposed are Saturday, the 10th of May, June 7, July 5, and Sept. 13.

Some fine flowers of the *camellia reticulata*, *astrapea wallichii*, seedling *amaryllises*, protea speciosa, *Strelitzia regina*, *oncidium Carthagenense*, &c., were exhibited. We also observed three very beautiful drawings of flowers and fruit, from the pencil of Mrs. Withers, which were much admired.

Seven gentlemen were elected Fellows of the society.

THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY held its sixth meeting in this season on Monday Feb. 17, in the General Library of the University of London.—An Essay was read on King Arthur's Round Table, at Mayborough near Penrith. The subjects discussed at the preceding meetings, have been—Kredmon's Poem (Anglo-Saxon)—Mr. R. P. Knight's edition of the Homeric Poems, with suggestions for a new edition of Homer—Hebrew Lexicography—and, the Roots common to the Welsh and the Latin languages.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—A meeting was held on Monday evening, Dr. Clark, V.P., being in the chair. Among the presents was a *Proteus sanguis* offered by Mr. Lunn, with some observations on the history of our knowledge of the animal. Professor Miller communicated a notice of some optical experiments, by which it appeared that the lines seen in the vapour of bromine and iodine are identical in position; and that the vapour of perchloride of chrome exhibits lines apparently equidistant, much closer and fainter than the bromine lines, but occupying the same part of the spectrum. Mr. Whewell read a memoir 'On the nature of the truth of the laws of motion;' tending to show that these laws may be demonstrated independently of experiment so far as their terms go; but that the meaning of the terms must be assigned by a reference to experiment.—*Camb. Chron.*



**GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.**—Thursday, February 13.—The annual meeting of the Society, for the election of officers, took place this day at two o'clock.—Dr. Stokes in the chair.—The following were declared to be the Officers and Council for the ensuing year:—Richard Griffith, Esq., F.G.S., &c., President; the Archbishop of Dublin, the Lord Chief Baron, the Provost T.C.D., Colonel Colby, F.R.S. &c., W. R. Hamilton, Esq., Astronomer Royal of Ireland, Vice Presidents; Henry Joy, Esq., Rev. Thomas Luby, F.T.C.D., treasurers; James Apjohn, Esq., M.D., Rev. H. Lloyd, F.T.C.D., secretaries; Council—Lieut. Borden, R.E., Maziere Brady, Esq., Wm. Eddington, Esq., Wm. Tighe Hamilton, Esq., John Hart, Esq., M.D., Robert Hutton, Esq., F.G.S., Arthur Jacob, Esq., M.D., John McDonnell, Esq., M.D., John Nicholson, Esq., M.D., Capt. Portlock, F.G.S., Richd. Purdy, Esq., Rev. George Sidney Smith, F.T.C.D., A. Smith, Esq., M.D., Whitley Stokes, Esq., M.D., Isaac Weld, Esq., F.G.S.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Phrenological Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Entomological Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Linnæan Society .....	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Horticultural Society .....	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers .....	Eight, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society of Literature .....	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts .....	p. 7, P.M.
FRI.	Royal Society .....	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight, P.M.
SAT.	Zoological Society .....	Three, P.M.
	Royal Institution .....	p. 8, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.

## MUSIC

**Vocal Society.**—The fourth Concert of this Society fell short of its predecessors, in the matter of performers. Neither Mrs. Bishop, Miss C. Novello, nor Braham, making their appearance—a deficiency which made the want of an efficient bass singer more felt than usual. But the audience seemed determined to be pleased. The Concert commenced with a "Sanctus," by the Abbé Vogler, a composition of great merit. Among the less known pieces of concerted music performed, was a septetto from Stora's opera of 'The Pirates.' This is now forty years old—we wish we could think that English opera music was forty years better; the causes which have prevented its advancement, we shall treat on at some future day. 'The Tiger couches in the wood,' a chorus by Bishop, is one of his exceptions to the sentence of "all is barren," which a stern critic would have to pronounce. The greater part of the selected music consisted of well known glees, madrigals, Italian songs, &c., in which Miss Woodyatt, Miss George, Mr. Bennett, (to our thinking, one of the soundest of English singers,) Messrs. Horncastle, Broadhurst, Bellamy, Sale, and King, took part. Miss Masson, whose performance does not always do justice to her conception of the music, was not happy in her choice of Knapp's 'There be some of Beauty's Daughters.' The song requires a sweet, warbling voice. Mr. Hobbs deserves honourable mention for his singing a prize song of his own composition, and Mr. G. Cooke's solo on the oboe, gave good promise of what we may expect from him on a future day. The madrigals were most carefully executed.

**Società Armonica.**—Had the music, performed at the first Concert of this Society, on Thursday evening, been as well executed, as it was judiciously selected, we should have enjoyed a great treat indeed—a more promising programme we have not looked at for a long time. But such was not the case, the band in the first instance, was almost coarsely loud in the acceptance, and not always steady. Mr. Horncastle is singularly ineffective, though we owe him our thanks for bringing forward Handel's 'There the brisk spark-

ling nectar,' and Miss Clara Novello was taxed to the very extreme of her powers, and a little beyond in the Tyrolienne, which Hummel composed expressly for Malibran, and which is too much for her yet. It is not enough to get through such a song, it should be played with. Mrs. Knyvett always gives us pleasure, and sang 'From mighty kings,' particularly well: and trio by Corelli for two violoncellos and double bass, was performed so admirably by Lindley, Hatton, and Dragonetti, as to obtain an encore by common consent. We are sure it never went so well at one of Cardinal Ottoboni's soirees, for whom much of this music was composed. The second part begun with a new overture by Ries, composed for the last festival at Cologne—there are fine things in it, and a very picturesque march at the end; but, as a whole, it failed in producing an effect—we should like to hear it better performed—and, if we are to be played out with Auber's overture to 'Gustave,' would say, that the orchestra should play more, and work less. We cannot endure a ballet danced in jack-boots!

We have little space to notice our old young friend, Giulio Regondi, whose concert on Thursday morning we attended. The room was quite full, and Giulio playing his best. He has gained both firmness of tone, brilliancy of execution, and much passion of expression, since last we heard him, and well deserved all the applause his performances received.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Treatise on the Construction, Preservation, Repair and Improvement of the Violin and all other bow instruments*, by J. A. Otto; translated from the German, with notes and additions, by J. A. Faderly. This valuable little treatise is principally intended for the perusal of professional men. We can recommend it to the notice of all who are interested in the subject, and especially those who are apt to look to the make, rather than the quality of their instruments.

*Recreations Musicales: twenty-four airs from French, German, and Italian composers, arranged as rondes, fantasias, and with variations for the pianoforte, in four books*, by H. Herz. Time and place befitting, we have something to say concerning the influence which this fascinating and prolific composer has exercised over the taste of the musical world. We cannot but think that its effect has been to substitute sentiment (at times bordering on affectation) in place of legitimate feeling, and a certain piquant brilliancy for that mixture of solidity and spirit, which we consider essential to the being of a first-rate work; and yet it would be ridiculous as well as unjust to deny that we have listened to much of Mr. Herz's music with delight. The present work is more for the use of pianists in embryo than most of his compositions generally; and, from the selection of the airs, and the taste with which they are treated, is sure to become a favourite.

And now, finding the accumulation of ballads, &c., before us, heavier than we had anticipated, we must contrive to dispose of them en masse. It is, indeed, impossible to give a detailed notice of each; nor do we wish it. The musical world has been too long deluged with the works of the half-instructed, the careless, and the confident—and we are resolved to do our utmost to expose and counteract it. It is most humiliating to have to declare that an English song of the highest order is indeed a *rara avis*; and yet we believe such to be the case, and that the 'I'd be a Butterfly,' and 'Sweet Oranges,' and other such ditties, not worthy of notice as compositions, have had better success than attended the canzonets of the immortal Haydn. Seeing this deficiency (and we leave it to our composers and

the public to determine on which side the blame lies), so far from railing at the introduction of the works of foreign masters, which, as some say, have thrust into the background the productions of native talent, we rejoice to have our ears refreshed by the songs of such writers as Weber, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Neukomm, and should be delighted to see them taken as models for imitation by the rising race of artists, from whom we expect something much better than we have hitherto boasted of. We would cite the European reputation of Onslow, as an instrumental composer, as a proof that there is no prestige against Englishmen which would prevent a gifted and cultivated man from acquiring the reputation which he deserved.

'There's Beauty in the Moonlit Skies,' 'The poor little Savoyard,' 'Sweet Kate of Killaloe,' 'I have made thee a Garland,' 'I think of thee at sunny Eve,' 'There's Sunshine on the Brooks, my Love,' 'Canst thou ask me to forget.' By A. Lee. Mr. Lee's compositions appear to us so equal in merit that they are easier to notice collectively than those of most writers; being, for the most part, quiet, elegant, and sentimental, without any particular depth or originality. We should number the last upon the list among the happiest of his works.

'The Lark and the Nightingale,' by the Chevalier Neukomm. There is more spirit and excellence in this song than could be collected from a score which it has been our hard fortune to have to examine.

*The Passions—Love, Hate, Joy, Grief, Hope, Despair.* The music by Stansbury, Cooke, Parry, Horncastle, Clifton, and E. Taylor. The poetry by J. Lunn, Esq. This is the work of the members of the Melodists' Club. Every passion has a print as well as a composer to itself. Messrs. Stansbury and Parry have been the least unsuccessful.

'When crowned with Summer Roses,' a prize-ballad at the Melodists' Society in 1833. 'I love thee still,' a ballad. 'De Englishman he very brave,' a song. 'The Matrimonial Ladder,' a serio-comic scene. By J. Blewitt. We have no wish to detract from the merit of Mr. Blewitt's pretty composition; but we cannot help smiling at the idea of its being deemed worthy of a prize. Truly the minnows among which it was a triton must have been a small fry indeed! The two last songs are comic, and better than most of the English music of this class, which we have heard characterized by a fastidious friend as "Otto of vulgarity." 'The Matrimonial Ladder' is embellished with sixteen illustrations, by G. Cruikshank.

'Sweet Auburn,' No. I. 'Sweet was the Sound,' No. III. The poetry from 'The Deserted Village,' the music by W. A. Fitzpatrick. These are two of nine compositions, "the whole forming a domestic cantata, suited either for public or private performance." The music of these rises above mediocrity. No. 3, is a pleasing duet for two soprano voices; No. 1, A song. Should the other numbers completing the cantata be equally good with those before us, the author will have produced a very pleasing as well as a very creditable work.

'Notes of Woe,' the poetry by Lord Byron, the music by a Friend. The composer of this song has no occasion to write under cover of a mask. There is a boldness in his harmony; and a poetical adaptation of the music to the words, which we like. This song will be very effective if executed by a contralto voice.

'She passed me in the merry Dance,' by H. R. Bishop. 'Give me not Music in the Glare of Day,' by J. A. Wade. Two beautiful songs: the first sweet and flowing, the second of a graver character, and full of feeling.

'Remember thy God,' a Sacred Song, by G. Hargreaves. This song has much merit, and is not difficult of execution.

'Hymn of the Polish Exiles by the Siberian Sea,' composed by the Author of 'The Musical Illustrations to the Waverley Novels.' The author of 'The Musical Illustrations' happens to be a lady; and though we think that she has been a little overpraised, we can express our high opinion of her talents and acquisitions, with as much sincerity as gallantry. This is a very characteristic composition, the rhythm, being arranged in phrases of five bars, produces an original effect.

'Medora,' a cavatina, by C. Goodban. We like this song much, and are sure that any singer who will take the pains to study it as it deserves, will find his trouble amply repaid. We shall be glad to meet with this composer again.

'Perche due così insieme,' by C. Guynemer. An elegant and carefully written song, suited for a soprano voice of moderate compass.

Two Duettinos, for *Symphonion and Pianoforte*. By J. Ellis. The ingenious little instrument invented by Mr. Wheatstone, produces a most pleasing effect when heard in conjunction with the pianoforte. We think that the above compositions will surprise those who have not been hitherto aware of its capabilities. The melodies are original—and the *tout ensemble* evidently the production of a careful harmonist.—'A Set of Quadrilles as Duets,' by the same. Some of these are very good tunes—the third and last in particular; and they are all the better for being arranged for two performers, better to dance to, and less wearisome to execute.

Waltz for the *Pianoforte*, by Miss Ellen Glascock.—Here is a very pretty waltz; we are told, the first production of a young lady only thirteen years of age. Much novelty is not to be expected from such early efforts; and we hope kind friends will not, as is too often the case, prematurely exhaust those talents, which, if they had been allowed undisturbed to reach maturity, might have produced something really good. In this age, so fertile in gifted women, we should like to see a lady composer, who might rank in her art as high as Mrs. Damer and Angolica Kauffman did in theirs. It is a puzzle to us that none such have hitherto appeared.

We can go no further—having noticed the best of the heap before us. The rest may be dismissed with the emphatic monosyllable with which Mr. Burchell, in the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' commented upon the talk of the pseudo-fine ladies. "Patience," says Sir Walter Scott, "is a quiet nag—but she will bolt."

### THEATRICALS

FITZROY THEATRE,  
Tottenham-street.

WE turned our theatrical steps to the north on Monday last, and visited the above-mentioned Theatre. The new management endeavours to render itself worthy of support, by industry and activity in the production of novelties at all events; and that some of those novelties evince much cleverness on the part of their authors, the sequel will prove, as far at least as our opinion may go to prove it. 'The Revolt of the Workhouse,' acted for the first time on Monday, is a very amusing burlesque upon the ballet called 'The Revolt of the Harem,' now being performed by fifth-rate dancers as a first piece at the formerly national theatre of Covent Garden. That the parody is close, may be observed from the following sketch of the plot:—*Ismael Skullcrack*, the Beadle in Chief, renders good service in the apple-stall wars to *Mahomet Muggins*, master of the workhouse, and returns in triumph with a basket of pippins, which he has captured. At this interesting moment the ladies of the female ward arrive, to remonstrate boldly against the quality of the tea and cheese,

which has been served out to them. They are led by a lovely pauper named *Araminta*, who turns out to have been a former flame of the Beadle in Chief. On beholding her hero, flushed with victory, and loaded with honours, marked moreover in the service of his country with an honourable black eye, which renders him additionally interesting in *hers*, her passion returns with tenfold force, and a touching recognition takes place. A private interview becomes necessary to their happiness—what's to be done? The Beadle has it—he is entitled to a boon from the Sovereign of the Workhouse, and (the better to conceal his views) he asks for a holiday for all the female paupers. *Ismael* is not to be done that way. He grants a holiday to all "except *Araminta*," the *Zulma* of the workhouse. Upon this the ladies and their anger rise—subsequently (as in the ballet) they kneel—the Genius of the workhouse is supposed to hover over them—various little holes open, and up come beadle staves, with which they arm themselves, and perform military evolutions—in short, they execute the celebrated "Pas de Beadle-staves." On a sudden an alarm is given—the Chief Beadle arrives, and, for a moment, their safety is endangered—but the Genius is again with them—the beadle-staves become birch-brooms—the measure changes, and the dancers, no longer warriors, gracefully sweep the ground, and perform the no less celebrated "Pas de birch-brooms"—they then seize the Chief Beadle, throw him into the ample wash-tub, and escape for the revolt. We have forgotten to explain the changes of scene as these incidents occur, but this takes place in one which is a very laughable imitation of the bath scene at Covent Garden. Behind the pillars, the stage is opened, and formed into a large washing-tub, around which the females are ranged, and employed in scrubbing linen, and pelting one another with the suds. A scene follows which the bills call 'The grand pass down Fleet Street, with St. Paul's, and the roasted apple-fires in the distance.' A good deal of taste is here mixed up with the humour, and the result is extremely picturesque and pleasing to the eye. The moon-light view of St. Paul's is very nicely painted—the apple-fires answer well to the watch-fires of Covent Garden—and the half-feminine half-masculine costume of the anoozing female army is capital. The lower part of it is composed of a red petticoat, surmounted by a small checked apron, and the upper, of a policeman's blue coat, with the well known oilskin hat of the force. In the fight which ensues, it is almost needless to say, that the ladies are victorious, and dictate their own terms as to the future distribution of tea, cheese, &c. There is a large portion of humour scattered over the piece—and although there are occasionally some stronger touches of vulgarity than appeared to be absolutely necessary, it is, upon the whole, very laughable, and far more entertaining than its predecessor at Covent Garden. There is at least no such piece of abject ignorance in it as the obstinately persisted in 'Court of Lyons,' in the Covent Garden Bills. Mrs. Brindall, Miss Crisp, and the pretty and lively little Miss Chaplin, Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Oxberry, and Mr. Perry, were its chief supporters.

We must cut short an account of the remaining pieces of the evening. The farce called 'The Lion,' by which is meant a literary lion, at a party, did not suit us. There is some cleverness in the writing, but a want of due knowledge of the subject handled, both in that and in the acting. The literary party was too Hawlewoody (he of Roxburghe Club immortality) for us. The new classical burlesque burletta called 'The Son of the Sun, or The Fate of Phaeton,' is written in direct imitation of the pieces of that kind at Madame Vestris's theatre.

So much, indeed, does the author seem to approve of those pieces, that he has paid them the compliment of transplanting some of the ideas and jokes they contain bodily into his. They have, however, no reason, if we except here and there a little unnecessary grossness, to be ashamed of the company in which they are placed. The subject is a good one—it is very pleasantly handled, and ever and anon the lines are smart, and tell well. The idea of a fancy fair among the Goddesses, for the benefit of the distressed Muses, is excellent, and we have only to regret that the most is not made of it. Upon the whole (for we will not stop to pick holes) 'The Son of the Sun' is well worth seeing; we may look upon it without being dazzled, but certainly not without being pleased. It is fairly acted throughout—but Miss Chaplin is entitled to particular mention for her performance of *Phaeton*. This young lady, very young it would seem, possesses a very pleasing face, and a very nice little figure. To these she adds an easy deportment, considerable vivacity of manner, and distinctness of utterance. Her singing voice is weak at present, but it is of a good quality, and there is altogether much promise about her.

The last piece, 'The Wandering Minstrel,' if it were not made too much of an extravaganza, would present a capital satire upon those numerous ladies who have been captivated by the modern humbug of wandering minstrels—that interesting and mysterious race who always manage to have it supposed that they are people of great consequence in disguise, who are merely carrying on a freak for a wager, who cannot, of course, under the circumstances, be called upon for anything so inconvenient as an explanation, and who pocket the money which pours in upon them *merely because they like it*. Mr. Mitchell played with admirable low humour, but he was so genuine a portrait of a street vagabond that it was too great a stretch of the imagination to suppose that even so stupid a woman as *Mrs. Crinicum* could be taken in by him for a moment. The performances concluded at the wholesome hour of eleven.

### MISCELLANEA

*Trinity College, Dublin.*—The result of the new system of examinations has, we hear, exceeded the expectations of those by whom it was proposed; and the classes generally have displayed a marked improvement. The Theological School is said to have made great progress since the appointment of Dr. O'Brien; fourteen weeks of lectures are now devoted to the critical study of the Greek Testament, and attention is directed to the best commentators, both British and continental. In consequence, the German language is now very generally cultivated in the University. We hear further, that the Archbishop of Dublin has projected a college for clergymen, after taking their degrees, which he designs to establish near St. Patrick's cathedral—surely the situation is not well chosen, and we hope not decided on.

*Death of Mr. Kramer.*—We are sorry to have to announce the death of this gentleman, who was for so many years the Master of King George the Fourth's band of wind instruments. His experience in arranging music was great, and it is to him that we owe the improvement of the serpent by the addition of keys. We have always regretted the dismemberment of that most excellent band which he conducted, and had brought to such perfection. He was nothing of a composer, but a quiet gentlemanly man, and gained the entire confidence of his royal master.—The sinecure place of Master of the State Band, which he filled, has, since his decease, been given to Mr. F. Cramer.—a just appointment.

**Botanical Prize.**—We have been favoured with the programme of the *Société Teylerienne* of Haarlem, for the year 1834, containing the questions which they propose as subjects for a prize essay to be delivered in before April 1, 1835. The Programme alludes to an essay, 'on the organization of plants,' by Professor Kieser, which received the prize of the Society in 1812, and proceeds to say, that, in consequence of the great improvements since made in that part of Botanical Science, the Society have become anxious for further information on the subject, and the repetition of some of Professor Kieser's observations, with instruments superior to those which he used. The questions are as follows: 'What is the present state of our knowledge, as regards the anatomy and physiology of plants? What progress has it made of late years, particularly since the publication of M. Kieser's memoir in our Transactions for 1814? Which of the observations, contained in this memoir, are to be considered imperfect or inconclusive, in consequence of the slight magnifying powers, or other imperfections of the glasses, used by M. Kieser? And, what do the late advances in vegetable physiology teach, respecting the functions exercised by the organs of plants?'—The prize proposed is a gold medal, value 400 florins. All new observations on the structure of plants, are to be accompanied by drawings, and the power and nature of the microscopes used are particularly to be mentioned, in order that the Society may be able at pleasure to repeat the observations.

Baron Botta, the son of the celebrated historian of that name, lately arrived at Cairo, on his return from Sennar. This enterprising young traveller, in his ardour for science, recently sailed round the world in the French ship *Héros*, and brought back many curiosities, which are now in the Museum at Paris. In 1830, he went to Egypt, with a view of penetrating into the interior of that country, and he has made several interesting researches respecting the Nile. He remained a long time at Sennar, having, in the unfrequented countries he last visited, collected from ten to twelve thousand rare insects, and a quantity of skins of birds and beasts, among others, several of the species *Ibis*, very little known in Europe.

The Prussian government has purchased the Library of Natural History, amounting to 14,000 volumes, belonging to Rudolphi. Any of the books of which there may be already copies in the grand library, will be sent to the other libraries of the kingdom.

A German correspondent writes from Greece, that many Grecian matrons seeing the Bavarians of Prince Otto's Court waltz for the first time, in place of dancing the modest *romaike*, could not refrain from expressions of grief and astonishment. He also mentions with regret, that many of them are laying aside their picturesque national costume, and that the regulations of the Bavarian Regency compel all public Greek functionaries to cram themselves into Bavarian uniforms.

The carcass of an enormous whale was lately washed ashore at San Cataldo, in the kingdom of Naples. The fishermen at first took it for the wreck of a ship, and were preparing to aid the supposed sufferers, when they discovered their mistake. The skeleton of this whale, which is larger than that at the Garden of Plants in Paris, has been sent to the museum of Otranto. The appearance of a cetaceous animal in the Mediterranean, but more particularly in the Adriatic, is a very rare occurrence.

Prince Hohenlohe has ceased to work miracles, in consequence of a singular accident. He received one day a letter entreating him to say four masses for a young lady who had her left leg four inches shorter than her right. The

number four had been written in cipher; the writing was indistinct; the Prince read eight in place of four, and said eight masses. His success was complete—it was even more than complete, for the left leg having grown an inch at every mass, was now four inches longer than the right. The Prince was so deeply afflicted with this successful result of his prayers, that he has renounced all future attempts, and transferred his remaining stock of miraculous power, to the Frau Schumann, an old woman living at Somdorf in Saxony. The credulous now direct their steps towards her house: her intercessions, we understand, prove most effectual when the moon is in the wane.

**Curious Proclamation, extracted from a recent Number of the Chinese Gazette.**—Sung-kiun, recently communicated to us, that in consequence of his great age, his legs and back are weak, his eyes no longer perform their functions, his hand trembles when he goes to sign a paper, and his memory is sensibly weakened; he, in consequence, asked our permission to resign his employments, in order that he might enjoy the repose required by his great age and sickly condition. Being accustomed to treat our servants with equity, we ordain, in consideration of the valid reasons alleged by Sung-kiun, that his petition be granted, and that his office be given to another; at the same time, we command Sung-kiun, as an old and faithful officer whose resignation we regret, to enjoy repose in his old age.—Whilst these matters were being arranged, we received a few days ago, contrary to all expectation, a new petition from the said Sung-kiun, in which he declares that he has already recovered his health, that he is now as well as ever, and consequently he entreats us to give him employment. Although we have taken this request into consideration, and have appointed him to the command of the blue division of the Manchú army, we cannot avoid remarking, that, notwithstanding these contradictory petitions of Sung-kiun, we have not perceived any change in his health, nor the least symptom of disease. How could he then in the course of so short a period, at one time complain of weakness, at another, announce his recovery—one day tender his resignation, and the next ask for employment? All this arises from his old eccentricity, and his boldness in pestering us with remonstrances. In the relations between a sovereign and his servants, sincerity and truth should be prominent. Faithful to this principle, we use perfect frankness to our servants, and expect the same from them, since they enjoy our high favour. Sung-kiun, by his inconsistent and capricious conduct, having violated this rule, we content ourselves for the present, with leaving him to ask conscience, if such conduct is consistent with the rules of propriety? At the same time we recommend to all officers of high rank, attention to their duty and to their sovereign, in return for the marks of favour they have received.—We order that this *Chang-yü* (imperial edict) be made public.

Mr. Fee takes the trouble to exculpate Linnaeus from an accusation against him relative to Buffon. The genus which bears the name of this great naturalist is written in Linnaeus (with a single *f*) *Bufonia*, which, it is said, was designed to indicate *toad*-plants. But the fact is, the hit, though a bitter one, was totally unintentional; the name was originally given by Sauvages, in his Method of Leaves, and with a dedication so honourable to Buffon, that it is evidently only a simple error. Linnaeus copied it without examination, and was indignant that so injurious an idea should be attributed to him.—*Silliman's American Journal of Science*.

He must be a very old man, for he held an official station when Lord Macartney visited China.

**Advantage of Polly.**—Bebel said of a fool, he would be a good person to take charge of wisdom, for nobody would ever suspect that it was in his possession.

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## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Month.	Thermom.	Baromet.	Winds.	Weather.
W. S. Mon. Max. Min.	Scale.	Scale.		
Thur. 20	54 38	29.66	S.W.	Cloudy.
Frid. 21	51 31	29.65	N.W.	Clear.
Sat. 22	50 34	30.25	S.W.	Light.
Sun. 23	54 44	Stat.	S.W.	Cloudy.
Mon. 24	55 35	30.04	S.W.	Clear.
Tues. 25	55 32	30.30	S.W.	Clear.
Wed. 26	60 39	Stat.	S.W.	Light.

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(J. HOLMES, TOWN'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*The Old Maiden's Talisman, and other Strange Tales.* By the Author of 'Charley,' &c. 3 vols. London: Bull & Co.

THERE is so much interest and beauty in the world of actuality, on which the talents of writers of fiction may be employed, that we think it a pity that a writer of ability and observation should waste his strength on the preternatural. It is not, indeed, good policy for an author who can exhibit humanity in an attractive point of view, to endeavour to fasten the interest of his narrative on that which is marvellous; for he thereby distracts the attention, and divides the reader's sympathy. When natural scenes and characters occupy the page, we are interested in humanity as the agent; but when the supernatural is introduced, then man becomes the patient, and we see no development of character or result of human wisdom or folly. It may be said that the supernatural gives room for a wider display of character, inasmuch as it affords a wider scope for folly or wisdom to act in; and reference may be made to the 'St. Leon,' of Godwin, as giving a fine moral lesson. 'St. Leon' merely illustrates a well-known and nearly obvious truth; and the bestowment of ultra-natural gifts or powers on human beings, is placing the arms of a giant in the hands of a pigmy. The first of the tales in the volumes now before us, is a kind of St. Leon in petticoats. A spinster of some wit and beauty, old enough to call herself an old maid, is unexpectedly put into possession of a handsome fortune, and is as unexpectedly presented with a talisman, by which she is enabled to read, or rather to hear, the thoughts of others concerning herself. This gift is at first amusing, then perplexing, and then distressing. Some scenes of humour occur, and some of deep pathos; but the impression which the story leaves on the mind, is anything but satisfactory. The heroine of the tale is a Lady Mary Deningsford, who had been in her early youth attached to a Lord Highfield, whose circumstances compelled him to marry for money; and in her late youth, a partiality for her first love still dwelt upon her mind. This Lord Highfield ruins himself by gambling; but, by means of the talisman, Lady Mary Deningsford discovers that he still retains kind thoughts of his first love; so she resolves, now that she has come into possession of an ample fortune, to extricate him from his embarrassments; this, of course, sends him to the gaming-table again, where, of course, he gets ruined again, and then comes the relief of the pistol. The story is well told, but our sympathy goes with it but imperfectly. If the lady had been particularly anxious for the possession of such a talisman, we should regard her as justly punished,—but she was a merry, kind-hearted, quiet sort of a creature, who deserved a better fate.

The next story, entitled 'Peter Snook,' is a quaint mixture of the ordinary and the extraordinary; it is a tale of the city, and in the broadest style of caricature; the ordinary part of the story is as well done as most things of the kind, and the extraordinary is not miraculous. An amusing extract will show the style of this tale; but it would be doing injustice to writer and reader to analyze it.

"Peter, after passing regularly through the grades of apprentice and shopman, had for some years been established in business for himself as a retail linen-draper in Bishopsgate-street. His shop, like its master, was not of the dashing kind, but it had two tolerably large windows, one on each side of the door, and they were both deftly decorated every morning with such of his commodities as he judged most likely to captivate the attention of passengers. All went on well for some time; his gains were not large, but they were steady and regular as himself, and he was perfectly contented with his prospects, till he became acquainted with Miss Clarinda Bodkin, a young lady owning to almost thirty, and withal a great proficient in the mysteries of millinery and mantua-making. Their friendship commenced across the counter; but Peter's attentions to his fair customer soon increased beyond all regular measure, and he was haunted by strange dreams of love and ambition, two master passions which have overtaken many a mightier man.

"Now, if Miss Clarinda would but have me," said he, "we might divide the shop, and have a linen-draper's side and a haberdashery and millinery side, and one would help the other. I'm sure it would answer. There'd be only one rent to pay, and a double business,—and it would be so comfortable too!"—and he rubbed his hands and resolved, as he termed it, to 'pop the question' on the very first opportunity. But when the question was popped it was received in a very unsatisfactory manner. Perhaps he said too much about the millinery side of the shop and too little about the lady; or the moment of his declaration might have been unfortunately chosen, as she had just finished reading a novel, the hero of which was, too probably, a fire-eating, dragon-fighting, castle-scaling personage, very different from Peter Snook. After thanking him for the preference he had given her, she proceeded to comfort him with the assurance that she had no doubt he would very soon be able to find some other person perfectly qualified to make him happy, but that, for her own part, she had no idea of altering her condition. And forthwith she commenced plying her needle with wonted rapidity upon a piece of work she had in hand. Peter placed his hands upon his knees and looked at the fire, and then at the cold-hearted fair one, and then at the fire again, and so on alternately for some time, for he knew not what to say, but felt, as he afterwards described it, 'struck all of a heap, and very uneasy in his mind.' At length, just as he had begun to stammer out something about hoping she 'would think better of it,' one of Miss Bodkin's best customers came to try on some article of dress, and such things being out of Peter's line, he was obliged to move off; and thus terminated the first conference.

"It was some consolation afterward to the unsuccessful wooer to find that he had not lost

a customer by the rash declaration of his passion. Miss Bodkin came as before to his shop, and certainly she would have found it difficult to be served so well elsewhere, for Peter always waited upon her himself, and if she complained of the dearness of any article, rather than 'part for a trifle,' he said she should have it at 'prime cost.' Now, whether he really did let her have many excellent bargains, to induce her to continue her visits, or whether she felt disposed to give Peter an opportunity of 'popping the question' a second time, must remain uncertain, but so it was, that two successive days seldom passed without her having occasion for something in his line, and she made no scruple of saying that she should always give him a decided preference, as long as she found that he did not charge higher than his neighbours.

"In this state things continued from January till May, when our linen-draper waxed bolder, and having laid in a choice assortment of spring patterns, and decked his two windows with more than usual care, he ventured to hint how complete the appearance of the shop would be if one of them were filled with millinery and haberdashery. His shopman was out at the time, and Miss Bodkin and he were *tête-à-tête*, the counter being between them. A piece of muslin, concerning which there had been some previous bargaining, was lying upon it, and as one was prising and the other was examining its texture, it happened that their hands came in contact beneath its folds. The lady was sensible of a very affectionate pressure, as Peter exclaimed—

"Take it at your own price, miss!—and you have only to say the word, and all the goods in the shop will be yours on the same terms!"

"La! Mr. Snook!" said she, "how can you talk so?"

"I mean what I say, honour bright," replied he, "and you know it too, miss. I'm not one of those that say a thing one time and deny it another; and so, if you've a mind, there's no more need be said about the matter."

"La! Mr. Snook! you hurt my hand!" cried Miss Clarinda.

"I wouldn't for the world!" exclaimed the ecstatic draper. "Oh! if I could but call it mine!" And leaning forward on the counter, he stooped and pressed it eagerly to his lips.

"La! Mr. Snook!" again cried the lady, "how can you be so foolish! Only consider where we are! Suppose anybody was to come in, what would they think?"

"I don't care what anybody thinks," said Peter, retaining the faintly struggling hand; "I can't think of anybody but you, and don't care who knows it!"

"La! I declare if I had known I would have sent my apprentice for the muslin," observed Miss Bodkin. "Do let my hand go! See! I declare there's a customer at the door."

"Then, tell me you are not offended," said Peter earnestly, and keeping fast hold.

"No, no," replied the milliner quickly, "but I should not like to be seen so." The hand was immediately released, and as the fresh customer was opening the door she continued, in a gay tone and manner:—"You really quite terrified me! There is a time and place for all things. Give me the muslin now, and—I'm



sure I don't know what I was going to say—but it's all your fault."

"'Certainly, miss,' observed Peter, instantly resuming his habits of the counter as the other customer approached; and, folding up the muslin with due precision, he added:—'Any other article that I can have the pleasure of showing you this morning, miss?'"

"The reply was in the negative, accompanied by an arch look and a shake of the head, which seemed to say, 'Oh, you're a sad little man, Mr. Peter Snook, and can play a double part as well as the rest of your deceitful sex.'"

There are two more shorter stories; one called 'Follow your nose,' a German tale, with a German locality, in which an imperitinent shopkeeper, whose wit consists in saying to every one "Follow your nose," provokes a mysterious personage to take his advice, which he does by passing through the man's garden, trees, house, and all, leaving trees reduced to charcoal, and an aperture in the stone wall of the house, exactly the same shape and size as the stranger, and smelling marvellously of brimstone. It is easy to guess who this gentleman must have been. The last story is 'The Lodging-house Bewitched,' a rather feeble and pointless production, amounting to nothing, save to fill a part of the third volume. The first and second stories are decidedly the best, and they might have been so managed as to fill the three volumes, by amplifying the first into a kind of sentimental comedy, which the second might have followed as a diverting farce, and a pleasant piece of mystification.

*Gleanings in Natural History.* Second Series. By Edward Jesse, Esq. London: Murray.

We have elsewhere adverted to the fact, which strikes us as being worthy of remark; that, in spite of the utilitarian and mercantile spirit of the age we live in, few books are received with such universal favour as those which treat of the appearances of nature. In proportion as trade is destroying the repose and beauty of our island with its canals and rail-roads, those haunts which yet remain to us undecorated are more frequently and more anxiously sought than formerly. No old oak, be he situated in the most secluded corner of the kingdom, need now fear going to decay in neglected grandeur; and brooks may laugh all the sweeter, for knowing that their windings between banks richly matted with water-flowers, are traced by curious, but not impertinent eyes. Little, perhaps, of striking novelty remains to be discovered; but the contemplative man may observe, and compare, and note down, for a hundred, aye, a thousand years to come, and the secrets of nature will still remain unexhausted. It is a good and holy thing to turn from so much that is false and feverish in literature, and see what is doing in the woods and streams, and watch (as Mary Howitt sings.)

When the little flowers doth blow,  
And seasons come and go.

We shall extract such passages from Mr. Jesse's volume, as appear to contain any new or important fact.

*Rooks.*—"The rook is a friend to agriculturists, and no farmer, who considers his own interest will destroy a rookery. I once knew this done, in compliance with the request of many farmers, who, two years afterwards, were desirous that it should be restored; the wire-worms,

cockchafer, grubs, and other destructive insects, having greatly increased within that period. In order to be convinced that these birds are beneficial to the farmer, let him observe the same field in which his ploughman and his sower are at work. He will see the former followed by a train of rooks, while the sower will be unattended, and his grain remain untouched."

*The Migratory Habits of Eels.*—"So strong indeed is their migratory disposition, that it is well known few things will prevent their progress, as even at the locks at Teddington and Hampton the young eels have been seen to ascend the large posts of the flood gates, in order to make their way when the gates have been shut longer than usual. Those which die, stick to the posts; others, which get a little higher, meet with the same fate, until at last a sufficient layer of them is formed to enable the rest to overcome the difficulty of the passage. A curious instance of the means which young eels will have recourse to, in order to perform their migrations, is annually proved in the neighbourhood of Bristol. Near that city there is a large pond, immediately adjoining which is a stream. On the bank between these two waters a large tree grows, the branches of which hang into the pond. By means of these branches, the young eels ascend into the tree and from thence let themselves drop into the stream below, thus migrating to far distant waters, where they increase in size, and become useful and beneficial to man. A friend of mine who was a casual witness of this circumstance, informed me that the tree appeared to be quite alive with these little animals. The rapid and unsteady motion of the boughs, did not appear to impede their progress."

*Swallows.*—"I have frequently noticed how apt swallows are to settle on the ground, in a row, or perfect line. I have no doubt but that many persons must have observed this, while they have been walking near the Serpentine River in Hyde Park, during a fine autumnal day. The birds, after hawking for flies upon the surface of the water, will all at once settle on the path which extends across the head of the river in so perfect a line, that one looks at it with astonishment as the simultaneous act of the birds. Their flight is equally sudden and regular on the approach of an intruder. I have also noticed this regularity of line in young birds, while waiting for food from their parents."

A valuable paper has been contributed by Mr. Yarrell, but we consider that the most interesting pages of this book, are those which contain some miscellaneous, selected from the manuscripts of White, of Selborne. There are few characters more delightful to contemplate, few lives more enviable, than the happy healthy one of this excellent old man—his book has become a classic; he has made us acquainted with every turning and winding of his village, "that Anathoth, or place of responses and echoes," as he himself quaintly calls it; and the fragments from his diary here published have a certain freshness of style, which leave the observations of more recent writers far behind. As we read them, we could see the patriarchal old man assisting "Brother Thomas in his attempt to make a Fairy-ring," or watching with a sagacious and smiling eye, the manoeuvres of "Timothy," his favourite tortoise. The following are a few disjointed bits from his journal:—

"Kept a young Fern-owl in a cage for some days, and fed it with bread and milk. It was moping and mute by day, but, being a night bird, began to be alert as soon as it was dusk, often repeating a little hissing note. Sent it back to the brakes among which it was first found."

"I sent a woman up the hill with a peck of beech-mast which she tells me she has scattered all round the down amidst the bushes and brakes, where there were no beeches before. I also ordered Thomas to sow beech-mast in the hedges all round Boker's Hill."

"The sweet peal of bells at Farnham, heard up the vale of a still evening, is a pleasing circumstance belonging to this situation, not only as occasioning agreeable associations in the mind, and remembrances of the days of my youth, when I once resided in the town, but also by bringing to one's recollection many beautiful passages from the poets respecting this tunable and manly amusement, for which this island is so remarkable."

"Heard's well is 250 feet to the bottom. Deep and tremendous as it is, John Gillman, an idiot, fell to the bottom of it twice in one morning, and was taken out alive, and survived the strange accident for many years."

"A day or two before any House-martins had been observed, Thomas Hoar distinctly heard pretty late one evening the twittering notes of those birds from under the eaves of my brew-house, between the ceiling and the thatch. Now the query is, whether those birds had harboured there the winter through, and were just awakening from their slumbers, or whether they had only just taken possession of that place unnoticed, and were lately arrived from some distant district. If the former was the case, they went not far to seek for an hybernaculum, since they nestle every year along the eaves of that building."

Mr. Jesse has collected some anecdotes concerning the sagacity of dogs, of which this is one:—

"A gentleman, residing in the neighbourhood of Blackheath, had a favourite dog who was his constant companion. He was an old bachelor, and his sister resided with him. Before leaving his dining-room he was in the habit of locking up his wine, and then threw the bunch of keys on the floor, which was taken up by the dog, who followed his master with the keys in his mouth to join his sister in the drawing-room. This practice was followed till the old gentleman's death. The dog then appeared miserable, and in order to let him follow his old custom, the wine was locked up as usual, and the keys thrown on the floor. But neither then, or at any subsequent time, would the dog be induced to take them up. It was impossible for this poor animal to shew his love for his deceased master in a more marked and affecting manner."

It is impossible to pass the account of a parrot, which has been communicated to the author by a lady. The bird, we are sure, must be *uncanny*, and we should have feared for the safety of herself and her mistress, had they been living two hundred years ago, instead of in this age of disbelief:—

"Her laugh is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible not to help joining in it oneself, more especially when in the midst of it she cries out 'don't make me laugh so, I shall die, I shall die;' and then continues laughing more violently than before. . . ."

"The first time I ever heard her speak, was one day when I was talking to the maid at the bottom of the stairs, and heard what I then considered to be a child call out 'Payne,' (the maid's name.) 'I am not well, I'm not well;' and on my saying, 'what is the matter with that child?' she replied, 'it is only the parrot, she always does so when I leave her alone, to make me come back;' and so it proved, for on her going into the room the parrot stopped, and then began laughing quite in a jeering way. . . ."

"She sings just like a child, and I have more than once thought it was a human being; and

it is most ridiculous to hear her make what one should call a false note, and then say 'Oh la,' and burst out laughing at herself, beginning again in quite another key. . . . One day I went into the room where she was, and said, to try her, 'Poli, where is Payne gone?' and to my astonishment, and almost dismay, she said 'down stairs.'"

*An Elm Tree.*—"It is perhaps not generally known that one of the elm trees standing near the entrance of the passage leading into Spring Gardens, was planted by the Duke of Gloucester, brother to Charles the First. As that unfortunate monarch was walking with his guards from St. James's to Whitehall, on the morning of his execution, he turned to one of his attendants and mentioned the circumstance, at the same time pointing out the tree."

Here we must conclude.

*Sketches in Spain during the Years 1829, 30, 31, and 32; containing Notices of some Districts very little known, of the Manners of the People, Government, Recent Changes, Commerce, Fine Arts, and Natural History.* By Capt. S. S. Cook, R.N., K.T.S., F.G.S. 8vo. 2 vols. London: Boone.

Capt. Cook has been for some years a resident in Spain, whence we presume he must have forgotten his native language, as his present style of writing it is all but unreadable. We regret this, for he has collected some good materials, but they are clothed in such a repulsive form, that we should never have arrived at them, had we not followed Johnson's plan, and "set ourselves doggedly to it." In truth, nothing but a sense of duty would have enabled us to drudge on through the first hundred and fifty pages, containing, what he terms, descriptive tours in various parts; occasionally, however, a little bright bit comes to reward our toil, and cheer us on our weary way. He had warned us in the preface, that "in examining the details of society and government in this singular country, the reader must expect to find no inconsiderable mass of contradictions, of anomalies, and paradoxes," and scarce had we made a day's journey in his company, before we stumble on the following:—

"The Moorish citadel, crowned with battlements, which was blown up by the French without any necessity, for the place is quite indefensible, occupies a nook, forming the only convenient approach. It was so strong, that the Christians would never have taken it except by famine or stratagem."

This, to be sure, looks strangely like a contradiction, though we know not whether it is to be referred to the "state of society or of government, in this singular country;" but leaving this point undecided, and proceeding as the Captain did, with a file of asses towards Seville, we encounter on the road, "a young lady who was threading the wilds of this country in the middle of December, riding on an ass, gaily dressed in white muslin with a straw hat and green veil." The ass, to say the least of it, must have looked comical in this novel costume, which, however, it is just possible, may have belonged to the young lady; but there can be no question as to the sort of head-gear worn by the coast of Barbary, as we are directly told, "the peasantry frequently wear a red skull-cap, like that of the opposite coast of Barbary." We were certainly not before aware of this termination to the Pillars of Hercules, and we

now hasten to suggest it to the committee, who seem so sadly at a loss how to finish the York Pillar in Waterloo Place. To return, however, to our travelling companions, the donkeys, or, as Capt. Cook more politely terms them, "the palfreys," they appear to possess certain sociable qualities, of which the Captain did not fail to avail himself. "We overtook," he says, "a drove of asses, and ascertaining from the leader, that they belonged to Macael, as my guide was ignorant of the road, I joined company with them, after which, we (that is Capt. Cook and the "palfreys") crossed the river above Cantoria, and ascending a mountain tract, arrived at Macael." He takes considerable notice of his *compagnons de voyage*, and reports that "they travel at a good pace, with a light and cheerful step, occasionally tumbling over the rocks, and recovering their feet with great coolness and agility." The *sang froid* of these creatures is remarkable, yet it is more than rivalled by the sagacity of their blood relations, the mules, one example of which, Capt. Cook witnessed at Portugalete, near Bilbao:

"I was riding out, when, in attempting to cross a part of a swathway, the mule of the guide got into a quicksand. The tide was flowing very fast, and the danger was most imminent. The animal lay motionless until the saddle was disengaged, when with one jerk, it cleared itself, the only plan which could possibly have saved it."

Perhaps it was hardly worth while to go to Spain to learn that a mule will jump out of a quagmire when the load is taken off its back; but there are other matters less obvious, such as the following:—

"They cannot find good draught horses for the artillery, which a dislike to the long ears of the mules prevent them allowing, although they are much better suited to the purpose than their horses."

We confess we do not altogether comprehend how "a dislike to the long ears of the mules," prevents the Spaniards finding "good draught horses for their artillery;" the fact, however, we give as we find it, and subjoin another, the result also of Capt. Cook's observations, viz. that "at Benevente, there is a collection of large and ill-selected Flemish and Norman horses, which seem likely to discourage the attempts of introducing foreign breeds;" a clear proof of the influence of these Hounhynms, and of the truth of the old proverb, "two of a trade," &c. Indeed, their importance in Capt. Cook's eyes would appear almost unequalled, as he does not hesitate to declare, that "one of the greatest losses Spain has sustained during the disastrous periods of her modern history is"—what do our readers suppose?—the slaughter of her inhabitants?—no; the sacking of her towns?—no; the burning of her villages and desolation of her country?—no: according to our author, it was "the loss of the breeds of horses, of which the best are nearly extinct!"

These, we presume, are a few of the "anomalies" we were led to expect; for a paradox, we may instance the statement, page 37, that "the district which includes the maritime parts of the kingdom of Murcia, and the western portion of Valencia, possesses unequalled advantages for agriculture," though in the same breath we are told, that "it is the driest country in Europe, being sometimes nine or ten months without rain."

But from noticing these little peculiarities

of our author, we turn to the more agreeable task of considering the information which he has really collected. This he arranges under the several heads of Government, Clergy, Military, Manners of People, Robbers, Revenues and Commerce, Mines, Fine Arts, and Natural History.

The great engine, by means of which the government maintained itself, was the police, a part of whose duty it was to become personally acquainted with the parties under their surveillance. For this purpose, domiciliary visits were resorted to, and every kind of duplicity, not only practised, but encouraged.

"One of these functionaries, soon after taking command, sent a civil message to a lady of my acquaintance, to say, that in the course of duty he must pay her a visit, and begged her to fix the time. This was accordingly done, and after a very polite interview, he told her that he was quite satisfied, and that to make her entirely easy, he should send her a copy of his report to government, which stated, that she was a perfectly good subject, and that nothing should be believed to her prejudice. She was of course highly satisfied, and took every opportunity of lauding the liberality of the party. A few months afterwards he was removed, and the people in the office being changed, a friend of hers was appointed to fill a situation in it. By accidental conversation on the subject, this person told her she had been completely deceived, and that the report she had seen was pseudo, and not the real one, of which he gave her a copy. This document set forth, that she was a most dangerous person, capable not only of exciting a city, but of setting a whole province in flames, and that no vigilance could be too great in watching her motions. So far he was correct, that she united solid education and knowledge with the grace and fascination of Andalusia, and might, if she had chosen to exert her talents, have effected mischief to a cause to which scarcely any Andalusia has any predilection; but this oriental mode of dealing reflects little honour on the individual. This transaction might be supposed to be drawn from the archives of the empire, so exactly does it resemble some of the proceedings of that period. The kind of talent possessed by the individual who conducted this operation was too valuable to be overlooked by Calomarde, and he rose rapidly to one of the highest offices in Spain."

Travelling in Spain is somewhat improved, owing to the exertions of a M. Cabanes, a retired officer of rank, who has turned his attention to the subject. He has, however, as yet been able to do but little towards improving the roads, which are generally in a wretched condition. Despatch being thus out of the question, comfort seems particularly to be aimed at:—

"In Spain the first consideration is the procuring every accommodation the country will allow, before any one is invited to travel in their conveyances; every minutia is attended to, and the result is a progress in a short period quite incredible, which is affecting the whole system of internal communications. The system is almost universally the same. The passengers are called at a very early hour, when chocolate, or coffee, or tea, which is becoming very much the fashion, is served, according to the inclination of the parties. A portion of the journey is made, and you halt at ten or eleven, sooner or later, as it may be, to dine, as it is termed. This is a regular *déjeuner à la fourchette*. Two hours are allotted to this halt, when you again start, and generally arrive before dusk, after which supper is served. These repasts being provided entirely for the passengers, every one

is obliged to pay a proportion, whether he partake or not, unless he spend money to a similar amount in some other way. Whenever the coach stops, the *mayoral* opens the door, and asks if any one wishes to alight. Every thing in these conveyances is on the same uniform system of polite and respectful attention to the company and to each other."

All their politeness and attention, however, cannot always save the passengers from being left in a rather unpleasant dilemma.

"In the winter of 1830, which was extremely severe, I was going from Andalusia to Madrid. We had great difficulty to get through La Mancha, the road being quite broken up, and heavy sleet and snow falling. We only succeeded by the indefatigable exertions of the *zagales*, who ran on foot the whole way, nearly knee deep in mud and half melted snow, urging on the mules with their cheerful and unceasing voices. At the last post before Ocaña, there is a long and rather steep rise, which we reached at night-fall. They had not taken the precaution of putting on additional mules, and the regular *tiro* refused to mount the *cuesta*. It was found impracticable to force them, and after some time they determined to send back for a reinforcement. The master of the post sent two mules, with orders to the *zagales*, that if they did not immediately succeed, they were to unyoke the whole and return home. A hard frost with Siberian cold had succeeded the sleet, and the animals and men were half frozen by the time they returned. Accordingly, after a short trial, they gave up the attempt, and quietly returned home, leaving the coach full of passengers to pass the night on the *cuesta*."

An escort always attends on the diligence when travelling, and is not unfrequently composed of reclaimed robbers. These robbers are of three descriptions—either *rateros*, petty pilferers, who lurk about the outskirts of towns and villages, attacking the unwary traveller towards dusk; or *salteadores*, who sally out in bands from their own villages on preconcerted expeditions, after which, they again return to their usual occupations; or thirdly, the regular professional robbers, who, armed and equipped, keep the field constantly, under acknowledged chiefs, in open defiance of the authorities. One of the most celebrated of these chiefs, was Jose-Maria, an Andalusian, under whom the system seems to have been brought to its utmost perfection. His troop never exceeded twelve, yet,

"By the union of courage, skill, tact, consummate knowledge of the country and of conducting enterprises, he defied every effort to apprehend or destroy him. He had auxiliaries and correspondents in all the towns and villages within his occupation, and recruited at will, having, I have heard, at least 40 candidates for a vacancy when it occurred in his troop. By a proclamation of the Captain general, the authorities of four places, amongst which were Moron and Estepa, were publicly denounced as abetting and assisting him. His system was so completely organized that there were gradations of punishment for those who interfered with him. In one instance, the alcalde of some place had taken measures against him. He went to the spot where his henchmen were at work, and ordering them to be placed in a line, his troop dispatched them; a heavy loss in a country where there is no remedy for such misfortune. A worse act of the same kind was performed near Antequera. The men of Alameda, which was in the centre of his principal base, armed themselves and went in pursuit of him. As this system must have proved fatal to him if persevered in, he decreed dreadful vengeance: sending notice that the first man he met with belonging to the

place, should be shot. In a short time he fell in with three men, and ascertaining by their *cartas de seguridad*, that they belonged to Alameda, he ordered them instantly to be put to death. One of them was only wounded by the first volley, and called out that he was not a native of the place: finding this to be true, they bound up his wounds, placed him on horseback, and conveying him to a *cortijo*, left him with sufficient provisions to last until he should procure other relief. . . .

"This class of robbers are frequently complaisant and even jocular and good humoured in the exercise of their calling. A man well known at Seville, was stopped by one of the great bands. His baggage was dismounted in the usual manner and the contents of his portmanteaus laid out on the ground. He begged for some favourite article to be returned, which was done, and he went on to some others. At last, as he appears to have had the same sort of attachment to his goods which Fielding describes Mrs. Honour to have felt on a very different occasion, the heap was diminishing so fast, that one of the gang called out to the captain, in Andalusian, the neatness of which is lost in the translation, 'Hold! if you do not stop, in place of robbing him, he will rob us.'"

It appears, that an appeal to their generosity may also be made with success:—

"A lady whom I know, was saved from robbery, by her presence of mind and touching the point of honour of this singular race. She was travelling and had halted to breakfast in a *desfilé* where a band was stationed, who soon made their appearance. With admirable coolness she invited them to join her, in the frank manner usual in the country, which they accepted, and then left her unmolested. This could only have happened in Andalusia. Instances occurred whilst I was in Spain of their returning the chattels of ladies when they took every thing besides; but this romantic generosity is not always displayed."

In estimating the numbers of the Spanish clergy, Capt. Cook alludes to the ridiculously exaggerated statements on the subject put forward by the *Edinburgh Review*. It will be in our readers' recollection, that the statement was no sooner made, than answered by us in an article which may be said to contain all that is really known on the subject, and which may be found in our 252nd number, published August 25, 1832.

The influence of the church, Capt. Cook agrees with us, is on the decline:—

"There is an invincible repugnance in a large portion of society to confession, and scarcely any of those above the lower classes, now, I believe, conform to it, at least in the cities. . . . I visited a public establishment, of which a chief manager was a Frenchman, who conducted me over it with the characteristic politeness of his nation. I enquired amongst other things, as I suspected he would be, whether he was obliged to confess. He looked rather ashamed at the question, but after a pause, said, 'mais oui, il faut se confesser?' How do you manage to get through it?' seeing he was of the description of men, who have no relish for these ceremonies in the present day; he said, 'Eh! ma foi! l'on fait des grimaces, et l'on s'en tire.' He represents a very numerous class."

From the chapter on fine arts, which in general is as dull as a catalogue, and wants its brevity, we extract these hints on picture cleaning—*soit dit en passant*—our mortal aversion:—

"It may be noticed for the information of those who possess specimens of this school, that the greatest care is necessary in cleaning them. A large portion of those now remaining, and

which come under the inspection of the purchaser, are dried up and the oil exhausted by exposure to the burning sun, in a climate so favourable to evaporation. It is common to see pictures of which the surface crumbles to dust in the fingers. With those there are two plans to be pursued. The first is to fix the colour: which is done by a species of glue applied to the surface; the picture should then be lined, and the operation of what the Spaniards term giving *jugo*, sap or juice, be commenced. This consists in applying walnut oil slowly and successively as the picture will absorb it, when it gradually assumes consistency, and shows the colours. After this the cleaning may be done, but the picture should if possible be exposed to the air for some time previously. The cleaning is an operation of extreme delicacy. In all the schools, especially in that of Seville, and more particularly in the pictures of Murillo; from some cause, either of the oil, or of the oxydation of the mineral colours of the glazing used to finish, they acquire a dinginess of colour, and have often a roughness on the surface from the handling of the master. Both these circumstances try the nerves of picture cleaners, and of most of their employers, and a picture is seldom allowed to remain in this state. Some acid or other method is tried, the *patina* and the supposed blemish come off together, and the picture is washed, as are nearly all in the galleries. The fine finishing of the master is irretrievably gone, and is frequently attempted to be restored by what is called toning. Very few exceptions are seen, either in the works of Velasquez or Murillo, and those of the latter frequently resemble copies, from the faint and cold colours which now form the surface, and which in London, is frequently supplied by quantities of varnish, and in Paris, by picking away the outline, and giving fresh relief or roundness to the picture, which is thus remanufactured."

The zoology is very meagre—little more than a list of animals and their habitations. Botany and geology are better, particularly the latter, to which much attention seems to have been paid.

Our extracts have been sufficiently numerous to justify our comments, and enable the reader to form a correct estimate of the work.

*Tchao-ki-kü-enl, ou, l'Orphelin de la Chine, &c.*—[*The Orphan of China, a Drama, in Prose and Verse, with a Miscellany of Chinese Literature.* Translated from the Chinese, by Stanislas Julien.] Paris: Moutardier.

We were favoured with an early copy of this interesting work, the first which M. Stanislas Julien has published since his succession to the chair of the lamented Rémusat. It is of course known to the reader, that Voltaire's tragedy of the 'Orphan of China,' was founded on the version of this drama, sent to Europe by Prémare, and published in 1735 by Du Halde. Prémare's version was, it appears, very imperfect, and Voltaire's adaptation has scarcely a feature of the original. The principal fault in Prémare's translation, was his omission of the operatic parts, for this, like most Chinese dramas, is diversified by the introduction of poetical airs, sung with a musical accompaniment, as in our operas. M. Stanislas Julien has now, for the first time, given a perfect translation of this very singular drama, and he has prefixed to it the accounts given by the native historians of the circumstances on which it is founded.



The introductory act, or prologue, opens with a sort of soliloquy by the minister Tū-an-kū; which he sings to a popular air. He then declares his name, and explains the part he has to sustain—

*I am Tū-an-kū, the general in chief  
Of mighty Tsin's; once the King Ling Kong  
Began to reign his confidence was given  
To me and to my rival Tchiao-tun;  
The king was anxious we should live as friends;  
I hated Tchao, and resolved his death,  
But till this day he baffled all my snares.*

Having mentioned the several attempts that failed, Tū-an-kū describes that which had proved successful. He procured a dog of extraordinary sagacity (Chin' ao), which he taught to take its food from a figure made to represent Tchiao-tun. When the dog was sufficiently trained, he went to the king, declared that a conspiracy had been formed against him, and that the Justice of Heaven had endowed a dog with sagacity to discover the guilty. Ling Kong forthwith ordered the court to be assembled, and the dog to be introduced; the animal at once attacked Tchao-tun, and the king satisfied that this was proof of his minister's guilt, ordered him to be slain, with his whole family, amounting to three hundred persons. But Tchiao-tun's son, Tchiao-so, still survived; he was the king's son-in-law, and the princess was on the point of making him a father; Tū-an-kū declares his resolution to murder Tchiao-so, and the infant as soon as it should be born; and he concludes his part of the prologue, by singing,

*Of Tchao's house three hundred fell,  
The victims of my hate;  
Should Tchiao-so the number swell  
I then may mock at fate.  
Die—die he must—to set me free—  
Choose he the death that suits.  
He who would quite destroy a tree  
Must pull up all the roots.*

In the second part of the prologue, we are introduced to Tchiao-so and the princess, his spouse; Tchiao-so foretells his approaching death, and requests her to name her child, if a boy, Tchiao-chi-kū-eni, that is, "The Orphan of the House of Tchao." The messenger of death arrives in the midst of the conversation, and Tchiao-so, having bequeathed vengeance as his only legacy to his unborn son, submits to his fate.

The first act opens at the birth of the Orphan of China; his mother is closely watched by the emissaries of Tū-an-kū; she entrusts the child to a faithful physician, Tching-ing, and immediately commits suicide. Tching-ing carries away the child in his herbal chest, but at the gate he is stopped by the officer of the watch, Kan Kioué, and is forced to admit him into his confidence. Kan Kioué permits Tching-ing to pass, and slays himself, lest he might be tempted to betray the secret.

In the second act, Tū-an-kū having learned the escape of the orphan, resolves on a Bethlehem massacre; Tching-ing in terror, seeks the advice of Kong Sun, an old councillor of state, whom old age had forced to resign his employments. After a long deliberation, it is agreed, that Tching-ing should bring his own child to Kong Sun, and then denounce him to Tū-an-kū, for having concealed the orphan Tchiao. The second act concludes with the following song by the faithful physician:—

*My child I cheerfully resign,  
To save the last of Tchao's line;  
Justice and honour both demand  
This sacrifice at Tching-ing's hand.  
But, oh! it fills my soul with grief  
To doom to death you aged chief.*

In the third act, Kong Sun is tortured in the presence of Tching-ing, to make him confess where the child was concealed; in the meantime, the soldiers find Tching-ing's son, and bring the infant to Tū-an-kū; he orders him to be put to death; Tching-ing stifles his emotions, and Kong Sun, convinced that the secret was now effectually concealed, commits suicide. Tū-an-kū concludes the act with a song of exultation.

Between the third and fourth acts, a period of twenty years is supposed to elapse; the orphan has become a favourite with Tū-an-kū, and has been educated by him with the utmost care. He has also been entrusted with a military command; his heart burns with the love of glory; but he ceases not to love his supposed father Tching-ing, and pays him a daily visit, when the review of the troops is over. Tching-ing, now in his sixty-fifth year, frequently meditates on the uncertainty of life, and thus expresses himself in song;

*Quickly the days and months rolls on.  
Old age arrives, and manhood's gone:  
Infant sport and youthful play  
Its rolling years are swept away.  
He who would act, must in his heart  
Have well matur'd his destin'd part.  
Ere when the hour for action calls  
Helpless he wavers—hopeless falls.  
Let man not linger with a deed,  
For time goes by with arrow-speed.*

Impressed with these feelings, he resolves to reveal the secret of his birth to the orphan, and for this purpose places before him a book of paintings, in which the misfortunes of his family were represented. The young man feels extraordinary emotions, for which he cannot account, as he contemplates the mysterious pictures; he seeks an explanation from Tching-ing, and learns for the first time the history of his birth. The act concludes with his declaration, that he will take immediate vengeance on Tū-an-kū.

The fifth act opens with the information that Tū-an-kū has already acquired so much strength, as to endanger the throne; artifice is therefore necessary to secure his person. By united craft and courage, the orphan, however, seizes the traitor; he is sentenced to a cruel death, and the drama concludes with a royal proclamation, ordering the orphan to be restored to the ancient dignities of the Tchiao family, bestowing upon Tching-ing a rich estate, and ordaining sepulchral honours to those who had died in rescuing the orphan of the house of Tchao.

From the historical memoirs prefixed, it would appear that the account of Tching-ing having sacrificed his son to preserve the orphan, is an actual fact; if so, it stands without a parallel in the annals of fidelity.

The miscellaneous translations that follow this drama are interesting, but we must defer our notice of them, and some general remarks which we designed to have made on the nature of Chinese literature, to a future opportunity.

*Imaginative Biography*, by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart. London: Saunders & Otley.

"By *Imaginative Biography*," says the elegant and accomplished author of these volumes, "I mean an imaginative superstructure on the known facts of the biography of eminent characters." He has thus chosen a wide field,—a field only separated by a very narrow, and, in places, imperceptible bound-

dary, from that debateable land in which Shakespeare and Scott have married history to fiction, with a due regard, it must be confessed, to the interests of the latter. But the task of calling up the mighty dead before us, and noting down their converse, has been already most ably performed; and, after the characteristic and vigorous 'Conversations' of Walter Savage Landor, truth compels us to admit that the dialogues of Sir Egerton Brydges read somewhat faint and spiritless. Indeed, he seems as if aware that his strength does not lie in the colloquial form of writing, as the latter part of the first, and the whole of the second volume, are, for the most part, unbroken prose, so that the interest of the work increases as we proceed; for the style of its author is always elegant and refined, without being painfully elaborate. His lucubrations upon poets, concerning whom he loves to write, and of whom we are never weary of reading, are always interesting, and while they show the gentleman by the absence of partizanship or prejudice, or any of those pettinesses which (alas for poor human nature!) are too apt to creep in, when one literary man undertakes the criticizing of the works of another, display also much of the genuine inspiration, the keen discernment of beauty, and the sincere and noble feeling, in the strength whereof he has just right to say, "*Ed anche io son poeta!*" Nor are the volumes before us less agreeable, inasmuch as we gather from them something of their writer's own mind. The particular pleasure with which he dwells upon the works of Charlotte Smith (which have passed away into the shadows of oblivion sooner than they deserved), the earnestness with which he stands forward as the champion of her, so long and so irreverently nicknamed, "that old madwoman, the Duchess of Newcastle," and the devotion wherewith he lavishes praise upon his favourite Petrarch, are sure indexes of a mind whose natural bearing is towards the beautiful and curious and polished in literature, rather than those rugged, though often sublime displays of unpruned and untutored genius, by which, on the other hand, many are so entirely fascinated, that their admiration carries them to the point of regarding all scholarship as cold and cumbrous pedantry, and all delicacy as effeminacy and want of strength.

Our extracts will neither be many nor long. The book is one to win its way by elegance rather than brilliancy, and we shall content ourselves with drawing upon its pages for one or two characters of the poets which we think happily expressed.

*Gray.*

"Gray had the odd contradiction of a manly mind, and fastidious and somewhat effeminate manners. His imagination was all rural; but his birth and habits lay in a town. He never took up a rural sport; it does not seem as if he had ever been on horseback. He amused himself in the fields with flowers and plants, and butterflies and insects. His fancy supplied him with the habits of countrymen; the plough, the axe, the spade, the scythe and sickle, the vocations of the shepherd and the herdsman. He loved to contemplate the snowy whirlwind, the April shower, the summer-morn, and the fading lights of evening, as the golden tints recede into twilight and darkness. His manner in society was that of *petit-maitre*; his solitary thoughts were never frivolous. He was serious, benevolent, gentle, and conscientious. Perhaps

he was too delicate for the rude tempers of the world; and he was like a tender plant, which could not bear the rough air, and tempests, and frosts."

The sketch of Collins is written with great tenderness and delicacy; he is here represented, during one of his fits of mental aberration, under the care of Warton:—

"Warton found in his room the fragments of a song in the character of one of those children, whom he called the *Wood Nymph*. It was too imperfect to be copied; but it had parts of some very beautiful lines, more wild than he was accustomed to be. It was of a girl about eleven years old, whose voice they had once or twice surprised in the oopes, or along the lanes, bringing to her father in a basket his humble repast. Warton knew her, being the child of one of his parishioners; and when he spoke to her, he observed Collins gaze intently upon her; and then when he caught Warton's eye, turn away, and smile to himself."

The story of Lord Avening has much melancholy beauty—yet an extracted fragment would only appear tame. We will give, in preference, some of the lines which the author quotes to justify his defence of the Duchess of Newcastle, and they really bear him out very fairly in his admiration of that whimsical lady. She is singing of Fairyland:—

A dowy waving leaf's made fit  
For the queen's bath, where she doth sit,  
And her white limbs in beauty show,  
Like a new-fallen flake of snow;  
Her maids do put her garments on,  
Made of the pure light from the sun,  
Which do so many colours take;  
As various objects shadows make;  
Then to her dinner she goes straight,  
Where all fairies in order wait;  
A cover, of a cobweb made,  
Is there upon a mushroom laid;  
Her steel is of a thistle down,  
And for her cup an acorn's crown,  
Which of strong nectar full is filled,  
That from sweet flowers is distill'd." &c. &c.

There is much truth in these few lines upon Johnson, with which our notice must conclude:—

"If he is wrong, it is not a borrowed error. Neither the critical nor the biographical parts were stale compilations; all passed through the sieve of his own intellect. Though perhaps his learning was often not minute, it was infinitely comprehensive and materially digested; he dwelt on no misty and half-developed ideas. His experience in literature was great; and he had penetrated deeply into the characters of mankind. Nothing dazzled him, and nothing misled him; unless his own ill humour."

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA, VOL. LII.  
*The History of the Christian Church.* By the Rev. H. Stebbing, A.M. Vol. II.  
London: Longman & Co.; Taylor.

WE bestowed great praise on the first volume of this work; the second merits higher eulogy; the increasing difficulties of the subject seem to have roused Mr. Stebbing's energies. In this volume, he relates the rise and progress of the papal power—a topic equally important and hazardous, for the mingled hate and fear of popery, for which England was so long remarkable, slumber, indeed, but are not extinct. Impartiality on almost every other subject meets with general praise; but whenever ecclesiastical history is discussed, a cry is raised for the exhibition of "a Protestant spirit," that is, for sectarian views and partial representations. To this senseless cry, our author has not responded; rising

above the angry disputes and fierce contests of rival churches, Mr. Stebbing surveys with the eye of a Christian philosopher the circumstances that led to the foundation of the papal power, the events that favoured its development, and its general effects on European society.

It may be granted without difficulty, that the extravagant power claimed and assumed by the Romish See, was adverse both to the letter and spirit of the Gospels; that it constituted a spiritual tyranny, whose continuance would have proved an effectual bar to mental improvement; and that our gratitude is justly due to the heroes of the Reformation, who freed us from the degrading thralldom. But this is not inconsistent with a belief, that during the dark ages, the Hierarchy alone preserved the elements of civilization; that the extravagant power of the Church was necessary to check the more extravagant tyranny of feudal sovereigns; and that the Papacy, with all its faults, was at one time the single European institution, which protected the rights of the weak and restrained the insolence of the powerful. Poisons are, we know, usually destructive, but there are diseased states of the body in which poisons are found to be remedies; in like manner spiritual tyranny is doubtless an evil, but occasions have occurred, when, as an antagonizing force to a greater evil, it proved a positive good. Mr. Stebbing manfully asserts the claims of the Church of Rome to respect as an important element of civilization; conscious of his own strength, he dares to do justice to his adversary, and before he pronounces sentence of condemnation on a course of action abstractedly wrong, he examines whether it may not be palliated, or perhaps justified, by the circumstances of the period.

The most frequent objection made to the Romish church, is the union of temporal and spiritual power in its head; now, though this is wrong in a religious point of view, yet Mr. Stebbing shows that, politically considered, its effect has been beneficial. Of the spiritual power, Mr. Stebbing takes equally enlightened views, and especially he does ample justice to the character of Hildebrand, whom protestant writers have generally described as a moral monster. But before historians pronounced sentence on this ambitious and able pontiff, they should have examined the character of the age in which he lived, the evils by which he was surrounded, and the persons with whom he had to contend. The possessions of the Church had, in his age, become sufficiently extensive to attract the cupidity of the state; had sovereigns succeeded in obtaining the absolute appointment of the bishops, their sway would have been established beyond all power of check or control, and Asiatic despotism would have been rivalled by European. The interests of religion required the most vigorous exertions on the part of all who did not regard the church as a mere political engine; the sale of benefices was equally open and scandalous; bishoprics were purchased by ignorant and immoral men; simony prevailed to such an extent, that, unless a remedy had been found, Christianity might have become a mockery and a scorn. At such a crisis, Hildebrand ascended the papal throne, with the title of Gregory VII., protesting that his election was the greatest calamity that had ever befallen him—and "there is no just or sufficient reason,"

says Mr. Stebbing, "to make us suspect his sincerity."

It must be remembered, in estimating the character of Gregory, that he was beloved by his Roman subjects, a fact inconsistent with the charge of capricious tyranny sometimes urged against him. This attachment was frequently exhibited in the hours of difficulty and danger, of which we may quote one remarkable example:—

"Cencio, the son of Alberic, prefect of the city, had, by a series of unlawful acts, brought upon himself the indignation of the pontiff, who excommunicated him, and placed him in confinement. The faction, however, of which he was the head, speedily restored him to liberty; and he lost no time in seeking revenge on the pontiff. His scheme was ripe for execution on Christmas day; and while Gregory was engaged in the solemn performance of the midnight mass, a band of soldiers rushed into the church, seized him without any respect to the sacredness of his office or of the place, and, after having inflicted several injuries on his person, conveyed him to his castle. This daring outrage was, in a few minutes, made known throughout the city. To the solemn stillness which had before reigned, broken only by the voice of devotion, succeeded the loud sound of the trumpet summoning to arms: the people who had thronged the churches rushed with terror and lamentation into the public squares; and universal consternation prevailed. It speaks powerfully in favour of Gregory, that the opinion of the multitudes thus gathered together, was one of enthusiastic veneration for his person: in as brief a space as the insurgents had employed to seize him, they broke through all opposition to his deliverance; and he returned to the sacred service of the night with feelings not less calculated to deepen his own emotions, than to inflame on his behalf the passions of the populace. Cencio, when the morning dawned, beheld his castle in ruins; and only narrowly escaped falling a sacrifice, with his wife and children, to the indignation excited against him."

We must make room for the very able summary of Hildebrand's political character, as an act of justice to a pontiff who has been so cruelly maligned, and as an example of the great skill in moral analysis possessed by Mr. Stebbing.

"Had Hildebrand been really infected with the vices with which he was charged, he would yet have deserved well of the universal church, for having attempted to purge it of the destructive crime of simony: his violence would have had a better apology than could be urged in almost any other instance of ecclesiastical severity; and he would have merited as a churchman, if not as a simple Christian, a high place among its benefactors. In respect to the design he formed of freeing the church from the necessity of appealing to the civil power whenever a bishop was to be consecrated, care should be taken not to confound this object with those which regard only the aggrandisement of the church in its wealth or splendour. But such is the perverseness or the blindness of many on this subject, that, while they heap up their epithets of abuse on Gregory for thus truly asserting the dignity of the church, they give unequivocal marks of approbation to those who nourish it in an ambition fatal to its strength and purity. Gregory beheld monarchs sunk in sensuality, or the slaves, by their position, of political expediency, making use of the church as a huge depository of bribes and rewards; he saw the most important of its trusts bestowed on those who had not even the shadow of a claim to the elevation, but that which they won by servility, by their assiduous devotion to the business of the court, or through the persuasion of patrons, unworthy

themselves of confidence. He knew that wide and populous districts were thereby placed under men who had neither experience nor spirituality to recommend them; and who, only anxious to obtain preferment, that they might enjoy wealth and luxury, would care as little about the flock of Christ, as if to guard and instruct it formed no part of the obligations appended to their office. Nor did he fail to see that the evil could not stop here. When the heads of the church rise through corrupt influence, the presence of the same evil principle will be manifest in the elevation of the inferior members; and thus the whole body of the priesthood will be infected with worldly-mindedness, pride, and sensuality. To take that power out of the hand of the temporal sovereign, which had been so badly exercised, was the design of Gregory; and had he not pursued his purpose by means which were unauthorized by the Gospel, had he only uprightly contended that monarchs ought not to have the unlimited power of placing Christ's heritage under whom they will; that the church ought not to be surprised by the sudden elevation of men, whom it has had no means of examining and proving, he would have ennobled himself in the eyes of every true member of the Christian church; and his labours, crowned with modified success, might have saved religion from many of the deepest wounds it has suffered at the hands of kings and princes.

But Hildebrand, while seeking to deliver the church from the danger of an improper interference with its appointments, forgot that the very independence for which he contended was founded on principles of the purest spirituality. Instead of contenting himself with simply acting on the defensive, which is all that the Gospel allows its ministers to do, he became an assailant, and, forgetting or willingly blinding himself to the truth, that the civil magistrate is not less ordained by God than the rulers of the church, he usurped a right to chastise, which neither the nature of things nor the constitution of states, nor the scriptures, authorized him to assume. This error, so fatal to his success, so opposed to the holy humility proper to his office, and so destructive in its future effects, was the fruitful parent of those multiplied ills which attended his pontificate. On this the antinomial prelates whom he summoned to his synods rested the whole strength of their resistance; by this the Emperor was provided with reasons for defying his claims, which the world could not answer; and to this every opponent of the church has appealed, when bringing forth Hildebrand as a by-word on the ambition and tyranny of churchmen."

In conclusion, we may observe, that Mr. Stebbing's History is a judicious, able, and, above all, an honest summary; truth has been the author's first object, and if ever feelings warp his judgment, it is only when his sympathies are awakened for the oppressed, the persecuted, and the calumniated.

We had marked some trivial oversights, but our readers would not thank us for enumerating them; one, however, is too important to be omitted—it was not the Saracens, but their Turkish successors, that persecuted the Christian pilgrims, and provoked the Crusades.

#### *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.*

(Second Notice.)

We beg to renew our acquaintance with this pleasant companion.

As we are at this moment suffering under a severe head-ache from having passed several hours last night in the otherwise agreeable society of some inveterate smokers, we feel a savage delight in commencing with

the following extract, from a description of "The Promenade" at Langen Schwalbach:

"A few of the young men, with cigars in their mouths, meandered, in dignified silence, through these parties of ladies; but almost all the German lords of the creation had hidden themselves in holes and corners, to enjoy smoking their pipes; and surely nothing can be more filthy—nothing can be a greater waste of time and intellect than this horrid habit. If tobacco was even a fragrant perfume, instead of stinking as it does, still the habit which makes it necessary to a human being to carry a large bag in one of his coat pockets, and an unwieldy crooked pipe in the other, would be unmanly; inasmuch as, besides creating an artificial want, it encumbers him with a real burden, which, both on horseback and on foot, impedes his activity and his progress; but when it turns out that this said artificial want is a nasty vicious habit—when it is impossible to be clean if you indulge in it—when it makes your hair and clothes smell most loathsomely—when you absolutely pollute the fresh air as you pass through it;—when, besides all this, it corrodes the teeth, injures the stomach, and fills with red inflammatory particles the naturally cool, clear, white brain of man, it is quite astonishing that these Germans, who can act so sensibly during so many hours of the day, should not have strength of mind enough to trample their tobacco-bags under their feet—throw their reeking, sooty pipes behind them, and learn (I will not say from the English, but from every bird and animal in a state of nature) to be clean; and certainly whatever faults there may be in our manners, our cleanliness is a virtue which, above every nation I have ever visited, pre-eminently distinguishes us in the world. During the time which was spent in this stinking vice, I observed that people neither interrupted each other, nor did they very much like to be interrupted; in short, it was a sort of siesta with the eyes open, and with smoke coming out at the mouth. Sometimes, gazing out of the window of his hof, I saw a German baron, in a tawdry dressing-gown and skull-cap, (with an immense ring on his dirty fore-finger) smoking, and pretending to be thinking; sometimes I winded a creature who, in a similar attitude, was seated on the shady benches near the Stahl brunnen; but these were only exceptions to the general rule, for most of the males had vanished, one knew not where, to convert themselves into automata, which had all the smoky nuisance of the steam-engine, without its power."

We pass with reluctance over an admirable dissertation upon the habits and dress of English servants, as contrasted with those of Foreign servants, it being rather too long for extract, and come to a chapter headed "The Schwein General." This officer, as his title imports, is commander in chief of the pigs, and it is his duty to collect all the pigs of Langen Schwalbach by sound of horn, twice a day, and drive them out to the mountain to feed, and afterwards home again. The whole description of his and their proceedings is excellent—in short, though it may seem anomalous, this pig-headed chapter is one of the cleverest in the book. We can only give a slice of it.

"There is, perhaps, in creation, no animal which has less justice, and more injustice, done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling than a pig, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for, and analyzing, his food, we generally con-

demn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty.

"While his faculties are still his own, only observe how, with a bark or snort, he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye; but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally most eagerly, or, as we accuse him, most greedily, meets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this, nature assists him with sleep, which, lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against the blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and dies.

"It is probably from abhorring this picture, that I know of nothing which is more distressing to me than to witness an indolent man eating his own home-fed pork.

"There is something so horribly similar between the life of the human being and that of his victim—their notions on all subjects are so unnaturally contracted—there is such a melancholy resemblance between the strutting residence in the village and the stalking confinement of the sty—between the sound of the dinner-bell and the rattling of the pail—between snoring in an arm-chair and grunting in clean straw—that, when I contrast the 'pig's countenance' in the dish, with that of his lord and master, who, with outstretched elbows, sits leaning over it, I own I always feel it so hard that one should have killed the other—in short, there is a sort of 'Tu quoque, Brute!' moral in the picture, which, to my mind, is most painfully distressing."

Let us hear what our author says about false hair and teeth:—

"I know it is very wrong—I know that one is always blamed for bringing before the mind of wealthy people any truth which is at all disagreeable to them; yet on the brink of this I grave I could not help feeling how very much one ought to detest the polite Paris and London fashion of smartening up us old people with the teeth and hair of the dead! It always seems to me so unfair, for us who have had our day—who have ourselves been young—to attempt, when we grow old, to deprive the rising generation of the advantage of that contrast which so naturally enhances their beauties. The spring of life, to be justly appreciated and admired, requires to be compared with the snow and storms of winter; and if by chicanery you hide the latter, the sunshine of the former loses a great portion of its beauty. In naked, savage life, there exists no picture on which I have so repeatedly gazed with calm pleasure, as that of the daughter supporting the trembling dilapidated fabric of the being to whom she owes her birth; indeed, it is as impossible for man to withhold the respect and pity which is due to age whenever it is seen labouring under its real infirmities, as it is for him to contain his admiration of the natural loveliness of youth. The parent and child, thus contrasted, render to each other services of which both appear to be insensible; for the mother does not seem aware how the shattered outlines of her faded frame heighten the robust blooming beauties of her child, who, in her turn, seems equally unconscious how beautifully and eloquently her figure

: The author is moralizing in a churchyard at Langen Schwalbach.



explains and pleads for the helpless decrepitude of age! In the Babel confusion of our fashionable world, this beautifully arranged contrast of nature, the effect of which no one who has ever seen it can forget, does not exist."

Now, this is all very pretty, and very poetical, and very true, but we cannot go the whole length of our author, for all that. We cannot, upon the strength of his perhaps just indignation, recommend Messieurs Cartwright, Sherwin, Patterson, Clarke, and others, to relinquish their professions; nor can we call upon our old friend Truefitt, of Burlington Arcade celebrity, to shut up shop. If an Englishman's house is his castle, *à fortiori* is his carcass so; and we think, that he has an undoubted right to repair, at his own expense, the dilapidations in either. We have, as yet, lost none of our teeth, and only some of our hairs; but, in defiance of all our clever author's thunders, we will cover our approaching baldness with a comfortable wig; and if we should live to lose our teeth, we will buy some more in spite of *his*; seeing, as we see, no earthly reason why we should either let every rude easterly or northerly blast ice our leafless nob, or why we should mumble our food instead of biting it, in order to point attention more particularly to the fine hair and teeth of the young lady or gentleman next us.

The chapter on 'Sunset,' at Langen Schwabach, is delightful, but too long for our purpose; we will, therefore, take the anecdote of the first discovery of the spring.

"In the history of the little Duchy of Nassau, the discovery of this spring forms a story full of innocence and simplicity. Once upon a time there was a heifer, with which everything in nature seemed to disagree. The more she ate the thinner she grew—the more her mother licked her hide, the rougher and the more staring was her coat. Not a fly in the forest would bite her—never was she seen to chew the cud, but hide-bound, and melancholy, her hips seemed actually to be protruding from her skin. What was the matter with her no one knew; what could cure her no one could divine; in short, deserted by her master and her species, she was, as the faculty would term it, 'given over.'

"In a few weeks, however, she suddenly reappeared among the herd, with ribs covered with flesh—eyes like a deer—skin sleek as a mole's—breath sweetly smelling of milk—saliva hanging in ringlets from her jaw! Every day seemed to re-establish her health, and the phenomenon was so striking, that the herdsman, having watched her, discovered that regularly every evening she wormed her way in secret, into the forest, until she reached an unknown spring of water, from which, having refreshed herself, she quietly returned to the valley.

"The circumstance, scarcely known, was almost forgotten by the peasant, when a young Nassau lady began decidedly to show exactly the same incomprehensible symptoms as the heifer. Mother, sisters, friends, father, all tried to cure her, but in vain; and the physician had actually—

Taken his leave with sighs and sorrow,  
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When the herdsman, happening to hear of her case, prevailed upon her, at last, to try the heifer's secret remedy; she did so; and, in a very short time, to the utter astonishment of her friends, she became one of the stoutest young women in the duchy."

We must now hasten to a conclusion, and passing over the Bad-haus and Horse Bath at Schlagenbad, and all the interesting

peregrinations made by our author in its neighbourhood, end with a description of the mineral water at Wiesbaden.

"In describing the taste of the mineral water of Wiesbaden, were I to say that while drinking it, one hears in one's ears the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly grossly exaggerate; but when I declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken broth, I only say what Dr. Granville said, and what, in fact, everybody says, and must say, respecting it; and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from nature's great stock pot—the Koch Bruunen of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer or winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same, and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out of the ground and boiling over, in the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing to think what a most wonderful apparatus there must exist below—what an inexhaustible stock of provisions, to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of exactly the same eight or ten ingredients, always salted to exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat.

"One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted; in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at last be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals; but the oftener one reflects on these sort of subjects, the oftener is the old-fashioned observation repeated, that let a man go where he will, Omnipotence is never from his view."

We should think that our extracts of last week have already made half our readers buy this pleasant and instructive book; and that, after the additional ones of to-day, the rest of them will immediately go or send to the booksellers. Our author has, evidently, visited other parts of the world, and we therefore hope that he will forthwith take up his pipe—not to smoke, for that he hates as much as we do—but to blow us some more of those charming bubbles, on which are painted, in such glowing colours, the true representations of surrounding objects. We met him with pleasure, and we leave him with regret.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Remarks on Transportation, in a second letter to Earl Grey, by R. Whately, D.D. Archbishop of Dublin.'—A controversy between an Irish Archbishop and an Australian Archdeacon, is a novelty; still more novel is it to find calmness, reason and simplicity, on the side of the superior dignitary, and passion, prejudice and "pride of place" on the side of the inferior. In a former publication, the Archbishop exposed, what he regarded as the evils inherent in the system of transportation, and recommended the adoption of other secondary punishments to check crime. The Archdeacon writes what he calls a Reply; he does not, however, impugn the statements, or controvert the arguments, but asserts that the learned prelate "proposes a system of punishment to supersede the fear of God," a strange violation this of the Horatian principle, "*ne Deus interit nisi dignus vindice nodus*." The Archbishop now condescends to show, that this imputation, whether true or false, is indifferent to the issue, and then that the views he had previously taken of this important question, are in all the principal points confirmed by the replies of Archdeacon Broughton and Colonel Archer. The argument of the Archbishop, if valid, is of course against any system of transportation to a dis-

tant country, however well conducted; but we fear, that the mode in which transportation is at present managed, would supply him with many, and stronger reasons. What fearful secrets of the prison-ship were revealed by the late wreck of the *Amphitrite*—secrets which would probably have remained still hidden, but for the honourable exertions of the *Times* newspaper! It was proved in that journal, that a moral death is inflicted on the agricultural convicts, when huddled together with the outcasts of the towns—a punishment infinitely worse than a public execution.

'The Royal Mariner, &c. &c., by Charles Doyne Sillery, Esq.'—In this age of promiscuous poetry, it is impossible to examine with minute justice, all the thousand and one volumes which pass before our notice. Wary indeed, and profitless to ourselves and readers, would be the task of dissecting the lyrics, and sonnets, and epics, which succeed each other with as much abundance, as if they were certain, one and all of them, of finding readers. All that can be done is to bid them go their ways, with as few and as gentle words as possible. But occasionally we are stirred by some preliminary flourish of trumpets, some more than usual stateliness of step, some extraordinary cresting of the head, "as if to question Lady Moon," to take a closer look at the stranger, before we open our toll-bar and bid him go through. We were struck by the plethoric appearance of 'The Royal Mariner.' Alas! we found that much of his bulk was made of contraband wares, which could by no means be permitted to pass—part, of other people's goods, borrowed or stolen—part, of laudatory advertisements of his own stock in trade, beside which, those of the redoubted Warren himself would look pale.

To be serious, there is no possible reason why we should withhold an iota of our opinion. Concerning a book of so much pretension as the one before us—ostentatiously dedicated to the Queen, graced by the author's pedigree, concluded by fourteen pages of panegyric, incorporated with the volume,—we may surely speak without reserve, and declare our conviction—but, on second thoughts, we will follow our favourite plan, and let Mr. Sillery speak for himself. Hear his account of a Lady, "a poet's love" too:—

And her hair was like clouds where daylight lingers,  
All wavy and goldenly bright;  
And her rosy-tinted, tapering fingers,  
Like willow wands poised white.

This is original, at least—we have hinted that all the poetry in this volume is not so: we must prove it:—

Al! that a being so beloved should die!  
And life be left to the wild butterfly.

Did Mr. Sillery ever read these two lines by Mrs. Hemans?—

Thou art gone from us, bright one!—that thou shouldst die,  
And life be left to the butterfly!—

If we make room for no more plagiarisms, it is not for want of having found them. A tolerably tenacious memory has enabled us to mark dozens. But we must give another specimen of this author's powers—it is from a poem addressed to himself on his twenty-third birthday, and reminds us of a lyric on a similar subject, indited by a little girl of our acquaintance, some seven years old, beginning, "O myself! how sweet thou art!" Mr. Sillery looks inward, and seems struck with what he sees:—

At times, I dare not strike the chords—at others, I'm all song;  
Sometimes I deem that wrong is right—sometimes that right is wrong;  
I meditate so deeply, oft my brain begins to aple,  
And my very soul is sick with thought—(Oh! the little world within!)

And to crown all, we extract two stanzas from a ballad, on one whose story we would fain

Keep sacred from the touch of the incompetent and vulgar :—

Away! away! the breezes swell—the surging waters  
foam!

"Farewell! beloved France; farewell, my country  
and my home!

I'll never, never see thee more, though dear to all my thoughts :"—

Thus sobbed, as ~~near~~ the fading shore, poor Mary  
Queen of Scots.

And when thy melancholy tale of sorrow meets our  
ears;

Thy steadfast faith, thy endless fame, shall swell the  
stream of tears—

The bay shall bloom above thy tomb when England's  
reunion rots ;

And God will give thee rest in heaven—poor Mary  
Queen of Scots!

Gentle reader, these are fair average specimens (as the merchants say) of 'The Royal Mariner.' Have we spoken our mind too plainly?

'Great Britain for the last Forty Years,' by Thomas Hopkins.—Thomas Hopkins is a shrewd, clever fellow, possessing an abundance of common sense, extensive statistical information, great arithmetical skill, and not one atom of imagination.—He commences by establishing, what he considers the true theory of rent, namely, that it is "a tax levied by the land-owners as monopolists," and of course, like every other tax, "paid by the consumers." Tithe he considers as a tax, minutely examines its operation, and proceeds to demonstrate, that it is a very variable impost—its amount in value to the proprietor, and consequently its pressure on the payer, depending on extrinsic circumstances. Taxation is the next important head of inquiry, and his theory is pregnant with weighty consequences:—

"Capitalists, it is contended, as such, are beyond the reach of taxation, because a supply of capital must be obtained by labourers on some terms, and these terms depend on the habits of the capitalists, independent of taxation: any taxes, therefore, paid by them, in any shape or form, are merely advanced, and are finally paid out of wages in a higher gross profit. The labourer, as the user or consumer of capital, is the final consumer of it, and he pays all the taxes, direct or indirect, with which it is incumbered."

Having shown the principles on which he designs to found his argument, he proceeds next to investigate the effects produced, by the war against revolutionary France; he enters not into the question of its policy, but endeavours to discover, from what class the immense sums expended in the contest were derived. His conclusion is that the whole was paid by the labourers, and that the pressure of taxation and exhaustion produced by debt, fell upon them, and upon them only. The land-owners, indeed, claim to have paid for their patriotism during this period; but he answers them, by an appeal to the undeniable fact, that the rise in rents was more than proportionate to the increase of taxation.—Without yielding assent to all the opinions of Thomas Hopkins, we are very glad to have become acquainted with him; and trust that this will not be the only occasion on which he will permit us to derive instruction from his investigations.

'The young Seer,' by Elizabeth Frances Dagley.—This is a very pleasant little story book; but, unluckily, the interest of the tale, and its moral, are at variance; and, so far from being deterred from searching into futurity, by the somewhat forced catastrophe with which it closes, we were carried out of our usual discretion by the gipsy scenes, and felt a strange hankering to have our own fortunes told, "by the stars, or by the cards."

'*Dialogues Moral and Scientific.*'—This work is designed principally for young persons connected with Sunday schools, whose means of

acquiring information is of course very limited. The design is excellent, but the execution does not deserve equal praise; there is an inflation of language and parade of learned allusions in the volume, which detract greatly from its usefulness.

'*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, metrically condensed in six Cantos, by J. Dibdin.*—Wherein hath honest John Bunyan been found wanting; that he should be treated thus, and his nervous, scriptural prose be fritter'd down into verse? But it is strange to see the tasks which some have undertaken. We have seen the book of Isaiah done into a cantering metre; and, if our memory serve us right, have heard of a rhymed Paradise Lost. We should think it stranger, however, could we be shown a person, who had read either the one or the other, and fear that Mr. Dibdin's also will prove lost labour.

'*Tabula Philologica*.'—The ridicule thrown on philology has arisen from the facilities it affords ignorant pretenders of assuming the semblance of knowledge, and the looseness of reasoning allowed in arguments, where vowels count for nothing, and consonants for very little. Horne Tooke used to raise a laugh at the comparers of languages, by asserting that King Pepin's name was derived from the Greek pronoun *ὄντες*, and thus ingeniously traced the derivation—*ὄντες*, *ἡντες*, *ὄντες*, *διάντες*, diaper, napkin, nipkin, pippin, pippikin, King Pepin. On the other hand, it must be confessed, that Philology exhibits real connexions, apparently as absurd as that between the French monarch and the Greek pronoun; for instance, *esque* and *bishop*, which have not a single letter in common, are both derived from the same word *episcopos*. It would be rash to pronounce upon any philological speculation, until the whole argument was before us, and we shall, therefore, simply state the apparent object of this very extraordinary engraving. M. Gulli designed to show that the name of the Supreme Being is the bond of connexion between all the languages of the world, and that in every instance it is found by combining the first personal pronoun with the verb substantive. He has condensed the result of his investigations into an ethnographical chart, and added mysterious symbols, which we are unable to decipher. The plate would probably have been accompanied by a volume of explanations, had not the author been attacked by that most dreadful of human calamities, insanity. The chart is published with the hope, that by its sale a sufficient sum may be raised to send the unfortunate man home; and as it is a great curiosity as a work of art, being the largest engraving ever published, we trust that these hopes will not be disappointed.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE  
AND ART.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex gave his first Conversatione for the season at Kensington Palace on Saturday, which was attended by Prince Talleyrand, and several of the foreign ambassadors, many of the nobility, the members of the Royal Society, and the principal scientific and literary men in London. His Royal Highness was evidently suffering under indisposition, but his natural affability animated him to support the fatigue of the evening. It is customary, at these parties to exhibit new and ingenious inventions, models, &c.; on Saturday, the attraction of the evening was a splendid model of the great pyramid of Cheops, composed of 43,000 pieces of cork, and a vertical section of the pyramid, from which it appears, that the pyramid was not only built upon, but round a rock, which, it is stated, rises in the centre of the pyramid 150 feet, on the apex of which is situated what is called the Queen's Chamber. The pyramid was originally covered with plaster

or mortar, which made the surface even, and thus rendered the ascent so difficult, as to be accounted by the ancients a great feat; this plaster having now fallen off, the ascent is comparatively easy. Portions of Mr. Wilkinson's forthcoming splendid map of Egypt were on the table, and gave an additional interest to the subject. A model of the ancient catapulta was also exhibited; and Mr. Cornelius Varley brought his accustomed tribute of microscopical objects, amongst which, one of the most curious was the oscillating motion discovered in some plants. In the long gallery was exhibited a clock, on the principle of Messrs. M'Douall's 'newly invented rolling helix lever'; the teeth of which, instead of being cut parallel to the axis of the wheel, are cut spirally, as if to work in an endless screw; the advantages of the new method are attested by the certificates and patronage of the first scientific men in the kingdom.

Mr. Thomas P. Courtenay is employed upon a life of Sir William Temple, from materials hitherto unpublished, as well as the letters and memoirs which are in every library; but the illness of a gentleman who is in possession of some valuable papers of the Temple family, will make it impossible to publish the work during the present season.

On Wednesday, at Mr. Evans's, in Pall Mall, Mr. Hanrott's illustrated copy of the works of Shakespeare, in twenty folio volumes, bound in blue morocco, sold for 556*l.* 10*s.*: it was richly decorated with many hundred drawings and engravings, of portraits, landscapes, and scenic subjects, all tending to the illustration of his plays, or to the history of the stage in Shakespeare's time. Mr. Hanrott's library will produce altogether about 22,000*l.*

It is with much regret we announce the death of that very able artist, Mr. George Cooke, at the age of 54. No person who has any love for engraving could have seen many of his works without admiring his talents; and when he has for his subjects the works of Turner or Calcott, he may be said to have almost reached perfection. Many of the most beautiful plates in 'The Southern Coast of England' are from his hand; as also, in his brother's publication of 'The Views on the Thames.' In Turner's 'England and Wales' are some of great merit; and, amongst his separate performances, none are more beautiful than his 'View of Rotterdam,' after Calcott; nor should we perhaps omit to mention his publication of 'Views of London and its Environs.' Mr. Cooke was one of the original members of the Society of Associated Engravers, who joined together for the purpose of engraving the pictures in the National Gallery, and two plates from his burin are in a state of forwardness. Mr. Cooke's death was sudden and unexpected; he took cold upon leaving the Graphic Conversation, in St. James's-street, and riding home from thence in an open cabriolet to Barnes, his place of residence. From the gentleness and kindness of his disposition, Mr. Cooke was much beloved by his brother artists, and several attended his funeral on Thursday.

We also regret to learn that M. Ventouillac, Professor of French Literature in King's College, died on Sunday morning last, of pulmonary consumption. A correspondent observes that in the knowledge of the English language, M. Ventouillac had acquired a proficiency that very few foreigners ever attain; nor was his knowledge confined to the productions of contemporary writers, for he was well read in the classical authors of this country, and could comment on them with much taste and discrimination.—M. Ventouillac was born at Calais in 1796; he has, therefore, been cut off in the prime of life, after a residence in England of about eighteen years.

We have looked through the remainder of the Magazines since our last. There is always

too great a sameness in the contents of these periodicals, perhaps more so this month than usual. We wish that some one would strike out a new and decided line, and abide by it. Mrs. Hemans graces the *New Monthly* with some charming lyrics: we suspect that the material for a volume has been dispersed over its numbers for the last few months, as several of these songs have been already set to music. This should have been mentioned. The *Court Magazine* too, that gayest of the monthly ephemera, owes much to this lady, for her translation of the last scenes of Manzoni's 'Conte di Carmagnuola.' The *United Service Journal* keeps true to its object; the paper called 'The Egyptian Marine' is very amusing, and written with a genuine John Bullish contempt for poltroonry and indecision. *Frazer* gives us some curious, but over scandalous letters, extracted from a privately printed volume, and an admirable sketch of O'Connell and Shel, during the discussion on 'Who is the traitor?' *Tait* is stronger than he was a month ago; 'The Dream of the Dead' is a poem of great power. The *British Magazine* is, as usual, almost exclusively polemical. The new old *Gentleman's* is, we regret to say, rather impertinent; instead of abusing us for laughing at the gazing and gormandizing of the Roxburghers and their old and respected correspondent Hazlewood, (who could have doubted that Hazlewood was a correspondent of theirs?) it would have been far better to have acknowledged that they were indebted to us for the Biographical Account of the late Bishop of Limerick. We have also run hastily over the *American Quarterly* for December, and among much grave matter will be found one or two pleasant papers.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 27.—F. Bailey, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The reading of Captain de Roos's paper on the means employed in recovering the treasure sunk in the *Thetis*, at Cape Frio, was resumed. Very full particulars appeared some time since in the *Nautical Magazine*, illustrated by drawings, so that the subject wanted novelty. Some anecdotes, however, were related, which we had not before heard: in one instance, a large quantity of treasure was found mixed up with decayed meat, so very offensive as to affect the health of the workmen; at another time, a shoal of whales visited the cove, and one suddenly approached the apparatus of the bell too rapidly to permit warning to be given to the workmen; fortunately this unwelcome visitor turned back when within ten fathoms of the bell. Several large masses of rock had to be removed; under one of them 24,000 dollars were found, but nothing was gained by the removal of the last and largest mass, except the satisfaction of knowing that the whole locality had been now thoroughly examined. Full fifteen-sixteenths of the treasure were recovered; and during the whole time there was no case of serious disease, and no fatal accident. The author hence took occasion to remark, that there must be something peculiarly salubrious in the soil of Brazil, for the localities were such as would have produced pestilential miasmata in any other country.

The next paper read, was on the application of an achromatic concave lens to the micrometer, proposed to be called the "Macro-Micro Lens," by G. Dollond, Esq., F.R.S. The author stated, that by introducing one of the fluid concave lenses, recently invented by Professor Barlow, between the object glass and eyeglass of a five feet telescope, it became as powerful as one of ten feet, without any diminution of light or distortion of image. Its use also had the great advantage of diminishing the apparent diameter of the spider-wires of the micrometer. A letter from the Rev. Mr. Dawes,

an eminent practical astronomer, confirmed this statement, and proved that the invention is one of the greatest improvements made in optical instruments for many years.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

A general meeting was held on Saturday, at which the President, the Right Hon. Charles W. Williams Wynn, took the chair. Among the various donations laid on the table were the following: Professor Seydforth's paper on the Literature, Mythology, &c. of the ancient Egyptians; a collection of arms, articles of dress, &c. from the Khmia hills, in Assam, from Ensign Broadfoot; and a cylinder of baked clay, with cuneiform inscriptions, from Babylon, by Thomas Newham, Esq. James Bird, Esq., elected at the last meeting, was admitted a resident Member of the Society, after which he continued the reading of his Introduction to the History of Gujerat, resuming the narrative at the period of Mahmud of Ghizni's two last expeditions into India; of these, the first was directed against the fort of Kalunjar, the Raja of which had incurred the resentment of the conqueror; the latter, against the renowned temple of Somnath, with a view to crush the idolatrous worship of the Hindus. This temple is stated to have been one of the twelve principal stations where *Siva* was worshipped, under the emblem of the *Linga* or *Phallus*, and a minute account of its establishment, and the practices of its worshippers, is given; Mahmud is here also said to have destroyed the idol with his own hand, and to have ordered the fragments to be placed in the courtyard of the great mosque at Ghizni, but the story of the jewels found in its belly is treated as a fabrication. The death of Mahmud followed shortly after this, which was his tenth incursion into India. The author then describes the extent of the empire left by Mahmud, and depicts the character of his successors, adding sketches of their reigns. The increasing weakness of the Mohammedan sovereigns encouraged the Hindus to hope for an opportunity of retrieving their affairs; and the author here takes a review of the state of India at this time, (about the beginning of the 11th century of the Christian era), and of the division of the country among the Hindü Princes: the decline of the Chameide power is traced, and the rise of the dynasty of Ghori; the founder of the latter house, Mohammed Ghori, continued to invade India, but at first was completely defeated by the Hindus, under their celebrated and chivalric leader Prithiraja, the sovereign of Ajmere; the fortune of war, however, soon changed, and Prithiraja became the prisoner of the Moslem chieftain. With some reflections on the causes of this event, Mr. Bird concluded his reading on the present occasion.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Feb. 19.—Lord Bexley in the chair.—It will be recollected by the readers of our reports of the society's proceedings, that at the meeting of January 15th, a paper was read, entitled 'Reasons for believing that the Writings attributed to Manetho are not authentic,' by C. T. Beke, Esq.; and that the objection which formed the main subject of the essay, and which was suggested to the mind of the author, in connexion with his ingenious views on the geography of Scripture, was derived from a passage supposed to be from Manetho's history, relating to the expedition of Susekim, king of Egypt, against Jerusalem, in the reign of Rehoboam. Mr. Callimore, one of the members present at the reading of Mr. Beke's memoir, afterwards addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Society, alleging that the passage in question was not really to be found in the writings of Manetho, but was unquestionably an interpolation by the Chronographer Syncellus, in the eighth century of the Christian era. The substance of this letter having

been communicated to Mr. B., a second communication from that gentleman was read at the present meeting, admitting, in part, the validity of Mr. C.'s statement, and explaining by what causes he had been led into the mistake; but, at the same time, adducing evidence to prove that Syncellus was not the author of the interpolation, but that it is to be referred to an age anterior to Eusebius, the passage being found in the very same terms in that historian. Mr. B. added, that whatever might be the result of the inquiry into the character and authority of the disputed words, his opinion respecting the writings of Manetho would remain unchanged and unaffected; inasmuch as his doubts on the subject arose, in the first instance, as stated in his previous paper, not from this passage, which was brought forward merely as a collateral argument, but from the reference made by Josephus (as citing Manetho) to the bondage and exodus of the Israelites, in connexion with the monarchs of the Thebais; with respect to which, the language of the Jewish historian is so precise as to preclude the possibility of an error. The writer concluded, therefore, by repeating his conviction, that a work which in any manner connects the early history of the Israelites with the kingdom of the Thebais, "which was formerly called Egypt," cannot possibly be the composition of an individual really possessing the character attributed to Manetho, who must necessarily have enjoyed the means of knowing that such connexion did not exist.

The reading of this paper was followed by that of a Dissertation by Mr. Callimore, in which his objections to Mr. Beke's opinion were embodied at length. He stated, that the Syncelline succession of the Pharaohs, in which the passage under discussion appears, is greatly corrupted, abounding in omissions, interpolations, and transpositions of names, as is proved by collating it with the outline of Manetho's history, preserved by Africanus and Eusebius. He observed, that in the pages of the Greek Eusebian Chronicle, this record possesses no greater antiquity than in those of Syncellus, having been transcribed from that chronographer by Scaliger, into his compilation, which goes under the name of the Greek Eusebius; and he adduced parallel passages of chronographers, in which the expedition of Susekim or Shishak is connected with Manetho's dynasty, without referring the notice to that writer.

Having further adverted to Mr. Beke's objections to Manetho, on the apparent inconsistency of his writings with those of Eratosthenes; and having remarked, that the history of Pharaoh Necho, as set forth in the Bible and the writings of Herodotus, appears conclusive against any views opposed to the identity of the Mizraim of the former and the Egypt of the latter, Mr. Callimore proceeded to show, that the place in Egyptian history of Shishak, the most ancient Pharaoh who is mentioned by name in the Bible, is established on evidence which furnishes a powerful example both of the integrity of the writings of Manetho, and of the validity and paramount utility of the phonetic system of hieroglyphics. That sovereign appears in *Σεσογχις*, *Seconchis*, or *Seconch*, pronounced literally *Sesogch*, or *Sesog*, the founder of the Bubastite family of Manetho's twenty-second dynasty. His Greek name perfectly expresses the Hebrew orthography; and the time of his reign, between the years B.C. 983 and 962, in the oldest and most complete copy of the dynasties, that of Julius Africanus, includes the dates both of Jeroboam's flight to the protection of Shishak, before the death of Solomon, (which occurred B.C. 975,) and of the taking of Jerusalem by the same prince, in the fifth of Rehoboam (B.C. 971). He likewise appears in the Sheshonk, or Shishank, of the hieroglyphic

• Herodotus, Euterpe, xv.



sculptures and hieratic papyri, which present us with the counterpart of Manetho's Bubastite succession. The native text of the name, moreover, scarcely differs from that in the Hebrew Bible; besides which, the hieroglyphic record here connects itself with sacred history, in a manner independent of Manetho, who is silent on the expedition of Sesonchis against Judea. In the list of the conquests of Shishauk, sculptured in the Theban palace of Carnak, and copied by Mr. Wilkinson, the twenty-ninth name is read *Joudah-Melek*, which is literally the title of Rehoboam, as expressed in the original of 1st Kings, xii. 23.—*Melek-Jehudah*, King of Judah.—*Βασιλεὺς Ιουδα*, in the Greek version. The Geographical correctness of the locality of the monumental Judah, the writer added, was likewise pointed out in a memoir on the hieroglyphic geographical tables, recently laid by him before the Society—(see our report of the proceedings of Jan. 1st). Upon the whole, therefore, the synchronism, he contended, is established by a combination of direct and unbending evidence.

#### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

We now give our readers an account of the two expeditions patronised by this Society.

1. Expedition into the interior of South Africa, from Delagoa Bay. The mercantile travellers who penetrate into the interior from the Cape Colony, have explored, as is believed, nearly to the tropic, and in a line, the termination of which is supposed not to be above 150 miles from Delagoa Bay, an excellent harbour, receiving the waters of no fewer than six considerable rivers, in latitude 26° S. In advancing to the northward, the country is found to become more and more fertile and populous. The trade is brisk, at the distance of five or six hundred miles from the frontier of the colony; and in 1827 a Mr. Scoon visited a town near the sources of the Maputa, (one of the six rivers already noticed as falling into Delagoa Bay), 1,400 miles land journey from the Cape; and in a few days traded in it to the amount of 1,800*l*. A Mr. Hume has since proceeded 200 miles further north, and found many peaceable tribes, perfectly acquainted with trade, and obtaining European goods from the Portuguese; but, in both cases, the great distance from the Cape not only limits the trade to articles on which a very large gross profit can be made, but also to those only of the most portable description.

The great interest, then, of an exploratory expedition from Delagoa Bay, to intersect this line of inland discovery, and connect it with the coast, is obvious; but besides this, there is direct evidence of a lucrative trade having been carried on at Delagoa Bay by the Dutch, when they were in possession of the Cape; and it seems naturally to belong to the masters of that colony to endeavour to restore this.

The articles of export by the Dutch were ivory, tin, copper, gold, aloes, ambergris, and honey, besides timber to the Cape. To these it is known that iron of the best quality, bees' wax, ostrich feathers, hides, horns, hippopotamus teeth, and perhaps civet, could be added. The natives have also many wants, but that of clothing is paramount: Surat cottons and soft woolsens being the articles at present most highly prized. The skins of wild animals, of which they make their mantles, are many of them very beautiful, particularly those of the lynx, worn only by the chiefs. These skins might, perhaps, become a profitable article in the China trade.

Moved, then, by all these considerations, and also by the fact, that this is a direction in which scarcely anything is known of the interior of South Africa, though it seems a key to an extensive intercourse with it, the Council of the Royal Geographical Society has resolved to countenance the undertaking, by subscribing 50*l*. towards its accomplishment. The whole cost of

the attempt, with the facilities which His Majesty's government is willing to afford it at the Cape, is not estimated as likely to exceed 500*l*.; the remainder of which sum, (when the prospectus is put into circulation, which will be within the next few days,) it can scarcely be doubted, will be readily contributed by the friends of enterprise and discovery, and the discerning and commercial public in general. And in such case Capt. Alexander, well known for his previous travels, (overland from Persia, in the Balkan, and in America and the West Indies,) has volunteered to conduct the expedition.

2. Into the interior of South America, behind British Guiana. It is well known that a mountainous ridge rises behind all the Guianas, French, Dutch, and British, and divides them from the basin of the Amazon. This ridge is the source of many fine rivers; it is known generally to possess a luxuriant vegetation to a certain height, and afterwards to assume much of the character of the Brazil mountains, in which extensive mineral riches are deposited; it is, moreover, the site of the El Dorado of Sir Walter Raleigh, and thus excited the curiosity and cupidity of the British public in the days of Elizabeth and James the First; yet is it still almost an entire blank in our maps, without either its more remarkable positions being ascertained, or its real resources examined.

It is difficult to assign a reason completely satisfactory for this long-continued apathy; but some account of it may yet be given. Occupied in trade, and cultivating the rich alluvium of the Guianas, the French, Dutch, and English colonists in them have been alike indifferent to more distant and uncertain speculations. The unsettled and intractable nature of the Indian inhabitants, moreover, did not invite to a close intercourse. An Indian slave trade existed, which created constant dissensions among them. And the facilities for the escape of African slaves from the coast would have been much increased, by an easy communication with the interior.

None of these reasons, however, now exist; and already, in consequence, this interior becomes from day to day better known. What is chiefly wanted, is a man of science to be sent into it, who may be able to fix its more remarkable positions, and render an exact account of its aspect and productions; and a concurrence of peculiarly favourable circumstances at present offers for accomplishing this object.

Mr. Schomburgk, a Prussian traveller and naturalist, now in the West Indies, and a Corresponding Member of the Royal Geographical Society, to which he has transmitted a valuable account of the Island of Anequda, published in the second volume of its journal, at the same time that he has also sent a survey of the same island to the Admiralty, a collection of dried plants from the Virgin Islands to the Horticultural Society, and papers, on various subjects to the Linnean and other British scientific institutions, has further offered to undertake this journey also, if only assisted in defraying its necessary expense, the greater part of which he hopes to meet himself, by sending to England, for sale, collections of dried plants. For these, twelve gentlemen in London have already subscribed at the rate of 2*l*. 10*s*. per set, of one hundred specimens, collected beyond the limits of cultivation; Mr. Bentham, the public-spirited Secretary of the Horticultural Society, has allowed bills to be drawn from time to time on him, for whatever sums may thus progressively become due; he will also endeavour to sell other similar sets, both in this country and abroad; and, in particular, he will forward some regularly to the Horticultural Society of Berlin, of which Mr. Schomburgk is a member, and which has promised to interest itself in their sale. Altogether, it is believed that from 200*l*. to 300*l*. may be thus obtained for three years

certain; and 500*l*. a year, for the same period, would fully meet the whole expenditure.

The Council of the Royal Geographical Society has therefore felt itself called on to aid in this case also, and after maturely considering both the plan and its objects, it came to the following resolution, which has been communicated to us verbatim:—"That fifty pounds be voted in aid of Mr. Schomburgk's outfit, to be payable to him on his arrival at Demerara, and reporting himself to His Excellency, Sir Carmichael Smith, Governor there, as ready to proceed on his mission: That fifty pounds a year more, for three years certain, be also placed at the disposal of Sir Carmichael Smith, to assist in the prosecution of the plan by whatever means may appear to him, on the spot, most efficient and economical: That the Secretary be directed to bring these steps on the part of the Society under the notice of Messrs. Hay and Lefevre, His Majesty's Under Secretaries of State for the Colonies, and both members of the Society, with a request that they would bring them under the indulgent consideration of the Right Hon. the Principal Secretary, himself also a member: And that he (the Secretary) be further authorized to promote the object in view, in the name of the Society, by any other means which may occur to him, taking care, however, not to pledge its funds beyond the limits above assigned."

We have been also favoured with the following copy of certificate regarding Mr. Schomburgk's qualifications as a botanical traveller, proffered on this occasion by Professor Lindley, and with which we conclude, earnestly recommending both expeditions to our readers, together with the highly useful and interesting society from which they emanate.

"A collection of dried plants from Tortola was sent to me by Mr. Schomburgk, as a specimen of his skill in preparing such objects; and I am happy to be able to state that they were extremely well prepared, very judiciously selected, which is a most important fact, and respectably named. Judging from that collection, I should say that Mr. Schomburgk is unusually well qualified as a botanical traveller."

"(Signed) JOHN LINDLEY."

#### ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

Feb. 24.—Sir Henry Hallon, Bart., President, in the chair.—An interesting paper, by Dr. Macmichael, on the Harveian Preparations, preserved in the Museum of the College, was read. The preparations, which were exhibited in the gallery, consist of six large boards, upon which are laid the various blood vessels and nerves, carefully dissected from the human body; in one of which the semilunar valves of the aorta are still distinctly to be perceived. They are supposed to have been made by the immortal discoverer of the circulation himself, or at least under his immediate inspection; and were presented to the College, in 1823, by the late Earl of Winchelsea, the direct descendant of Harvey.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Feb. 27.—Thomas Amyot, Esq. in the chair.—Mr. Wm. Oldham exhibited to the Society a small bronze group of an adult male figure, bearing a youth on its shoulders, with the head of a monster protruding in front from under one of the arms. It very much resembles the Hercules conquered by Love, so common on antique gems, and was discovered some years ago at Bressingham, in Norfolk, in the midst of a cart-load of rubbish. The style is not very fine, but the group is nevertheless of considerable merit. Mr. Corner communicated some further remarks on the Pottery and other Roman remains discovered lately, and noticed by him to the Society a short time ago. Sir H. Ellis continued the reading of Mr. Otley's communication on

the manuscript of *Aratus*, in which Mr. O. introduced many interesting speculations on the early use and composition of paper.

**WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.**—The last two meetings have been occupied with the consideration of hemorrhage, in connexion with its surgical treatment. Mr. Costello, in a long and interesting paper, introduced the subject with a view to recommend the mode at present adopted by M. Amussat, and others on the continent, that of *Torsion*, or twisting the artery, in preference to the ligature. At the last meeting Mr. Costello performed the operation on a dog: he chose the femoral artery; on dividing it, he twisted the two ends, and no hemorrhage followed. The subject created great interest, and excited animated discussions on both evenings. It was considered by all the speakers to be an improvement in surgery of infinite value.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Zoological Society (Scientific)	P. 5, P.M.
	Business	P. 5, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society	P. 6, P.M.
WED.	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
	Geological Society	P. 5, P.M.
TH.	Society of Arts	P. 7, P.M.
	Royal Society	P. 8, P.M.
FRI.	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Institution	P. 5, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

AFTER many delays and disappointments, caused, we should imagine, by some interruption of the good understanding which used to subsist between Laporte and the lessee of the Italian Opera in Paris, this theatre opened for the season on Saturday last. We have heard, that up to the eleventh hour, the manager was in treaty with Mad. Camdori, who is now in London. Be that as it may, Mad. Feron was engaged at a very short notice, and made her first appearance on these boards, as *Ninetta*, in 'La Guizze Laura,' Mrs. Anderson, (late Miss Bartolozzi), took the part of Pippo, Curioni *Giannetto*, and Zuchelli and Giubilei those of *Fernando* and the *Podesta*. Of the *prima donna* there is little now to be said. She has suffered no great change either in person or voice, during her sojourn in America, and got through her part very creditably on the Saturday—on the Tuesday, she ventured some *riprovements* of a taste more gay than good, and she was therefore less successful. Curioni was cordially greeted after his temporary absence, but time has told its tale on his powers, while it has dealt leniently with Zuchelli, who personated the deserter with great feeling and effect. We thought Giubilei improved, but he should throw himself more heartily into his part; a *Podesta*, in these days, is expected to act as well as sing. The trial scene was given entire, and, having formerly lifted up our voice against its mutilation, we enjoyed it especially. The chorus has been increased and carefully rehearsed. The band was never stronger than at present.

Taglioni and Duvernay appeared in 'La Sylphide.' The *corps de ballet* has also been strengthened by the addition of some very good second-rate dancers. As for Taglioni, she remains what she has ever been, almost beyond praise. It would require increased powers of language to do justice to her fascinations.

**First Philharmonic Concert.**—The meetings for this season commenced on Monday last, with a fair proportion of substantial classical music, —and perhaps some will think a little more, as two grand symphonies, Spohr's in E flat, and Beethoven's in A, were selected as the opening pieces

of the first and second acts. They went so beautifully, that we were sorry that their slow movements passed without an encore—but the concert was longer than usual, Mr. J. Cramer's pianoforte quintet, and Sig. Masoni's violin solo, both occupying a considerable time. The first of these two pieces was performed by its author, assisted by Messrs. Mori, Moralt, Lindley, and Dragonetti; he played with his accustomed taste and skill, but we think the piece is more fitted for the chamber than a concert room. In the second, Sig. Masoni, an Italian violinist, recently arrived from Calcutta, made his first appearance at these concerts—and, if we mistake not, his first before a London audience. His tone is very sweet, and he possesses extreme facility of execution, and fertility of fancy—but the latter requires pruning, and there is a want of settled style about his performance, which shows that the discipline of a good school has been wanting in the formation of his taste. Mr. Bishop's new Cantata, 'The seventh day,' the words taken from 'Paradise Lost,' was the great vocal novelty of the evening, the solos were sung by Mrs. Bishop, Miss C. Novello, Messrs. Horncastle, Hawkins, and E. Taylor, supported by a small chorus. As we have already stated our opinion of this composition, we will content ourselves with saying, that it was received with great applause, especially on the part of the orchestra. Sig. Zuchelli sang Carafa's 'A rispettarmi,' and the other vocal pieces were 'Pria di partir,' terzetto from Mozart's 'Idomeneo,' and the delicious quartett, 'Il cor e la mia fe,' from 'Fidelio.' The Concert concluded with Cherubini's splendid overture to 'Les deux Journées.' The band went remarkably well.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione.**—The exhibition at these meetings of the works of our principal water-colour painters, has become almost a thing of course. On Wednesday last, we were most pleased with the original drawings by Turner, Cullcott, and Stanfield, for the new Illustrations to the Bible: the view of 'Tadmor in the Desert,' by the latter, we thought the finest specimen we have seen from his hand. We are also inclined to give praise to Mr. Nixon, for his armorial and antiquarian drawings, to illustrate Scott's poems. Mr. Hart's fine sketch for a large picture of 'Wolsey receiving the Cardinal's hat in Westminster Abbey,' gives promise, that, should an order come for the finished work, it would be a splendid performance. There were also exhibited some of Robert's drawings, for the next year's Landscape Annual.

**Engravings.**—We observe that the valuable collection of engravings belonging to Mr. Monck Mason are to be sold next week by Mr. Sotheby. It includes some fine specimens, particularly of Marc Antonio, many rare productions of the early Italian, German, Dutch and Flemish Schools, and nearly a complete set of the works of Midinger.

A manuscript, on parchment, has been discovered in the archives of Montpellier, consisting of a series of poems in the Provençal tongue. They are thought to have been from the pen of Petrarch. They make frequent mention of Laura, of Vaucluse, of Rome, and of his coronation there. Petrarch, it is known, studied jurisprudence at Montpellier.—We copy this from a French paper.

**La Madeleine.**—The French papers bestow warm eulogiums upon the beauty of the new sculpture in front of the Church of La Madeleine, at Paris, executed by M. Lemaire. The subject is the Magdalen newly converted, kneeling at the feet of Christ, who is seated upon a throne; at

his left is an angel, who menaces and repulses a personification of the Vices, who take refuge behind the new convert. Upon his right is the Angel of the Resurrection, to whom the Christian Virtues are seen approaching. Candour, Faith, and Hope are standing, and Charity is seated, suckling her children. At the angle of the pediment is an angel awaking a just soul, which it raises from the tomb to transport to Elysium. At the opposite angle, a demon precipitates into the flames an unrighteous soul, which completes the composition. Notwithstanding the colossal size of the figures, some of which are eighteen feet high, the whole is said to be in perfect keeping, and the proportions are admirably observed.

A bookseller at Turin having obtained from the censor leave to publish an Almanac for 1834, determined on enriching it with two vignettes, which bore the titles, 'Monuments of the arts of peace beneath the happy reign of Charles Felix,' and 'Historical Monuments of the glorious reign of Charles Albert, from 1831 to 1834.' The first of these vignettes presents, on several medallions, representations of the most beautiful monuments of Turin, executed during the reign of Charles Felix; the second bears also many medallions, with the following inscriptions, 'Reform of the Cavalry, Aug. 29, 1831; New Censorship of Books, 1831; Cattle-market at Turin; Reform of the Body Guards; New Uniform of the Royal Carbineers; Return of the Jesuit fathers,' &c. &c. The price of these Almanacs, originally five sous, quickly rose, even as high as twelve francs, when the public had perceived the fine ridicule of the inscriptions. The first edition was soon sold off, and the editor applied for permission to print a new one, which was granted, but the same evening he was arrested by the police, and thrown into prison. At the end of six days he was examined, as well as the engraver and printer, to know whether they had any accomplices. They were finally restored to liberty, but the remaining copies of the work were seized, though not until it had had a tolerably extensive circulation.—*Le Temps*.

**The Opera in France.**—In 1645, some attempts were made to establish an Opera in Paris, but it was only in 1671, that a Theatre was opened for the representation of lyric dramas. The opening of this theatre took place, by virtue of letters patent granted by Louis XIV. dated June 28th, 1669. In order to give encouragement to the performance of operas, Louis stated in these letters, that "gentlemen, young ladies, and other persons might sing in musical pieces, without at all prejudicing their titles of nobility, or derogating from their privileges."

**The Shaddock** contains generally thirty-two seeds, two of which only will reproduce Shaddocks; and these two it is impossible to distinguish: the rest will yield, some sweet oranges, others bitter ones, others again forbidden fruit, and in short all the varieties of the orange; but until the trees are actually in bearing, no one can guess what the fruit is likely to prove; and even then, the seeds which produce shaddocks, although taken from a tree remarkable for the excellence of its fruit, will frequently yield only such as are scarcely eatable.—*Lewis's Journal*.

I asked one of my negro servants this morning, whether old Luke was a relation of his. "Yes," he said.—"Is he your uncle, or your cousin?"—"No, massa."—"What then?"—"He and my father were shipmates, massa."—*Ibid.*

This morning I was awaked by a violent coughing in the hospital; and as soon as I heard any of the servants moving, I dispatched a negro to ask "whether any body was bad in the hospital?" He returned and told me, "No, massa; nobody bad there; for Alick is better, and Nelson is dead."—*Ibid.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W.A.Mon. Mat. Min.	Non.		
Thur. 27 57 45	30.14	S.W.	Cloudy.
Frid. 28 54 42	30.30	N.E. to W.	Ditto.
Sat. 1 58 47	30.24		
Sun. 2 58 44	30.30		
Mon. 3 58 44	Stat.		
Tues. 4 58 47	30.15		
Wed. 5 56 39	30.05		

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Mean temperature of the week, 49.5°. Greatest variation, 21°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.993.

Day increased on Wednesday, 3 h. 20 min.

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Napoleon's Dying Soliloquy, by Mr. J. Stewart. Dr. Lindley, Professor of Botany at the London University, has in preparation a Popular Introduction to the Study of the Natural System of Botany, on a Plan similar to that of Rousseau's Letters on Botany. The volume will be styled, 'Ladies' Botany,' and be illustrated by numerous Engravings.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A new periodical has been lately issued, called, *The Printing Machine*, and the parties have thought it judicious and becoming to open the campaign with a fierce attack on the *Literary Gazette*, and some hints and insinuations against the *Athenæum*. It is always with reluctance that we come, as it were, personally before our readers, but as the publisher of the *Printing Machine* is also publisher to the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge—as the work is advertised to be had of the agents of the *Penny Magazine*—but more especially, as a writer in the work refers, or pretends to refer to certain private communications, which, he says, passed between the editor, or proprietors, of this paper, and the Committee of the Society, the public, as the writer well knew, might infer that he was speaking from authority—a few words, therefore, may be required from us. The writer begins with the following admissions:—

"We are quite ready to acknowledge that the *Athenæum* is conducted with more fairness and talent than its rival, the *Literary Gazette*. Its partialities are less glaring—its soundings less numerous. In spite, however, of these comparative merits, and the additional advantage of occasionally containing contributions from two or three writers of originality and spirit, the *Athenæum* has failings of principle, which ought not to exist with the endeavour after a large sale."

The meaning of this is simply, that the parties having started a rival publication, think it well to assure the public, that the *Athenæum* is not perfect. Had the charge been left thus indefinite, we might, in the modesty of our nature, have allowed it to pass; but, few volumes out of the many thousands reviewed in the *Athenæum*, are especially brought forward, of which the parties assert, that our judgment has been erroneous. Now, both the works referred to were published by the publisher of the *Printing Machine*; and, therefore, this attack on the *Athenæum* is really but an ingenious novelty in the way of the puff indirect, for it is certainly not a novelty in what is emphatically called trade criticism, that a publisher's *Printing Machine* should praise that same publisher's writing machines. As, however, the 'Egyptian Antiquities' is put conspicuously forward in a separate article, and the public are informed that this is the work

which the *Athenæum* described "as little more than a compilation," we choose to remark, that the entire view of Egyptian history and antiquities in that work, was substantially taken from the second volume of Heeren's *African Nations*—so Heeren being the observations on the nature and value of monumental history, the political state of ancient Egypt, and the comparative lists of the Egyptian kings;—the descriptions of the monuments themselves are confessedly taken from the works of modern travellers, especially Salt, Belzoni, and Denon;—full one-half of the work is copied, or abridged, with acknowledgment, and the general confession in the preface covers the greater part of the remainder;—the simple extracts alone amount to between seventy and eighty pages, and about sixty consecutive pages are confessedly borrowed from Zoega; the abridgments from Heeren are beyond calculation. The *Printing Machine* quotes a passage from the second volume of this compilation, and is enraptured with the philosophic sentiments it contains; the sentiments are excellent, but they are to be found substantially in Heeren's *Political History of Ancient Greece*; they are, however, disguised by tawdry declamation, and that is the compiler's own. In brief, knowledge and inquiry convince us, that no work is the celebrated criticism of Sheridan more applicable, "all that is good in the book is not new, and all that is new is not good."

After this, the writer having no other substantive cause to prefer against the *Athenæum*, is pleased to mix us up with the *Literary Gazette*, and run a tilt at both journals. Now, whatever may be the merits or defects of either, the principles on which they were projected and are conducted have little in common.

With one other astounding assertion of the writer we shall conclude:—

"The merit of first trying the experiment of cheap prices could not, indeed, be claimed by the *Athenæum*; but there is virtue in following a good example, and some sense shown in adopting a novel view of political economy as regarded the press, which, with its productions, is as much subjected to the laws of demand and supply as any other branch of trade."

"When, however, at a later period, the *Athenæum* after having profited by the example afforded by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—after having asked, it is said, the Society for the use of its name, and been told that the use of the name and active superintendence (which in this case could not be given) were inseparable, &c."

Now, how stands the fact? The *Athenæum* was reduced in price from Eightpence to Fourpence, on the 6th of August, 1831, and it was not till months after, and consequent on the proved success of our bold experiment, that the Society first ventured to publish a *Penny Magazine*. Profit by example, indeed! Why, we set the Society an example, by which it has not yet profited. A correspondent entitled that question a month ago, by comparing the typographical contrasts of the December Parts of the *Penny Magazine* and the *Athenæum*, but, that no possible doubt might remain on the subject, we have had the January Parts also compared, from which it appears, that after allowing every advantage in the calculation to the *Penny Magazine*, we gave one-eighth more for a penny than the *Penny Magazine*, besides 24 pages, including title-page, index, and advertisements.

One other word, and we have done. The writer, with the qualifying "it is said," ventures to state, and under circumstances, it would seem impossible that he could so venture if there were the smallest doubt on the subject, that we asked the Society for the use of its name, and were refused. Now, to this we reply, that, if true, we can see no harm in so doing; but, when it is preferred against us as a charge, there are persons who may imagine that to have done so was wrong. Well, then, it is NOT TRUE—a long correspondence has taken place on this subject, which would at once prove that it is not true. We cannot, however, publish that correspondence without giving pain to others, and, therefore, we defer doing so in the confident belief, that the assertion, or report, will be contradicted in their next number.

In our review of the 'Encyclopædia of Gardening,' after noticing the various parts under which 'Miller's Dictionary' had been reproduced, we concluded by referring to what is called a ninth edition, now publishing, and observed, "we are actually threatened with another ninth edition, under the care of Mr. Rennie, of Chancery notoriety." We have, in consequence, received a letter from Messrs. Orr & Smith, the publishers, who feel aggrieved, it appears, at having their forthcoming work thus prejudiced! and they beg us to state, that their projected edition of 'Miller's Dictionary' never professed to be a ninth edition, and that it has never been announced as under the care of Mr. Rennie, who is only a contributor. Why, this is strange indeed! There could be no prejudice excited against the work by calling it a ninth edition any more than an eighth or a tenth—what then was likely to create the prejudice, we shall leave to be decided between the publishers and the Professor.

We are, just at this time, so much pressed on by new works, by the Reports of the Societies, Advertisements, &c., that we shall next week give another double number.

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(J. HOLMES, BOOT'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

### CONSUMPTION.

*Pathological Anatomy. Fasc. I. Illustrations of Tubercle.* By Robert Carswell, M.D., Professor of Morbid Anatomy in the University of London. London: Longman & Co.

*On the Inhalation of Iodine and Conium in Tubercular Phthisis.* 2nd edition, considerably altered and enlarged by Sir Charles Scudamore, M.D. F.R.S. London: Longman & Co.

We think no apology will be necessary for making the two works which we have placed at the head of this article the occasion of affording our readers some popular information respecting the malady of which they treat,—a malady more fatal in its consequences, and, in our island, more extensive in its ravages, than cholera itself,—a malady which is hourly removing from our homes their brightest ornaments, and their best-loved inhabitants,—which spares no sex, no age, and no condition, yet oftenest seems to choose its victims in the spring of life, or the fulness of maturity,—which seizes on the best and the loveliest of the flock, and, while it leads them to a certain sacrifice, adorns them with new and more touching beauties, lending a lustrous brilliancy to the eye, and a wax-like delicacy, alternating with a transparent glow, to the cheek, as though it would increase by every means “the bitterness of death” to the surviving friends, and strew with flowers the dark path that leads to an early and untimely grave. No fewer, it is said, than sixty thousand persons, in Great Britain alone, annually fall victims to this insidious disease! Sydenham calculated its effects at one-fifth of the entire mortality; later writers raise them to one-fourth; and the London returns for four years, as quoted by Dr. Gregory, give the following numbers and proportions:—

For the year	Total Deaths.	Of which by Consumption
1829.....	14,938.....	4250
1830.....	13,583.....	4704
1831.....	17,560.....	4807
1832.....	19,285.....	4499

The variation, in so short a time, is certainly remarkable; the consumptive cases in the first year being actually more than one-third, while in the last they had diminished to less than a fourth, or almost halfway between that and a fifth, of the whole. In the last year, however, death had found a new minister: cholera had come to divide the spoil, and, from the predilection which it constantly evinced for debilitated and valetudinarian subjects, there can be little doubt that, of the 3,200 which it bore away with sudden violence, many would have sunk to the grave in a few months by the slower, yet not less certain agency of pulmonary consumption. Omitting, however, all speculations on these matters, and reverting to the figures before us, it will appear that the total number of deaths in London, for

four years, amounted to 65,359, of which 19,261, or considerably more than one-fourth, are attributed to this cause alone.

To the melancholy interest which this fact must lend to all disquisitions on the subject, it is needless we should attempt any addition; the deep anxiety, too, which must be felt when a new remedy is announced, by which, it is alleged, some portion of the fatality may be averted, renders it incumbent on us to weigh well the proofs advanced, before we spread so flattering a delusion, or aid in raising hopes, the disappointment of which would be attended with an additional load of misery. Now, it is at all times our object, as much as possible to carry our readers with us, to lay before them the grounds on which we decide, and, by a fair exposition of our reasons, to engage them as participators in our conclusions. For that purpose, in the present instance, we shall briefly sketch the state of the respiratory organs in health, the morbid alterations wrought in them by genuine consumptive disease, the result of these alterations, as evinced in the symptoms of the malady, the causes that predispose or lead thereto, and conclude by endeavouring to deduce from these facts the outlines of a rational mode of treatment, and considering how far alleviation or cure may be expected from that now proposed.

The chest is divided into two parts by a membranous partition stretched between the breast-bone and the back-bone, or from front to rear. On one side of this partition is placed the right lung, divided into three lobes, on the other the left, divided only into two, the place of the third being, as it were, occupied by the heart, which lies on this side of the chest. To these lungs the air penetrates through the windpipe, a round tube which may easily be felt running down the front of the neck, and which is constantly kept open by cartilaginous rings, inserted in its sides for that purpose. Arrived at the bottom of the neck, this tube divides into two principal branches, a right and a left; and these again subdivide the right into three, the left into two, corresponding with the number of lobes in the lung which they severally supply. Plunged into these lobes, the bronchial tubes continue still further to ramify and divide, till at length their branches have attained an extreme degree of minuteness, and finally terminate each in a little rounded vesicle or *cul-de-sac*, formed merely of the fine lining membrane of the air tubes, and so thin that the air, without difficulty, acts through it on the blood, which is continually forced from the right side of the heart, and made to flow along the sides of these vesicles. They are generally congregated in little groups or clusters, each springing, as it were, by a pedicle, from the side or end of a minute ramification, so that if all the vesicles of a lobe were injected with white wax from the common bronchial tube which supplies them, they would, on a section being made parallel with that tube, present an appearance much

resembling that of a head of cauliflower. Attempts at calculating the number of these vesicles or terminating cells were made by some physiologists of the last century; and Keill, distinguished for his mathematical attainments, computed them at 1,744,000,000, in each lung, while Lieberkühn, a German anatomist, probably with equal accuracy, represents their surface as equal to 1500 square feet. They have no direct communication with each other, but all open into the common tubes, so that any obstruction in one of these would necessarily exclude the air from a great part of the lung at once. Around all these vesicles, binding them together, and forming, as it were, the matrix in which they are imbedded, is a quantity of cellular structure, which may be said to constitute the substance of the lung. Into this, air does not enter in a natural state; but if the vesicles be ruptured by straining, by violent exertion, or by a lacerating wound, air then finds its way into this structure, and accumulating there, presses on the neighbouring part of the lung, so as to close up its ramifications and vesicles, and thus render it incapable of bearing its share in the respiratory process. This is sometimes produced in man by severe exercise, requiring him to hold his breath while the muscles of the trunk are in powerful action, or by playing on wind instruments, such as the trumpet, for which a quantity of air must be retained:—it also occurs in other animals, such as the horse, when urged beyond its powers, and the animal is then said to be “run off its wind,” and, with some propriety, termed “broken-winded.” Now, if we conceive these tubes, vesicles, and connecting substance, formed into two general masses, of the exact shape and size required to fill each side of the chest, (allowing for the heart on the left,) penetrated in all directions by numerous and minute blood-vessels running along the air-cells and small tubes, supplied with nerves to direct the proper performance of their functions, and give us notice when anything was going wrong, and enveloped each in a general membranous covering, we shall have a tolerably correct idea of the formation of the lungs, and the mode in which they execute their office in a state of health. The object of all this structure is to bring air in contact with blood—for blood, having once gone through the circulation, requires to be renewed by exposure to air, before it is fit again to run the same course. As we have already said, this exposure takes place in the small tubes and air-cells, and therefore through the medium of a fine membrane. We can show that this is no obstacle to the action of the air; for black blood, covered with a bladder, and exposed to air, becomes quickly of a bright red on its surface, that is, undergoes the same change as though the bladder were removed. Every person who has made this experiment knows that the action of the air is much assisted by moistening the bladder; nor has this been neglected in the lungs. The membrane which

lines the windpipe and the bronchial tubes in their minutest ramifications, and ends by forming the air-cells, is endowed in all its extent with the power of *secreting*, that is, separating, from the blood certain materials which form a thick viscid matter, well known under the name of *mucus*. It has thus the power of moistening itself, and, in all natural states, just a sufficient quantity is secreted for this purpose, and also to make up for what is lost by evaporation, a certain portion of it being carried off at each exhalation, and forming part of the moisture which, as every one knows, accompanies the breath on its return from the lungs. But suppose some irritating cause has affected this lining membrane, such as the inhalation of an acrid vapour, or a sudden change in the temperature of the air inspired, the membrane then becomes inflamed—a greater quantity of blood is supplied it—in consequence, more mucus is secreted than is necessary, or than can be removed by the evaporating process; it therefore collects, and, as the watery parts are the most ready to pass off, condenses into pellets, or shaped masses, in the bronchial tubes in which it has been formed. A partial obstruction is thus offered to the passage of air into the vesicles supplied from this tube: notice of this inconvenience is at once given by the nerves which run to the part; and we endeavour by a cough, that is, by a sudden and forcible contraction of the chest, to expel the air from the cells and tubes behind the obstruction, and thus get rid of the offending matter. Now this is a plain and simple account of that very common affection called “a cold,” or a “cough”; and, as we fear too many of our readers labour under it at the present season, we have thought it might be satisfactory to them to know the reason *why* they cough. In the mean time, we have advanced a good way towards explaining what is consumption; for the materials of mucus exist in healthy blood, and are separated during health, but, in consequence of certain causes, to be more fully spoken of hereafter,—the principal of which, perhaps, are bad and unnutritious diet, cold, damp, and in general whatever tends to debilitate,—morbid changes take place in the blood, and it is found to contain new substances, the germ of many a disease. Now, as secreting surfaces remove certain natural products from healthy blood, so will they remove these morbid products from vitiated blood, and the air tubes and air cells, which in health secrete mucus, a product not only harmless, but, as we have shown, absolutely beneficial, will in disease secrete a new matter, termed *tuberculous matter*, which, by degrees collecting in the lungs, rendering them more or less impervious to air, exciting irritation, inflammation, and that general constitutional disturbance which we term  *hectic*, forming, moreover, masses of greater or less size, softening and destroying the surrounding substance of the lung, eating through the sides of blood-vessels, the contents of which, thus discharged, produce spitting or vomiting of blood, bursting into bronchial tubes, and leaving large, open, ulcerated cavities, and finally wearing out the wretched patient by a constant succession of attacks, constitute the fatal malady of which we are speaking—the tubercular phthisis, or true genuine consumption. The tuberculous matter is, however, by no means

confined to the air passages; it occurs, with equal frequency, in the substance of the lung, often also on the membrane that envelops it. In both these cases it is clear that, though the lung is irritated, there is no power by coughing to force out the offending matter, and this occasions the short, dry, teasing cough, so common at the commencement of consumption. The form in which tuberculous matter is generally first deposited is that of a small, rounded, yellowish or greyish, semi-opaque, unorganized substance, varying in solidity in proportion to the degree of compression which it suffers from the surrounding parts, and, in the lungs, being generally about the consistence of moist cheese. This, however, is a matter that varies considerably, and is affected by many different circumstances.

“Tuberculous matter,” says Dr. Carswell, “does not acquire its maximum of consistence until an indefinite period after its formation. It is frequently found in its primitive state in the bronchi, air cells, biliary ducts, and their dilated extremities, in the cavity of the uterus and fallopian tubes, &c., resembling a mixture of soft cheese and water, both in consistence and colour; but when much resistance is offered to its accumulation, as in the lymphatic glands, and even sometimes in the air-cells of a whole lobule, it may feel as firm as liver or pancreas. These extreme degrees of consistence of tuberculous matter depend not only on the resistance which the tissues of these and other parts oppose to its accumulation, but also on the removal of its watery part, some time after it has been deposited. Hence it follows that tuberculous matter may, when first perceived, be either very soft or remarkably firm. In the first case, it is pulsatious, and feels somewhat granular when rubbed between the fingers; in the second friable; and in both it is of a pale yellow colour, and opaque.”

This sentence will show our readers, what they are now prepared to understand, that tubercle is not confined to the lungs, but may occur in a variety of other situations; for tuberculous matter existing in the blood only requires to be separated from it to form tubercle, and this can be done by almost any other secreting surface as well as the mucous surface of the lungs; therefore these morbid secretions are to be found in all the places above mentioned, and in many others besides, such as the brain, the kidneys, liver, spleen, stomach, intestines, and in the cellular structure surrounding muscles. It is, however, only to the presence of these bodies in the lungs, whether occupying surface or substance, that our present considerations, and the title of our article, apply.

In examining the body of a person who has died of some other disorder, just as consumption was making its appearance, we find, perhaps, a lobe, an entire lung, or parts of both lungs, studded more or less thickly with such depositions as we have described, and which, from their equalling in size, and somewhat resembling in appearance, grains of millet-seed, are usually denominated *miliary* tubercles. At a more advanced period, we observe that they have enlarged—several of them have run together, and entirely occupy a portion of lung about as large as an almond, or perhaps a chestnut, or even, at times, of the size of an egg. Now, while this disorganization is advancing inside the lung,

† Hasle suggests that the name may also have arisen from the great numbers in which these bodies usually occur.

corresponding symptoms, in the general health, are to be discovered. The first usually complained of is a tightness of the chest, aggravated by exertion, and giving the feeling as though the patient were unable to make a full inspiration. This is usually succeeded by a short, hard cough, making its appearance in winter, and perhaps leaving the patient quite free during the summer months. Imprudent exposures to cold and damp wonderfully accelerate the progress of the disease. They cause, as we have shown above, increased quantities of blood to be sent to the lungs—an increased secretion of mucus is the consequence, and also an increased deposition of tubercles. Perhaps these latter may, at this period, have pressed on the sides of some little vessels, so as to obstruct the flow of the blood through them; the blood, in consequence, becomes extravasated, and slight streaks of it mark the expectoration. This is, at first, merely mucus, the tubercles, we shall say, being either in the extreme vesicles, or in the substance of the lung, so that no air exists behind them, which, in its passage out, could bring them along with it. Harassed by finding its efforts to expel the offending matter unavailing, the constitution commences to sympathize with the local affection. The heart's action becomes quicker, the pulse usually mounting to 90 or 100 in a minute. The irritability is very much increased; less air being taken in at each inspiration, more repeated inspirations become necessary, and the person who formerly breathed but fifteen or twenty times in the minute, will now breathe twenty-five or thirty, and even this is accelerated by ascending a height, running up a flight of stairs, or receiving any sudden piece of intelligence; while, at the same time, the cheek is easily flushed, and occasionally an uncomfortable sensation of heat is perceived in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet. The local derangement seems now to have attracted the whole attention of the constitution, and, in consequence, its other functions begin to be more or less neglected. The body no longer receives its usual quantity of nutrition, though the appetite for food may remain unimpaired; emaciation supervenes, and the patient is soon perceived to “lose flesh.” The skin is deprived of its usual supply of blood, and is often cold, dry, and shrunk—at times, perhaps, exhibiting the transient glow of hectic, followed by a slight perspiration, chill and clammy. The roots of the hair, which are imbedded in it, share the general atrophy; their supplies are more scanty—their connexion with the system fails—the hairs consequently die and are shed, or come out freely with the comb. The pulpy cushions at the extremities of the fingers are absorbed, and no fresh matter deposited in their place; the nails, therefore, growing over them, and not finding their usual support in that direction, assume an incurved or hooked appearance. If the patient attempt making a full inspiration, he is checked by a feeling of pain or constriction at the moment that the air, having filled all the sound part of the lung, commences to press against the collections of tuberculous matter. From thus wanting the power of free dilatation, the chest, by degrees, becomes narrowed and contracted, the shoulders seem pointed and drawn forward, and the blade-bones, from the new form thus given to the

part on which they had rested, stand out behind with something of a wing-like appearance. With the emaciation, debility is sure to come on—the patient is no longer adequate to active exercise or exertion.

This state of things continues for a variable length of time, influenced much by the presence or absence of external exciting causes; and it is during its continuance that change of air and other remedial measures may, probably, still be of use, in very much retarding, if not removing the disease. Sooner or later, however, a marked change takes place: the tubercles, clustered together in different parts of the lungs, commence softening, either from their centre, as was usually supposed, or from their circumference, according to Dr. Carawell's observations.† They open for themselves a way into one of the bronchial tubes in their vicinity, and the cough now assumes a new feature, for it is accompanied by a copious, yellow, puriform expectoration. A cavity is left behind, into which the air has now free admission, and acts as a constant irritant on its raw and unhealed sides. From this result fresh inflammations, new supplies of blood, and new depositions of tuberculous matter; the cough becomes increased in severity and frequency; violent fits occur, chiefly on lying down and getting up, perhaps because the change in position alters the situation of the puriform matter remaining in the cavity, and thus exposes a new point of irritation. If the disease is principally confined to one lung, the patient generally lies on that side, as, by that means, the sound lung, which must perform the greater part of the respiration, is left unimpeded by the weight of the body, and can thus be more freely and easily dilated. But the alleviation thus obtained is merely slight and temporary; fresh collections of tubercles burst; additional exacerbations are thereby excited; night perspirations break forth heavy and profuse, but chiefly confined to the regions of the chest and head; the hectic becomes more decided,—the emaciation and debility extreme; the lining membrane of the air passages becomes thickened, or ulcerated, or even studded with tubercles, and the cough is then incessant and distressing. The powers of the stomach at length fail, and its contents are not unfrequently rejected, after a violent fit of coughing. The intestines share in the general state of disorder; their internal

membrane presents traces of irritation or ulceration, and diarrhoea alternates with, or accompanies, the profuse evacuation from the skin. The eye assumes a pearly whiteness, and, not unfrequently, a certain wildness of expression: the brain, supplied with imperfectly aerated blood, is also affected; mental excitement, common from the commencement, not unfrequently, towards the close, heightens to hallucination, or slight delirium; the judgment is warped, and the unfortunate patient, ignorant of the dangers of his situation, and hourly expecting a restoration to perfect health, sinks, worn and exhausted, to the grave, at the moment when he had arranged plans of amusement or occupation sufficient to engage a long and protracted life.

Of the causes leading to this melancholy termination, and the new means by which it is proposed to avert it, we shall speak in a future article.

*Makanna; or the Land of the Savage.* 3 vols. London: Simpkin & Marshall.

WHAT was the author dreaming about when he thrust a superfluous piece of vapidity, called "Prefatory Hints," before one of the most interesting and graphic romances that it has been our lot to read for many a year? We advise the reader to pass them over, and the author to omit them in the next edition of his work.

This romance introduces us into a region new to fiction; and the author, by his talent of delineation, has made that region his own. We admire him for his perfect amphibiousness; he is not like those birds that sail gracefully on the water, and waddle clumsily on the land, but he is equally at home grappling with the ocean's storm, hunting the wild beasts of the wilderness, or painting, with Flemish minuteness, the *root-kamer*, or front parlour of a Dutch boor at the Cape. As we intend to give several extracts, which will be more entertaining to our readers, and more recommendatory of the work, than any remarks that we can make, we shall just observe that the story commences in the Indian Ocean, progresses in the southern extremity of Africa, and all but terminates at the Cape. The author transports us to South Africa, as completely as a Judge could to South Asia. Our first extract shall be—

#### *A Calm.*

"About the time of the failing of the wind, the obscure vapour, which had so long prevailed, melted into a thin and yellow haze, through which a tropical sun transfused, with power unsubdued, its majesty of light, and furnace glow of heat.

"It is, perhaps, chiefly owing to the oppressive influence of climate, and the languor it induces, joined with the monotony of maritime life, without exertion, that the crew of a ship becalmed, in the Indian Ocean, so often lose all self-confidence, and give way to nervous impressions and despondency. It is certain at least, that such feelings are sometimes carried so far, that, grown wild with a pining desire for that home which he fancies he shall never revisit, the young voyager has been known to leave his cot, and pass over the side of the ship, under the delirious impression that the sea around him, grown vividly green from the reflection of the amber-tinted haze which then frequently prevails, is nothing less than the beloved fields that witnessed the sports of his childhood, and from this flattering delusion, the

doomed wretch is only awakened as the waters engulf him in their cold embrace for ever.

"Predisposed by the occurrence of so many real and fictitious dangers, the crew of the *Ganges* now readily gave way to the enervating influence of their situation. Without present occupation, or certainty as to the future, they huddled together in detached groups, and seeking the coolest parts of the ship, spent the tedious hours in recounting marvellous adventures, said to have been encountered in the olden time by hapless mariners.

"Among other prodigies, the histories of such fatal calms were related; and how the elemental lethargy had been prolonged, from weeks to months, until at last the grinding pains of famine clung to a whole ship's company.

"And then they told how, day by day, the men grew ravenous, and found the sodden leather from the ship's pumps, and their very shoes, delicious food:—and then when these were gone, and hours had rolled on hours, without a cluence, or hope, though each to patience was an age! how like a troop of wolves at bay, they circled round, and watched with greedy joy the last faint struggles of a messmate, expiring of the hunger felt by all.

"And how before the death-film had altogether dimmed his dying eyes, the limp and wasted limbs were gashed;—and how, with vampire-thirst, they sucked the empty veins—tore the shrivelled sinews from the bones—and gorged to madness on the soul-revolting banquet!"

#### Now for

#### *A Storm.*

"As yet, the tranquillity of the ocean was undisturbed; but, as the rush of gathering clouds increased, Laroon felt that the eventful crisis was fast approaching, and urged the retirement of Bertha, who left the deck apparently far more distracted by the sobs and cries of her timid attendant, than by the appalling hazard of the moment.

"At this time, too, some few of the mariners on whose minds the visitation of the morning had left an expectation of a more fatal sequel, might be seen stealing fearfully away; and others were directly ordered below, lest a crowded state of the deck might lead to accidents.

"About twenty-five of the boldest, with Vernon, remained, and these had just secured the hatches, when a sudden rush of wind made the ship lurch forward,—on the instant the shout of Laroon re-echoed above the storm,—

"'To th' shrouds!—hold hard for life! it comes!—'

"Before the words had past, the sky darkened, and as if the demon of the tempest was trying the power of his pinions, a second rush hurtled through the air, and all again was still. It was but the truce of a moment, and then the tornado burst without restraint, and sweeping downwards in a cataract of wind and rain, tore the billows into foam, and striking on the ship, drove her staggering beneath the surf with a force that threatened annihilation.

"The passage of this whirlwind was but of short duration; and it was well that it was so, for it left the men almost without the power of breathing; while the darkness grew so total from the sea spray, and the deluge of rain, that no correct idea could be formed as to the state of the vessel, and each man, as he felt her quivering under the heavy seas that buried her groaning decks, imagined her a wreck.

"As is not unusual in such instances, the departure of the tornado was as sudden as its approach, and within the space of ten or twelve minutes, every vapoury obscurity was chased away, and the moon in her cold brightness looked out on the deep azure of a cloudless sky, so silently and sweetly, that the past seemed but as the courage of a dream."

† It is evident that our paper is not the place for the discussion of this point. The former idea was, as we have said, held by Læmmer, Louis, in part by Andral, and most of the other authorities on the subject. It was also our own opinion, confirmed, as we thought, by cutting into many hundreds or thousands of tubercles. At the same time, though we believed we saw the fact, we could never account for it by reason; for admitting the tubercle to be an unorganized body, it seemed evident that it could be acted on only by the surrounding organized parts, and therefore that its softening must take place from the surface. This, Dr. Carawell maintains to be uniformly the case, and explains, certainly in a very ingenious manner, the cause of the appearance which has led astray so many accurate observers. We have not been able at once to decide on admitting his views as universally applicable, but they certainly have determined us to repeat our observations, and consider how far they may be made compatible with this new explanation. Meantime, we feel it our duty to direct the attention of all medical men to the valuable "Illustrations of Disease" which Dr. Carawell is bringing out. The plates are in the highest degree clear, correct, and expressive—the letter-press that accompanies them philosophic and ingenious. On the whole the work, as far as it has hitherto gone, is calculated to raise the character of British pathological science, and do credit to the University in which the author is a Professor.



We must be sparing, but we are tempted by the following piece of

*African Scenery, and a Panther Hunt.*

"For awhile, the hollow track dives into an ocean of green shade, under the umbrellated heads of some closely interwoven *Acacia* giraffes; and then anon, the leafy canopy changes to an open glade, and through the long flexible branches of the Eastern oak, in flickering disorder, the sunbeams flash their streams of golden light.

"In the far distance, the varied foliage softly rising with the elevation of the ground, forms, as it trembles in a passing breeze, an amphitheatre of living waves.—There a dark and bronze-like green prevails, through which, at intervals emerging, the glittering plumage of gorgeous birds gleams with a gem-like momentary radiance. And there the feathery crowns of *Zamia* palms, and the bright proteas, in varied tints, extend a gay expanse of vivid silky splendour.

"The foreground is richer in its variety, and more picturesque from its distinctness. How beautiful those scarlet blossoms of the *crassula*, scattered among the mossy fissures of those dark foraminous rocks, over which the glowing flowery branches of the chandelier aloe arch so proudly. And those decayed trunks of 'speck-boom,' embrodered with lichens, and half buried beneath luxuriant clusters of ivy-geraniums; while from a leafy bossomy screen of succulent plants the naked trunk of the tall 'umkaba,' or yellow-wood tree, so strangely flesh-like, in its red rind and purple veins,—starts abruptly forward, and rudely stretches its gaunt and arm-like branches into the shadowy loud of sombre foliage that forms its head.

"Around on every side where the oak, the sumach, the wild fig, or the palm-like *euphorbia*, afford sufficient hold, in broad festoons of living verdure, hang pendent trails of creepers; some jointed with cactuslike leaves studded with flowers; and others bare, brown, and shaggy, binding fantastically in cable coils upon the gnarled and mossy trunks, or intertwining above with green half-transparent far-shooting tendrils of recent growth into a net-work labyrinth.

"The sultry noon comes on in stillness, and as the fragrance of the flowers, drawn out by the heat, rises, co-mingled with the damps of the lower dells, in a visible steam, so silently the footsteps of the hunters fall in the loose sand, that every rustle of the leaves is heard, if but a snake glide, started to its hole,—or the slender 'maie-hond'† spring through the tangled grass.

"Hold back!—That howl betokens harm!

"Yes, by Jove, the dog will bleed to death! That hind leg's broken, and the throat torn to the shoulder-bone!

"Stand back! The Hottentots are cowering; 'tis no common beast!—Each look to his prime,—firm heart, and steady eye, the death-shot takes the skin."

"A Panther!—Yes, by Jove, big as a tiger!—That spring has cleared the jungle! Look! he's thrown himself betwixt the forked limbs of that old thunder-rifted oak, and, like a wild cat, lies on his side at bay!—Now!"

"No, Massa! me say no fire, Massa!—No, no, let de beast play de fleshy-cuff'ee wi de dog's'ee."

"The voice of Gaspal sounded just in time for a reprieve, and three of the dogs ran gallantly in. The Panther's eyes glowed red with a fiery intensity, but still he remained as motionless on his post of vantage as if an inanimate carcass.

"The largest hound having warily measured his distance, now made a desperate snatch; but, with the dexterity of a juggler, the savage Pard

† Maie-hond (mouse-hound), a sort of weasel so called.

struck him at once right and left with his armed paws, and the unfortunate lurcher fell, blinded, bleeding and howling to the earth. The second, cowed at the fate of his comrade, ran yelping off; but a fourth, coming to succour the third, both sprung forward open mouthed. As if amazed, the Panther half raised himself for the encounter, and when the dogs closed, first striking his claws with a sudden blow into the brain of the lowest, he caught the other in his jaws by the nape of the neck, and slung him over head, spinning through the air.

"Now, by the Prince of the Duyvils, that dog-butcher would slaughter a pack!—Stand back, Gaspal, I'll have a shot!—Back!—or look to yourself."

"The elephant 'roar' of Drakenstein was brought to a level, his finger on the trigger,—when, with the most provoking nonchalance, the wilful Gaspal perched himself on a fragment of rock immediately before the intended victim.

"No, not de Massa fire!—me teach'ee de beast von litle trick'ee de last he ebber vont to learn!"

"As if awake to the hint, but with rather an equivocal expression of gratitude, the lips of the Panther retracted, until the glistening ivory of his fanged teeth was perfectly apparent:—his back too began to arch, as if he anticipated a leap, and his dilated tail grew restless as an angry serpent.

"The Hottentot felt that time was precious, and whirling his glittering pole-axe round his head with a most intimidating flourish, he brought it down with the rapidity of a thunder-clap, as he supposed, on the skull of his adversary!

"As he supposed!—Gaspal had a keen eye, but the Panther had a quicker, and thus, by a change of attitude, the agile animal gave the descending axe free way to bury its fury in the harmless wood.

"Disconcerted by this unexpected failure, Gaspal forgot himself so far, as to lean forward in attempting to withdraw his weapon. The Panther caught the momentary vantage, and striking a tremendous backward blow at the head of the unfortunate Hottentot, he tore off the better half of his left ear, and ripped up a considerable portion of his scalp.

"Coontje bit his lip with rage, and fired! Men do nothing well in a passion, and an excellent charge was villainously wasted.

"The Panther again crouched, as if preparing to bound on the wounded Hottentot, who, howling with pain, still staggered forward—when the strange smile which has before been noted, played like a momentary gleam on the countenance of Laroos—his small rifle was brought as it were instinctively to his eye, and in an instant, shot through the brain, the Panther lay gasping on the sand."

The peculiarities of African scenery and animals are most vividly depicted, so as to furnish a tolerably imaginative reader with a pretty copious stock of new dreaming materials. We cannot find room for it, or we should like to exhibit Makanna himself, the Caffrarian chief, and his escape with his creole friend, Laroos. The following picture of the two friends swimming across a lagoon is admirable:—

"So saying, the chieftain extended his body gently forward, and, striking out with his noseless deliberate force of a powerful and experienced swimmer, made rapid way. This was an accomplishment in which Laroos was equally an adept, and the exercise would have been delightful, had not the idea of the scaly monster, whose home was in 'the pit of the waters,' been rather too obtrusive.

"The sense of danger in a strong mind quickens all the faculties, and, while gazing with

his eyes thus level with the smooth surface of the crystal expanse in which he was suspended, Laroos could not but feel the beauty of the superb scenery, on every side reflected. The very dimness of the light, for the over-arching gigantic branches of the forest still shut out the glare of day, added a softness and solemnity to the impression. Though black as jet, from the decayed vegetable matter which carpeted its bottom, the water of the lagoon was translucent as glass. Now a shoal of young fish, with delicate pearly bodies, and crimson tinted fins, disappeared in bubbling circles on the surface, or, diving, vanished in the labyrinth of weeds below. Then, glancing swiftly by, in flashes of an orange, blue, or golden light, some solitary tyrant of the scaly tribe pursued his prey. There a troop of Flamingoes, half resting on the light and arching reeds, bending and springing with each changing impulse of their weight, kept quivering their dazzling vermillion-coloured wings. And then, all at once, from amid the green recesses of the overhanging foliage, as reflected in the depths, the Black Spectre Monkeys, thrusting forward their strange prehensile tails to grasp some neighbouring bough, and mowing at each other, seemed to mock the lonely swimmers on their fearful passage."

We shall close our extracts with

*A Heavy Shower.*

"The clouds had been pouring forth without mercy for some four or five hours, when old Hugo ventured to open his door just so far as to catch a glimpse of the weather without; and murky enough it was; for, although it wanted an hour to sun-set, the light was hardly sufficient to show his hand. Long and anxious was the Dutchman's recognition of the elemental war; and, at last having concluded his observations with a knowing shake of the head, as if in sympathy with no very pleasant recollection, he closed the door, shut home its heavy bolts, and resumed his former silent paces of the 'voor-kamer.'

"Here, his meditations might be supposed to have had ample scope, for, except the ceaseless pattering of the rain, and, now and then, the low distant surging of the wind, notwithstanding that the family were present, all was still as the grave.

"The good people were indeed too busy for the vanity of words. At the upper end sat the 'Vrouw,' in all the glory of contented obesity. Stretched out before her, on the tall back of an old cane chair, (itself a sort of heir-loom in the family,) was the superior portion of an equally ancient damson-coloured velvet suit of the 'Meester's,' while some awkward rents and outcroakings of the unnameable portion of the said august habiliments, were being refitted by her condescending fair hands, not as it seemed altogether unlearned in the 'aartorial' art.

"Somewhat to the right of her mother, but sufficiently in the back-ground to escape her notice, sat the gentle Jewdeth, the very beau ideal of slumbering indolence; her plump roundness most comfortably borne up, or rather cradled, in the swing of the thongs that formed the back and seat of her roomy chair; and, ever and anon, her drowsy head reclining on one of the most luxuriant bosoms in the world, with irregular noddings, as if in accordance to the loud purrings of a cat, proportionably fat, and equally lost, as she lay sleeping between the knees of her indulgent mistress, in the somniferous delights of idleness.

"A few yards further off, young Coontje might be dimly discerned through a cloud of tobacco-smoke, now giving animation to a prime cigar, knowingly tucked in one corner of his mouth, and then, stirring up a chaudiere of live charcoal with an old ramrod; and as totally absorbed by his two-fold occupation, as if studying the

theory of combustion. Three Hottentots rolled up in their 'carosses' were lying within call, under the opposite wall, and probably asleep; while an empty wine-flask, and some half-dozen ill-matched glasses on the table, bore evidence that the party had ere-while been more actively employed.

"The pangs of old Hugo, to and fro, were measured with almost mathematical precision, and he had attained to the turning of about the hundred and ninety-ninth, when, the overflowings of the storm having at last forced a leak in the roof, a jet of water came whizzing in, with the bounce and the blow of the first workings of a parish-engine. Broken in its fall, the cascade divided its favours in various directions. The poor cat, screeching with horror, took a spring of some dozen feet; and, thrown off the equipoise of her gravity, the astonished Jewdeth presented a spectacle that might have been fatal to that of a judge!—The half-extinguished chaufferette began hissing like a legion of serpents; and Cootje, who, in the first alarm, had snatched up his sambok, smacked it with a force that might have awakened the seven sleepers!

"'Massa too big hurry!—what Massa no like de nassy rain all spit bout de kamer, den me climb up an stop de tam ugly mouth!'

"No sooner said than done; in the next moment the merry old Hottentot was straddling across a rafter, and having thrust two-thirds of a huge ham, that hung near, into the unlucky breach, all was well again. The serenity of the party, however, was not to be so easily restored; the fair Jewdeth was almost in tears from an unfortunate bump received just on the critical site of the organ 'number one,' of the phrenological system; and Cootje was mumbling 'curses not loud but deep,' over a box of cigars, all rendered unfit for present service.

"'The Lord be praised, it's a gracious rain!'"—said Drakenstein in an under tone, while the deluge without gave evidence of increasing violence.

"'Rare and "gracious" for a brood of young Ducklings, Caymen, or the spawn of Bull-frogs; but what the Duyvil good can be in damp beds, or the ruination of seven gross of as prime cigars as ever warmed a fellow's throat!—"Gracious," humph!"

The author is unknown to us, even by name.

*The Judgement of the Flood.* By John Heraud, Author of 'The Descent into Hell.' London: Fraser.

To meditate the production of an epic in the present day, when the solid in literature is so much superseded by the superficial, and poetry, to be more than tolerated, is compelled to borrow a holiday garb from her sister art, is, in itself, the occupation of no ordinary mind: to complete it, argues no little consciousness of in-dwelling power—no small measure of energy on the part of its author. In justice, then, to the boldness which has designed, and the enduring courage which has executed it, the consideration of such a work, when it is brought before the public, should be grave and deliberate; and though, in our case, time and space are necessarily limited, we can assure Mr. Heraud that we have not gone over his poem indifferently or carelessly, nor do we pronounce our opinion in the strength (or weakness) of that happy momentary decision to which an epic offers no more cause for deliberation than the lightest of all light volumes—those ephemera which are born, flourish, and pass away, within the circle of a summer's day.

It is with regret that we express our fears that the world of readers, in general, will not be as patient and just to the 'Judgement of the Flood,' as we have tried to be—will not endure the labour of digging, even for bright treasure; because, as we proceeded in our perusal of this poem, we were increasingly struck with tokens of vigorous talent and rich imagination on the part of its author. In his preface, Mr. Heraud says, speaking of his own work, "that all is purposely gigantic—the plot—the persons—the crimes—the language—and the imagery"—and this is the spirit wherein an epic should be conceived, which treats of those wondrous and antique days when the sons of God came down and dwelt among the children of men. But the grandeur of every colossal object is in proportion to its simplicity: the eye, whilst contemplating it, rejects as superfluous all those minute details of ornament, all those intricacies of contrivance, which give beauty and interest to works upon a meaner scale; the mind, if compelled to dwell upon them, becomes distracted and strained rather than elevated, and so much of fatigue mingles with its pleasure, that it is apt, of very weariness, to deny that pleasure has mingled with its fatigue.

The want of this simplicity, we consider to be the grand defect of Mr. Heraud's poem. The plot is cumbered with episodes and adjuncts without number; it moves obscurely through a labyrinth, and we are rarely allowed to catch so much as a glimpse of the daylight to which we hope to come forth: and, as we pass through these intricate chambers of imagery, we can find none, the decorations whereof are wholly consistent—the palms and sphynxes of the Nile crowd their walls side by side with the rose and ivy of our own island's gardens; or, to be less fanciful, the style is made up of scripture words and scripture phrases, the quaintness of the Elizabethan age, and the luxuriance of modern poetry.

But, to speak of the blemish, and leave the beauty untold, is unfair; and we must give Mr. Heraud room to show, that our praise, as well as our blame, is no more than just, though we cannot but acknowledge that extracting from a work like his, is taking one brick from a pyramid, and saying, "Such is the sepulchre of King Cheops!" We had marked many passages to show the writer's style in all its over-profusion, but we will turn to those in which his better points are visible; and first, a vivid picture in only five lines:—

Gaunt Famine there, an old man, knelt,  
Digging the uncharitable earth for roots,  
With his link fingers; and his daughter crouched,  
The timid Pestilence, on a mat beside,  
Shivering.

Our next is truer, and, in parts, injured by conceit, but long poetry still: it is a scene from the Creation:—

So were the heavens outspread, expanse of air  
In motion, destined to disprove the place  
Of worlds innumerable, radiant orbs.  
Nor light was not. The Spirit obeyed the Voice  
Eternal, and, in floods of ether, time  
Transparencies, from the agitated deep  
Electrick... whirling as a wheel, by force  
Of the storm wind, that, like an eagle's wings,  
Plattered above its waters, as a nest  
Where life was teeming... rose, empyreal youth,  
And beautiful as young. Thereat the Light  
Came forth to welcome him; he, at her breasts  
Cradled, grew in her aspect lovely, till  
She disarmed with day beams his smooth brows;  
And ancient Darkness hid but half a world.  
Thereat to hail him was the rush of floods,

And Heaven itself descended to divide  
Their rivalry. The land and main appeared,  
And owned his domination. Then with dance,  
And voice of melody, and lyres of gold,  
The choral stars rejoiced, and sun and moon;  
The fany nations of the watery deep,  
Winged people of the æreal hemisphere,  
The children of the forest and the field,  
Made earth and air and ocean glad with life.

The third we shall give is almost the simplest passage we have found:—

How swift the years fly past, yet not as flies  
The traceless arrow through the closing air,  
Body and soul, they do impress on man  
The signs that they have been; for what are they  
But motions of his own activity,  
Whose very thoughts imperishable are,  
Inscribed by God within his Book of Doom!

Here is a new description of Night:—

Seasons returned, and morn and eve; and on  
The dusky forehead of the night appeared  
A single star, her only coronet:  
Ere long the flowers of Heaven all boded out,  
Making of it a paradise indeed,  
For the meek Moon to walk abroad in—meek  
And mighty in her vow of chastity,  
By virtue of which she sways the myriad floods.

A picture of one of the daughters of the men of those days, for love of whom angels were content to leave their thrones:—

How delicately beautiful—as foam  
On the wild ocean, and as sportive too:  
Even in anger sportive, as when waves  
Toss high the slender lark, while suddenly  
The moon is hid in heaven, and through the gloom  
Thunders laugh loud—was lovely Naamah.

Many will admire the apostrophe to Mount Armon, and it is enriched with many beautiful thoughts; but we think the passages in which are described the warnings which heralded the Judgment, some of the finest in the volume.

Then Pestilence came on, a meagre dead,  
And wretches blessed the Winter, whose sharp cold  
Was a defence against infection's breath—  
In vain; for now the heavens all glowed, as they  
With fervent heat would melt—the sun was wrath,  
And glared with anger. Then the chains dissolved  
Wherewith the soil had suffered; but the race  
Of men, plague-smitten, at their useless tail,  
Died, and the unreasonable solar heat  
Pierced the cracked ground, and obvious laid the seed  
To bird and beast, or smote it in its bed,  
For lack of moisture, with a treacherous ray—  
Life from the germ extracting. Tree and shrub  
Died with excessive heat.

Men cried to God,  
He would withdraw the sun from midst of heaven.  
And soon their prayer was heard. The months arrived  
That Summer had been wont to visit earth,  
When lo, the cold returned. With evening air,  
Came on the incipient chill, and men were fain  
To shelter in their homes—hour after hour,  
They slept and waked, and slept and waked again,  
But still no dawn—they looked out, and behold,  
The round red moon, of accustomed size,  
Made pale the planets' ineffable beams,  
And rose and set in blood, and rose again.  
But the sun rose not. Night had Day usurped,  
And Winter, Summer, as before it had  
Autumn displaced; and blank uncertainty  
Made strange vicissitude more hideous still.

With this, the following description will show in fair contrast:—

How beautiful the far Erythrean Isle!  
The ocean becomes visit her pale shore,  
With grateful warmth, and genial moisture charged,  
For wanton flower and bud of living leaf—  
With the far boom of rolling billows borne  
In murmurs on his ear, who muses lone  
In the dim vale behind the cliffy beach,  
On either hand a fair and verdant hill,  
Delightful solitude, an inland scene,  
So nigh the world of waters deep and wide.  
And there are minstrelries of torrent streams  
And rivers, growing over rugged beds,  
Pringed on each bank with trees as old as Time,  
Sown in creation's hour, majestic oak  
And leafy-wood Elm. And far away the woods,  
Fensile or level, stretch their shadows broad,  
On upland slope, in valley serpentine;  
Forests and groves appraised by the hand  
Of the Almighty, with a luxury  
Of bough, and branch, and foliage; bounty such  
As his alone would on his works bestow;  
How grandly rocks and mountains heave their scalps  
Into his heavens—the footstools of his throne!  
With what delightful change, he scatters, o'er  
The verdantward, the prodigal flowers, amid  
The waving grass, up-sparkling their own hues.

Myrtle, and Rose, and Woodbine, rathe or late,  
Report of human dwellings, to the eye  
That, from the hill, the prospect meditates;  
Nay, even the stern rocks bath he adorned  
With Moss and Lichen, and the barren heath  
With dew-drop Blossoms, elegant though wild,  
Small Shrub and Berry, hyacinthine dark.  
For this, thy children, Abell on the brow  
Of yonder hill, have raised a votive shrine,  
An altar to his name. There, morn and eve,  
Where Eagle once, and Hawk, held sole domain,  
Hymns celebrate his greatness, and the voice  
Of choral psalm and anthem magnifies  
The praises of the Highest:

Sweet it is,  
To praise Him who has cast the exile's lot  
In this so lovely isle.

Our last, and longest, extract is from the close of the poem—the vision of Noah:—

Thus Noah's work was done. Wearied with toil,  
At the down-going of the seventh eve,  
Deep sleep fell upon Noah, as he lay  
Within a tent, preserving dubious watch  
About the appointed Ark. Even as grew  
The Prophet a frame insensient, all the more  
His inner sight was opened, and his soul  
Had vision of high heaven. 'Twas noon of night,  
The Sun was absent, but the Moon shone out  
And ay the world of Stars. From orb to orb,  
Was singing heard in answering echo-hymns.  
One to another, in his hearing, called  
The Watchers, to make ready, for the Thrones  
Were planted, and their witness in the court  
Was summoned, to be rendered when the Judge,  
Antient of Days, should sit. Straightway the floor  
Divided in the midst, and Noah's eye  
Pierced upward—or his liberated soul  
Soared thither—up he soared, and soared until  
He saw celestial palace opened wide,  
Both walled and paved with crystalstones, on ground  
Of crystal, and the roof flashed sparkling down,  
And in a sky of water floated there  
Seraphick ardours, and about the walls  
Burned flame, and blazed its portal all with fire—  
Alternate heat of fire and cold of ice  
Amazed with fear who entered. On and on,  
Trembling with terror, the winged Patriarch sped,  
And to more spacious habitation still  
Arrived, with tongues of fire surrounded, each  
Vocal, like storms on loud, with words of seal,  
In praise and prayer—a glorious place, and vast,  
Majestick and magnificent, and bright,  
Excelling all report of magnitude  
And splendour—fiery, snow and wall and roof,  
Lightning and star-light interpenetrant,  
With ceiling and with pavement all ablaze.  
He dazzled looked, and saw a great white Throne  
And Him who sat thereon, Antient of Days,  
In garment white as snow, and of his head  
The hair was purer white. So was his Throne  
The fiery flame white in its purity.  
A living throne by Cherubim upborne,  
Wheeling self moved in orbs of burning fire;  
And from before him issued fiery streams,  
And from beneath the effulgent Throne of Life,  
Rivers of flame impetuous gushed and foamed,  
And from too near approach warned off, and kept,  
With voice of hymn and anthem, song and psalm,  
The thousand thousands ministering to him;  
Yea, myriads of myriads stood there,  
In the full presence of his Majesty,  
With veils upon their faces, for the light  
More mighty than the sun, more white than snow.

We wish, but dare not anticipate for, Mr. Heraud's poem the success which the undoubted talent and learning of the writer deserve; and we must forewarn the reader, that so vast a subject is not to be comprehended in its majesty and greatness at a casual or hasty perusal.

*Salvador the Guerilla.* By the Author of 'The Castilian.' 3 vols. London: Bentley.

THE author has chosen an interesting subject, and had he cast his materials in another form, and (to borrow the language of Lady Morgan,) "thrown the heavy ballast of narrative overboard," he might have produced two delightful volumes. As it is, we must thank him for what he has done. A better subject for fiction could hardly be found than the formation and achievements of the Guerilla parties: there is something so picturesque in the idea of their silent gathering by twos and threes in lonely places at night-fall—something so stimulating in the risks run by their spies, whom we are more inclined to re-

gard with forgiving, if not friendly, eyes, than any spies of our acquaintance—something so fearful and mysterious, beyond the chances of common, straight-forward fighting, in the manner in which they burst upon their unsuspecting victims, and then, after conquest or defeat, disperse, as silently as they assembled, to sow the seeds of new adventure, as is hardly to be exceeded in the entire range of subject which modern fiction has at her command. Indeed, we like the historical introduction so well that we shall give some copious extracts.

"The most interesting feature connected with the Peninsular war was the formation of the guerillas. Those flying parties, so totally different in their organization, discipline, and operations, from the regular army, played a most conspicuous part in the momentous events of the time. The guerillas were distinguished by qualities peculiarly their own;—they were bodies of daring adventurers, which, in their external appearance, in many cases, resembled not a little a company of banditti, rather than military parties engaged in defence of a sacred cause. Equipped at their own expence, organized without any acknowledged authority, and acting under the immediate responsibility of their own chief, they led an adventurous life, in which success and usefulness served to cover any irregularities of form and discipline.

"The guerilla-parties sprang into existence in 1809, about a year after the French invasion: the first that appeared was that of *El Empecinado*; and from that moment others followed in such rapid succession that there was scarcely a province without one, two, or more of these parties. The manner in which they were formed is a subject of curiosity. Any man constituted himself into a chief of a guerilla-party. No one ever attacked rights which were to be made valid by laborious service, real utility, and achieved success. If a Spaniard felt himself possessed of sufficient nerve to engage in this venturesome and desperate life: if he had the means and opportunities of mustering a party, and the occasion of making that party subservient to his commands, he forthwith proceeded to his task, and he was a chief to all intents and purposes. His consequence and importance were afterwards to be decided alone by the measure of the services which he rendered to the cause. It is not surprising, then, that among the guerillas there should be men of low origin and destitute of the advantages of education; but those who possessed great qualities had an opportunity of calling them into play; nor can it be a reproach to the guerilla of this class that, without the aid of instruction, he should have signalized himself by military achievements honourable to his own fame, and of essential service to the country.

"The guerilla-bands had modes of operating peculiarly their own. They conducted their manoeuvres in mountainous districts, admirably adapted for this purpose. As the chiefs possessed an intimate knowledge of the country, and were served by faithful spies, the guerillas were able to transplant themselves from one place to another with astonishing rapidity, so that they could easily evade the pursuit of the enemy—the French were many a time baffled in their endeavours to capture and disperse these parties at the very moment when they believed their destruction to be morally certain. Sometimes, too, when they reposed as they thought securely, under the impression that the guerillas were at a great distance, they were disagreeably routed by the sudden appearance of those parties.

"These bands were not all of equal importance and force. Some were powerful in point

of numbers—many leaders had several thousand men under their command—others were remarkably small, not counting above forty or fifty in their bands. The guerillas at times acted in concert, but generally they trusted to their own individual exertions. Always of the most essential service to the regular army, they performed the task of scouring parties, and were able, from the nature of their organization, to perform rapid movements and military operations of difficult accomplishment to more disciplined forces. The guerillas were of importance in harassing the enemy in their marches through mountainous parts, in attacking convoys, and in the performance of all those operations which required extreme promptitude, great daring, and a perfect knowledge of the localities of the country. • • •

"The most important of the guerillas were the celebrated Mina, Duran, Julian Sanchez, and the *Empecinado*. These may be said to have held a sort of control, direct or indirect, over the minor, though still considerable bodies of partizans; their bands seemed to form a connecting link in the great chain which united, as it were, the English army with the guerillas. • • •

"The grand divisions ruled absolute, for there existed a kind, of jealousy among the great leaders, as regards the secondary guerillas who carried on operations in neighbouring districts. As it required no authority to form a party but the mere power of carrying such a resolution into effect, a very great number of adventurers adopted this desperate course of life; but, as it is the case in all human affairs, out of this quantity of *improvisu* warriors and generals, a limited number absorbed attention, whilst the rest were compelled to play a secondary part in a political and military point of view, although in their own estimation they were very important personages, and, indeed, ruled with absolute sway in those places which they chanced to occupy."

We will now give, as in duty bound, one or two Guerilla sketches—the first, of the newly-formed band, which is picturesque:—

"Salvador's band were now reposing on the green sward, their muskets, carbines, and sabres thrown aside; some were eating their *rancho*, others leisurely smoking their cigars, whilst others were enjoying the refreshing influence of slumber. The manner in which the guerillas were accoutred contributed to the vivid and romantic effect of the scene; they were not equipped with the same kind of weapons, but each used that in the management of which he was familiar. There was a strange medley of muskets, carbines, fowling-pieces, rifles, pistols, swords, sabres, rapiers, lances, spears, and daggers. The band were distinguished by no particular uniform, but formed, altogether, a most motley assemblage of fanciful dresses. One would sport the blazing regimentals of a French lancer, metamorphosed into an attire for the wearer, probably a drummer; another was equipped in a sort of masquerade dress, half-military, half-civic: some had provided themselves with an old uniform of the Spanish militia; others wore the half, the third, or even the fourth part of a soldier's regimentals. The most conspicuous, and certainly best ornamented part of their persons, was the head, although here, again, the same curious variety was observable:—chacos and helmets, morions and three-corner hats, military caps and common hats, were mingled together in the most picturesque confusion. Plumes of feathers and horses' manes waved in the air in proud array; but in order not to spoil the illusion, it was necessary not to look too closely to the lower extremities of the men, for it not unfrequently happened that the guerilla who sported a magnificent dragoon helmet, displayed a deplorable deficiency in the article of boots, shoes, and



stockings, if not, alas! another important part of dress."

In the second volume is much curious matter concerning the causes which induced the patriotic or discontented to join the wandering bands. The following anecdote is, we are told, a fact:—

"One morning an elderly man made his appearance before the Guerilla, accompanied by three youths, the eldest of whom could not be above twenty. They were all well mounted and equipped, and appeared, by their looks, appearance, and attire, to have lived in easy circumstances. The elder man desired to speak with Don Salvador, and the chief immediately acceded to his wishes.

"Don Salvador," said he, "I am come to serve my country in your band! and you may conceive that I entertain no slight opinion of your character and merits when you know that I have travelled all the way from Estremadura to join your party.

"There was an unembarrassed frankness and cordiality in the man's manner and address that immediately won the confidence and good graces of the Guerilla, and he expressed a wish that the stranger should enter into some particulars as to his person, and history.

"You appear to me," said Salvador, "a man of substance, and, assuredly, none but the purest motives can influence your conduct."

"You are right, sir—I am a rich man, or rather was.—My name is Francisco Benito, and I followed the pursuits of a farmer. The accounts of the injustice, violence, and, plunder which marked the progress of the French through the land filled me with indignation. I resolved to give my little help to our sacred cause. I disclosed my plans to my sons, and they joyfully and readily concurred in my design. I sold my farm and every other property at my disposal. I proceeded to the *parlamento*, and made a formal and legal transfer of all my property (with permission of my natural heirs) to my country. I ordered the money to be applied to the raising and equipping of a chosen body of volunteers."

"Of which you became the chief?"

"I, chief! bless your honour! 'quoth the farmer, smiling. 'I a chief! what should I know about such matters?"

"I bought four good horses and the necessary weapons to serve in the cavalry. These horses and arms were divided equally and impartially between me and my sons. Having bestowed my property on my country, I conceived that the next thing for me to do was to offer the services of my sons and myself;—and here we are, sir, come to request that we may be enrolled in your party."

But though, in the above extracts, we have preferred the historical to the romantic, we by no means intend to convey the impression that the story is not worth attending to. On the contrary, we wish we could give the scene at the farm-house in the first volume, an exciting picture of the hero in peril, and the shrewdness of both his pursuers and protectors; but it is too long for our purpose. Neither is there any lack of characters in the book, though some are rather painted shadows than such living, breathing creatures as make us tremble, or smile, or weep. Ponce, the spy, is one of the best; and the entire scene at the hostel of Tio Patata, one of those professing Christians who promises his noble guests every possible luxury, and performs with one solitary dish of stale eggs and rusty bacon; with Casilda the flirt, and her lover, the sombre, suspicious muleteer, is very good; we wish it had ended less tragically. Elvira is a heroine after the old

fashion, performing prodigies of valour in the strength of her love; and really, for any thing we are permitted to see of Blanca, (we must protest against the bad taste of the scene in the second volume wherein she figures,) we could almost have absolved Montalvan had he been inconstant, and chosen the acting rather than the walking heroine. Alas! the first was one of the unfortunates whom the novelist dooms from the beginning of his story. We could say with Rolando in the 'Honeymoon,' "She should not have died." Here is part of her death scene:—

"My good Anton," said Elvira, sweetly, "and so we must part, and no more share in a career of noble deeds and enterprise! But come, you are a guerilla! and this exhibition of womanish affliction does not suit you well."

"Alack! my good lady," answered Anton, "and is a guerilla to have no heart? shall I not feel the loss of one of my bravest and best companions in arms?—No! I am not ashamed of a sorrow which is called forth by so sacred a subject." . . .

"When I am dead," she continued, "let my hair be cut, and carried to the home of my infancy—my mother will prize it.—And," she added, with a burst of noble enthusiasm, "take my sword to my father; 'tis the dying bequest of his daughter. Let him be proud of that weapon, as it will not disgrace the hall where the noble relics of my ancestors' glory are preserved."

"She then took her sword, and kissed it with vivid emotion, whilst a few tears started from her eyes. She seemed, in parting with her sword, to make one of the most painful sacrifices; for her enthusiastic nature had been worked up to the highest pitch in the perilous but glorious pursuits which had occupied the last days of her existence. Anton received the weapon with a kind of reverential awe, and promised that these dying injunctions should be fulfilled with scrupulous fidelity.

"Carry my affection to our brave companions!" she continued; "and to you, Anton, I bequeath whatever money or other goods I have upon me, all except—" and here she was again deeply moved—"all but this ring, which you will take to him as a dying gift; for," she added, "I am still so much of the woman, that I cannot controul this mark of my nature."

There are some interesting notes to this work, and the introduction is extremely well written.

*Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de François Bacon, &c. &c.—A History of the Life and Writings of F. Bacon, Viscount St. Albans, followed by some of his Writings; now for the first time translated into French—by J. B. de Vauzelles, Councillor of the Cour Royale of Orleans. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: F. G. Levrault; London, Richter & Co.*

LITTLE more than two centuries have elapsed, since the death of Bacon (9th of April, 1626); and in that short interval the progress of knowledge, under the influence of the revolution effected by his writings, has far exceeded all that had been previously made by mankind since the beginning of time. Every ancient branch of science submitted to his method has been renovated, stripped of multitudinous errors, and enlarged to many times its previous dimensions; and numerous new sciences have been created, and carried (even within the memory of a single generation,) to such perfection, as

to have immeasurably increased the power of man over external nature.

In one department alone (the philosophy of mind), has the Baconian system been less rigorously applied, and it is precisely in that department that error and mysticism have preserved, unshaken, their stronghold and domination. The obstinacy of metaphysicians and moralists in refusing the assistance of the modern mode of philosophizing, has not arisen from any failure in its application to the objects of their research. Locke, so far as he went, was eminently successful in disseminating the pure and steady light of incontrovertible truth; and the subsequent extensions given to his master verity, by Condillac, De Tracy, Cabanis, and the continental physiologists, are equally satisfactory and encouraging; inasmuch that it may be roundly asserted, that, whatever of positive fact has been ascertained concerning intellectual phenomena, has been extorted by the Baconian method, and that whatever has been built up by the ancient abuse of logomachy and hypothesis, is unintelligible, debatable, or unfruitful. The conclusion is irresistible; yet, in defiance of this practical *reductio ad absurdum*, the disposition to distrust the evidence of the senses, and to be dissatisfied with its results, in all that concerns the investigation of mind, continues unabated, and in this nineteenth century, (the emphatically boasted age of reason and of intellect,) a sort of facetious effort is making to revive the dreams and reveries of Plato, and to replunge mankind into all the darkness and debility of that mystical philosophy. Mortifying as this retrogradation must be to those honest enthusiasts who think highly of the ultimate destinies of social man, there is in it small matter for astonishment.

Man is much less a reasoning, than a passionate animal. All that he knows, or can know, receives its colour, as it derives its value, from the tendencies and dispositions of the recipient. The intellectual and voluntary faculties are an ever-varying complex, which exhibits itself in different individuals, under distinct shadings of temperament and complexion. Every such temperament has its own especial mode of affection from externals, and of reaction on their impressions. It must, consequently, have its own peculiar bias towards definite modes of thought; so that, to a certain point, a man is as much born for his philosophical sect, as to the colour of his hair and eyes. This influence of the organization, it must be admitted, is obscured by the operation of other causes. The mass of mankind, pressed by the mere vulgar necessities of life, do not think at all upon philosophical subjects, or, if they do, are so overwhelmed by the prejudices of education, so mastered by circumstances, or oppressed by the tyranny of authority, that they take their opinions at second hand, and invest them with an interest of passion, less in obedience to their own native tendencies than according to the social advantages or disadvantages attending on the dogmas professed.

Externals largely influence the popularity of philosophic systems. In the struggling

\* Plato is one of the race of genuine sophists. His foggy mind is for ever precluding the semblance of objects, which, half-seen through a mist, can be defined neither in form nor dimensions, &c.—Jefferson's Correspondence, vol. 3, p. 243.

and unhappy period of Roman history, when the state was torn by faction, and when fortitude and self-sacrifice were in honour and esteem, as being of first-rate public utility, the stoical philosophy was predominant; but when the peaceable reign of Augustus introduced an age of luxury and voluptuousness, the wisdom of Epicurus found the most general favour. Still, however, when due allowance is made for such disturbing causes, complexional differences will be found exerting a distinct influence on the quality of men's opinions.

The tendency towards a positive or an imaginative philosophy, more especially, is closely connected with specific peculiarities in the organization. There are men obviously incapable of the analytic process, in whom fancy predominates, and who live wholly in an intellectual world of their own; while others are satisfied with nothing that is not tangible, and if drawn aside by circumstance into an addiction to ideal philosophy, they can create nothing towards its extension, nor retain the reasonings of their masters. They live wholly in externals, and are principally engaged with the positive interests of every-day life. The different philosophical systems which have been divulged are, therefore, all reflections of some definite organization of mind; and Platonism, among the rest, is a part and parcel of human nature. It is the manifestation of one known and common form of mental infirmity; and it will subsist, under some modification or other, to the remotest generations.

As different nations are marked by the prevalence of different temperaments, so they have their leanings towards particular philosophic creeds. That the poetic and imaginative constitution of the Greek mind went for much in the development and spread of the Platonic opinions, can scarcely be doubted. In our days, the Germans (and, in a lower degree, the English) are of a melancholy and pensive complexion, and they are prone to an ideal speculative philosophy. The French, in their habits and science, their literature and their pleasures, are altogether positive; and nothing shows more clearly the power of fashion and of fanaticism than that such a people should have adopted, even for a moment, the opinions of Kant. The coolest heads, however, are not proof against the magnetism of example, and it is perfectly true, as Butler, Bishop of Durham, conjectured, that communities of men are at times seized with epidemic fits of monomania. Many causes have probably contributed to popularize, for a while, a revived Platonism among the rising generation of Frenchmen: space, however, is wanting to enlarge upon these. It is sufficient to notice the fact that, at the present moment, the schools and colleges of France resound with the crude technicalities of Kantian mysticism—that the adepts shut themselves up in dark chambers to commune with their soul, and, occupying themselves with the most generalized expressions for their multifarious acquired ideas and prejudices, imagine that they have discovered a new species of evidence, distinct from that of the senses; while one unhappy acolyte actually brought his action against his master, for not putting him (according to the terms of his agreement) in possession of the “*absolu*.” Against this influence of fashion, a stout body of the older school of

Baconians are making sturdy battle, and the recent labours of the Parisian physiologists furnish them with many startling facts to launch against the enemy. The war of opinion, thus commenced, is conducted with a vigour not unminged with acrimony, and among the other consequences of this exaltation is the ‘Life of Bacon’ now under the reader’s consideration. The Kantists, it appears, in the furtherance of their own sect, are publishing new editions and translations of the ideal philosophers; and the writings of Plato, Proclus, and of Descartes, are put forth, to add the weight of authority to the influence of argumentation. “A philosophical contest,” says Mons. de Vauzelles, “is going on; and, since the idealists have thus arranged themselves round their most illustrious masters, it is necessary that the philosophers of the senses should rally round the banners of their chiefs. Great names are not wanting on either side. The first among the moderns, in glory as in date, is Bacon;”<sup>2</sup> and accordingly the Life of Bacon is brought before the French public, to shame them out of their backslidings, and to revive an interest in the writings and opinions of him who has so long been the polestar of European philosophy. How far, as an engine of Propagandism, this attempt will be successful, it is hard to determine; but, on general principles, a happy augury cannot be drawn. Bacon is an author proverbially more quoted than read; and he is perhaps more read than understood. The leading conception of his philosophical works (it may almost be said of his existence,) was of so gigantic and universal an import, that the duration of an ordinary life would not have sufficed for its perfect development. Unfortunately for the individual, as well as for society, that life was principally wasted on pursuits of a very different character. Very little, therefore, of what Bacon planned, was carried into execution, and his most elaborate works are at once imperfect as a whole, and incomplete in themselves. There is consequently a considerable difficulty in following out his idea, and co-ordinating his sketches, which is highly unfavourable to his popularity. He wrote also in a pedantic age, and his style is not likely to be generally relished; while the remnants of the old philosophy, the prejudices of an education which even he could not wholly master, put him occasionally in contradiction with himself. Great and inestimable, then, as are his merits, stupendous as were his intellectual endowments, and splendid as was the revolution he effected, his works are not likely to seize on the imagination of the young Kantists, in love with the poetry of their own school, nor to bring into evidence the full value of his chaste and cold method of philosophizing. To captivate the fancy, and to control the judgment, the philosophy of Bacon should be presented in the fulness of its modern perfection, with all its brilliant trophies by its side, and with all the charms of lucid order and development which it has received from the later disciples of the great master.

This inherent defect in the choice of subject, we should fear, is not relieved by the manner in which the work is planned. The chronological order, observed by Mons. de Vauzelles, though by far the best for demonstrating the psychological phenomena of a

<sup>2</sup> Advertisement prefixed.

master mind, is not the happiest for giving a philosophical *précis* of an author’s writings. The life of a philosopher, also, is, or should be, wholly in his works; whereas, that of Bacon was a tissue of court intrigues—of political errors—and of social meannesses—of undeserved successes, and (let us hope) of unmerited disgraces. The active portion of his history is constantly interfering with the meditative and happier part; and, though necessary to be detailed in a work of biography, it is a distracting episode to a merely scientific reader. The theme of Bacon’s political career is an ungracious one; and few sound judging and right feeling readers will rise from the perusal, without an uneasy and dissatisfied sensation, little favourable to the polemic purposes of the present undertaking.

The reign of James, pregnant as it was with a glorious and spirit-stirring future, is, in itself, disgusting and odious to the English scholar. It is a gloomy epoch of crime and vice, unredeemed by solid virtues, and unrelieved by the lighter graces of social refinement, or the polite arts. As a public character, Bacon partakes largely in the peculiarities of his time; and, with all the magnificent endowments of his matchless mind, he is still as much a pedant, as overbearing in prosperity and as crouching in adversity, as his rival and cotemporary, the Chief Justice Coke. To foreigners, this must prove singularly wearisome, and, to *la jeunesse de France*, especially distasteful. The strenuous partizan of divine right will find no favour from the youthful republicans of Paris, and prosecuting and persecuting Attornies General are anything but in fashion among them. In this particular, a Life of Bacon is ill adapted to conciliate the parties to whom it is addressed: and Mons. de Vauzelles, in following the example of the English biographers, has unavoidably brought forward the statesman at the expense of the philosopher. Neither can we conscientiously affirm that the author has succeeded in supplying such a biography of Bacon as he justly states to be still wanting in English literature. This opinion is expressed with the more regret, because an English critic should feel grateful for any foreign attempt to do honour to the memory of the greatest of English philosophers. To popularize the labours of Bacon among Frenchmen, is to give an Englishman a better place on the *parc* of Paris, and a more dignified position in its *salons*: and, truly, something is necessary to efface the ridicule and the shame of English dandies and English sharpers. Still, the present work possesses much and various merit; and, while it will doubtless be received as a desirable addition to French literature, it may be read with interest on this side the water. The materials have been sought in a diligent perusal of the English, as well as foreign biographies; and, better still, the author has studied the works of Bacon, and especially his correspondence, in search of indications for illustrating doubtful facts and dates. Neither is it a small merit in Mons. de Vauzelles, that he has religiously abstained from national reflections, which might have been provoked by the too frequent sinning of English writers in the intemperance of their pseudo-patriotism. In this respect, he has written perfectly *sine studio et ira*; and, certainly, opportunity was not wanting in the evil times in which Bacon lived, for gratifying national

maliginity at the expense of our manners and institutions. The style, without being *à la pretention*, is clear and even; and there is a vein of strong sense running through the author's judgments of men and things. The memoir itself is preceded by four brief notices of the other remarkable members of the Bacon family; and it is followed by a chronological table of his works; a bibliographical notice of editions; the testimonials of various subsequent writers; Bacon's profession of religious faith (in probable refutation of the imputed tendency of his philosophy); his apology for his own conduct in the affair of Essex; and, lastly, by his will. The present publication will be succeeded by a translation of Bacon's selected works, if it be found to have obtained a sufficient circulation to warrant the attempt.

The works of Bacon form an essential portion of the philosophic library of all nations. He wrote for the world, and his works form too important a feature in the physiognomy of the human mind, not to render it desirable that they should be familiarized, by translation, wherever intellectual science is cultivated. That he, however, or any other philosopher, will cure mankind of that mixture of vanity and fear, that leads them to be discontented with the sphere of knowledge which Providence has placed within their grasp, is more than can rationally be expected. The infinite and the incomprehensible have infinite and incomprehensible charms for intellects of a certain cast; and it requires a rather considerable respect for the *animal bipes implume* to look forward to a solid reform of metaphysical and moral science. In that department, the greatest charlatans will probably continue, as they hitherto have done, to draw the greatest crowd of followers. Younger hearts, and lighter spirits, may indulge in brighter expectations; and, perhaps, it may be unwise to interfere with their illusions; but those who have lived longer must be satisfied that the human mind is only a sort of barrel-organ, set to a few definite tunes; and that, however widely knowledge has been spread of late years, and however great may be the improvements in physical science, "*le monde est*" (*et sera toujours*) "*grue autant que jamais*."

*The Hamiltons; or, the New Era.* By the Author of 'Mothers and Daughters.' 3 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

THIS, as its title indicates, is a fashionable novel, and of the very highest grade, all about ministers and exclusives, and those sort of people. At present, it is announced as 'The Hamiltons,' but we will pledge our prophetic sagacity, that in a few weeks more, it will be advertised as 'The New Era.' This double title trick will, in the long run, be an injury to the trade, for titles will be exhausted before the ingenuity of making fashionable novels is drawn dry. We have no fault to find with the paper—there is plenty of it, and very good it is; and we have no fault to find with the printing—on the contrary, we really admire the ingenuity of the printer, in contriving to spread the matter over three volumes; a cook who could manage to spread butter over bread in the same manner, would be an invaluable acquisition at a boarding school: in fact, these three volumes of nine hundred and thirty-five pages, contain less than one monthly part of the *Athenæum*!

Yet, after all, it may be pleasant to some readers to have so strong a sensation of progress in getting over the ground. There is certainly no danger in falling asleep in the perusal of a book so printed, for the manual labour of turning over the leaves is enough to keep one awake. Now for a word or two concerning the matter of the book itself. It bears the second title of 'The New Era,' because it delineates, or rather attempts to delineate, the operation of the Reform Bill, amongst the marvellously and superbly great, the extra-double-superfine exclusives. But politics are evidently not the author's forte. Here are delineations of Whigs and Tories, and here is also introduced a man of mighty mind, by name Bernard Forbes, a gentleman learned in the law, studious, and somewhat cynical, unfashionable enough to have his dwelling in Russell Square, and to be heedless how he ties his neckcloth. The great interest of the story is the fate of a very pretty and somewhat simple young lady, by name Susan Berkely; and in the management of her history the author's power is particularly evinced. Her character is true throughout, and so is that of her wiser sister Marcia, who becomes the wife of the learned and comprehensive-minded Bernard Forbes. But we cannot so cordially commend the management of the character of Lord Laxington, the Tory minister. The author, indeed, is more successful in the analysis of ladies' hearts than statesmen's heads. Premising that Susan's husband, the son of Lord Laxington, had fallen in a duel occasioned by his own profligacy, we will give an extract, the beauty of which must commend itself to every reader of taste and feeling:—

"Susan's cup of afflictions had, at length, received the one overbrimming drop, fated to complete its measure of bitterness. There was now no hope,—no motive for fortitude,—no encouragement for patience; and, as might have been anticipated, she resigned herself unresistingly to the influence of her anguish. But if anything could be more deserving commiseration than the frantic despair of the young widow, it was the dignified composure with which the heart-stricken Lord Laxington stood, face to face, with sorrow, and wrestled with his feelings, for her sake.

"To him, the blow was indeed an irreparable dispensation; and, during the trials of the two preceding days, old age appeared to have come upon him; and self-reproach to have scared his brow with furrows. The horrors he had witnessed,—the tortures and imprecations of his dying son,—the prospects of his own withered ambition, his heirless honours, his isolated existence, had scattered his grey hairs as with a storm. Yet still he bore up. He sought no repose,—betrayed no impatience, uttered no lamentations;—but took his station beside Susan, listening in silence to those thousand incoherent exclamations, which conveyed the most cutting reproaches to his heart. Unconscious of Lord Laxington's presence, the frantic mourner accused him as the author of all the errors—all the vices of his son, and upbraided him as the source of her own miseries.

"She fancied—(for what do not the afflicted fancy in their hour of repining?) that had she not been kept in ignorance of the condition of her husband, her aid might have effectually ministered to his recovery;—that he had not been treated with sufficient care;—that his sufferings might have been softened by her tenderness,—his dying agony soothed by her forgiveness. But to these ravings Lord Laxington forbore to reply; submitting patiently to her injustice,

rather than admit how unfit for a woman's presence had been the departing scene;—how fierce, how unresigned, the spirit of the dying man. He would not wound her feelings by describing those bodily pangs which must have inflicted an indelible impression on her tender nature; he would not drive her to despair by confessing that, callous to the last, Augustus had neither regarded the future with trembling, nor the past with penitence.

"In silence, too, he listened to Susan's lamentations that she had been denied the poor consolation of looking for the last time upon the features of the dead. Oppressed by harrowing recollections, it was not for him to depict the defeaturement of the face she loved,—the rapid progress of decay,—the victory of death over the frailty of mere mortality;—but secretly rejoicing that it was no longer possible for her to accomplish her desire of beholding the mangled remains of her husband, he at length consented that she should return on the following day to Spring Gardens, whither the body had been removed. He it was who, with tottering steps, supported her into the darkened chamber. He it was who cast himself on his knees beside her, as she knelt beside the coffin. He it was who exhorted her to the duty of resignation to the decrees of heaven;—even while himself was bowed down to the dust by the extremity of grief.

"And it was thus that, after months and months of sullen estrangement, she was doomed to be united to Augustus! That voice which had so often replied to him in chilling monosyllables, now cried aloud upon his name with a thousand epithets of endearment, and those arms, which had so recently repelled him, were now flung with frantic caresses around the coffin that covered his senseless remains. But there was no Augustus to reply,—no Augustus to rejoice in the renewal of her unavailing tenderness! The offender was gone for ever!

"So lately as he had stood in that very chamber, in the full vigour of health,—so lately as his accents had sounded in her ears,—so lately as his footstep had traversed the floor!—It seemed as if even yet, her intervention might avail to recall him to life;—to impede that fatal meeting;—to annul the past, and secure their future happiness. Recalled in vivid existence to her mind, the whole scene of their last interview was again before her. Oh! baffling, persecuting, distracting, retrospections of our early days of bereavement! How readily do ye suggest remedies for the irremediable! how cruelly perplex us with profitless axioms of experience, vouchsafed only when the lesson has ceased to be available! Bending over the newly dead, we live again their last moments,—their last days;—and, at length wise,—at length enlightened, fancy ourselves administering anew to their assistance, and believe we can yet withhold them from the grave!—Alas! one touch of the clammy forehead,—one glance at the fearful paraphernalia of death,—dispels the brief illusion;—and the anguish of separation is renewed, again and again.

"From reveries such as these, nothing appeared to rouse the mind of poor Susan; nor could any persuasions induce her to quit the chamber of death. Mrs. Tottenham came,—(appalled, if not tenderly affected, by the sad end of her only brother), to suggest 'custom' as a law for the instant removal of the father and widow to Mayfield; where propriety required them to remain together, till the last mournful ceremonies had taken place. The Forbeses, too, apprized of the dread event, hastened from Northamptonshire,—(from the dying bed of the disgraced and broken-hearted mother of Mrs. Cadogan,)—with the view of withdrawing Susan from the afflicting scene in Spring Gardens, and persuading her to become thenceforward their



inmate. But all that Bernard's eloquence could urge, was urged in vain;—all that Marcia's tenderness could suggest, was suggested to thankless ears. Even in Lord Laxington's presence, they did not scruple to represent to Mrs. Hamilton that, after what had occurred, the protection of her own family was indispensable, and a home among the friends of her childhood, the only home that remained for her.

"Do not let them torment me thus," was her reply, throwing herself for security into the arms of the grief-stricken father of Augustus.—"Do not let them say I am without a friend—without a home! Tell them that you are my friend—that your roof will shelter me;—that you will suffer me to be unto you as a daughter. He was your only son,—I, his faithful wife; and, whatever disunion had chanced between us, he would have learned to love me again:—yes! I am sure Augustus would have one day learned to love me again. My patience would have won him back to me;—and we should all have been once more happy!"

"You *deserved* to be happy, my poor child; no one could better deserve to be happy!" murmured Lord Laxington, tenderly embracing her, and no longer repressing his tears.

"He calls me his child!" cried Susan, turning wildly towards her sister. "You hear him! He does not abandon me;—my husband's father will not turn me out to mourn among strangers!"

"Abandon you!" exclaimed the unhappy old man: "when I do, may my God abandon me."—"You are all that is left for my consolation. But I am a fallen man, Susan—can you resign yourself to share my broken fortunes?"

"Let me but dwell under your roof," she replied,—"let me live among those who claimed kindred with him—let me mourn with them—let me intercede with them to Heaven for his pardon and happiness, and I shall be content. Do not drive me from you," she continued, seizing the hands of Lord Laxington, as if apprehensive that the arguments of Forbes might induce him to relinquish his intentions in her favour,—"I will be no trouble to you,—I will obey all your commands,—forefeit all your wishes—so you will only permit me to fulfil the duties of a daughter towards the father of the husband of my youth!" And thus, invoking him with the tender expostulation of Ruth the Moabitess, Susan clung to her ruined father-in-law. It was beside the bier of Augustus that Lord Laxington uttered a grateful benediction upon her head; and that the widow, kneeling before Heaven, pronounced a solemn engagement that whither he went she would follow;—that his people should be her people;—and that nought but death should part them for evermore.

"Marcia saw that it was in vain to contend against the force of such devotedness."

One who can write thus, ought to be above filling books with fashionable gabble, and caricaturing humanity by an exhibition of the fopperies of exclusiveness. There is no denying that the book is well done, but a great deal had been done before, and a great deal was not worth doing at all.

*On the Connexion of the Physical Sciences.*  
By Mrs. Somerville. London: Murray.

"ALL philosophy," says Fontenelle, with his usual quaintness, "is founded on these two things, that we have abundance of curiosity, and very bad eyes." We should bestow just praise on the blind man, who, by accurately observing the changes in the temperature of bodies, discovered that for a definite number of hours the earth was exposed to the action of some heating body, whose influence was again for a definite number of hours

suspended; and who also learned by observation that there was a variation in the amount of heat given by that body, during the time that the earth was exposed to its action; in other words, who had learned to measure the day and the year. What amount of knowledge could have been acquired by successive generations of blind men, it is impossible to determine; but, if observations were carefully made and accurately recorded, it would certainly be infinitely greater than we could at the first have supposed. If we view man as he is at present, "child of the worm and brother of the clay," his senses so imperfect, that, at every moment he strikes against the limits which they cannot pass, his little of life "rounded with a sleep," and then cast a glance over the mighty triumphs of human intelligence, we are ready to exclaim in rapture, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties!" We find him chained down in body by time and space, but in mind anticipating events as remote in futurity, as the origin of the universe is in the past, predicting at what period the comet, on which nations now gaze with wonder, shall return from its course, through space which the imagination cannot conceive, but which the reasoning powers can measure, to excite fresh astonishment. While he thus determines the laws of the infinitely great, we see him also master of the infinitely small, discovering, classifying, and describing the myriads of living creatures to be found in a single drop of water.

We are naturally led into this train of thought by the perusal of Mrs. Somerville's delightful volume,—with the exception of Sir John Herschel's treatises, the most valuable and the most pleasing work of science that has been published within the century. While, with the accuracy of profound knowledge, she explains the laws that regulate the material world, she lays aside all the pedantry of science. Her book is at the same time a fit companion for the philosopher in his study, and for the literary lady in her boudoir; both may read it with pleasure, both consult it with profit.

The importance of observing and keeping steadily in view the connexion between the physical sciences, may best be illustrated by comparing the ancient and modern systems of astronomy; for it was the study of terrestrial mechanics that led to the discovery of the mechanism of the universe. And the reason why the ancient theories of astronomy were so fanciful and absurd, is, that ancient philosophers went to investigate what was distant before they made themselves acquainted with what is near, and tried to know the heavens while utterly ignorant of the earth. To show the hazard of investigating one science independently of another, we shall quote the words of Mrs. Somerville:—

"The theory of dynamics, founded upon terrestrial phenomena, is indispensable for acquiring a knowledge of the revolutions of the celestial bodies and their reciprocal influences. The motions of the satellites are affected by the forms of their primaries, and the figures of the planets themselves depend upon their rotations. The symmetry of their internal structure proves the stability of these rotatory motions, and the immutability of the length of the day, which furnishes an invariable standard of time; and the actual size of the terrestrial spheroid affords the means of ascertaining the dimensions of the solar system, and provides an invariable found-

ation for a system of weights and measures. The mutual attraction of the celestial bodies disturbs the fluids at their surfaces, whence the theory of the tides and the oscillations of the atmosphere. The density and elasticity of the air, varying with every alternation of temperature, lead to the consideration of barometrical changes, the measurement of heights, and capillary attraction; and the doctrine of sound, including the theory of music, is to be referred to the small undulations of the aerial medium. A knowledge of the action of matter upon light is requisite for tracing the curved path of its rays through the atmosphere, by which the true places of distant objects are determined, whether in the heavens or on the earth. By this we learn the nature and properties of the sunbeam, the mode of its propagation through the ethereal fluid, or in the interior of material bodies, and the origin of colour. By the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, the velocity of light is ascertained, and that velocity, in the aberration of the fixed stars, furnishes the only direct proof of the real motion of the earth. The effects of the invisible rays of light are immediately connected with chemical action; and heat, forming a part of the solar ray, so essential to animated and inanimated existence, whether considered as invisible light or as a distinct quality, is too important an agent in the economy of creation not to hold a principal place in the order of physical science. Whence follows its distribution over the surface of the globe, its power on the geological convulsions of our planet, its influence on the atmosphere and on climate, and its effects on vegetable and animal life, evinced in the localities of organized beings on the earth, in the waters, and in the air. The connexion of heat with electrical phenomena, and the electricity of the atmosphere, together with all its energetic effects, its identity with magnetism and the phenomena of terrestrial polarity, can only be understood from the theories of these invisible agents, and are probably principal causes of chemical affinities. Innumerable instances might be given in illustration of the immediate connexion of the physical sciences, most of which are united still more closely by the common bond of analysis which is daily extending its empire, and will ultimately embrace almost every subject in nature in its formulae."

In her first page, Mrs. Somerville defines Induction to be "the intuitive belief that like causes will produce like effects." Now induction is clearly not the belief but the act of observing that like causes have always done so. From this observation, belief that they will always do so is an inference; but, so far is it from being intuitive, that the contrary belief is in many instances notoriously entertained. Were this act intuitive, superstition would never have existed; for superstition may be safely defined as "a habit of believing that like causes do not invariably produce like effects, and have not always done so." If such a belief as Mrs. Somerville supposes were intuitive, all nations would have it equally, which we know is not the case.

This may be deemed verbal criticism: there are, however, two or three points of more importance, in which we deem it right to state our dissent from the views taken by Mrs. Somerville. She says:—

"All the variations of the solar system, secular as well as periodic, are expressed analytically by the sines and cosines of circular arcs which increase with the time; and, as a sine or cosine can never exceed the radius, but must oscillate between zero and unity, however much the time may increase, it follows that when the variations have, by slow changes, accumu-

lated, in however long a time, to a maximum, they decrease, by the same slow degrees, till they arrive at their smallest value, and again begin a new course, thus for ever oscillating about a mean value. This, however, would not be the case if the planets moved in a resisting medium, for then both the eccentricity and the major axes of the orbits would vary with the time, so that the stability of the system would be ultimately destroyed. The existence of such a fluid is now clearly proved: and although it is so extremely rare that hitherto its effects on the motions of the planets have been altogether insensible, there can be no doubt that, in the immensity of time, it will modify the forms of the planetary orbits, and may at last even cause the destruction of our system, which in itself contains no principle of decay."

This would be perfectly correct, provided that the law of force be exactly that which Newton has laid down; but his law rests on the assumption that space is free: it is clear, therefore, that another law of force may retain the planets in their orbit, if there be a resisting medium; although analysis in its present state may be incapable of determining the law of force, or at least discovering a modification for Newton's, when a resisting medium is one of the data.

Again, she says—

"As great discoveries generally lead to a variety of conclusions, the aberration of light affords a direct proof of the motion of the earth in its orbit; and its rotation is proved by the theory of falling bodies, since the centrifugal force it induces retards the oscillations of the pendulum in going from the pole to the equator. Thus a high degree of scientific knowledge has been requisite to dispel the errors of the senses."

Now, to us it appears that to say the aberration of light affords a *direct proof* of the earth's motion in its orbit, is to argue in a vicious circle. To explain aberration, we take for granted that light moves with a certain velocity. This fact we ascertain from the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, arguing on the assumption that the earth moves in its orbit. All that could be justly said is, that the phenomena of aberration strengthen the inductive argument; but there is no such thing as direct proof in physics, perhaps not even in mathematics.

Mrs. Somerville eloquently describes the extensive views opened to us by astronomy, in the following passage, to which, as our objection may seem captious, we reserve it until we have made the quotation:—

"Far as the earth seems to be from the sun, it is near to him when compared with Uranus; that planet is no less than 1843000000 of miles from the luminary that warms and enlivens the world; situate on the verge of the system, the sun must appear to it not much larger than Venus does to us. The earth cannot even be visible as a telescopic object to a body so remote: yet man, the inhabitant of the earth, soars beyond the vast dimensions of the system to which his planet belongs, and assumes the diameter of its orbit as the base of a triangle, whose apex extends to the stars."

"Sublime as the idea is, this assumption proves ineffectual, for the apparent places of the fixed stars are not sensibly changed by the earth's annual revolution; and with the aid derived from the refinements of modern astronomy, and of the most perfect of instruments, it is still a matter of doubt whether a sensible parallax has been detected even in the nearest of these remote suns. If a fixed star had the parallax of one second, its distance from the sun would be 20500000000000 of miles. At

such a distance not only the terrestrial orbit shrinks to a point, but the whole solar system seen in the focus of the most powerful telescope, might be covered by the thickness of a spider's thread. Light flying at the rate of 200000 miles in a second, would take three years and seven days to travel over that space; one of the nearest stars may therefore have been kindled or extinguished more than three years before we could have been aware of so mighty an event. But this distance must be small when compared with that of the most remote of the bodies which are visible in the heavens. The fixed stars are undoubtedly luminous like the sun; it is therefore probable that they are not nearer to one another than the sun is to the nearest of them. In the milky way and the other starry nebulae, some of the stars that seem to us to be close to others, may be far behind them in the boundless depth of space; nay, be rationally supposed to be situate many thousand times farther off; light would therefore require thousands of years to come to the earth from those myriads of suns, of which our own is but 'the dim and remote companion.'"

The difficulty of conceiving such a vast expanse of space as is described in this sublime passage, has been here unnecessarily increased by expressing the distances in miles, for the array of figures is too great to give a definite idea. The conception might have been facilitated if such distances were always expressed in diameters of the earth, or of the earth's orbit.

We regard the sections on Sound as the best in the book; but there is one passage in which we doubt the correctness of the reasoning. It is the explanation given of Dr. Young's celebrated experiment of the tuning fork, which Mrs. S. regards as an exception to the law that "sound diverges in all directions." She says—

"When a tuning-fork vibrates, its two branches alternately recede from and approach one another; each communicates its vibrations to the air, and a musical note is the consequence. If the fork be held upright, about a foot from the ear, and turned round its axis while vibrating, at every quarter revolution the sound will scarcely be heard, while at the intermediate points it will be strong and clear. This phenomenon is occasioned by the air rushing between the two branches of the fork when they recede from one another, and being squeezed out when they approach, so that it is in one state of motion in the direction in which the fork vibrates, and in another at right angles to it."

In our opinion the phenomenon is a simple case of the general law of interference. Whenever the distance of one branch from the ear becomes less or greater than that of the other by half an undulation, their sounds will destroy each other. This will take place four times in a revolution, but not necessarily at equal intervals. The explanation given by Mrs. Somerville is not in accordance with the principles that regulate the production of sound, and, besides, would only occasion two variations in each revolution, instead of four.

The minuteness of these few objections is a proof of the high sense we entertain of the merits of this volume, whose publication we regard as an honour to our age and country. It would be useless to multiply quotations from a work that will soon be in everybody's hands, but we may refer our readers to the sections on Galvanism, Electricity, and Magnetism, for an entertaining as well as a correct summary of the most recent achievements in the field of experimental science.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Wonders of Chaos and the Creation exemplified*; a Poem, in eight cantos. Part I., Cantos I. and II.—A poem on Chaos and Creation! Certainly the bards of these our latter days are sufficiently daring: they sing of all manner of sublime things. Many of the mysterious matters of heaven as well as earth, have been attempted in prose and rhyme; and angels dark or bright have been talked of as familiarly

As maids of fifteen do of puppy dogs.

It is true that such strains have not always past without remonstrance. Of Father Blackmore it was asserted, that he

Undid Creation at a jerk,  
And of Redemption made d—d work.

Even we have not been silent; Milton alone, in our estimation, has handled a scriptural subject with ease and success.

The author before us will be reckoned presumptuous by some, in choosing a subject too sublime almost for human handling; and others, who regard his musings with milder eyes, and perceive poetic power in his verse, may be disposed to question his positions and speculations. For our own part, we are sorry that the whole of the poem is not before us; we look upon these commencing cantos as the foundation of a structure which the art of the architect has yet to raise, and which we hope will prove as magnificent as the site chosen is noble. When the fabric is finished, we shall speak of the unity of its parts and the elegance of its detail, and discuss freely the merits of the bold artist. The first canto commences in these words:—

Oh thou Eternal Being! whom as yet,  
No mortal eye within its feeble range  
Hath scanned,—thou triple form of mystery!  
Thou—who didst summon in thy balances  
To immortality the countless host,  
Which round thy everlasting throne compass'd  
To shout thy praises with melodious song,  
For long unnumbered ages ere this world  
Another glory added to thy name:—  
Thou,—who thyself no origin hast known,  
But from eternity wast Lord of all,  
And Lord of all shall evermore remain:—  
Thou,—who when the archangel Lucifer,  
In Heaven's before his fall the next to Thee,  
Revolled in his pride, and from him cast  
Allegiance in thy Almighty will,  
Didst hurl him, howling, headlong into hell;  
Thence with his rebel band in agony,  
To float upon a foaming flood of flames,  
The overflowings of the kindled wrath:—  
Do thou great God, with inspiration fill  
My soul immortal, that my mortal brain  
May wander not, but guide this trembling hand  
To trace the wonders of Creation's work,  
And humbly strike the chords of David's lyre.

'*Octavius, a Tragic Drama*, by Henry Bullock.'—The author makes so many bows to the public in his preface, and so many apologies for his play, that we almost felt inclined to say, "Don't mention it," and shut the book. He first apologizes for its being the *production of leisure moments*—next for its being *entirely original*, (neither of them necessarily objections, we should think,)—and thirdly for his own deficiency in the command of language, and of experience in the ways of men. The preface concludes thus—"Having nothing more to say, he leaves it to the *mercy* of the world; without which, he feels convinced, it will perish." After this, we must give the author credit for modesty at least, and, as a reward, we would fain praise his play, but really we dare not. There are some respectable lines in it certainly, but the plot is bad, and the treatment of it worse. There is one stage direction towards the end, when murders and suicides begin to come thickly upon us, which almost rivals the "*Thou dost thyself, and falls senseless*" of the learned author of '*The Usurer*,' whose play we immortalized, and whose vanity we mortified past cure, a few weeks since. The Queen, who has stabbed her husband, is discovered in full Court, kneeling by the side of her handy-work; and after a long lament over the body, we come to

this direction "Exit, with the King in her arms." Now this might produce a sensation in the audience, and a powerful one, we admit, though it may be doubted whether it would be a beneficial one for the author; at all events, great care must be taken in the casting of the characters—if Miss Ellen Tree, for instance, were to play the heroine, we should say that some very slight actor must enact the dead King, or she would never be able to pick him up, and walk away with him.

*Guidone, a Dramatic Poem.*—So clever as a "Poem" that we have only to regret its not being more dramatic than it is. Such writing is wanted on the stage. A few lines of extract will prove the truth of our assertion. *Camille* is lamenting that his love for *Florinda* has brought nothing but misery upon her:—

Oh God!  
What manner world is this, where love performs  
The offices of hate! Fondly it clasps,  
And,—like the simple flower that wraps its leaves  
Tenderly round the sleeping fly, but hath  
No power thereafter to release its guest,—  
Its soft embrace brings agony and death.

O Heaven! thou gavest indeed this love to man,  
But pitched the babe upon the upright spears  
Of thousand hostile accidents.

Again:—  
Enter GUIDONE (*the tempest increasing.*)  
Let the storm on—it broke no calm in me,  
Nor to my mind brings added turbulence;  
Rather it stills tumultuous thought within,  
To watch this uproar of the elements;  
The rushing wind, and the loud hissing rain,  
And lightning pale, that scrawls with hurried hand  
Huge hieroglyphics on the arched of night,  
Hailing the dazled vision of the seer,  
Who fain would read that writing on the wall.

'*The Works of Robert Burns, Vol. III.*—The present volume contains many original poems, and some of considerable interest and merit, but we have only room this week for the following, written in 1788, and addressed to one of the Poet's early and steadfast friends:—

*Epistle to Hugh Parker.*

In this strange land, this uncouth clime,  
A land unknown to prose or rhyme;  
Where words ne'er cross the muse's heekles  
Nor limpet in poetic shackles;  
A land that prae did never view it,  
Except when drunk he stanch't thro' it;  
Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,  
Hid in an atmosphere of reek,  
I hear a wheel thrum (' the snail,  
I hear it—for in vain I seek.—  
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,  
Kebuked by a fog infernal:  
Here, for my woe'd rhyming raptures,  
I sit and count my sins by chapters;  
For life and spunk like ither Christians,  
I'm dwindled down to mere existence,  
Wi' nae converse but Galloway bodies,  
Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes. †  
Jenny, my Pegasus pride!  
Dowie she saunters down Nithside,  
And ay a weestlin leek she throws,  
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!  
Was it for this, wi' canny care,  
Thou bure the Bard through many a shair?  
At hoves or hillocks never stumbled,  
And late or early never grumbled—  
O, had I power like inclination,  
I'd heene thee up a constriation,  
To canter with the Nagtarro,  
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar;  
Or turn the pole like any arrow;  
Or, when auld Phebus bids good-morrow,  
Down the zodiac urge the race,  
And cast dirt on his godship's face;  
For I could lay my bread and hail  
He'd ne'er cast aught upo' thy tail.—  
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief,  
And sma' sma' prospect of relief,  
And aught but peat reek i' my head,  
How can I write what you can read?—  
Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,  
Ye'll find me in a better tune;  
But till we meet and weet our whistle,  
Tak this excuse for uns epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

'*An Account of the Caves of Ballyburian, with some Mineralogical Details,* by William Ainsworth.'—If Mr. Ainsworth knows nothing else of geology, he undoubtedly knows every long name

† His Mare.

within the compass of its jaw-breaking terminology; and he seems to make it a point of conscience, never to use an easy word when he can find a hard one. This we consider, in general, as the sign of a weak mind, and we beg to supply Mr. Ainsworth with the following motto from Raspail, on which he will do well to reflect: 'La science ne marche que par la nouveauté des faits; la nouveauté des mots ou la rend stationnaire, ou bien la fait rétrograder.'

'*Dictionnaire des Termes usités dans les Sciences Naturelles*—(Dictionary of the Terms used in the Natural Sciences,)—par A. J. L. Jourdan.'—The natural sciences, particularly natural history, have made such rapid strides within the last thirty years, afforded such extensive field for research, and supplied matter for such numerous experiments, that, with the accumulation of facts, terms have also multiplied, until some easy mode of arriving at their meaning has become absolutely necessary. This task has been undertaken by the indefatigable M. Jourdan, than whom no one could be more fitted for it by habits, erudition, and unwearied industry. The result has been the two excellent volumes before us, which enable us, at a glance, to obtain a brief, but lucid definition of any term in anatomy, natural history, physiology, astronomy, botany, chemistry, physical geography, geology, mineralogy, physics, and zoology, together with its derivation and synonyms in English, French, Italian, German, and Latin. This will be understood from a single example, and we shall take the word *Voice*, almost the first that presents itself, slightly abridging some parts of the explanation:—

"*Voir, a. f. voir, voir; Stimme (Germ.), voice (Angl.), voce (Ital).* The appreciable sound which the air, driven from the lungs, produces in traversing the glottis. The sum of all the sounds which a man or animal can emit from its larynx, in speaking, singing, or crying. We may distinguish the *brute voice* or *cry*, the *articulate voice* or *pronunciation*, *language*, and *modulated voice* or *song*. The first serves to express lively and sudden sensations, principally joy and grief. The second may be merely the result of imitation, as in the parrot, the pie, the jay, the blackbird. *Language* supposes a well-developed intelligence, only to be met with in man. *Modulated voice* and *articulate voice* are frequently, but not necessarily, combined. *Modulated voice* serves to depict the passions, and different states of the mind. The voice varies infinitely amongst animals, whence has arisen the necessity of bestowing on its different modifications particular names. Thus—First, in the class *Mammalia*, the dog is said to *bay*, to *bark*, to *yelp*, to *howl*, to *give tongue*; the bull to *bellow*; the ass to *bray*; the hog to *grunt*; the horse to *neigh*; the cat to *meow*; the lion to *roar*; the newly-born infant to *weil*: Secondly, in the class *Birds*, the hen is said to *clack*; the cock to *crow*; the goose to *cackle*; the turkey to *gobble*; the raven to *craak*; the pigeon to *coo*; the blackbird to *whistle*, &c.: and, Thirdly, in the class *Reptiles*, the frog is said to *crauk*; the serpent to *hiss*. The cries of many of the tortoise, lizard, and frog tribes have received no name. No fish has a voice, though some of them make a sort of grumbling when caught. The pretended *humming* and *buzzing* of insects has no claim to be considered as a voice, arising as it does from causes purely mechanical, such as the rubbing of the head on the corslet (ex. *Criocère*), of the corslet on the elytra (ex. *Capricorne*), of the abdomen on the elytra (ex. *Trax*), of different parts the one against the other (ex. *Cigale*, *Grillon*), or finally, it may arise from causes not yet ascertained (ex. *Conium*)."

This will afford a fair idea of the work, which is a perfect model of laborious and well-directed research.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### HERM AND JETHOU.

HERM AND JETHOU!! Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred will say, "I never heard of them: what are they? places, or people, or what?" Let it be my task to tell what they are. If the Right Honourable Secretary for the Home Department were asked to name "the Channel Islands," he would certainly say, "Jersey, Guernsey, and Alderney," possibly he might add "Sark"; for Sark is named in the orders of Council affecting the Channel Islands: but Herm and Jethou, he certainly would not name. The reader will therefore have gathered by this time, that Herm and Jethou are the two smallest of the Channel Islands. Let us spend a summer's day together at Herm and Jethou.

Standing on the pier of Peter's Port, Guernsey, one sees Herm and Jethou opposite, and distant about three miles. I had missed the packet to Jersey, having run down from the hotel, in Guernsey, just in time to see her stern disappear round the rocky islet on which stands Castle Cornet; and finding myself thrown adrift for the day, cast a longing eye at the little isles across the calm morning sea, spotted with fishing boats, and reflecting in its depths, the twenty or thirty French Chasse Mardes, which lay at anchor in the roads. Boats and boatmen are not difficult to be found at Guernsey; and in five minutes, I was pushing off from the Pier, and making for Herm and Jethou.

Guernsey is seen to greatest advantage from the sea; for the shore being precipitous, and the town of Peter's Port being built on the slope, the effect is striking; backed too and flanked as it is, by the towers of Elizabeth College, and by the handsome country seats of the Guernsey aristocracy. An hour's agreeable rowing, brought me close to Jethou, the appearance of which is more and more picturesque, the nearer it is approached; and, desiring the boatmen to wait, I contrived to leap upon the little pier of rough stones, and commenced the circuit of Jethou. There is one gentleman's house on Jethou, and towards this, I made in the first place; but he was from home; he was out among the rocks a-shrimping, a very favourite amusement with the inhabitants of all these islands; and therefore I was forced to ramble without a Cicerone.

I found Jethou one large rabbit warren. Their numbers almost equalled what we read of the penguins, on some of the South Sea Islands. Never saw I such a multitude of wild things before; I could have knocked them on the head by dozens, and unless "the preventive check" be applied, or colonization be resorted to, I know not what is to become of these legions. Nearly on the summit of the island, I found myself in a small orchard, which, as I was afterwards told, produces most excellent cider. On descending to the beach, I met Mr. L.—returning from his sport; they were prawns, he had filled his basket with, not shrimps—half a stone weight I should imagine. I asked him what he meant to do with them. "Make a pie," said he; but he did not invite me to stay and take a bit. Mr. L.—never leaves the island, unless to paddle himself across to Herm; and is, as may easily be credited, not fond of company.

I found my boatman shrimping also, in the neighbourhood of his boat, and in ten minutes we had crossed the narrow deep channel—that separates Jethou from Herm, and landed.

Herm is much larger than Jethou; it is about four miles in circumference; and contains nearly twelve hundred acres of cultivated land; much more is susceptible of improvement, and might easily be redeemed from the empire of furze, and wild mint, which grows everywhere in the greatest abundance. There are excellent



sheep-walks too, but, most unaccountably, no sheep. There are about a score of persons resident in Herm; the lessee, and his agricultural labourers, one of whom keeps a little inn, for the benefit of the shrimpers who come over from Guernsey.

But Herm possesses one peculiar distinction, an attraction which, during the summer, is the frequent cause of pic-nic parties from Guernsey, its shell beach. I have been told by competent judges, that the little island of Herm is richer in shells, than all the shores of all the rest of the British islands; and that the shells found there, may be considered miniatures of the shells found in most other parts of the world. The divisions of the order *testacea* in this little island, extend to upwards of forty genera, embracing upwards of two hundred varieties; and in sponges, corals and corallines, Herm is as rich as in shells.

The shell beach of Herm, which extends from half a mile to three quarters of a mile, is one mass of shells, unintermixed with either pebbles or sand. Dig with your arm deep as you may, there is still nothing but shells,—minute perfect shells, and fragments of larger shells. The minute shells are extremely pretty, and may be gathered in millions; and although I am myself no conchologist, and might probably commit so great a heresy as to estimate the value of shells by their beauty, I spent a long summer's noon much to my mind in Herm, wandering on the shell beach; lying upon it; digging my hands an arm's length down, and sifting, and examining, and pocketing.

As I returned along the rocks, I observed that several boats with shrimpers had arrived from Guernsey. This amusement is in fact a passion, and is indulged by persons of all ranks; and so various are tastes, in the matter of recreation, that I have seen individuals, who found quite as much pleasure in wading knee deep for half a day among the rocks, to make capture of some handfuls of shrimps, as has ever been afforded to others, in the pursuit of the deer or the fox.

It was almost sunset when I had finished my rasher and egg in the little inn; and dusk was beginning to settle over the sea when I entered the harbour of Guernsey.

#### LETTERS OF CREDENCE AND INSTRUCTIONS GIVEN TO SIR THOMAS BUTTON.

[We published, a short time since, (January 4.) an interesting letter, (discovered by Mr. Lemon, in the State Paper Office,) from Sir Thomas Button, relating to the practicability of a North west passage. We are now enabled, through the courtesy of a gentleman who has a rich collection of such treasures, to publish copies of the Letters of Credence given by King James the First to Button, when starting on his expedition in 1612, and the instructions delivered to him by Henry Prince of Wales. Both documents are beautifully written on vellum; the former is richly embellished, the latter has the seal and signature of the Prince affixed, and is, as will be seen, extremely minute and curious in its directions.]

James by the Grace of the Most High God Creator and only Guider of the Universal World, King of Great Brittain France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c.

Right high, Right excellent and Right Mightie Prince, divers of our subjects delighting in navigation and finding out of unknowne countries and peoples, having heard of the fame of you and of your people have made a voyage thither of purpose to see your countries and with your people to exercise exchange of marchandise, bringing to you such things as our Realmes doe yeeld, and to receive from you such as y<sup>e</sup> afford and may bee of use for them. A matter agreeable to the nature of humane societie to have commerce and intercourse each with other. And because if they shalbe so happie as to arrive in y<sup>e</sup> Dominions that you may understand that they are not persons of ill condition or disposi-

tion but such as goe upon just and honest grounds of trade, Wee have thought good to recomende them and their Captain *Thomas Button* to your favor and protection desiring you to graunt them while they shalbe in y<sup>e</sup> country not only favor and protection but also such kindness and entertainment as may encourage them to continue their travailes and be the beginning of further amitie between you and us. And we shalbe ready to requite it with the like goodwill towards any of y<sup>e</sup> that shall have cause or desire to visite our Countries. Given under of Signet at o<sup>r</sup> Pallace of Westminster the twelveth day of April in the yeare of o<sup>r</sup> Lord God 1612

JAMES R.

Certaine orders and instructions set downe by the most noble Prince Henry Prince of Wales &c. This 1 of April 1612 under his Highnes Signature and signe manuell and delivered unto his servant Captaine Thomas Button Generall of the Company now imployed about y<sup>e</sup> full and perfect discovery of the Northwest passage, for the better government as well of the Shippes committed to his charge as of the persons in them imployed upon all occasions whatsoever

HENRY P.

First therefore

1. That it maie please Almightye God to preserve you and your charge from danger, and if it shull seeme good unto his wisdom to give a blessing of successe unto this hopeful and important enterprise, Let there be a religious care daily throughout your Shippes to offer unto his divine Ma<sup>ty</sup> the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving for his fatherlie goodnes and protection. Especiallie provide that the blessed daies w<sup>ch</sup> he hath sanctified unto his service be christianlike observed with godlie meditations.

2. Let noe quarrelling or prophane speeches, noe swearing or blaspheming of his holie name, noe drunkennes or lewde behaviour passe unpunished, for feare of his more hevie indignation.

3. Let there be a peticular note taken of all suche as shall shewe themselves most willinglie obedient unto you, most diligent and industrious in their charges, most resolute and constant in the prosecution of this acc<sup>on</sup>, That therbie we being informed at your returne maie esteeme accordingly of their deservings.

4. Let there be faithfull and true registring everie daie all the memorable accidents of the voyage, and that by as many as shall be willing, especially by the most skilfull and discrete personnes, whome we would have once everie 10 or 12 daies to confer their notes for the better perfecting a Journall, w<sup>ch</sup> we shall expect at your returne.

5. More peticularlie when you shalbe clare of the Landsend, be carefull to have kept a true account of y<sup>e</sup> waye to *Groinland*, and from thence to the *Streights* mouth, and to observe in what Latitude it lieth, what face the coast beareth, what Sea setteth into it, and when you are within it, howe the coast doth trend, the continuance and course of the Ebbe and Fludd, what height it riseth, from whence it cometh, and with what *Moone*, what Current, Eddie, or Overfall you finde, what Islands or Rockes, and how bearing, and last of all your Soundings, w<sup>ch</sup> you must trie with good Store of suddome once at least everie fourth glasse, and oftener amongst broken landes, rockes, hole and white waters. Yet remembering that the waie is already beaten to *Diggs Island*, rather than loose tyme, we would have you hasten thither, and leave the perfect observation of these things to the *Pinnace* in your returne.

6. As often as occasion offers itself, especiallie when you shalbe forced to send on land, for we would not that you yourself should quit your Shippe, Let some skilfull man with good instrument observe the *Elevation*, the *Declination*, the *Variation* of the Compasse, and if you arrive tyme enough, the beginning and ending of the *Eclipse* that will happen on the 20th of *Maye*

next. Especiallie if you should winter, let there be careful and painefull watching to observe the instant of the conjunctions of anie of the planeta, or the distance of the *Moone* from any fixed Starre or Starres of Note. All w<sup>ch</sup> we would have entred into a Booke and presented met at your returne.

7. Let there be care by your order and direction for keeping of your Shippes in consort all your course, wherein we wishe you to make all the haste you can to the *Streights Mouth*, but we thinke your surest waie willbe to stand upp to *Iceland* and soe over to *Groinland* in the heighte of 61°, soe to fall downe with the currente to the most Southerlie cape of that lande lying in about 59°, called *Cape Farwell* w<sup>ch</sup> pointe as the Ice will give you leave you must double, and from thence or rather from some 20° or 30° to the Northward of it if you shall fall over *Davis* his *Streights* to the Western Maie in the height of 62 Degrees or thereabouts you shall finde *Hudson's Streights* w<sup>ch</sup> you maie knowe by the furious course of the Sea and Ice into it, and by certaine Islandes in the Northerne side thereof, as your Cards shewes.

8. Being in, we holde it best for you to keepe the Northerne side as most free from pester of Ice at least till you be past *Cape Henry*, from thence followe the leading Ice between *King James* or *Queen Annes* forclunder, the distance of which two Capes observe if you can, and what harbour or Rode is neir them, but yet make all the haist you maie to *Salisbury* his Island, betwene w<sup>ch</sup> and the Northern Continent you are like to meet a great and hollowe billowe from an openinge and flowing Sea from thence. Therefore remembering that your end is West we would have you stand over to the opposite maine in the Latitude of some 58 degrees, where riding at some headlande observe well the floods if it come in South West, then you maie be sure the passage is that waie, yf from the North or Northwest your course must be to stand upp into it, taking heed of following anie flood for feare of entering into *Baica*, *Inlets*, or *Sands*, which is but losse of time to noe purpose.

9. By the waie if your Shippes within the *Streights* should sever, we thinke *Diggs Island* for the good Rode and plentie of refreshing that is the there, will be your fittest *Rande-vous*. And if it should fall out that the Winter growe upon you before your finding a thoroughfare into the South Sea, we thinke your safest waie willbe to seek Southwards for some place to winter in, for we assure ourselfe by Gods grace you will not returne without either the good newes of a passage or sufficient assurance of an impossibility.

10. You must be careful to prevent all mutynie amongst y<sup>e</sup> people, and to preserve them as much as maie be from the treacherie and villanie of the *Salvages*. Where ever you arrive have therefore as little to doe with them as maie be, only if the *Streights* itself afford noe sufficient strength, youd shalbe happy in finding out some convenient porte on the back of *America* or some Island in the South Sea for a haven and stacon for our Shippes and Marchandises hereafter, but yet spend as litle tyme as maie be in this or anie other searche, saving of the passage till you have dispatched the *Pinnace* w<sup>ch</sup> advertisement of your entry into the South Sea, w<sup>ch</sup> must be done as soon as you shalbe thereof assured.

11. Last of all see that you and all under your charge, doe faithfullie observe and followe all such further directions and instructions as shalbe given by the *Adventurers*. And to the end it may appeare what care we have of this action, and howe acceptable everie mannes good endeavour and service therein willbe to Us, Let this be peticularlie read once everie moneth if it can be to your whole companie.

: Sic in orig.

## ON THE EDUCATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

MUCH has been written on the general subject of education; the instruction of the poor has engaged the attention of the most enlightened men of every party, and their labours have conferred incalculable advantages on the community. In its highest and lowest schools, England may challenge competition with any nation in the universe; but, in the intermediate class, in making provision for the instruction of those, too proud to avail themselves of charity, and too poor to bear the expenses of a truly good school, England is far behind Germany, France, and the Northern States of America. If, however, it can be shown, that England possesses the materials for forming a system, at least as efficient as those established in other countries, and that the combination of these elements would injure nobody, and would require little labour and less expense, it is not unreasonable to request that a plan for the accomplishment of such an object should receive an impartial hearing, and a candid examination.

Born myself in the middle ranks of life, and by no means in a high grade, I know by experience what are the wants and what the desires of that influential class; having spent seven years of my life as an assistant in a public school, and two as a private tutor in a university, I have some practical knowledge of the business of education. In the subject I feel a deep interest; a combination of favourable circumstances enabled me to procure advantages in education which it was not in the power of my parents to bestow; many possessing merits infinitely superior to mine, have found, and still find, the gates of knowledge closed against them; my heart's desire is to insure them the opportunities which chance afforded me. With this design I have resolved to state, boldly and fairly, the defects in the present system of education—to suggest such remedies as reflection convinces me would be found efficient—and to point out the means by which parents of moderate fortunes might procure for their children all the instruction necessary or advantageous in their respective situations. As some of the details would require legislative sanction, I wish to premise that I have nothing to do with politics; I have to propose additions, and not changes; if proved to be beneficial, I deem them as likely to be adopted by one set of men as another.

The first and most obvious difficulty a parent has to encounter, is the choice of a school. By a wise provision of our legislature, no man dare compound drugs who has not proved his competency by undergoing an examination; the baker is punishable if he sells bad bread, and the grocer if he adulterates our luxuries; but, competency to undertake the important task of education is subjected to no test; and injury done to the youthful mind is injury for which English law provides no redress. It was once, we believe, the custom, that a person about to establish a school obtained a licence from the bishop of the diocese; at the time the custom was established, no better authority could be found; now, unfortunately, the diocesan would be liable to suspicions which would render the exercise of his discretion hazardous. But, assuredly, it would be easy to establish a board of examiners in every county, before which, every person proposing to set up a school, should appear and prove his competency in the branches he professed to teach; the exhibition of satisfactory testimonials from the universities, colleges, or great schools, being allowed to stand in stead of an examination. Assistants, as well as masters, should be subject to the like ordeal. But, it may be said that the parent has a choice of schools; here, in London, he may send his boy to the seminaries attached to the London

University or King's College. But, it seems, that these institutions are designed only for the wealthy; how can a struggling tradesman afford to pay from fifteen to thirty pounds for each of three or four boys? Just as efficient instruction as is afforded in either place ought not to cost more than from four to five pounds annually.

The greatest evil in English schools is the early and disproportionate attention paid to the classics, and connected with it the substitution of books for oral instruction. Fondly attached to classical literature myself, I am far from being inclined to depreciate its importance; but my desire is, that the classics, when taught, should be taught efficiently, and that they should not be taught to the exclusion of other objects. Boys of nine and ten reading Virgil and Horace, have been frequently shown to me as prodigies, the folly of those who put such books into their hands ought to be a greater prodigy. I have sometimes examined them; they translated glibly enough—but ask them the meaning of the words, and he who just read the glowing account of the shipwreck, could scarce distinguish between a ship and a mail-coach; of the geography of the voyage he could tell nothing, and the history, real or fabulous, of the persons mentioned, had never occupied his thoughts. It is needless to add, that to him, at such an age, metaphors were riddles, and poetic imagery utter nonsense. "A donkey carrying a load of books," said Amrû, the conqueror of Egypt, "is as respectable an animal as the person whose head is crammed with learning that he does not understand." My own experience has proved to me, that the boy who commences the study of the classics at thirteen or fourteen, provided his earlier years were not spent in idleness, will know them better at seventeen than he who began at nine.

The number of school-books daily issuing from the press, baffles all calculation: if one in a thousand were good, we should not have much right to complain; but, take the first science to which a boy is introduced, arithmetic, and you will not find a decent treatise on the subject in the English language; they all teach boys how to conjure with figures, not one of them gives instruction in the science of numbers. Perhaps, Pestalozzi's books, and Walker's 'Philosophy of Arithmetic,' ought to be excepted, but the minute details of the former are extended to an unconscionable length, and the word, "Philosophy," in the title of the latter, would terrify half the schoolmasters in the three kingdoms. All the arithmetical knowledge required for ordinary purposes might be contained in a hundred pages. Whoever publishes Elementary, Commercial, and Scientific Arithmetic, in three little books, each the size of one of Pincock's Catechisms (but certainly not in a catechetical form), will confer a greater benefit on the rising generation than all the authors who have written for their improvement during the last century. After all, it must be remembered that books, however meritorious, do not, and cannot, supersede the necessity of oral instruction—that every step in science should be explained by word of mouth, for thus only can instruction be varied to suit different capacities—that a master is employed to teach, not to judge of the experiments boys make in teaching themselves. Natural History, Practical Geometry, Geography, Ancient and Modern, the leading facts in Astronomy, the outlines of Natural Philosophy, and a sketch of Grammatical Science, form parts of elementary education in Germany and France. If the study of classics were deferred in England, a boy of ordinary capacity might easily attain a competent knowledge of all these branches of science before his thirteenth year. This is easily demonstrable; to prove it, let us take each subject separately.

*Natural History.*—An account of the common

domestic animals, which boys see every day, would be read with amusement; a series of facts, illustrating their habits, would prepare the mind for the consideration of their structure; and the difference between their structure and that of less known and foreign animals, explained in a few pages, would lay the foundation for a more extended study of Zoology, if the student felt inclined to pursue the subject farther, or, if he rested content, would give him correct notions of the living objects by which he is surrounded.

*Practical Geometry.*—Though the very name, Geometry, shows that the science was originally derived from practice and absolute measurement, yet it is usually studied as if it were purely mental. We want a book that will enable a boy to understand, experimentally, the definitions of Euclid, and form an introduction to the Elements. Professor Ritchie's little work, recently published, nearly supplies the deficiency; and if, in his next edition, the language in some places be more simplified, it will be just the book required.

*Geography, Ancient and Modern.*—The only Treatise on these subjects which deserves to be introduced into the routine of education, is Woodbridge's, and even that is susceptible of many improvements. Most of our popular school-books hurry over the natural features of the earth, and dwell upon national characteristics, always unsatisfactory, and frequently absurd; or political institutions, about which boys know little, and care less. But, Geography cannot be taught by a book alone; the teacher must show by a globe in the sunshine, or a ball hung before a candle, the causes of day and night, &c., and he must teach the use of maps, by requiring the student to draw a map of his street or his village.

*Astronomy and Physics.*—On neither of these subjects have we any Treatises fit for the use of elementary schools. The former should be taught occasionally in the open air, and the student habituated to recognize the principal constellations, and to notice the positions of the sun and planets. If the 'Book of Science,' recently published by Chapman & Hall, was abridged and published in a cheaper form, it would be an excellent introduction to Natural Philosophy.

*Grammatical Science* is a subject that would require more details than our limits allow; the great object should be to avoid the rules of technical grammar in the beginning, and require from the student the meaning and construction of the sentences he reads in his own language.

It may be said, that all this knowledge is very desirable, but it imposes heavy labour on schoolmasters; I answer, not if he knows his business as he ought; and, if he possesses not that knowledge, I have no pity for him. The man only fit to sit at a desk, hear tasks, look over sums, and brandish a cane, is fit for any thing but a teacher; he can no more educate a boy than he can fly, except we look upon parrots and learned pige as educated beings; for,

Parrots, themselves, speak properly by rote.

And in three months my dog shall howl by note.

It may be easily shown, that an intelligent teacher would find it less laborious to instruct youth in the elements of knowledge enumerated, than to give them even a faint smattering of Latin; for the most painful part of his duty will be removed, he will rarely find it necessary to enforce attention.

The elementary course I have sketched would, in most cases, be completed before the pupils reached their thirteenth year; the second, or more advanced course, including classics, mathematics, history, and logical science, may then be begun, to which modern languages and what are called accomplishments may be added at the parent's pleasure. The cost of such an educa-

tion ought not to exceed from eight to ten pounds annually. I am perfectly ready to enter into all the details, and demonstrate that, for this moderate sum, an education could be given, at least as good as could at present be obtained for double the money.

Before, however, I propose a plan for new schools, it would, perhaps, be useful to suggest expedients for rendering those we have more efficient. In almost every English town and metropolitan district literary associations have been formed. Let each of these devote a portion of their funds to the purchase of prizes, to be contended for by all the youths in their respective districts, at public examinations, held annually, under the direction of the association. Neat prize-books may be had for very small prices; the emulation which the hope of obtaining a premium excites, and especially in a public contest, would at once produce a sensible effect on the young in every town and district. I can easily conceive the eager desire for acquiring information, that would be diffused by such an announcement as the following:—

The Literary Association of A. proposes to bestow prizes on the best answers in the following branches of knowledge:—For Boys under twelve years of age—The Elements of Arithmetic, Natural History, Description and Measurement of Surfaces, Elements of Geography and Astronomy, General Knowledge of English Literature. For Boys under sixteen years of age—The Three First Books of Euclid, Algebra, as far as Quadratic Equations, Natural History treated scientifically, the Elements of Dynamics and Statics, Grammar and Logic. If the association be large and rich, the number of subjects might be increased, and a better classification adopted.

The advantages resulting from the adoption of such a plan, I know by experience. When I was a boy, "the Irish Association for Discourteous Vice" made annual grants of Bibles and Prayer-Books, neatly bound, to be given as prizes to the best answers in the Church Catechism and Scripture History; the results were, an earnest attention to these subjects by all the Protestant youth, and a voluntary application to study, more intense than I ever subsequently witnessed.

But the adoption of this plan will quickly lead to a great improvement in the schools. In the Dublin University there is an examination on entering, and the candidates are classed according to their answers; the first place is merely an empty honour, but, as it is the honour in which the schoolmaster may most justly claim a share, great anxiety is felt in the award. The very signal improvements that have been recently made in all the Irish schools, are attributable chiefly to the anxiety felt by their conductors, that their pupils should obtain a high place on entering the University. Similar anxiety for the success of pupils in the examinations I propose, would be felt throughout England; and the conductors of schools would labour sedulously to prepare the candidates for the ordeal.

The chief recommendation of the suggestions I have made in this article, is, that they may all be easily adopted, without making any violent change in the present system; they are, however, alleviations rather than remedies, and their adoption is recommended only until a more perfect system is established. A complete remedy can only be obtained by the interference of the legislature, the establishment of a council or board for public instruction, and the subjecting national education to the control of responsible directors. The measures by which these objects might be best effected shall be considered at another opportunity.

T.

## SATIRICAL FICTION.

IT is a remarkable fact, that a caricaturist can give a likeness when a serious artist fails; does not this show us that there is something of imperfection in us all?—that you, Sir, with all your fine features, are not so handsome as the Belvidere Apollo; and you, Miss, pretty as you look, are not quite so beautiful as the Medicean Venus? It is the same with minds as it is with bodies—the intellectual and moral characteristics of any individual are with much difficulty portrayed, and it requires a fine and graceful touch to hit them off to the life; but caricature them, and how do they start from the canvas in all the resistless force of what we feel to be a resemblance, and yet, what we know to be an exaggeration! Is not this strange? No; not at all. It is the necessary, natural, and inevitable consequence of our self-love. I am not going to be metaphysical, but I would just ask if you have ever read a novel? Yes. Well, then, have you not generally found that the hero is a spooney—a milk-and-water thing—a petrification of water-gruel? Almost invariably;—but what has that to do with the matter? Much; everything; the hero is the author, every author is his own hero, of course. But I do not say that every author is a spooney; no such thing—but every one who has any regard for his own character, generally wishes to soften down or conceal it:—for what is character? It is a mark—a something that distinguishes the individual from the species, and that something is either a redundancy or a superfluity, and, in either case, a departure from perfection; now, this character, or mark, is that by which we know others, and is that on which our thoughts dwell when thinking of others. If any friend or neighbour of ours has any remarkable imperfection of mind or body, it is on that imperfection that we dwell, seeing that is the handle by which we take hold of the idea of the individual; but we have no need, for the purposes of recognition and distinction, to dwell on any imperfection in ourselves. Hence we recognize character in others better than we do in ourselves. No one thinks himself to be perfect! Oh no, to be sure not—but no one thinks of his own imperfections, and every one thinks of the imperfections of others; and so that answers pretty nearly the same purpose. Now you see why heroes in novels have no characters—they have no imperfections. In proportion, then, as every individual dislikes to see his own imperfections, he likes to see the imperfections of others, and by observing and knowing persons by means of their defects or redundancies, we have the idea of these things so fixed and even exaggerated in our own minds, that in many instances, these defects are the only parts of the character that we are familiar with. Every one remembers William Pitt's nose—it was enough in itself to give an idea of the man—the caricaturists of the day had it by heart, so had the mob of gazers at the windows of the caricature shops. So also was it with the forehead of George the Third. All that the caricaturist has to do, is to lay hold on the peculiar feature, and make the most or least of it according to circumstances. Here, then, we have the great key to the principle of satirical fiction—viz. the exaggeration of some peculiarity; and here also, we may be let into the secret of fiction in general, the beauty and effect of which depend upon the fidelity of representation, and we see that there can be no recognized fidelity of representation, unless the points of difference are dwelt upon and strongly brought out.

Artists have uniformly observed on the difficulty of giving a satisfactory likeness of a young, fair, and beautiful face; the reason is, that there is nothing prominent or peculiar, that can be taken as a distinctive mark. If there were anything to exaggerate, there would be no diffi-

culty in making a likeness. In truth, then, almost all fiction is more or less satirical fiction, inasmuch as almost all striking likenesses are more or less caricatures. I think it was one part of the skill of Walter Scott, that he not only selected for exhibition remarkable specimens of humanity, but that he kept the prominent features always prominent, and he showed his characters up, as it were, always and only by their points of difference. I may be wrong, but I think Walter Scott to have been one of the ablest caricaturists that ever lived, not second to Cruikshank or Shakspeare. Every body knows the caricatures of Cruikshank, and that, though they are exaggerations of peculiarities, they are by no means such exaggerations as destroy similitude. In like manner, the characters which are portrayed in the Waverley novels have a lively spice of satire in them, and though we know them to be exaggerated, we feel them to be correct; for we are all of us caricaturists, more or less, in our daily observation of our fellow mortals, and the exaggeration in the novels comes up to our own ordinary habit of enlarging on what we see. Even Walter Scott's heroes and heroines are little better than any one else's heroes and heroines, save where he throws in a spice of satire and a seasoning of exaggeration. The beauty of Jeannie Deans is greatly derivable from her exquisite simplicity. You cannot, in contemplating that character, altogether withhold a smile. I will not say that the character is absolutely perfect; but it is to a degree of perfection beyond the standard—for the pure gold of moral truth is alloyed by the brass of convenience and custom, in order to form a standard morality for daily use; then, as the character goes beyond that standard, it bears the same relation to perfection, as the bombastic does to the sublime, so that with the moral perfection there is an intellectual defect; this intellectual defect we call simplicity, and there is a pleasant and pretty exhibition of it through the whole story; and when we come to ask ourselves, wherein and for what it is that we do so greatly admire the young woman, we find that our admiration is fixed on the utter simplicity of the girl, the timid conscientiousness which fears a shadow of moral wrong, placed in contrast with the strong sisterly affection which dreads no physical danger; and we have something of a smile for that excessive scrupulousness which hesitated at a little equivocation to save a sister's condemnation, but which was ready to undergo a weight of toil and a wilderness of difficulty, to procure her pardon. Perfect character is in fact no character at all; character is a mark, and a mark is imperfection. One of the most interesting of Scott's heroes is the Master of Ravenswood—there is nothing of the spooney about him; he is a man whom you might recognize anywhere, even without his name, nor do you want the accessories of place or incident to know him by; he would be as readily recognized at a metropolitan club-house, as at Wolf's Crag. He is exhibited by the author solely by means of his peculiarity. Wherever Ravenswood is seen or heard, there is a vision of pride, passion, or deep resentment. Just in the same manner as whenever, in the same romance, you see Caleb Balderstone, you see the poor fidgety creature torturing his shallow brains for some contrivance whereby to save the credit of his master's house.

Here then is a point in which the writers of fiction so frequently fail, that with an over-anxiety to be natural, they become flat; for, in the actuality of human life, the characteristics of individuals are not always rampant and prominent; there is a conventional sinking of differences—there is a uniformity of talk, feeling, and opinion, so that should many conversations be actually and faithfully reported, it would be very difficult, and perhaps next to impossible,



to know whether the speakers were wise or otherwise; there would be found scarcely any characteristic differences:—now, when an author transfers this dead level prate into a work of fiction, he may be vastly natural, to be sure, but then he is dull and wearisome. Indeed, I doubt if he be natural, for that which he thus records, is rather artificial than natural: he, who describes individualities merely, is scarcely to be called an artist—to exhibit humanity aright, in a work of fiction, we should exhibit it as it is, and not as it shows itself. He who transfers to paper, merely that which he sees with his eyes and hears with his ears, does not portray actual humanity, but the drapery with which humanity clothes itself—"All the World's a Stage."—But, notwithstanding the studious artifice with which men conceal themselves, the reality will break forth, and it is this reality which the artist should delineate; and when he does this faithfully and with discrimination, then he succeeds. While, however, he is doing this, he feels that he is in a great measure drawing off the mask from humanity, and displaying its imperfections, and he wishes to exhibit a contrast to this in a faultless character, but he knows that there are no faultless characters in real life, so he endeavours to furnish his hero with some fault that is no fault, merely to set off his transcendent virtues; a very small cloud, however, is not enough to contrast with a very broad sunshine. The way in which writers of fiction make their heroes, and the manner in which they divert them of all marks, may be illustrated by the fable of the monkey and the cheese—there are two cats in the fable, but we don't want them. The monkey, you know, divides the cheese into two parts, in order to make an equal division, and then he finds that one part outweighs the other, he therefore lites a bit off; but then the scale turns the other way, which requires a bite on the other side; and so on till the cheese is all gone. So does the hero-maker place in opposite scales, the passions and the reason; and in order to make them balance, he takes a bit from the one, and a bit from the other, till they are both gone; and at length the hero, which should be the principal character, becomes no character at all—merely a thing that wears fine clothes and makes fine speeches. Depend upon it, then, that a little caricature makes the best likeness, and a spice of satire the best fiction.

#### CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

[We are obliged to Sir John Byerley for the following observations on this subject.]

Yours correspondent, Mr. Fairbairn, supposes that the cutting down of a few acres of forests in Canada and North America, has produced a great and favourable change of climate in western Europe. Now, the amelioration of climate is much greater in Russia, the extremity of eastern Europe, than it is in western Europe: is this, too, to be attributed to the clearing of forest land in America "in the last quarter of a century"? I do not think Mr. Fairbairn will be inclined to go that length; and, if not, some other cause must be sought for.

To account for the supposed decrease in the annual temperature of France, Mr. Fairbairn supposes, that woods and forests are on the increase at the present day; and he says further, that there is no mineral fuel, or none of any value in France. Has he never heard of the mines of Anzin, of St. Etienne, of the Hérault, the Arriege, of Brittany, &c.? There is no want of coal in France, but there is a want of roads and canals; yet, though labouring under these privations, coals are not above twenty-five per cent. dearer at Paris than in London. The supply is principally from Mons (Belgium), Anzin fins (Allier), and St. Etienne. As to "the increase of woodlands, for the supply of wood fuel," and

"one-third part of the surface of France being covered with forest shade in the present day," I am at a loss to learn what could have led Mr. Fairbairn into so very palpable an error. The great outcry is against the gradual destruction of the forests and woodlands. All those which are private property, being annually diminished, to cultivate the soil, and this is to such an extent, that the government are obliged to pay great attention to the preservation of those which belong to the Crown, lest the destruction of the forests should leave them without ship-timber. Mr. Fairbairn will find great difficulty in discovering throughout all France a single new plantation, except indeed in the *landes* of Bordeaux!! and, as to one-third, or one-tenth, of France, being covered with forest shade, I need only appeal to the English, who have traversed France in all directions, to show the total inaccuracy of the statement. The simple facts are—and Mr. Fairbairn can have no difficulty in ascertaining them—first, France has abundance of coal, and, wherever roads, or canals, favour its being had at a reasonable rate, the population burn more coal than wood, the choice being invariably as to which fuel is cheapest; second, the forests of France are annually on the decrease, the plough making fresh conquests every year; third, the climate of France has not deteriorated. Beauvais was the northern limit of the line 1,000 years since, and is so now. The olive-trees have the same limit they had at that period, and I hope, in my forthcoming work, to be able to show that, instead of the climate of France becoming colder, it is actually becoming warmer than in the time of the Romans, and that from a natural cause, the procession of the equinoxes, by which the pole of the equator revolves round that of the ecliptic in nearly 20,000 years.

The struggle was long and arduous between Philosophy and Superstition before the Copernican system was generally received, and the earth was believed to revolve round the sun instead of being fixed immovably in space. The struggle at present lies between astronomers of the old school and the new, as to whether the poles of the earth are fixed, immovable points, or revolve in a circle round two other poles (those of the ecliptic), at the distance of  $23^{\circ} 28'$ . If it be insisted that they are fixed points, scarcely any of the phenomena of geology, or physical geography, can be accounted for on any rational theory, as is evidenced by every author offering a new one. If they are admitted daily to change place, according to a certain law, we can thus account in a most simple and satisfactory manner why we find tropical fossils in the polar regions—marine deposits 15,000 feet above the level of the sea—the retreat and advance of the ocean—the relative altitudes of mountains—the dip and variation of the magnetic needle—the meridians of greatest volcanic action at any given period; the reason why, after a lapse of fifty to an hundred years, all astronomical observations of latitudes and longitudes are found to be incorrect, &c.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

It is now certain that we are to have a German Opera. Mr. Roedel, whom every one must remember as the leader of the incomparable German chorus, is about to leave London, (if he be not already gone,) for the purpose of engaging the singers. We hope he will bring Sebeckner over—nor leave Schroeder behind; the performances, we are told, are to begin in May.

Mozart's "Don Giovanni" has been produced at the Grand French Opera, with the entire original music, and numerous introduced dances in the masquerade scene to airs selected from his quartetts and other compositions.

It is settled that the next meeting of the Bri-

tish Association, for the advancement of science, will be held at Edinburgh, in the week commencing Monday September 8th, 1834.

An exhibition has been lately opened at the Egyptian Hall, of three pictures, said to be painted by Raphael, Correggio, and Claude; the Raphael is announced as worth 15,000*l.*, the Correggio 12,000*l.*, and the Claude 2,500*l.* Now this sort of estimate is quackery, and it might just as well have been stated that the pictures were worth 150,000*l.* Assuming that the pictures are genuine, and of the very highest class, no price can be fixed on them; it must depend on the taste and opinion of a few wealthy persons, and on accident and circumstances. We, however, incline to believe that the pictures are not genuine; not founding this opinion on any judgment of our own, but simply because no straightforward and intelligible facts, relating to their history, is either offered or to be obtained; the result of our inquiries stopped short with a two-year-old mystery. We are, however, willing to admit that they are fine pictures, whether genuine or not, and, therefore, worth seeing.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 13.—J. W. Lubbock, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The remainder of Mr. Lister's paper on tubular and cellular polypi was read. The author stated the different observations he had made on the structure of these animals, and particularly on their alimentary system, which, he states, has not yet been completely investigated.

A paper from Mr. Lubbock on the theory of the moon was read. It was too purely mathematical to interest general readers.

A paper from Mr. Pond, the Astronomer Royal, was read, entitled "Suggestions respecting the most advantageous mode of using the new Zenith Telescope, erected at the Observatory of Greenwich." Mr. Pond stated, that this instrument was erected for the purpose of observing  $\gamma$  draconis; but that he had also observed a star, of the fifth magnitude, having the same zenith distance northwards that  $\gamma$  draconis has towards the south; the angular distance between the two stars furnishing a quantity, of great practical use in the observations for which the telescope was erected.

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Mar. 10.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Extracts were read from Observations on New Zealand, communicated by Lieut. Mac Donnell, R.N., who had been four years resident, with his family, on the island, had acquired property in it, and is now in England making arrangements for a more permanent abode. Mr. Mac Donnell was also in the room at the meeting, and answered a variety of questions put to him.

The New Zealanders, he observed, are a fine athletic race, capable of bearing much fatigue, and keenly alive to the advantages of civilization. They are thus anxious to mark respect and deference to every European coming among them who retains their good opinion; but they are perfectly sensible of the weakness and foibles of those who degrade themselves, either by drinking or vicious conduct; and are excessively indignant at any breach of faith, or other mark of indifference or neglect. They regard us, in a word, sufficiently to court our good opinion, and purchase it by deference and obedience; but not enough to see no differences among us, or to put up with insolence or contempt. And to not observing this peculiarity in their temper, may be attributed all the catastrophes which have occurred in these islands.

All travellers who have visited their country, Mr. Mac Donnell among the number, concur in representing it as among the finest imaginable;

but very few, and Mr. Mac Donnell is again no exception, have condescended to minute particulars. The timber on the island is of large size, and excellent quality; the Cowdie pine, in particular, is the king of its species; and many trees of it can be found capable of mustering, in one piece, the largest three-decked ship. But other trees are scarcely inferior in quality, and are found suited to every diversity of employment, from solid timber, resembling teak, but closer and longer in the grain, consequently superior to light woods, taking a beautiful polish, and exhibiting the finest veins for ornamental work.

The *Phormium tenax*, or New Zealand Flax, is also a remarkable product, from the great length of its leaf, which yields the flax by combing. It has not hitherto, Mr. Mac Donnell says, had its full reputation in this country, from want of care in bringing to market, having been either cut out of season, or improperly dried, or twisted at New South Wales in packing; but when these errors shall be systematically avoided, he is persuaded that the quality will be found superior to that of the hemp of either Russia or Manilla.

Fruit trees of almost every tropical as well as European variety, are either found indigenous, or thrive on introduction. Grass is abundant, and stock rapidly increase their numbers. No violent changes of temperature are experienced, as in New South Wales, nor droughts, floods, hurricanes, or other casualties of weather; and already the natives pay attention to laying out and cultivating their gardens, in imitation of the Europeans settled among them. They want little beyond capital and more enlightened example than they have yet had set them, to advance steadily and rapidly.

So, at least, Mr. Mac Donnell says; but it is to be remarked, that there seems as yet little well-defined division of property among them, and the hire of labour is uncertain. The country is divided among sets of families, under different heads, or chiefs; and if land is to be bought from them, it is difficult to find out who is entitled to sell. The chief has always a large share on such occasions; and the bargain is only to be concluded after some days negotiation in public. Once concluded, it seems tolerably secure; at least, Mr. Mac Donnell is not aware of the resumption of any grant. The missionary establishments remain undisturbed; and he feels as secure respecting his own property as though it were in England.

The river Hokianga, on which he is settled, is near the northern extremity of the northern island, and is navigable in vessels twenty or thirty miles up. Twenty miles up is situated the Wesleyan Mission; and a good road proceeds thence across the island to the Bay of Islands. The country on both sides of the river is beautifully undulated and fertile; no very high hills are in the immediate vicinity; the whole of the north island is indeed lower and more arable than Poenamoo, the middle island. It is also more densely peopled, Mr. Mac Donnell thinks, in the proportion of six to one; and Stuart's, or the southernmost island, has few or no inhabitants at all, though possessing a very fine harbour and navigable river, and being otherwise a valuable, though, even relatively to its size, an inferior island to the other two. The total population of all three is about 700,000 souls. Poenamoo is the most picturesque of the three islands, and probably the richest in mineral wealth. Mr. Mac Donnell knows of the existence of silver, tin, and iron on both the larger islands; and in Poenamoo is the lake, well known on the spot as the Lake of the Green Stones, from the quantity of jade found on its banks. When first dug out, it is soft and dull, but becomes hard as agate on exposure, and semi-transparent. The natives make their hatchets and knives of it and fish-

bone, and are truly ingenious in the use they make of these rude instruments.

The New Zealanders, Mr. Mac Donnell argues, have been peculiarly unfortunate in the Europeans with whom they have been brought in immediate contact. On the one hand, the Missionaries, he contends, are too little practical in their instructions, and too secluded in their habits, to supply the wish of the natives for instruction in the arts of life; while, on the other hand, the want of a resident British authority has dissolved every law of order and moderation on the part of occasional visitors. The recent appointment of a British Consul to reside may do some little good, but much neutralized by his want of force; and a sloop of war constantly kept on the station, Mr. Mac Donnell thinks would be a much more effective magistrate.

The thanks of the Society were voted for this communication, and the meeting adjourned.

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

March 4.—A. B. Lambert, Esq. in the chair. Several candidates were elected, and others proposed. A short paper by Mr. W. Tucker was read, describing a beautiful small species of long-tailed green parakeet from Western Australia.—A paper by Mr. J. O. Westwood was read, on some specimens of ants belonging to the genus *Embla*. A third communication was read, on a species of fungus from the Island of St. Thomas in the West Indies, belonging to the genus *Lycoperdon* of Linnaeus, which the author, Professor R. H. Schomburgk, now described as ranging under the genus *Gaeastrum* of Persoon. The chairman exhibited a printing presented to him by the Marquis of Sligo, representing, of the natural size, a large sort of Irish wolf-dog, the breed of which, it was stated, was now extinct.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 25.—Colonel Sykes in the chair.—The Secretary read a communication from M. Boyer, of the Natural History Society at Port Louis, describing the habits of an animal, allied to those of the genus *Paradornis*, but possessing anal pouches, and which Mr. Bennett had at a former meeting proposed to distinguish by the name *Cryptoprocter*. This little animal had lived in a state of domestication nearly two years, playing constantly with the children of the family, in the most lively and frolicsome manner, and perfectly harmless, but assuming a ferocious appearance at the sight of raw flesh, and exhaling at that time a very powerful, and most disagreeable odour. The specimen, when dead, was sent preserved in spirit to the Zoological Society, and being considered as hitherto unknown, will be figured in the second part of the Transactions of the Society. A letter from Mr. Hodgson was also read, acknowledging the safe receipt at Nepal, of a collection of birds' skins sent to him from the Society's duplicates.

Dr. Weatherhead exhibited two specimens of the young of the ornithorhynchus, one of them not more than two inches in length, the other about four inches, but neither had attained any hairy covering. These specimens were examined with great interest. The mandibles forming the mouth are, at this age, but very little produced, being two short semicircular flexible cartilages, the upper one rather the longer, and admirably adapted for sucking. The prepared skin of the mother of these young had also been sent to Dr. Weatherhead, and was exhibited, with the elongated mammary glands dried in their natural situation, and adhering firmly by the centre of each lobe to the internal surface of the skin on the two sides of the abdomen. A short account sent to England with the specimens, stated, that on making pressure upon the belly of this female while living, a milk-like fluid oozed out in considerable quantity. No doubt

was entertained, by the members present, of the mode in which these young had received nourishment.

Mr. J. E. Gray exhibited specimens of a new genus of radiated animals, allied to the *Echini*, with a single aperture in the centre of the base. On account of the peculiar shape and beauty, Mr. Gray proposed the name of *Ganyrda pulchella*; and additional interest attaches to these novelties, from the circumstances of their having been found by Mr. Gray on the English coast, near Folkestone, and their close resemblance to some particular fossils.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

March 4.—A paper by Dr. Lindley was read, containing an account of some experiments made in the garden of the Society, with a view to ascertain the relative productiveness of the tubers and sets of potatoes. The inferences which have been deduced from the experiments hitherto made, and which have led to the idea of the superior produce yielded by the planting of whole tubers, are rather opposed by the facts narrated in this communication, which goes to establish opinions in favour of planting single eyes, by which practice, in this instance, the rate of produce in thirteen cases out of sixteen was found very much greater.

The principal flowers on the tables were fine plants of magnolia conspicua, camellia reticulata, and hybrid amaryllides of great beauty, from Messrs. Chandlers; acacia verticillata, berberis aquifolium, echinops gibbiflorus, &c. Gifts of the most approved pears were distributed to the members.

Mr. T. K. Short was elected a Fellow of the Society.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Mar. 7.—Mr. Faraday on Electro-chemical decomposition.—The extraordinary action by which the voltaic current overcomes the natural affinity of bodies for each other, and destroys the compounds they form when united, has been a subject of great interest to the electrician and chemist; and, because of two very singular conditions of the decomposition, has considerably embarrassed philosophers. These two conditions are, first, that the elements are evolved in a free state; and second, that they are evolved at points far distant from each other.

After illustrating the nature of chemical affinity and decomposition, and also electro-chemical decomposition by numerous cases, Mr. Faraday stated generally the theories advanced to account for the effects, all of which proceed upon the idea of an attractive power in the poles or metallic terminations of the pile. He then gave his objections to these theories, and his reasons for viewing the action as one going on entirely within the decomposing bodies; so that in place of considering the evolved elements as drawn out of it, he considers them as expelled from it. He proceeded to give his views of the manner in which he considered this as resulting from a modification of the natural chemical affinities of the particles presented by the passing electric current, and illustrated it both by reference to experiments and models. It would seem that the very anomalous consequences before referred to, are in perfect harmony with this theory as well as all the new facts in electricity which have since come under his observation.

The experiments in which surfaces of air and of water were made to act the part of the ordinary metallic poles, were successfully made, and formed some of the strong points of the new theory.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Aikin, the Secretary, delivered a lecture on 'Detergent Substances, and the Manufacture of Soap,' in the course of which he explained the minutiae in

forming that valuable and necessary article. He also exhibited several very interesting experiments, connected with the subject, on the chemical results of compounds. At the close of the lecture, the Secretary exhibited a beautiful specimen of glass, which had recently been manufactured by Messrs. Pellatt and Green, from a sand imported from Sydney, New South Wales; the advantage it possessed over the sands generally used for such purposes, was, that it rendered the article colourless. The Society, on Wednesday evening, voted their gold medal to Dr. Greene, for a machine for grinding and polishing lenses.

**ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY, Mar. 3.**—J. G. Children, Esq., President, in the chair.—Letters were read from Professor Audouin, of Paris, Dr. Gravenhorst, of Breslau, M. De Huan, of Leyden, and Signor Passerini, of Florence. The President exhibited various insects, brought from the Arctic regions by Capt. Ross and his nephew, upon whom he passed a high eulogium, not only for their gallant services, but for the zeal with which, in the midst of danger, they had steadily kept science in view. By permission of the Zoological Society, the insects brought from the Arctic regions by Capt. Lyons, were also exhibited, some of which formed the subject of a paper, read at the meeting, upon the Crustaceous Genus *Arcturus*, by Mr. J. O. Westwood, a species of which genus was stated to be an inhabitant of our shores. An interesting memoir was also read upon insects and other natural productions found in amber, by the Rev. F. W. Hope, and which, from a variety of circumstances, were regarded by the author as antediluvian; a variety of insects preserved in this substance were exhibited. A description of *Prionus Hopei*, a fine and new long-horned beetle from Singapore, by Mr. Waterhouse, and a paper upon the habits of the British burrowing land wasps, by Mr. Shuckard, were also read. Mr. Hope exhibited a remarkable horned *Scambus*, from Venezuela, brought by Sir R. K. Porter, now deposited in the Naval and Military Museum, and which he proposed to name *Golafa Porteri*, the former being its Indian name.

**CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, March 3.**—Dr. Clark, one of the Vice-Presidents, in the chair.—A memoir was read by the Rev. J. Challis, containing new researches in the theory of the Motion of Fluids.—The Rev. Temple Chevallier described experiments which he had made on the polarization of light by the sky. The general results were, that light is polarized by the clear sky: that the effect begins to be sensible at points thirty degrees distant from the sun, and that the greatest quantity of polarized light proceeds from points at ninety degrees distance from the sun; a fact which seems to indicate that the reflection, which occasions the polarization, takes place at the surface of two media as nearly as possible of the same density. It was also stated, that though the light of the moon or of clouds shows no trace of polarization, a fog, when on the point of clearing off, lets polarized light through, when its breaking up has not yet begun. Mr. Chevallier remarked that he had not detected any appearances of polarization by transmission, though, as was mentioned by another member, M. Arago has stated, that he had observed within a certain small distance of the sun, the light was polarized in the opposite plane to that at a greater distance.—*Cambridge Chron.*

**ASHMOLIAN SOCIETY, Oxford, Feb. 21.**—The President in the chair. Two papers were read, communicated by J. Duncanson, Esq. D.C.L.; the first on a supposed letter of Alexander the Great to Aristotle, descriptive of India; the second, a description of a singular instance of a moth case formed in a carpet bag.—P. Duncanson, Esq. of

New College, then exhibited part of the contents of a mummy of a crocodile, recently presented to the museum by Mr. Munro; and gave some account of crocodiles, from Cuvier and other writers.—Dr. Daubeny exhibited Daniell's pyrometer, and made some observations on the influence of light on animal life; and concluded by proposing the following query:—Is it reasonable to suppose (with Dr. Edwards) that the singular animal, called the *Proteus Angustus* which occurs in the dark caverns of Carniola, is a reptile whose form has never been developed, bearing the same relation to some unknown species which the tadpole does to the frog?—*Ibid.*

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Harveian Society	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Philological Society (London University)	Eight, P.M.
	Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
WED.	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts	Eight, P.M.
THUR.	Royal Society	Eight, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Institution	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

#### FINE ARTS

HERE we have works of art spread out on our table, as beautiful and various as flowers which some tasteful hand has gathered in the first bloom of the season. The uppermost may not inaptly be called roses of Sharon, and lilies of the valley; for they are Turner, Callcott, and Stanfield's '*Illustrations of the Bible*,' forming the first number of a work published by Mr. Murray. The landscapes are four in number: 'The Valley of Kedron' and 'The City of Sion' are touched up by the poetic pencil of Turner, from drawings made on the spot, and both look beautiful and real. 'Tadmor in the Desert' is by Stanfield: the magnificent ruins and the wild and shaggy hills form a fine scene. 'Mount Ararat' is by Callcott: the landscape is sublime; we see the mount towering up in the distance, gleaming under a rainbow, which fulfils the two-fold duty of giving a lustre more than common to the air, and intimating the covenant between God and man, that a flood should never again visit the earth: the work promises well, and has made a good beginning. The accompanying descriptions contain much well-condensed information.

From matters scriptural we turn to '*Engravings from Livestock*.' The eighth number seems one of the best. 'The Orphan' is, perhaps, one of the sweetest specimens of feeling and elegance in all his works: the downcast eyes, the mournful yet mild air, the slightly clasped hands, and the easy and graceful posture, unite in pressing upon the spectator's heart. It is the beauty of grief, without affectation or violence. 'Friar Tuck Asleep' is a work of another stamp: all around him are the symbols of fasting, but the air of his woodland sanctum seems favourable to human faces, for his is round and oily, and he seems just to have cleared out the pasty and emptied the flagon. His dog intimates the character of the master; he has the sharp nose and sagacious look of a fox. 'The Falconer' is too fine for his business—too sentimental.

Things substantial and real succeed very well to matters of the imagination. The twenty-third part of '*Finden's Landscape Illustrations of Byron*' exhibits, in addition to 'Negropont,' 'Frascati,' and 'Licenza,' portraits of Campbell the poet and Sir John Cam Hobhouse. The landscapes are airy and graceful—we cannot commend the portraits; that of Campbell is weak and unlike—the eyes want that sparkling expression peculiar to the poet, and the mouth

is hard and unnatural. The engraving by Mr. John Burnet, from the same picture, is very superior. The head of Hobhouse has faults of the same kind—the mouth is hard and decided, the lips are plump but not soft, and the nose is thick and clumsy. Matters of fact are the best illustrations of matters of fiction; but then the real and the true require to be treated with skill and feeling.

Here is a work we have long looked for—'*Reynolds's Mezzotinto Engravings*,' from the pictures of his great namesake, Sir Joshua Reynolds. The artist has been long engaged on this extensive undertaking: numbers of the prints were published several years ago, but though purchased by some who knew their worth, they failed to attract public attention, and may be considered as unpublished till the present moment. The terms moderate—five engravings of great beauty for half-a-guinea. 'The Snake in the Grass,' for instance, 'The Shepherd Boy,' 'The Infant Academy,' 'The Age of Innocence, or Miss Nelly O'Brien,' all contained in the three numbers before us, are worth the whole price. The softness and grace, and fine light and shade, of the originals, are well represented by the engraver.

In the third series of the '*Vues of Benares*' we find ten plates, exhibiting the splendid architecture and splendid ceremonies of the people. The drawings are tastefully executed, and the processions and merry-makings are hit off with considerable spirit. We advise our architects to look at and study the elevation of the temple of Vishnueahvur: they will see that, though constructed on the principles of the Gothic, it differs from it materially. The ornamented buttresses which support in succession the central part of the structure are composed of portions of circles, and in our eyes are at once substantial and elegant.

'*The Pedlar*' of Wilkie, engraved by Stewart, is a very happy performance. Of all our painters, Wilkie is the best teller of a story: he never does too much; in the race of fame he runs to the winning-post, and not one inch will he move farther: he is powerful in character, and in grouping has unequalled propriety and delicacy. The picture before us proves all we have said, and more. A pedlar displays his wares in a cottage; a flowery, flaunting gown-pattern takes the eye of a fair young woman, who extends it towards her father with a look which at once supplicates and says, 'You will think it beautiful when you see it on me.' He has thrust one hand doubled up into his jacket pocket, resolved not to part with a penny. Two elder dames are debating the merits of the cloth, and are evidently accusing the pedlar of greed and extortion. The artist who engraved it, we observe, has drawn and engraved a scene which he has named '*Hide and Seek*.' There is merit both in the composition and in the manner in which it is engraved. We are concerned to add, that so little have Mr. Stewart's merits been felt, that he has thrown down the graver, and sailed away to the Cape of Good Hope to commence sheep-farming.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday evening, the opera of '*Semiramide*' was revived, for the purpose of introducing Mad. Kynterland and Maillie. Salvi, to a London audience, in the characters of *Semiramide* and *Artace*. There are times when it is painful to speak the truth, and most particularly when a lady is in the case, and we can make every allowance for Mr. Laporte's embarrassments—but our charity in its fullest extent cannot soften the fact, that on this occasion, he brought forward a *prima donna* with hardly a single requisite for filling that arduous station, save two.



imonials from the Teatro San Carlos at Naples—at which, we cannot but think, she must have appeared in some similar case of extremity. Let us turn to a more agreeable task, and welcome Madlle. Salvi to the boards; with the more heartiness too, inasmuch, as she reminds us not a little of our old favourite Brambilla—who, it may be remembered, was a protégée of Mad. Pasta's—and to whose re-appearance amongst us, we look forward with pleasant anticipation. Like her, the new *Arsace* has a rich contralto voice—she is rather handsome too, and though somewhat cold in her expression, time and familiarity with the stage, will do much for her. She was received with great applause. Zuchelli as *Assur*, was singing with more than his usual energy. Giubilei is working his way upward in the good graces of the public. Curioni was singing too flat—his voice is on the wane. The choruses were well sung, without curtailment—this increase of care in their execution, is a sign of the times, and a good sign.

The ballet of 'La Bayadere' has been revived, and, in this, Taglioni and Duvernay execute a *pas de deux*, which keeps the house in an absolute storm of applause: each was honourably striving to justify the plaudits of her partizans. The new fairy ballet is announced for the benefit of the former on Thursday next. The music is by Sig. Costa.

**Antient Concerts.**—The first and second Concerts of the present subscription are now over. They were under the direction of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, and the Archbishop of York. We wish that Mr. Knyvett had more influence in the selections; for we hope that, if he had, we should have something less luckeys than the pieces of which the two last schemes have been composed. At the second Concert, Madame Caradori made her appearance; as sweet and tasteful a singer as ever, if, as we fear, her voice has lost some little of its power. Mrs. Knyvett, whom we always hear with pleasure, is particularly at home here. Mr. Bennett has fully justified the opinion we expressed a fortnight ago—*au reste*, Mrs. Bishop, Miss C. Novello (is there not some danger of this young lady's voice being over-worked?), Messrs. Phillips, Seguin, Horncastle, Bellamy, Terrail, and Vaughan, have been all employed, and much as usual.

One word as to the choruses. The musical world (particularly since the visit of the Germans) has become more attentive to this class of music than formerly: greater precision is requisite than of old—more attention to light and shade, especially in the works of Mozart and Haydn, and the more modern school of writers. They must be sung well, in addition to being sung correctly. A word to the wise is enough.

**Vocal Society.**—The fifth Concert was numerously attended, and the music, for the most part, judiciously selected. Of the sacred music, we must particularly mention Dr. Greene's Anthem, 'I will sing of thy power,' the 'Sanctus Benedictus,' 'Agnus Dei,' and 'Dona nobis pacem,' from Mozart's first Mass. We wish that those who have the management and direction of our performances of sacred music, would draw more largely upon the beautiful, and, comparatively speaking, little known store of masses—particularly those by Mozart and Haydn. The 'Storm Scene,' from Haydn's 'Seasons,' was also performed, and that fine barbaric chorus, 'Glory to the Caliphs,' from Weber's 'Oberon.' Miss Stephens (who, we had heard it rumoured, had intended to confine herself to the Antient Concerts) appeared in the orchestra, and was encored in both her songs: we never heard that charming old canonet, 'My mother bids me bind my hair,' sung with more delicious and tender expression; and some of our rising cantatrice would do well to take a lesson from this lady, in the distinct enunciation of the words they have to

sing. Mrs. G. Wood sang an air by Cherubini, with a clarinet accompaniment, which we had never heard before. Miss Clara Novello must be honourably mentioned, for the part she took in Mozart's duet, 'Ah guarda sorella,' nor must we pass without notice our favourite, 'There is beauty on the mountain,' by Goss, and another glee by Mr. T. Cooke, 'Shades of the Heroes,' which rises far above the level of his ordinary compositions. Lindley played a new Concerto of his own composition. His exquisite tone and wonderful execution were almost enough to make us forget the more than poverty, the absolute worthlessness, of the music on which his powers were wasted.

**Miss Barelli's performance on the Harp.**—This very young lady, whom we heard an evening or two ago, bids fair to become an ornament to her profession. Her execution is firm and neat—her tone remarkably sweet, and free from the *twang* which makes the harp so positively disagreeable in the hands of many; and she produces some new effects in harmonies, which are curious and effective. We hope, that in addition to all these good qualities, something more of taste may be added on a future day—and say this in all friendly interest for her success, which ought to be very great. The same feeling makes us wish, that the programme wherein her performances are announced, was not so very like those puffs, which always awaken suspicion.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

'Elements of Musical Composition, comprehending the Rules of Thorough Bass, and the Theory of Tuning,' by William Crotch, Mus. Doc. It is out of our power to do more than notice that this very useful work has gone through a second edition—a sure proof that its merits have been recognized. The mass of information collected is very great, though we think that Dr. Crotch is not always as clear as he might be, and clearness, after correctness, is the first merit of a work of this kind.

'Cathedral Voluntaries from English Church Composers,' selected and arranged by V. Novello, No. 46. 'Select Organ Pieces, from all the Classical Masters,' Book 32, by V. Novello. These are two works which reflect much credit upon the taste and judgment of Mr. Novello. The quantity of good music which he has thus revived or contributed to keep in public remembrance, is immense, and he deserves the thanks and respect of every true lover of the art. No. 36 of the 'Cathedral Voluntaries' contains Dr. Greene's anthem, 'O sing unto the Lord!' and Battishill's 'Call to remembrance,' both of them sterling compositions. No. 42, of the 'Select Organ Pieces,' is enriched by a fugue in a minor, never before published (in England?), by the immortal Sebastian Bach. This is original in subject, masterly in treatment, full of expression—its conclusion is a perfect feast to the ear of the musician, and we doubt whether Bach himself ever exceeded it. Mr. Novello has also printed in this number, a fugue from his own first Mass.

'The New Musical Bijou,' by William Mac Korkell.—This annual, if it is intended as such, appears somewhat late in the day, though, after all, it is fully as natural to publish two months after as two months before Christmas. It has one merit, that of being composed almost entirely of original music—of this, we have eleven vocal pieces; two sets of quadrilles; waltzes and airs with variations for the pianoforte; a Marche Fantastique, and two waltzes for the harp; by Keller, Chelard, Muscheles, Beethoven, &c., and the editor. His own compositions all bear marks of care, and some of them are pleasing.

'Musical Stenography; or, the Art of Following Musical Execution in Short-hand,' by Hippolyte Prevost.—Mr. Prevost has done what, as far as we know, has never been attempted before, inasmuch as he has furnished us with a complete

set of symbols for the taking down of music whilst being performed. But the difficulty in all stenography, is not so much the writing, as the reading what has been written; besides, for all ordinary purposes, a quick ear and an acquaintance with composition are sufficient. Could we hope by Mr. Prevost's plan, to perpetuate the improvisations of such artists as Hummel, Moscheles, Mendelssohn, we should rejoice, as having added another to the list of our musical resources.

'A Characteristic Fantasia for the Pianoforte, on the National Air of Rule Britannia,' by M. Marielli.—We have always valued instrumental music, in proportion as it has *spoken to us*; and can never listen to the delightful works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Rice, Onslow, and some others, without having their sentiment—say, when we are in a fanciful humour, their *story*, as clearly impressed upon our minds, as if it had been told in words. On some future day, we shall return to this matter. Mr. Marielli has often attempted this dramatic style of composition, and, in the present instance, with tolerable success—but *Rule Britannia*, as a theme, is, we think, exhausted.

'Troppo l'affidi,' a madrigal for five voices, by Lord Burghersh.—What is the difference between a madrigal and a glee? This is a nice question, and not to be answered in a few words; perhaps, to say that the former requires stricter yet simpler writing than the latter, is as near as we can come to the truth at present; but, if we are asked whether Lord Burghersh's composition is a madrigal, we say at once, certainly not. The subject of it, however, is sweet and flowing, and the harmonies bold, in some places *too* bold.

More ballads;—we shall be as good as our word, and only notice the best among them; and, first with our good word, Mr. B. Taylor's two songs, 'The Convent Bell,' and 'O peaceful Lake.' They are both beautiful; the first effective as well as clever, the second particularly elegant.

'For away,' the words by Mrs. Hemans, the music by J. Z. Herrmann. This song is reprinted singly from a not published two years ago by Power, the words of which have been recently printed in the *New Monthly Magazine*. We can recommend it with a safe conscience, as being full of originality and feeling—nor is it difficult to execute.

'Call it not rain,' Elegy on the death of Sir Walter Scott, the poetry from the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' the music by D. W. J.—This is not very original, but the music keeps close to the spirit of the words, and it is a praise we cannot give to every composition we are compelled to examine.

'Le Cahier,' a collection of French Romances, with an English Translation, by Mrs. Novello, the music newly arranged with a pianoforte accompaniment, No. 3.—We fear that much of the peculiar *saleté* and spirit of French romances, must, of necessity, evaporate in a translation. Why not attempt something as characteristic in our own language?

'A Library of Standard Music, presenting a complete and uniform edition of all the popular vocal and instrumental works of standard composers,' edited and arranged by John Barnett.—Here we have the overtures to 'Artaxerxes' and 'Don Giovanni,' clearly lithographed, for the ruinous (to the proprietors, we fear,) price of threepence! We cannot but wish Mr. Barnett a more profitable employment than this is likely to prove to him.

'Why did I love?' by John Barnett.—A light-hearted airy song, which has been given with great success by Mad. Vestris in 'A Match in the Dark.'

'O believe not the tears!' a prize ballad written for the Melodists' Club, by T. W. Hobbs.—We have spoken heretofore of the song, and the singer; all that we have to do now, is to announce its publication.

## THEATRICALS

## ADELPHI.

A new farce has been produced here so near the close of the season, that those who would see it must make haste. It is taken from an extremely clever piece, by M. Scribe, entitled 'Le Lorgnon,' and as its adapter is Mr. Charles Mathews, it is almost superfluous to say, that the adaptation is cleverly performed. The fun turns upon the possession of an eye-glass, which enables the wearer, when he looks through it at any person, not only to see that person, but to see all that is to happen to him. It is an odd conceit; and offers much in the way of amusement, though little in the way of moral. It is well written—well acted—and well worth seeing.

## MISCELLANEA

*Academy of Sciences*, Sitting of 17 Feb.—M. Warden presented a note, containing an account of the new steam boat invented by M. Burden, of New York. It is propelled by a single wheel between two cylinders, on which the boat is supported.—A report was read on a memoir by M. Audoin, respecting a new sort of *chenille* that he has observed.—M. Poucelet read a memoir, entitled, 'Solution of the problem of throwing arches by means merely graphic.'

*Curier*.—A novel mode of subscription has been set on foot in Paris, in aid of the fund for erecting a monument to the memory of Cuvier: authors who have laboured for the advancement of science, are solicited to contribute copies of their published works, with a view to a sale of them at the end of the year, the produce to be handed to the committee appointed by the Institute for the prosecution of the plan: many valuable works, we hear, have already been sent in.

An extraordinary work of art has lately been produced by an obscure artist, named Chaneul, of Marseilles—a colossal group of the Virgin and Child, formed out of sheet silver. It is said to be full of grace and simplicity, and every part admirable struck out. The statue is destined for the chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde, but will be previously exhibited among the Productions of French Industry this spring.

*M. Deshayes d'Orbigny*, charged by the Museum of Natural History with the scientific exploration of South America, has arrived at Bordeaux, after seven years and a half travel. Despite obstacles of every kind, he has visited, in succession, Brazil, part of Paraguay, Buenos Ayres, and all the surrounding country, the north of Patagonia, Chili, Peru, and a great part of the chain of the Cordilleras. The collections which he brings with him, exclusively of those which he had previously sent home, contain no less than 160 mammalia, nearly 800 birds, 300 reptiles and fishes, 900 mollusca and zoophytes, and nearly 5000 insects and crustacea. The number of plants in the herbarium of M. d'Orbigny is computed at 3900, and his geological collection is of high importance. To these materials, collected from the 12th to the 43rd degree of South latitude, are added numerous designs, representing all the parts of animals and plants which could not be preserved without alteration, and many fasciculi of notes containing M. d'Orbigny's observations on the habits of the animals which he has collected, the localities in which they were found, the name of their country, &c. &c. The publication of all these scientific riches will form a work of high importance, worthy to serve as sequel to the researches of Humboldt, Spix, and Auguste de St. Hilaire.

*Cochineal*.—M. Loze, surgeon in the French Navy, was commissioned by the Minister at War to go to Andalusia and secretly bring off some of the cochineal insects. His journey has been perfectly successful. On his arrival in Africa with his precious charge, an extensive

space has been assigned him where the insects, and the cactus trees on which they feed, may be well sheltered from the long winter rains. Towards October and November the insects laid their eggs, which are now hatched, and with which M. Loze has stocked about two hundred cactus trees of the country. It is found that the insects thrive as well on them as on cactuses imported from Spain. These new insects will, in their turn, lay in April or May, and with the numbers then procured the experiment will commence on a grand scale. If it succeed, as there would appear to be every reasonable probability, a valuable and lucrative branch of industry for the new African colony is at once opened, and France will be, in a few years, freed from the constant tribute which she now pays to Spain, and particularly to Mexico, for cochineal, of which such extensive use is made in her dying establishments.—*Le Temps*.

*French Travelling*.—A company has just been formed in Paris, to accelerate stage-coach travelling; a much lighter vehicle has been adopted, called a *récor*, having four coupés, with three places in each, the first to be 1 fr. 10 c. the post, and the rest 1 fr., throughout the whole line of route, including all charges. They intend to commence operations next month. A still lighter vehicle is contemplated for the Calais and Dieppe roads, consisting only of two coupés, and places for six outside; the former are calculated to go at the rate of the *malle postes*, and to allow an hour for meals. A card of fixed prices for refreshments, adopted by the company, will prevent John Bull from suspecting imposition, which has been too frequently the case.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Mean.	Winds.	Weather.
Thurs. 6	56 41	29.75	S.W.	Clear.
Frid. 7	58 44	30.05	S.W.	Rain. P.M.
Sat. 8	59 45	30.17	S.W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 9	63 42	30.33	S.W. to W.	Clear.
Mon. 10	63 44	30.35	W. to S.W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 11	56 35	Stat.	E. to S.E.	Drizzle.
Wed. 12	57 45	30.40	Var.	Drizzle.

*Prevailing Clouds*.—Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus.

Nights and mornings, for the greater part fair. Mean temperature of the week, 49°. Greatest variation, 79°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.125.

Day increased on Wednesday, 3 h. 44 min.

Prevailing winds during the preceding week, S.W. High wind on the 11th and 12th.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

*Cruikshank's Trip to Greenwich Fair*, with Engravings on Wood, intended as a companion to 'Hood's Epping Hunt.'

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Professor Rennie and the forthcoming edition of Miller's Dictionary*.—We direct the attention of our readers to Messrs. Orr & Smith's advertisement in this day's paper, and we direct the attention of Messrs. Orr & Smith to the following note, copied from page 243 of the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*:—

"We are indebted for this essay on Enclosures to the kindness and liberality of Professor Rennie, King's College, London, for whose forthcoming edition of 'Miller's Dictionary' to be published by Messrs. Orr & Smith, it was written, and will appear in its proper place in that work."

Now, if Messrs. Orr & Smith really feel themselves aggrieved, and their forthcoming work prejudiced by our having stated that Professor Rennie was the Editor, why did they not contradict the assertion, made, as it would appear, on the best authority, in the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*? They now discuss forth a list of the names of contributors—but how does that affect the question as to who is Editor? The truth is, it is not always possible to understand the announcements of works in which the Professor is interested—in proof, we extract the following letter from the last number of the *Gardener's Magazine*:—

"Dear Sir,—In *Berron's Worcester Journal* of the 25th Nov. 1833, I have been shown the following advertisement:—

"Published on the 1st of every month, the Magazine of Botany and Gardening, British and Foreign. Edited by J. Rennie, M.A. Professor of Zoology, King's College, London; assisted by some of the most eminent botanists in Europe. Each number contains eight plates of the most rare and valuable specimens of plants, executed by an eminent artist, and coloured from nature; also sixteen 12s. pages of original matter. The numbers already published contain a variety of articles by Professor Rennie, Colonel Capper, Professor Lindley, a valuable article on Botany by Mrs. Murray, Professor Burnett, Sir Wm. Jardine, Mr. Jas. Muir, M. Adolphe Brongniart, Mr. W. Moorcroft, Mr. George Dun, Mr. Jesse, Rev. John Fleming, M. Broomfield, Mr. Doyle, Dr. G. Johnston, Mr. Henry Marshall, Mr. R. Brown, Mr. John Donaldson, and many others of equal talent. London: published by G. Henderson, 2, Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill: and sold by all booksellers in town and country."

"From the ingenious manner in which this is worded, it must doubtless be imagined by the public, as it was by the person who called my attention to the paragraph, that this original matter is furnished to Mr. Professor Rennie by those writers whose names he has made use of. But, as I am not ambitious of the honour of being considered one of this gentleman's contributors, I shall be very much obliged if you will be so good as to allow me to state, through the *Gardener's Magazine*, that no original matter whatever has been either supplied or promised to Mr. Professor Rennie by me. He has availed himself of some passages in works written by me, as he also has of others in the works of several of the writers mentioned in the advertisement; and this is, I presume, what is meant by being 'assisted by some of the most eminent botanists of Europe'; but, if so, the public should understand it rightly.

"Yours, faithfully,  
"JOHN LINDLEY."

Mr. Waldron has sent us a demonstration of the doctrine of parallels: it displays considerable mathematical ingenuity; but there is, we imagine, a latent assumption in the very first step, fatal to its validity. He has added an objection to Professor Whewell's mode of stating the laws of motion; but he will see, if he looks again to the professor's work, that if momentum be not taken into consideration, the diagonal will show direction only.

## [ADVERTISEMENT.]

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Who bring forth them salvation.  
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Forming a veil: that swept the ground,  
Who could deny the power!  
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## REVIEWS

*The Life, Character, and Literary Labours of Samuel Drew, A.M.* By his Eldest Son. 8vo. London: Longman & Co.

THE general interest of this book lies within the compass of its first hundred and twenty pages. That excellent body, "the Connection," will, no doubt, be gratified to trace to its last earthly moment the career of one who was a philosopher and minister among them;—but the sympathy of the world is given to struggle, and not to success—at least, so it is with us. There is not a class of works more interesting than the records of the early conflicts and difficulties of some of the sectarian ministers, in whom religious enthusiasm (to call it by no better name) was strong enough to bear them through the trials of oppression and contumely—nay, more, to steel them against the pains of hunger, and cold, and nakedness:—and whose desire to get knowledge made them leisure, and gave them energy wherewithal to improve it, in the midst of their lives of vicissitude and hardship. The detail of their conflicts and exertions is for the world; of the rest—the sermons they preached, and the letters they wrote, and the visitations they made, when their season of trouble was over. It is for their own congregations.

For the world, then, we shall glean from this life of Samuel Drew. He was born in a solitary cottage in the parish of St. Austell, in Cornwall, on the 3rd of March, 1765. His parents appear to have been sincere Methodists, and if so, the preponderance of "the wild olive," in their son's disposition must have given them serious uneasiness. He was sprightly to impertinence, and clever even to cunning, if we may judge from what is told:—

"At one time, having incurred his father's displeasure, he was threatened with chastisement; a sentence which, when once passed, he knew was sure to be executed, and which was commonly inflicted on the culprit in bed. Apprehensive of such a visit, Samuel prevailed on his unsuspecting brother to exchange places with him for the night; and the stripes were thus transferred from the guilty to the innocent."

Nor was this vivacity of disposition crushed out by the early necessity of working for his maintenance. "At the tender age of eight," says his biographer, "Samuel Drew began to work as a *buddle boy*." This will require explanation for the multitude:—

"The mineral, as it is found below the surface, is imbedded in, or combined with, other substances of no value; the proportion of refuse far exceeding the ore. The stony mass in which it is commonly lodged, when broken by hammers to a convenient size, is submitted to the action of the stamping mill, where it is pulverized. . . . The pulverized material is then carried by a small stream of water into shallow pits prepared for its reception, where the gravity of the mineral causes it to sink, while the sandy particles pass off with the stream. This,

however, does not produce a sufficient separation. Children are employed to stir up the deposit in the pits, and keep it in agitation, until this part of the separating process is complete. These pits are called *buddles*; and they give name to the occupation of the children who labour at them."

We are told, indeed, that the cause of his leaving home was a system of annoyances played off by him upon his step-mother: no wonder that the worthy woman rejoiced to have him apprenticed to a shoemaker, "named Baker, at Tregrehan Mill, in the parish of St. Blazey, and about three miles from St. Austell town." Soon after, the family removed, and Samuel was left to the hardships of his situation. He continued lawless, and fond of adventure:—

"The hazards into which his adventurous disposition often led him, are well remembered by one of the surviving companions of his boyish days. 'Though,' says he, 'I was younger than long-legged Sam, as we used to call him, I frequently went out with him; and the horror I have felt at the dangerous places in which he and some of the big boys used to go, has been often so great as to keep me from sleeping at night. In all such exploits he was the leader. He seemed to fear nothing, and care for nobody; but he was a good-tempered boy, and a favourite with us all.'"

And after this follows a sort of apparition story,—the like to which we constantly find in the magazines and biographies of the Methodists; indeed, they have, as a body, a strong leaning to the supernatural—even Dr. Clarke himself, if we recollect right, gives us a tale or two of alchemy, which we do not think a divine of another persuasion would have ventured to chronicle.

But to return to Drew. He was harshly treated by his master, (probably not without cause,) and came home. It is told by his sister, and we extract a part of her account, not, however, with reference to the runaway, but as throwing a curious light upon the quantity of literature at that time current in the West country:—

"At the time my brother Samuel was an apprentice, my father was chiefly employed in what was called *riding Sherborne*. There was scarcely a bookseller at that time in Cornwall; and the only newspaper known among the common people, was the *Sherborne Mercury*, published weekly by Goadby and Co. the same persons that issued the *Weekly Entertainer*. The papers were not sent by post, but by private messengers, who were termed *Sherborne men*. My father was one of these. Between Plymouth and Penzance, there were two stages on the main road, each about forty miles; and there were branch riders, in different directions, who held a regular communication with each other, and with the establishment in *Sherborne*. Their business was to deliver the newspapers, *Entertainers*, and any books that had been ordered; to collect the money, and take fresh orders. Almost the whole county of Cornwall was supplied with books and papers in this way. My father's stage was from St. Austell to Plymouth. He always set off on his journey early on Monday morning, and returned on Wednesday."

We must refer our readers to the book, for his subsequent adventures—how he procured an employment from a shoemaker in Liskeard, and for very want had (to use his own words) "for dinner, to tie his apron-string tighter"—how he was brought home, and had his indentures cancelled. Much that relates to his sister, too, (in particular an adventure not unlike the storm scene on the rocks in 'The Antiquary') we must pass by. His restless spirit made him join in one or two smuggling parties, at peril of his life; and his father, to detach him from such wild worthless associates, obtained him a place with a saddler at St. Austell.

Here it was that that change passed over his character to which the religious body of Methodists attach such a peculiar solemnity and significance. With the resolution to amend his ways came a thirst for knowledge. His activity required some outlet, and found it in examining dictionaries, in discovering his ignorance, and reading with avidity to supply the deficiency. Fortunately for his new taste, his master bound books as well as caparisoned horses. A gentleman brought Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding' to be clothed anew—Drew looked into it, and from that moment his tendency towards metaphysics was decided.

He commenced business on his own account in January 1787. The privations which were endured by himself and his sister, whom he had begged from his parents to keep his house, shall be told in her own words:—

"Many," observes Mr. Drew's sister, "were the distressing privations my brother and I underwent the first year. His resolution to 'owe no man anything' was unconquerable; and I bore everything cheerfully for his sake. Our family connexions being respectable, no one suspected our poverty. Though we managed to give the apprentice food enough, we often went with a scanty allowance ourselves. Sometimes we were driven to great straits for want of money; but my brother's resolution to keep out of debt continued unshaken. One market day, a relation called on us from a distance. I wanted to buy provisions; but neither my brother nor I had any money. Not liking, in the presence of a stranger, to expose our poverty, I said to my brother, with assumed carelessness, 'Tis time for me to go to market. Have you any silver? I have none.' On his replying in the negative, our visitor put some silver into my hand, saying, 'Take this. You can pay me the next time I call.' Necessity compelled us to accept this seasonable offer, without which I know not what we should have done."

But he was charitable as well as poor; and not a few anecdotes are told of his making use of the money he earned, for the relief of the miserable—a noble trait, and, to the honour of human nature, one of more frequent occurrence than many will believe. But we can make no room for these, let us see the timely warning which prevented him from becoming a politician:—

"When I began business, I was a great politician. My master's shop had been a chosen

place for political discussion; and there, I suppose, I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year, I had too much to do and to think about, to indulge my propensity for politics; but, after getting a little ahead in the world, I began to dip into these matters again. Very soon I entered as deeply into newspaper argument as if my livelihood depended on it; my shop was often filled with loungers, who came to canvass public measures; and now and then I went into my neighbours' houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time; and I found it necessary sometimes to work till midnight, to make up for the hours I lost. One night, after my shutters were closed, and I was busily employed, some little urchin who was passing the street put his mouth to the key-hole of the door, and, with a shrill pipe, called out, 'Shoemaker! shoemaker! work by night, and run about by day!' 'And did you,' inquired the friend, 'pursue the boy with your stirrup, to chastise him for his insolence?' 'No, no,' replied Mr. Drew. 'Had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself, 'True, true! but you shall never have that to say of me again!' I have never forgotten it; and, while I recollect anything, I never shall.'

We can only give one other extract, which, however, ought to be read and got by heart by all who combine literature with any other avocation, and by all those fastidious ones, who must have couches of down and inkstands of silver, and be shut in, as it were, in the midst of a vacuum of silence, before their thoughts will condescend to come forth:—

"During my literary pursuits, I regularly and constantly attended on my business, and do not recollect that one customer was ever disappointed by me through these means. My mode of writing and study may have in them, perhaps, something peculiar. Immersed in the common concerns of life, I endeavour to lift my thoughts to objects more sublime than those with which I am surrounded, and, while attending to my trade, I sometimes catch the fibres of an argument, which I endeavour to note, and keep a pen and ink by me for that purpose. In this state, what I can collect through the day remains on any paper which I have at hand, till the business of the day is despatched, and my shop shut, when, in the midst of my family, I endeavour to analyze, in the evening, such thoughts as had crossed my mind during the day. I have no study—I have no retirement—I write amidst the cries and cradles of my children—and frequently, when I review what I have written, endeavour to cultivate 'the art to blot.' Such are the methods which I have pursued, and such the disadvantages under which I write."

We leave Mr. Drew at this point, having led him to the highway of life, along which he travelled so directly and industriously for the remainder of his days. Of his literary works, his 'Essay on the Immortality of the Soul,' and his labours while concerned in the Caxton establishment, we have no occasion to speak. The interest of the book (to end as we began) lies in its first hundred and fifty pages.

*The Feathered Tribes of the British Islands.*  
By Robert Mudie. 2 vols. Plates. London: Whittaker & Co.

DISCLAIMING all attempt at scientific arrangement or disquisition, Mr. Mudie has given us a pleasant work on British birds, in which, despite occasional inaccuracies of style, there is much to gratify and instruct; and despite

occasional slight aberrations from "Nature's fair proportions," the delineations are generally spirited, well coloured, and exact. It is, in truth, a book which was wanted, and one which we can safely recommend; the author has studied his subject in the field, not in the closet; his descriptions retain much of the freshness of nature, and are pervaded by an easy strain of natural piety, a reference "from things seen to things not seen," which must make it peculiarly suitable to be placed in the hands of young people. They will rejoice to go forth with it to the wood, or the coppice, or the brake,—to wander along the banks of the streamlet, or bend their footsteps towards the upland lawn, still, as they go, adding to the number of their feathered acquaintances,—and tracing their manners and appearance,—their loves, their combats, their labours, and their sports, now in Mr. Mudie's interesting page, and now in the mighty page of Nature's own volume. In this way, Natural History will appear no dry study—no ungrateful task,—but a relaxation, a pleasure, a delight; and in this way, we trust, Mr. Mudie's book may become of the highest importance, by instilling into youthful minds that taste which, of all others, we consider the most humanizing—the most self-rewarding—and the most pure. We shall add a few extracts, to show the mode in which Mr. Mudie has executed his task. The following opening passage, though rather disjointed, is graphic:

"At the base of some wave-beaten cliff, which rises bold and rugged into mid air, cutting off the landward view, it is pleasant to sit on some jutting point, or to recline in some little niche which nature's own hand has scooped out, and look upon that glorious expanse of water which girdles the globe. It is one of those mackerel-breezy days on which the surface of the water just dances and dimples, to show its obedience to the air. Before one's feet, it sports in turn all the tints of the rainbow; but it softens off in the distance, and so blends its beryl with the subdued sapphire of the horizon sky, that the line of their separation is obliterated, and one is linked to the universe.

"On such days, the fishes sport so near the surface, that their multitudes are ever and anon whitening the water, and impressing you with a feeling of the vast productiveness of that wide and wonderful element.

"But if, in the midst of your contemplation, the gannet should come prone down, like a fragment hurled from the summit, dashing into the water till the ripple close over him, and again bounding upwards with the reward of his daring in his bill,—then the cliff, the sky, the sea, and the fishes, would all be forgotten, and your attention would be wholly and irresistibly absorbed by the bird. Even the dismal sand, where land and sea are equally void of interest, save the melancholy interest produced by the bleaching fragments of ships, which remain to mark the spots where they were stranded, and, it may be, their crews enshrouded in the flood;—even there, the scream of a curlew, the whistle of a sand-piper, or the wail of some sea-bird on the wing, will bring you back to animated nature, and your imagination will soon people the dreary waste with subjects of pleasure and admiration."

The dipper is sketched off in very artist-like style; in parts it almost reminds us of Wilson:—

"The dipper inhabits more romantic places than those that are the almost exclusive haunts of any other British bird; and its manners taken altogether are among the most singular.

It is not confined to any particular latitude, being found near the channel, in Wales, in the mountainous parts of the centre of the island, and also in the north. Cold and heat seem indifferent to it, so that it can be near water which is not frozen. The ravines on the slopes of the mountains where the perennial streams have worn themselves deep and rugged channels through the strata, with here an opposing rock, there a dimpling pool, and in another place a brawling rapid, with loose stones, overturned trees, *se plus ultra* precipices, and all the *et ceteras* which annoy while they astonish a guideless stranger in such places, are the favourite haunts of the dipper. The bird flits before him from stone to stone chirping, and with a wing so apparently helpless, that he imagines it unfledged, utterly incapable of gaining the sky, of which a mere stripe appears overhead, and thus 'a something,' which he can easily catch and carry home as a triumph of his victory over the wild. As he gives chase, with all the confidence of one who drives deer into a *tinckal*, or ducks into a decoy, the dipper flits on from stone to stone, flirting its tail, and ever and anon jerking round as if half astonished, half inviting. So onward they fare, till they come to a bolder and tougher stratum which has obstructed the stream, but at the same time given it fall and force to scoop out a pool below, which though it boils where the cascade plunges (or rather where it rises again), is placid compared with the brawlings that have been passed. The water merely laves a bench of clean pebbles, the rocks on the other side are 'sky high,' without footing even for a bird; and the breast over which the water dashes, seems too high for a thing so hopping and badly-winged. The bird halts on the beach; and forward he rushes, hat in hand to the capture; but the wet stones are treacherous, and long he falls, dips himself, and rising sees the hat which was to capture the bird, whirling round and round in the eddies. The bird, too, has vanished—it is 'a sprite' to wile him into peril. But it soon 'bobs' to the surface, at the lower end of the pool on the other side, with its feathers dry without any shaking off of the water, and leaping first on one stone and then another, it descends the ravine with the same nonchalance that it ascended. To recover the hat is a much more arduous matter than to lose the bird; but that too may be accomplished with one of the long suckers of hazel which grow from the tangled and gnarled stool on the bank, though if the hold be not taken warily and kept carefully, there may be a second dipping—and yet no dipper to boast of."

The following singular mode of discovering a new species of British bird, deserves record, the bird spoken of is the fiery-crested wren.

"The discovery of it as a British bird, is in itself rather a curious matter, as the honour of it belongs to a cat, in the possession of a gentleman at Swaffham. Puss and her master are both fond of birds, though for different reasons no doubt: but puss studies her master's interest as well as her own, and affords another proof that the feline race are, by a little attention, fit for other purposes than mere mousing. • • •

"Well, the cat in question is a very notable bird-catcher. At first, no doubt, for the supply of her own appetite; but her master and she now so well understand each other, that when she catches a bird she brings it to him. If it suits his purpose, she is fondled or fed; and, if not, the bird is returned to her and she does with it as she likes. In that way she brought the fiery-crested wren to her master, a young bird, and just at the season when the young, if hatched in the country, would have begun to fly. That afforded a hint, which was followed up: the old birds were observed in the neighbourhood, and very soon after they were ob-

served near Brighton; and altogether there is no room for doubting that they are native and resident birds."

We shall make but one more quotation, which refers to a curious point, the microscopic power possessed by the eyes of certain small birds, to enable them to distinguish their food:—

"In the average of human eyes, of good formation, and in a healthy state, the common focal distance for small objects, such as for reading very small print, is about seven inches and a half; and the microscopic distance, such as that at which a very delicate engraving is examined, (and that requires a little time for the adjustment of the eye), is about one-third less, or five inches. The bird must often strike its prey without any time for adjustment, and therefore the distance from the eye to the bill may be taken as the ordinary short focal length; but call it microscopic, and the magnifying power in line being inversely as the focal length, the lineal dimensions of an object seen by the long-tailed tit, will be to that of the same seen by the human eye, as five inches to four tenths of an inch, or as twelve and a half to one. The surface will of course be as the square, or as 156½ to 1; and the body, or solid of an object, as the cube, or 1953½ to 1. Thus an aphid, or any other small insect that can come wholly within the field of vision, will appear very nearly as large to the long-tailed tit, as two thousand of the same would do to the human eye. • • •

"The microscopic power of the eyes of those little birds which seek for minute prey on the bark of trees, is, therefore, as wonderful as the telescopic range of the eyes of eagles and other birds which soar aloft, and scan a horizon of miles; and not the least wonderful part of the whole matter, is the ease with which the eye changes from telescope to microscope. The eye of the eagle, which can discern the motion of a small quadruped at the distance of more than a mile, can shorten its focus, so as to be keen and perfect, at the distance of a few inches: and the tit, to whose near vision the eggs of flies must appear as large as musket bullets do to us, feels no difficulty at seeing a bush at the distance of more than a hundred yards."

The mode in which the work is 'got up,' is extremely elegant: we notice as a curiosity a small vignette, on the title-page of each volume, engraved on wood, and printed in colours by Mr. Baxter.

*History of the Revolution in England in 1688.*  
By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh.  
4to. London: Longman.

"THE Glorious Revolution," as, *par excellence*, the Revolution of 1688 was long termed, although not to be compared, either in its immediate or more remote consequences, with that of 1642, or with those mighty political changes which have, at various times, affected every continental state, is yet a period deserving the attention of every historical inquirer. It is not for the display of high principle which it presents—for that ceased with the struggle of Charles and his parliament, and the great men of the Commonwealth had died, and left no successors; nor is it for the triumph of great and enduring truths—for the doctrine, that the nation was competent to pass by one branch of the reigning family, and choose another, had already been acted upon, at least, in the cases of Henry IV. and Henry VII.; while the principles of religious liberty were followed out to a far wider extent beneath the auspices of him to whom posterity seems inclined at

length to do tardy justice, the great Protector, than beneath the auspices of Nassau and the Toleration Act:—it is for the important lesson it inculcates, how little even contemporary public documents can be depended upon, in periods of great political excitement, —and how the most extravagant falsehoods come to be firmly believed by a whole people, when under the influence of strong religious prejudice,—that the Revolution of 1688 chiefly deserves our attention.

For nearly a century, the opinion that this Revolution was the very *beau idéal* of a revolution, was unhesitatingly maintained, and believed by almost the whole land. The sober citizen warmed into momentary enthusiasm when he toasted the "Glorious Memory"—the plodding country gentleman told boastingly how his father rode scores of miles to welcome "their deliverer from popish plots, the illustrious Prince of Orange"—the dissenter pointed to the meagre and degrading provisions of the Toleration Act, as to a religious Magna Charta—and the churchman (except a small remnant of non-jurors) proceeded to church on the 4th of November, duly to thank Heaven for the triumph of that grand principle of freedom, the right of the people to choose their rulers, forgetful that, on the 30th of January, he had anathematized that very doctrine, and called its supporters "Sons of Belial."

At length, and principally in consequence of the publication of the *private* letters and diaries of those who took an important part in the struggles of this period, "a change came o'er the spirit of the dream," for a dream it certainly had been, and people wondered that any one should have been deceived by the extravagant falsehoods of the time. The story of a supposititious prince, (that useful story to the reigning family, since it gave poignancy to the dreaded name, the Pretender), was shown to be a tale too ridiculous for the belief of any save a Burnet; and the magnanimous Princess Anne, and the devoted Queen Mary, and the patriotic Godolphin, the chivalrous Lord Churchill, and almost all the others, stood forth in their true characters, as mean and selfish partizans, ready to profess anything, and ready, it should seem, to believe anything that might subserve their cause. And now opinion seemed about to veer quite to the opposite side, and as the fancied heroes and heroines of the Glorious Revolution were found to have no claim to their titles, it was thought that, perhaps, among the partizans of James, some worthier the name of patriot might be found; and James himself now became not merely the ill-used father, which he certainly was, but the injured monarch, who was driven from his rightful throne by the arts of a powerful faction. But these opinions are equally incorrect as the former. James, although cruelly treated by his children, and shamefully deserted by many who had pledged themselves to support him, was yet a monarch to whom the country was little bound. He had violated his part of the compact, and eighty years' experience of the obstinate duplicity of three of the Stuarts might fairly permit the nation to doubt the solemn promises of the fourth. The leaders of the Revolution, although undeserving admiration, and entitled to very little gratitude, yet did a good work, for which England at large had reason to rejoice.

From these passing remarks it will be seen that, from the peculiarly contradictory opinions prevailing, habits of patient research, of cautious induction, and a mind accustomed to the nice balancing of conflicting evidence, are emphatically necessary to the historian of this period. There is so much to question, so much that it is after all necessary to admit, so much to censure, so much to deplore, and yet, though almost inextricably mingled, so much to commend, that we have always thought it, of all others, the period of English history best suited to the late Sir James Mackintosh. The qualifications which we have just stated, he possessed in a very eminent degree; while his enlarged views and liberal spirit have admirable scope in a field which has hitherto been an arena for the display of the most shameless party-spirit, and the most narrow-minded views. In every page of this work, we perceive the anxiety of the historian to hold the balance of justice with unfaltering hand, and to watch its slightest vibrations: if he censures James, he censures also his opponents; nor does he seek to palliate injustice, because it may have sheltered itself under some specious name. The great mass of evidence from whence this history has been compiled, may be estimated from the following quotation, which we give as well to show the *just* fears which prevailed respecting the intention of James to re-establish the Roman Catholic religion, as to afford a specimen of the clear and nervous style in which the whole work is written:—

"While these hopes and fears [the expected birth of the Prince] agitated the multitude of both parties, the ultimate objects of the King became gradually more definite, while he at the same time deliberated, or perhaps, rather decided, about the choice of his means. His open policy assumed a more decisive tone; Castelmaine, who, in his embassy, had acted with the most ostentatious defiance of the laws, and Petre, the most obnoxious clergyman of the Church of Rome, were sworn of the privy council. The latter was even promoted to an ecclesiastical office in the household of a prince, who still exercised all the powers of the supreme head of a Protestant Church. Corker, an English Benedictine, the superior of a monastery of that order in London, had an audience of the King in his ecclesiastical habits, as envoy from the Elector of Cologne, doubtless by a secret understanding between James and that prince; an act, which Louis XIV. himself condemned as unexampled in Catholic countries, and likely to provoke heretics, whose prejudices ought not to be wantonly irritated. As the animosity of the people towards the Catholic religion increased, the designs of James for its re-establishment became bolder and more open. The monastic orders, clad in garments long strange and now alarming to the people, filled the streets of London, and the King prematurely exulted that his capital had the appearance of a Catholic city, little aware of the indignation with which that obnoxious appearance inspired the body of his Protestant subjects. He must now have felt that his contests with the Church of England had reached that point in which neither party would submit without a total defeat. The language used or acquiesced in by him in the most confidential intercourse, does not leave his intention to be gathered by inference. For though the words, 'to establish the Catholic religion,' may denote no more than to secure its free exercise, another expression is employed on this subject for a long time, and by different persons, in correspondence with him, which has no equi-



vocal sense, and allows no such limitation. On the 12th of May, 1687, Barillon assured him, that the most Christian King 'had nothing so much at heart as to see the success of his exertions to re-establish the Catholic religion.' Far from limiting this important term, James adopted it in its full extent, answering, 'You see that I omit nothing in my power.' Not content with thus accepting the congratulation in its utmost latitude, James continued, 'I hope the King your master will aid me; and that we shall, in concert, do great things for religion,' proclaiming his reliance for aid in his designs on a monarch who, at that moment, supported the religious establishment by persecution. In a few months afterwards, when initiating another part of the policy of Louis XIV., he had established a fund for rewarding converts to his religion, he solicited pecuniary aid from the Pope for that very ambiguous purpose. The nuncio, in answer, declared the sorrow of his Holiness, at being disabled by the impoverished state of his treasury to contribute money, notwithstanding 'his paternal zeal for the promoting, in every way, the re-establishment of the Catholic religion in these kingdoms;' as he had shortly before expressed his hope, that the Queen's pregnancy would ensure 'the re-establishment of the true religion in these kingdoms;' another term was in familiar use at court for the final object of the royal pursuit; it was called 'the great work;' a phrase borrowed from the supposed transmutation of metals by the alchemists, which naturally signified a total change, and which never could have been applied to mere toleration by those who were, in system, if not in practice, the most intolerant men of an intolerant age. The King told the nuncio, that Holland was the main obstacle to the establishment of the Catholic religion in these kingdoms; and D'Albyville, minister at the Hague, declared, that without humbling the pride of that republic, there could be no hope of the success 'of the great work.' Two years afterwards, James, after reviewing his whole policy and its consequences, deliberately and decisively avows the extent of his own designs. 'Our subjects opposed our government, from the fear that we should introduce the orthodox faith, which we were, indeed, labouring to accomplish when the storm began, and which we have done in our kingdom of Ireland.' Mary of Este, during the absence of her husband in Ireland, exhorts the papal minister, 'to earn the glorious title of restorer of the faith in the British kingdoms, and declares, that she 'hopes much from his administration for the re-establishment both of religion and the royal family.' Finally, the term 're-establish,' which can refer to no time subsequent to the accession of Elizabeth, had so much become the appropriate term, that Louis XIV. assured the Pope of his determination to aid 'the King of England, and to re-establish the Catholic religion in that island.' None of the most discerning friends or opponents of the King seem at this time to have doubted that he meditated no less than to transfer to his own religion the privileges of an established church. Gourville, one of the most sagacious men of his age, being asked by the Duchess of Tyrconnel, when about to make a journey to London, what she should say to the King if he enquired about the opinion of his old friend Gourville, of his measures for the 're-establishment' of the Catholic religion in England, begged her to answer, 'If I were pope, I should have excommunicated him for exposing all the English Catholics to the risk of being hanged. I have no doubt, that what he sees done in France is his model, but the circumstances are very different. In my opinion, he ought to be content with favouring the Catholics on every occasion, in order to augment their number, and he should leave to his successors the care of gradually subjecting England alto-

gether to the authority of the pope.' Bossuet, the most learned, vigorous, and eloquent of controversialists, in the great work on the variations of the Protestant churches, which he published at this critical time, ventured to foretell, that the pious efforts of James would speedily be rewarded by the reconciliation of the British islands with the universal church, and their filial submission to the apostolic see."

When it is remembered that at this very time the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by James's sworn brother and ally, had filled the neighbouring kingdom with scenes of horror and bloodshed, it may well be believed that the fears which then pervaded the minds of the citizens of London were not entirely without foundation. In the delineation of the various characters that took part in this eventful contest, the nice discrimination of the historian is seen to great advantage. The following is part of his sketch of William:—

"William, who from the peace of Nimeguen was the acknowledged chief of the confederacy gradually forming to protect the remains of Europe, had now slowly and silently removed all the obstacles to its formation except those which arose from the unhappy jealousies of the friends of liberty at home, and the fatal progress towards absolute monarchy in England. Nothing but an extraordinary union of wariness with perseverance, two qualities which he possessed in a higher degree, and united in juster proportions than perhaps any other man, could have fitted him for that incessant, unwearied, noiseless exertion which alone suited his difficult situation. His mind, naturally dispassionate, became by degrees steadily and intensely fixed upon the single object of his high calling. Brilliant only on the field of battle; by no means but a few intimate connections; considerate and circumspect in council; in the execution of his designs, bold even to rashness, and inflexible to the verge of obstinacy, he held his onward course with a quiet and even pace which wore down opposition, outlasted the sallies of enthusiasm, and disappointed the subtle contrivances of a refined policy. Good sense, which, in so high a degree as his, is one of the rarest of human endowments, had full scope for its exercise in a mind seldom invaded by the disturbing passions of fear and anger. With all his determined firmness, no man was ever more solicitous not to provoke or keep up needless enmity. It is no wonder that he should be influenced by this principle in his dealings with Charles and James, for there are traces of it even in his rare and transient intercourse with Louis XIV."

We had selected other extracts; but, with the exception of the following very characteristic letter from one who has indeed been "damned to everlasting fame," we must conclude. It is but just, however, to inform our readers, that the portion of this history written by the late Sir James Mackintosh extends only to page 358, and ends very abruptly. Of the continuation, consisting of nearly 300 pages, it is but justice to say, that, both in style, in spirit, and in careful examination of historical documents, it forms no unworthy sequel to the work to which it is attached. The prisoners mentioned in the following letter were 800 in number, and by express direction of Lord Sunderland had been assigned in lots, as it were, of 100 apiece, to various dependents of the court, that they might make as much money as they could by selling them as slaves, not to the New England planters, for by them they would have been, for religion's sake, received as brothers, but to the West Indian colonists, among

whom, both from hard labour and the effects of the climate, their death was rendered almost certain:—

"Letter from Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys to His Majesty King James II., dated at Taunton, Sept. 19, 1685.

"I most humbly beseech yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> to give mee leave to lay hold of this opportunitee, by my Lord Churchill, to give your Maj<sup>ty</sup> an account that I have this day finished what was necessary for yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> service in this place; and begge leave that yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> will be graciously pleased to lett mee referre to my Lord Churchill for the particulars; for I have not as yet perfected my papers soe as to be able to doe it soe exactly as my duty to yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> service requires. I received yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> comanda, by my Lord Sunderland, about the Rebels yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> designs for transportation; but I beseech yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> that I may inform you that each prisoner will be worth 10*l*., if not 15*l*. apiece; and, Sir, if yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> orders them as yo<sup>r</sup> have already designed, persons that have not suffered in the service will run away with the booty, and I am sure, Sir, yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> will be continually perplexed with petitions for recompences for sufferers, as well as for rewards for servants. Sir, I hope yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> will pardon this presumption. I know it is my duty to obey. I have only respited doing any thing, till I know your Royal pleasure is, they should have the men; for upon my allegiance to yo<sup>r</sup>, Sir, I shall never trimme in my obedience to yo<sup>r</sup> comanda in all things. Sir, had not yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> beene pleased to declare yo<sup>r</sup> gracious intentions to them that served yo<sup>r</sup> in the soldiery, and also to the many distressed families ruined by this late Rebellion, I durst not have presumed to have given yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> this trouble. Sir, I will, when I have the hon<sup>r</sup> to kisse yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> hands, humbly acquaint you with all matters yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> hath been graciously pleased to entrust mee w<sup>th</sup>, and doubt not, Sir, but to be able to propose a way how to gratifie all such as yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> shall be pleased to thinke deserving of it, w<sup>th</sup>out touching yo<sup>r</sup> Excheq<sup>r</sup>. I most humbly thro<sup>w</sup> my selfe at yo<sup>r</sup> Royall fete, for yo<sup>r</sup> pardon for this presumption, w<sup>th</sup> I was emboldened to by yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> most gracious acceptance of my meane services. Sir, I begge leave to inclose some papers of the confessions and behaviour of those that were executed since my last. I purpose for Bristol on Munday, and thence to Wells; and shall not dare to trouble yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> any further; except it be to beseech yo<sup>r</sup> Royall pardon for all the mistakes, and crave leave heartily and humbly to assure yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> I had rather dye than omitt any opportunity wherein I might approve my selfe,

"Royal Sir,

"Yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup> most dutifull

"And obedient Subject and Ser<sup>vt</sup>,

"JEFFREYS."

"Taunton, 19 Sept.

"Wade reserves himselfe till he attends yo<sup>r</sup> Maj<sup>ty</sup>. I have ordered him hence on Munday."

*Our Town; or, Rough Sketches of Character, Manners, &c.* By Peregrine Reedpen. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THERE is a great deal of clever Dutch painting in these two unpretending volumes. The defects, as well as the merits, of the school, are, however apparent: the inimitable truth, the clear daylight of the picture, the natural grouping of the figures, are admirable; but the provoking grossness, which occasionally offends, is not wanting. 'Our Town' is a clever series of cabinet pictures. It is, however, a work difficult to describe—difficult to illustrate by extract. We should, perhaps, first give a sketch of the town itself, but it is brought before us by so faithful a pencil, that

an extract would be, necessarily, "our house," or "the Doctor's," or some other, and not a sample of the infinite variety which characterized the town, one "irregular row of houses following another, some high, some low, like a large family of children indiscriminately huddled together." The same may, with equal truth, be said of the inhabitants; but, occasionally, we meet many of them assembled at a party, and here is a tea-table sketch:—

"The good folks of our town are, generally, people who have one idea, and that in some way or another relates to themselves. All their topics of conversation are made to turn upon themselves and their doings. • • •

"The good old lady, Mrs. Thryvewell, has her one idea, which is, that nobody in the wide world can fatten ducks or cure hams like herself. There is the curate, whose idea is, that he is a man of science, the first man of science of the age; and there is his lady, who has an idea that she is the mother of all the pretty children that are in the kingdom. There is the fox-hunter, whose idea is a combination of riding and 'fifteen-two and a go.' There is his wife, whose idea is a large family. The little doctor's idea is *himself*; his wife's idea is that matrimony and happiness are not perfectly synonymous. • • •

"There is the 'head lawyer,' whose idea is a bill of costs, and gentility; his wife, whose idea is that a lawyer's wife, who has to study economy to maintain gentility at the least possible outlay, has no sinecure; and his pretty little mixx of a daughter, whose idea is decidedly that she is the prettiest creature in the room and out of it. • • •

"Dr. Slaimour's idea is money. The fox-hunter's brother has one idea—business. The Bishop of Burleigh [a nickname for the schoolmaster] has an idea that he is somebody, he does not know who, but certainly not himself, and that he can write sermons. The bishop's tall wife hath an idea that she is the wife of a very clever man. There is the major, whose idea is that of hunting. There is the naval captain, whose idea is that he is a hero, and a very ill-used man. The naval lieutenant's idea is mischief-making, and that he has a very pretty wife. The wife of the latter gentleman has an idea that matrimony, though not quite what she expected to find it, is better than dress-making, and that children are great bores. There are four or five gentlemen who have property, and spend it in farming. Their idea is that they are agriculturists, and consequently have a right to be discontented with the country and every thing in it but themselves, who are an abused and injured class. There are some old ladies whose ideas are, that they have pretty daughters, and that it is very strange nobody marries them."

But we must introduce to our readers some other important personages, who figure, or have figured, in 'Our Town,' though not present on this occasion: and first, Mrs. Dashaway:—

"What poor Sir John Cam was to Westminster, Mrs. Dashaway was to 'our town.' They were both exalted, both for a time idolized, and both had their 'decline and fall.' Both talked of the 'sacrifices' they had made—pish!—who cared about them? Did ever anybody care about sacrifices, or those who made them, after they were made? Mrs. Dashaway and Sir John Cam both told the people they were ungrateful, and how could they tell them anything else? Who ever found out a people that were not ungrateful? Mem.—all people are ungrateful when they won't do as we wish. But it is better not to anticipate, and we will proceed regularly."

"Mrs. Dashaway had seen a long and chequered life. At a very early age—very early,

indeed, if her own account be a correct one, she did what all young ladies do if they can—she married. As she states, the circumstance happened thus. Her first victim was a physician in the East India—I beg pardon, the *Honourable* East India Company's service, who, having acquired some cash and a liver complaint together, arrived in England to get rid of them. He there beheld the lovely and innocent Mrs. Dashaway, then 'sweet fifteen,' and rich in all a maiden's bloom. After a short courtship they were united in the bonds of matrimony, and they subsequently returned to India, where Mrs. Dashaway gave birth to a son, who inherited a queer liver from his father, and whose face now looks like a shrivelled olive. The physician 'went the way of all flesh,' an East Indian climate, a liver complaint, and, to crown all, a wife, were too much for him. He endured this accumulation of evils about fifteen months—enough to prove his heroism beyond a doubt, and then resigned his breath without a murmur. • • •

"After this 'happy release,' Mrs. Dashaway remained some time a young and lovely widow, the delight of the *élite* of Bengal, the idol of rajahs and nabobs, the envy of all the women, and the death of at least half the men. • • • But at length she saw her second husband in the tall and graceful person of Mr. Dashaway, with whom she fell terribly in love because—he had a nose like the Duke of Wellington's. • • •

"She 'made him happy' (the reader will remember that the lady's version is here given,) and afterwards gave him 'two dear delightful pledges of her fond affection;' but, oh! how provoking! neither of whom have the Wellington nose. • • •

"After the birth of the 'pledges,' Mrs. D. and her husband, who was a dignitary of the church, returned home, and resided in England till 'death deprived her of her heart's dearest treasure.' 'Domestic happiness' killed Mr. Dashaway, that is certain, for Mrs. D. protests he never knew anything else; but men will get tired even of bliss, inconstant as they are, and when the honey surfeits us, what can we do better than fly from the hive! Poor Mrs. D. was again a widow, and, alas! she remained so."

We need not add, that the popular version of this story differs in many important particulars. Another clever sketch is of the *Professor*:—

"The next house to the *trijuncta in unam* is old, and out of repair, and has been the scene of some curious pranks while it was occupied by the late inhabitant. The father of this personage was a truly respectable, and much respected character, who, although filling a humble situation in our town, was universally esteemed for his unassuming manners and his integrity, as well as for his benevolent kindness to the poor. He was for many years the parish clerk, for which he received the small stipend of twenty pounds per annum, with a small sum for the office of parish schoolmaster. In the latter office he had the privilege of educating such of the children of the town whose parents would send them to his academy, and for which he was content with a lesser sum than was taken at the 'head school,' then kept by the father of our present curate. In course of time he had saved a considerable sum from his earnings, and with the advice and concurrence of his neighbours he opened a boarding-school, which, during a long series of years was very successful, and he finally left his academy to his youngest son, and divided his property between the latter, and two brothers who were previously established in the world, in equal proportions. These two young men were tolerably prosperous, and very respectable. • • •

"We will leave them to their fate, and turn our attention to the younger brother. When the old gentleman departed this life, this his

favourite son was appointed by the authorities to the vacant office of parish clerk, which, for a short time he filled. It was not, however, to his taste; he was a very different person to his father, and 'had a soul above buttons.' Parish clerk indeed! About this time, too, he discovered that he wanted a wife, and immediately began his search. But there was no young lady in or near our town with whom he could form a matrimonial alliance. The secret of this was, that he looked rather higher than his rank in life and pretensions seemed to warrant, and when he made love to any of the damsels who were supposed likely to have fortune, they tittered, and cried 'Amen.'

"The only chance he had was to go where he was not known, and thither he went accordingly. He engaged an udder to conduct the duties of his establishment in his absence, hired a black servant to wait upon himself on his journey, borrowed a gig and horse to carry both, and off he started, by easy stages, to that mart for the disposal of hearts—Bath."

The remainder of the story is well told. But there are gala days upon occasions, even in 'Our Town,' and the chapter, headed, 'Delicate Pleasures for susceptible Minds,' gives an account of one of these, which may coarsely be called, pig-killing. There is a great deal of quiet humour in this story, but the writer should have followed the tragic usage of our neighbours, and permitted the last sad act to have been done off the stage. Here are a few speculations and incidents:—

"In 'our town' pig-rearing and pig-killing are the principal objects of a man's life. The same may be said of our county. It seems as if man was born for no other purpose than to make hog's flesh. The instant they are at liberty to act for themselves, they follow the example of their forefathers and cultivate bacon. A man takes his wife and his pig together, they flourish together, are nourished one as much as the other, and both go into the straw together. The difference in the last proceeding is somewhat striking, to be sure, and it can hardly be said whether the balance is in favour of the woman or the pig. The former has, as everybody knows, no very easy time of it; the latter, when he gets into the straw, gets on his funeral-pile, in which his bristles, not his flesh, are burned to ashes. His troubles are over; but nobody knows where a wife's troubles will end. The pig has paid the debt of nature; but a wife has so many debts of nature to pay! • • •

"Pig-killing is a sort of jubilee for those who have it on their own premises. It is an event. We feel that we are men of substance and importance in the eyes of our townsmen, on that day at least. Everybody hears of it—the pig takes care of that; and if the pig happen to be a good one, and the strong beer is also good, it will stand a chance of being proclaimed all over the place that same night by the butcher, who never fails to promote your honour and glory by his bacchanalian shouts and rhodomontades. He will talk of it, too, the next day, for then he comes to 'cut up' the defunct, and, as a matter of right, he has his second edition of strong beer and bread and cheese. Away he goes again sounding the trumpet of your fame, and everybody knows how great you are. Observe, that no man is or can be great in our town who does not make his own pork and bacon. Pig-feeding is greatness. • • • The principal object of this day's proceedings is in the fore-court of his sty, and is very restless. He is very hungry, too, not having had any food since yesterday morning, for it is considered bad management to feed a pig for twenty-four hours previous to his death. The only torture the animal cares for is heartlessly inflicted just before the close of his life. He

is staring about in great surprise at the assemblage before him, and wonders what it means. Still more does he wonder why he is not fed. That is strange. . . . He grunts petulantly, smells to the empty trough, and turns away in an agony. . . . The unhappy pig then runs into his sleeping-apartment, in which his bed lies all strewn about hither and thither by his tumblings and tossings of the last night, produced by his unusual fasting. He takes a melancholy look at the scene of his watchfulness, as if he deplored the disarrangement of the bed, and despaired of ever making it comfortable again. Poor fellow! he little knows that he has pressed his pillow for the last time! Then a certain sensation of pain, caused by the collapsing of his stomach, reminds him of the want of food. He squeaks his anguish. He takes up an ear of straw in his mouth, rejects it as having no nourishment, and runs out once more to the vessel which has so often afforded him a comfortable meal; but there is nothing in it. It is as empty as himself. He puts his nose under it, and tries to lift it up; he turns it over in a pet, and mounts his fore-feet upon it to look over the rails of his sty.

"We will take a brief survey of the butcher, who is the 'head pig-killer' of 'our town,' and is deserving of some little notice. He stands unrivalled in his art, and he seems to know it. There are others in the place who destroy pigs occasionally; but John Dobbs says they only 'murders 'em.' . . . He is about fifty-five or fifty-six years of age, wrinkled and furrowed in his face, black and profuse in beard, keen in his eye, low in his forehead, shaggy in eyebrows, and clean in his hands and dress. The latter is a sort of close jacket and 'overall' of white duck. I speak of the dress that is worn only on 'killing-days,' for he has two occupations. Pig-killing is not a permanent employment, the summer puts an end to it, and Dobbs fills up the interim by aiding the 'head-bricklayer' as a labourer. From the end of March to the end of September the pigs have a respite, unless it be a few porkers, young tender things about two score, and fit to roast,—these are sometimes seduced into plumpness, and 'nipped in the bud' in the hottest weather. . . .

"To go back to the pig. The animal seems to be in a state of considerable excitement. He regards Dobbs with an instinctive dread. The wily old fellow has a piece of cord in his hand, which has a noose at one end, intended to catch the pig by the upper jaw, on which, if the noose be dextrously passed over, it is securely held by the tusks. Dobbs now advances towards the sty: the pig stares—he puts one leg over the rails; the pig wonders what he means. Dobbs gets the other leg over; the pig considers himself in bad company, and retreats within his sleeping apartment, looking at the butcher as if he wished him in—any place but where he is.

"Dobbs next tries to coax him out by gentle means. He calls out 'chuck, chuck' several times in an insinuating tone, but it won't do; the pig is suspicious. John Dobbs next begins to rattle the trough, as if he intended to feed his victim. This is a tempting sound, and draws the pig's head to the door of his dormitory, from whence he spies the cheat, and turns back in sheer disgust. Dobbs tries again in vain: the pig is satisfied there is something wrong intended, else why deceive him? There is no alternative now but to go into his den and dislodge him. Dobbs enters and coaxes the hapless swine to come out; the pig strikes his tail up in a corner with a dashed air that seems to say, 'I'll see you — first!'

"A boy is ordered next to jump over the rails of the sty to 'chuck him out,' while old Dobbs cunningly places himself by the side of the door so as not to be seen by his victim, hold-

ing the noose ready to slip over his nose as he comes out. Now the pig rushes forth; the noose faces him—he cannot avoid it, out he must go, for the boy is taking great liberties with his tail: the noose comes nearer; the pig is in despair; he raises his head, and the slip-knot is just on his nose; he drops his head again with great dexterity, and slips away under the rope. 'Never mind,' exclaims Dobbs, 'I'll have ee presently.'

"The boy is now stationed at the door of the bedchamber to prevent the pig from re-entering. Dobbs tries to insinuate himself into his good graces. He scratches his back, and talks smoothly. No, no!—the pig remembers that he rattled the trough without putting anything in it; he has no faith in man, and he is certain that John Dobbs is a villain. The butcher tries to pass over the noose suddenly, but the pig is not to be taken by surprise, and cannot understand why such ungentlemanlike treatment should be offered him—he will not be 'led by the nose' by any man. Dobbs finds he has a queer customer, and loses patience; he rapidly repeats his attempts, which are defeated, and he and the pig dance round the sty, and across it, at a great rate for some minutes. This round is certainly to the advantage of the pig, who has completely winded his antagonist.

"Dobbs is vexed, and begins to swear. The pig begins to squeak loud enough to deafen us all. Dobbs stands before him, and looks him in the face with an air of desperation. The pig thinks him the most ill-looking fellow he ever saw, and turns his back to him. Dobbs prepares to seize him by one of his ears, intending to force the noose upon him. He makes a dart at the ear—the pig gets away; another attempt meets the same success, and the pig and the butcher finally face each other, both bobbing from side to side and up and down as the noose approaches the nose and is avoided. At length it is plain the pig must be caught; he has no chance—all is over—on it must go. He plunges despairingly between the butcher's legs: up go his heels, and Dobbs descends in a sitting posture amid the wet and filthy mire of the sty. The boy is knocked down in the mud, and Dobbs rolls over him. The pig regains his tenement."

We could give a dozen more extracts from these volumes, quite equal in truth and humour to the above; but we shall content ourselves with recommending the work itself to all who have a relish for this sort of Dutch painting, and are not over-refined, or superlatively delicate.

*Lays and Legends of various Nations. Part I. Germany.* By W. J. Thoms. London: Cowie.

THERE are those who affect to despise legendary lore, who deem that nothing is worthy of examination but what can be measured by the rule and square; nothing deserving regard, of which the useful result is not immediately discoverable. Such men are in general shallow pretenders, whose science consists in the power of using learned names, and conjuring with algebraic signs,—men to whom the world of matter is everything, and the world of mind nothing. To examine fiction is fully as much the business of the philosopher as to investigate truth—in fact, it is identical with it, for fiction is but the veil, woven by the hand of fancy, behind which truth loves to conceal herself. The legendary history of a nation is the record of the customs that formed the character of that nation; it contains the first rude attempts to explain natural phenomena, the traditions of

its early history, and the moral principles popularly adopted as the rules for reward and punishment; and generally the legends of a people may be regarded as embodying the popular habits of thought and popular motives of action. Akenside attributes our admiration of fiction to love of knowledge:—

Hence, finally, by night  
The village matron, round the blazing hearth,  
Suspends the infant audience with her tales,  
Breathing astonishment, of witching rhymes  
And evil spirits; of the death bed call  
To him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd  
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls  
Risen from the grave, to ease the heavy guilt  
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk  
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave  
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.

In these lines are enumerated most of the circumstances likely to have afforded foundation for local fictions; nor are those that furnish the base for national fictions different so much in kind as in degree.

Considering fiction as one of the modes in which mind is developed, we do not think it strange that the general outline of the tale found to be popular in one country, should have a striking resemblance to that of another country. In general, a popular fiction may be regarded as the theory by which the vulgar attempt to account for surprising circumstances. For instance, in the ordinary dispensations of Providence, guilt is found to be followed by punishment in this life; a glaring exception appears—an atrocious criminal lives a life of splendour, goes down to the grave in apparent peace, and is buried with all the pomp that feathers, crape, and white linen can bestow. The vulgar at once embody their foregone conclusion; they tell you of the ghostly spectres that haunted the sinner's bed, of the sounds of woe that are heard from his unhonoured tomb, and of the appearance of his troubled spirit near the scenes of his worst crimes. Physical phenomena need not be mentioned, for they unquestionably furnished the greater part of the mythology of every nation. Let us take, however, a circumstance of ordinary life, and perhaps none better can be found than that of Whittington and his Cat; Mr. Keightley hesitates about pronouncing the similar Danish and Persian legends independent fictions; Mr. Thoms seems inclined to assign them a common original. Now, we have no doubt that the several tales may be wholly distinct inventions: there never was a man who rose from poverty to great riches, that did not afford exercise to the inventive fancy of his neighbours; all, then, we have to account for, is the selection of the cat as the means of fortune. This has been explained by the recent investigations of the French naturalists, which have proved that the type of our domestic cat is not the common wild cat of Europe and Asia, but the "*felis maniculata*" of Upper Egypt, or rather Nubia, an animal very rare in its native country. Consequently, the domestic cat must have been, at one time, the most valuable of animals in the countries where it is now so common. It was so valued by the Egyptians that they embalmed its body; and we all remember the Welch law, which sentenced the person who killed his neighbour's cat to a fine of as much corn as would cover the body of the cat, suspended by its tail, with its nose touching the ground.

But though the same fictions in substance may be found in countries the most remote,



yet the circumstances of time, place, and national character lend them a peculiar colouring, which at once marks the age and nation to which they belong. There is a Persian story of a criminal, who, after condemnation, astounded the court by confessing a catalogue of crimes that made the hairs of the hearers stand an end. "And have you never in your life performed a virtuous action?" asked the judge. "O yes," replied the wretch, with great eagerness, "I once killed a Turk!" Now, the same story is told in each of these three kingdoms; but, in England, the man, whom to murder was counted as a virtue, is a gamekeeper,—in Scotland an exciseman,—and in Ireland a tithe-proctor.

We have made these few observations simply to show that the collection and investigation of popular fictions is not learned trifling, or what Horace would call "laborious idleness;" but we rest not content with such limited grounds of defence; the faculty of imagination deserves cultivation as much as the faculty of reason, and its functions are not less important in the intellectual world. We possess not merely the power of conceiving and comparing objects, but also the power of forming them into new combinations—"of forming, at our will, with a sort of delegated omnipotence, not a single universe merely, but a new and varied universe, with every succession of our thought." "Such," continues Dr. Brown, "are the sublime functions of imagination. But we must not conceive, merely because they are sublime, that they comprehend the whole office of imagination, or even its most important uses. It is of far more importance to mankind, as it operates in the common offices of life,—in those familiar feelings of every hour, which we never think of referring to any faculty, or of estimating their value in reference to other classes of feelings." This is a power which should not be allowed to wither in neglect, but there are many writers on education by whom it is not merely contemned, but actually proscribed. "Children," says Rousseau, "should not be allowed to read fables and fairy tales, because such works habituate their mind to falsehood."

Now, even the child that knows no better  
Than to interpret by the letter,  
The story of a cock and bull,  
Must have a most uncommon skull;

and skulls still more uncommon have they who "interpret by the letter" the paradoxes of this splendid but erratic genius. The very words he uses condemn his theory, for fictions are not falsehoods; they are truths, the comprehension of which is facilitated by the aid of imagination. We more than doubt the propriety of the edict that has banished from the nursery the old favourites of our childhood, Cinderella, and Whittington, and Jack the Giant-killer, and the Ruvius Sisters; the substitutes for them convey, indeed, more knowledge of the world, but that is the very thing we should most wish to avoid; life, with its stern realities, will all too soon teach the young to change affections for calculation, and substitute reason for impulse.

We shall always gladly receive such works as that of Mr. Thoms; it is a selection made with taste, and illustrated by learning, without pedantry.

#### CONSUMPTION.

*Pathological Anatomy.* Fasc. I. *Illustrations of Tubercles.* By R. Carswell, M.D. *On the Inhalation of Iodine and Conium in Tubercular Phthisis.* By Sir Charles Scudamore, M.D. F.R.S.

[Second Notice.]

TUBERCLES are not confined to the human species. Most of the monkeys and apes which die in our menageries fall victims to true consumptive disease, and these bodies may be seen studding their lungs, liver, spleen, and several other organs. M. Royer Collard, in opening the body of a lion that had died at the Jardin des Plantes, found the lungs to contain numerous tubercles. M. Dupuy ascertained their existence to be not at all unusual in horses: in the hog, they pretty frequently occur, and may be found in various parts of the body, as well as in the lungs, often mixed with the hydatids, or transparent vesicles, the development of which, in these animals, is known by the common denomination of *measles*. In the ox, too, tubercles present themselves, and M. Andral mentions, that M. Larry had sent him a rib of beef, in which was a round cavity, containing a tubercular mass of the size of a large cherry. Their existence in rabbits is a matter of daily observation; and, as these unfortunate animals have supplied subjects for experiment in numerous other physiological and pathological questions, so have they been extensively used in this, and the result of such experiments, we believe, has been, that it is in our power, by a certain course of regimen, to generate these productions in the textures of a rabbit to all appearance perfectly healthy previous to being placed under artificial circumstances. On this very interesting point we have reason to think that Dr. Townsend, the excellent translator of Andral's 'Pathological Anatomy,' has, for some time, been engaged in a course of experimental inquiry, and, we hope, before long, that science may be enriched by the results of his labours. In some other animals, tubercles also occur. Sheep are subject to them; most of the parrots in our menageries perish by tubercular disease, and in the museum at Alfort may be seen the liver of a turkey studded with tubercles.

These facts we have stated as introductory to the second part of our subject—viz., an inquiry into the causes that generate or predispose to tuberculous depositions; and, it is evident that, in doing so, we at once considerably simplify the question by eliminating the far greater number of external modifying causes to which man, in civilized life, is subject, and which, though their power cannot, for a moment, be doubted, are yet not essential to the production of the disease. Now, in the cases referred to, the animals have either been transported from a hot to a cold climate, where they are deprived of liberty and exercise, as is the case with monkeys and parrots; or confined in damp places without sun, and almost without air, as cows, pigs, and house-rabbits; or exposed to constant alternations of cold and heat, or violent and constrained exercise, as the horse. But these animals are never known, in their wild state, to evince any symptoms of the disease; therefore, we have a certain number of causes clearly marked as capable of producing it: consequently, the avoidance of these causes is evidently indicated as the first and most ne-

cessary step to those who are threatened with this formidable malady. It is remarkable that the dog, though more under the influence of human control than any of the above-mentioned animals, and more completely subdued to an artificial mode of existence, has never, as far as we know, been found affected with tubercles. This can only be accounted for by the far greater liberty with which he is allowed to exercise his limbs, and the freedom with which he enjoys the sun and air. The rest are all more or less confined, checked, and placed under the influence of depressing circumstances, the effect of which is to produce those primary changes in the constitution of the blood, from which we have shown the deposition of tubercles to result.

But man not only suffers from all these causes, sudden variations of temperature, forced and violent exertions, deprivation of natural exercise, cold, damp, imperfect nutrition, &c., to which beasts are liable; he is exposed to others, peculiar to himself, and resulting from the modes of life consequent on civilization, and the exercise of certain arts, trades, or manufactures, to which it gives rise. He dwells in close, low, and shut-up situations—he inhabits crowded cities—he inhales an atmosphere thickened with smoke and dust, and rendered irritating by the presence of noxious vapours, or foreign substances in a minute state of division—he frequents thronged assemblies, and over-heated rooms—he exerts himself in "wordy warfare," straining his lungs, and imposing upon his respiratory system efforts of which it is incapable—he hurries away, excited and overwrought—bathed in perspiration, he faces the cutting blast, or the driving sleet—attending only to the storm which still rages within, he disregards that from without, or, concentrated on some great intellectual effort, he neglects the precautions necessary for keeping the corporeal instrument in repair. The flush of excitement is succeeded by the hectic glow, and the triumph of the mind entails the destruction of the body:—

The fiery spirit, working out its way,  
Pretends the pigmy body to decay,  
And o'er-informed its tenement of clay.

Numerous trades tend more or less directly to the production of this disease, but principally those in which the workman is obliged to breathe an atmosphere loaded with a fine dust, which, penetrating with the air into his lungs, becomes lodged on the surface of the very sensitive lining membrane of the passages; and, constantly accumulating, acts as a never-ceasing cause of irritation.† Bakers, hair-powder makers, and workers in feather stores, present a large number of weakly, white-faced, and unhealthy-looking individuals, with soft, flabby flesh, and a tendency to a short, teasing cough. In stone-cutting, the particles conveyed being sharp spicular, of higher mechanical powers of irritation, their effects are, proportionally, more violent, and ulcerations of the membrane, with perforations of small vessels, and consequent spitting of blood, are often in them the first warnings of impending danger. The pointing of needles has long been distinguished for its great fatality to those employed; and though, in this particular instance, scientific

† The 'Annales d'Hygiène Publique' for January, contains a paper full of interest, on the influence of different occupations in producing Phthisis, by Dr. Lombard, of Geneva. Our limits prevent us doing more than referring to it.

humanity has suggested a preservation in the employment of magnetic mouth-pieces, which should attract the fine metallic particles on their approach to the lungs, we understand that their use has actually been rejected by workmen, to whom it was proposed, on the grounds that, if the danger were diminished, the numbers who went to the trade would be greater, and the wages consequently less! Employments that tend much to induce a stooping and contracted position of the chest, are also amongst the causes that induce this disease, by preventing the free dilatation of the lungs, and M. Maygrier even cautions ladies against spending too much of their time in *knitting stockings*. But, perhaps, amongst the fair sex, there is nothing so frequently productive or promotive of consumption as that fashionable state of semi-nudity (by a singular solecism called *full dress*) in which they attend balls, and the utter recklessness with which they expose their fragile forms after the heat, and excitement, and exhaustion of the dance, to the blast of the night-wind, "deadly and chill." There are numerous other causes to which our space does not even permit us an allusion, and which, besides, are rather of a nature to require the interference of the physician, than to be guarded against by ordinary precautions; but we think we have seen such clear evidence of the possibility of consumption being communicated, especially to members of the same family, and this opinion is so generally admitted by medical men of the highest authority, that we feel it proper to notice this source of the disease; particularly as the simple remedy of avoiding the use of the same bed with the patient, more especially when suffering under night perspirations, may be considered as nearly a sufficient preservative against this very limited contagion.† M. Louis, indeed, in an ingenious little essay, the object of which was to disprove the general idea respecting hereditary predisposition to disease, mentions a case in which consumption seems to have been induced, by travelling for some time in a close carriage with a person labouring under an open ulcer of the lungs; and we do not think it impossible, that breathing air continually impregnated with fresh exhalations from the diseased surface, may have had some such effect: but M. Louis pushes his theory too far, when he asserts, that contagion is sufficient to account for the disease attacking many members of the same family, inasmuch as cases are sufficiently common in which the individuals have been attacked, though, for a considerable time previous, in very different and remote situations. We must content ourselves with these observations as to the causes of consumption, though an immense number of facts might yet be adduced confirmatory of the positions we have laid down, as well as illustrative of the influence of age, temperament, sex, climate, season of year, nature of diet, &c., and the dangers to be apprehended from extreme nervous exhaustion, and the occurrence of other maladies. Neither can we dwell on the important improvements in

the mode of ascertaining the state of the lungs by percussion, and the use of the stethoscope, for which medical science is indebted to Auenbrugger and Laennec. Space only remains for speaking as to the remedial means proper to be employed, and the hopes of cure which they hold out. Taken in its early stages, previous to the enlargement, the softening, and the discharge of the tubercles, we have little hesitation in saying that, by a careful and regulated mode of living—by a prudent abstinence from all the exciting causes to which we have alluded—by a change of residence to a mild and equable climate†—and the use of a few remedial agents, the progress of the disease may, in a great number of cases, be indefinitely prolonged, and even the disease itself, in some instances, eradicated. But once the tubercles have suppurated and opened for themselves a way into the bronchial passages, matters are no longer the same: we have an ulcer in a part which we cannot place at rest—an irritable surface, from which we cannot exclude a constantly repeated irritation. These are among the true reasons of the difficulty of affording any effectual relief in this disease; were it not for them, there appears no cause why an ulcer in the lungs should not be cured with equal facility as an ulcer of the leg. But the constant action, and the constant irritation, exercise such baneful influence, and are so completely beyond our power to check or control, that the most prudent physicians look almost in despair on this stage of the disease; and, hopeless of rescuing from death, think only of those alleviating and palliative means, which may serve to "gently smooth the way."

A cure, however, is sometimes effected, even after the tubercle has been expectorated and the cavity formed, by a natural process of contraction, which draws together, by degrees, the sides of the cavity, until it at last ceases to exist, and its place is merely marked by a puckered scar on the surface. Such a process has been noticed by Laennec, but he imputes it solely to the power of nature, and does not say that we possess any means of hastening or assisting its completion. It seems to be the only favourable termination of tubercular disease with which he was acquainted, but Andral mentions another—viz., by the re-absorption of the tubercles, though he merely conjectures that this was taking place from having observed "some tuberculous masses, of a singular form, furrowed with a groove, and looking as though the centre had been removed." Dr. Carwell speaks with more certainty on this point, and describes the steps of this process, in which, the fluid parts of the tubercle being removed, its saline constituents remain, and form minute spiculæ, which, by their sharpness, ulcerate a way for themselves into the bronchi, whence they are removed by expectoration, constituting the calcareous or gritty particles, often observed in the *sputa* of patients, principally such as are advanced in years. He also states, that he had, as was before done by Jenner, and

since by Dr. Barron, produced tubercles in the liver of the rabbit, and afterwards observed their complete removal by absorption and excretion. Now, to ensure this end, is the great object of Sir Charles Scudamore's treatment, and it is evidently a rational attempt thus to imitate the steps that nature has pointed out. The means he employs are, the inhalation of the vapour of warm water, medicated with iodine and tincture of hemlock, together with general attention to diet, regimen, and the use of a few internal remedies, principally slight tonics and aperients. This again is rational. Inhalation is consonant with the obvious principle of applying the remedy to the seat of the disease—so obvious, indeed, that the attempt has been made by numberless practitioners, and with almost every species of vapour or gas. Mascagni has declared, that "if ever we find a remedy for consumption, it will be one of those which can be applied to the lungs by means of inhalation." The humid and sulphurous air of Vesuvius has been recommended by physicians, even as far back as the days of Galen; and, it is said, with much success: others have been equally fortunate with an air pure and dry: the atmosphere of a cow-house did a great deal for Reid and Beddoes; so did a habitation on the sea-shore for Russel: oxygen was tried by Fourcroy, and carbonic acid by Withering, Perceval, and Mühry: Baglivi recommended standing over freshly turned-up earth, and Laennec thought there was virtue in strewing a room with sea-weed: one physician found that the workmen in coal-mines were free from this disease, and another extended the exemption to the manufacturers of sulphuric acid: the vapours of frankincense and gum styrax receive a high character from Mead—tar fumigation is a specific with Sir Alexander Crichton: finally, prussic acid is the suggestion of M. Desportes, chlorine of M. Gannal, and iodine, though not originally proposed by Sir Charles Scudamore, is yet indebted to him for its fullest and fairest trial.

A single glance at the number of remedies recounted, (and the list might with facility be extended to twenty times the length,) speaks volumes for their effects; and, we protest, we have been too often disappointed in the use of others, recommended with equal strenuousness, to feel very sanguine as to the powers of this new agent. We admit, however, that it has peculiar claims to attention from its efficacy in stimulating the absorbent system, and so causing the removal of morbid productions, and unnatural secretions. From the temperature also, at which it rises in vapour, and the readiness with which it may be diluted with the steam of warm water to any desired degree, peculiar facilities are offered for its exhibition. The sedative effects of the hemlock, with which it is combined, may probably be useful in allaying irritability. Some of the cases related by Sir Charles Scudamore are in the highest degree gratifying, and their happy termination, we frankly confess, is what we should not have anticipated. He assures us, that "he has related them with the strictest fidelity, and in every instance studied rather to understate the results than the contrary." We can only add, in his own words, that his "mode of treating tubercular phthisis has been crowned with a success greater than could have been expected," and join him in

† Dr. Lombard endeavours to disprove the idea of contagion, by showing that the number of nurses and other persons engaged about the consumptive wards of hospitals in Paris, Strasbourg, and Geneva, who have afterwards fallen victims to the disease, is actually less than the average number of persons dying of it in ordinary employments. It is evident this proves nothing respecting the degree of proximity, from which we apprehend danger.

† Of the good effects to be derived from a sojourn in milder climes, if resorted to in the incipient stages of the disease, we have seen the happiest proofs, but want of room prevents our speaking more at large on this subject, which, besides, will be found treated in a manner sufficiently popular for general readers in the volumes of Doctors Carter, Clark, Johnson, &c., in addition to which, we may recommend the very entertaining "Diary" of Mr. Matthews, and the accurate notes of Mrs. Sturke.

the earnest hope, that it may receive from the profession at large such a full and dispassionate consideration, as is suited to its importance, and that their testimony as to its merits may prove concurrent with his own.

*The Works of Robert Burns, with his Life.*  
By Allan Cunningham. Vol. III. London:  
Cochrane & McCrone.

We were last week able to give only one of the new poems with which the editor has enriched his collection of Burns's works. Without further preamble, we now extract another, and the pleasant note appended to it.

To John Taylor.

With Pegasus upon a day,  
Apollo weary flying,  
Through frosty hills the journey lay,  
On foot the way was plying.  
Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus  
Was but a sorry walker;  
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,  
To get a frosty calker.  
Obliging Vulcan fell to work,  
Threw by his coat and bonnet,  
And did Sol's business in a crack;  
Sol paid him with a sonnet.  
Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,  
Pity my sad disaster;  
My Pegasus is poorly shod—  
I'll pay you like my master.

ROBERT BURNS.

*Ramages, 3 o'clock, (no date.)*

"To John Brown, Esq., Ayr, the admirers of Burns are indebted for this very singular petition and the following explanation. The Poet, it seems, during one of his journeys over his ten parishes as an exciseman, had arrived at Wanlockhead on a winter day, when the roads were slippery with ice, and Jenny Geddes (or Peg Nicholson) kept her feet with difficulty. The blacksmith of the place was busied with other pressing matters in the forge, and could not spare time for 'frosting' the shoes of the Poet's mare, and it is likely he would have proceeded on his dangerous journey had he not bethought himself of propitiating the son of Vulcan with verse. He called for pen and ink, wrote these verses to John Taylor, a person of influence in Wanlockhead; and when he had done, a gentleman of the name of Sloan, who accompanied him, endorsed it in prose in these words:—'J. Sloan's best compliments to Mr. Taylor, and it would be doing him and the Ayrshire Bard a particular favour, if he would oblige them instantaneously with his agreeable company. The road has been so slippery that the riders and the brutes were equally in danger of getting some of their bones broken. For the Poet, his life and limbs are of some consequence to the world; but for poor Sloan, it matters very little what may become of him. The whole of this business is to ask the favour of getting the horses' shoes sharpened.' On the receipt of this, Taylor spoke to the smith; the smith flew to his tools, sharpened the horses' shoes, and, it is recorded, lived thirty years to say he had never been 'weel paid but aace, and that was by a poet, who paid him in money, paid him in drink, and paid him in verse.'"

Among the rest, the Heron ballads are most conspicuous; but, being merely election squibs, they will hardly be interesting to the English reader, except as completing the collection. There is also a strange and rather coarse eclogue, the satire of which is launched against Mrs. Riddel. Out of love to the poet's memory we will not extract this, though out of justice we cannot let it pass without comment. We will draw upon the notes for an original letter addressed to Colonel Mitchell, wherein Burns pleads to be removed to a somewhat less arduous situation:—

"Sir,—I shall not fail to wait on Captain

Riddel to-night—I wish and pray that the Goddess of Justice herself would appear to-morrow among our Hon. Gentlemen, merely to give them a word in their ear, that 'injury to the thief is injustice to the honest man.' For my part, I have galloped over my ten parishes these four days, until this moment that I am just alighted, or rather, that my poor jackass-skeleton of a horse has let me down; for the miserable devil has been on his knees half a score of times within the last twenty miles, telling me in his own way, 'Behold, am not I thy faithful jade of a horse, on which thou hast ridden these many years?' In short, Sir, I have broke my horse's wind, and almost broke my own neck, besides some injuries in a part that shall be nameless, owing to a hard hearted stone for a saddle. I find that every offender has so many great men to espouse his cause, that I shall not be surprised if I am committed to the stronghold of the law to-morrow, for insolence to the dear friends of the gentlemen of the county.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,  
"Your obliged and obedient servant,  
"ROBERT BURNS."

There are sundry new epigrams and epigrams given among the shorter poems towards the end of the volume. One of these, with its explanatory note, shows Burns wrapped in his darkest mantle of scorn:—

On a Suicide.

Earth'd up here lies an imp o'hell,  
Planted by Satan's dibble—  
Poorly wretch, he's dammed himself  
To save the Lord the trouble.

"A melancholy person of the name of Glendinning having taken away his own life, was interred at a place called 'The Old Chapel,' close beside Dumfries. My friend, Dr. Copland Hutchison, happened to be walking out that way: he saw Burns with his foot on the grave, his hat on his knee, and paper laid on his hat, on which he was writing. He then took the paper, thrust it with his finger into the red mould of the grave, and went away. This was the above epigram, and such was the Poet's mode of publishing it."

The songs which succeed this and other similar compositions come like the carol of birds after a thunder-storm.

*China: an outline of its Government, Laws, Policy, &c.* By P. Auber, Esq. London: Parbury, Allen, and Co.

This work is more appropriately named on the back than in the title-page; its label declares it to be an account of "British and Foreign Intercourse with China," and it is nothing more, for of the internal condition of "the celestial empire," it tells us nothing that is new, and little that is valuable. The history of European intercourse with China may be told in a very few words; it was always subject to restrictions, and these have been aggravated rather than abated by the progress of time. Mr. Auber does not attempt to explain this anomaly in commercial history; and yet the explanation is so very obvious, that we can scarcely believe him to have been ignorant of it. The Chinese are subjected to a foreign dynasty, whose supremacy is far from being fixed on a stable foundation. Its Tartar rulers are jealous of any interference between them and their subjects, and they more especially dread English interference, because our course of policy in the East appears to them very suspicious. We may say, that these suspicions have led to the adoption of very inconvenient, and perhaps absurd, precautions; but assuredly, we cannot deny that there exist very plausible grounds for the suspicions themselves. Delhi is not so far from Peking, but that the Manchew can learn the fate of the Mogul, and the Tsing

dynasty can scarcely be blamed for dreading the fortunes of the house of Baber. The Chinese emperor knows well, that intercourse with Europeans has ended by subjecting India to European sway; and when our ambassadors are sent to disclaim ambitious projects, there is an unanswerable reply, that so late as the year 1826, we added to our territories, 51,000 square miles wrested from the Burman empire. The exaction of degrading prostrations from ambassadors may be very painful to official feelings, but we doubt whether its exaction be impolitic. The Tartar supremacy rests solely on opinion: to its continuance, the belief that no earthly potentate can compete with the emperor, seems absolutely necessary; and it is not surprising that he should refuse to hazard his crown for the purpose of gratifying strangers. Mr. Auber enters into a long and laboured defence of the course of policy adopted by the East India Company, in its intercourse with China, but he more than insinuates that great imprudence has been occasionally manifested by the resident committee at Canton. There is not sufficient evidence before us, to justify our offering an opinion, and, besides, the recent change of system has deprived the question of all public interest. We can scarcely blame Mr. Auber for appearing as the advocate of the Company, but we regret, that, in consequence of his assuming that character, his book is rather an apology for the past, than a guide for the future.

*Sir Rodolph of Hapsburgh, an Historical Romance.* 3 vols.

A story abounding in the usual hair-breadth escapes, unexpected joys, and unexpected sorrows, of works of this class. The style of the narrative is, however, flowing, and sometimes spirited, and many of the descriptions of scenery are bright and vivid:—but why did the author choose an historical subject? Much that goes far towards the construction of a good novel, will go but a very little way towards an historical novel; in it, as we have often said, we must have the peculiar character of the times, and of the people, impressed upon every scene, and upon every dialogue. It would, indeed, save many a young aspirant much disappointment, if he but bore in mind, that *not one* good historical novel has ever yet been written, except by those, who, from their extensive knowledge of the period and the characters, could just as easily (we were almost going to say more easily,) have written history itself. At the anachronisms of sending Teutonic damsels of the 13th century a pilgrimage to Italy, in search of the picturesque, and making sketches of Italian scenery, or talking of the wonders which "scientific cultivation" will produce, as though they had attended the lectures at the Royal Institution, we may smile; but, when the narrator of a tale assumes the character of a didactic writer, and gives peremptory opinions on the state of society, during a period of which he knows so little, and speaks of the clergy of the middle ages as pursuing a conduct similar to the priests of heathenism, "whose power was founded on the ignorance of the people, and who to preserve their own influence veiled the truth in darkness," we must bid him remember, that whatever of knowledge, scientific or literary, the middle ages possessed, was the boon of the Roman clergy, and century after century the command to educate the people issued forth from the very halls of the Vatican. It is not by idle—nay, worse than idle, because false—declamation like this, that the real interests of knowledge, or of Protestantism, can be subserved; but so much easier is it to say what has been said fifty times before, than to inquire whether it really is the truth, that, in the teeth of directest testimony, this stupid and most untrue assertion is repeated by scores of writers. It is for this reason, that



we have made these remarks, since many a reader meets with assertions like the foregoing, in works of fiction, and believes in their truth; and thus error is multiplied by this class of writers, long after it has been exploded by the historian. The writer of 'Rodolph of Hapsburgh' certainly possesses talent, and, we think, is capable of writing a good domestic novel.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE CARNIVAL, &amp;c.

Rome, February, 1834.

My Dear — You have but an undertaker's idea of the Carnival, I can assure you, from the gloomy thing we saw last year—the Carnival of Death, if any at all, in comparison with this of 1834. That was like the Funeral of Folly, while this has been the very triumph. His Holiness, good papa as he is, gave in to it. Had he persisted in obliging his children to play all-fools with moderation, they would have turned march-of-intellect people before he could whistle a semiquaver; you remember how savage they were last time, at not being allowed to make themselves sufficiently ridiculous. But this year they have had a Bull of permission, and *per Bacco!* by no means let it lie a dead letter: all notions of civil and ecclesiastic reform, which had begun to sprout under his Sanctity's nose, were nipped by the indulgence—liberalism, and brother-carbonari of Bologna, bid go to Malamecco—my constitutionalists again becoming friends of the church, and the best-humoured cut-throats in the world, at old Mother Hornie's service. To be sure, there is always at Rome *indulgenza plenaria* for worse than simple buffoonery: every church-door advertises it; but here was a loose of paternal benevolence—a *licenza*. Masks, dominos, fancy and stage dresses, national costumes, characters of all kinds imitated from anything between a priest and a naked cyprian (these are sacred); nay, characters of no kind, nondescripts—clowns without a jest, linden-heeled harlequins, and columbines ready for every pantaloon that leered at them; in fine, *confetti*, *meralli*, and a pony gallopade each day, kept Rome at the crowing point of exultation for a week—"Mighty Rome! Mistress of the World! Mother of the Fine Arts!" &c. &c. Among the *lazzi naturali*, your humble servant was not one of the least remarkable; he and R. walked through the motley assemblage, somewhat like a *megatherion* arm in arm with an *ornithogrychus paradoxus*. Nothing was strange, however, but a rational creature. Here stood a bear whispering soft nonsense into a lady's bonnet; there, a German with whiskers brought over his back like pigtailed, dishevelled mane, and ruvne of teeth, unconsciously looking the ogre. This carriage was driven by a fat cook-maid—that loaded with three powdered baboons by way of footmen—t'other filled with half-a-dozen Grand Turks or Indian squaws. Now the Senator (Prince Orsini) drove up in his gilt coach, as big with the majesty of his station, as if he had swallowed a board of aldermen; now six whole troopers rode down at a high trot, fire in their eyes, and flaming swords in their hands, to announce, as they gallantly cleared the street, that the pomes might enter to the Capitol. A park of two great guns proclaimed the victor, and awed the populace. "Mighty Rome! ancon! huzza!" The Corso looked for all the world like the ward of mad millers in the moon, hustling about through clouds of meal-dust to the tune of visionary millstones. Many English were quite Romans on this occasion. Had you friends, they were sure to dispense their comfits (of the best quick lime), as the restaurateurs do their *pains* on you, *à discretion*, in other words, *sans discretion*. I saw Mademoiselle —, the painter's belle, so besuited with them as to throw her into the prettiest confusion and distress imagin-

able; but some of our English beauties, instead of taking the like opportunity to be elegantly embarrassed, primmed up and pouted at every shower of confetti, looking as stiff and frosty-faced as so many garden-goddesses in a hadstorm. "Why," demanded R. cynically, "why should young ladies come to the Carnival in their backboards?" On the other hand, when our snowy Florimels do melt, 'tis with a waiste-pipe; the little *tartuffes* become positive tom-boys: prudery is, in fact, but a desperate sort of prudence, afraid to trust itself, and which, once restraint taken off, runs as wild as Mad Bess without her strait waistcoat. You might have seen no few Miss Hoydens pelting some poor Sir Doodle as if he stood in the pillory, and they served it. Then there was the beauty *passant et gardant*, Mrs. — (now Marchesa Somebody,) angling for eye-worship from her carriage, while in evident O. P., sat many a double-dawg, begging contributions of admiration, instead of bestowing herself to the Old Ladies' Asylum—family trees. I cannot enumerate all the ex-beauties; but all who quietly reposed under the shades of their ancestral laurels, might have been speeded on a Lilliputian sentence. His ex-excellency the Marquis of Anglesa enjoyed the din apparently as if it had been no less warlike than that of Waterloo or Donnybrook: but I only heard of a boy shot by mistake, for a mask that wounded the fine feelings of a *shierro*, and a groom hurt by one of the high-mettled racers. Lord and Lady Paget, *et luc genus omne*, mobbed it for the time as if they had not been made of alabaster, but of mud, like the rest of the people. Once *per diem* *Il Borghese*, as the Romans call the Prince, came away past in his low voiture, something like a lumber waggon, his hat powdered, it was said, to intimate what a favourite mark he had been for holy sharpshooters—a fair one at all events, *Il Borghese* being, perhaps, the largest living creature at Rome. No *Porporati*, that I could hear of, augmented the hilarity by their presence, unless in a mask; the Pope, I am almost certain, was not an actor on this occasion. But when all's said and done, to see the Carnival in perfection, you must see it in a London print-shop: the thing itself is low, squalid, and uproariously dull; stable-boys and strumpets are the chief masqueraders: imagine the populace of St. Giles's buying their fancy dresses at Rag Fair, and tumbling draggledail beigh-for-O'Connell through the Strand—little better than this. You'll hear more wit, and not half the noise about it, at Bartholomew Fair in half an hour, than here in a whole Carnival; though the Romans are said to be quick at satire, as is not unlikely, having so much practice on themselves. Their pet character is a *beur*, for which they are naturally fitted, and their favourite witticism—"a *beur* moffio!"—when they have puffed out a taper. One couldn't help laughing, through the nose, indeed, at their folly (most grew sick of it), yet, perhaps, it was not more laughable in the main than much of their wisdom. It should be added, to the credit of the Romans, that their orgy went off with little or no outrage: all was good-humoured harmless hurly-burly: they were carried away too fast by their rapture and the crowd to think of picking your pocket. If a blow were given, be sure it was by an Englishman, for some handful of *confetti* thrown on his span-new frock, to take off the gloss or the tuler's smell, with which he came to regale the Corso. When an Englishman does not resent nonsense with still greater, he thinks it a dishonour.

We've had two Opera Houses in full song for two months: 'Anna Bolena,' and 'La Foresta d'Immsul' at one house, the 'Sonnambula' at the other: so you see Rosini is obsolete. 'Tis otherwise with Ronzi de Begnis: yet, whatever this singer may once have been, she has now not a good note in her voice, her action has the grace

of a kitchen-maid, and she is grown as motherly to boot as Cybele herself. But the Romans have a natural gusto for huge wind instruments with a good skarl; their ears being educated by the pifferari bagpipes, that croon eternally and alone through the streets—no other refiner of the soul here, except braying of bad organs and innumerable asses; Ronzi, therefore, is whooped for every night, like the moon by a forest of owls. Under her face in the print-shops, you read—*Lode non v'è che tanto morto eguagli*—as if she were St. Cecilia herself!—a good sample of Italian stomachs for compliment. At the second Opera House, one of the sweetest, most exquisite singers you ever heard, Fanny Tacchinardi Persiani, with a voice like Haidee's,

So delicately clear,

The sort of sound we echo with a tear,—

is barely saluted with a buzz, after astonishing feats of the purest execution, united with still superior expressiveness, because she can't bother the echoes! Her *physique* certainly unfits her for a large theatre, or one like this at Rome, where the mere swinish breathing of a mob suffocates all sweetness. But at Milan, which is, perhaps, the metropolis of the Italian musical world, and where the people have not lugs instead of ears, this lady performed *Beatrice di Tenda*, and other characters, with a merit scarce exceeded by Pasta or Malibran, and an applause I never saw bestowed on either, as it came less from the hands than the heart. Persiani is, I believe, a Venetian, and daughter of the famous tenor Tacchinardi: she is pretty, and lady-like, and graceful, and interesting, but too slight. Apropos of enchantresses: have you heard Schutz yet? This is a marvellous singer, as well as I can judge from one character, *Norma*, which she played last autumn, when I passed through Florence. All high passion and thrilling energy, like Pasta; with just such a deep, soul-breathing voice, except that it is, to my feeling more naturally fine. Hear her by all means, when she goes (as go she must) to London.

As Raphael's bones have been picked white by you "English equeurs," I shall not serve them up to you again. What tribulation among the cognoscenti and antiquarians that bubble caused with its bursting! They had decapitated poor Sanzio after death, and smuggled his skull from the Pantheon into the Academy, there to form the subject for learned Cicerone dissertations, *remes* of sensibility from lack-a-lanistic amateurs, and chuckling remarks of philologists. What do your Spurzheimites say now? Now, that Raphael's mock pericranium has joggled against the real, and gone to powder, they must look out another abutment for their castle of skulls.

Talking of Raphael, have you seen his great *Borghese Deposition*, engraved by Felsing? A German burin is almost sure to catch the incision of Raphael's pencil better than any other; and, therefore, odd as you may think it, to give you an unfavourable copy. Both are sharp to excess; the colouring lent by both (for prints, though but black and white, have their colour,) is poorish and cold in general: so that the plate, augmenting both defects, is but a serious caricature of the picture. All the old-fashioned works, and Raphael's very last, the *Transfiguration*, may be counted among them, are rendered with a great deal of spirit indeed, but with *ultra-fidelity*, if you'll allow me the term, by German engravers. The *Borghese Deposition*, you know, is in Raphael's middle manner, large fall outline, but hard as diamond-cutting. Now, Felsing is usually a soft-handed artist, which Raphael requires as a corrective,—but this engraving is as hard as one of Albert Durer's. Some other German resurrection from the valley of Dry Bones, has nicked out a plate of the *Generation of the Virgin* at the Vatican, and so twisted, withered, parched up every figure, every feature, of that early, but exquisite Raffelesque, as to make them look

like those of oven-dried bodies hung by the necks in a dissecting-room. Were there no shoes to be cobbled, that these booters must tack themselves to the Fine Arts!—Felsing's print from Andrea del Sarto's *chef-d'œuvre*, in the Tribune, promised well, though he had scarce reached the poignant sweetness of St. John's expression. After all, I have seen nothing to please me so much as our own Strange's *grandiosité*. Morgen, to my mind, is, in comparison, a *petit-maitre*: what a ditty-dotty piece of minini-pinini he has made of Leonardo's *Last Supper*, which the critics, I believe, say he has made a *fine thing*! If they had only seen the original,—even in all its ruin and restoration!

Captain Basil Hall is here, getting up a book and his portrait. Why doesn't he go to the Sunderbunds or Timbuctoo? I don't say for his face, that can be done well enough here; but are not Italy and he lost upon each other? The portrait is full of taste and beauty, though, perhaps, neither be much in character. I should rather have had the Captain's black-sint brows and heather-coloured cheekbones, than so much roundness of feature and mellowness of complexion, however agreeable. Yet, the likeness is not to be mistaken. Rothwell, as his professor Lawrence, is eminently a painter of female subjects. Their smooth and boneless forms do not exact so much under-surface knowledge of anatomy, in which all our English artists are deficient; while, if exterior modelling be not much better understood, so large a share of the success depends on, or rather is insured by, pretty eyes, sweet lips, and delicate complexions. To model the softest face *perfectly*, is, perhaps, the very summit of workmanship in portraiture, either on canvas or stone, as the undulations elude by their indefiniteness; but we do not look ~~now~~—or look in vain—for the subtle modelling of a Mona Lisa, or a Niohe. Besides, want of forcible character in the subject dispenses with all need of force in the artist; and where grace, elegance, &c. of person and apparel are so much oftener met than in men, he has so much the more scope to exhibit the similar qualities of his mind. For this reason, I shall always prefer seeing Rothwell devote himself to ladies. That is his native bent. Captain Hall is not a *Noll Bluff*, but a *Colonel Lovelace*, in spite of himself and the painter;—a glass of fashion, an elegant loller for an ottoman, instead of a brother by the half blood of Lord Brougham. The *Sir Coutts Trotter* promises to be of the *Captain Hall*, what Burgersdicius would call the converse by contraposition—in plain English, to have more character, and less charm of effect. But it is still in a state of sketch—anything the painter's genius may choose to make it. So good-bye to *virtù* and to you at present!

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE rooms of the Society of British Artists will open to the public on Monday, and, from a somewhat hasty view of the collection, we are enabled to say, that there promises to be a very creditable Exhibition. There are not so many square feet of mere coloured canvas as we have seen; and many pictures are of a high order: we would instance Hurlstone's 'Hudce aroused from her trance by the sound of Music,' a work, finely conceived, and finely wrought out; also, the 'Caius Marius sitting among the Ruins of Carthage,' by Linton, which, though it conveys but an imperfect idea of 'the city of the sea,' is a splendid picture; and 'The Moorish Tower at Seville,' by D. Roberts, an improvement, we think, on any of his former works. We must also notice the change which has come o'er the pencil of Mr. R. B. Davis, the Secretary, who, instead of painting interminable processions, or covering forty square feet with red-hunting jackets, all made "to order," has broke out into

"fresh fields and pastures new," and brought home some admirable scenes; and we have the more pleasure in noticing this, because his commission work has often heretofore prevented us from saying a courteous word of a most obliging gentleman, and excellent artist: we beg to draw particular attention to his 'Forest Pool' (No. 42), not only a clever, but a very original picture. His namesake, too, Mr. S. Davis, has some very fine interior views of foreign churches. Inskip is as life-like as ever; and we were particularly pleased with one or two landscapes by Crewick, especially a 'View near Corwen, in Wales' (No. 111), and a little miniature thing, not bigger than our hand, 'The Avenue near Dunchurch' (91)—but more on this subject hereafter.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 20.—Brunei, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A communication from Capt. Dickenson, of H.M.S. *Lightning*, addressed to the secretaries of the Royal Society, in reply to Capt. De Roos's account of the operations connected with the recovery of the treasure from H.M.S. *Thetis*, wrecked at Cape Frio.

Capt. Dickenson stated, that having seen a report of the first part of Capt. De Roos's paper in a literary journal, he had attended the reading of the second part, and felt, that in justice to himself, his officers and men, who had, with him, in H.M.S. *Lightning*, borne the most severe toils, devised and executed the expedients found most efficient in raising the treasure, and actually recovered three-fourths of what has been obtained,—he felt himself bound to lay before the society, the copy of his official statements addressed to the Admiralty, and also of his letter of advice and directions addressed to his successor, Capt. De Roos.

These documents were then read: their examination would lead us into a controversy with which we have no wish to meddle; but we cannot forbear remarking, that Capt. Dickenson carefully mentioned every person from whom he received assistance; that there was an evident anxiety manifest to understate his labours and sufferings; and finally, that his previous proceedings, and his letter of instruction, when compared with Capt. De Roos's account of his labours, seem to have mainly directed the operations of the crew of the *Algerine*.—This is one of the cases that prove the benefits which arise from publishing reports of the transactions of the Society in the literary periodicals.

The Society at its rising adjourned to the 10th of April.

##### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

March 20.—Hudson Gurney, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The further reading of Mr. W. Y. Otley's paper on the Ancient Illustrated Manuscript of Amos was continued. The matter more particularly dwelt upon in this evening's session was, the early cursive written character of Italy, to the varieties of which various distinctive names have been applied, all of which Mr. O. considers unnecessary and unjust.

The Vice President gave notice that, because of Passion week and the Easter holidays, the meetings of the Society were adjourned until Thursday, the 10th of April.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

March 18.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., Chairman.—James Allen, and H. C. Watson, Esqrs., were elected, and others admitted as Fellows of the Society. The Secretary read two short papers, both supplied by the Librarian: the first on *Tropæolum pentaplylon*; and the second contained some remarks on several British Ferns.

The Chairman exhibited dried specimens of small branches of the tree which yields the true

cascarilla of commerce. Mr. Ward exhibited a singular vessel, used as a milk-pot by one of the tribes in the interior of Africa. This circular vessel was fixed within a frame somewhat similar in form to those in which globes are suspended for geographical purposes; but the vessel and its framework were apparently carved out of a single block of hard wood, the whole external surface of the vessel itself, as well as all the different pieces forming its support, being covered with ornamental carving.

##### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

March 18.—A paper by the author of the 'Domestic Gardener's Manual' was read, concerning the culture of melons, (particularly those of the Housaine varieties of the Persian families), and regarding them in the light of aquatic or amphibious plants. It contained the plan and arrangement of a method proposed to be pursued in the cultivation of the above-named fine fruits, and, through the agency of a constant and large supply of water to the growing plant, approaches more closely the Persian practice than usual; the difficulties incidental to such a method being followed in frames or houses being overcome by means both simple and ingenious, but which are capable of much improvement.

The different sorts of flowers exhibited were very numerous and beautiful. The specimens of *Agavea Indica Phœnicia*, *Primula verticillata*, *Euphorbia bilabris*, *Erica Linnaena superba*, and varieties of *Ribes* and *Berberis*, were deservedly admired.

Grafts of the *Beurre d'Arenberg*, and *Formo de delices pears*, and of highly-approved apples, were distributed during the meeting.

Lord Grey of Groby, John Reay, Esq., Wm. Saward, Esq., and Dr. Daubeny, were elected Fellows of the Society.

##### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

March 14.—R. Phillips, on Chemical Affinity, &c.

The object of the lecturer was to define the meaning of the term chemical affinity, and to describe the causes which increase, diminish, prevent, or modify its action. He observed, that we are ignorant of the ultimate nature or cause of affinity, and know of its existence only by the effects which it produces on the various forms of matter. To admit of the action of chemical affinity, it was stated, that bodies must be dissimilar; and this fact was illustrated by the action of acids and alkalis, when separate, upon vegetable blue and yellow colours respectively, and their loss of this power by combination, so as to form a salt. Another circumstance requisite to its production, was mentioned to be contact or mixture; to this rule, however, the lecturer stated an apparent exception, as, when an efflorescent and a deliquescent salt were contained in the same vessel, the latter, without having in contact with the former, would deprive it of its water of crystallization, an effect which was stated to be owing to the carrying power of the air, which conveyed the moisture from the efflorescent to the deliquescent salt. Variations of temperature were mentioned, as causing alterations in chemical affinity and action; thus, at common temperatures, mercury and atmospheric air undergo scarcely any, if any change whatever; but, at a certain increase of heat, the mercury combines with the oxygen of the air, and is converted into peroxide; whilst, at a higher temperature than that required to form the peroxide, it is decomposed into oxygen gas and metallic mercury.

Another experiment performed, to prove that affinity is dependent upon the degree of heat, was that of mixing muriate of ammonia and carbonate of lime. At common temperatures, these salts undergo no change; but when heated, it was shown, that carbonate of ammonia was

evolved, and what is commonly called muriate of lime remained in the vessel. It was afterwards shown that when the carbonate of ammonia and muriate of lime formed by heat, were dissolved in water, and the solutions mixed at common temperatures, carbonate of lime was again formed and precipitated, while the muriate of ammonia, also reproduced at this low temperature, remained in solution.

It was observed, that heat in some cases caused only partial instead of total decomposition; thus it was shown, that when copper was put into sulphuric acid, no action took place between them, but when heat was applied, then the copper decomposed the sulphuric acid, and, taking part of its oxygen, reduced it to the state of sulphurous acid, which was plentifully given out in the form of gas.

Comminution was mentioned, as sometimes requisite to cause chemical action, in other cases merely accelerating it. The first proposition was proved by the insolubility of common clay, though reduced to a fine powder, in an acid; but some clay or alumina, which had been recently precipitated, and was consequently more minutely divided, was immediately dissolved by the acid. The second case, or the acceleration of chemical action by minute division, was shown by the greater rapidity with which powdered marble was dissolved in acid than a mass of the same substance. Concentration was mentioned as another circumstance, sometimes requisite to induce chemical action; as, where a mixture of chloride of potash and sugar is fired by a single drop of strong sulphuric acid, but remains unacted upon by a much larger quantity of the acid, when mixed with a small quantity of water.

The lecturer afterwards observed, that oxygen was necessary to cause metals to combine with acids, and this was stated to be sometimes derived from the decomposition of a portion of the acid and water or the atmosphere, according to the nature of the metal and the acid. It was mentioned, that not only in the cases of oxidization, but also in some others, the intervention of a third body was requisite to insure chemical action; this was proved by mixing very small portions of tincture of galls and sulphate of iron in distilled water; no visible effect was produced, until a drop of solution of ammonia was added, and then the whole became instantly almost black.

In some cases, it was mentioned, that dilution was requisite to chemical action, as, when sulphuric acid requires water to cause action between it and zinc; this, however, it was observed, was not owing to dilution *as such*, but, because by the decomposition of the water, the oxygen, requisite to the solution of the metal, was supplied to it.

It was afterwards observed, that though a certain degree of oxidization was requisite to the solution of a metal in an acid, an excess might prevent it. The lecturer concluded with explaining what was meant by the nascent state of bodies, which, he observed, was frequently requisite to ensure chemical action; and he expressed his regret, that time would not allow him to offer any experimental illustration of this circumstance, nor to enter further into the subject, for which he had prepared additional observations and experiments.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, p.m.
	Medical Society	Eight, p.m.
Tues.	Zoological Society (Scientific)	
	Business	Eight, p.m.
	Medico-Botanical Society	Eight, p.m.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society	8 p. 8, p.m.
Wed.	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, p.m.
	Geological Society	8 p. 8, p.m.
	Society of Arts	8 p. 7, p.m.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—A meeting was held on Monday evening, Professor Airy, one of the Vice Presidents, being in the chair. Mr. Power gave an account of his views concerning the cause of the phenomena of exosmosis and endosmosis, which, it appeared by his calculations, may be accounted for by the effect of forces similar to those which produce capillary phenomena. Professor Henslow gave an account of the speculations of Mr. Braun, respecting the spiral arrangement of the scales on the cones of pines, illustrated by drawings and additional observations. Professor Airy gave an account of experiments on the polarization of light by the sky. It appeared that the light was polarized in a plane passing through the sun, and that the plane of polarization was not reversed in approaching the sun, as had been formerly suggested by M. Arago. Professor Airy found that he could observe the polarization within 9 degrees of the sun, in a horizontal direction, but that above and below the sun the traces disappeared at a distance considerably greater. It was found, in the course of these experiments, that very rough surfaces, as a stone wall, a gravel walk, a carpet, produced some polarization by reflection; and that the plane of polarization in all cases passed through the point of reflection and the source from which the light came. This communication gave rise to other observations from other members.—*Camb. Chron.*

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

Madame Kynterland's second appearance in 'Semiramide,' with the advantage of greater familiarity with her part, only confirmed our opinion of her powers, as expressed last week. As Easter is at hand, and we are promised great things afterwards, we will say no more.

On Tuesday 'La Gazza Lutra' was repeated; and on both evenings it required the combined fascinations of Taglioni and Duvernay to compensate for the defects of the opera. These it was which made us willing to sit out 'Il Barbiere' on Thursday, for the sake of the new ballet, 'Le Sire Huon.' A word as to the opera; we did know that human memory is a treacherous thing—but it really seemed to us preposterous that *Conte Almaviva* and *Figaro* should be as deficient in their parts as two country actors at a rehearsal; and even the remembrance of Camadori's sweet and finished singing (she too was astray in the recitatives,) is not sufficient to prevent us bearing sturdily testimony against an incorrectness, so little creditable to all parties concerned.

With respect to the new ballet, founded on the legend of Oberon, we are really in too complete a bewilderment of delight to be able to report upon it as gravely as becomes critics of our reputation. Though the story, particularly as concerns the Enchanted Horn, has not been made use of so efficiently as its adapter might have done, the scene in fairy land is so enchanting, the spectacle throughout so magnificent and picturesque, and Taglioni so—(we must check ourselves, or we shall run into the extravagant,) that we consider our two hours' endurance of heat, crowd, and martyred music, amply repaid; indeed, we would willingly undergo any, or all, of the above-mentioned trials, to see her and Duvernay in the new *Pas de Schall*, beyond which nothing can be imagined. We shall speak of the music, by Signor Costa, next week.

*Antient Concerts.*—Her Majesty and suite honoured the third Concert with their presence. A finer selection of classical music could not have been made; either our list was not given in vain, or we have good cause to welcome Earl Howe to his new office. Handel's splendid choruses (to this day unrivalled) were relieved by

pieces from the 'Creation.' Mozart's '*Ave Verum*' was encored by her Majesty; a most delicious composition it is. The performance concluded with Beethoven's Hallelujah Chorus from 'The Mount of Olives.' Madame Caradori, Mrs. W. Knvrett, Miss C. Novello, and Phillips, were all in excellent voice. On the whole, the concert left nothing to be wished, and was worthy of the most prosperous days of this establishment, which a series of such performances could not fail to bring back.

*Second Philharmonic Concert.*—It was injudicious, in selecting the music for this evening's performance, to commence the first act with Beethoven's Symphony in *F*, No. 8, and the second with Mozart's in *A*. Good taste forbids that we should talk, under any circumstances, of descending to Mozart; but it is no more than true, that Beethoven has so enlarged the resources of the orchestra, and his works teem with fancies so exciting, from their originality, that the compositions of all the instrumental writers who preceded him, lose somewhat of their effect, when performed after his—a fact which should never be lost sight of by those who have the arrangement of concert schemes. Beethoven's Symphony, No. 8, is not our favourite of his works; but its unique andante, its elegant flowing minuet (a strain of music to soothe a Saul) and its sparkling allegro, could have come from no other hand than his, of whom Paganini was heard to sigh, "*E morto*." Weber's fine overture to 'The Ruler of the Spirits,' concluded the first act. How thrilling and spiritual is that rich melody, succeeding the absolute storm of sounds with which this composition commences! How almost supernatural those three thunder notes of the drum, which break the strain! His fantasia for the clarinet, beautifully performed by Willman, is also a strikingly original composition; the *adagio* for three horns, in conjunction with the clarinet, is most beautiful. No greater contrast to this fanciful and spirited music could be chosen, than the Nocturne, by Spohr, for four stringed and five wind instruments, which was well performed by Messrs. Mori, Moralt, Lindley, Dragonetti, Nicholson, Willman, G. Cooke, Mackintosh, and Platt; though Mori wants something of the right spirit for leading Spohr's Music. We have not left ourselves much room to speak of the vocal part of the evening's entertainment. Mad. Camadori and Miss Clara Novello sang a duet by Paisiello, '*No giorni tuoi felici*,' with great applause; and Mr. Novello's cantata of '*Rosalba*,' justified our favourable opinion of it, expressed on a former occasion. The quartett '*Che dirò*,' of Mozart, is not so often sung in public as it deserves. The other singers were Mrs. Bishop, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Horncastle, Mr. Chapman, and Mr. A. Novello.

#### MISCELLANEA

*King's College.*—A donation of 2000*l.* has been made to King's College, by Sir H. Worsley, for the endowments of an exhibition, for young men intended for Missionaries of the established Church.

*Ancient Tomb.*—The *Journal de Smyrne* gives an account of the discovery of an ancient tomb near the village of Boudgia, and immediately contiguous to the high road. This ancient sarcophagus is formed of a single stone, and is remarkable for its curious form and workmanship. It is conjectured, that it dates from the time of the Roman Emperors, and that consequently it belongs to the second and third ages of the Christian era. The interior is six feet and a half long, by a foot and three-quarters broad, and its depth is a foot and three-quarters. Although the body found in it must have remained many ages, the skeleton was in excellent preservation.



*Influence of a Mild Winter upon the Vintage.*—Mons. C. Drouet, the keeper of a Meteorological Journal, has just published the following observations, with a view to quiet the apprehensions which have arisen in France, that the unusual temperature of the late winter, would prove very injurious to the vines.—"The excessive mildness of the winter of 1834, has spread great alarm among the cultivators of vines, but there is no foundation for that alarm. On the contrary, I consider that it will establish a principle, for which I contended in 1822, relative to the winter of that year. This principle was, that all the winters which present, in the two or three months which precede them, circumstances similar to those of the winter of 1822, such as the frequent and extraordinary fall of the barometer, storms, overflowing of rivers, thunder, violent storms of wind, and tempests, whether by sea or land, are followed by a sudden transition from autumn to spring, and that such mild winters, are always followed by a favourable summer and abundant vintages. The year 1822 was very favourable in this respect, and the same may be expected of 1834, for, in the memory of man, there were never so many disasters at sea, as during the last three months of 1833."—*Ami des Lois.*

*Confucius*, or, as it is pronounced in the Mandarin dialect, *Kung-foo-tze*, who lived more than two thousand years ago, has a descendant named *Kung-chaou-kwang*, now acting as the *Macao Tootang*. He is about sixty years of age, has for the last few years been a village magistrate, or *Leun-ze*, in a neighbouring district. Although holding so low an office, it is said the Governor of Canton, when he appears at his palace, orders the grand centre gate to be thrown open to admit him, and so do honour to his illustrious ancestors. But the old village magistrate declines it; he will not accept of more honour than belongs to his humble situation. The emperor has conferred upon him the nominal rank of the sixth degree, which is one step higher than the Hien magistrates in the provinces. *Kung-chaou-kwang*, although he inherits the name of Confucius, does not very strictly exemplify the virtues of the sage: being himself a north-countryman, from Shan-tung province, he has a Canton southern attached to him, who goes about as a spy, to ascertain where any money may be made on slight pretexts; such, for example, as a native Dominie teaching the Chinese language to a "foreign barbarian;" for this, in China, is considered a crime or an illegality, to connive at which, even in the foreign settlement of Macao, this descendant of Confucius expects a fee.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of the Month.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 13 32 31	30.40	E. to S.E.	Cloudy.
Frid. 14 31 31	30.38	E. to N.E.	Idem.
Sat. 15 32 33	30.49	N.E.	Clear.
Sun. 16 37 40	Stat.	N.	Idem.
Mon. 17 40 43	30.42	N.E. to E.	Cloudy.
Tues. 18 37 38	30.43	S.E.	Idem.
Wed. 19 33 31	30.41	E.	Clear.

*Prevailing Cloud.*—Cirrostratus.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week.  
Mean temperature of the week, 42.3°. Greatest variation, 29°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.41.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

*The Physiology, Pathology, and Treatment of Asphyxia*, including suspended Animation, in new-born Children, &c., by J. P. Kay, M.D.

Sixteen Discourses on the Liturgical Services of the Church of England, by the Rev. T. Bowdler.

A new System of Commercial Arithmetic, by W. Tate, Jun.

Scenes and Recollections of Fly Fishing in Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland, by Stephen Oliver, the younger, with Woodcut Illustrations.

IT, Edited and Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill.

A new work upon Education, by Silvio Pellico, entitled, 'The Duties of Mankind,' is now in the course of translation by Mr. T. Roscoe; with numerous Additions to Pellico's 'Ten Years Imprisonment,' and Biographical Notices, by his fellow captive Maroncelli.

*Just published.*—Stebbing's Diamond Prayer-Book, with Illustrations, 3s.—Works of Burns, by A. Cunningham, Vol. 3, 3s.—Johnson on the Teeth, 8vo, 12s.—Chambers's Jacobite Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Percival on Disorders and Lamenesses of the Horse, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Noel on Glorifying Christ, Two Sermons, 18mo, 2s.—Discourses to Fishermen, by the Rev. James Hanson Cooper, 12mo, 2s. 6d.—Our Town, or, Rough Sketches of Character and Manners, &c., by Peregrine Heedpen, 2 vols. post 8vo, 11s. 12.—Recollections of a Naval Life, by Captain Scott, R.N., 3 vols. 12. 11s. 6d.—Pindar's Gallery of the Graces, royal 8vo, 11s. 13s.—Crutchen's Trip to Greenwich Fair, royal 18mo, 1s. 6d.—The Miscellaneous Works of W. Cooper, with Notes, &c., by J. S. Nemes, L.L.D. Vol. 1, 7s.—Sermons by the Rev. F. Fell, 7s.—Lloyd's Solitary Hours, 4s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M.—B. H. O.—J. S.—received.

C. C. had better let the question rest.

The offers by "A Physician" and "A Phrenologist," we decline.

We are obliged to L. for his sensible paper, but cannot avail ourselves of his kindness. The MS. is left for him at our office.

T. R. left as desired.

We are requested to explain more clearly the view we take of the phenomenon of the tuning-fork. Perhaps our correspondent will find the following sufficient:—The distance between the branches of the tuning-fork must, of course, be the length of an exact number of undulations; consequently, at that part of the revolution where they are both in the line passing through the ear, their tones will be aiding each other, and for some time before and after their arrival at that point there will be no interference. But, when they are in or near that part of the circle of revolution, which would be the locus of tangents drawn from the ear, there will be a rapid number of interferences, which will deaden the sound.

Thanks to C. B. for his polite communication, which, however, has been rather hasty in its conclusions. We have not made the statement to which he objects; if we had, he allows he has made no experiment to disprove it; and the phenomena of *endosmosis* lead us to think, there would be some penetration, though probably slight. But, beyond all this, if the statement had been made, and incorrectly, still we have founded no part of our argument upon it, so that we are at a loss to know, what he considers "an error as to fact, or, at least, a piece of false reasoning." Our object, in alluding to the utility of moisture, was so evidently to show a prudent provision of nature to that effect, that we wonder how this could have escaped the attention of a reader apparently so intelligent.

A case of great apparent injustice has been submitted to us, and, though not exactly within our line, we shall briefly state it. Mr. Stevenson, a regularly educated and licensed Scotch surgeon apothecary, settled in Limerick in 1831, where, at considerable expense, he established a Medical Hall. When it was complete, he found that, by a law of the Irish Parliament, though he might sell drugs, he could not compound, or make up prescriptions, without a licence from the Dublin Apothecaries' Hall. In consequence, he engaged a Dublin Licentiate to superintend his compounding department. This arrangement, after some time, becoming unsatisfactory, he wrote to the Dublin Apothecaries' Company, inclosing certificates of his regular medical education, of his having been engaged in business as an apothecary and surgeon for more than twenty years, together with testimonials as to character and capability, signed by several Edinburgh Professors, and by the most respectable physicians and surgeons in Limerick; and, founding his application on these proofs of his qualifications, requested that he might be allowed to present himself for the examination which would entitle him to their licence. To this application, respectfully worded, Mr. Stevenson received the following reply:—"Apothecaries' Hall, Feb. 24, 1834.

"Sir,—Herewith I send you a copy of our Regulations, and am,

"Your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM MADDEN, Secretary."

The absurdity of the regulation here referred to, and which would render it necessary that Mr. Stevenson, after having been twenty-two years at the profession, should commence *de novo*, and bind himself up for seven years to one of their unwholesome bodies! We believe, he might have the alternative of acknowledging himself a *quack*, paying a fine of 200*l.*, and thus becoming entitled to their licence; but to this, of course, he could not submit. He has intrusted his whole case to Mr. Warburton, and we have no doubt that some legislative enactment will speedily be made on the subject. The exclusive privileges of these little chartered medical bodies are perfectly ridiculous, except as a means of gain to themselves. How are the public served by preventing a person regularly qualified in Scotland from practising in Ireland? An Irish apothecary cannot compound medicines in London, unless by a stratagem: nor can a London apothecary follow his calling in Dublin. This is nonsense on the face of it: some system of medical qualification, generally admissible through the three kingdoms, must be adopted.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—ARTS OF DESIGN.

IT is the intention of the Council to institute a SCHOOL of the ARTS of DESIGN in the University, the conduct of which will be intrusted to a Professor and a Teacher. The duties of the Professor will consist in delivering a course of Lectures on the History of Painting and Sculpture; on the Characteristics of the various Schools; on the most expeditious Method of studying the Arts of Painting and Sculpture; and on the Theory of Perspective; and he will direct and superintend the instruction of the Teacher.

The duties of the Teacher will consist in giving instruction to Drawing in all its branches, under the direction of the Professor; he will likewise teach the application of the Arts of Design to Manufactures.

Candidates for either department are requested to send their applications and testimonials to the Secretary, on or before the 30th of April next.

Council Room,  
15th March, 1834.

THOMAS COATES,  
Secretary.

##### KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

EASTER VACATION.—The Classes, both in the Senior and Junior Departments, will be closed on the 27th instant, and reopened on Tuesday the 6th of April.

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## REVIEWS

*Journey to the North of India, overland from England.* By Lieut. Arthur Conolly. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

WHILE the projects of Russia in the south and west, excite alarm throughout Europe, little attention has been bestowed on the gradual extension of her eastern frontiers and the probabilities of her effecting, at no distant period, a complete revolution in the commercial relations between Europe and Asia. Russia is now virtually sovereign of the Black and the Caspian Seas; her fleets on both, may appear contemptible to the practised eye of the British sailor, but they are secured from our attacks, in the one, by the formidable castles and batteries of the Dardanelles, in the other, by the interposition of a continent. Without entering into the dispute respecting the ancient bed of the Oxus (Jihoon), it is allowed on all hands, that a communication might be effected without much difficulty between that river and the Caspian; and thus an easy channel for trade would be opened with central Asia and northern India. Plans for Russian establishments on the eastern shores of the Caspian, have been discussed in the Cabinet of St. Petersburg; and the possibility of maintaining a garrison in Khiva, seriously deliberated. There can be no doubt, that these projects are connected with a scheme for ultimately acquiring a monopoly of the commerce between Europe and India—a scheme which some describe as the easiest thing in the world, and others deride as the most ridiculous whimsy that ever entered the head of a visionary projector. Lieut. Conolly travelled nearly over the exact commercial line that the Russians, if they sought permanent connexion with India, would occupy; he is an intelligent observer; he describes what he saw with a simple earnestness, that at once stamps its fidelity; and as he has no theory to support, he conceals nothing essential to be known in the discussion of the question. A better guide we could scarcely desire, and a more favourable time for the appearance of his work could hardly be wished, for he leads us exactly to the limits of the ground over which we shall soon have to travel with Lieut. Burnes.

In the first place, it appears, that Russia has not yet completely established her power over the wild tribes of the Caucasus; a very remarkable rebellion, of which we gave (we believe exclusively,) an account in our 279th number, proves indisputably, that the mountaineers are not likely to bend the stubborn neck to the mandates of the Autocrat. Our author says—

"The Russians do not yet command free passage through the Caucasus; for they are obliged to be very vigilant against surprise by the Circassian sons of the mist, who still cherish the bitterest hatred against them. In some instances, the Russian posts on the right of the defile, were opposed to little stone eyries,

perched upon the opposite heights: and when any number of the Caucasians were observed descending the great paths on the mountain's side, the Russian guards would turn out and be on the alert. Not very long before our arrival, we learned that a party of Circassians had, in the sheer spirit of hatred, lain in ambush for a return guard of some sixteen cossacks, and killed every man."

But now that Russia has wrested Anapa and Poti from Turkey, the mountaineers may be easily reduced, as their friends can no longer supply them with the munitions of war.

Lieut. Conolly's first intention was, to proceed to India through Khiva, Bokhara, and Cabul. He accordingly entered the country of the Toorkmuns or Turcomans, on the eastern side of the Caspian, among whose wild tribes a Russian colony would enjoy no very enviable position. Their mode of treating their horses would surprise the commissary of a cavalry regiment:—

"Oruz Kellije's horse excited our astonishment: for two days we saw that he got no water, and fed only upon what he could pick up (coarse grass or weeds) as we went along, or when we halted: corn he did not taste a grain of, 'nor should he, please God,' said his master, 'till he reached home, when he should lie down before a hill of it.' He explained this expression by saying that it was their custom when they had no foray in view, to allow their horses entire discretion as to their food. 'We tether them,' he said, 'within reach of abundance, and they know better than to eat too much.'

The Turcomans entertain suspicions of the designs of Russia, and cherish an animosity against that power, which it would be difficult to overcome:—

"Looking hard at my European complexion, he accused me of being a Russian spy; and, when I affected anger at the insinuation, he merely said that it would be well for me if I was not, but that I had much the look of one. He confessed, however, that he had never met a Russian, nor did he wish to do, except for the opportunity of cutting his head off and making kabaubst of it."

In their plundering expeditions, they endure hunger, thirst, and fatigue, without a murmur; their ingenuity in finding substitutes for necessaries or luxuries, may be estimated by the following description of what may be called their "travelling pipe:—"

"They wet the ground to the consistency of clay, and cut a small trench, in which they lay a string: then beating down earth upon this, they draw it gently out, and a channel is left, on one end of which they put a pinch of tobacco, and to the other their mouths, and inhale, what my friends described as—a draught cool as the breath of Paradise."

Our author and his friend were made prisoners by their treacherous guides, but, after many difficulties and dangers, succeeded in retracing their steps to Astrabad. His reflections on the virtues liberally attributed, by poets and novelists, to the plundering tribes of Arabia and Tartary, and to the old ma-

rauding clans of the Scottish Highlands, are very judicious:—

"As far as giving to eat and drink, the Toorkmuns are hospitable; but the very man who gives you bread in his tent will not scruple to fall upon you when you are beyond its precincts. This same hospitality of wandering tribes has been so lauded by poets and others, that it has become a fashion to talk as if the virtue existed only among demi-savages; and a man who exercises it shall be excused though he be a thief and a cut-throat. Your person is sacred, and your life is to be dearer to him than his own while you are under the shadow of his tent;—but you cannot remain there for ever. Perhaps at the very moment you are eating his salt, your host is thinking how at a future occasion he may best transfer part of your wealth to himself, and when you do meet him on his plain, the odds are very much against you."

"We are taken with the poetically expressive idiom of the Arab, who, as a hint to a stranger to surrender his property, says, 'Cousin, undress thyself; thy aunt is without a garment;'—but we think it expedient to hang a man who translates and applies the saying in our own country. The fact is, that in our love for the romantic, we judge these wild people nearly by the same standard with which they measure themselves. . . . The virtues and vices of all Nomade people are much the same; they entertain exaggerated notions of hospitality and bravery, but they are generally greedy, mean, and thievish: and, though they may keep good faith with their own race, they will find means to evade the spirit of a pledge given to a stranger, if it be much to their interest to do so. Their hospitality appears greater than that of settled people, because when travelling they rely upon each other for food and shelter: but they must of necessity do so. . . . An excellent illustration of desert hospitality was given me by a Mooselmaun of Lahore, whom we met at Meshed, who related how, when he went on a pilgrimage to Kerbolah, he was robbed on the road by some Bedouins. They took all his money, and the very clothes from his back: 'but,' said he, 'they've the fear of God before them, they are an hospitable people: when they had stripped me, and were going away, one of them, seeing me nearly naked, turned back, and, drawing an abba from off his own shoulders, bade me take it in the name of God; and afterwards, having nothing, at whatever tent I stayed I got food and a welcome.'"

The similarity between all nomade races, is very great; in nothing is it more marked, than in their pride of birth:—

"In no people is the pride of birth stronger than in the Toorkmuns: these ugly little savages have the most sovereign contempt for their good-looking neighbours, the Persians, and believe that they are the only people of any real consequence in the world: the Syud, once saying to Peerwullee that he had some thoughts of settling in the desert, and asking for his daughter to wife, was answered gravely by this dirty and ragged old villain,—'Nay, nay, Thyud Aga, a jest's a jest, but nothing of that, if you please.' Among themselves (excepting the distinction of Eeg and Koul afore-mentioned), the Toorkmuns possess the French revolutionary motto, 'Liberté, Egalité.' Some respect is paid to old age, and a man of marked courage or

military skill exercises an acknowledged influence over his associates; but, as our rascally guide poetically expressed himself, 'Each Toorkmun is lord of his own tent, and a slave to the beck of no man.'

Most of our readers will agree, that a large army of occupation would well deserve its name, when placed in a wild province surrounded by these sons of the desert; and though Russia might garrison Khiva, the lines of communication would be so often swept by the mounted barbarians, that the fortress would be virtually in a state of incessant siege.

The travellers next resolved to pursue the route through Khorassan and Afghanistan. They reached "Meshed the Holy," where Ali, the eighth Imâm, was buried, to whose tomb, all Shiâhs believe that a pilgrimage is as meritorious as to Mecca. This opinion was propagated by the Sophis, who claimed descent from the eighth Imâm, and wished to secure their dynasty by the sanction of religion. They reached Meshed during the interesting festival of the Mohurram, or annual lamentation for the martyrdom of Hussein and Hossein, the unfortunate sons of Ali, and grandsons of the prophet. As this is the nearest approach to a dramatic representation among the Persians, we shall extract some particulars of the exhibition:—

"The performance this evening represented the setting out of Hossein and his family on that unfortunate journey to Koofa, (Cufa,) which ended in their murder; and the characters were acted by men and boys in proper dresses, who, standing upon a raised platform covered with black cloth, read their parts from slips of paper. The stage was in front of the golden porch, under which, at small arched windows, sat the Prince and a few favoured others. The crowd formed a dense semicircle about the platform, the men separate from the women, who, closely veiled, were made to seat themselves on the left, and the feroshes were not sparing of their blows to those of either sex who pressed forward. The performers on these occasions are men selected for their powers of elocution, and the parts are written by the cleverest doctors; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that a people so alive to the beauties of language as the Persians are should readily receive the impressions intended to be conveyed in descriptions of the fortitude or tenderness, the noble deeds or the sorrows, of the martyrs of Islam.

"The crowd came prepared to be moved, and they were so; at the affecting passages the men beat their breasts, and exclaimed or wept, and the women writhed their bodies, and sent up a low moan from under their veils. The whole circumstances of Hossein's setting out were represented: some splendidly caparisoned camels, horses, and mules being introduced, upon which, after some affecting prognostications, the martyr and his family mounted, and rode round the platform. On ordinary occasions animals are excluded from the sanctuary, but in such instances, it is to be presumed, the part they play sanctifies them. When they got to the end of their stage, the day's performance concluded, and the crowd dispersed. • • • We afterwards made the round of the colleges, and returned to our abode by moonlight: the night was very still; and, lying on the terrace of our house, I could distinctly hear the sound of the devotees beating their breasts in the *salâm*, to the measured cries of 'Hussan,' 'Hossein,' 'Hussan,' 'Hossein.' • • •

"The next day's performance commenced with an amateur chant by boys and old men, than which nothing more discordant could well be imagined. Next, boys mounted the lower steps

of the members, or pulpit, to recite verses composed for the occasion, and were succeeded by men, who took step on the pulpit according to their reputation. • • • The chief performer was unable to attend from hoarseness, and his place was taken by a speaker, who, to judge from his discourse, had not found it a profitable avocation; for his lecture, like an Irish sermon, was interlarded with much personal anecdote, and he occasionally forgot the sorrows of Hossein in his own. 'The eyes,' he commenced, 'which do not weep for Hossein, may they become sightless!—blessed are the tears shed for a martyr, they will cause the face of the believer to shine hereafter!' The waters of the heart thus poured forth, he assured his hearers, would form large pearls, which the angel Gabriel would put into their hands as passports to Paradise; and then he went on to say, 'It is now thirty years that I have been shouting the saint's praises in Meshed, and I am now in danger of wanting bread.' The only, to me, interesting man who spoke was an Arab, apparently not a paid performer, who, making his way through the crowd, ascended the steps, and struck at once into a vigorous strain of nine feet, to which all returned a chorus of the same measure, beating their breasts in accompaniment. The figure and the gestures of the speaker were singularly striking, and the chant was really melodious.

"Then followed the tragedy of the murder of Allee Acber, Hossein's eldest son, who at the *finale* entered with a sword struck into the brain of a false head, and living long enough to recite some pathetic verses, died after the approved fashion of stage heroes.

"The order of the day was to be as melancholy as possible, and those who could not weep unaffectedly, at least beat their breasts and looked unhappy. We noticed one old man below us, with an orange-coloured beard, the fountain of whose sorrows being dried up, he could not for the soul of him squeeze out a tear, and the expression of his face, as shutting his eyes tight and screwing up his beard, he tried to weep, was quite comic. Hearing a stir in an adjoining chamber, I had the curiosity to look through a chink in a door, and saw about a dozen, I suppose the *Vuzeer's* women unveiled, weeping and beating their bosoms at the representation."

An amusing episode in the tragedy, of which we have never heard before, is mentioned by Lieut. Conolly:—

"Two evenings afterwards I was witness to a more amusing act of the tragedy, which was performed under a tent in the main street. The Sheeha have a tradition that, when the Caliph Yezzed caused Hossein to be put to death, a Frangee Elchee [Frank ambassador] (though from what part of Europe does not precisely appear), who happened to come on a mission to Damascus at the time, exclaimed against the foulness of the deed, and suffered martyrdom for his impertinence. The actor, who personated the Elchee, wore a velvet foraging cap, upon long ringlets which fell down his back and the sides over his face; one coloured handkerchief was tied round his neck, and another on his arm, and the rest of his apparel was Persian. He was altogether a strange figure, but seemed to flatter himself that he was quite *en costume*. • • •

"The Frangee Elchee being introduced with a discordant flourish of trumpets, presented several trays of presents, and, muttering some gibberish which passed for a European language, took a seat at the foot of the throne. A son of Hossein's (Allee, commonly called 'Zem-oo Aubideen,' the Ornament of the Religious) addressed a spirited harangue to Yezzed, which I could not follow, but it appeared to affect the foreign ambassador very much. Presently the head of the martyr was brought in on a spear, and thrown at the foot of the throne. 'Trans-

ported at the sight, the Elchee rose from his seat, and going to the head, took it up, and with passionate expressions of grief kissed it, and then threw dust upon his own: he next began to abuse the Caliph for the grievous sin that he had committed in causing the death of a descendant of his prophet; but Yezzed, enraged at his audacity, stopped his speech by ordering his immediate execution. He was led away to death, but, when going out, he turned, and uttered the confession of the Mohammudan faith,—'La Illah Ill Illah!' &c. The crowd who were assembled on this occasion repeated it solemnly after him, and, lifting up their hands to heaven, cried with much fervour, 'Ullah! Ullah!'

From Meshed, our author proceeded to Herat, in company with an Afghan army, where they found Shah Kamraun meditating an expedition against Candahar. Our readers would not thank us for entering into an investigation of the troubled politics of Afghanistan; we shall, therefore, extract some anecdotes descriptive of the people—whom, by the way, Lieut. Conolly seems inclined to believe descended from the ten tribes of Israel; a theory long ago exploded. The Afghans are formidable robbers, but they are, it seems, surpassed in ferocity by their southern neighbours, the Belouches; of whom his companions told several curious anecdotes to our author:—

"Each person had a story to tell about the wild Belouches: one was, that Hâjee Syud somebody had been among them, and seen that they had made lugs for their grain, &c. with Cashmere shawls, which they had plundered from a *kashlah*: the dogs! how should they know the value of a shawl! The burden of the second anecdote was, how Syud somebody else, having been robbed of several camel-loads of sugar, had bethought him of a clever mode of at once revenging himself and doing a public service. On reaching Herat, said the story, he mixed up strong poison in a quantity of sugar, which he packed on two camels, and himself mounted on a fleet horse, took to the road again. Several times did he pass the dangerous places without meeting the enemy, because he wanted to meet them; but at last they came, and he fled away, leaving his camels in their hands. Thinking, doubtless, to enjoy such another treat as they or their brethren had before done, the robbers paid their hearty respects to the sugar, as those who have seen the fondness of Asiatics for sweets can fancy, and so dreadful was the consequent mortality among them, that the Syud's most vengeful hopes were realized, and it is a standard rule among the Belouchie marauders of the present generation, to partake of no edible thing that may fall into their hands."

At one of the Afghan khails or encampments, a hyena hunt was got up for the amusement of the strangers; it showed, in a very strong light, the spirit of ferocious daring, which so strongly marks the difference between the Afghans and their indolent neighbours, the Persians:—

"We set out about sunrise; a dozen of us on horseback, as many more men on foot, and all the lads of the khail, with some fifteen greyhounds and sheep-dogs. Syud Daoud took up fresh foot-marks of the hyena near the carcass of the donkey, and, with the assistance of two or three other experienced men, tracked the animal a distance of four miles to some large ravines. Here they lost the foot-marks, the track being crossed by several others, and the ground being too hard to receive more than a faint impression; but, after much searching, what with his clear sight, and his knowledge of



the different dens in these ravines, Syud Daoud followed a track to a hole in the side of a bank, in which he decided that the animal, being gorged, had betaken itself to rest.

"A semicircle was accordingly formed before the hole, two or three, who had swords, unsheathing them, and the boys standing fearlessly by them with stones and sticks, or holding back the yelling dogs. Syud Daoud ordered us to be as quiet as possible, in order that he might go into the den and tie the beast; but the hyena, alarmed at the barking of the dogs, came out upon us unexpectedly, throwing over a man who stood guard at the entrance with his sword. The boys, without the least appearance of fear, shouted and screamed, while they rained blows upon the brute's back with sticks and stones, the swordsmen every now and then making a cut at his hide; and they altogether so worried and confounded the animal, that, after running up and down the bank without attempting to attack any body, he turned short and scrambled up the bank, rolled himself down on the other side, and set off at a long canter across a plain. It was some time before we could get our horses round, so that the hyena got a good start: he gave us a gallop of three miles, the greyhounds running alongside of the beast without being able to hold him, and he occasionally sidling his unwieldy body to the right or left to snap at them. At last the beast got into ravine ground, and we lost him: Syud Daoud said that he would not now stop till he reached a place some miles distant, and that we should not get him that day, and, as his word was law on such matters, we returned home.

"I mentioned that it was at first proposed to tie the hyena in his den. It appears a dangerous proceeding, but, according to the accounts of these people, it is not so for a man who has strength and coolness, for the hyena, though a savage beast, is easily frightened; and Syud Daoud was said to have tied three in the course of a day. However, it is of course a very dangerous undertaking for one who cannot sustain great presence of mind, as they testified by mentioning the case of a man who a year or two before had died of a bite that he got in a clumsy attempt.

"Syud Daoud himself described to me the mode of tying a hyena in his lair, as follows:—'When,' said he, 'you have tracked the beast to his den, you take a rope with two slip-knots upon it in your right hand, and, with your left holding a felt cloak before you, you go boldly but quietly in. The animal does not know what is the nature of the danger, and therefore retires to the back of his den; but you may always tell where his head is by the glare of his eyes. You keep moving on gradually towards him on your knees, and when you are within distance, throw the cloak over his head, close with him, and take care that he does not free himself: the beast is so frightened that he cowers back, and, though he may bite the felt, he cannot turn his neck round to hurt you, so you quietly feel for his two fore legs, slip the knots over them, and then with one strong pull draw them tight up to the back of his neck and tie them there. The beast is now your own, and you may do what you like with him. We generally take those which we catch home to the khail, and hunt them on the plain with bridles in their mouths, that our dogs may be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild.'

The Afghans, like the Jews of old, attribute diseases to the influence of malignant demons, and the trade of exorcism is very profitable among them. In no nation are blood-feuds more bitter; the following anecdotes fully equal, if they do not exceed, any

thing that has been recorded even of Scottish enmity:—

"Revenge for blood is, with an Afghaan, a duty which is rendered sacred by long custom, and sanctioned by his religion. If immediate opportunity of retaliation should not present itself, a man will dodge his foe for years, with the cruel purpose ever uppermost in his thoughts, using every cunning and treacherous artifice to entrap or lull him into confidence, and thinking it no shame to attack him in a defenceless state. • • •

"A friend told me that he was once in the bazaar of the city of Candahar in broad day, when a Ghilzie Afghaan, meeting a man with whom he had a blood-feud, suddenly drew his sword and killed him with a blow across the head, and then, escaping to the gate of the city, mounted his horse and fled: no relative was by, and strangers did not feel themselves called upon to stop the murderer. • • •

"Moolá Mohummud, our Herat friend, told me the following story, the circumstances of which he said he could vouch for, as they occurred in a house which was close to one that he formerly lived in at Candahar, the females of which were intimate with his own. A Doorraanee of the neighbourhood of Candahar had a blood-feud with a young man whom he had long vainly watched, in the hope of finding him off his guard. At last he heard that his enemy had sent sweetmeats to the house of a resident of Candahar, as a preliminary to exposing his daughter, upon which he left his village, and came privately into the city. The Afghaans, as before mentioned, have a custom called Naumzad Bázee (trysting)—the lover being secretly admitted to interviews with his mistress, which frequently last until a late hour in the night. The avenger watched in vain for an opportunity, till the very night before the wedding, when he gained access to a court adjoining that of the house in which the girl lived, and, boring a hole through a wall, lay in wait there with his matchlock. In the evening the lover came as usual to tryst; he had that day sent the customary present of the bridal dress and ornaments, but his betrothed, through modesty had declined examining them before all her female acquaintance, and when the young man asked her if she approved of them, the mother explained this, and called her away to look at them then. This was late in the night; the moment she went out, the blood-avenger took aim at his victim as he sat on a low couch, and, in perhaps the happiest moment of his life, shot him dead."

The Russians are said to be engaged in an attempt to conciliate the Belooches and Afghans: it is even reported, that secret agents have been sent to Herat, Candahar, and Cabul. But there is little reason to fear their success; the English possessions would be as safe, if the Russians were on the banks, as now that they are on the Aras, and a march to the Indus is scarcely within the verge of possibility. Russia may extend colonies round the Caspian Sea, and open commercial intercourse with central Asia; but we doubt whether this trade would be found very profitable, and certainly it would not for many years repay the risk and toil; but supposing it to be easy and lucrative, it would scarcely, if at all, interfere, with our Indian trade. The more the empire of Russia is extended in Asia, the weaker does her power become—a truth felt by her statesmen, when they abandoned Ghilan, Mazenderan, and Astrabad.

*The Martyrdom of Mr. Robert Glover and Mrs. Lewes, of Manchester.* By the Rev. B. Richings. London: Seeley & Sons.

*Some Memoirs of the Life of John Roberts.* A new edition, with an Epistle dedicatory to the public. By William Howitt. London: Darton & Son.

THERE is not much in either of these volumes; nor should we have put them thus conspicuously forward, did not the circumstance of our having received them at the same time suggest one or two remarks so obvious as to make it wonderful how they should be ever lost sight of; and did not William Howitt's preface give us a good opportunity of taking a peep into that quiet and almost unknown region, which lies in the midst of this stirring and boisterous world of ours, the people whereof call themselves by the pleasant name of the Society of Friends.

Taken together, these books are a curious comment upon the shadowy fight which has been waged by creed against creed, by sect against sect, ever since the world began. Here are two zealous and pious men—the Churchman fresh from his pulpit, with his tale of two righteous Protestants, martyred in the reign of "Bloody Mary";—the Friend, as fresh from his meeting-house, reviving the quaint and caustic replies of John Roberts the Quaker, when oppressed by the Bishop of Gloucester—the former earnest to expose the evil doings of Popery—the latter to shake the Church to its foundations;—and neither of the two stopping to consider that so long as man can believe, man will differ,—that so long as human nature remains what it is, the powerful will oppress, and the oppressed will cry aloud and resist; and that it is neither Catholicism nor Lutheranism, nor any other *ism*, which alone is to be charged with the sin of persecuting ambition; but the heart of man, from the time when the baby wrestles in its cradle, to the moment when the dotard drops into his grave.

To destroy, in the hope of settling the public mind, is the vision of the sanguine and short-sighted. If we look at any sect closely, we perceive a priesthood and a popular party—a high and a low church,—and men may divide and subdivide it as they will, and still fail in finding any permanent unanimity—though it may be, that in the fulness of time the number of sects shall have so far multiplied, and the barriers which separate them become so imperceptible, that all will involuntarily unite in recognizing one great principle of faith, every individual making within himself such reservations and qualifications as are required by his own conscience.

But to come closer to William Howitt's preface—let us examine a little that spot of drab which lies so still, and it appears at first sight so unchanged, with the glancing and party-coloured world round about it—kindly, and in all sincerity. The days are gone by when Quakers were caricatured on the stage, and travestied in novels; and to note the peculiarities of a body so remarkable, cannot but be interesting.

In spite of what our Friend asserts in his preface, the spot of drab *has* changed its shade, though not its colour—the spirit of the Society *has* undergone no small modification since the days when its fiery and enthusiastic ministers believed themselves called

upon to go into "steeple houses," and denounce the hireling in his surplice; careless of, or even courting, the certain recompense of stocks, stripes, imprisonment in "the hole of little ease," which was sure to overtake them. Time has done its work upon them, as well as upon the descendants of the Lauds and the Cromwells: there is now a great disposition to live at peace with the world, a tendency to abandon and reconsider scruples, the very essence of which is inconsistency—and, among the larger part of their body, a willingness "to submit themselves to the powers that be." The more independent among them—those in whom the spirit of their ancient enthusiasm lives the strongest—are, for the most part, regarded with distrust; some, who have tried to extend (or, as they have themselves said, to restore) the boundaries of their creed, and to annul certain forms, have been separated from their brethren; and among those who remain united in membership, there is still what may be called a High and a Low Church party.

But this submission to constituted authorities, this approach towards a more liberal cast of opinion as regards the indulgences and ornaments of life—is strangely modified by the spirit of scruple which is far from extinct, though daily fading away as more light is let in. In place of the old and sturdy resistance to "priests' demands," many who will not *pay* them, *purchase* what may satisfy the myrmidons of the law, and leave it in their way—without being aware of the complete discrepancy between such a practice and their profession. In place of the days when a Friend refused to take his passage in the cabin of a ship "because it was decorated with carved images," the houses of those who can afford it exhibit not a few of the luxuries of life. The Friend who remains true to her poke bonnet and plain gown (there was a time when a black hood and a green apron was the orthodox dress) thinks it not wrong to sell gaudy silks, and ribbons of every colour of the rainbow, to her gayer sisters of the world. Those who shrink with pain from the pleasures offered by the ear, and consider music as a snare, cannot think that offence comes by the eye, and allow their children to be taught drawing: those who look with positive displeasure upon dancing as an exercise, will permit their young men and maidens to be drilled, and that by a military man—while they consider the existence of an army as a leprosy upon the face of the country, and are bound, according to their own principle, to extend no favour nor countenance to any who may belong to it, directly or indirectly. We mention these facts neither reproachfully, nor in derision, but merely as illustrative of the self-delusion into which the most conscientious may fall. Their effect upon the young, however, is painful, and this we seriously think demands attention. If eyes and ears and understandings could remain only half opened, the modern system of Quaker education, with its allowances and restrictions, might answer the end proposed. But watch as they will, and guard as they will, parents cannot regulate the degree of mental twilight so rigorously that their children will not, through some chink or crevice, learn that there is a brighter and livelier day without; and we firmly believe, that few have so great

a curiosity after worldly amusements as the young people of this society—that few among them have not, some time or other, broken through the strong restraints of habit and precept, and tasted forbidden fruit, made poison to them by their own misgivings and subsequent necessity of concealing their having eaten of it. The list of pleasures thus enjoyed in secret—of theatres and ball-rooms attended in borrowed clothes, and with a mixture, half of delight, half misery of heart—of music surreptitiously heard—of play-books hidden among innocent muslins and grave shawls—would be immense;—nor would the tales of the stratagems resorted to (always within the *letter* of truth) to conceal these aberrations from the narrow way, be much less in number. The result of all this is disingenuousness among the young—and when the passions have subsided, and a desire to speak the strict truth succeeded to the wish of making words conformable to facts with a double sense, (so as to satisfy their own consciences without incurring the reproof of their elders,) an habitual hesitation and vagueness of expression among the middle-aged, which has made a Quaker answer a proverb, and stamped the Society in the eyes of the world with an imputation of cunning and insincerity, which we believe to be undeserved.

As, then, it is vain to hope for a revival of the enthusiasm of the early days of the Society, which, indeed, in the present century, would be wild staring fanaticism, we observe with pleasure any progress being made towards overtaking the times, and laying by the austerities and prejudices which belonged to periods of persecution and imperfect enlightenment. The circumstance of the Yearly Meeting having sat to reconsider its rules of discipline, is a good omen of what is to come; and we hope to see the day when a body about which there is so much to love and admire—one so rich in private charity—so nobly independent in the maintenance of its own poor (whence an absurd notion has prevailed that the indigent were not allowed to remain members of it)—so eminent in the cause of humanity—shall add to these great and good characteristics the further one of living in the world, and not for the world—of opening its doors wide for the cultivation of mind, and receiving into its bosom the arts and sciences, not as snares for the senses, and bewilderments for the reason, but as emanations of beauty and wisdom proceeding from the Eternal!

*The Revolutionary Epick. The Work of Disraeli the Younger, Author of 'The Psychological Romance.'* London: Moxon.

THE intention of Mr. Disraeli in this mystical epick, is, we conceive, to shadow forth the history of Modern Society. The Genius of Feudalism, and the Genius of Federalism, with Faith and Fealty, are the living persons of his drama; but these are merely names: the characters thus brought forward, have neither human feelings, purposes, nor passions, nor has the poem itself either plot, or incidents—it is the solitary speculation of a philosophic dreamer. We have, first, a general view of Society during the last ages of the Roman empire; then comes the inroads of the northern nations, and the establishment of the feudal power,

with encomiastic digressions about religion, loyalty, aristocracy, followed by censure and scorn of equality, federalism, and what are considered the republican virtues.

Whatever may be the merits of Mr. Disraeli as a poet, assuredly, as a reasoner, he does not rise to "the height of this great argument"—he does not meet and fairly grapple with the difficulties of his subject: his adversary is not the living giant, of thews and muscle proportionate, which we know him to be, but a phantom, an unreal mockery, of the poet's creation, whose weakness is the measure of his own strength. Mr. Disraeli may be assured he would find a weaver-boy, or a Sheffield cutler, a far more "troublesome customer" in a fair, stand-up, intellectual fight. The philosophy of the subject we therefore dismiss at once.

Of the poetry, we shall give a few examples. Here is the old Roman world in its imbecility and dotage:—

That antique globe seemed then in its decay:  
Creeds, customs, statutes, changing like a dream,  
The dying dream of dim decrepitude,  
Feeble and nerveless, wild at once and weak.  
A change that had no order and no aim,  
The shutting of the sufferer in his cell,  
Who vares torture with his restlessness.

Here are the fierce barbarians of the North descending from the snow-crowned Alps, and catching a first glimpse of sunny Italy: it is a splendid passage, and there are few in the poem that equal or approach it:—

The pathless crags  
Echo their wandering clamour; and wild birds  
Shriek at these wilder things, and shrieking fly.  
Emerging from the clouds, they gaze upon  
The expanding lustre of that toaming world,  
O'er whose bright dream the warriors of had mused,  
By the cold rivers of their iron land.  
They gazed, they paused, some shouted, and some  
Wept.  
And some fell down upon their aching knees,  
And praised their uncouth gods; the women clung  
With fearful rapture to the sturdy necks,  
Whose courage they had rivalled, till the sight  
Of all their hopes recalled their womanhood,  
Or traced their children in the clearer air,  
To taste the rising fragrance of the land.

Faith and Fealty are represented as two fair youths; here is the description of them on their first appearance:—

Most beauteous boys, for on their tender cheek  
Still bloomed the down, indeed most beautiful!  
For not two equal stars in the same sky  
Serenely shining; not fraternal flowers  
From the same graceful stems their fragrant life  
Expanding: nor upon a sunny branch  
Two sparkling birds their gushing lyrics trilling,  
And making all the woods a roundelay;  
No! not two antelopes in sportive love  
Exulting in their free-born wilderness,  
Some green Oasis of their desert world,  
Some spot of palmy springs—more beautiful,  
More bright, more sweet, more fancifully fair,  
Than these same minions of this mountain land!

Less courteous critics will have little difficulty in finding passages of a different character.

*The Naturalist's Library. Mammalia. Vol. II. Felineæ.* By Sir William Jardine, Bart.; Plates by Lizars. Edinburgh: Lizars.

*The Miscellany of Natural History. Vol. II.* By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder. Felineæ Species, by William Rhind, Esq., M.R.C.S.; Plates by Kidd. Edinburgh: Fraser & Co.

By nothing is the cause of science more effectually served than by honourable literary rivalry; by nothing is it more deserved than by trade competition. It is fair and commendable to rival a work already in progress, by bringing out something newer and better; it is unfair and condemnable to attempt the same end, by adopting its plan, and imitating

its peculiarities,—thus seeking to deprive its author of part of the reward justly due to his invention and ingenuity. We fear the 'Miscellany of Natural History' must be considered as falling within this charge; indeed, when we say "fear," we are to be considered as merely using a conventional phrase,—the fact we have already proved in a manner admitting of no reply; and even, were further confirmation required, need we look for it beyond the present volume, which contains "the Feline Species, with a Life of Cuvier, by Sir Thomas Dick Lauder," some months after "the Feline Species—with a Life of Cuvier, by Sir William Jardine," was advertised as a number of the 'Naturalist's Library'! This is a subject which it was our duty to note, but on which it can be no pleasure to dwell; we, therefore, willingly turn from it to an examination of the merits of these two little volumes, which are thrust into a competition so obvious, as to make it impossible to avoid speaking of them as rivals. Both exhibit care in compilation; both are furnished with illustrations sufficient to make them abundantly cheap, but the 'Naturalist's Library' has decidedly the advantage in general accuracy, in the anecdotic character of its matter, as well as in quantity, exceeding the 'Miscellany' in this point by more than one-third. It also corrects some errors, into which this latter seems to have fallen. Thus, in the 'Miscellany,' page 98, we find an account of a lad shooting a tiger at the Cape of Good Hope, where Mr. Rhind, as a naturalist, should have known there are no tigers; though the person from whom he takes the account gives the name, as is common in Africa, to some other large animal of the cat tribe. This he might have remembered, had he ever looked into Poirct's 'Voyage en Barbarie,' in which this mistake is particularly alluded to, and zoologists warned against falling into it; the matter, however, is equally well corrected in the 'Library,' by the express statement, page 140, that "the tiger is exclusively confined to the Asiatic continent." Mr. Rhind seems to think that the maneless lions, of which representations occasionally occur in ancient sculpture, were nothing more than "the imaginary fancies of the artist, unacquainted with the true characteristics of the lion"; the following passage from Sir William Jardine gives later and more accurate information on the subject.

"Among the figures represented on the hieroglyphic monuments of Upper Egypt, a lion is represented without a mane: and it was conjectured, that an animal with this character must have at one time existed, or most probably did still exist in some of the more unexplored districts. The first notice of any grounds for this conjecture proving true, is in a note to Griffiths's Animal Kingdom. 'Major Smith was lately informed by Professor Kretschmen of Frankfort, that he was in expectation of receiving from Nubia, the skin and jaws of a new species of cat, larger than the lion, of a brownish colour, and without mane.' Within these few months, skins of a large maneless lion, from Guzerat, have been exhibited to the Committee of Science of the Zoological Society; and we understand that a detailed description of them is preparing for the next part of the Transactions of the Zoological Society; so that we may soon expect to see this point set at rest. We shall anxiously look for the appearance of this volume."

Both volumes contain a biographical notice of Cuvier, compiled from Mrs. Lee's 'Memoir,' and the 'Eloge' of Baron Pasquier. We think Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's is rather more agreeably written; Sir William Jardine's has the advantage of a note from M. Duvernoy, affording some additional particulars. Both have also a synopsis of the Feline tribe; Sir William Jardine's is the most comprehensive. His plates, too, are in general superior, but we will except the Asiatic lion, in which it appears to us that the engraver has not done justice to the artist. On the whole, the present is the best number we have seen of the 'Naturalist's Library'; to say the same of the 'Miscellany,' would appear no great compliment to any who might remember our review of the only other number of it which has appeared,—the 'Parrot Tribe,' by Capt. Brown.

We shall conclude our notice by an extract from each. The first is quite a William Tell achievement; it is originally from Professor Lichtenstein's Travels: we give it from the 'Library.'

"When passing near the Riet river-gate, and while our oxen were grazing, Van Wyk, the colonist, related to us the following interesting circumstance. 'It is now,' he said, 'more than two years since, in the very place where we stand, I ventured to take one of the most daring shots that ever was hazarded. My wife was sitting within the house, near the door, the children were playing about her, and I was without, near the house, busied in doing something to a waggon, when suddenly, though it was mid-day, an enormous lion appeared, came up and laid himself quietly down in the shade, upon the very threshold of the door. My wife, either frozen with fear, or aware of the danger attending any attempt to fly, remained motionless in her place, while the children took refuge in her lap. The cry they uttered attracted my attention, and I hastened towards the door; but my astonishment may well be conceived, when I found the entrance to it barred in such a way. Although the animal had not seen me, unarmed as I was, escape seemed impossible, yet I glided gently, scarcely knowing what I meant to do, to the side of the house, up to the window of my chamber, where I knew my loaded gun was standing. By a most happy chance I had set it into the corner close by the window, so that I could reach it with my hand; for, as you may perceive, the opening is too small to admit of my having got in; and, still more fortunately, the door of the room was open, so that I could see the whole danger of the scene. The lion was beginning to move, perhaps with the intention of making a spring. There was no longer any time to think; I called softly to the mother not to be alarmed: and invoking the name of the Lord, fired my piece. The ball passed directly over the hair of my boy's head, and lodged in the forehead of the lion, immediately above his eyes, which shot forth, as it were, sparks of fire, and stretched him on the ground, so that he never stirred more.' Indeed, we all shuddered as we listened to this relation. Never, as he himself observed, was a more daring attempt hazarded. Had he failed in his aim, mother and children were all inevitably lost; if the boy had moved, he had been struck; the least turn in the lion, and the shot had not been mortal to him. To have taken an aim at him without, was impossible; while the shadow of any one advancing in the bright sun, would have betrayed him: to consummate the whole, the head of the creature was in some sort protected by the door-post."

The other, from the 'Miscellany,' is a sin-

gular description, originally from the pen of Mr. Lacroix, Missionary, by whom the scene was witnessed.

"About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we cast anchor in the Burchurra Nuddee, with an extensive forest on both sides; when, at about a hundred yards from us, an Alligator came out of the river, to enjoy his noontide sleep in the rays of the sun. After remaining there about half an hour, apparently in a sound sleep, we observed an immense Tiger emerging from the jungle, and bending his steps toward the place where the Alligator lay. In size the Tiger exceeded the largest we had ever seen; and his broad round face, when turned towards us, striped with white, his fierce eyes, with the amazing apparent strength of his limbs, made the stoutest heart on board tremble at the thought of encountering such a dreadful foe. With the most cautious pace imaginable, the Tiger approached the Alligator; his raised foot remained up for some seconds before he replaced it on the ground; and so he proceeded till he came within the power of his leap, when exerting all his strength, and bounding from the earth, he descended immediately upon the Alligator's back, and seized it by the throat. The monster of the deep, roused from its slumber, opened its tremendous jaws, and lashed its terrific tail; and, while the conflict lasted, each seemed to exert its utmost strength. The Tiger, however, had the advantage, for he had grasped the Alligator in a part of the neck, which entirely prevented him from turning his head sufficiently round to seize his antagonist; and though many severe blows were inflicted on the body of the Tiger by its saw-like tail, the noble beast of the forest, when the battle was concluded, shook his brawny tail, and seemed unconscious of any pain. Having overcome the Alligator, he dragged it a little farther on the shore, and sat over it exactly in the attitude of a cat sitting over a captive mouse; he then took the creature in his mouth, and gently walked off with it into the jungles. About ten minutes after, we saw the Tiger emerge from the forest; and after gazing at us for a few minutes, and perhaps imagining that we were almost too far from the shore to allow him to add us to the number of his trophies of victory and blood, he slowly pursued his course in a different direction to where he had left his prey, and we saw him no more. In less than an hour afterwards, the Alligator, who had been stunned, but not killed, crept out of the jungle, and though evidently much injured, yet with some difficulty reached the river. He, however, was too much lacerated to remain longer in the water, and soon came again to land; but took the precaution of exposing but a part of his body, and keeping his face toward the shore: he continued but a very short time, and again launched into the deep, repeating his visits to the beach almost every quarter of an hour whilst we remained. The sight was certainly dreadfully magnificent, and one, we believe, which is very seldom witnessed."

We have said what we fairly could for both volumes; they are cheap, pretty, and entertaining,—but not half so entertaining as the idea that natural history could be learned from either.

*Cleone, a Tale of Married Life.* By Mrs. Leman Grinstead. 2 vols. London: Effingham Wilson.

Those who drew their early nourishment from the old romances, in which trap-doors and ruined castles, and lights gliding through lonely burial-places, and stern swarthy villains, are "plentiful as blackberries"—those who have been accustomed to rejoice in tales of a gentler, though no less intricate, plot, telling



of lost children and lost deeds, both coming to light at the precise moment when it is proper to end the woe of the four volumes, will be apt to turn over this book with impatience and uneasiness; for its story has been obviously regarded by the writer as nothing more than a peg whereon to hang the tissue of her own philosophy. But, leaving the question of the proportions in which purpose and incident should be intermixed, so as to form the most perfect combination, let us do justice to the single-mindedness of the author of 'Cleone,' to the bold yet womanly manner in which she asserts the rights of her sex, while she encourages them to merit those rights, and to the healthful spirit in which she regards life—not merely as a thorny desert, where meanness, and tribulation, and disappointment, abound, but as a place where there is good for all who will gather it, and beauty discernible by every eye not perversely and premeditatedly blind.

The story, as we have said, is simple almost to poverty, and is retarded by not a few conversations and digressions. Cleone, its heroine, is appointed to endure the lot of Orselda, under the tyranny of a bigoted, avacious, and gloomy husband, whose character, by the way, darkens somewhat too suddenly: the novelist should show the changes which come over the nature of his creations as much as possible, and speak of them as little. The bitterness of Cleone's married life is heightened by the remembrance of an old affection which she sacrificed. The authoress has done wisely in treating this part of her story, and avoided the train of incident and struggle which a more commonplace hand would not have failed to introduce. Further than this we will not tell, as, though we have described the book as being devoid of plot, we ought to confess that its conclusion took us by surprise, in spite of our gift of prophesying how the tangled skein is to be unravelled, which rarely fails us.

We must extract a family picture, to show that if Mrs. Grimstone has chosen the discursive rather than the graphic, it is not from necessity:—

"Mrs. Hawkins was just the moral mate that such a man would choose; she had aided in building the bulky fabric of their fortune; and thus more than the reflected and collateral importance of a rich man's wife attached to her. She was in aspect a female Falstaff, with all the burly knight's self-love and self-conceit, but without any of his wit or good-humour.

"In the masquerade of life, gravity is the garb in which imbecility loves to array itself: and it may generally be remarked, that those who have least in their own heads are most ready to shake them at others.

"Mrs. Hawkins's five daughters, destined probably, in after life, to luxuriate, like herself, into rotundity of form, were singularly spare, with shrewd severe faces. Already the frequent frown had antedated their brows; the character of age, by the agency of unkindness, was marked upon them. Seated around their massive mother, they might, not unsightly, be compared to the slices of lemon that garnish a fillet of veal, and they appeared to have quite pungency enough to relieve all her stupidity."

What follows may not be new, but it is well said:—

"My dear aunt, mankind are like pigs. I have heard that the sure method to make the

swinish multitude go one way, is to pull them the other; and surely to some such cause we must attribute the labour-in-vain work of our divines, who have for eighteen hundred and twenty-five years been endeavouring to draw men up, without at all diminishing their obstinate determination to go down."

"It is this very resolute *drawing up*, as you call it, but which seems to me more like *driving up*, that is the cause. Coercion is so directly hostile to human nature, that it ever produces resistance; and not one in a million will consent to be even pleased upon compulsion. It appears to me that no reformer—and I am compelled to include you among the number—ever takes the trouble to study the material they would improve. You all, whether lay or clerical, want two great essentials—truth and persuasion. For instance, you tell your pupil, vice has no pleasures, and virtue no pains. Is this true? No; and a very little experience enables him to find this out; and when he does, he disbelieves all the rest of your doctrine, and seldom takes the trouble to learn of any master but that one who will teach, though at a high premium—Experience. Instead of this, tell your pupil that vice has pleasures, and virtue pains; and, with this honest acknowledgment, proceed to show results—that, in their several progressess, the alluring wine-cup becomes a poison-chalice, and the bitter fruit full of sweetness and refreshment.—When you cease to deceive, you will be believed; and when you are believed, you will be obeyed. As for the second point—place in all its pure attraction that picture which it is your wish men should admire and imitate; they will approach of their own accord, and admire from the necessity that makes beauty always admirable. This truth in teaching will produce truth of perception, and grace of delineation will give power to your purpose."

Our next and last extract is the conclusion of a long dialogue; we recommend all the sex to lay it to heart. They should, every one of them, read 'Cleone,' and it is their own fault if they do not rise from its perusal wiser and happier. If, in the strange times which some say are coming, when women are publicly to govern the world, (how long we have privately borne their yoke it would not be discreet to tell), and Miss Martineau is to take her seat on the woolsack, we hope that Mrs. Grimstone will be promoted to the see of Canterbury.

"Nature has given woman an influence over man, more powerful, more perpetual, than his over her: from birth to death, he takes help and healing from her hand, under all the most touching circumstances of life: her bosom succours him in infancy, soothes him in manhood, supports him in sickness and in age. Such influence as this—beginning at the spring of life, and acting in all its most trying moments—must deteriorate or improve man's character—must diminish or increase his happiness—according to the moral and intellectual condition or degradation of woman. Thus, upon the improvement in particular, depends human improvement in general. Call, I beseech, all women to rise to a work that will bring such 'exceeding great reward.' Tell them to think more of their sex, and less of themselves—and more of universal humanity than of either. The rivalry of pretty faces and French fashions, the cruelties of coquetry, and the follies of flirtation, are all blasphemies against their own power, their own privilege—that of perfecting the moral happiness and intellectual character of human nature."

*Oaths: their Origin, Nature, and History.*  
By the Rev. J. E. Tyler, B.D. London: Parker.

The design of the reverend author, in this volume, is to examine, whether oaths are lawful to a Christian—whether the mode in which they are at present administered is calculated to promote the ends of truth and justice—whether any, and what, changes are desirable in the present system. In the examination of these questions, Mr. Tyler displays abundant learning, great logical acuteness, a mild and conciliatory spirit, but also an excess of caution that borders upon timidity. Interpreting very literally an aphorism whose authority is exceedingly questionable, that "change, generally speaking, is in itself an evil," he avoids any direct attack on "things as they are," venturing only

To hint a fault and hesitate dislike.

This is especially manifest in his notice of the University Oaths, where he avoids pronouncing sentences on the nonsense of compelling men to swear to observe statutes which they have not read, and which, if they did read, it would be impossible for them to obey. Every one has laughed at the absurdity of the old Oxford oath, with an *et cetera* in the middle of it; but an oath with an explanation appended to it, all but directly contradicting the original, is just as little creditable to University wisdom. Yet, though we complain of Mr. Tyler's excessive caution, we cannot hide from ourselves that his work is likely to be more effective than that of a bolder writer: energetic denunciations affright the timid and confirm the obstinate,—mild admonitions awake no fears, and provoke no resistance.

In tracing the origin of oaths, Mr. Tyler enters into a minute and careful examination of all the oaths recorded in the Old Testament, the mode of swearing used among the Greeks and Romans, the oaths deemed most valid in the middle ages, and, finally, the present forms used in various countries. Of the learning and ingenuity displayed in this investigation, the following extract affords an interesting specimen:—

"The *Canterbury Tales* offer us a melancholy picture of the state of conversation among our forefathers in this respect. Some of their oaths are scarcely intelligible to us now without considerable research. Others are curious, though familiar to the generality of readers. The priest says—

For on my portos here I make an oath;  
meaning the case in which his breviary, or prayer-book, was kept. The giant is made to swear by the Saracen Deity Termagant, whose violent and tyrannical temper has given a name to that idol's representatives among us. The greatest oath sworn by the Prioresse, is 'by St. Eloy.' Among others we find 'by St. Paul's bell;' 'by the good rood,' i. e., the cross; 'by God's book;' 'by Christ's foot;' 'by God's arms two;' 'by nails and by blood;' with much which savours strongly of blasphemy, and from which piety recoils. 'By ale and by bread' is an oath which corresponds with one of those trials by ordeal which so long disgraced our country, when the juror solemnly imprecated upon himself, in case of guilt, the curse of his soul choking him; whence, in many parts of the country at this day, it is a saying, if one of the company at a meal indulges in an untruth, 'Take care, your meat will choke you.'"

There is one curious piece of superstition, connected with asseverations, both in ancient

and modern times, which Mr. Tyler has left unexplained, and on which we must therefore make a few brief remarks:—

"The low Irish of the present day, in their more solemn transactions among each other, ratify their engagement by swearing upon a copper or silver coin, generally upon a half-penny or a sixpence, which they kiss, using these words: 'By the oath (worth—not value but virtue) of this coin, I swear.' Heineccius tells us, that this was an old German custom before the introduction of Christianity. And the ancient Byzantines swore by their own copper coins."

Now, neither the Irish, nor the Germans, nor the Byzantines, must be set down in this instance as worshippers of the *Dica Pecunia*; the form of oath arose from the custom, both in Christian and Pagan times, of having religious symbols engraved on the coin. If Mr. Tyler will take a walk through his own parish, (St. Giles's), he will hear many complain that "they have not a cross in their pockets;" and if he inquires more curiously, he will find that a small coin is often worn as an amulet by the little urchins that run ragged about the streets.

Two very curious circumstances mentioned by Heineccius deserve to be quoted:

"By the laws of the Alamanni the males used to swear, raising their hand either to heaven, or the altar, or the book, or the case of relics upon the altar; whilst females swore laying their hands upon their bosoms. They called it, 'The oath by the bosom.' This form was observed in modern Germany, at least, till our author's time: whether it is still retained I know not. Its origin is very curious. Women and boys were generally accustomed to carry on their bosom, suspended from their neck, a small copy of the Gospel: so the hand when laid upon the breast, was in reality laid upon the Gospel. Priests swore in this manner, (as indeed they do to this day in Spain and in some parts of Italy, particularly in the Roman States,) and Heineccius hints, that this privilege was granted to the priests, because they were supposed to have the Word of God written in their hearts. Be this as it may, it is a remarkable fact, that Chrysostom speaks distinctly of the custom generally prevailing in his time, of women and young persons carrying about with them the Gospels on their bosom, hanging from the neck. This same most interesting author, (Heineccius,) describes an imposing scene of which he was an eye-witness when a boy, in so graphic a manner, that I cannot help attempting to translate it verbally. . . . 'I remember when I was a boy, I was present when a man suspected of some heinous crime, purged himself from the charge by oath. I there saw, not without somewhat of horror, all the windows closed with curtains, and on the table at which the judge and the ministers of the Church sat, there was placed a Bible, a skull taken from a skeleton, the image of Christ nailed to the cross, and, unless I am mistaken, a sword and iron gloves; tapers glimmering here and there, the accused on his knees, holding up his fingers, and binding himself by the oath. The doors were thrown open, and all persons admitted promiscuously.'"

We by no means agree with our author in admiring the dramatic ceremonial with which the last-mentioned oath was administered; sure we are that a repetition of it in the present day would excite ridicule rather than reverence. And this leads us to consider, whether the present English system of oaths ought to be maintained, or, what is the same thing, whether it affords any security to truth and justice. Oaths of office first claim our attention, and of these Mr. Tyler at once

disposes, by the unanswerable argument that the breach of an official oath is not punishable as a perjury. *In foro humano*, the sworn and unsworn officers guilty of malversation are subject precisely to the same punishment. Thus considered, the oath affords no additional security, and as little will its value be found *in foro conscientie*; for he who is guilty of peculation will make no scruple about perjury. Our author well observes, that the acceptance of office should be regarded simply as a compact, for the breach of which the contractor should be subjected to a known and definite penalty.

Judicial oaths present a seemingly greater difficulty: perhaps in such cases a declaratory form, reminding the witness of his future responsibility to an Omniscient Judge, should be used; but, even here, a diligent sifting of the evidence by cross-examination has been found much more efficacious than any form of oath ever invented. Our author suggests that, whatever form be used, it should be administered to jurors and witnesses by the Judge himself, and not by an inferior officer. There is much wisdom in this suggestion, and we think a solemn affirmation, administered with due attention to its importance, would be more effective than our present awful imprecation, read as if it were an old song by a careless clerk.

We have been much pleased with Mr. Tyler's book; he does not go so far as we should be inclined to do, but his suggestions are, on that account, more likely to meet attention among the persons most necessary to be influenced.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Eustace Conway; or, The Brother and Sister.*'—Will no one write a novel, the interest of which shall depend upon a good and strikingly original plot? That this is a matter of difficulty, is evident from the eagerness with which our modern manufacturers of fiction betake themselves to rhapsodizing or philosophizing—to any thing, in short, which shall spare their wits the labour of contriving "how the lovers are to be got off their knees." If we can be won to excuse the want of this first requisite of a story, it must be by subtle and vivid delineation of character, or such glowing descriptions of scenes and manners, as set the dead of other years, and distant countries, close before us; or by such grave, and ingenious philosophizing, as converts a weak novel into a light treatise. Now, the author before us, whilst he attempts plot, philosophizing, and delineation of character, succeeds in none of the three. He has distracted himself with trying to do too much, and failed. A sister's affection (upon which the story turns) is so beautiful and holy a thing in real life, and has been so nobly set forth—witness Miss Baillie's *Jane de Montfort*, and Walter Scott's *Jeanie Deans*—that we are doubly sensible of its being, when such a subject is mismanaged by an unskilful hand. In short, 'Eustace Conway' is a dull book, and no extract could give could qualify our opinion. There is that about it, however, which makes us think, that its author might do better, and if we are to meet him again, we heartily hope, for both our sakes, that he will.

'*De Rayo, or, the Haunted Priory, a Dramatic Romance.*'—The author's dedication "To his surviving Parent" disarms criticism, and it is lucky it does; for, if one of our heaviest weapons were in our hands at this moment, we should be compelled to give this play a terrible blow. It would seem that the author is a young man—it would seem that he is a very young man—but

at the same time it would seem that he is a very amiable young man. We shall therefore only give him one piece of advice: we do not counsel him to write again; but, if he will do so, we recommend him not to found his next play upon a twaddling romance like that of 'The Haunted Priory, or, the Fortunes of the House of Rayo.'

'*Pictures of Private Life.*' Second series. By Sarah Stickney.—The success of the first series of these tales has encouraged their authoress to produce a second, in which we find much of the improvement we expected from her,—the same earnest and excellent feeling as before, with more interest, and something more of life, in her stories. But she has much to do before she can write naturally of the world we live in; and we see not how one of her particular sect can gain the requisite experience, without venturing so far beyond its boundaries as to be unable to return within them again. The idea of the 'Pains of Pleasing,' a tale written to show the fruitlessness of the attempt to become a universal favourite, is excellent—its execution incomplete, for the reason we have given.

'*Pictet's Christian Theology.*'—Benedict Pictet was among the last of the old school of divines that presided over the church of Geneva; without the energy of Calvin, or the extensive learning of Beza, he had a more comprehensive mind than either, and stated his arguments with a clearness and precision, rarely to be found in their writings. He is also honourably distinguished by his candour and fairness, never imputing motives to his adversaries, nor attempting to deduce consequences from their doctrines, which they disclaimed. His book deserved to be translated, but we could wish that the task had been undertaken by some one possessed of feelings similar to those of the author; there is but one original note in the volume, and that is inconsistent, both with the text and spirit of the whole of Pictet's beautiful work.

'*Napoleon's dying Soliloquy, and other poems,* by Thomas Stewart.'—'*Harpings of Lenn,* being original poems, by the late Edward Lenton, and W. J. Baitman.'—'*Solitary Hosts,* by Hartley Lloyd.'—'*The Vigil of a young Soldier.*'—Here are four of the collections of small poems, which every week usher into the world. Their number troubles us with a twofold trouble: first, the labour of examining their pages, and then, the concern, which naturally suggests itself as we think, how each of these little tomes contains the hopes of some lonely aspirant,—perhaps of some amiable household band, among which his verses have been read, and read again, till the venture of sending them forth to the public has been resolved upon—and alas! we have weekly occasion to see, how often these hopes must be disappointed,—ought to be so indeed, for the maintenance of the honour of Poetry, which has suffered too much by the want of judgment and want of sincerity of some of her worshippers.—Mr. Stewart has chosen a lofty theme: the death hour of Napoleon is not a subject for a novice, nor for a third, nor even second-rate master of the lyre. It can be no offence to him then to say that he has failed. There is some smooth verse in the poem called *Retirement*, and a visible attempt to imitate Pope, in the Epistle from Abelard to Eloise.—Of the '*Harpings of Lenn*,' we are told in the preface, that both of the authors of the poems under this title, may be called self-educated, and that one of them, an orphan, died at the early age of fifteen. His verses are the best in the volume, and breathe a certain melancholy, which, taken in conjunction with his early fate, interest us in their author. If, as we suspect, the desire to create was stronger than the power within him—and his sensitiveness to the trials of life, greater than his measure of that cheerful and stout-hearted endurance, of which none has so much need as

the aspirant to literary honours, it would be unwise to regret his death.—Mr. Lloyd has stolen his title from that too much neglected lady, Miss Bowles—the remainder of his "borrowings without acknowledgment," are from other authors.—The last poem upon our list, 'The Vigil of a Young Soldier,' is not very comprehensible; nor made clearer by certain notes, in which the writer tells us that, "he has been an occasional intruder on most coteries, from the Coal Hole to St. James's" (we would have given the palace precedence), and in which he denounces our social system as *rotten*, because of the large number of spinsters about London, and recommends a vegetable diet. He seems on good terms with himself.

'O'Keefe's Legacy to his Daughter, being the Poetical Works of the late John O'Keefe, Esquire, Dramatic Author.'—A collection of the poems of this veteran dramatist, so long a favourite with the public, bequeathed to his orphan daughter as her sole inheritance, ought to excite the attention of all whose kindness would remember the living for the sake of the dead, and, bearing in mind the mirth of former days, would contribute its mite towards the assistance of one left alone in the world. Let the public, on this occasion, come forward, and show that it has not utterly forgotten the merits and laughter-provoking services of an old and well-tried servant.

'Entomologia Edinensis, by J. Wilson, and the Rev. James Duncan. Part I., Coleoptera.'—This is an admirable work for any one who is seriously bent on pursuing this branch of Zoology, and bears testimony, in every page, to the accurate observation and unwearied research of the gentlemen employed in its composition. We cannot, however, flatter them with the idea that they have done much, or indeed anything, towards rendering the subject popular; an entire octavo volume, devoted to a single order of insects, found in the vicinity of a single town, even though that town be what the authors call (perhaps by antiphrasis) "Modern Athens," is more likely to appal than attract ordinary readers. It would be unfair, however, to lead to the supposition, that the importance and interest of the work are strictly local: "the amount of species described (extending to upwards of 200 genera) has necessarily, according to the plan pursued, introduced the general history of the leading groups of British Coleoptera, and, as most of these are likely to occur in other parts of the country, the utility of the volume will not be confined to the district specified, but will extend to any portion of the British Empire." The introductory chapter, containing the Anatomy of Insects, is well, though perhaps rather too technically written; and there are good directions for the chase and preservation of insect game. The volume is cheap, and seems better qualified than any other we know of, to become the student's guide to entomological science.

'The Popular Encyclopædia, Vol. I., Part II.'—'The Popular Encyclopædia,' as we noticed heretofore, is based on "the world-renowned Conversations-Lexicon," originally compiled by a society of German literati, and subsequently translated into almost every European language. Its editors have carefully collected all the information added by the different translators to their respective versions, and have besides supplied a valuable mass of new matter, well calculated to meet the wants and wishes of the public.

'Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde, Vol. II., Part I.'—The oriental articles in this Encyclopædia, are better than those in any similar work. Reinaud's account of Arabian, and Klaproth's History of the Armenians, in the present number, are excellent. Schnetzler's article on Asia, also merits high praise.

'Cicci's Printer's Pocket-book.'—A little manual intended for the London printer, and comprising the trade regulations, and other matters

essential to be known. It differs from similar works, by having the "List of Master Printers" arranged in districts, to facilitate the journeyman's procuring employment.

'The Parent's Dental Guide.'—One of those trashy compositions, written by men, whose object is to bring themselves into note. Parents will certainly learn with pleasure, that the author twisted a crooked tooth straight, in the head of Master B. son of Mr. B. M.P., extracted some irregular grinders from the jaws of the Hon. Miss G., and supplied Lady L. with gold caps for her wisdom teeth. The man who has done so much towards improving the state of the aristocracy, will clearly be able to work wonders amongst the *tiers-état*. "If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

'Conversations on the Teeth, by Hayward.'—A little pamphlet, with a pink cover and gilt edges, made to sell.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### ON THE EDUCATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES. No. II.

IN the Prussian states, parents are compelled by law to give their children an elementary education—no such compulsion is required in England; first, because the moral force of public opinion has already produced the effect; and secondly, because the British government has the power of bestowing rewards, which would be found infinitely more efficacious than punishments. The rewards to which I allude, are the minor offices of government, situations in the Customs, the Excise, &c., which might be made prizes for industry, probity, and good conduct, instead of being distributed by private favour. For this purpose, a national record should be kept, of the general state of education; and it is my present purpose to explain how this might be done with very little trouble, and at a very trifling expense.

I propose then, that Normal schools should be established, under the control of a National Board of Education, in every large town and populous district; each school should be divided into senior and junior departments, and the progress of the pupils in each ascertained by quarterly examinations. These examinations should be open to those educated at private seminaries, or by their parents, as well as to the pupils of the Normal school; for the object is, that knowledge should be actually acquired, not that it should be obtained in any particular place. Those who have, at several examinations, proved their diligence and attention, should have their names registered, and forwarded to the National Board of Education. The rewards bestowed for fair exertion, should be admissions, without charge, to the higher classes, either in the Normal school, or in a Normal college, to be established in different parts of the country. From these Normal colleges, government should invariably select its servants, the teachers of the Normal schools, &c.; and as there might be some ambitious of devoting themselves more closely to literature, and carrying their studies farther, I should recommend that small exhibitions of twenty or thirty pounds per annum, should be founded in the great Universities, and given as rewards to the best scholars in each Normal college. Some of the higher patronage of government should be distributed in rewards to the Universities: a late President of the Board of Control afforded a noble example to his successors, by offering the writerships of the Indian colonies, at his disposal, as rewards for literary exertion. It would have been better had the kind of exertion been specified; we are justly reproached by the French and Germans for our neglect of Oriental literature, notwithstanding our vast possessions in the East; now

I can see no good reason why the writerships and cadetships, at the disposal of government, should not be offered as prizes to the best proficient in Oriental literature at our several Universities. Consularships might be similarly distributed; for there have been consuls who did not begin to study the language of the country to which they were appointed, before they had reached the place of their destination. It can scarcely be necessary to add, that the new impulse thus given to University studies, would, to say the least of it, not be injurious to those venerable establishments.

Perhaps it would be sufficient for government to establish merely the Board of Education, and the public examiners for districts and provinces, leaving to individual exertion the establishment of schools and colleges. I shall, therefore, state the plan that I deem best to be adopted in the formation of such schools. The whole system of boarding-schools appears to me absurd and mischievous from beginning to end:—bad for the master, bad for the pupils, and bad for general society. Can a man of cultivated mind feel comfortable in becoming a contractor for the supply of food? Assuredly, if he did not derive a large profit from the speculation, it would be the very last that he would voluntarily undertake. I am not such an enthusiast as to suppose that men will undertake the labours and fatigues of education, without the prospect of adequate reward; but let their remuneration come from education, not from a contract for diet, washing, and lodging. Boarding-houses may be established in the vicinity of a good school, but I should not expose the master to the temptation of jobbing, by permitting him to keep one. I think, however, that it would be an advantage, if suites of chambers were provided in the school edifice for the rector and his assistants. Perhaps also, the establishment of a common hall, to be supplied by contract, would in some cases be advantageous.

The expense of erecting a school-house, capable of accommodating three hundred pupils, would be about 4,000*l.*: for the interest on that sum and the rent of ground, I shall allow 200*l.* annually: the same sum should be allowed to the rector or superintendent; to eight masters 100*l.* a year each; to a lecturer on natural history and a writing-master 50*l.* each. Most of our young physicians have paid considerable attention to natural history; and many of them would gladly undertake the office of lecturer, as a fair means of making themselves known. I have not underrated the salary of the masters, for it is far above the average paid to the assistants in most schools.

The hours of actual school business should not exceed six in the day: from seven to nine, from eleven to one, and from two to four, would probably be found the best division of this time; masters and boys should have the evenings free for relaxation or private study. Thus the masters would have time for other literary pursuits, either preparatory to a profession, or as authors. There are meritorious young men to be found in abundance, who would be glad to obtain such situations. To meet expenses, we shall suppose that there are 200 pupils in the junior school paying 4*l.*, and 100 in the senior school paying 8*l.* annually; this would be sufficient not only for paying rent and salaries, but it would also leave a surplus to found exhibitions in the provincial college for meritorious pupils. Where the number of scholars is not sufficient to support such an establishment as I have described, fewer masters should be employed, and a cheaper establishment obtained.

But in the event of these schools being established by individual exertion, it may be considered just that the surplus of profits should be given to the proprietors, and not devoted to founding exhibitions: I very much fear that



this would be the case, and am, therefore, the more anxious that the schools should be established by the government, and be the property of the nation. An obvious difficulty presents itself: could the government, in the present state of our finances, encounter so great an expense? I know that many will answer, there are funds already sufficient for the purpose,—our endowed and diocesan schools have been perverted from their original design; many have directly contravened the directions of the founders; in others, the circumstances of society are so altered, that were the testators restored to life, they would gladly hail some alteration in the conditions of their bequests. This is a topic which I am unwilling to discuss; it is one encumbered with many difficulties, and it is generally supposed that at an early period it will be investigated either by a parliamentary commission, or a committee of the House of Commons. But I cannot avoid noticing the facilities there are for establishing an efficient and cheap school in the city of London, by compelling those who take the Gresham lectureships to become active teachers in the city school. These lectures, as at present managed, are worse than useless; indeed, their only purpose seems to be relieving the consciences of the professors from the painful feeling of receiving public money for nothing.

There are some who suppose that any system of national instruction should be perfectly gratuitous; from this opinion I wholly dissent—what people get for nothing, they too often value at nothing. A judicious system of public instruction should, and would, support itself. Except in the case of absolute poverty, for which provision has been made already, and in the exhibitions given as a reward for merit, no pupils should be received into the Normal schools without payment. I shall now endeavour to show that these payments might, by a little management, form a sufficient guarantee for a fund to be raised immediately, and devoted to the establishment of such schools.

The first thing to be done, is to establish a Board of Education; its president should be a minister of the crown; its members practical working men, holding their places "*quamdiu se bene gesserint*;" their first business should be, to establish in minute detail the system of education and discipline that should be adopted in the future schools. The plan, having been properly matured, should be published, and notice given that the board was ready to receive applications from any town or district, whose inhabitants desired the establishment of such a school. One half the sum required for the erection of suitable buildings, should be subscribed by the petitioners as a loan, the other half might be advanced by the board. A local Board of Management should then be formed, to take charge of the finances, to see that the profits of the school be applied to paying the interest of the loan, and forming a small sinking fund for the redemption of the debt. When the school was completed, a member of the general board should be sent down to superintend the selection of the rector and assistants; in all cases the candidates should be required to appear in person, and be subjected, if the commissioners thought fit, to actual examination. To the local board, I would give only the power of recommending; the final appointment should rest with the National Board. Power should only be given where there is responsibility.

I must reserve the further details of my plan until I see how far the outlines are sanctioned by general approbation; but, before concluding, I must notice one objection which may probably be urged against the entire system. It will be said that I have made no provision for religious instruction. No man can feel more deeply than I do, the importance of impressing the great truths of religion on the minds of youth, but I

do not think that school is the place where they should be taught, nor the schoolmaster a fit person to teach them. I fear the effects of degrading or painful associations, because I have witnessed them. I propose that the boys should, on one day in every week, be sent to their respective places of worship, and receive from their proper spiritual pastor religious instruction suited to their capacities. It would be injustice to prescribe where the pupils should go, but I would make it imperative that they should go somewhere. If the number of the catechumens imposed too severe a labour on the clergyman, he might be paid for his trouble out of the funds of the school.

Such are the outlines of the plan I venture to propose for national adoption; more minute details I am ready to supply if required. That the proposal will encounter opposition, is more than probable, for a large body is interested in preventing its success. Fortunately, there are very few who are not competent judges of its merits; for the question is simply, whether cheap and efficient instruction for the middle classes, or to make the fortune of a few schoolmasters, be the more desirable. But I cannot avoid impressing on the minds of those for whose benefit I have chiefly written, the new position in which they are placed, by the extensive education afforded to the poorer classes. Whatever opinion may be formed of the wisdom or expediency of thus affording instruction to all, one thing is certain, and that is, the power of withholding such instruction no longer exists. Nothing but a complete change in the present system of education, can enable the middle classes to compete fairly with those below them; for I do not hesitate to assert, that better instruction, viewed in reference to the practical business of life, is given at many charity schools, than in three-fourths of the academics and seminaries in Great Britain. T.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Asiatic Society have announced their intention of publishing a quarterly journal, to be exclusively devoted to matters connected with the objects of the Society. The general interest which, at this moment, attaches itself to all things connected with the East, cannot fail to make this a welcome work; and the vast resources of the Society, not merely through its auxiliary societies, but its Corresponding Members spread over the whole of the Eastern world, will equally tend to make it worthy of, and to insure, extensive support.

We have this week received first numbers of two new periodicals, started in widely distant parts of the world, and bringing with them strangely apposite associations: the one is 'The Ionian Anthology,' and the other 'The New South Wales Magazine.' Both promise well, because they are full of local interest and character; the one rich in recollections, the other in hopes.

Dr. Croly, we are informed, has a volume in the press, entitled 'Divine Providence, or the Three Cycles of Revelation, establishing the Parallelism of the Patriarchal, Jewish, and Christian Periods,'—and the Correspondence of John Jebb, late Bishop of Limerick, with Alexander Knox, Esq., from 1799 to 1831, is also preparing for publication.

It is generally reported that the two celebrated *Correggios*, in the collection of Lord Londonderry, have been purchased, at the price of eleven or twelve thousand pounds, for the National Gallery. The history of these pictures is somewhat curious. There is good reason to believe that they were originally in the collection of Charles the First, and sold by the republic to an agent of the King of Spain. During the invasion of that country, Murat, by purchase we conclude, pos-

sessed himself of them, and they were subsequently removed to Naples. On his death they were claimed, by his widow, of the congress at Vienna, as private property, and the claim was allowed. Lord Londonderry, then Ambassador, purchased them of the ex-queen, and here they are, after journeying about for nearly two centuries, in the National Gallery of England.

We advert with pleasure to the meeting, held this week, at the Royal Institution, for the purpose of acknowledging Mr. Fuller's munificence to that establishment, which has amounted altogether to the large sum of upwards of 10,000*l*. If some of our *millionaires* would follow his example, we should cease to have to announce books "on the decline of science," or to complain of the decay of the arts among us.

The third annual exhibition of Paintings by the Old Masters, has opened, for the season, at Exeter Hall; where also may be seen Mr. Huggins's two marine pictures of the Battle of Trafalgar, painted by command of his Majesty. A third is in progress, by the same artist, which will complete the series.

We paid a visit lately to the "Concordia," a musical instrument, now exhibiting in Old Bond-street, the invention of a Mr. Niggli. By the application of some new mechanism to the strings of the common grand pianoforte, the performer is enabled to produce many varieties of tone—some so closely resembling those of stringed instruments, that we expect, when the invention is fully matured, to find the desideratum of a *sorzento*, and power of modifying the tone of the instrument, satisfactorily supplied. The instrument is furnished with two sets of keys—the one those of the pianoforte, the other commanding these new resources; so that an indefinite number of effects may be produced, by their being played in conjunction or alternately. Every pianoforte player should hear the Concordia.

The Italian operas at Liverpool are proceeding most satisfactorily. Our correspondent gives us tantalizing accounts of Madlle. Cesari, (a contralto,) and Signor Deval, (a tenor,) two of the singers. The company has been engaged for three years, by some gentlemen who are anxious, if possible, to naturalize this amusement in the provinces. 'Il Tancredi' and 'Pietro l'Eremita' are in preparation.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

March 5.—Colonel Leake, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Hamilton resumed the reading of his translation of Mr. Süsser's memoir on the 'Birds' of Aristophanes. Supposing the fact to be, as the arguments of the writer in the first part of his memoir are intended to prove, that the historical subject of this drama is the celebrated expedition dispatched by the Athenians against Syracuse,† not only will the motives and designs of that undertaking be found to correspond with those feigned by the poet, but the chief characters in each must respectively bear to one another the relation of type and anti-type.

The principal character engaged in the expedition was Alcibiades; of the drama, the leading personage is Peisethairos; and here the analogy is sufficiently apparent. The share which the persuasive eloquence of the former had in originating the event satirized, is closely imitated in the means used by the latter to influence the birds to enter into the extravagant scheme, which forms the fabulous subject of the comedy. The name Peisethairos alludes to this circumstance. But, besides its chief prototype, the character of Peisethairos appears to comprise secondary and less obvious personifications of other individuals; more particularly of

† In the 17th year of the Peloponnesian war.—See our report of the meeting of the Society, April 5.

the sophist, Gorgias of Leontum, a vain, ambitious, and wealthy intriguer, who, by such means as are exposed to ridicule in the 'Birds,' succeeded in obtaining for his countrymen the assistance of Athens, when besieged by the Syracusans.

Euelpides, servant or assistant to Peisthetairus, (and whose name is adopted in allusion to the puerile and extravagant expectations founded on the Sicilian expedition by the credulous multitude at Athens,) probably represents Polus of Agrigentum, who, as a sophist of subordinate pretensions, was associated in a kind of dependence upon Gorgias.

Again; by the Epope, or Hoopoe, appears to be intended the general Lamachus, who was joined in the command of the Sicilian expedition with Nicias and Alcibiades.

That such were the historical portraits intended by the author of the 'Birds,' although the several traits in which the likeness consists, are sometimes indicated only by such indirect and playful touches, as best suit the fantastic elements of his fable, was shown at large by Mr. Süvern, in much learned and minute inquiry into the personages and events of that interesting period of Grecian history.

March 19.—Colonel Leake, V.P., in the chair. Mr. Hamilton read a further portion of his translation of the memoir on the 'Birds.'

The main subject of this reading, was the speech of Peisthetairus to the birds, in which he artfully gains over that fickle race to enter into his plans. Here a constant reference was traced, by the writer, to the similar artifices which the Athenian general successfully pursued, in order to get the consent of his countrymen to a scheme hardly less irrational than that of building a city in the air, as agreed to by the birds. This speech abounds in portraits and curious allusions. The luxury, ambition, and vices of Alcibiades—the superstition of Nicias—the sophistical arts of Gorgias, and the other demagogues, whose influence was paramount at Athens, and the consequent corruption and degradation of the state, as contrasted with the virtue and intelligence of its citizens, which had formerly enabled it to maintain the preponderance in the affairs of Greece, are pointed in a manner which must have been equally diverting and instructive to those who were familiar with the passing events and personal anecdotes of the time.

#### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

March 24.—John Barrow, Esq., in the chair. Extracts were read from 'Papers descriptive of the Countries beyond the North-western Frontier of the Bombay Presidency, relating chiefly to the Principalities of Jodhpoor and Jaysulmeer,' communicated by Capt. Burnes, who was also in the room, and afforded some *bird* explanations.

From both, it appeared, that this indefatigable traveller was stationed in 1828 on this frontier of our Indian Empire, and, with characteristic activity both of mind and body, immediately planned a journey beyond it; his views regarding which, were submitted to Sir Thomas Bradford, then Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay Army, and by him brought under the notice of Sir John Malcolm, Governor of the Presidency, who, first referring them to Col. Pottinger, our resident in Cutch, and himself a distinguished traveller, on his report warmly approved, and in part acted on them. In their complete form, they contemplated penetrating across the Desert to Ooch, where, it was then thought, that the waters of the Punjab joined the Indus, and thence descending that river; but a prudent desire to avoid exciting the jealousy of the Ameers of Sind, by thus traversing nearly their whole territory, eventually convinced Capt. Burnes's operations at this time within narrower limits;

the immediate vicinity of the Presidency being thus, however, more thoroughly examined.

It was December 1829, before the requisite preparations were completed, so as to allow of the departure of our enterprising young countryman from Bhooj, the capital of Cutch. He was accompanied by Lieut. Holland, of the Quarter-Master-General's Department, and attended by a small force of Native cavalry. The ostensible object of the expedition was the delivery of letters, of compliment or remonstrance, as the case might be, to the several native Chiefs on the route. The first previously unknown district thus traversed was Parkur, situate to the north-east of Cutch, and of a peninsular, if not rather insular form, being bounded on three sides by the desert tract known by the name of the Runn of Cutch, which bears strong marks of having been once an inland sea; and, on the fourth, by another desert, called the Thurr, of a very opposite, but not more fertile character, being covered with light blowing sand. The character of Parkur itself is rocky, with an extensive valley of cultivable, but not cultivated land, intersecting it nearly in the middle. Its inhabitants, few in number, (not exceeding 8000,) lead a nomadic life, and are otherwise savage and lawless. They are chiefly Rajpoots of the Soda tribe, a branch of the Purnams; and being thus of high caste, and distinguished for the beauty of their women, their alliance is much sought by the neighbouring tribes, to whom they dispose of their daughters rather in the way of barter, than on any more dignified footing. They are under the government of two chiefs, called the Ranee of Nuggur and the Thakoor of Veerawow. Both acknowledge a sort of dependence on the Soetan Soda of Omereote, as the head of their tribe, but pay him no tribute. To the Ameers of Sind on the contrary, they pay tribute, but scarcely acknowledge obedience; the assessment on them being levied every year by an army of Belooches, who are thus encouraged to extend their depredations in this direction.

Nuggur is the smaller town, having only 150 houses, while Veerawow has 350; but it is considered the capital of the country, and is the property of the more powerful chief. It is situate close to the foot of the southernmost hills; Veerawow is on a lake near the northern frontier. The whole extent of the province, is only twenty miles from north to south, by about thirty-five from east to west. The hills are a sort of red granite, but the stone rings like metal when struck. It is remarkable, that no sandstone is found here, while in Cutch, all the hills, without exception, are of that formation. The Parkur people say, that their hills have been baked, and those in Cutch are "Aucha," or uncooked; and this is possibly the etymology of the latter name.

Water is abundant in Parkur, and uniformly found about ten feet below the surface; it is of tolerable quality, and more used than tank-water. It is remarkable that in the adjoining desert, the Thurr, water is only found at a prodigious depth: Capt. Burnes stated that he had never there met with a well less than 350 feet deep, and many exceeded 400. They are of extremely confined diameter,—we ur him to say, not exceeding eighteen inches—are uniformly faced with branches of trees.

Near Veerawow are the remains of the city of Panugur, said to have been a place of wealth and eminence 700 years ago, but now offering little that is curious. Three of its temples have been of marble, of which none exists in Parkur, but it is abundant at some distance to the eastward. Tradition, however, says, that it was brought to Parkur by way of the Runn, when that was a sea.

Proceeding from Parkur along the banks of the Looney, Capt. Burnes next describes the Nuegur, a tract of extreme fertility, watered by the branches of the Looney, and also by the

main stream itself. It is correspondingly populous, and its inhabitants are industrious, but much oppressed by the Belooch robbers of the desert. Its agriculture is of two sorts, according as the Looney does, or does not, overflow its banks; but in both cases the returns yielded are abundant, the soil becoming slimy, even when the river does not overflow, as it rises towards the level of the adjoining country, which is about ten feet above its own. It is here not above 150 feet wide, (it is sometimes 1,000 higher up), and scarcely flows, unless in the rainy season. Immediately on leaving the Nuegur it is lost in the Runn. The health of the inhabitants of the Nuegur does not seem affected by the humid character of their country.

Above Nuegur, along the line of the Looney, is the principality of Jodhpoor, and north-west of it that of Jaysulmeer. South-west from both is situated the famous mountain of Abon, said to be seventy-five miles in circumference at the base, rising steep on all sides, and surmounted by the most extraordinary remains of ancient buildings. Capt. Burnes describes them as consisting of four temples, connected together by a line of circumvallation; and one, in particular, of such extraordinary magnificence, that a series of drawings from it made by an English lady, who subsequently visited it, (Mrs. Col. Blair,) remain, yet unpublished, in the hands of their accomplished artist, the estimated expense of engraving them being 700 guineas. The ruins of a magnificent city are also found at the base of this mountain. We rather think that the details of this region will again occupy the attention of the Society; and we shall here, therefore, for the present, close our report.

#### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

March 15.—The Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., in the chair.—A most valuable donation of books, manuscripts, maps, plans, drawings, &c. presented to the Society by Lieut.-Col. Doyle, was laid on the table; the collection amounts to about 187 volumes of printed books; 173 maps, plans, &c., chiefly original; 18 Persian manuscripts, many of extreme beauty, and splendidly illuminated; 3 volumes, and a large portfolio of original drawings of mythological subjects, costumes, &c.; 62 loose sketches, prints, &c.; a Persian dress, and a large quantity of Indian journals. Among the manuscripts are the Shih Nameh, a superb copy from the Imperial Library at Delhi, with the seals of all the Emperors from Baber to Aurangzeb, and an autograph of Shah Jehan; the Bostán of Sadi; the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; the History of the Nawab of Oude, the Borhán i Kati, &c. &c.

On the motion of the Right Hon. the Chairman, seconded by the Right Hon. Sir A. Johnston, V.P., it was unanimously resolved, that the cordial thanks of the Society be specially communicated to Lieut.-Col. Doyle, for the munificent and important donation presented by him to the Society, together with the expression of its deep regret, at learning that it is about to lose the services of so zealous and efficient an associate.

Colonel Miles, H. Newnam, Esq., Lieut. George Brudfoot, and Ensign William Broadfoot, were elected Resident Members of the Society: E. J. Dawkins, Esq., British Minister in Greece, Colonel Gordon, and J. P. Ruch, Esq., were elected Corresponding Members.

Mr. Bird concluded the reading of his Introduction to the History of Guzerat, bringing down the narrative of the Moslem conquests to the establishment of the empire at Delhi. The next paper read, was a letter addressed to the Secretary, by Sir H. Willock, containing some notices of the eminent Orientalist, Professor Schultz, who was assassinated in Carhistan, in the latter end of 1829, while exploring the coun-

try for scientific and antiquarian research. The third and last communication read at this meeting, was Mr. Henderson's notes on the mineralogy of Cutch, comprising his observations on the stratified rocks, metallic ores, saline rock, &c. The rocks chiefly noticed were clay-slate, limestone, sandstone, and coal. The only ores of metal noticed, are those of iron and copper; in treating of the saline minerals, the author describes the method of preparing alum. The meeting adjourned to the 6th of April.

## GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

March 12.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.

Col. Pasley, C.B., the Knight of Kerry, and Edward Hill, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

A letter addressed to Dr. Fitton, F.G.S., by Charles Babbage, Esq., F.R.S., 'On the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, near Puzzuoli,' was read.

March 26.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., President, in the Chair.—The following communications were read:—1. A letter from C. D. O. Jephson, Esq. M.P., addressed to the President, on the changes noticed by the writer in the temperature of a thermal spring at Mullow, principally during the winter months of 1833; 2. A letter from H. H. Egerton, Esq. to C. Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., on the means which were employed to change the course of the Rander, and on the detritus deposited in the Lake of Thurr by that river, since its direction has been altered; 3. A notice, by Col. Sykes, of a collection of fossils made by Capt. Smea in Cutch; 4. A paper on the gravel and alluvial deposits on the surface of the old red sandstone in parts of Herefordshire and Worcestershire, with an account of the Travertine of Southstone Rock, in the latter county, by R. I. Murchison, Esq., V.P.G.S.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES.	Linnean Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	Horticultural Society.....	One, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts.....	8 p. 7, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
SAT.	Royal Asiatic Society.....	Two, P.M.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—*Sitting of the 10th March*.—On the presentation of a work of Mr. Beaumont, an American surgeon, on the Gastric Juice, M. Arago made some remarks. The work contains the results of experiments made on the gastric juice of an American, who, by means of a wound received in his stomach, is able to afford this liquid for experiment, without suffering pain or inconvenience. M. Arago proposed that the man should be brought to Paris.† M. Orbiguy, who was sent out by the Society of Natural History, in 1826, to explore the countries of Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Peru, having returned, he, in this sitting, communicated a sketch of his travels and discoveries. M. Orbiguy commenced his route from Rio, went by Buenos Ayres to Patagonia, sailed to Chili, traversed it, as well as the two Perus, crossing the Andes, and sailing down the Amazon. He promises a variety of documents, relative to the geography of these countries.

His observations on the geological formation of South America are also numerous. He found primitive formation in the greater part of Brazil, and of the Bande Oriental. The immense basin, extending from the 25th to the 38th degree of south latitude, was the first place where he found animal remains in strata, that he considered of tertiary formation. The fossil remains were below the bones of the mammiferous tribe, which were, in turn, covered by banks of river shells. The sides of the rivers present every facility for observing these super-

positions. To the south, a primitive chain separates this basin from that of Patagonia. This last presents some analogy with the basin of Paris, in its alternative strata of oysters, free-stone with oysters remains, gypsum, and river shells. M. Orbiguy bears witness to the higher plains of the Andes being volcanic; at the height of 12,000 feet he discovered marine fossils. Respecting the diverse races and languages of South America, he has brought back a variety of observations, with sixty vocabularies.

M. Ranson, engineer in the service of Bavaria, proposed a new mode of measuring the sphere, which seemed rather to amuse than edify the Academy.—M. Decussine presented a memoir on the Flora of the Isle of Timor.—A memoir, of some length, was read on the subject of friction, and on the means of measuring its degrees of intensity and resistance.—A note was presented from M. Cournot, tending to show that the planes of the orbits of the three great planets, Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus, intersect each other.

M. Gavard sent an account of a new improvement of the pantograph, a machine by which an engraving is transferred to a plate of brass, or to a lithographic stone. When this is effected, the engraving is, of course, reversed; and it is to correct this, that M. Gavard has suggested the present improvement.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

The opera of 'Il Barbiere,' and the ballet of 'Le Sire Huon,' were repeated, on Saturday last, to a house inconveniently crowded. We had not time last week to do more than mention Madame Caradori, but we have now pleasure in doing justice to her exquisite singing of the part of Rosina; her embellishments are always perfectly finished, and faultlessly in tune—a merit not so common at the Italian Operas as it should be. We are also glad to notice once more the improvement visible, (or rather audible,) in Signor Giubilei.—We are now to speak of the music in the new ballet; and as we are told that it was composed in "fiery haste," and by Signor Costa, we are all the more disposed to do justice to its good points, and "to be to its faults a little blind." As a whole, it is certainly too heavy; we can dispense with very deep science in ballet music, for the sake of those piquant delicious airs in which the French excel, and which send us dancing home to our beds. There was too much of the drum and trumpet, and, in almost all the subjects, such constant use of the *appoggiatura*, as becomes annoying to the ear by repetition. We must, however, admire the quartette of four horns in the overture, and the very pretty subject of the first dance, (in a two-four time); the oboe solo to the never-to-be-forgotten Shawl Dance we have heard before; and the music of the last scene is from Signor Costa's divertissement 'Une heure à Naples.' Tolbecque plays his violin solo particularly well, (we could have wished for more *obbligato* movements for the piano instruments); and Monsieur Nadaud recently led the band, whose execution of *Andaluz* was more than usually precise and careful.

Taglioni left us for Paris on Sunday last; she is to return when Duvernay departs. We are grown fastidious and discontented at the idea of not seeing them together again. We must, therefore, hope that Laporte will take ours and the public's case into consideration, and endeavour to procure us that pleasure some few times more.

Vocal Society.—The second season of these Concerts closed most auspiciously on Thursday week. The room was well filled, in spite of the attraction of Taglioni's benefit: H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent was among the audience. We

are now satisfied that these meetings will have no evil effect upon the Antient Concerts, and, therefore, express our good wishes for their prosperity with all the greater heartiness. But we must warn the directors, that the ancient glees and madrigals will lose their charm on being often repeated; and that novelty is essential to a performance so entirely vocal. Let our native composers come forward and show what they can do; let them give us good concerted dramatic pieces, and songs better worthy of a prize, than certain ballads of which we have had occasion to speak, and the voice of the public will soon open the doors of the theatres to them again. The blame of their exclusion does not lie altogether with speculative managers, or a capricious public.

To return to the sixth Concert, the selection of music comprised a great variety of glees, madrigals, &c., and pieces from Spohr's 'Azor and Zemira,' in the execution of which, the whole strength of the Society, with the addition of Miss Stephens, was employed. We must not omit to notice the performance of Mr. Hutton; he played a movement from Mozart's Pianoforte Concerto in a minor, in a style which entitles him to rank very high among the pianists of the day. He may rank higher yet, if he pleases.

Signor Mason's Concert.—We were glad to see this gentleman's Concert so much better attended than we had expected. He played three pieces; a concerto of his own, a concertante with Moscheles, (composed by the latter and Lafont,) and an air, 'Non più mesta,' with variations, by Lepinsky, a Polish composer, in which his execution was most daring; it wanted, however, a little finish. The more we hear him the more we are confirmed in our opinion of the false taste of his style;—that he can play quietly, was evident from the concertante which he performed with Moscheles; and we liked him so much better in this than the other pieces, (though a passage of thirds, in his concerto, deserves honourable mention *en passant*.) that we earnestly wish he could be induced to discard ornaments and trickery unworthy of the talent he possesses, and which will prevent his receiving the honours he deserves. There is but one Paganini in the world, and all imitators of his manner must become extravagant, and fail in producing an effect. Madame Caradori, Miss Clara Novello, Miss Woodratt, Signors De Begnis and Giubilei, and Mr. Horncastle, were the singers engaged.

## THEATRICALS

Are in a state of calm this week: but it is only the calm which precedes the storm of Easter Monday. The Adelphi and Olympic closed on Saturday last, after a season of great profit to each. Farewell addresses were spoken by Mr. Yates at the one, and by Madame La Lescage at the other. We know nothing of the preparations for Easter novelties, beyond what the bills tell us. At Drury Lane, Mr. Macready is to play 'Richard III.,' without interruption as to the three first acts, and under the usual noise made and provided for such occasions, after the entrance of the half-price people; after which will be produced (says the bill) an 'Easter Folly,' entitled 'Anster Fair, or, Michael Scott the Wizard.' We have long and justly complained of the manner in which these brainless bulletins have been concocted, and we therefore hail with satisfaction a first step towards improvement,—they own their Folly. At Covent Garden 'Gustavus the Third' of Sweden is opposed to 'Richard the Third' of England; after which will be produced (never acted) an entirely new Grand Romantic Opera, the music composed by Carl Maria Von Weber, entitled 'Der Freischütz.' This piece of liberality on the part of the management will, of course, be fully appreciated by a grateful public. It has

† It may be well to observe, that we have received the work, and prepared a review of it, which will forthwith appear.



been done, no doubt, as the bill says just below about something else, "with the view of affording as much attraction as possible," and "without any regard to expense." Time was, when those who took delight in these pieces of show had, at least, a choice—they might either go and see a bad one at Drury Lane, or a good one at Covent Garden. Thanks to the blessings of monopoly, those days are over; and, though we will not say that the Drury Lane piece will be bad, because we know nothing about it, we may safely affirm, that, however good it may be, it would have been better had it been done at Covent Garden, because the people there understand such matters better, and because all those who do understand their work are not yet dismissed.—The Olympic will be re-opened by special permission on Monday, it appears, for the benefit of Messrs. James Vining and Hooper, the Stage Manager and Treasurer of the establishment. Madame Vestris, Mrs. Orger, Mr. Liston, and the whole company, have given their services, with the exception of Mr. Keeley, whose absence is unavoidable, and whose part of *Magnus Templeton* in the 'Beulah Spa,' has been kindly undertaken by that excellent actor, Mr. Buckstone. This house, by the bye, has been let by Madame Vestris to Mons. Laporte, for the ensuing season of French plays.—Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Mr. Reeve, Mr. O. Smith, Mrs. Honey, and a large proportion of the Adelphi company, are engaged to act the Adelphi pieces at the Surrey Theatre. This is announced in the bills in English bad enough to do honour to the present state of Covent Garden and Drury Lane: however, the importations are very likely to answer the manager's purpose, for all that. What tasteful inhabitant of Surrey, for instance, can resist the attraction of "Mrs. Honey, attended by her numerous flocks of Naiades, sporting and bathing in the limpid streams of the Coral Caves"? Surely not one.

### MISCELLANEA

**London University.**—The report of the Council has been published, and is most satisfactory. The number of students entered for the present session is such as to enable the University, for the first time, out of its proportion of the fees, to meet the annual ordinary expenses of the institution. This, it is reasonable to believe, is the result of the establishment of a Senate, and of entrusting the general management to the Professors, who have a direct personal interest in the success of the University. When the propriety of so doing was suggested at the General Meeting of 1833, (taking a guarantee from the Professors for a certain annual income, and a resolution to that effect proposed), it was thought by the Council to be impracticable, and, in deference to their opinion, the resolution was withdrawn, although the feeling of many proprietors was made manifest enough in its favour. The suggestion, however, seems not to have been lost sight of, and we infer from the report that arrangements to that effect were forthwith made; and we are of opinion that the flourishing situation of the University is mainly attributable to this judicious change. The following is a statement of the amount of fees received in each faculty during the last and present session, on the 22nd February:—

	1833				1834			
Amount of Fees received in	£	s	d	0	£	s	d	0
Faculty of Medicine.....	4915	5	0	5531	0	0	0	0
Faculty of Arts.....	985	5	0	1715	5	0	0	0
Faculty of Law.....	257	10	0	97	10	0	0	0
	6158	0	0	7343	15	0	0	0
Junior School.....	1814	10	0	2516	5	0	0	0
	7972	10	0	9859	3	0	0	0

The thanks of the proprietors were unanimously voted to the Professors. We have great pleasure in adding, that a munificent donation of 1000*l.* was announced from an unknown friend, and a liberal offer by J. M. Morgan, Esq.,

to endow with one hundred pounds a year during five years, a Professorship of Education, subject to certain conditions.

**University of Dublin.**—The following new regulations respecting Medical Degrees, have been lately agreed to:—A Bachelor of Arts shall be entitled to a *Licent ad Examinandum*, for the Degree of Bachelor of Medicine, on producing certificates of his having attended the following eight courses: if the certificates show that during each of Four Sessions, he attended one, and not more than three, of the courses which begin in November.—The degree may be conferred at the July commencements of his middle Bachelor year.—*The Courses:* The six courses of Lectures, delivered according to Act of Parliament, in their respective departments, by the six Professors in the School of Physic. One Year's attendance on the practice of Sir Patrick Don's Hospital; six months' Clinical Lectures in the same. A course of Lectures on Midwifery, by the Professor of Midwifery of the College of Physicians.—The effect of these regulations will be, to shorten the length of standing, and increase the amount of lectures required.

**Beethoven.**—The anniversary of the death of the composer was celebrated at Marseilles, by a grand Musical Commemoration, which took place in a church, where 335 vocalists and 142 instrumental performers were assembled. Among the pieces which elicited the greatest applause were, Beethoven's Funeral March and Cherubini's Requiem, equally admired for the grandeur of the compositions themselves, as for the admirable style in which they were performed. The Concert, as might be supposed, was numerously attended, and produced a sensation in the town and neighbourhood.

**Paris Exhibition.**—The collection amounts altogether to 2,314 works in oil and water-colours, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and lithography, being less by 1,000 than that of last year; the exhibition is said to be superior to the last in its historical paintings, but below it in sculpture. The French critics, in explanation, contend that the exhibitions succeed each other so rapidly, that sufficient time is not allowed the artist to work up to the requisite degree of perfection the creations of his genius. This remark, however, might with equal justice be applied to the historical painters, who confessedly stand pre-eminent in the exhibition of this year. Messrs. Delaroche, Granet, Zeigler, and Horace Vernet, are admitted to have ably sustained their reputation.

**Pré au Clergé.**—The author of the Libretto of this popular opera, has already netted the sum of 28,000 francs from its representation. This is proof that French dramatic writers by no means lack liberal encouragement; and we have reason to believe that the new law regarding dramatic productions in this country, is working well, and to the satisfaction of our own.

**Carnival at Florence.**—(Extract from a private letter).—Our Carnival has passed off with its usual court balls, and a few English ones. The Opera is seldom good at such a season, as the manager is sure of full houses, whatever may be advertised; but, this Carnival, it was miserable. To keep us in good humour, we were promised an excellent company in Lent, and a new opera by Donizetti, with most original and enchanting music. The fame of this composer led us to expect a treat, although his last year's 'Parisina' was decidedly inferior to his 'Anna Bolena'; but every one likes to expect pleasure. Lent came, and with it 'Rosmonda'—our own English Fair Rosamond—and everybody was disappointed. There is nothing original in the music; on the contrary, we are either reminded of other composers, or catch the echo of Donizetti's former airs. Still, the house is tolerably well attended, owing to the attrac-

tion of La Tacchinardi. Her voice is delightful, and wonderfully sweet in its highest notes. Report says, she is by no means so young as her appearance would lead us to believe, but yet she is young enough; indeed, such power of voice is impossible in a girl of seventeen, and she seems no more. Her youthful figure, her loveliness, and her quiet (though not timid) action, gave an appropriate interest to the victim of the jealous Eleanor: but we missed the labyrinth at Woodstock, and the cup of poison; a garden walk, at dusk, with a bare dagger, seemed but a poor exchange for the machinery of the old romance.—As balls cannot be given during Lent, and as the theatres are closed, except one with a puppet-show, the English have got up private theatricals. Nothing can be better for those who have nothing else to do. Studying a character, and selecting the most suitable and becoming of all possible dresses, occupy hours, and even days, of enviable excitement. Then, when the night arrives, and "everything is in extremity," who so happy as the performers? As for the audience, they must be happy, for they do nothing but applaud, and take refreshment.

**A Fool's Advice.**—When Leopold, Duke of Austria, was about to invade Switzerland, he held a council of his nobles, at which the court-jester was present. After matters had been arranged for the march of the army, the Duke asked the jester, what he thought of their deliberations: "Just what I thought of the mouse we caught last night: every one told you how to get into the trap, but no one said a word about getting out."

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. Mon.	Max. Min.	Noms.		
Thur. 20	51 30	30.44	E. to N.E.	Cloudy.
Frid. 21	49 30	30.41	S.E.	Do.
Sat. 22	53 36	30.30	N.W.	Do.
Sun. 23	53 45	30.35	W.	Do.
Mon. 24	50 33	30.58	N.W.	Clear, a.m.
Tues. 25	50 27	30.60	N.	Do.
Wed. 26	50 37	30.63	N.W.	Do.

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrus, Cirrostratus.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 42°. Greatest variation, 24°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.61.  
Day increased on Wednesday, 4th, 42°.

### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

**Lays and Legends of France, and Lays and Legends of Ireland,** by Mr. W. J. Thoms.  
**India; a Poem,** by a Young Civilian of Bengal.

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**Errata.**—In the article 'On Change of Climate,' page 209, 2nd col., l. 30, for *line*, read "vic"; l. 37, for *procession*, read "procession"; l. 39, for 20,000, read "26,000."

TESTIMONIAL TO SIR JOHN SOAKE

March, 1834.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 336.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1834.

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
(J. HOLMES, TOOE'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*The Gael and the Cimbri; an Enquiry into the Origin and History of the Irish, Scoti, Britons, and Gauls, and of the Caledonians, Picts, Welsh, Cornish, and Bretons.* By Sir W. Betham, Ulster King of Arms, &c. 8vo. Dublin: Curry, Jun., & Co.

THE questions concerning the inhabitants of Ancient Britain and Gaul, at the time of Cæsar's invasion—who they were—and whence they came—form an old subject of wordy debate. Whether the tide of population flowed in from Gaul upon the British Islands (as the imputed imperfection of navigation in those days seems to imply), or whether a maritime people, possessing large ships, and able to store up arms, tools, and provisions, for distant colonization, came from the east, and, after colonizing Spain, made a descent on the western coasts of Ireland, is a *dignus vindice nodus*, which no *Deus ex machina* has con-descended to untie or to cut. The Irish who—little blame to them—are not accustomed to think disparagingly of themselves in any respect, have been sturdy sticklers for the latter theory, which gives them a remote and gentlemanly descent, and leaves them in possession of the honours of “peopling all Scotland” (and France and England into the bargain) “with their own hands,” (as Sir Callaghan O’Brallaghan has it), or, at least, with those of their common ancestors. Their historians, therefore, are very precise concerning the day and the hour of the advent of the Phœnicians, and all about their cousinage with the great father-general of the second edition of the human race, Noah. Some of them, indeed, have industriously collected many interesting particulars of the “World before the Flood,” (we don’t mean Mr. Montgomery’s); and they are all most eloquent concerning those remote ages, of which no records remain save a few broken traditions. Their earliest pages are filled with visions of glory, touching the primitive learning, riches, piety, and civilization, of “ancient ould Ireland,” worthy the dignity and excellence of the oriental origin of its inhabitants, and clearly proving that they were “great, glorious, and free,” when the rest of Europe was no better in condition than the backwoods of America. On the other hand, John Bull, who hates “to be done,” and can “abide a swaggerer” as ill as Mrs. Quickly herself, happens to recollect that, when he accepted M’Murrough’s invitation to breakfast, and paid his first regular visit to Ireland, he found his neighbours at the lowest ebb of civilization to which the European man has ever been degraded, without cities or stone buildings, (excepting always the Round Towers “of other days,” which were built, nobody knows by whom, and nobody knows why, and therefore, of course, were raised by the devil,) living half-naked and half-starved under the greenwood tree, and indebted to their Danish invaders

for the few conveniences possessed exclusively by their petty chieftains. Moreover, for some reason best known to himself, John has taken it into his head that it is much more respectable that his country should have been settled from Gaul than that he should be indebted to Ireland even for a single ancestor. Accordingly, he sets the whole story of the Phœnicians down as an Irish — (we must not write the word); and, aided by his neighbour Tally, who is as good a gentleman as the best, and, moreover, descended from the Pre-adamites, has commenced a desperate controversy on the subject. Pens have been drawn, and ink has been flowing, for many years—volumes have been heaped on volumes, facts commented into obscurity, and difficult points been rendered insoluble by over analysis; so that the quarrel was “a mighty pretty quarrel as it stood,” when Sir W. Betham flung himself into the fight, and (to change the metaphor) has made a clean breast of it in the volume before us.

Although the extravagancies of some of the Irish antiquaries have thrown a ridicule over the national pretensions, the dispute is by no means an idle or a ridiculous dispute. As long as man shall exist, he will feel a deep interest in the early history of his own race, and will desire to collect all sorts of “remains,” to complete the imperfect story of the several cradles of nations; nor will he be deterred by the barrenness of the subject, since the more scanty the records, the fewer the scattered lights, the greater and more pleasurable will be the exercise of ingenuity, and the more ample the laurels to be won by embodying them into something like a coherent hypothesis. If this be a subject on which absolute truth is unattainable, that is no reason why the attempt should be abandoned, of approaching as nearly to probability as labour and research can lead us. That a colony of Phœnicians did, at a very remote period, plant itself in Ireland, is indicated by such various and multiplied testimonies as amount to very little short of demonstrable truth. The traces of oriental language and religion still remaining in Ireland, after every allowance has been made for the whims and random guesses of antiquaries, are not otherwise to be explained but by admitting this fact; and, as if to put the matter beyond a doubt, a passage of several lines has been preserved by Plautus in the Carthaginian tongue, which passage is readily translatable by an Irish scholar, and renders a perfect and poetical sense, strictly analogous to the situation of the speaker.

In accommodating these lines to their Irish dress, nothing more was necessary than the usual verbal criticism, to correct such errors in the spelling and division of the words, as must inevitably have arisen from frequent transcription by copyists unacquainted with the language they were writing; and there are one or two whole lines in

which the words run letter for letter as in the modern Irish idiom. Now, that this coincidence should have resulted from accident, or that it could have been brought about by any legerdemain practices upon the Irish language, is infinitely improbable, and the Carthaginian language being, at the least, a dialect of the Phœnician, the circumstance fully proves the reality of the Phœnician colonization of Ireland, and that the Gaelic is neither more nor less than the ancient Phœnician.

Sir W. Betham, starting from this point, endeavours to show that the Phœnicians, who notoriously were in the habit of trading with Cornwall for tin, had equally colonized the whole of South Britain, and had passed the channel, and peopled Celtic Gaul; consequently, the Celts of Cæsar’s time spoke the language, and were governed by the manners, opinions, and institutions of their Phœnician ancestors. In defence of this theory, Sir William has with equal learning and ingenuity brought together a considerable array of facts and etymologies; some of them sufficiently striking and puzzling to an opponent. But a difficulty lies in the way of his hypothesis, which he has not noticed. If Gaelic be Phœnician, and the Celts of Cæsar spoke that tongue, it is inconceivable that Cæsar should not have been aware of the fact. Carthage had not been so long destroyed, that all traces of its language should have been forgotten by the Romans. Besides, the language was not circumscribed to that city, and, long after its destruction, must have been spoken along the coast, to which the Romans constantly traded. Aurelius Victor, indeed, says of Septimius Severus, that, being born at Leptis, he spoke the Punic tongue; which is conclusive as to the Punic being a living language even in his times. But a still more formidable obstacle lies in our author’s way, in the universally received opinion, that the Celtic language was distinct from the Punic; being, not the Gaelic, but that spoken in Wales and Armorica; and that the Welsh are the remains of the ancient Roman-British, who fled before the face of the Saxon. Both these doctrines Sir William repudiates without hesitation; and to establish the contrary, he enters into an elaborate comparison of the Gaelic and Welsh languages; and shows such a discrepancy, not only in words, but in the most elementary parts of the grammar, as, he thinks, is utterly incompatible with identity of origin. Accordingly, after strengthening his argument by a review of Gildar, Nennius, Geoffroy of Monmouth, &c., he makes out a case to establish the belief that the Welsh were a section of the Picts; and that the Picts were the descendants of a more ancient colony than the Phœnicians, known to the Irish by the name of *Tuath de Danann*, and originally from the north of Europe. These, he says, occupied the British islands, till expelled by the Phœnicians from Ireland and from England. In the lowlands of Scotland



they maintained themselves against both the Romans and the Highland Celts; but after the conquest of all Scotland, by Kenneth M'Alpine, they emigrated to Wales, Cornwall, and Armorica,<sup>1</sup> where they established the Cymbric language; possibly to the exclusion of the true Celtic. Such is the doctrine which the present volume sets forth. We do not profess to be learned enough to decide between the old and the new light; and shall content ourselves with stating, that Sir W. Betham has made a pleasant and interesting volume, by dint of the many curious particulars which he has brought together, and arranged with an order and lucidness, rare in antiquarian researches. The facts he brings together, if correct, are just sufficient to make out his case; and he has not overloaded it with everything he could scrape together and *something more*, after the many precedents in this matter "made and provided" by his predecessors. There is some hint given of a possible second volume; and we should recommend the author to strengthen his proofs, by further researches after the people who inhabited the Cimbric Chersonese, and who gave their name to the Cymri of Wales; and also by tracing the history of the Welsh tongue, which is notoriously but little connected with the dialects spoken in Germany. Is it another dialect of the Oriental stock, and spoken by another branch of the Phœnicians, more ancient than the Irish Celts?—and if so, when and how came they in Jutland? Another point untouched, is the subsequent retrogradation of the Irish descendants of a highly civilized people—what became of their arts and refinements? how came Ireland, which must have been cultivated, to be again covered with woods? and last, though not least, who *did* build the Round Towers? These are questions highly interesting; much more so than as a mere question of antiquarian curiosity.

*A Voyage round the World, including Travels in Africa, Asia, Australasia, America, &c. &c.* By James Holman, R.N., F.R.S. Vol. I. 8vo. London: Smith & Elder.

His ardour and perseverance which enabled the author to become a traveller, despite physical obstacles that to ordinary minds would have appeared insuperable, lend an interest to this volume, which its contents are well calculated to maintain. Born with an instinctive desire to explore distant lands, and early enrolled in that service, which seemed most likely to afford opportunities of gratifying his favourite propensity, Mr. Holman, at the age of five and twenty, found all his hopes of professional advancement blasted, and an end apparently put to his projected travels, by a severe illness, from which he only recovered, to the sad certainty that his sight was gone—and gone irrecoverably.

"At that time my health was so delicate, and my nerves so depressed by previous anxiety, that I did not suffer myself to indulge in the expectation that I should ever be able to travel out of my own country alone; but the return of strength and vigour, and the concentration of my views upon one object, gradually brought

back my old passion, which at length became as firmly established as it was before. The elasticity of my original feelings being thus restored, I ventured, alone and sightless, upon my dangerous and novel course; and I cannot look back upon the scenes through which I have passed, the great variety of circumstances by which I have been surrounded, and the strange experiences with which I have become familiar, without an intense aspiration of gratitude for the bounteous dispensation of the Almighty, which enabled me to conquer the greatest of human evils by the cultivation of what has been to me the greatest of human enjoyments, and to supply the void of sight with countless objects of intellectual gratification."

In this manly spirit of resignation, and with a fixed resolve to contemplate rather the blessings which remained, than the advantages of which he had been deprived, Mr. Holman commenced his travels, by accepting an offered passage in H.M.S. *Eden*, which, under the command of Capt. Owen, was, in the summer of 1827, about starting, to form a new establishment on the island of Fernando Po. On the 29th of July they sailed from Plymouth, touched at Madeira and Teneriffe, on the commerce and productions of which places, there is some useful information, chiefly respecting wines, and the mode of preparing litmus from the orchilla weed (*Rocella tinctoria*); and early in September came to anchor off Sierra Leone, where they remained more than a month, at the end of which time Mr. Holman gives this pleasant account of the climate:—

"The morning was fine, but the afternoon showery; rain, indeed, appears to be quite a matter of course, either in the morning or evening. I had now been upwards of a month in Sierra Leone, and I found that it rained without fail in some part of the four-and-twenty hours, and sometimes throughout the whole day and night; yet the rainy season had nearly exhausted itself when I arrived, and some short time before, it had rained for three weeks without intermission."

This constant wetness, combined with an extent of low marshy land, just opposite the town, and a thick belt of wood on the hill behind it, which prevents free ventilation, fully accounts for the pestilential miasmata, which have rendered this colony the grave of so many Europeans. A little previous to Mr. Holman's arrival, the mortality had been so great, that Mr. Nott, a junior ensign in the Royal African Corps, was the commanding officer in barracks. The low marshy land, of which we have spoken, with a considerable tract of country in the interior, belongs to the Boollams, who, it appears, are our very good allies, and actually saved the colony in 1804 from being overwhelmed by a combination of the other native powers. For these services, their King was invited to Freetown, Sierra Leone, where he was solemnly crowned under the title of King George, and presented with such an infinite variety of brass buttons, glass beads, and iron hoops, that he ever after remained faithful to our cause. On his death, it became an object to the colony to ensure the continuance of this good understanding; and for that purpose, they sent Lieut. Maclean as their representative, to assist at the election of the new King, and endeavour that the choice should fall on a person known by the European name of Macaulay Wilson, whom they knew to be completely in their interests. In this way, Mr.

Maclean had an opportunity of seeing their ceremonies in choosing a sovereign, of which he gave Mr. Holman the following account:

"Rejoicings commenced at sunset, and continued during the whole night. I had a guard of honour placed over my residence, to prevent intrusion during the night; which, however, I found it impossible to prevent altogether, as during the election and coronation of a king, the laws 'sleep,' nor can any crime, short of murder or an attempt to murder, be punished during that space of time, which generally extends to fourteen or sixteen days. The natural consequence of this is, that all the most idle and worthless of the neighbouring nations, or tribes, flock to a place where they can practise all manner of crimes with impunity. Many persons, particularly minstrels, or bards, had walked upwards of 400 miles from the interior, to be present at the election about to take place at Yougroo.

"The town of Yougroo, I was told, generally contained but about 500 or 600 inhabitants, although, during the election, &c. there must have been, at least, 5000 or 6000 persons present.

"The mourners for the deceased king, of whom there are sixteen in number, are the most extraordinary figures that can possibly be conceived. One half of their faces (the upper half) is painted white, forming a hideous contrast with their black countenances. The mourners (literally 'makers of the cry,' i. e. lament) are appointed immediately on the death of the king,† and continue their functions until the election of a new king takes place, however long it may be before that event may happen. They are generally girls of from ten to fourteen years of age, and are, while mourners, held sacred and inviolate.

"Sunday, March 4th.—This day was appointed for the formal election of a successor to the throne of King George. By noon, the whole of the chiefs and headmen were assembled in the Palaver House, when the Regent, or person appointed to administer the government during the *interregnum*, proposed, in a speech of some length, John Macaulay Wilson to be the future King of the Boollams. Previous to this, a deputation had been sent requesting my presence. I accordingly attended in full dress, along with Mr. S—. The Regent's speech, as literally translated by my interpreter, and immediately after noted down by me, was as follows:—

"We have now met, headmen and brethren, to perform a great duty, and to exercise a great privilege. It becomes our duty to elect a successor to our vacant throne, 'the cry' (i. e. the mourning) being about to close. We have now no king; if we look to his hearth, there is no one there; if we call upon our king, no one answers; thus are we, as children without a father; as a family without a head; whom then shall we choose to sit in the seat of our late venerable king? Who shall walk in the footsteps of him, whose sayings were the sayings of wisdom, and out of whose mouth proceeded justice: whom, I say, shall we elect, but his own son; who listened to him when alive, and who will not forget him now that he is dead?

"You have long known this person; and you know that he will not bring disgrace upon your choice; but that he will do those things which a King of the Boollams ought to do; that he will discourage wickedness, encourage the righteous, and do justice to all men; I

"† King George was the first king of Boollam, that had been allowed to die a natural death, through fear of getting 'a palaver,' as they term it, with Sierra Leone. Previous to this, they always despatched their kings when they considered them about to expire, sacrificing two human victims, whom they buried in the same grave."

‡ Meaning that the late king loved him as a son.

<sup>1</sup> The venerable and liberal Canonico Villanueva, who published a volume on the Phœnician antiquities of Ireland. (See *Athenæum*, 1833; thinks, on the contrary, that the Armorians were themselves a Phœnician colony, and spoke the Phœnician dialect.

therefore propose that John Macauley Wilson be elected King of the Boolams."

After this persuasive oration, aided by a slight distribution of presents, somewhat after the manner of a civilized English election, the British interest carried the day, and the Mandingoes, who were their opponents, because of the advantages they derived from the slave trade, were obliged to yield. A slight conversation ensued amongst the chiefs, and it was then announced to Mr. Maclean, "that John Macauley Wilson was elected King of the Boolams—that he held the Boolam country in the palm of his hand—and that the scales of justice hung upon his finger."

The inauguration took place on the following day, but to a great part of this Mr. Maclean was not admitted, as it consisted of certain mysterious ceremonies, which were performed in the depths of the Bush:—

"At noon they emerged from the bush, having the new king with them; whom they now regarded as a complete stranger, providentially sent them from heaven to be their ruler.

"A deputation now requested my presence at the Palaver House, to which they were then conducting the king; the headmen and people dancing around him, as he passed through the streets, in the most fantastic manner. On my arrival the late Regent pronounced a very long harangue in the Boolam language, which was repeated sentence by sentence in the Mandingo and English by the respective interpreters. In this speech, which however I did not note down, Nain Banna rehearsed what had from time immemorial been the practice of the Boolams, in cases such as the present, and declared that all the rites and mysteries proper for the occasion, had been duly performed. He then pronounced a long encomium on the virtues of their late king, and concluded by paying his respects to the new king, and myself, respectively, which he ended with the highest term of respect which the Boolams know:—'May you live for ever.'

"He then requested permission to introduce to the assembly, a stranger whom they were in future to revere, 'King Bey Sherbro';† after which, Bey Sherbro received the homage of his subjects. During this time a number of minstrels played upon their several instruments, some of which were very ingenious and musical. Those in particular, who had come a long distance from the interior, executed with spirit and taste some very beautiful airs: much finer, indeed, than any native music I had yet heard. They accompanied their instruments with extempore recitatives in praise of those chiefs whom they knew. I was, of course, included, as they expected that I would be inclined to reward them handsomely. Each minstrel of any repute had a person attached to him by way of fool or jester, several of whom acted their parts very well, and strongly reminded me of Shakespeare's clowns."

The mode in which trade is carried on with the people of the interior, is worthy of notice:—

"The trade with the nations of the interior is chiefly confined to the Foulahs and Mandingoes, who bring small quantities of gold with them, which they exchange for European articles to carry home. Their mode of travelling to the colony is not a little curious. They first appoint one of their number as head man, who is referred to on every occasion, and who is answerable for the conduct of the whole. They generally come down in numbers of from six to thirty, and sometimes more. Each man carries on his head a kind of basket, made of the rattan cane, in which is contained his shirt, a calabash,

some rice, and a bag made of sheep-skin, which holds the alcoran, some rice, bread, a knife, scissors, and other useful articles; also a small pouch in which they carry their gold averaging about 5*l.* sterling each person. They secure the bag by fastening the sides of the basket together, and binding it round with strong twine which they make from grass. On the top of the basket they tie their bow and quiver of arrows loosely, so that they can get at them readily, in case they should be attacked in the woods by the wild animals, or by any of the different tribes whose settlement they pass through in coming down. They also carry a bamboo cane about six feet long, and three inches in circumference, with a piece of iron, about six feet long, and sharp at the point, fixed into the end of it; this they make use of as a spear. They also carry a long knife or sword, which is slung over the arm by a belt. They partly live on the wild fruits of the country, and occasionally get something at the villages through which they pass; generally walking between the hours of six and ten in the morning, and two and six in the afternoon each day. When they arrive at Porto Logo, (which place is the termination of their land journey) they engage a canoe to take them to Freetown, for which they used to pay four dollars a head, but it is now reduced to one, and this charge they are accustomed to levy afterwards upon the merchant with whom they intend to deal, looking upon it as a bonus included in the traffic. They also apply to the merchants in Freetown, for accommodations during their stay, which is from ten days to a month. They will not trade either on the first or second day, but go round the town examining the different goods in the shops, and ascertaining the prices. In this preliminary proceeding they are assisted by their countrymen, who have been long resident in the colony and are acquainted with the English language. These interpreters make their living by cheating in every possible way, both the poor traveller and the merchant.

"When they begin to trade it takes one day for the head man to settle the investment of the gold in the merchant's hands, which he has received individually from his companions, giving a separate receipt to each: after which they all assemble to choose their goods to the amount of each person's portion. This is an affair of three or four days. They do not, however, think it necessary to leave the colony so soon as their business is settled, but remain some time after idling about the streets. Two or three days before they really intend returning by the canoe to Porto Logo, the whole party call and say that they are going, which is intended as a hint to prepare some present for them. They repeat their visit the next day, and if they do not receive a present from you, they address you in the following manner, 'Friend,' (calling the merchant by his name, and holding out his hands with extended arms,) 'do you see my hands? do you not see that they are empty? When I go back to my country, my countrymen will ask me if I have seen the great merchant! they will say they doubt me, asking me, at the same time, where are your presents? and if I have nothing to show they will call me a liar, saying that the great merchant never allowed any one that went to see him, to go away empty-handed. I came from my country on purpose to see you. True, I have brought you but little trade this time, but when I go back to my country, and say I have seen the great merchant, and show them the presents I have received, then they will all want to come, and bring plenty of trade.' This of course concludes with a present to propitiate the grasping spirit of the African petty dealer."

Attending a review of the Royal African Corps, Mr. Holman overheard the following

"amusing dialogue between two sailors who happened to be on the military parade when the soldiers were at drill, going through the evolution of marking time,—a military manoeuvre by which the feet, as well as the whole body of the person, are kept in motion, presenting a similar appearance to that which they exhibit when they are actually marching. One observed the other watching the movements of the corps very attentively, with his eyes fixed and his arms akimbo: 'What the hell are you looking at?' he inquired. 'Why, Jack,' replied his companion, 'I'm thinking there must be a d—d strong tide running this morning.' 'Why?' said he. 'Why?' answered the other, 'why, because these poor beggars have been pulling away this half hour, and have not got an inch a head yet!'"

The Missionaries seem not to be making much progress here, either in religion or education. As a proof how little the former is regarded, Mr. Holman mentions the impossibility of getting the free blacks to give any direct testimony when put on their oaths; we think he should rather have condemned the absurdity, or worse than absurdity, of attempting it. He also mentions a case, at the trial of which he was present—an action for Crim. Con. brought by a black carpenter against a black preacher "of the Independent connexion,"—in which the lawyers on both sides were also black. It appears, the reverend gentleman was discovered in the present intrigue, by the jealousy of another married woman, with whom he had had a former intrigue. The false fair one, in the present instance, was a grandmother, and the preacher a married man, and well-stricken in years. Truly, these black Lotharios throw ours quite into the shade: or is it the difference of temperature?

Of the state of education, the following letter from two master workmen, free blacks, to a member of the council, will serve as a specimen:—

"Sierra Leone, Sept. 15th, 1827.

"Honourable Sir,—I have the honour of sendin to you this morning with humble manner I was to the Honour D. Denney, yesterday, about the trouble what I have, I was take work from the church-yard, and I finish it, the gentlemen I must made petition and I cannot tell who will go to please to help me from this trouble if I will get the money from the gentleman. Shew me the way for get the money by your Honour all the people what I hired I do not know how to do with myself—only you one I know because I was under your brother if any trouble to much for me I cry to you with humble manner I am poor black man—

"I remain

"Your affectionately and obedient servant,

"JOSEPH RICKETT and GEORGE DUNE,

"Sierra Leone Labourers."

"To the Honourable K. Macauley, Esq. M.C. &c.

"Freetown."

Leaving Sierra Leone, Mr. Holman next proceeded to the American settlement, Liberia, of the founding of which, he gives a very interesting account. For this, however, we must refer to his work,† and shall rather extract a brief account of the mode of life usually followed by the Kroomen, or natives, dwelling along that part of the shore generally termed "the Grain Coast":—

"The Kroomen, that is, the Kroo and Fishmen, for they all come under the general denomination of Kroomen in Sierra Leone, are almost the only people on the coast who voluntarily emigrate, to seek for labour out of their

† The new appellation of John Macauley Wilson.

† See also *Athenæum* for 1831, p. 625.

own country. They come to Sierra Leone, to work in any capacity in which they can obtain employment, until they are possessed of sufficient property to enable them to purchase several wives. The object they propose to themselves in this increase of their domestic establishments, differs in some respects from the indulgences of the east. The Kroomen compel their women to perform all the field-work, as well as the necessary domestic duties, in conformity with the usages of savage life, and when they can purchase a sufficient number of wives to fulfil all these employments, they pass the remainder of their days in ease and indolence. Before they are able to accomplish this object, they are obliged to make several visits to Sierra Leone, as they do not like to be absent more than two or three years at a time from their own country. The average duration of this voluntary banishment is perhaps about eighteen months. A sketch of the progress of the Kroomen from their first visit to Sierra Leone, to the final consummation of their wishes, in the attainment of their Paradise of idleness, will fully illustrate the peculiar character of a tribe, one of whose usages is that of seeking abroad during the vigorous years of life, the means of dwelling with ease and comfort in old age at home.

"When they have arrived at healthy boyhood, they first come to Sierra Leone in the capacity of apprentices to the old hands, who are considered as headmen or masters: these headmen, according to their influence, or station in their own country, have a proportionate number of apprentices attached to them, fluctuating from five to twenty, to teach them what they call 'White man's fashion.' The profit of the labour of the youths is always received by the headman, who returns them a small portion of it. When an apprentice goes back to his own country, after his first trip, he is considered to have passed through the period of initiation, and when next he visits Sierra Leone, he comes upon his own account. The amount of the gains of this visit (a great part of which consists of what they have been able to steal) is delivered up to the elders of his family, who select and purchase a wife for him. A short time is now spent in marriage festivities with the respective relatives of the parties, and then a fresh venture to Sierra Leone is undertaken, on which occasion he leaves his wife with her relations. The proceeds of the third visit are dedicated to the building of a hut, and the purchase of another wife. But he does not remain long at home, before he prepares to set out again for the purpose of making fresh accessions to his wealth, so that he may increase his household up to the desired point where his own personal labour will be rendered unnecessary to his support. In this way he continues to visit Sierra Leone, accumulate property, and purchase wives, the general number of which varies from six to ten, until he has secured the requisite domestic establishment, when he 'sits down' (as they call it) for the remainder of his life, in what he considers affluence and happiness. The process of wife-buying is remarkably curious. For the first wife they pay two bullocks, two brass kettles, one piece of blue baft, and one iron bar; but the terms upon which they obtain the rest, depends entirely upon the agreement they make with the parents of the bride."

Touching at Cape Coast Castle, Mr. Holman enters into some details respecting the Ashantee war, at the commencement of which, as is well known, Sir Charles McCarthy with his brave companions fell, their defeat being in a great measure attributable to the want of a sufficient supply of ammunition, and to the culpable negligence of the officer charged with this department—"for when Major Ricketts opened the three last kegs,

supposed to contain ball-cartridge, they were, to his utter dismay, found to be filled with macaroni!" The field of battle, of course, remained in the hands of the Ashantees, who cut off the heads of our men, as trophies of their victory. On a subsequent occasion, when they were routed and their camp taken, a head was found among the spoils, "which excited curiosity, by the care with which it was enclosed in wrappers, and Captain Hutchison desired that the covering should be removed. On taking off the first wrapper, they found the second to be a fine parchment, inscribed with Arabic characters; beneath this was a final envelope of tiger's skin, the well known emblem of royalty among the Ashantees. The evident pains which had been taken in the preservation of this head, satisfied all the bystanders that it was the head of Sir Charles McCarthy, to which it was generally understood regal honours had been paid by the natives. The gratification which this discovery gave to our countrymen may be easily conceived, and they lost no time in sending the head to England, together with the first account of the battle of Dodowah. The head, however, had scarcely been forwarded to its destination, when some prisoners who had been taken in the action, made the disagreeable disclosure that the head belonged, not to Sir Charles McCarthy, but to the late King, Osoy Tootoo Quamina, and that it had been taken into the battle in conformity with the prevailing usage of the people. The effects of this information though painful were ludicrous enough. The head of the Ashantee King had found its way to England as an accredited relique of the lamented Sir Charles McCarthy, and was the first remains of an Ashantee that had ever, perhaps, received the solemn rite of Christian burial; while, on the other hand, the head of Sir Charles McCarthy had been deposited, with all the rude pomp of their heathen ceremonials, in a Pagan cemetery. However disappointed the friends and countrymen of Sir Charles McCarthy must feel at the discovery of this strange interchange of reliques, the Ashantees are still more mortified at a circumstance which has robbed their royal catacombs of one of its mementos, and broken the line of death's heads by which the chronology of the throne is perpetuated. They are quite ashamed of the occurrence, and greatly annoyed whenever it is alluded to; more particularly as the Fantees, their immediate enemies, take every opportunity of reproaching them with a loss which they consider to be a disgrace."

Arrived at Fernando Po, Capt. Owen lost no time in surveying the coasts, and preparing to take possession of the part which might appear most suitable for the new settlement. He also sent a deputation to the King of the island, requesting an interview, which was accordingly granted on the following morning. The King came, accompanied by his brother and five or six other chiefs, who were immediately conducted to the Captain's cabin, and entertained with wine and biscuit, which they appeared to partake of with considerable relish—

"I must not omit to mention that, whether as a point of etiquette, or intended as an expression of gratitude for the attentions they were receiving, the King, and his Chiefs, were particularly desirous of rubbing their long beards against those of our party who happened to be possessed of a similar ornament."

"A description of their dress, which was in the most fanciful savage taste, cannot fail to be interesting. In the first place, the body was completely smeared over with the kind of paint I have before described: His Majesty's colour, like that which distinguishes the imperial family

of China, being yellow, while the livery of his attendants was dark red. The hair of the head was dressed in long small curls hanging down behind, and which, instead of hair powder and pomatum, were well stiffened with ochre and oil: in front, similar curls dividing from the forehead, hung down on each side below the ears, somewhat in the style of Vandyke's female portraits of the age of Charles I. The forehead was generally round, sufficiently elevated to give phrenological indications of a fair portion of intellect, and, perhaps, unusually well displayed by a custom which prevails of having the hair shorn in front an inch beyond the line of its natural growth, so as, in conjunction with the peculiar disposition of curls before described, to leave the part fully exposed. In some instances, seven or eight strings of beads, in imitation of the natural curls, were adjusted with much care over the forepart of the head, and conducted separately behind the ears, the end of each string reaching down to the shoulders. This singularly ornamental head-dress was surmounted by a flattish low-crowned hat, with a narrow brim, the whole shape not a little resembling that of Mambrino's helmet; the frame-work, constructed of loosely woven split rattan, was covered over and ornamented with leaves, the bones of monkeys and other animals, and a few white, and occasionally red, feathers; the latter of which appeared to have been dyed in the blood of some animal. This hat was secured to the head by a skewer, which passed through the crown, and penetrated a tuft of hair collected above the vertex. The neck, arms, body above the hips, and the legs below the knee, were encircled by ornamental bands, in the form of bracelets, which were, for the most part, composed of strings of beads, or the vertebrae of small snakes; to the girdle, which thus surrounded the body, was appended, hanging down in front, the only article of covering which they can be said to wear, consisting of the skin of some animal, and which, in many instances, was decorated with a bunch of herbage. His Majesty, however, as a mark of distinction, wore also a similar covering behind.

"After having been entertained in the cabin, we conducted the party along the main-deck, and shewed them our horses, oxen, pigs, &c., with the whole of which they were highly gratified, especially with the cow, whose tail was a source of ineffable delight to them, each of them handling it in succession, plucking out its hairs, and shaking it with every indication of astonishment. The band was directed to play for their amusement, and delighted them to such a degree, that they could not restrain themselves from running into the midst of it. The King's brother was so enraptured, that he capered about with excess of joy, making most uncouth gestures in accordance with the music.

"So play'd Orpheus, and so danced the brutes."

There is not much of interest in the character of these natives. Like most savages, they are active, thievish, and easily intimidated; the women, Mr. Holman compares to baboons tattooed. We have no room for further extract. The present volume includes our author's visit to the opposite coast, with some curious information respecting the laws, manners, and customs of the people along the Calabar, the Bonny, and other rivers running into the Bight of Biafra. It also includes his voyage to Princes Island, Ascension Island, thence to Rio Janeiro, from which place he travelled to the Gold Mines belonging to the Brazilian Mining Company. He has evidently taken much pains in collecting his matter, and his style is always unaffected, and generally pleasing.



*Edwards's Botanical Register, consisting of coloured Figures of Plants and Shrubs cultivated in British Gardens, with their History, Mode of Treatment, &c.* By J. Lindley, Ph.D. &c., Professor of Botany to the University of London. New Series, Vol. VI. 8vo. London: Ridgway.

THIS series, placed under the superintendence of Professor Lindley, comes forth with increased splendour of illustration, and increased accuracy of description. The present number contains many plants and shrubs of extreme beauty, delineated and coloured so as almost to rival the tints of nature, and bestow perpetuity on her loveliest, yet most transitory productions. The letter-press, in addition to the ordinary information, as to the habitat, mode of culture, and organization of the plant, occasionally introduces points of vegetable physiology, or observations respecting its economical uses, which possess much interest. As an example, we shall select one passage from Professor Lindley's notes on that singular variety of peach, the *white-flowered*, both the blossoms and fruit of which are beautifully depicted.

"There is, perhaps, no subject of more interest than the cause of colouring in plants; it is one upon which till lately no very definite notions were possessed; but it has at length attracted the attention of the skilful vegetable-chemists of Geneva; and the phenomena relating to it are daily becoming more and more intelligible. It appears, that the opinion long since expressed by Lamarck, that when leaves and fruits acquire their autumnal colouring, they are in a morbid condition; and that flowers are, from their birth, in a state analogous to that of leaves in decay, is very near the truth. Taking the green colour so prevalent, and so frequently exclusive, in vegetation, as the fundamental colour of plants, it appears that deviations from it are chiefly caused by their chromule being combined with oxygen in different degrees. When leaves are green, they absorb oxygen at night, and part with it by day; but just before they change their colour, they cease to part with this gas, continuing, however, to absorb it at night. Hence it has been inferred by Mr. Macaire, that oxygenation takes place, which, in the first instance, discharges the blue, and leaves the yellow, and next produces red; for in all cases red is preceded by yellow in leaves which change their hue. It is supposed that other colours may be caused by alkaline matter, or peculiar vegetable acids, being present; and that in what are called white flowers, the chromule is only in an imperfect condition; as apparent evidences of which, De Candolle points out, 1, the analogy of the colour with that of blanched plants; 2, the much greater proportion of white flowers in northern than in equatorial countries; and 3dly, the well-known fact, that many flowers which are at first white become coloured afterwards."

*The Naval Sketch Book.* 2nd Series. 2 vols. London: Whittaker & Co.

WE have only received a part of this work, and that late in the week: we shall, therefore, on the present occasion, allow the Captain to have all the talk to himself. When the whole is before us, we may pass judgment.

*The Chase—A Man Overboard.*

"The executive officers were collected around the capstern interchanging opinions connected with the sailing of the ship; whilst the younger of the 'young gentlemen' were stealing up from the lee-side, endeavouring to catch the indistinct murmurs of the master.

"'In trim!—stuff, man, stuff!' cried Tarbucket, rejecting a suggestion of the second lieutenant:—'see how she carries her helm—a child might steer her. But you're just like others I could mention,' throwing a significant glance at the master, 'never, never satisfied, unless you're doing *this*, and undoing *that*.—When will you learn to leave well alone?'"

"At this moment a topping sea breaking over the weather gangway, and flying aft in a broad sheet of water, half-drenched the disputing party.

"'Undo *that*, if you can!' said the master sneeringly.

"'That's leaving well alone,' cried Funnel, the second lieutenant.

"'Never mind—cool the corns,' said Tarbucket, throwing off his filled shoes, and beating his battered beaver against the breach of the neighbouring gun—'wouldn't give a straw for a fellow if he couldn't stand the soak of a little salt-water.'"

"'Salt-water!—for my part,' said the second lieutenant, 'I've been just like a half-tide rock,—wet and dry, the whole of the cruise.' • • •"

"'The jib-stay's gone, Sir,' bellowed the boatswain.

"'Mind your weather-helm, my man—*Man the jib down-haul—Driver trails!*'"

"The furious flapping of the jib, together with the sudden rush of fast-fleeing feet, shook the ship to her very centre.—The second-lieutenant had already flown forward on the fore-castle, while the boatswain, with several seamen, had collected on the bowsprit, displaying proofs of no ordinary muscular power as they gathered in the wildly agitated canvass.

"'What's *that*?' vociferated the first lieutenant.

"'A man overboard!'"

"To prevent the flurry and confusion which this appalling cry so often produces, Tarbucket had long seen the propriety of 'stationing' (in a manner peculiarly his own,) every man borne on the books to the performance of some specific duty.

"'Silence, fore and aft—every man to his station,' cried Tarbucket, whose self-possession was strikingly contrasted with the manner of the master.

"The ship was instantly luffed to the wind—her way through the water deadened—the heavy courses rapidly raised—the main-top-sail hove to the mast—the ship rendered stationary—the grating hove over—the plank plunged from the port—the life-buoy cut away—the lee quarter-boat lowered, and disengaged from its tackles—and the coxswain seen standing erect in the stern-sheets, guiding his steerage by the directing voice and waving hand of the first-lieutenant, elevated on the taffrail.

"'Pull more to starboard—pull, pull, my lads! larboard oars best. Now right as you go, right as you go—Who is he? Who is he?'"

"'Bill Thompson, Sir, the captain of the folksel!'"

"'Poor fellow! The best man in the ship. They don't see him in the boat—A little to leeward of the life-buoy. He's nearly at his last gasp—Another fathom and he fetches the plank. No, that, *that's* his hat—that's *not* the man.—Good God! he's gone.' • • •"

"Tranquillity was again restored—the hammocks below re-tenanted—the seats in the waists resumed—whilst some few of the more mournful of Thompson's measmates occupied the coamings of the fore-hatchway, deploring their recent loss.

"'Poor Bet! it'll be the breaking of her heart,' said one of the sympathizing group, affecting to search for his quondam quid within the lining of his little low tarpauling hat—a movement evidently adopted to conceal from his companions symptoms of emotion—'it'll be

the breakin' of her heart, I'm sartin sure—Never, never was woman fonder o' man—and, no wonder,—for Bill was regularly born'd for Bet.'"

"'And yet, Tom,' interposed an equally sensitive topman, 'no one never can say as Bill, poor Bill! was ever the man as liked to show his *likin*.'"

"'Sartinly not—he was none o' your cap-struck chaps—for Bet aboard, or Bet ashore, Bill was still the same—work! work! work! and always willin'.—Nothin', no nothin', but the sein' of another in trouble, ever seemed to give *trouble* to Bill.'"

"'Poor Bill!—what a *chap* in the chains.'"

"'Ay, Tom! and such a song!'"

"'He'd bunt a foreale himself, wou'dn't he, Tom?'"

"'Ay, Bob! we as know'd him, know'd well his worth.—*Well* might the first-lieutenant say he was the *best* aboard.—Poor Bet!—I think I sees her in the berth below in her usual, nice, natty, tidy trim—head-geer all in order (and a nicer head o' hair I never seed with a wench), clean cap, and white apron, overhaulin' poor Bill's chest and bag—I think I sees her afore me counting his traps on the mess-table—foldin' his shirts afresh, and clappin' 'em atwixt her tidy hands—I think I sees her taking the creases out of his musterin'-trowsers—wipin' the mildew off the buttons of his best jacket, and cleanin' his combs ready for a Sunday *tie*.—Poor soul! I has her afore me as plain as the living light.'"

*A Distinction without a Difference.*

"The parsimonious habits of a late distinguished admiral have frequently afforded subject for merriment afloat. • • •"

"Wherever he was employed as port-admiral, a portion of the flag-ship's crew was daily despatched with the dawn to milk the cows, 'start the pigs,' and stuff the turkeys. The bravest on board were converted into *cow-herds*; and there was hardly a boy on the 'books' who had not undertaken the duty of a dog; or who had not, at some period of the day, 'looked sheepish' in watching the admiral's flock. Sentinels selected from the after-guard and waist had to keep the cows in clover, and a 'bright look-out' that bipeds did not trample on the grass, or in any way permit the cattle to be disturbed at their meals.

"It once happened that an Irish waister had been personally directed by the admiral to enforce his commands, 'that no person whatever should walk upon the grass, and that *nothing* but cows should be seen upon the lawn.'"

"A lady in full feather approached the sentinel on the sward.

"'Keep off there!' cried Pat—'keep off!'"

"'Pray, Sir,' exclaimed the mortified dame, 'Pray do you know who I am?'"

"'Saurra—know,' rejoined Pat.

"'Not know me, Sir?'"

"'The devil a-know.'"

"'Not the admiral's wife, Sir?'"

"'Not I—all I know is, you're not one of the admiral's cows.'"

*Good Pilotage.*

"Nothing is more amusing than the alacrity of Irishmen in getting into scrapes, and the happy *haneet* and blunders by means of which they endeavour to extricate themselves.

"A captain of a man-of-war, newly appointed to a ship on the Irish station, took the precaution in 'beating out' of harbour, to apprise the pilot that he was totally unacquainted with the coast, and therefore he must rely entirely on the pilot's local knowledge for the safety of the ship.

"'You are perfectly sure, pilot,' said the captain, 'you are well acquainted with the coast?'"

"'Do I know my own name, Sir?'"

"Well, mind, I warn you not to approach too near the shore."

"Now, make yourself easy, Sir: in troth you may go to bed if you please."

"Then shall we stand on?"

"Why,—what else would we do?"

"Yes, but there may be hidden dangers which you know nothing about."

"Dangers?—I like to see dangers *dar* hide themselves from Mick. Sure, don't I tell you I know every rock on the coast?" (*here the ship strikes*)—"and that's one of 'em!"

*Taking it easy.*

"On the morning after the mutiny broke out on board the *T—*, in Beervan, the ship's company of the *Vengeance* (74), who had for some days been in secret and seditious intercourse with the crew of the former, were seen before the time usually allowed for breakfast had expired 'coming aft in a body.' The lieutenant and two midshipmen of the watch were the only officers at the time upon deck; the rest were at breakfast below; but when the captain, who was reading in his cabin, perceived the men crowding on *masses* on the quarter-deck, he quietly arose from his seat, and, with book in hand and head uncovered, came out upon deck, and coolly inquired their 'business.'

"Why, Sir," said the captain of the fore-castle, who acted on the occasion as spokesman, 'we hears as how the ship's ordered abroad—the West Indgees, they say—and the ship's company wishes to know whether it's true, or no more nor a galley-packet; for you see, Sir, in time o' peace, they doesn't altogether look upon it as a fair matter 'twixt man and man, to be sent out o' the land.'

"'Pon my word," replied the captain, 'this is the first intimation I've had of the matter—but all I know is this, whether East or West Indgees, wherever I'm ordered, I go; and where-ever I go, you go!—Come, come—down below—down, my lads, your cocoas' cooling; good humouredly added the undaunted Duff, returning into his cabin, without once looking behind to see if the ship's company had dispersed and followed his advice.

"Pleased with the manly candour of their captain, the tars retired with a murmur."

We shall conclude with a dialogue on the deck, in which Jack, having just returned from Oporto, gives an account of the Portuguese war.

"In course you knows its never no more nor a reg'lar royal row—not that 'tis a bit the worse for *that*—for I never gets *royal* myself, that I doesn't reg'larly get in a row."

"Well, the first, you know, the *first* as bows the list is Don Mogul.—*Don*, you know, stands for *Mister* in Portuguese.—Then there's Donna Maria—*Donna*'s the same, or all as one, as our *Miss*.—Then there's Don Pedro—he as we had at Oporto.—Then two o' the sisters o' Mister Mogul.—Then the Marquess o' this, and the Duke o' that, and all the rest o' the Royal family, kickin' up Bob's a dyin'—'bout what d'ye think?"

"Bob.—What?"

"Ned.—Why, a foolish family splice.—There's Donna Maria mocks Mister Mogul, and calls him no more nor a *babe*."

"Sam.—An infant, Ned."

"Ned.—Well, where's the difference?—But Sam's so precious partickler.—Well, there's Donna Maria calls Mister Mogul a reg'lar-built infant-babe;—then on t'other tack, Don Mogul says *Miss* Maria's never no more nor a nursery child;—then there's the father o' one an' brother o' t'other, boxin' the uncle, and backin' the niece, becase the King refuses to marry the Queen, or splice th' emperor's daughter."

"Bob.—The king refuses to marry the queen—splice th' emperor's daughter—father o' one,

and brother o' t'other—uncle, niece, infant, babe, and child!—Why, Ned—you seems to me to be makin' a precious *mess* o' the matter."

"Sam.—He's perfectly right."

"Bob.—But, Sam, *Boney* d' never a daughter?"

"Sam.—*Boney*!—where are you bound to now, shaping a course for St. Helena?"

"Bob.—Never, by Ned's chart."

"Ned.—Chart, or no chart, yer reg'larly out in yer recknin!—Don't you know as Jack Portuguese's a regular queer un;—take him ashore or take him aloft, he's the runnest ways in the world, never, never does nothin' like any one else:—'stead of, like any other sensible man, satisfied with never no more nor one *steady* hand at the helm,—the fellow's never content unless he's a parcel o' copper-coloured, pratin', jabberin' beggars, surroundin' his wheel, crowdin' his cun, and takin' reg'lar possession of both his binnacles!—Who yet ever seed a single Portuguese pilot take charge of a craft.—Why, bless ye, a bit of a light schooner, or brig in ballast, must have her five or six warpin'-boats, thirty or forty two-fisted fellows, all ballin' and bellowin' together—ay, an' abusing one another, worse nor a bunch of Billingsgate beauties;—whilst four or five o' your 'master pilots,' as never can *master* nothin' but noise, are stunnin' your ears, confusin' your crew, and setting all in a flurry aloft by the thund'ring row and nitty they makes in cunnin' the craft.—'Hard-a-starbor—Starbor-a-hard—Starbor yet—Port—Port-a-hard—Hard-a-port'—hard up and hard down—tryin' to make a body believe as the easiest managable matter was the hardest work in the world.—And so it's exactly the same with them as rules, or tries to rule the land."

#### *Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse.*

London: Moxon.

THIS collection of letters and papers is not likely to excite much attention, or to enjoy an extensive circulation. The style is twenty years simpler than the style of similar productions at the present day. It has been a subject of complaint, that all the talent in our land is too much frittered away in small undertakings; it is true that a learned man now writes a page in a magazine, where he would, "once upon a time," have written a volume, and compresses his thoughts within the compass of a duodecimo, where he would formerly have spread them over the pages of a majestic folio. The consequence of this may easily be divined: in proportion as his essays are short, so must they be filled with the very essence of deep thought and rich fancy; they must be like miniatures, in which the minutest object must be made to tell; or savoury meats, wherein every spice and flavour is combined, but which vitiate the appetite till it loses all relish for simpler food.

For proof of what we have advanced, we have only to turn to the pages of our current periodicals—and, the fact being established, we can imagine no better illustration of it than the volume before us, and its probable fate. It is the work of an accomplished and amiable man, somewhat a little too fond of playing the pedagogue—"but let that pass"—who has numbered among his friends some of the mighty of our land, and conversed and corresponded with them on subjects not unbefitting their talents; and his letters and essays are grave and sensible; but they lack the spirit which the public requires in these bustling and fastidious days. We are no longer contented with the diamond Truth

alone—it must be set round with many precious stones; the draught of Reason must be now measured as from a vial, and not poured as from the ample bowl of our forefathers, and it must be seasoned with wit and sharp words; the effigies of History must be pranked out in gay fancy dresses. These essays, therefore, are written in *too low a tone* for the taste of the present generation; but, while we declare this to be our opinion, it would be unjust in us not to say, that their perusal has given us pleasure. The following extract, touching the appearance of "A new Hamlet" upon the London boards, is a striking comment upon the lapse of time, and may interest our readers as well as ourselves, it is from a letter to Henderson, the actor.

"I went, as I promised, to see the new 'HAMLET,' whose provincial fame had excited your curiosity as well as mine."

"There has not been such a first appearance since yours: yet Nature, though she has been bountiful to him in figure and feature, has denied him a voice—of course he could not exemplify his own direction for the players to '*speak the speech trippingly on the tongue*,' and now and then he was as deliberate in his delivery as if he had been reading prayers, and had waited for the response."

"He is a very handsome man, almost tall, and almost large, with features of a sensible, but fixed and tragic cast—his action is graceful, though somewhat formal; which you will find it hard to believe, yet it is true. Very careful study appears in all he says and all he does; but there is more singularity and ingenuity, than simplicity and fire. Upon the whole, he strikes me rather as a finished French performer, than as a varied and vigorous English actor; and it is plain he will succeed better in heroic, than in natural and passionate tragedy. Excepting in serious parts, I suppose he will never put on the sock."

"I think I have heard you remark (what I myself have observed in the History of the Stage), that periodical changes have taken place in the taste of the audience, or at least in the manner of the great performers. Sometimes the natural and spirited mode has prevailed, and then the dignified and declamatory. Betterton, eminent both in comedy and tragedy, appears to have been an instance of the first. Then came Booth and Quin, who were admired for the last. Garrick followed, restoring or re-inventing the best manner, which you have also adopted so fortunately and successfully. Mr. Kemble will be compelled, by the hoarse monotony of his voice, to rely upon the conventional stateliness that distinguished Garrick's predecessors, which is now carried to inimitable perfection by his accomplished sister."

The work is well known to be the production of Mr. Richard Sharp—"Conversation Sharp" as he has been called, the friend of Canning.

*The Channel Islands; Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, &c.—[The Result of a Two Years' Residence.]* By Henry D. Inglis. 2 vols. London: Whittaker & Co.

WE know of few travellers with whom it is pleasanter to journey in company than Mr. Inglis—few, whose descriptions bring the face of any country more vividly before the mind's eye. He observes, and makes his readers behold, those aspects of nature, which are not so much as remarked by the unpoetical, and matter-of-fact traveller, who plods painfully from one end of a district to another, and thinks he has done his duty when he has told us, "that from such a town to such a

town the distance is so many miles, and that the road lies through a well wooded and undulating country." His groups of figures, too, are always picturesque; chosen for their character, and sketched with a graceful and free pencil. He loves a legend as well as we do ourselves, and tells it as if he enjoyed the telling of it. All these gifts and graces make his books agreeable—even in these days, when voyagers and travellers, and their works, are become so numerous, that a volume from the pen of a man who has stayed at home all his life bids fair to become a pleasant rarity.

We have, hitherto, known little of the Channel Islands. Our friends, who have been feeble in body, or failing in purse, have resorted thither, and returned, without exciting any stronger sensation of curiosity than if they had been rusticated in the vale of Llangollen, or among the hills of the Highlands. We have been used to talk and hear of Alderney cows all our lives, without troubling ourselves with a thought upon their *habitat*. Mr. Inglis's book, then, if it do not supply a desideratum, enlarges the store of our ideas. We learn from him, that the inhabitants, as well as the scenery, of these islands, have an individual character of their own—that the Guernsey women *had* a peculiar costume, the description of which (see vol. 2, p. 52) is so inviting, that we imagine the consequences of reading it will be visible at many a fancy ball, yet unborn. We learn, that the Jersey man is, in nature, not very unlike the American, being industrious, economical, shrewd, and honest; his personal comeliness impaired by a want of natural rest, and an ungenerous diet. We learn many curious facts relative to the legislature of these islands—many encouraging ones to those who set their faces against the restrictive system relative to their commerce; and, at the end of the first volume, is a paper upon the climate, and its influence upon disease, communicated by Dr. Scholefield, which cannot fail to interest those who make the maladies of the human frame their study.

These volumes, then, are valuable, though the nature of the subject has prevented their being graced by personal adventure or legendary lore. We open them at a description of the general scenery of Jersey, which is in Derwent Conway's happiest manner (we should beg Mr. Inglis's pardon for not being able to forget his old name):—

"Jersey is everywhere undulating, broken into hollows and acclivities, and intersected by numerous valleys, generally running north and south; most of them watered by a riuilet, and as rife in beauty, as wood, pasturage, orchard, a tinkling stream, and glimpses of the sea can make them. There is one picturesque feature, which enters into every view in Jersey: it is, that the trunks of the trees are, I may say without exception, entirely covered with ivy; which not only adds to the beauty of the scenery when the trees are in leaf, but which greatly softens the sterility of a winter prospect, and gives a certain greenness to the landscape throughout the year. Nor is the luxuriant growth of the ivy in Jersey confined to the trees; it covers the banks by the wayside, creeps over the walls, and even climbs upon the rocks by the sea-shore. About two miles to the east of St. Helier's, there are several elevated rocks, the bases of which are washed at high water, and which, higher up, are entirely overgrown with ivy; and, from the natural outline of these rocks, and their green covering, they have all the appearance of ruins. . . .

"Although in walking, or riding, up some of the Jersey valleys, the scenery of these individual valleys is laid open, it is difficult, by walking or driving across the island, to obtain any view over it. The roads are, in many places, over-arched with trees; and, even if they were not, as they invariably are, skirted with trees, the high banks, covered with underwood and ivy, generally shut out the prospect. Stand up in your vehicle, or on your stirrups, or climb up one of the banks, and the matter is not much mended; a thick orchard is sure to be on the other side; and, though an open grass-field, or a corn-field, occasionally seems to hold out expectations of a more open prospect, these are probably bounded on the other side by orchards, so that the view is still circumscribed."

Another—more of a cabinet picture.

"Between Boulay bay, and the next spot I mentioned, 'Grève de Lecq,' many interesting spots will be found by the traveller who makes a circuit of the whole coast; and the lover of caverns will find abundant room for the indulgence of his curiosity. Grève de Lecq is not a bay, but a cove; and, to my mind, realizes the precise meaning of the word, such as I have been used to affix to it, when in perusing the voyages of old navigators, I have read, that the vessel put into a deep and sheltered cove, in some uninhabited island, in search of wood and water. Such is Grève de Lecq; approached through a narrow and deep valley, of a wild, but beautiful aspect, bounded by nearly perpendicular cliffs, and offering, alike in its form, and situation, and general features, a perfect picture of a solitary island cove: here, too, the sea has worn caves among the rocks; and here, on a fine summer evening, when the sun flames up the narrow valley, gilding the brim-leaved fern, and the clumps of oak that checker the slopes; and when all is still, but the low plash of the little waves, one may linger, in the conviction, that no island of more distant seas, offers a sweeter scene."

His description of a Jersey farmhouse, with its fire of *eraiic* (*eraiic*, he it known to our readers, is the popular name for a species of seaweed, which is collected from the rocks at stated seasons of the year, and serves first for fuel, and, when burnt, for manure), and its kettle of lard and cabbage-soup on the fire, with its men in knitted garments, the produce of the women's ceaseless industry, is very graphic. Nor are his sketches of society of a higher class uninteresting. It is sad to think that party spirit should have found a nestling place in these islands, so profuse of flowers, and under such temperate skies, and that the laurel and the rose should be made symbols of strife and separation.

We note these traits, because they are of general interest. For the details of the government of these islands, which appears to us to stand in need of a complete reformation, we refer such of our readers as are curious in matters of legislation, to the book itself: nor will we meddle with the statements of exports and imports, so largely given for the satisfaction of the mercantile, having no argosies of our own at sea.

In the second volume (a part of which only is before us), Mr. Inglis examines Guernsey, which he is evidently disposed to prefer to its sister island. The account of Elizabeth College is interesting: it appears to possess many advantages as a place of education; not the least of these is cheapness—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Divinity, History, Geography, French and English Literature, Mathematics, and Arithmetic, being all taught at the low fee of 12*l.* per annum, and most extras at 2*l.* 2*s.* (we suppose) a quarter—the sum,

however, is printed 22*l.*! and this gives us an occasion of noticing the typographical blunders of this book, which exceed in number and flagrancy any we have ever noticed before.

But we must return home from our wanderings; though, indeed, according to Mr. Inglis, we have scarcely left it. We cannot conclude better than by quoting his own words.

"But there is one advantage which Jersey possesses over all continental places. It is more English. English comfort is better understood in it. English ways, more common. Houses are English in their structure and conveniences: one can have closed shutters, a snug room, and a coal fire. Above all, the English language, although not the language of the island, is sufficiently understood to make the use of a foreign language unnecessary. And let me add, that, however many years an Englishman remains abroad, he never conquers the desire to return to his native country. He cannot endure forever the feeling that he is a foreigner; and the consciousness that he must lay his bones in a foreign land. The murmur of English voices comes to his ear; he recalls the appearance of an English town, an English population, and the aspect of an English landscape; and while fancy places before him, the village, and the village church, and the churchyard, with its many tombs, and tall sheltering trees, he feels, that he would rather be buried there; and that, his own countrymen might pause before his tomb, and English children play and prattle upon his grave. Yes, let his sojourn be beautiful as it may, he feels that he is a stranger; and that, not in life only, but in death also, he has a home—a home in his native land. But these feelings are scarcely experienced in Jersey. There is little to remind an Englishman of his absence from his country. He scarcely feels himself a stranger, and is therefore spared that restlessness which would infallibly come upon him, sooner or later, in a foreign land."

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*A Descriptive Catalogue of rare and unedited Roman Coins*, by J. Y. Akerman, F.S.A.'—These beautiful volumes are among the finest specimens of typographic art that the English press has yet produced; the engravings of the coins are executed with a rare union of spirit and fidelity; and these merits, though mechanical, will probably induce many to peruse them, who have been accustomed to regard numismatology as the most repulsive department of antiquarian research. Such readers will not have to complain that "*materiam superabat opus*;" they will find, as they advance, new light thrown on many interesting periods of history, much curious information respecting the public and private economy of "the masters of the world," and numerous explanations of the most difficult passages in those classical writers, that instructed us in youth, and delight us still. Thus, a coin minted by the *Æmilian* family confirms the account given by Josephus, of the victory obtained by M. *Æ.* Scourus, over the Arabian king *Areas* (Vol. I. 22.); the single virtuous action ascribed to Tiberius, his munificence to the Asiatic cities that had suffered in an earthquake, is illustrated (Vol. I. 144); the privileges and insignia of the pontifical offices are explained by the family coins, struck to commemorate the honours of the individuals elected to fill them; and, finally, a coin of the *Mamilian* family, proves that the study of Homer was popular at Rome, and also that the legend of "the parricide Telegonus," to which Horace makes an allusion, was one sufficiently national to be quoted as an authority (Vol. I. 61).—The coins of the Gothic and Vandal Kings, and of



the sovereigns of the Lower Empire, are admirably illustrated by the brief notes of Mr. Akerman.—A good summary of Byzantine history is among the desiderata of English literature; Gibbon's attention was directed to the fortunes of Rome, rather than Constantinople; and since his time many valuable documents have been discovered, which place in a wholly new light, the most important revolutions of Eastern Europe. Among others we may mention, 'Boissonade's *Anecdota Græca*,' noticed (we believe exclusively) in the 206th number of this Journal. Whoever desires to write a Byzantine history, will find Mr. Akerman's work a great assistance; and whoever desires to study that interesting, because extraordinary, period in the annals of the human race, will find Mr. Akerman a pleasing guide, and a very able instructor.

'*The Hunterian Oration*, by William Lawrence, F.R.S.'—This is an eloquent and spirited address, by one of the most philosophical of our British Surgeons. It is an additional proof too, that there is no subject so stale, so hackneyed, as not to assume a new aspect, and present fresh points of interest, when considered by a man of genius. Here has been a set oration delivered once a year, we believe, for the last twenty years, to tell the medical profession about John Hunter, and his museum, his ignorance and his knowledge, his idleness and his industry, in which, according to routine, the orator commenced with Esculapius, and descended to Mr. Abernethy, taking John Hunter in his hand the whole way, comparing him with each, and still finding him superior to them all—like the worthy Italian *Padre*, who surveyed every situation in the army of hosts, without finding one suitable for his patron Saint, whose merits he was extolling. Mr. Lawrence, however, has struck out a different plan: he has spoken rather of the profession, than the practitioner—has marked the foundations on which it should be based, and traced the paths by which young genius may raise itself to eminence.

"It has been a trite [he observes,] but in my opinion a most unfounded complaint, that genius is neglected, and that men of talent and information are precluded from opportunities of exertion and display, by favouritism, monopoly, or other obstacles. Within my own experience, the difficulty has always been to find talent for the place, not opportunity for the talent. This indeed is natural; genius being rare, while fit occasions for its exercise are of constant occurrence. Genius will never be neglected by the public, unless it neglects itself; it must not disdain the humble alliance of industry: how can it expect encouragement, unless its existence be manifested by performances? The chemist can apply tests for latent heat, but what criterion is there for latent ability? The surest evidence of superior talent is, that it forces itself into notice in spite of adverse circumstances; that it makes a road where it finds none."

He proceeds to show, that the distinction between the physician and the surgeon, though convenient in practice, has no foundation in principle: the body which they treat is one, so also must their science be one: surgery, without a knowledge of medicine, would be no longer a profession, but an art; while medicine, that disdained the occasional employment of mechanical means, would be deprived of some of its most useful auxiliaries: "*ita utrumque per se indigena alterum alterius auxilio eget.*"—Of the life and labours of Hunter, Mr. Lawrence draws a vivid picture, representing him, as he truly was—as a man of great original genius, placed in the happiest circumstances for its development; but he does not shrink from pointing out his errors, as well as expatiating on his merits.

'*The Prometheus of Æschylus*, with English notes, by J. Griffiths, M.A.'—This is an excellent University edition of a Greek drama. The notes are compiled with industry and discrimination, and a copious index facilitates the labour of the student. Should Mr. Griffiths publish the remaining six plays on the same plan, he will render a valuable service to classical literature.

'*The Irregular Greek Verb*.'—A very useful publication, which will be found materially to lighten the labours of the young Greek Student.

'*Walker's Georgics of Virgil*.'—The notes have been compiled from obvious sources, the translation of Martin reprinted with all its inaccuracies, and the introduction scribbled in a hurry. For all these defects, Mr. Walker apologizes by telling us, that he is engaged on several other works. We answer, if he could not execute his task as it ought to have been done, he should have declined it altogether. We trust that the promised edition of Pindar will be more worthy of Mr. Walker's fame.

'*Murphy's comprehensive Classical Atlas*.'—This is an excellent little work. The introductory memoir, though brief, is satisfactory, and the index has been compiled with care.

'*Donatt's German Nouns*.'—This little publication simplifies an important part of German grammar.

'*Stenographical Accidence*, by R. Roffe.'—Within the last few months, there have been published more than a dozen treatises on shorthand. This is as good as any we have seen, and better than many.

'*Wood's Grammar of Elocution*.'—We were greatly pleased with the first edition of this little work: its rapid sale proves that the public shared our sentiments. Considerable additions have been made to the present, and they are all improvements.

'*Cælius; with an Interlinear translation*, by Gerard and Venables.'—The translation seems tolerably well done, but the fact that a knowledge of Cælius and Latinity, acquired in this way, is accepted as one of the qualifications for becoming a general practitioner, is an unanswerable proof of the necessity of medical reform.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### SONNETS.

BY SIR ROBERT BRYDOES.

It is a weary course we have to tread,  
Ere to the public ear our name will grow  
Familiar: many a cross and many a spite  
Will interpose, ere it its wings can spread;  
And when half mounted, many a waken'd foe  
The stone of unprovoked assault will throw,  
Back to the dust to bring the rising flight;  
But 'tis a lofty and composed delight,  
When we have won our way above the reach  
Of vulgar malice, to look down with scorn  
Upon the impotent fry that would impeach  
Our course resistless! Then we deem us born  
To higher realms, and by our higher state  
To rise victorious over time and fate.

### II.

If I had pass'd my peaceful life beneath  
The shade of my hereditary trees,  
My mind, perchance, with such a busy force,  
Had ne'er through day and night its coils pursued.  
Of various flowers have I combin'd a wreath,  
Nurtured by many a clime and many a breeze;  
And I through many a track have run my course,  
And breasted, undimay'd, the tempest rude.  
Thus to man's changing passions, manners, deeds,  
My observant mind its vision has extended;  
And he, who many-coloured habits wears,  
Candour with sharp sagacity has blended;  
He has no narrow home; he lives through space;  
And all the world as social can embrace.

December 22, 1833.

## ASTRONOMY.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL'S ARRIVAL AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

We are happy to announce that Sir John Herschel arrived safe at the Cape of Good Hope on the 14th of January last, and that he has succeeded in landing all his instruments in good order. His first object was to seek out for a convenient place, where he might erect an observatory; and he has happily succeeded in finding one, which combines all the advantages required for such an establishment, with all the beauties of the most picturesque country; and he is in hopes that, before their summer months are over, he shall have commenced his astronomical observations. His voyage out was extremely favourable—not one day of adverse wind, nor anything like boisterous weather. We trust that his exertions in the cause of science will be crowned with success.

Sir John Herschel left England on the 13th of November last, in the *Catherine Stewart Forbes*, along with Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the new Governor General of the Cape of Good Hope, and left Portsmouth only about ten days before the commencement of that series of destructive gales whose effects were so much felt in every part of Europe. We have, therefore, peculiar pleasure in communicating to the public this earliest announcement of his safe arrival, and cannot too warmly congratulate the friends of science, that instruments whose magnitude and space-penetrating power have been so long duly appreciated in our own country, should be about to be directed to the splendid celestial canopy of a southern hemisphere by the illustrious philosopher himself, who has been so long accustomed to their use, and whose devotion to astronomical science, and self-expatriation in its cause, cannot, we think, receive from his countrymen too much of their admiration and applause.

FRANCIS DOUCE, ESQ., F.S.A.

Another subject in the 'Dance of Death,' is to be noticed by us, that of Francis Douce, Esq., F.S.A., one of the most learned antiquaries of his age. To the lovers of ancient literature and art few persons were more generally known, and none were found more willing to communicate the stores of information which he had acquired. It was a subject of regret to all, that Mr. Douce so seldom gave by publication the result of his labours to the world; for what he has done is not less interesting than instructive.

His most important work is the '*Illustrations of Shakspeare*, and of Ancient Manners, with Dissertations on the Clowns and Fools of Shakspeare: of the Morris Dance, &c. published in 1807,—a work replete with instruction, and, unlike many commentaries, it gives a very vivid and delightful view of the Shakspearian age; and the concluding part, on the clowns and fools, and on the ancient morris dance, is no less amusing than full of the deepest research. He had intended to the last to publish a new edition of this work, and, we doubt not, that amongst his MSS. will be found valuable materials collected for that purpose. The only work, besides this, which Mr. Douce published, was '*The Dance of Death*,'—a very favourite subject with the writer: it is astonishing the vast mass of matter he had collected on the subject. But, though few volumes proceeded from Mr. Douce's pen, yet in many works are preserved the fruits of his research, particularly in the '*Archæologia*' and the '*Vestæta Monumenta*' of the Antiquarian Society.

One very convincing proof of the great esteem in which Mr. Douce was held, is in the large number of books dedicated to him—from Sir Walter Scott, to many an unknown aspirant. One reason, perhaps, for these complimentary addresses was the facility and courtesy with

\* See *Athenæum*, 1833, p. 836.

which access was given to his most valuable and extensive collections of works in literature and art, to those who required it—a collection rich in books, prints, coins, and curiosities of all kinds, and where everything had been collected with a purpose, either for the elucidation of history, of manners and customs, or of art.

Mr. Douce, in early life, studied for the bar, and was afterwards one of the Six Clerks in Chancery, but, having a competent private fortune, he left his profession for the pursuits of literature. He subsequently held for a short time the office of Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, but gave it up upon some trifling disagreement with one of the trustees. Mr. Douce's fortune was much increased by being left one of the residuary legatees of the late Nollekens, the sculptor, a considerable part of whose great wealth came to Mr. Douce.

By his will, he has bequeathed his collections of books, prints, drawings, and coins to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, including his most unrivalled miscellany; to Dr. Meyrick his curiosities and antiquities; to the British Museum his own MSS., which are to be placed in a chest, and not opened till after the year 1900! To his relations he has left but inconsiderable sums; to many friends, remembrances of 50*l.* each; to Dr. Dibdin 500*l.* His residuary legatees are, S. W. Singer, Esq., and the Rev. E. Goddard, of Chichester, who will receive the great bulk of his fortune, which cannot be much less than 150,000*l.*

Mr. Douce died at his house in Upper Gower-street, after an illness of but two or three weeks, at the age of 77. There is a private etching of him, by Mrs. Dawson Turner, but not very like; and we have heard that there is a drawing of him, when a young man, by Barry, in existence.

In manners and appearance Mr. Douce was singular and strange; rough to strangers, but gentle and kind to those who knew him intimately. In appearance, he was of the old school, wearing a little flaxen wig, an old-fashioned, square-cut coat, with what M. Jacob calls "quarto pockets;" he was short and stout, somewhat near-sighted, not fond of public society, but very heartily enjoying the private and unreserved conversation of select literary friends.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, March.

WELL, your wishes are on the eve of accomplishment. At length the Forum is to be excavated—"at length, indeed," echoes—"the time appointed being five years." A brigade of Cornish miners would disembowel it in five weeks. The refusal of Demidoff's proposition, some years ago, to do it at his own expense, was a great loss both to Rome and himself; it could not be permitted him to send down his name to future generations as a magnificent scavenger, and so the Forum has remained a sort of dry *Clonca Maxima* ever since. Niebuhr, Bunsen, and others have, however, made some over-ground discoveries of great importance, which I shall advert to hereafter.

I have seen the abozzo of Severn's altarpiece. Did I tell you Cardinal Weld had given the commission, and that the picture may be enshrined in no less a place than the Pantheon? Skill and originality about the upper part of the composition, where the Child is delivered from the Dragon, by the Virgin, into the hands of Angels. It will not disrecommend the group, to tell you Lady Augusta—personated the latter. I like the promise of the under part, as I do a pie-crust, only that it may be broken: conception feeble—arrangement monotonous. To chain the great Dragon, is in truth no piece of summer-house platting—something different, let me tell you, from putting jesses

on a tercel-gentle. A spirit less potent than Peter Paul's might scarce cope with such a "customer"; and surely it is not in the wrists of any but a first-rate draughtsman, to avoid being put out of joint in the struggle: unless, indeed, he make his seven-headed serpent somewhat like the Sauroctonus Apollo's—videlicet, a lizard. And little more will prove, I fear, the hydra of our tastiest colourist. Severn's 'Ancient Mariner' is a work of rich and brilliant effect; more too, of poetic imagination. Through the ribs of the spectre-ship, which carries Death and the Angel of Life, a horizontal sun shines with preternatural splendour, casting the shadow, much enlarged, of that king of skeletons on the sail of the mariner's vessel: this image is not in the poem, but deserves to be. Then I cannot away with the left side of the picture; it is like a drawing of wooden dolls, thrust higgledy-piggledy into a glass-case—not of a flesh and blood ship's company. Why will our painters disdain to study a little deeper the alphabet of their art, before they set about Odes and Epics? Rembrandt!—In drawing, he was certainly no Hannibal Carnacci; but, besides that the peculiarity of his object enfranchised him to a great degree in general, Rembrandt could draw as well with the fingers of his feet, as the majority of our painters with those of their hands. Look at his first manner—portraits especially. Reynolds again!—Reynolds could at least paint men that should not be taken for magnified frogs in breeches; and, moreover, Reynolds was a stupendous colourist. Well, I do not like the colouring of the ship's company much better than its design; it has an ugly, earthy yellow French glare, without an ounce of flesh, or a drop of blood in all those naked arms, and legs, and bosoms. Nevertheless, for just criticism in finite works is seldom other than a series of plus and minus terms, whose sum will be characterised by the predominance of those or these,—on the whole, Severn's 'Ancient Mariner' will do him credit; and so will his (I scarce know how to give you its pianoforte title), 'Come to me when daylight dies.' Figure to yourself one of Claude's pastoral scenes, given out, not as the 'Mantuan Shepherd,' or the 'Mincian Swain,' but the—

*Tyrræ, tu patula recubans sub tegmine fagi!*

However, such is the most taking nomenclature now-a-days; few of our belles that would not exclaim—"Now I think 'Come to me when daylight dies,'—(O! such a beautiful title!—off! with your mincing wains!"—whatever we consent to call it, this Evening at Venice has considerable merit. The effect purposes to be that of mixed sun and moon-light, the former blazing down a broad canal in front, the latter glancing palely from the windows and arched facade of the Ducal palace. Two gondolas meet in musical parley; there Innamorato pinching his long bass-lute, here Innamorata coying off as it were, with hand arching over her temple, either to hide her glee or catch the adulation, or both. For, are you aware, Innocent! these milk-white doves be not altogether such mere *pigeons*, no, nor half so like them, as many a gull that gets among their coives? Luxurious colouring as well as sentiment will recommend 'Come to me,' Ac. warmly. Now do not ask me about its drawing! As for composition, the artist would seem to have but one secret—parallels. This, when adroitly concealed, has the best effect. (Flaxman's 'Kingdom come' is a familiar example, where the angelic arms, so to say, splice with the mortal); but otherwise, is apt to look monotonous and poorly artificial, and worse—tyro-like: should never be made the open law of a composition, unless in a picture of diagonal-hatching for a cross-hospital. I cannot find room now to give you a sketch of a sketch—the 'Venetian Masque,' which this prolific artist has in hand. Enthusiasm is the leaping-pole of genius,

—worldly success the walking-staff: he has both, so gets forward without stop.

There is a capital contrast here, between the French and English schools of painting, in two prize-men sent out to study by their respective Academies. Flaudrin, the French prize-man, travels from Paris to Rome, a thousand miles, to coop himself up in a garret of the Villa Medici, and—copy a Raphael?—no, but a living model! This is carrying the system of draughtsmanship over the hills and far away indeed! It puts one in mind of his equally judicious compatriot's song—"I leaf my contry and my friends, to play upon my guitar!" As if he could not have done the same thing as well, without becoming a vagrant! But, however this may be, the figure, though far from impeccable, is modelled as it could not be by an English student of almost any standing; while, on the other side, it is coloured with little more truth or taste than an English powder-monkey would paint the goddess on a poop with. The great draughtsmen, such as Leonardo and Michael, were not superfine colourists,—call them indifferent,—but they did not precisely for carnations and whites, dip their brushes in claret-wash and lime-water. Here is the national, perhaps natural defect of eye, which our neighbours, even if they fed on flowers like the Peris, would require a long period to metamorphose into a perfection. But impossible, we are told by no less profound a lexicographer than Napoleon, is a word not acknowledged by Frenchmen; and they certainly have one or two good colourists. Our defect, however, being one of hand, is corrigible at will by mere practice. Mr. prize-man Smith would seem, indeed, to think good drawing a matter of easy acquirement, as he gives it no attention whatever. *N'importe!* he can rub it up any idle half hour. O spirit of Michael! was it such a creed as this, that brought forth the Prophets and Sibyls? Well, but Mr. Smith only intends himself for a great colourist. Ay, but to constitute him a great colourist, somewhat more is requisite than mere dexterity in dabbling. He has hand enough; for a prize-man his handling is capital; he has spirit too—vigour—in a word, power. His eye for colour, he, and Somerset House, would perhaps put forth as a postulate; yet it is a little strange, he has not hitherto perceived that bright splodging and beautiful painting are not identical. Mr. Smith, however, notwithstanding his fine eye for colour, seems modest and sensible; if a critical journal were to give him the above hints, he might take them, and so turn out a prize-man, not of Somerset House, but what is often a very different thing, of the public. If it would only tell him also, that his richest colouring is rather coarse, and to refine; it threatens to be a sort of bad *Bassanozza*, of which there is quite enough at the picture-mongers. He has made a few small copies of Tintoretto's, Paulos, and Bassano's, with a freedom of pencil, a hardihood and security of touch, that might make them almost pass for original abozzi.—Farewell.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Our artists are busy preparing their works for the Exhibition. All pictures must be at Somerset House on Tuesday next: the crush up to twelve o'clock at night will be great; after that hour no works are admitted, except such sculptures as are by Academicians. But the hope of a better exhibition room, has had its influence over the latter; and there will be few great works exhibited, till Mr. Wilkins rears his new structure. This was to be expected, for a statue might as well be in a packing case in the room at Somerset House.

The collection of drawings made at such a vast expense, by the late President of the Royal Academy, remains unsold. There have been various offers, and many schemes proposed for

their disposal. A recent offer by dealers, to give 8000*l.*, and to relinquish a claim upon the estate for an additional sum of 8000*l.*, has been rejected, as far below the value. Soon after the death of the President, Sir Robert Peel was much looked to as a purchaser, but, after inspection, we believe the Right Hon. Baronet declined. The scheme patronized by Lord Wharncliffe, and others of the nobility, for the formation of a company, for purchase and exhibition, would also appear to have died away; and there is every reason to fear that this most comprehensive collection will ultimately be again scattered abroad. It comprises the efforts, almost from infancy to meridian glory, of some of the greatest of the painters of the Flemish and Florentine schools; but we understand that many of the early drawings are of a rudeness which much deteriorates the collection as a whole. It is, perhaps, the chief reason why the collection remains unsold, that so many of the drawings are rather curious by reason of association, than valuable as works of art.

We see by the Scotch papers that the widow of Robert Burns is dead: she survived the poet thirty-eight years.

Not having yet received the second paper on German Literature by M. Heine, we think it better to change the proposed order of publication, and therefore announce that the first of the foreign series will be *Spain*, by Don A. Galiano; and it will appear on the 19th, when, of course, an extra sheet will be given.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Phrenological Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Harveian Society .....	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Philological Society (London University) .....	Seven, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Institution of Civil Engineers .....	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society (Scientific Business) .....	Eight, P.M.
	Geological Society .....	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Society of Arts .....	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature .....	Three, P.M.
	Astronomical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.

## FINE ARTS

### SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

We gave a hasty glance, and made a brief allusion to the Exhibition of the works of British Artists, on the Saturday before it was publicly opened; we have since taken a more deliberate look, and the result is, that we think the eleventh Exhibition, though not the best, yet fully equal to at least six or seven of those which have preceded it. There are eight hundred and sixty-nine works of art, in all of which fifty-five only are pieces of sculpture. Many of the pictures are of high excellence, uniting poetry, and truth, and science; not a few are skilful fac-similes of nature—with all her warts and moles, or with patches, paint, and jewels on; numbers are well conceived, but much marred by imperfect taste, or unskilful handling, while a tenth part of the whole require an exertion of charitable feeling to consider them as works of art.

There are no new lights, but some of the old stars are brighter than usual; we observed this at one glance, on our first visit; the longer we looked, on our second, the more were we made sensible of its truth. The landscapes with figures are, we think, in general more natural than heretofore, and in this branch Davis, the secretary, excels. No other exhibitor has taken such a stride up the hill of fame. INSKIPP maintains his ground—a sort of table-land of his own—and as he does this with much ease, we felt half-inclined to quarrel with him for not

doing more; but a glance at his picture of 'The Last of his Race,' and his 'Lace-worker,' made this impossible. JOHN WILSON has some natural scenes; but he has tried his hand on a ticklish theme, namely, 'Tam O'Shanter chased by Nannie with the cutty sark.' The banks and brags and Old Brig o'Doon, forming the landscape to the Witch and the Farmer, look well in the light of the moon; nor are honest Tam and Maggie his mare, much amiss; it is otherwise with Nannie: her sark is indeed short, but in nothing else do we discover the dame who electrified the devil with her dancing, and made Tam think his very een enriched. The poet has done so much, that few painters can paint up to him.—We are not of opinion, though some of the portraits of HURLESTONE and MRS. CARPENTER are very good, that any progress has been made in that department; neither are we of opinion, though INSKIPP, and WEBSTER, and KIDD, and some others, have wrought happily, that in depicting character there is any advance; mind, indeed, is an elusive thing, and much more difficult to deal with than inanimate nature. Hill, and dale, and stream, and sea, have been happily handled by CRESWICK, BENTLEY, HOLLAND, WATTS, LINTON, FIELDING, and others.

We shall select out a few of those which, in our Catalogue, we have marked as worthy of even more than a second look. The first of these is No. 8, 'Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage,' by LINTON: the man is little—the desolate city is all-in-all; the wild swans are swimming among shattered columns, the wild deer are gazing through marble porticoes, and the sun sheds over all a glistening golden light, mocking the desolation. 29. 'The Children of Hubert de Burgh,' by HURLESTONE, are both lovely and natural. 34. 'The Boy and Donkey,' by SHAYER, are well painted, but the dog is better than either; this artist has some capital pictures this year; he is full of nature, but inclines to the rude rather than the elegant. 39. 'The Cottage Musicians,' is from the pencil of KIDD; three children are obeying the injunctions of the singing master, and opening their mouths to let themselves be heard; it is a capital little thing in its way. Of 42, 'The Forest Pool,' by DAVIS, we spoke before; the wild hill, the still water, and the thirsty cows, are delineated with wonderful truth. Of a higher order is his scene from 'The Lady of the Lake,' when roused by the horn of Fitzjames—

The antlered monarch of the waste  
Sprang from his brathery couch in haste.

Nothing can be finer: three deer have taken to flight; the chief of the herd stands at gaze for a moment, and seems to breathe defiance to the approaching pack. 'A Blacksmith's Forge,' from the same hand, is truth itself; tinkers have halted to have a shoe fixed; the fire blazes brightly up, while the smirched artificer surveys an old white nag with an eye which seems to perceive that the hoof will hardly hold a nail.

'Children's Play,' No. 131, by WEBSTER, is very clever; a boy rocks a restless child in a cradle, while, as a kind of lullaby, two or three urchins have pushed open the window of the room, and with tongue and tin trumpet are raising a din sufficient not only to rouse the child, but bring the mother in no pleasant mood from another apartment: no one can look on this without feeling its truth and life. 181. 'The Hackney Coach,' by HOLMES, has merit of the same kind.—Haidaev aroused from her trance by music, is of a far higher order; HURLESTONE has come to the task with poetic feeling; it is at once earnest and moving; the musicians are putting some heart into their strains. 454. 'Smugglers Quarrelling,' by PARKER, is a vigorous scene—all life and character, a party are playing at cards; a negro, one of the number, roused into fury by an attempt to cheat, starts up like a demon, and, knife in hand, precipitates

himself on his antagonist. This picture is sold we hope it has brought a good price.

We have said that the landscapes are numerous and good: let us indicate a few of those which pleased us most. 4. 'Grist Mill at Staverton, Devon,' and 535. 'Scene near Ashburton,' by F. W. WATTS—52. 'Pembroke Castle and Town, South Wales,' and 68. 'Cattle crossing a Brook,' by E. CHILDE—58. 'Approach to the Village of Paud, Yorkshire,' J. C. BENTLEY—65. 'Scene near Yarmouth,' J. STARR—91. 'In the Avenue near Dunchurch, Warwickshire,' 111. 'Near Corwen, North Wales,' 209. 'Near Leytonstone,' and 392. 'Lake Scene, in Wales,' all by T. CRESWICK—156. 'Scene in the Isle of Wight,' W. SHAYER—162. 'Moorish Tower at Seville,' D. ROBERTS—186. 'Pegwell Bay, near Ramsgate,' W. LINTON—199. 'Wreckers looking out,' J. TENNANT—205. 'Study in the Woods at Plumstead,' J. HOLLAND—213. 'Mouth of the Rother, Sussex,' J. WILSON—264. 'Fishermen, Scene on the beach, Margate,' F. FIELDING—277. 'The Mill,' C. R. STANLEY—336. 'Unloading a Barge,' F. R. LEE—444. 'Water Scene near St. Albans,' Miss A. G. NASH—565. 'Caerphili Castle,' T. FIELDING. There are many more of great merit.

We had almost neglected to mention 121. 'Interview between Oliver Cromwell and his Daughter,' by FIST; 372. 'The Fresh Tap,' by W. SHAYER; 469. 'The Cobbler's Happy Moment,' by A. FRASER, and 475. 'A Drop too much,' by the same.

## MUSIC

*Societa Armonica*.—The second Concert of this Society was anything but a successful effort. Apologies were made for Madame Kynterland and Mrs. Seguin, on the plea of sudden indisposition, and none were offered for the absence of Signor Curioni, or the omission of Mr. Schultz's fantasia on the guitar. The two ladies were replaced by Miss Wagstaff and Miss Birch, the gentleman by Signor Begrez; the whole scheme being thus entirely disarranged. As we know that managers are but men after all, and may be conquered by obstacles as well as the rest of their brethren, we will say nothing of the vocal part of the scheme, save that Miss Wagstaff's voice deserves a fuller and more scientific cultivation; that Begrez is unwisely fond of singing 'Il s'agit de bel contento,' a song which is Pasta's peculiar property; and that we hope it was not the conductor's original intention to cut out the middle movement of Rossini's magnificent quartett, 'Cielo il mio labbro.' We should not have noticed this, had we not heard it done before, and always with a loss of effect to the composition. Let us, then, speak of the instrumental music: the symphony was Beethoven's in c major, in the last allegro of which the band was unsteady; the overture to the second act was 'Zeila,' by Landpaintner, which was new to us: the opening slow movement is very beautiful—the allegro somewhat too Gallico-German for our taste, but much more lightly played than the overture to 'Gustave' upon which we took occasion to comment, and therefore more effective. Mr. Forbes appeared to more advantage than at the previous Concert, in the first allegro of Hummel's septett in a minor. He played this music much better than the dashing variations by Herz, which he gave us on a former occasion—and we respect him for it. Mr. Wolff gave us a violin Polonaise of his own, built on the model of one of Mayseder's, but performed with a purity of style and tone, and a firmness of execution, that deserve our very good word. We confess to having suffered so much from the extreme and shivering comfortlessness of the room, that we did not remain to hear the overture to 'The Ruler of the Spirits,' which concluded the Concert. We ought to have mentioned Signor Zuchelli as one of the singers.



## THEATRICALS

## DRURY LANE.

We have seen 'Anter Fair; or, Michael Scott, the Wizard,' and can now bear testimony to the correctness of the management, in designating it a "Folly." There has been so complete an absence of novelty at the great houses for some time past, that we have had no occasion to visit them. As our readers, however, may wish to know how they have been going on in point of "business," as the technical term is, we are enabled to state upon the authority of the bills, that at Drury Lane it has been very bad. In these official bulletins, it is asserted, that "The Minister and the Mercer" continues to attract the most crowded audiences of the whole season." Now we are enabled to state from personal observation, that there was a very thin attendance to it on Tuesday last—ergo, if the bills contain the truth, the houses have been very bad during the whole season. The fact is, that the houses have not been very bad the whole season, because Mr. Ducrow and his horses drew a great deal of money, but this is one of the awkward predicaments into which the puffing system leads its admirers. But to return to the Easter piece, which we shall take very good care not to return to except on paper. It has little or nothing to recommend it but some good scenery, and some cleverly managed transformations: these latter, indeed, are so cleverly contrived, that we are puzzled to believe ourselves in Drury Lane Theatre. A glance at the bills explained the matter—they are by Mr. W. Bradwell of Covent Garden. The story of the piece is poor, and wholly devoid of interest—it went through with very little applause, but with a good deal of laughter—the laughter, however, was excited by the practical jokes, and not by the dialogue. We are, in truth, scarcely fit to report impartially upon the merits of this Easter Offering, for a circumstance occurred early in it, which put us, and justly put us, in a mood to be dissatisfied with everything we saw. We had been to Covent Garden previously, to witness the first representation of the 'Pré aux Clercs,' and had there been, as usual, much pleased with the acting and singing of that clever little artist, Miss H. Cawse. On a sudden, she came upon this stage—deprived of wholesome and needful rest, after her first performance, and having, of course, had to un-paint, undress, and re-dress, to face the damp night air in changing to another theatre, to undress again, re-dress and re-paint, and after all this, having two more long hours to pass, exposed, after heat and exertion, a second time to the chilling winds of a large stage. We must confess, that hereupon, we fell into a melancholy train of thought, upon the state of degradation into which the present system of refinement upon monopoly, has thrown the professors of an art we love and admire, and the respectability of which, we would do our utmost to uphold. At the same time, the said professors themselves are not wholly free from blame—had they properly supported one another, they would have been spared much of what they now have to endure. The lot of the young lady in question is, however, enviable, in comparison with that of very many praiseworthy and respectable girls of inferior talent, who belong to the chorus and ballet departments. Those who go to the theatres to be amused with their exertions, and to feast their eyes with the splendid spectacles in which they take part, little think of the unwholesome drudgery they have to go through, or of the wretched pittance which they receive, in exchange for their sacrifice of time and health; and those who, unexposed to want or temptation themselves, are ever prone to blame a whole profession, for the errors of a part of it, should remember that such errors are more frequently induced by actual necessity,

than by inclination. The interference of Parliament has been deemed requisite to relieve the oppressions of the factory girls—as it less wanted where the drudgery is frequently greater than ever it was with them? At all events, there are many members of parliament who are in the habit of frequenting the stages and green-rooms of these theatres—they must know the truth of what we have asserted—and if any one of them will use his knowledge, to attempt an amelioration of the condition of the individuals to whom we have alluded, instead of profiting by it, it may be, to further certain selfish views of his own, he will deserve the thanks, and receive, at all events, the silent approval of all right-thinking people.

That the evils we complain of, cannot be wholly done away with, we are quite aware, but that they have been, and are, very much increased, by the circumstance of the persons in question being liable to be called upon to slave at two theatres instead of one, is an incontestable fact.

## COVENT GARDEN.

THE late M. Herold's opera, 'Le Pré aux Clercs,' has a second time been put upon the English stage by Mr. Planché. It first appeared at the Adelphi, when the English Opera Company was there last season; it was then quite successful, but it was brought out so late in the season, that when it would have run, it ran against the last night, and down it went. As the scene was in that instance transferred to England, and historical characters of our own country were ingeniously found by the author to answer to the historical ones of the French drama, the first production may be called Mr. Planché's adaptation, while the second, being a close rendering of the original, the scene remaining in France, is his translation. The plot is very slight, and not worth detailing; and in this opinion it was evident, on Tuesday evening, that Miss Inverarity perfectly coincided, for she spoke in so low a tone, that we scarcely heard one word in a dozen which she uttered. The music, however, is what has been relied upon for attraction, and it seems likely to realize the expectations formed of it. Without displaying any very profound science, it is yet of a very pleasing character, and there is no lack of the chief requisite—melody. The first duet, cleverly sung by Mr. E. Seguin and Miss H. Cawse, was encored. Mr. Wilson's first song, 'Soon I shall behold thee,' had a similar compliment paid to it, and it was well deserved: the air is remarkably elegant, and Mr. Wilson sang it very well. The next encore was the beautiful ballad sung by Miss Shirreff, 'Oh! the home of my childhood.' The printers may go to work upon this as soon as they like, for a copy of it will be wanted almost wherever there is a pianoforte. It is to be lamented that there is a false accent to it throughout; we suppose it is so in the original, but wonder that Mr. Cooke, with his good taste, has not altered it. It may suit the French words, which we do not know, but it does not suit the English ones, which we do. Much more of the music is good, and indeed none of it is bad; and we have heard that the number of encores was increased on the second representation. Miss Inverarity's ballad in the second act, 'Hope's a dream of pleasure,' was encored, and a sweet composition it is; but her general performance was sadly tame and insipid. The remaining parties concerned all merit praise; but in spite of the critic of *The Times*, we shall take leave to select for particular commendation Mr. Harley's performance of the cowardly *Cantarelli*; it was, to our thinking, a very careful and creditable piece of acting, and decidedly the best in the opera. Mr. H. Phillips sang two songs with his usual taste and correctness, though without his usual animation, or rather, we fear we must say, with his usual want

of it. He was splendidly dressed, but he had not sufficient force to depict the bullying, swaggering duelist, nor does his figure suit the part. We could not help calling to mind the fine picturesque appearance of Mr. O. Smith, in the part at the Adelphi, with his fire-red, fire-eating, beef-eating dress of an officer of the Yeomen of the Guard, in Henry the Eighth's time, and his long toasting-iron, upon which he looked as if he could spit half-a-dozen men at a time. When pieces of music are introduced in an opera professing to be the work of a single composer, they should be expressly mentioned in the books and in the bills. There are three introductions in the present work, and yet nothing is said in acknowledgment of either. Mr. H. Phillips's first song is, we understand, by Blangini, his second by Mr. T. Cooke, and his duet with Mr. Wilson, by Auber. The opera was received without a dissenting voice, with close attention, and with considerable applause. Those who hear it a second time, will find the music gain on them, as we have; and, in short, the oftener they hear it, the more they will find themselves humming, if ladies, and whistling, if men, as they go home.

## SURREY THEATRE.

THIS house has been constantly crowded since Monday, to witness the performance of Mr. and Mrs. Yates, and the remainder of the Adelphi emigrants. 'Lurline,' 'Grace Huntley,' &c., have been transferred, as well as those who were their original representatives; and nightly verdicts are given in their favour by the Surrey juries, who thus confirm those which were given upon their first trials in Middlesex.

## ANOTHER THEATRE.

OUR friends in the suburbs, tired of coming to town for amusement, are beginning to make arrangements for killing their own mutton. A new theatre has sprung up, and is, we are informed, nearly completed, at Kensington, under the very nose of royalty, to be called the Royal Kent Theatre. Mr. W. West is said to be the manager: and the plan of the building has been commended by a competent judge.

## MISCELLANEA

*Royal Hibernian Academy.*—The gold medal and prize of fifty pounds, for the best essay on the military architecture of Ireland, has been adjudged to G. Petrie, Esq.

*Cultivation of Modern Languages.*—The Provost and Board of Trinity College, Dublin, have resolved to grant a certain number of medals, annually, to those students who shall distinguish themselves by proficiency in the French, German, and Italian languages.

*Naval and Military Libraries.*—A correspondent thus describes Greenwich and Chelsea Hospitals, and has sent us a paper on the subject, but the joke is too much elaborated. Here are some of his best points:—"I like to contemplate, in their uniform bindings of blue and red, the very original and curious works of which those libraries are composed. The volumes, it is true, bear the marks of time and rough usage; their frontispieces are often defaced, their most striking and moving parts gone: the illustrations too, it would be flattery to call them ornaments—but the steel cuts are in a peculiar style of engraving, and no small portion of the volumes will be found rich in entertaining anecdote, overflowing with the romance of history, and all more or less full of deeds of broil and battle. In their present condition, they look like an uniform series; but they are in fact broken sets—odd volumes—only bound alike."

*'Crusshank at Home.'*—We are requested to state that the illustrations to this work are not by Mr. George Cruikshank.

*French Libraries.*—A calculation has recently been made of the number of libraries in the

whole of the French departments, with the exception of the department of the Seine. In these 95 departments it appears that there are altogether 192 towns which possess public libraries, the most important of which are those of Troyes, containing 50,000 vols., Marseilles, 35,000, Aix, 75,000, Caen, 40,000, Besançon, 56,000, Bordeaux, 115,000, Versailles, 45,000, Rouen, 25,000, Amiens, 43,000 vols. Eight hundred and twenty-two towns, of from 3000 to 15,000 inhabitants each, are, it seems, entirely destitute of public libraries; while the hundred and ninety-two towns which have establishments of this kind, can boast of the possession of between two and three millions of volumes, a number which, compared to the total population of the eighty-five departments, gives just one volume to every fifteen persons. In the city of Paris there are five public libraries, which contain altogether 1,378,000 volumes, or three volumes to every two inhabitants.

**Deaf, but not Dumb.**—The Abbé Jamet, director of the hospital of Bon Saurer, lately exhibited at the Academy of Caen a deaf youth, whom he has so successfully tutored as to render him capable of speaking with tolerable correctness. Many members of the Academy addressed the youth through the medium of his learned instructor, and put questions to him regarding his age and the course of his studies, all of which he answered without the least hesitation. The tone of his voice had a most striking, not to say unnatural, effect, and would have seemed to issue from an automaton, but for the motion of his chest, and the play of the organs of articulation. M. Jamet entered into some details explanatory of the manner in which this extraordinary result had been attained. His practice was first to draw on paper a mouth, and trace out the tongue in all the necessary positions for the emission of different sounds. Many of these, and especially the nasal sounds, he had great difficulty in teaching his pupil. It took him six months to master the liquid *ts*; and it is observable that this is the sound which he pronounces with the least distinctness. The youth is so entirely deaf as not to hear even the loudest thunder; but when a carriage passes through the street, he says he perceives a noise beneath his feet. He is the nephew of Cardinal Lafaie, is eighteen years of age, and has a countenance expressive of much intelligence.

**New Coal Mine at Marseilles.**—The *Semaphore* of Marseilles states that a coal-mine has recently been discovered near that city, below the surface of the sea. It is supposed that it contains other veins, and should this be the case, it will add very considerably to the prosperity of this important city.

**Meteorological Stone.**—A Finland Journal gives an account of a singular stone in the north of Finland, where it answers the purpose of a public barometer. On the approach of rain, this stone assumes a black or dark grey colour, and when the weather is inclined to be fair, it is covered all over with white specks. This stone is, in all probability, an argillous rock, containing a portion of rock-salt, ammonia, or sulphate, and absorbing more or less humidity in proportion as the atmosphere is more or less charged with it. In the latter case, the saline particles, becoming crystallized, are visible to the eye as white specks.

**Change of Climate.**—Upon this subject, the opinions of the German philosophers would appear to be at variance with those of the other European nations. Tables have lately been put forth in that country, for the purpose of showing that the summers are becoming colder and wetter, and that the earth is losing its fertility through the decreasing presence of solar heat. The sun, according to this speculation, is withdrawing himself annually further from this earth, and, in a period of six thousand years, the globe

will not receive warmth sufficient for the purposes of animal or vegetable life, but will present one universal surface of ice and snow. This threatens to be a more lingering and disagreeable close than the blow from the tail of a comet often foretold by the learned;—but *n'importe*, it will last our time.

**Locusts.**—The provinces of Hoo-kwang were, some time since, attacked by these destroyers; and, as they were found to be moving south, it was feared that the provinces of Quang-si and Quang-tung might also be visited—this has lately come to pass. As soon as their march brought them near the borders of the province, the viceroy issued a proclamation against them, in very strong terms, warning the people of their destructive habits, and the necessity that existed for at once destroying them. His Excellency observes that—having made diligent inquiry into their habits, he finds that they stop to feed three times a day; after which, being tired and sleepy, they may be easily destroyed: if this be not done, each one will, the next day, be ten thousand, &c. &c. We know not whether his Excellency's description of the habits of this insatiable scourge be correct. Specimens of the insect are to be seen in the shops in Canton; they are of unusually large size, of both the brown and green kinds. They made their appearance last year in great multitudes in most of the northern provinces of China.—*Canton Register*.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Day of Month.	Thermom.	Baromet.	Winds.	Weather.
Thurs. 27.	56 41	29.92	S.W.	Cloudy.
Frid. 28.	53 41	29.50	S.W.	Rain.
Sat. 29.	38 32	29.34	W.	Showers.
Sun. 30.	54 35	29.60	W. to S.W.	Rain, &c.
Mon. 31.	54 34	29.63	N.W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 1.	50 41	29.63	N.W. to N.	Clear.
Wed. 2.	56 47	29.63	S.	Rain.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrocumulus, Cumulus, Cirrus, Cirrocumulus, Cumulobatus, Nimbus.  
*Shab's fair, except on Thursday, Sunday, and Wednesday.* Mornings fair, except Friday and Wednesday.  
*Mean temperature of the week, 44°. Greatest variation, 24°. Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.715.*  
*Day increased on Wednesday, 5h. 10'.*

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

A Series of Lives of Celebrated Naturalists will shortly appear in the Edinburgh Cabinet Library. The first volume will contain Lives of Linnaeus, Zoonia, and Aristotle to Linnæus inclusive, with an Introductory View of the Study of Natural History and the Progress of Zoology. The second volume will be devoted to writers in the same department, from Pallas, Brisson, and Buffon, down to Cuvier. It is intended to offer to the Public similar Memoirs of the Cultivators of Botany, Mineralogy, and Geology.

The History of the British Isles, from the Remotest Times to the arrival of the Saxons, by Count Wackerbarth.

Lays for the Dead, by Mrs. Opie.

An Account of the Medicinal Employment of Delphinium, by A. Turnbull, M.D., and J. Sutherland, M.D.

The Zoological Textbook, by G. R. Gray, M.F.S.

The Entomologist's Popular Guide to the Study and Classification of British Insects, illustrated by woodcuts, by G. R. Gray, M.F.S.

A Plan for the Better Security of Vessels navigating the River Thames, by the Application of Gas, to designate on the Ebb Tide the only navigable arches of the various Bridges within the jurisdiction of the City of London, by a Naval Officer.

Black Gowns and Red Coats; or, Oxford in 1834, a Satire, addressed to the Duke of Wellington, Chancellor of that University, Field Marshal in the Army, Col. of the Grenadier Guards, &c. &c. &c.

The Elton Quoniam Conserved, addressed to the Author of "Some Observations on the Present Studies and Management of Elton School," by a Parent.

A Volume of Sermons, by the Rev. J. H. Evans.

Just published.—The Romance of History, Francey Vol. II., by Westall and Martin's Illustrations of the Bible, No. 1., royal 4to. 2s. 6d.—Palmer's Royal Commission, Nicholas's Proceedings, &c. of the Privy Council of England, from Richard II. to Henry V., 2 vols. royal 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Webb's Wattle, a Comic Poem, by the late Andrew Paken, illustrated with engravings by Robert Cruikshank, royal 16mo. 1s. 6d.—Cruikshank's Cabinet Library, an Evergreen of Fun, &c. royal 16mo. 3s. 6d.—Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Southampton, &c. engravings by Bonner, 18mo. 3s.—Kidd's Picturesque Guide to the Isle of Wight, 60 engravings by Bonner, 18mo. 6s.—Kidd's Isle of Wight and Southampton Guide, 18mo. 9s.

#### SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

It is with regret that we proceed to publish the correspondence which has taken place between the Editor of this Paper, and the Secretary of the above-named Society, relating to the charge preferred against us in *The Printing Machine*, (a work, be it remembered, published by the Agent of the Society,) of having asked the Society for the use of its name, and been refused. That we may trench as little as possible on space that ought to be much better filled, we shall confine ourselves to such extracts as, in our judgment, bear directly upon the question; but that no person may impute that the letters have been garbled to suit a purpose, a verbatim copy has been printed, and may be had at our office.

On the first appearance of the charge, a letter was addressed to the Secretary, from which the following is an extract:—

"As the writer [in the *Printing Machine*] refers to certain private communications between the Editor of the *Athenæum* and the Committee of the Diffusion Society, the public, as the writer well knew, might be led to believe that the publication itself, and the opinions advanced therein, were sanctioned by the Committee. It is not for me to inquire how it is that the writer was able, much less felt himself authorised, to refer to these private communications. At the same time, I must request that the Committee will do me the justice to allow you to furnish me with a copy of the correspondence which took place on the subject—a single letter, I believe."

Extract from the Secretary's reply:—

"I should have no hesitation in forwarding to you, upon my own authority, copies of any correspondence that may have taken place upon this subject; but I have caused search to be made, and, although I will remember that such an overture was made by a proprietor of the *Athenæum*, and declined by the Committee upon the grounds stated in the *Printing Machine*, yet I do not find any letter; and, unless my memory deceives me, no letter was written."

The *Literary Gazette* is said, by the interested parties, to have "bunglingly tried to connect the Society with the *Printing Machine*"; whether that connexion will be made manifest by this correspondence, it is for others to determine; but, we may be allowed to observe, that the Secretary's recollection confirms, in the minutest particular, the charge brought against us; now, no two persons could mistake the same facts in identically the same manner; and the confirmative reference to the proceedings of the Committee, is also a very important feature in this letter. Our reply was as follows:—

To T. Coates, Esq.

Sir,—Fortunately, the facts in this question need not rest on any man's recollection, for I can state positively that application was made to the Committee, by letter, addressed to you as Secretary in August (July) 1831. I trust, therefore, that, having given you the date, (I can, if necessary, give the substance, perhaps an exact copy, of the letter,) you will cause further search to be made, when there can be no doubt it will be discovered. Again, as you state that the overture was "declined by the Committee upon the grounds stated in the *Printing Machine*," it is clear that the minutes of the proceedings of the Committee must set forth the nature of the overture; I have, therefore, to request that the Committee will authorize you to furnish me with a copy of the minutes in which this transaction is recorded.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

(Signed by the Editor.)

The Secretary stated, in answer, that further search should be made for the letter; but respecting the important minutes, he added:—

"I cannot give you a copy of the minutes of the Committee without their sanction; I will lay your letter before them at their next meeting."

Up to this point, then, we are willing to admit that all things tend to prove the accuracy of the charge; the Secretary's recollection supports it; the minutes of the Committee, which "must set forth the nature of the overture," it is but fair to suppose, are conclusive against us, although the Secretary could not furnish a copy without the sanction of the Committee; and of the letter to which we referred in our defence, no trace could be found, even among official records. Having, however, been enabled to give the date, and to offer other particulars, the letter turned up on fresh search, and here it is.—The reader will be pleased to bear in mind that it was written nearly three years ago, and that it refers to the contemplated reduction in the price of the *Athenæum*, from Eightpence to Fourpence,—the boldest attempt ever made to diffuse knowledge, and trust for remuneration to extent of sale, rather than high price. That letter is *proof*, not only that we did not ask the Society for the use of its name, but that we were sure we could not have even its direct countenance, and that we merely enclosed copies of a circular, of which more than half a million

were issued, asking for the individual support of the members of the Committee. Why, these circulars were sent to every Society, and to every individual of every Society, so far as possible, in the kingdom; and this letter, as every man of common sense must perceive, was itself only a circular, so far varied as to suit circumstances and the parties addressed.

To T. Coates, Esq.

Athenæum Office, July 20 (1833).

SIR,—As Editor of the Athenæum, I take the liberty of inclosing some circulars about to be issued, for the consideration of the Committee for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Of course I am anxious to avail myself of every channel of publicity, and all worthy support—without a very extensive circulation, I shall, by the experiment, throw away considerable property. But I foresee that there are difficulties in the way of direct countenance being given by the Society to any publication over which they can have no control; yet, as individuals, I hope I may receive the support of the members of the Committee, and that they may not be unwilling to recommend the work in the circle of their private friends.

I have, &c., (Signed by the Editor.)

On receipt of this discovered letter, we addressed another to the Secretary, in which we put this home question:—"May I request, in fairness, to know, at once, whether there be any minutes of the proceedings of the Society that prove, or that seem to prove, that such an application was ever made; for, without intruding any personal disrespect to you, I doubt it."

The Secretary took offence at this, and declined further correspondence. We wrote immediately, to express our regret if there was anything in the letter personally offensive to him—and we express the same regret thus publicly, although we must add, in our justification, that we know not in what the offence consisted; and others, who have seen the letter, are equally at a loss to discover it. This drew from him the following reply, which we shall give in full:—

To the Editor, &c.

39, Lincoln's Inn Fields, Feb. 26, 1834.

SIR,—It is true that I considered your letter of yesterday personally offensive to me. I thank you, therefore, for that which I have received, which effaces the disagreeable impression from my mind.

I DO NOT BELIEVE THERE IS ANY EVIDENCE ON THE BOOKS OF THE SOCIETY WITH RESPECT TO THE PROPOSAL OF THE ATHENÆUM; but, as Mr. Coates denies any negotiation with me, I will, for your satisfaction, explain to you what that proposal was.

Mr. Coates called on me in the University, and mentioned the intention of the proprietors of the Athenæum to reduce the price of that work, and to alter, in some respects, its nature; and he asked, whether the Society would permit it to use its name, the Committee giving it such superintendence as was compatible with the nature of the work.

There was another proposal that Mr. Coates made, I believe, long subsequently to the preceding, that the proceedings of the meetings of the Committee should be published, with some restrictions, in the Athenæum.

I am, &c.,

T. COATES.

Having produced the lost letter, and settled the question as to the evidence in the minutes of the proceedings of the Committee, we do not think it worth while to break fresh ground with the Secretary, for, after that fashion, the correspondence would be interminable. We may, however, observe on this reported conversation at the London University, upon which the charge is now made to rest, that it is hardly fair to say that Mr. Coates "called on" Mr. Coates, seeing that both parties were at that time connected with the University; further, that the gentleman referred to, has authorized us to state that he never made any such request;—and we may add, that though once connected, as a part-proprietor, with this Journal, he had ceased to be so before the price was reduced, and, consequently, could have no interest in it at the time. We know not that it can at all affect the question, but we think it right to add, that Mr. Coates is correct in stating that application was made for leave to publish Reports of the Proceedings of the Committee. We believe a similar application has been made to the Committee of every Society in London, when we thought their Proceedings likely to have any general interest; and it throws a deep shade of suspicion over the intentions of the Committee of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, that it is the only one that has refused—but even here the Secretary's memory fails him: the application could not have been "long subsequent" to any application which had reference to the proposed change in price, for the very conclusive reasons before given, relating to the change in the Proprietorship. We now take leave of the subject; we bear no ill-will to any party; the comments we felt it our duty to offer on the proceedings of the Society, as represented by its Committee, and [New Athenæum, Feb. 23, 1833.] on Mr. Coates's strange appointment as Secretary to the London University, were forced from us by a deep sense of duty; and, on this occasion, we have refrained from all comment, lest it should be tainted with personality.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

**SENIOR DEPARTMENT.**—The CLASSES in Theology, the Classics, Mathematics, English Literature, and History, under the superintendence of the Principal and Professors, the Rev. T. G. Hall and John Austin, will be RE-OPENED Tuesday the 1st instant.

The Classes for Private Instruction in Hebrew, the Oriental, and other Foreign Languages, will recommence on the same day. **JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.**—The school will be reopened on Tuesday, the 1st instant, at 10 o'clock precisely in the Forenoon. **POLITICAL ECONOMY.**—Professor Jones will, on Saturday the 26th of April, at 3 o'clock p.m., precisely, commence a Course of Lectures on the Progress of Opinions on Political Economy from the date of Edward the First; and on the Connection between that Progress and the Changes which have taken place in the Circumstances of the English People. The Course will be continued every Saturday at the same hour.

**GEOLOGY.**—Professor J. Phillips will, on Monday, the 1st of April, commence a Course of Eight Lectures on the leading Principles of Geology, and the Discoveries in that Science; the History of Fossil Remains, &c. A Synopsis of the Course will be ready for delivery in a few days.

**BOTANY.**—Professor Barneart begins his Spring Course on Thursday the 2nd of April, at 10 o'clock in the Forenoon, precisely; and he will begin his popular weekly Course on the same subject, on Wednesday the 9th of April, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon precisely.

**CHEMISTRY.**—**ELEMENTARY LECTURES.**—Professor Daniell will commence a Course of Eight Lectures on Heat and Electricity, adapted to the Junior Department of King's College, on Thursday, the 10th April, at 3 o'clock p.m. They will be continued on each succeeding Thursday at the same hour. W. DITTE, N.E., Principal.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—**BOTANY.**

**DR. LINDLEY** commenced his Spring Course of Lectures on Thursday, the 2nd instant, at 3 o'clock p.m. He will treat of the Physiology and Comparative Anatomy of Vegetation, and the Application of these Sciences to Agriculture, Horticulture, and Systematic Arrangement. Fee, 6s. **COMPARATIVE ANATOMY AND ZOOLOGY.**—Dr. Grant commenced his Summer Course on the 2nd inst. It embraces an Elementary View of the Structure, Classification, and History of the recent and Fossil Species of all the Classes of the Animal Kingdom. The Courses are delivered four times a week, at 3 o'clock p.m., and continue to the end of June. Fee, 6s. **NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.**—Dr. Ritchie will commence the Third Part of this Course on Wednesday, the 10th inst. at 10 o'clock. It will embrace the following subjects:—Electricity, Galvanism, Magnetism, and Electro-Magnetism; Sound, and Light. Fee, 6s. 10s.

**CIVIL ENGINEERING.**—Dr. Ritchie will commence this Course on Monday, the 14th instant. **POLITICAL ECONOMY.**—Mr. McCulloch will commence the Second Part of this Course, viz. The Distribution and Consumption of Wealth, on Tuesday, the 15th instant, at 11 o'clock p.m. Fee, 6s.

The other Classes in the Faculty of Arts will commence after the Easter holidays, on Tuesday, the 15th instant. THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

HEAD MASTERS.

T. HEWITT KELY, A.M. Professor of Latin, and HENRY MALDEN, A.M. Professor of Greek in the University of London.

The School will RE-OPEN after the Easter Vacation, on Tuesday, the 9th inst. Council Room, 1st April, 1834. THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

**BLOOMSBURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL.** (No. 25, Great Ground-street, Queen-square,) under High Patronage.—The system of education includes Science, Classics, General Literature, Drawing, and Dancing. Terms for the entire course, Twelve Guineas, in the Summer School, and Eight in the Junior. Head Master, Rev. G. N. WRIGHT, M.A., P.R.S., &c. Business will be resumed on the 7th instant. Prospectuses may be had by application at the school.

**LONDON HIGH SCHOOL,** TAVISTOCK-SQUARE.

RECTOR.

Rev. Charles H. MATTHEWS, M.A. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

HEAD MASTERS.

CLASSICAL—John Walker, A.M. of Trinity College, Dublin. MATHEMATICAL—W. D. J. Hodgkiss, B.A. of St. Peter's College, Cambridge.

ASSISTANT MASTERS.

CLASSICAL—Henry Bostock, A.M. of Wadham College, Oxford. CLASSICAL AND MATHEMATICAL—J. Grant, B.A. of Queen's College, Cambridge.

ENGLISH—Mr. J. Holden.

DRAWING—Mr. C. V. Bailey.

The Course of regular Study comprehends the GREEK, LATIN, ENGLISH, and FRENCH LANGUAGES; MATHEMATICS; the Elements of ASTRONOMY and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY; ARITHMETIC and GEOMETRY; LOGIC; HISTORY; GEOGRAPHY; READING; CALCULATION; WRITING; STENOGRAPHY; DRAWING and PERSPECTIVE.

The annual fee for each DAY PUPIL is 12s. (payable by three equal instalments), which includes all charges for instruction in the specified Course of Study.

The summer fee for BOARDERS is 60s.; the only extra charges being for Books, Drawing materials, and instruction in the Italian, German, or Spanish Languages, Fencing, and Dancing.

The school and situation of the Premises, which contain large Play and Pleasure grounds, afford the pupils all the advantages of a country residence.

To secure select Associates to the Pupils of the School, the names of all Candidates for Admission, are submitted for approval to a Visiting Committee of the Parents.

The Department of the School is maintained without recourse, in any instance, to compulsory payment. The Summer Term will commence on the 6th of April, and end on the 20th of July, with the Annual Examination and Adjournment of Term.

A Prospectus of the School, and the Report for the Session of 1832, containing the Greek, Latin, and Mathematical Examination Papers, may be obtained at Mr. Hunt's, book-seller, 65, St. Paul's Church-yard; Mr. Hulse's, book-seller, Piccadilly; or at the School House.

## Sales by Auction.

**IMPORTANT SALES OF WORKS OF ART.** Mr. STANLEY will have the honour of submitting to SALE by AUCTION, at his Rooms, 21, Old Bond-street, on WEDNESDAY, the 26th of APRIL.

A COLLECTION OF GREEK, ROMAN, AND ENGLISH COINS, and a few ANTIQUE GEMS; the Property of the late Rev. JOHN MORGAN RICE.

And on THURSDAY, the 10th of APRIL, A COLLECTION OF PICTURES and DRAWINGS, including some fine Specimens of Gainsborough. To be viewed two days previous, when Catalogues may be had.

THE LATE COUNT FRIES, OF VIENNA. Mr. STANLEY will have the honour of submitting to SALE by AUCTION, at his Rooms, 21, Old Bond-street, on FRIDAY, the 9th of MAY, and following Days; THE MAGNIFICENT AND VERY VALUABLE CABINET OF

ANTIQUE AND MODERN GEMS; consisting of about Six Hundred Cameos and Intaglios, on precious stones, exhibiting the very perfection of Art in the department, by the most celebrated Greek, Roman, and Italian Lithographers; collected with unbounded munificence by the late COUNT FRIES, of Vienna. May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogues had.

THE LATE RICHARD HEBER, ESQ. Mr. STANLEY will have the distinguished honour of submitting to SALE, at his Rooms, 21, Old Bond-street, on MONDAY, the 12th of MAY, and following Days;

THE VERY INTERESTING AND VALUABLE CABINET OF GREEK AND ROMAN COINS, and a very extensive series of ITALIAN MEDALS of illustrious Characters of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, in Gold, Silver, and Copper; the rich Assemblage of RAHRE PRINTS and DRAWINGS, BOOKS OF PRINCES and ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, MAPS and CHARTS in copper, folio, and on vellum; PAINTINGS, MARBLES, BRONZES, VASES, and other ARTICLES OF VIRTUE; forming a very interesting portion of the Property of the late RICHARD HEBER, Esq., removed from his House at Finsbury, by his executors, on the 1st of MAY, and following Days; To be viewed three days previous to the sale, when Catalogues, at One Shilling for each Part, may be had. The curious, very rare, and very precious WINES in the Cellars at HODNET HALL, will be sold at a later period of the season.

COLLECTION OF MODERN WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, OF THE LATE G. F. ROBINSON, ESQ. By Messrs. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and CHRISTIE, at their Great Room, King street, St. James's square, on WEDNESDAY, APRIL the 26th, and following day, at One o'clock precisely, (by order of the Executors.)

THE VERY VALUABLE COLLECTION OF MODERN WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS of that distinguished Artist, GEORGE FENNEL ROBINSON, Esq., deceased, comprising some grand Drawings and beautiful productions of his own Pencil, from Views taken in some of the most romantic parts of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, framed and glazed, and in 100 Portfolios. A beautiful Collection of Drawings to illustrate Shakespeare, by J. M. Wright. Illustrations to Don Quixote, by the same, and a Collection of capital Specimens of the following Artists:—

Hearne	Richter	Orbail	P. Williams
P. Sandby	Prout	Hood	Pratt
Girtin	J. Varley	Holland	Widd
Dandy, R.A.	C. Fielding	Turner	Pinch
Barrett	Harding	Boye	Moss Byrne
De Wit	Cattergole	A. Varley	Barthol
Steedell	Cox	Evans	C. Varley
Hills	Crisman	Byrne	

Also, a very spirited Group of Wild Horses, in plaster, by Lough; some Frames and Glasses, and a few Blank Sepia-Burns, &c.

Catalogues may be had; and the Collection may be viewed on the Monday and Tuesday preceding the Sale.

PRIVATE COLLECTION OF THE LATE GEO. COOKE, ESQ. DECEASED. Messrs. CHRISTIE, MANSON, and CHRISTIE, respectfully inform the Collectors and Public, that on WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, and following days, they will SELL BY AUCTION, by order of the Executors, the

PRIVATE COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS, by Modern Artists, and some by Old Masters; selected Proofs from his own and other modern publications; and a valuable and interesting assemblage of Autographs, &c. of the late George Cooke, Esq. of Barnes.—Further particulars will be given.

THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, and SKETCHES, by the late R. P. BONINGTON, is NOW OPEN to the Public, at 200, Regent street. This interesting Collection contains the greater part of his finest Productions, and altogether comprehends Three Hundred and Fifty different Subjects, many of which are entirely new to the Public. Open from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

GRAND EXHIBITION.—NATIONAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, Adelphi-street, and Lower Arcade, Strand.—This interesting source of AMUSEMENT and instruction open daily, from 10 o'clock. Admission, One Shilling.

PANTHEON.—SALOON OF FINE ARTS

for the EXHIBITION and SALE, by Private Contract, of SCULPTURE, PAINTINGS in OIL and WATER-COLOURS, and all Works connected with the FINE ARTS, Ancient and Modern. Proprietors and Artists intending to favour the establishment with Works for Exhibition or Sale, are requested to transmit them between the 1st and 20th Inst., preparatory to the opening of the several Departments for business, on or about the 1st May inst. The Terms and Regulations may be obtained at the Office, or on application by letter (post free), addressed to the Manager, Pantheon.

Artists, Proprietors, and Artists are invited previously to inspect the saloons, in which they will be admitted any day 5 o'clock excepted; in the 15th Inst. inclusive, between 12 and 5 o'clock, on presenting their card at the front Entrance in Oxford street. Works are brought in the front Entrance between 7 o'clock in the Morning and 4 in the Afternoon. N.B. Notices of Works in the Fine Arts will be exhibited.



## NEW WORK BY SILVIO PELLICO.

## THE DUTIES OF MEN.

In the press.  
By the Author of 'My Two Years' Imprisonment.' With a Life of Pellico, embodying the 'Additions,' by his fellow-captive, Mazzini. Embellished with a highly-finished Portrait of the Author on steel, and a View of the Castle of Spielberg. From the Italian.

Author of 'The Lovers' Journal.'—Price 5s.  
Messrs. Longman and Co.; Richer and Co.; and to be had of all Booksellers.

## FRASER'S MAGAZINE, No. LII.,

For APRIL, 1834, price 2s. 6d. contains:  
1. Church Rates and Tithes, and the Alliance between Church and State.—2. The Dissenters' Marriage-Bill.—3. Admission of Dissenters to the Universities.—4. Church and State in America.—5. The Church: the Church of England!—6. Cunningham's 'Life of Burns.'—7. Bachelors.—8. The Dead Alive.—9. Marco's Notes found by the Materials, the Quenches, and the Cranes.—10. Gallery of Literary Characters. Nos. XLVIII. The Lays of the Unwakened.—11. Saver's Remarks. Conclusion of Book II.—12. A Dozen of Novels.—13. Father Frost's Apology for Lent.—14. Intelligence from Birmingham.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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[J. TOLME, YORK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*The Life and Correspondence of Henry Salt, Esq. F.R.S.* By J. J. Halls, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

HAVING received only a portion of this work, we defer pronouncing any opinion upon its merits, the more especially as the biographer in a great part of the first volume could do little more than abridge narratives previously published by Mr. Salt himself. The particulars of Mr. Salt's early life are few, and devoid of interest; he was designed by his parents for the profession of portrait painting, and they made the blunder of placing him under an artist who painted only landscapes. This disadvantage he was never able to surmount, and he therefore availed himself of an introduction to Lord Valentia, now Earl of Mountnorris, to offer his services as secretary and draughtsman to that nobleman, during his travels in the East. Projects of extensive tours were rarely formed in the beginning of the present century, and hence Lord Valentia's plans for exploring the eastern countries of Africa engrossed a considerable share of the public attention. Such a connexion was, consequently, desirable for a man of ordinary spirit and talents; but to one who, like Salt, possessed an uncommon share of both, it was the most fortunate event that could have happened. Salt visited India with his Lordship, and accompanied him in a voyage to the Red Sea. The design of the travellers was to open a communication with Abyssinia, through the territories of the Ras of Tigré. It seems that the first voyage was frustrated by the obstinacy of the captain of the *Antelope*, who had been placed under Lord Valentia's orders by the government of Bombay. A second time the travellers proceeded to the Abyssinian coast. Leaving Lord Valentia at Mocha, Mr. Salt crossed the sea to Massowah, on a mission to the Ras of Tigré, and encountered numberless difficulties before he was permitted to commence his journey into the interior. Unpromising as was this commencement, it scarcely prepared Mr. Salt for what followed: his guards were robbers, anxious to pick a quarrel that they might have a pretext for plunder; the chiefs in the neighbourhood marked him as their prey, and even those who were contented with a trifling tribute, were ready to take fire at an imaginary slight, and give full scope to their wild passions. The following incident shows the dangers to which travellers are exposed in a savage country, even when every precaution has been taken to avoid giving offence:—

"The road, which had gradually risen from Arkerko, now began to ascend rapidly as they approached Assulá. Here they purchased a cow, to serve as provision for their followers in the ascent of Taranta, and in a short time reached the foot of that mountain. The ground now becoming too rugged for the camels, it became necessary to seek some other mode of

conveying the baggage to Dixan: an attempt to procure bullocks from the Hazorta tribes for this purpose, was unsuccessful; but a bargain was at length made with some men and boys to carry the baggage on their shoulders. While this affair was arranging, a chief of consequence among the Hazorta had demanded some tobacco and coffee, for allowing the party to pass the mountain, which request not being mentioned directly to Mr. Salt, the chief fancied himself slighted, and rising in a violent passion, seized his arms, and rushed down the hill, followed by his attendants. Mr. Salt being informed of the matter, sent after him, explained the circumstance, and gave him the trifling articles he required. This put him again in good humour, and in the evening the Hazorta all returned, bringing with them an old man, who, raising his garment on a spear, requested silence, and made the following harangue:—

"Be it known to all, that these people who are passing are great men, friends of the Nayib of Massowah, friends of the Sultaun of Habesh, friends of the Ras Welled Selassé, and friends of Baharnegash Yasou. We have received and eaten of their meat, drank of their coffee, and partaken of their tobacco, and are therefore their friends: let no man dare molest them."

Through the influence of the Ras, to whom Mr. Salt appears to have been a welcome visitor, permission was obtained for a visit to the ruins of Axum, and the account which our traveller gave of this celebrated place laid the foundation of a controversy to which we unfortunately shall have too many occasions to refer:—

"His drawing and description of the church at Axum gives a much higher idea of its consequence, for an Abyssinian structure, than we should be led to expect from Mr. Bruce's account of it. His view also of the celebrated obelisk differs so materially in appearance from the one given by the former gentleman, that it is difficult to imagine them representations of the same object. Great discrepancies are likewise observable in the respective accounts given of Axum by the two travellers: but, as it is probable that before long the authenticity of one of them will be fully established, it can answer no good purpose in this place to enter into a discussion which has already, in some quarters, called forth no very creditable specimens of literary cavilling."

After an absence of four years and upwards, Mr. Salt returned to England, and so pleased were the government with his report, that he was employed to re-visit Abyssinia in a public capacity. He encountered many difficulties in accomplishing his object of a visit to the Ras, but his further design, of penetrating to the Abyssinian capital, was found to be impracticable. The presents were, however, entrusted to the Ras of Tigré, and a letter obtained from the Abyssinian monarch addressed to George III. On his return to the coast, Mr. Salt fell in with some hippopotami; we extract the account he gives of these extraordinary animals:—

"After the party had proceeded a short distance, several of these animals were observed, when Mr. Salt and his companions took off part of their clothes and crossed the river with their

guns, in order to get a more secure and convenient place to attack them than the eastern bank afforded. The stream at this time was about fifty yards across, and the ford nearly three feet deep. The current ran moderately, though both sides of its bed bore evident marks of the tremendous torrents which pour down in the rainy season. Having found a place adapted to their purpose, they stationed themselves on a high overhanging rock, commanding the depth below, and soon saw one of the animals rise to the surface, at about twenty yards distance, lifting its enormous head out of the water and snorting violently. At this instant three of the party discharged their guns, the contents of which appeared to strike its forehead, when it turned its head round, made a plunge, and sank down to the bottom, uttering a noise between a grunt and a roar.

"At first they supposed they had either killed or seriously wounded the creature, but they soon found that a hippopotamus is not so easily dispatched, as in a short time it rose again, with some caution, close to the spot where it had before appeared. They again discharged their pieces, but with as little effect as at the first shot, and though some of the party continued firing at each hippopotamus as fast as it came to the surface, it seems doubtful whether the least impression was made upon any one of the number. This could only be attributable to leaden balls having been used, which were too soft to enter the impenetrable skulls of these creatures, the marksmen repeatedly observing the balls strike against the heads of the animals. Towards the afternoon, however, they began to grow more wary, merely thrusting their nostrils above the stream, breathing hard, and spouting up the water. They seemed to be unable to remain more than six minutes under the river without rising for the purpose of respiration, and it was curious to view the ease with which they quietly dropped to the bottom, for, the river being very clear, they could be distinctly seen as low as twenty feet beneath the surface. The size of these animals did not appear to exceed sixteen feet in length, and their colour was a dusky brown, like that of the elephant."

After his return to Europe, Mr. Salt was commanded by the Marquis Wellesley to recommend some person competent to translate the Ethiopic letter of the Abyssinian king; he nominated the Rev. Mr. Murray, the editor of Bruce's Travels, and from this circumstance a correspondence arose between Messrs. Murray and Salt, which must for ever decide what has been called the Bruce controversy.

Most of our readers will remember the clamour raised by Bruce's friends on the appearance of Lord Valentia's Travels, when it was found that his Lordship, in terms more uncourteous than was necessary or desirable, had charged Bruce with intentional falsehood. Many Scotchmen seemed resolved to make it a national quarrel, and the press teemed with sneers at Lord Valentia, and depreciating attacks on Salt. More recently, Major Head, in the Life of Bruce, written for the 'Family Library,' and Mr. A. St. John, in his 'Biographies of celebrated Travellers,' have thrown down the gauntlet in behalf of

Bruce, and treated Salt with an affected contempt which was rather unbecoming. Bruce's editor must, on all hands, be admitted as a competent witness, and it will be seen in the first instance that he objects not so much to the matter as the manner of Lord Valentia's charges:—

"As an editor of Bruce, I have paid great attention to the charges made against him in the *Travels* by your friend the Viscount. Before I proceed farther, I may hint that Lord Valentia has rather displayed a kind of ostentatious and triumphant pride in conquering Bruce, which resembles that species of glory which the Abyssinian soldiers show when they brandish their spears over the head of the Ran, and throw down the trophies taken from the enemy. Now this is not good. It makes ignorant people think that Bruce had no merit. It hurts Lord Valentia in the minds of thinking people, who smile at his victory over Bruce, whom he treats as a foe ever to be distrusted; inhuman, false, and worthy of all punishment. . . . I look with much more pleasure to your own mode of confuting Mr. Bruce. You put down hard facts and proclaim no victory."

Malcolm Laing, who had quite a passion for the unpatriotic task of overthrowing national idols, intended at one time to demolish Bruce as he had demolished Macpherson; Mr. Murray does not state the reasons that induced him to abandon the intention, but it is manifest from the letters before us that Mr. Murray hesitated about permitting the MSS. entrusted to him as editor, to be used for the confutation of the Scottish traveller. Mr. Murray's own account of Bruce's works, though very cautiously worded, decides the question with respect to their authority:—

"The writer in the *Monthly Magazine*, December 1807, quoted by Viscount Valentia, vol. iii. p. 263, is Malcolm Laing, Esq. M.P. for Orkney, the well-known author of the *History of Scotland*, a gentleman of the first abilities as a philosopher and historian. While I was editing Bruce in 1804-5, and he was engaged in publishing his detection of Macpherson, in the business of Ossian, we had several conversations on the general and particular merits of Bruce's *Travels*. He saw several inconsistencies in them which required explanation. I mentioned to him that Bruce certainly was not infallible in many respects; that though his book was valuable and curious, he had made it up very carelessly, and above all had indulged in a vein of romance, on some occasions, which debased the intrinsic merits of his performance. That, as I was appointed by his family and my friends to examine his papers, it could not be expected that I should write a commentary of the most disagreeable kind on the work; that, however, I did not judge it to be for the interests of truth and science to conceal absolutely the defects of a celebrated book. As I had perused the *Journals* with attention, I saw a variety of things stated in the book with too little regard to fact."

"I privately mentioned the principal of these to Mr. Laing, and I believe he once thought of reviewing Bruce; an intention which he afterwards abandoned, but sent his remarks without his name to the magazine. I might add to these remarks, if it were consistent with that delicacy which I owe to the feelings of Mr. Bruce's friends, I mean his relations, some of whom would think it mean in me to expose, however justly, his memory, which I certainly respect. I have that opinion of your candour to believe that a refutation of Bruce's narrative, in any part whatever, would not lead you to parade your own discoveries, so much as it would

prompt you to enlarge, by native industry and adventure, the bounds of true knowledge. You have already extended them."

It is scarcely necessary to add any confirmation to this simple statement, but, as specific charges are always stronger than general ones, we quote Mr. Murray's excuse for not correcting the errors in Bruce's account of the Portuguese embassy:—

"The cause was, that I was weary of tracing errors in a second-hand narrative, drawn from sources that might be consulted by themselves. Above all, the perpetual tenor of correction, which Mr. Bruce's theories and narratives seemed to require, appeared to me to be a task of too great extent for the foot of a page, and more likely to prejudice than instruct the reader. In the edition that is now going forward, which is almost a reprint, I have given from the journals a view of his real travels in Egypt and Abyssinia. This is sufficiently adventurous in any editor. The voyage to the Emerald Isle, to the N.E. of the Red Sea, and that to Babel-mandeb, do not appear in these journals, and the dates are quite contrary to their existence."

With this decisive testimony Mr. Halls should have rested content, and not imitated conduct which he justly censures. His note on Major Head and Mr. St. John, is offensive to good taste, and, besides, weakens rather than strengthens his argument. These gentlemen were perhaps blinded by the unquestionable merits of Bruce, and felt a natural partiality for a traveller with whose enterprising spirit they had much in common; and they certainly could not have known the facts now revealed for the first time by the publication of this correspondence.

Bruce brought home some MSS. of the *Ethiopic Scriptures*, a loan of which was requested by the Bible Society, when that body meditated the publication of an edition of the Bible for the use of the Abyssinian church. We are unwilling to make any observations on this subject, because they may give pain; we shall only say that in this, as in many other instances, the possessors of these manuscripts lost the best opportunity of selling them with advantage, for had they been lent to the Bible Society, their existence would have been made known to the learned of Europe, and the chances of their sale consequently increased.

*National Lyrics, and Songs for Music.* By Felicia Hemans. Dublin: Curry, jun. & Co.; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

THOUGH there are few subjects more tempting than a book of songs, whereon to expatiate—some of them, too, written for music—the present is one of the cases wherein we must put a bridle upon our inclinations. We have so lately expressed our opinion of Mrs. Hemans, that to speak of her talents here would seem like the empty repetition of compliment; and, as regards the union of poetry with music generally, we feel that we have so much to say, that we must postpone the matter altogether, to a time when we have no book before us which has so good a right to speak (or sing) for itself, as this collection of lyrics. We have not forgotten the delight with which we ran through Barry Cornwall's '*English Songs*'—so fresh—so fanciful—so manly—and yet so musical: this graceful book is as essentially womanly, as his was of the stronger sex—full of ten-

derness, full of delicate imagery, and a sweetness, which, while it "enchants the ear," never cloyes it—with, ever and anon, an outbreak of that picturesque chivalrous spirit, which, alas for the world! hath nearly departed from it.

The greater part of these poems have already appeared in print, and we shall select for extract, those with which we think our readers will be least familiar. The first we give, is not adapted for music—but we know not where we should find anything much more perfect of its kind, than the picture contained in the second and third stanzas:—

*And I too in Arcadia.*

A celebrated picture of *Primula* represents a band of shepherd youths and maidens suddenly checked in their wanderings, and affected with various emotions by the sight of a tomb which bears the inscription, "Et in Arcadia ego."

They have wandered in their glues  
With the butterfly and bee;  
They have climb'd o'er heathery swells,  
They have wound thro' forest-dells;  
Mountain moss hath felt their tread,  
Woodland streams their way have led;  
Flowers, in deepest shadowy nooks,  
Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,  
Unto them have yielded up  
Fragrant bell and starry cup;  
Chaplets are on every brow—  
—What hath stayed the wanderer now?  
Lo! a grey and rustic tomb,  
Bowered amidst the rich wood-gloom;  
Whence these words their stricken spirits melt,  
—"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

There is many a summer sound  
That pale sepulchre around;  
Thro' the shade young birds are glancing,  
Insect wings in sun streaks dancing;  
Glimpses of blue festal skies  
Flinging in when soft winds rise;  
Violets o'er the turf below  
Shedding out their warmest glow;  
Yet a spirit not its own  
O'er the greenwood now is thrown!  
Something of an under-note  
Thro' its music seems to float,  
Something of a stillness grey  
Creeps across the laughing day:  
Something, dimly from those old words felt,  
—"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

Was some gentle kindred maid  
In that grave with dirges laid?  
Some fair creature, with the tone  
Of whose voice a joy is gone,  
Leaving melody and mirth  
Poorer on this altered earth?  
Is it thus that so they stand,  
Dropping flowers from every hand?  
Flowers, and lyres, and gathered store  
Of red wild-fruit prized no more?  
—No! from that bright band of morn,  
Not one link hath yet been torn;  
'Tis the shadow of the tomb  
Falling o'er the summer bloom,  
O'er the flush of love and life  
Passing with a sudden strife;  
'Tis the low prophetic breath  
Murmuring from that house of death,  
Whence faint whisper thus their hearts can melt,  
—"I too, Shepherds! in Arcadia dwelt."

Another, '*The Summer's Call*' is no less beautiful—we can only make room for some of the verses:—

Come away! the sunny hours  
Woo thee far to forests and bowers!  
O'er the very waters now,  
In their play,  
Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—  
Come away!  
Where the lily's tender gleam  
Quivers on the glancing stream—  
Come away!

All the air is filled with sound,  
Soft, and sultry, and profound;  
Murmurs through the shadowy grass  
Lightly stray;  
Faint winds whisper as they pass—  
Come away!  
Where the bee's deep music swells  
From the trembling fox-glove bells—  
Come away!

Now each tree by summer crowned,  
Sheds its own rich twilight round;  
Glancing there from sun to shade,  
Bright wings play;

There the deer its couch hath made—  
Come away!  
Where the smooth leaves of the lime  
Glisten in their honey-time—  
Come away—away!

The next—'Good Night,'—we believe is now printed for the first time. We have an especial kindness for it, as we know and love the melody (one of Eisenhofer's) for which it was written:—

Day is past!  
Stars have set their watch at last,  
Founts that thro' the deep woods flow  
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,  
Flowers have shut with fading light—  
Good night!

Go to rest!  
Sleep as dove-like on thy breast!  
If within that secret cell  
One dark form of memory dwell,  
Be it mantled from thy sight—  
Good night!

Joy be thine!  
Kind looks o'er thy slumbers shine!  
Go, and in the spirit-land  
Meet thy home's long parted band,  
Be their eyes all love and light—  
Good night!

Peace to all!  
Dreams of heaven on mourners fall!  
Exile! o'er thy couch may gleams  
Pass from thine own mountain streams;  
Bard! away to worlds more bright—  
Good night!

Two more we must give, and with them conclude our notice—the first is a true "Song of the Affections," the second no less excellent in another manner:—

*If thou hast crushed a Flower.*

If thou hast crushed a flower,  
The root may not be blighted;  
If thou hast quenched a lamp,  
Once more it may be lighted:  
But on thy harp or on thy lute,  
The string which thou hast broken,  
Shall never in sweet sound again  
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird,  
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,  
Still, still he may be won  
From the skies to warble near thee:  
But if upon the troubled sea  
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,  
Hope not that wind or wave will bring  
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,  
The summer's breath is healing,  
And its clusters yet may glow,  
Through the leaves their bloom revealing:  
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown  
With a bright draught filled—oh! never  
Shall earth give back that lavished wealth  
To cool thy parched lip's fever!

The heart is like that cup.  
If thou waste the love it here thee:  
And like that jewel gone,  
Which the deep will not restore thee;  
And like that strain of harp or lute  
Whence the sweet sound is scattered:—  
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords,  
So soon for ever shattered!

*By a Mountain Stream at Rest.*

By a mountain stream at rest,  
We found the warrior lying,  
And around his noble breast  
A banner, clasp'd in dying;  
Dark and still,  
Was every hill,  
And the winds of night were sighing.  
Last of his noble race,  
To a lonely bed we bore him;  
Twas a green, still, sequestered place  
Where the mountain bench waves o'er him.  
Woods alone  
Seem to moan,  
Wild streams to deplore him.

Yet, from festive hall and lay  
Our sad thoughts oft are flying,  
To those dark hills far away,  
Where in death we found him lying;  
On his breast  
A banner press'd,  
And the night-wind o'er him sighing.

*A Discourse on the Studies of the University.*  
By Adam Sedgwick, M.A., F.R.S. &c.,  
Woodwardian Professor, and Fellow of  
Trin. Col. Cambridge. Cambridge: Deigh-  
ton; London, Parker.

DAYS there were when it was considered an argument against the utility of learning to a clergyman, to say, that God had no need of man's knowledge for the working out his wondrous ways; and our readers may, perhaps, recollect Dr. South's quaint reply—"Then has he less need of man's ignorance." Days, too, there were, when an inquiry into the laws of nature was denounced as an impious attempt at unveiling what it was not intended man should know, and when the successful result of such inquiries was stigmatized as heresy, and their author punished as an infidel. The same spirit still survives; it is not dead, but sleepeth; and occasional demonstrations of its existence may be traced in the works of men who overlook the aim and end of Revelation, torture the book of life out of its proper meaning, and strangely contrive to bring about a collision between natural phenomena and the word of God. As a reply to their mischievous follies, Mr. Sedgwick has drawn up his present discourse on the studies of the University, in which he shows, with a clearness that does honour to the philosopher, and a piety that well becomes the divine, the differences between the foundations of our physical knowledge and our religious belief—the total independence of the truths of the former on the doctrines of the latter, yet the manifold and singular confirmations they lend to these doctrines, at least as far as regards the points which might have been known to man without the aid of Revelation.

"The credibility of our religion depends on evidence, internal and external. Its internal evidence is seen in the coherence of its design from its first dawning to the fulness of its glorious light—in its purity and moral dignity—in its exalted motives fitted to call forth man's highest moral and intellectual energies—in its suitability to his wants and weakness—in its laying bare the inner movements of his heart—in its declarations of the reality of a future state, and of other truths most important for him to know, yet of which he has but a faint and insufficient knowledge from the light of nature. Its external evidence mingles itself in a thousand ways with the internal; but finally resolves itself into the strength of human testimony, proving that God has at many times made a visible manifestation of his power on earth; promulgating among mankind a rule of life, enforcing it by the terror of penal sanctions, and confirming it by miracles publicly wrought in attestation of its truth. Physical science, on the contrary, derives no support from internal evidence or external testimony; but it is based on experiment alone, is perfected by induction, and is drawn out into propositions by a rational logic of its own. To confound the ground-works of philosophy and religion is to ruin the superstructure of both; for the bases on which they stand, as well as their design, are absolutely separate; and we may assume it as an incontrovertible truth, that the inductions of philosophy can be no more proved by the words of revelation, than the doctrines of Christianity can be established by the investigations of natural science."

This is eloquent and unanswerable: the application of the argument to geology, perhaps one of the most frequently attacked of

the natural sciences, bespeaks the hand of a master:

"The Bible instructs us that man, and other living things, have been placed but a few years upon the earth; and the physical monuments of the world bear witness to the same truth. If the astronomer tells us of myriads of worlds not spoken of in the sacred records; the geologist in like manner proves (not by arguments from analogy, but by the incontrovertible evidence of physical phenomena) that there were former conditions of our planet, separated from each other by vast intervals of time, during which man, and the other creatures of his own date, had not been called into being. Periods such as these belong not, therefore, to the moral history of our race; and come neither within the letter nor the spirit of revelation. Between the first creation of the earth and that day in which it pleased God to place man upon it, who shall dare to define the interval? On this question scripture is silent: but that silence destroys not the meaning of those physical monuments of his power that God has put before our eyes; giving us at the same time facilities whereby we may interpret them and comprehend their meaning.

"In the present condition of our knowledge, a statement like this is surely enough to satisfy the reasonable scruples of a religious man. But let us, for a moment, suppose that there are some religious difficulties in the conclusions of Geology. How then are we to solve them? Not by making a world after a pattern of our own—not by shifting and shuffling the solid strata of the earth, and then dealing them out in such a way as to play the game of an ignorant or dishonest hypothesis—not by shutting our eyes to facts, or denying the evidence of our senses: but by patient investigation, carried on in the sincere love of truth, and by learning to reject every consequence not warranted by direct physical evidence. Pursued in this spirit, Geology can neither lead to any false conclusions, nor offend against any religious truth. And this is the spirit with which many men have of late years followed this delightful science—devoting the best labours of their lives to its cultivation—turning over the successive leaves of nature's book, and interpreting her language, which they know to be a physical revelation of God's will—patiently working their way through investigations requiring much toil both of mind and body—accepting hypothesis only as a means of connecting disjointed phenomena, and rejecting them when they become unfitted for that office, so as in the end to build only upon facts and true natural causes—All this they have done, and are still doing; so that however unfinished may be the fabric they have attempted to rear, its foundations are laid upon a rock: and cannot be shaken, except by the arm of that Being who created the heaven and the earth—who gave laws to the material world, and still ordains them to continue what they are."

As we have fallen upon this science, let us follow out the inductions to which it leads, and see how far, in place of subverting, they strengthen and aid the proofs of natural religion:—

"By the discoveries of a new science (the very name of which has been but a few years engrafted on our language), we learn that the manifestations of God's power on the earth have not been limited to the few thousand years of man's existence. The Geologist tells us, by the clearest interpretation of the phenomena which his labours have brought to light, that our globe has been subject to vast physical revolutions. He counts his time not by celestial cycles, but by an index he has found in the solid framework of the globe itself. He sees a long succession of monuments, each of which



may have required a thousand ages for its elaboration. He arranges them in chronological order; observes on them the marks of skill and wisdom, and finds within them the tombs of the ancient inhabitants of the earth. He finds strange and unlooked-for changes in the forms and fashions of organic life during each of the long periods he thus contemplates. He traces these changes backwards through each successive era, till he reaches a time when the monuments lose all symmetry, and the types of organic life are no longer seen. He has then entered on the dark age of nature's history; and he closes the old chapter of her records.—This account has so much of what is exactly true, that it hardly deserves the name of figurative description.

"Geology, like every other science when well interpreted, lends its aid to natural religion. It tells us, out of its own records, that man has been but a few years a dweller on the earth; for the traces of himself and of his works are confined to the last monuments of its history. Independently of every written testimony, we therefore believe that man, with all his powers and appetencies, his marvellous structure and his fitness for the world around him, was called into being within a few thousand years of the days in which we live—not by a transmutation of species, (a theory no better than a frenzied dream,) but by a provident contriving power. And thus we at once remove a stumbling block, thrown in our way by those who would rid themselves of a prescient first cause, by trying to resolve all phenomena into a succession of constant material actions, ascending into an eternity of past time.

"But this is not the only way in which Geology gives its aid to natural religion. It proves that a pervading intelligent principle has manifested its power during times long anterior to the records of our existence. It adds to the great cumulative argument derived from the forms of animated nature, by shewing us new and unlooked-for instances of organic structure adjusted to an end, and that end accomplished. It tells us that God has not created the world and left it to itself, remaining ever after a quiescent spectator of his own work: for it puts before our eyes the certain proofs, that during successive periods there have been, not only great changes in the external conditions of the earth, but corresponding changes in organic life; and that in every such instance of change, the new organs, as far as we can comprehend their use, were exactly suited to the functions of the beings they were given to. It shews intelligent power not only contriving means adapted to an end: but at many successive times contriving a change of mechanism adapted to a change of external conditions; and thus affords a proof, peculiarly its own, that the great first cause continues a provident and active intelligence."

In this manner, clear, beautiful, and convincing, does Professor Sedgwick unfold his views regarding the objects and uses of the physical sciences; nor is he less admirable when speaking of the pursuit of languages, or the cultivation of the several branches of mental philosophy. But into these divisions of the subject we must, with whatever reluctance, decline following him. In fact, the extreme popularity of the work, which has already run it to a third edition, before we could secure a copy, and which, we have little doubt, will run it to as many more, in some measure exonerates us from the duty of multiplying extracts. One, however, we shall give, marked by the strong common sense and practical importance of the views which it contains, and shall then conclude, offering

our warmest thanks to Professor Sedgwick for having undertaken a task which we consider of equal importance to religion and philosophy, and the execution of which has awakened in us trains of thought and feeling that recall the vivid pleasure with which we first perused the pages of his great predecessor Ray, or the intense delight with which we half started forward to receive the conviction that seemed flashed on our minds by the irresistible demonstrations of him whom we still consider "the unrivalled" Paley.

"I think it incontestably true, that for the last fifty years our classical studies (with much to demand our undivided praise) have been too critical and formal; and that we have sometimes been taught, while straining after an accuracy beyond our reach, to value the husk more than the fruit of ancient learning: and if of late years our younger members have sometimes written prose Greek almost with the purity of Xenophon, or composed iambics in the finished diction of the Attic poets, we may well doubt whether time suffices for such perfection—whether the imagination and the taste might not be more wisely cultivated than by a long sacrifice to what, after all, ends but in verbal imitations—in short, whether such acquisitions, however beautiful in themselves, are not gained at the expense of something better. This at least is true, that he who forgets that language is but the sign and vehicle of thought, and while studying the word, knows little of the sentiment—who learns the measure, the garb, and fashion of ancient song, without looking to its living soul or feeling its inspiration—is not one jot better than a traveller in classic land, who sees its crumbling temples, and numbers, with arithmetical precision, their steps and pillars, but thinks not of their beauty, their design, or the living sculptures on their walls—or who counts the stones in the Appian way instead of gazing on the monuments of the 'eternal city.'"

"The classical writers did not cultivate the imagination only; but they saw deep into the springs of human thought and action: and rightly apprehending the capacities of man and their bearing on social life, they laid the foundation of their moral systems in the principles and feelings of our nature, and built thereon a noble superstructure. Should any one object to these ancient systems (as Paley and many other writers have done), and tell us that they are obscure, indefinite, and without sanction: we might reply, that in every question, even of physical science, we take but a few steps towards a first cause, before we are arrested by a boundary we cannot pass—before we are encompassed with a darkness no eye can penetrate:—that in moral questions (founded, not on the properties of material agents, which we can examine and sift, again and again, by new experiments, but on the qualities of rational and responsible beings), still narrower is the limitation of our inquiries. To suppose that we can reason up to a first cause in moral questions—that we can reach some simple principle, whence we may descend with logical precision to all the complicated duties of a social being: is to misapprehend the nature of our faculties, and utterly to mistake the relation we bear both to God and man. Such a system may delight us by its clearness, and flatter our pride because it appears, at once, to bring all our duties within our narrow grasp: but it is clear only because it is shallow; while a better system may seem darker, only because it is more profound."

We cannot close our notice of this work without reiterating our high admiration of its merits.

*Mémoires Biographiques, Littéraires et Politiques, de Mirabeau, écrits par lui-même, par son Père, son Oncle, et son Fils adoptif*—[*Biographical Memoirs, Literary and Political, of Mirabeau, written by himself, his Father, his Uncle, and his adopted Son.*] Vols. I. & II. Paris. London: Dulau & Co.

THE history of the French Revolution has been well written, but, unfortunately, too soon. A host of memoirs are yet destined to see the light, which must all make new discoveries, disclose new facts, and greatly modify the characters of persons and the colour of events. We should have imagined that conversation alone would have supplied French historians with just and new views; but the veterans of the day are chary of betraying secrets except to that MS. which is to be the record of their life and acts. Thus, of all the historians who have written on the revolution, not one has been able to explain the cause of the Duke of Orleans' forced journey to England in 1789. Lafayette's memoirs assuredly contain the secret, and we must wait for these. Mirabeau's papers, known to be in the possession of his adopted son, were looked to as another treasure, one day to be given to the world. But M. Lucas Montigny hesitated, from the revelation which the publication would make, and the scandal it would excite. However, there was a noble cotemporary of Mirabeau's, the Prince d'Arenberg, who was in all the revolutionary secrets and society of the time, who afterwards quarrelled, like Burke, with liberal opinions, and who recorded his experience and opinions of the men, and the events, in letters and writings, said to be most piquant and severe. M. d'Arenberg died lately, ordering by will that his papers should be published. They are now in course of printing at Brussels. Hearing of this publication as about to take place, M. Lucas Montigny determined to hesitate no longer in publishing the memoirs and papers of Mirabeau, knowing that whatever he might withhold, would soon be disclosed, and by a partial hand, in the memoirs of D'Arenberg. The public accordingly has been presented with two volumes of these genuine memoirs.

The first volume is almost exclusively occupied with an account of his ancestors, by Mirabeau himself. They are interesting, more especially the adventures of the Marquis John Anthony, an intrepid officer attached to the Duke of Vendôme. This account traces the family from Italy to its settlement in Provence, and its rise as a great commercial family at Marseilles. Notwithstanding their traffic, the merchants of the name of Mirabeau prided themselves on their noblesse; and one of them, who was consul, or mercantile magistrate, of the town, having been afterwards reproached as a *marchand* by a bishop, replied, that "he had been a *marchand* of police," (i. e. had administered justice,) "as the bishop was a *marchand* of holy water." Of this portion of the memoirs we shall translate but the following anecdote:—

Whilst passing the soldiers in review, my grandfather remarked one who held his firelock awkwardly upon his shoulder. He was about to reprimand him, when the major at his side observed, "You shall know the cause by and by."

They passed on, and the major afterwards related the following anecdote: "The regiment was at Saar-Louis, and the rigid rule of a garrison was then, as it still is, that no one should be found sword in hand, under penalty of having the hand amputated. It was the ill fortune of this man to find two of his comrades engaged in single combat; he ran towards them, and, drawing his sword (for the laws of honour forbid the separating of combatants but by the sword,) rushed in betwixt them. The guard came up at the instant, the combatants took flight, and the corporal, for such was the individual in question, was taken sword in hand, and conveyed to the guard-house. He related the adventure as it happened. A court martial was held, before which he frankly and simply repeated the truth. The court might have exercised mercy, but, as the price, it imperatively demanded the names of the individuals whose combat he had stopped, in order that they, at least, might not go unpunished. 'I do not deny that I know them,' said the unfortunate corporal, 'but I will not tell their names, nor put them in my place. Which of you would denounce a comrade? No; I have saved two soldiers for the king, and will continue to do so. I have become subject to the penalty, and will pay it. I ask only one favour—it is, that you will permit me to lose my left, instead of my right hand, that I may yet employ the latter in the king's service.' Alas! there is in the subaltern but too much of that servile spirit, which finds a glory in attaching itself to the letter of the ordonnance in all its rigour, and that dares not deviate in the least from that superstitious stiffness which costs vulgar minds so little to adhere to, especially when the rigour is exercised at the expense of others. This noble soldier was condemned, and returned thanks for being allowed to lose one hand instead of the other. On reaching the block, he said to the executioner, 'I have undergone this humiliation and these preparations for example's sake. In this consists the punishment; the rest is the king's order. I will execute it. It must be done by the hand of a soldier.' Get you away, and give me the axe.' He seized the axe as he spoke, and, with his right hand, at a blow, severed his left from the arm. This was the soldier who, at the review, was awkwardly shouldering his musket with his stump."

There is a vivid and remarkable account in this portion of the memoirs, of a defence of a bridge on the Adda, by the Duke of Vendôme, against Prince Eugène. The feat is remarkable, being so similar to those of Napoleon's army on the same river; but it is so differently fought, and so differently told, as to display most strongly the difference between Louis the Fourteenth's soldiers and Napoleon's.

But it is time to pass to Mirabeau. His father and uncle, the Marquis and the Bailli, were most inexhaustible letter-writers, and we may add, that the former, especially, was one of the best and most spirited letter-writers even in the epistolary land of France. From this correspondence has been extracted every detail of Mirabeau's birth, infancy and youth. The most remarkable characteristic of his youth was his ugliness—the immense size of his head, and the hideousness of his features, increased by a plaister imprudently placed on them, whilst in the putrid crisis of the small-pox. The Marquis compares him to Punch, and records his smart sayings, which were much in the style of Punch. The father detested the boy, and, throughout his education, showed chiefly an anxiety to have him continually and severely beaten. From school he sent him to a regiment, where he had the

imprudence to contract some gambling debts. Punishment instantly followed in the shape of exile from his regiment, and finally, in imprisonment under a *lettre de cachet*. Curtailed in his allowances, debt was inevitable to Mirabeau, whilst his father had but the one plan of visiting a fault—the whip for the boy, fetters and a prison so soon as he had reached the age of puberty. At length Mirabeau married, with his father's consent, an heiress, whose fortune he was not allowed to touch; an arrangement that inevitably augmented, instead of alleviating, his difficulties and debts. For these he was again confined to some distant town, where he thought fit to horsewhip a gentleman for insulting his sister. The old Marquis seized the pretext, and procured an order for immuring his son, first in the Chateau d'If, near Marseilles, and afterwards in the Chateau de Joux, on the Swiss frontier. Here, separated from his wife, from friends, from all hopes and enjoyments, Mirabeau won the affections, and flung himself into the arms of the Marquise de Mounier, the sixteen years-old wife of a sexagenarian. With her he fled to Holland; being condemned, in his absence, for this crime, to the penalty of decapitation, whilst the companion of his flight was at the same time condemned to perpetual seclusion. So much for the punishment inflicted upon minors in an age when the heads of families might be guilty, with impunity, of the greatest criminality and excess.

The old Marquis de Mirabeau depicts his own character: "Four days ago," writes he, "I met Monpezat, whom I had not seen for twenty years, whose absurdity drew from me a good reproof." "Your law-suit with your Marchioness, is it terminated?" asked he. "I have won it."—"Where is she?" "In a convent."—"And your son?" "In a convent."—"And your daughter?" "In a convent."—"Why, you have undertaken to people the convents."—"Aye, Sir, and if you had been my son, you had been in a convent long ago." The poor Marquis thinks he has the best of the argument here. The tyrannical acts of cruelty committed in his family, under the sanction of the government, are amply sufficient to neutralize in one's mind all the sympathy and horror previously felt at the sufferings of the French noblesse in the revolution. How fully the aristocrats earned their proscription, may be gathered from the 'Mémoires de Mirabeau.' We have not made many translations from these two first volumes, because their matter has already been, for the most part, given in the 'Lettres à Sophie,' found at Vincennes; and also for another reason, viz. that the letters of the old Marquis are utterly untranslatable, from force and *bizarrierie* of expression. We shall await the revelation concerning the political career of Mirabeau with impatience. These volumes still leave him immured at Vincennes.

*Recollections of a Naval Life.* By Capt. James Scott, R.N. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

We are never weary of any set of books so long as they bear the impress of original and individual character—so long as we find in them traces of having been written from the heart, and not by the yard. This is the case with the volumes before us;—they are not so racy or sparkling as some of their

naval predecessors, over whose pages we have positively suffered a sea-change—not so richly adorned with wild incident, or quaint delineation of character; but they are earnestly written, and contain the adventures of one whose career has been no playing at sailship.

Yet, ere we go further, we have it upon our consciences to enter a protest against the spirit which their pages display, far too frequently for our liking—we have left behind us (we hope, never to return to them,) the days when "we hated the French, because they were slaves, and wore wooden shoes," and cannot read so much concerning "John Crapaud," and "Brother Jonathan," as we find here, without regretting that, as words of reproach, these names have not been long ago forgotten; or, at all events, laid aside in this piping time of peace, when we are neither troubled with wars nor rumours of wars. Should we again meet our younger sister from the other side of the Atlantic on hostile terms, or have to look menacingly across the channel, from Dover to Calais, it will surely then be time enough to write these watchwords of derision upon our banners. At present, we are at peace, and it behoves us to keep it, in word as well as deed.

But the Captain is of the old school, and will neither thank us for our remarks, nor listen to our counsel, should he give us a second series of his Recollections. No matter, we have quieted our conscience, and can now turn to the pleasanter task of looking over his pages, to see what we shall extract for the entertainment of our readers. We have been tempted by the detail (very strikingly told,) of the sufferings of a crew, put on board a prize ship, to conduct her to Ceylon; but it is too long, and too saddening. We begin, then, almost at random, with an old anecdote of a flying fish, which will add to the stores of our friends the naturalists:—

"A singular occurrence took place while cruising here: a large fish, of the *baracouta* species, leaped over the lee-quarter, and, alighting upon the arm of the man at the lee-wheel, bit the poor fellow so severely as to lodge him in the doctor's list, for three weeks: it must have had its jaws open in this singular flight, and have closed them immediately upon finding itself in contact with the object first opposed to its further progress. It was secured, and paid the penalty of its aerial gambols and flagitious attack by being unanimously condemned to serve as a propitiatory offering at the Captain's table. A mesamate (for whom I still entertain a high regard, and whose destiny for many years linked itself with mine, long after the total dispersion of the jovial band of ardent spirits who set forward on the path of life together) was in the habit of introducing this strange event whenever anything of the marvellous was brought upon the tapis; the laugh of incredulity which generally followed was sure to rouse an appeal to me for the veracity of the story; I could only confirm the fact, and thereby drew upon myself a share of the good-humoured jokes that invariably followed my friend Dick's recital.—After a hearty Ha, ha, ha! at our expense, one wag would open out,

"'I say, Jemmy, where did this take place?'"

"'On the coast of Coronandel.'"

"'Oh, oh! you have rounded the cape, have you? I thought no. Very odd all these wonderful sort of affairs happen on the other side of the Cape.'"

Here is an extract touching Jack ashore, which shows the Captain in his lively vein:

"I remember once on going up by the mail, in 1807, from Devonport to London, we stopped to take up a passenger at a public house at Plymouth. He was a seaman who had just been discharged, through the intercession of his friends, from one of his Majesty's ships, then lying in the Sound, in consequence of his having tumbled unexpectedly into a property of five hundred a-year. Jack made his appearance in his new character of a gentleman, rigged out in his long tugs, evidently, if one might judge from the broad yawning in his countenance, trimmed a little too much by the head, surrounded by at least a dozen of his late ship-mates, to whom he had been giving a farewell treat; the plenitude of which might be plainly inferred from the unsteady motions and loving kindness displayed by them to their more fortunate messmate in taking leave of him, a process which sadly put the patience of both guard and coachman to the test. He had paid his six guineas for an inside place—the guard, tired with waiting, called out,

"Now, sir, get in, we can't wait a moment longer."

"Haven't I engaged my passage in this here craft?"

"Yes, but we are past our time, and we must be off—Come, get in, my good fellow."

"I say, Mr. Quarter-master, or whoever you are, do you fancy I am going to stow my carcass away in such a cramped up hold as that? No, no, I am for the upper deck!" and up he started on the roof of the coach. • • •

"It was noticed on changing horses at Ivy Bridge, (where he insisted upon treating all the hostlers and bystanders,) that the poor fellow had at least from sixty to seventy pounds about him: the gentlemen in the inside recommended the guard to take charge of his pocket-book for safety, which he willingly gave into his custody, on condition that he would give him a one-pound note. As night drew on the sailor's generosity had no means of finding objects upon which to vent itself: but after six o'clock in the morning, the pound note rapidly dwindled away, so that by the time we had passed Taunton the last shilling had been expended, and Jack's liberal feelings appeared to increase as the times of the various draughts he had quaffed mounted and took possession of his upper works. Another pound note was demanded, which the gentlemen strongly advised the guard not to supply; every method was resorted to for the purpose of persuading him to remain quiet, but all was to no effect.

"Give me my money, Mr. Guardo," exclaimed Jack.

"But, my good fellow, we have had quite enough to drink, we don't want any more."

"Who asked you for your opinion? give me the money!"

"No, no, I'll take care of it for you till we get to Bath, and then you shall have it."

"Hand over, you sharking land-lubber, or I'll bung up those top lights of yours. Clap a stopper upon your jaw tackle, and give me my money!" • • •

"He had no sooner got possession of it than he jumped down from the coach, swearing he would not sail another mile in company with such a set of privateersmen. It was folly to argue with him, and he was therefore left behind. Before we had reached the next stage, Jack had overtaken us in a chaise and four, waving his hat, with his body more than half out of the window, singing out at the full pitch of his voice,—

"Go along, you beggars!—make more sail you lubberly hounds, and catch me if you can."

We wish we had room for the account of the chase of *La Guerrière*; but it is told at length, and to take only a part of it, were to do injustice to the teller. The adventure of

the pursuit and capture of the brig *La Pyrale*, is also well told; the little anecdote with which it concludes, makes us half regret that she was taken:—

"The poor Frenchman, it appeared, did not perceive us till we were actually alongside of him, and the whistling of the shot between his masts dispelled his dreams of security. At the very moment they fell into our power, they were congratulating themselves upon their escape. On looking over a log-book belonging to one of the officers, in which his hopes and fears during the day had been carefully registered, I observed that at five o'clock, when the wind had fallen and the brig appeared to have rather gained upon us, the Frenchman had written down, 'Dieu merci, nous ne serons pas pris aujourd'hui. Adieu! Jean Boul—Adieu! ros bis!'"

In addition to the perils of the deep, Captain Scott proved the horrors of pestilence. His account of the yellow fever and his own sufferings under the malady, is most ghastly; but he recovered, and was presently called upon to share in the new adventures of the Martinique expedition. That these were no child's play, the following anecdote will prove—it is truly characteristic:—

"The admiration of the blue-jackets was greatly excited by the cool conduct of Captain Charles Smith of the Engineers, and the contempt of danger he at all times displayed. This officer was appointed to superintend the construction of the batteries to which the seamen were attached, and to direct their labours: we could not but admire his imperturbable equanimity. I felt highly amused at watching him one day eating his dinner. Descending from the parapet, where he had been exposed all the morning to a hot fire, he quietly seated himself upon the ground a little to the right of the battery, and, placing the plate upon his knees, began a vigorous attack upon the savoury viands. The second mouthful was on its way when a twenty-four pound shot grazed so close to him that it scattered the earth over himself and his dinner. The plate being cleared of this unwelcome condiment, he again set-to, in no way ruffled in temper or disposed to balk his appetite. A second ball played him the same malicious trick, when he got up and removed himself, his dinner, and his three bottles of porter, behind the parapet, and, once more settling his affairs, he exclaimed 'Now fire away and be d—d to you!' Five minutes had perhaps elapsed, when, as he was quaffing off a draught of porter, a shell fell in his rear, and, exploding, covered him with dirt, and buried the remains of his luckless dinner. I think I see him now rising and shaking the rubbish from his shoulders, his patience at length exhausted by the loss of his repast, and in irritated accents apostrophizing the inconsiderate Frenchmen with 'D—n your eyes, master Johnny, can't you let me have my dinner in peace?'"

We do not profess to give a sketch of Capt. Scott's career, in the course of which he was carried into all the four quarters of the globe. His adventures at Cadix are among the most interesting things in these volumes—there is a fearful account of the execution of a young nobleman, for treason; but we leave this, and, in our present mood, prefer extracting an account of some of the feats of a dog on board the *Myrtle*, who must have been a treasure for discretion and fidelity:

"A marine who had just joined the ship, and who was unacquainted with the excellent qualities of the dog, endeavoured while bathing to entice him from his station into the water; the noble animal paid no attention to his invitation. One of the crew told the marine, that if he swam

out of the sail, and would call out as if in distress, and suit the action to the word, Mr. Boatswain would certainly obey his summons. The marine took the hint, got out of the sail, and began to enact the part of a drowning man to perfection. The dog instantly sprang into the water, with his ears erect, his eyes flashing fire from intense anxiety; away he swam for the soldier, who, on the approach of his canine friend, began to have some misgivings as to the wisdom of his proceedings. He now became alarmed, lest the dog should seize him, which manœuvre Boatswain appeared resolved to execute: his fears increased with the dog's endeavours to effect his purpose; and finally, he roared out most lustily for help from his ship-mates. The louder the poor devil sang out, the more determined was the sagacious brute to seize him; and he very soon accomplished his purpose, grasping him firmly by the hair at the back of the neck, and, twisting his face towards the heavens, brought him alongside, amidst the convulsive roars of laughter of the whole of the ship's company, and the piteous cries of the jolly marine. Boatswain would not resign his hold till the frightened man was assisted up the side; the bight of a rope being then placed overboard for his conductor, he placed his fore-legs in it up to his shoulders, and, holding himself stiffly out, was hauled up, and calmly resumed his watch as if nothing had happened. • • •

"Whenever the ship's company were exercised at the guns with blank cartridge, or at the target, the dog was at the acme of delight and ecstasy; he appeared mad with enjoyment, running and jumping from one gun to another, as they were fired. When corporal punishment took place, he was the veriest picture of gravity that can be imagined; placing himself in the centre of the vacant part of the deck immediately before the upright gratings, and watching with solemn interest the whole proceedings. Not so if any irregular disturbance occurred among the people themselves. Three men were quarrelling one day, and came to blows before the master-at-arms could interfere; the animal was attracted to the spot by the uproar, and, not understanding this mode of settling disputes, immediately brought one of the combatants to the deck, and separated the other two, with the most perfect coolness of purpose."

Here we leave the gallant Captain. His third volume treats of American matters, (the affair of the Shannon and Chesapeake, and the attack upon Washington, amongst other things,) and for the reasons given above, we will not carry our readers into such a region of discord.

*The Chinese Repository.* Vol. II. May—September, (Five Nos.) 1833. Canton.

THIS periodical is conducted by Dr. Morrison, and is principally designed as a record of Missionary intelligence. It contains, however, occasionally, articles of a more general nature, and, in the numbers before us, we find some very curious information respecting the political and social condition of China, which, now that the trade with that country has been opened, cannot fail to prove interesting and valuable to a large portion of our readers. In our review of Auber's work, we mentioned that the Mantchew dynasty possessed no hold on the respect or affections of the Chinese, and that its abundant precautions originated in fear. A writer in the *Repository* amply confirms our statements.

"After the accession of the Mantchew family to the throne, multitudes of men left their homes



for the islands of the Indian archipelago, to escape the thralldom of these barbarian rulers.—Many of the islands are thickly inhabited by the Chinese settlers, whose numbers are annually increased by new comers, while only a few return to their native land."

We stated that the ruling party was forced to compensate for want of strength, by keeping up deceptive appearances to impose on public opinion; and the same writer presents us with the following account of its real weakness.

"With all its apparent power and extensive sway, the empire is becoming more enfeebled, and the people have sunk into a state of perfect apathy and helplessness. Whilst the most powerful nations tremble to come within the reach of this colossus, a few rude mountaineers in the province of Canton can bid defiance to the united celestial army; pirates are cruising along the coast in sight of a large imperial fleet; and a handful of rebels in Formosa keep the proud mandarins at bay."

Dr. Morrison states that there is a growing anxiety among the Chinese to become acquainted with the English language; and Dr. Gutzlaff, who recently undertook a voyage along the coast from Canton to Leaow Tung, in Mantchew Tartary, found the people of China extremely anxious to cultivate the acquaintance of their visitors. Gutzlaff's journal is, we understand, preparing for publication in England, but as it is likely to be delayed, we shall make a few extracts from the summary inserted in the 'Repository.'

Dr. Gutzlaff sailed from Canton, on board the *Sylph*, October 20th, 1832; the vessel was bound for Teen-tsin and Mantchew Tartary. After encountering very severe weather, she reached Kae-chow bay, where she was nearly wrecked. The mandarins viewed the strangers with suspicion, but the Chinese generally gave them a hospitable welcome.

"At our re-entering Tung-tze-Kow bay, we saw a great number of junks at anchor. We were hailed by the kind natives, who procured for us provisions and fuel, which the mandarins had promised, but had never furnished. The absence of their rulers rendered the people more friendly; they did every thing in their power to oblige, and shewed themselves worthy of our trust. In their habits and behaviour, they appeared very much like our peasantry; some of their farms were in excellent order, and plenty reigns everywhere. Kae-chow city, which we visited, is situated about ten miles in the interior, surrounded by a high wall and thickly inhabited; it is a place of extensive trade, but the houses are low and ill-built. The Chinese colonists, which are by far the most numerous part of the population, are very industrious; whilst the Tartars live at their ease, and enjoy the emoluments of government."

On their return they encountered a severe storm:—

"When at last the thick clouds cleared away, and the sun shone out in his lustre, the sea still running very high, we perceived a junk in distress. She had lost both her masts and anchors, and was drifting like a log upon the wide ocean. Several Chinese vessels were in her neighbourhood, but only one approached her, and after perceiving her helpless state, bore away with one of the crew. We manned a boat and ran alongside, but were nearly swamped by the huge waves. The crew, twelve in number, stretched out their hands for assistance, and with piteous cries, intimated their dangerous situation. The first thing which they handed to

us, was an image of the "Queen of Heaven," the patroness of Chinese navigators. At this extraordinary instance of heathenish delusion, I grew impatient, as we had not a moment to lose; I called to them, 'Let the idol perish, which can neither save itself nor you.' We snatched up four men into the boat, and returned towards the ship. The idol was drowned, but all the men were saved.—After many reverses, having entered the Woo-sung river, we drew up a memorial addressed to the principal magistrate of Shang-hae district, and delivered the Chinese, who were natives of Taung-ming island into his care. We had immediately an interview with Admiral Kwang, the naval commander of this station; he was very friendly, made numerous inquiries respecting Mr. L. the supercargo of the *Amherst*, (see *Athenæum* No. 302), and offered his services for our accommodation."

Of Cha-poo, a harbour in about 30½ degrees north latitude, we have the following account:—

"Cha-poo is the only place from whence the imperial monopoly with Japan is carried on. It has a tolerable harbour with considerable overfalls. The rise and fall of the tide is very great, so much that the smaller junks are left high and dry at low water. Together with its suburbs, the town is perhaps five miles in circuit, built in a square, and intersected by numerous canals, which are connected with the Hang-chow river. Nothing can exceed the beautiful and picturesque appearance of the surrounding regions. We may say that as far as the eye can range, all is one village, interspersed with lowering pagodas, romantic mausoleums, and numerous temples. The adjacent country is called the Chinese Arcadia; and surely if any territory in China is entitled to this name, it is the tract around Hang-chow, and Cha-poo. It seems that the natives also are sensible of their prerogative, in inhabiting this romantic spot. They have tried to improve upon nature, and have embellished the scenery with canals, neat roads, plantations and conspicuous buildings. We found nowhere such openness and kindness as among them. Their intelligent inquiries respecting our country were endless, and they seemed never satiated with our company. When we first landed, an armed party was drawn up along the shore. The soldiers had matchlocks, and burning matches ready for a charge. A Tartar General had placed himself in a temple to superintend the operations. Being accustomed to the fire of Chinese batteries, which seldom do hurt, and knowing that their matchlocks cannot hit, we passed the line of their defence in peace. The soldiers retreated, and the crowds of people in the rear being very dense, a great part of the camp was overrun and pressed down by the people, so that the tents fell to the ground. After this outset nothing disagreeable occurred; we were at full liberty to walk abroad and converse with the people, and were only occasionally troubled with the clamorous entreaties of some officers. But after an interview with a messenger from the Lieutenant Governor at Hang-chow, (a very sensible courteous officer) we came to an understanding."

The following very useful advice to missionaries deserves attention.

"I should recommend it to a missionary, about to enter China, to make himself perfectly acquainted with the diseases of the eye. He cannot be too learned in the ophthalmic science, for ophthalmia is more frequent here than in any other part of the world. This arises from a peculiar curved structure of the eye, which is generally very small, and often inflamed by inverted eye-lids."

The voyagers reached Shih-poo, in latitude

29° N., on the 1st of April; Dr. Gutzlaff is rapturous in his praise of this place.

"I can scarcely do justice to this place, delightfully situated as it is at the bottom of a basin, having one of the best harbours in the world, entirely formed by the hand of God. Hitherto the weather had been very boisterous and cold,—a thick mist filling the air. We had been weeks without seeing the sun; even in this latitude, and in March, we had storms. But now the spring was approaching: the wheat-fields stood in the blade, and the blossoms of the peach-trees perfumed the air. To ramble at such a season, surrounded by such scenery, is true enjoyment, and draws the heart powerfully towards the Almighty God. The mandarins had now given up the principle of disturbing us from mere jealousy, and they will perhaps never try to interfere with us any more. So fruitless have been all their attempts to deter us from any intercourse with the natives, that the more they strove to effect their purpose, the more we gained our point, and the readier we were received by the natives. • • •

"After a voyage of six months and nine days, we reached Lintin, near Macao, on the 29th of April 1833."

We are glad to find the opinions which we published in our review of the voyage of the *Amherst* so fully confirmed; and trust that the intercourse between England and China will soon diffuse the blessings of civilization through Eastern Asia. This consummation is likely to be hastened by the exertions of Dr. Gutzlaff; he has published a monthly periodical in the Chinese language, of which the first number is before us, devoted solely to science and literature, excluding every thing that may offend the religious scruples of the Chinese people, or the political jealousy of the Mantchew rulers. A missionary could not be employed more beneficially; such a publication will facilitate the progress of Christianity in the East, more than a million of controversial tracts.

Among other curiosities in the 'Repository,' we find a specimen of the first Buddhistic novel, with which Europeans have become acquainted; it is written in praise of celibacy, and it is so very similar to some of the legends in the *Acta Sanctorum*, that we shall give a brief account of it.

An Emperor of Hing-ling (now included in China) had three daughters, but no son; the Empress and he in vain "wearied heaven with prayers," and at length he resolved to make a grandson his heir. The two eldest Princesses readily gave their hands to officers of the court, but the youngest, being devoted to the religion of Buddha, resolved to lead a life of single blessedness.

"All the threats and punishments from her parents were ineffectual to keep her away from a monastery. She there performed the most menial offices, and was greatly rewarded by the approbation of the Gods. Neither ridicule nor violence could prevail upon her to forsake the monastic life; she bore everything with patience. When she stooped so far as to become a servant in the kitchen, birds and quadrupeds were sent by Buddha to her assistance; and even the old dragon was despatched to open the well for her to draw water."

When this report reached the Emperor, he sent soldiers to destroy the monastery, but a shower of "red rain" extinguished the flames. He next dragged his daughter to court, but she disfigured her face to avoid the importunities of suitors. At length he ordered her to be executed.

"She bore the sentence with fortitude, for Buddha sustained her. All nature mourned when she expired; even the beasts of the field and the fishes of the sea shewed their grief; the sun and moon were darkened in heaven; the atmosphere was filled with mist; the sea overflowed, and all nations pitied the cruel lot of the Princess. When her body was about to be exposed on the scaffold, a tiger rushed in, seized and carried away the corpse into a wood."

She preached the doctrines of Buddhism, however, in the shades, and was rewarded by permission to revisit this world.

"Again she was restored to life, and borne home on the back of a tiger to Fragrant Hill, (the name of the monastery,) where she became a nun. Her father meanwhile was afflicted with a most painful disease, which no physician could relieve. When a priest offered his services, and was accepted, he directed the Emperor to go to Fragrant Hill; there he arrived, met his daughter, repented of his errors, and became a staunch champion of Buddhism."

We sincerely hope that this periodical will meet with such support as will ensure its continuance.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Homericæ*.'—Only a few copies of this very spirited version of the fifth book of the *Odyssey* have been printed for private distribution. It needed not the initial letters to tell us, that for this translation we are indebted to the classic pen of Archdeacon Wrangham, the only living writer who has triumphed over what has been well called, "the fatal facility of octosyllabic verse." The part of Homer which Mr. Wrangham has selected for his experiment, is one well calculated to tax his powers to the utmost, from the magnitude and variety of the subjects introduced: the council of the Gods, the romantic Isle of Calypso, the miseries of the home-sick Ulysses, the building of his ship, his adventuring forth a solitary voyager on an unknown sea, the storm raised by Neptune, the sinking of the bark, and the escape of Ulysses by the aid of Minerva, pass before us in more rapid succession than the scenes of Homer usually follow. The passage which we think Mr. Wrangham has most successfully rendered, is that describing the mission of Hermes to the Isle of Calypso, from which Camoens borrowed his Island of Venus, and probably Tasso his Gardens of Armda. We need scarcely remind our classical readers of Virgil's imitation of the simile of the petrel, or of its inferiority to the sublime original:—

He spake: the Argicæ obey'd;  
Fast to his feet his sandals made,  
Celestial, golden—through the skies  
With these o'er lands and seas he hies,  
Ploer as the wind—his wand then takes,  
With which he or the slumberer wakes,  
Or at his will with slumber seals  
The wakeful. So prepared, he wheels  
On pinion strong his airy flight,  
Descends upon Parnassus' height;  
Thence, lowering, o'er the billows sweeps:  
As petrel in vast ocean's deeps  
Dips oft its wing in quest of prey,  
So skim'd the God the salt sea-spray.

Soon as he reach'd the distant isle,  
Lighting he paced the beach awhile;  
Till to a spacious cave he came,  
Where sat within a bright-tress'd dame:  
Bliss'd on the hearth a cedar-pile,  
And woods high-acceded, o'er the isle  
Diffusing odours far and wide:  
She still her golden shuttle plied,  
And sang the while a witching lay,  
As 'mid the threads her fingers play.  
Around, thick groves their summer-dress  
Wore in luxuriant longelions—  
Alder and poplar quiver'd there,  
And fragrant cypress tower'd in air;  
And there broad-pinn'd birds were seen,  
Nesting amid the foliage green;  
Birds, which the marge of ocean haunt—  
Gull, auk, and screaming cormorant;

And there, the deep mouth of the cave  
Fringing, the cluster'd vine-boughs wave,  
Sprung from near sources bright and gay,  
Four limpid fountains urge their way  
Divergent o'er the parsley'd mead,  
Where the sweet violet droops its head  
—A scene, should Gods survey the sight,  
Which Gods might gaze on with delight!

We feel grateful to Mr. Wrangham, for the pleasure he has afforded us; but we think that Apollonius Rhodius in Greek, and Statius in Latin, would afford better materials for his favourite metre, than Homer or even Virgil. Both writers are more romantic than epic, and though it may be a prejudice arising from old associations, we hold the octosyllabic verse to be a metre suited only to chivalrous subjects.

'*A Year at Harlebury; or, The Election*, by Cherry and Fair Star.' 2 vols.—There is a good deal of vivid reality about this novel, but it is as much a novel of manners, as those called fashionable. There is nothing of pathos or passion, beyond what appears on the surface of life; but some of the scenes, though coarse and hard, are faithful; the characters generally, are natural; and there is a fidelity in the author's pencil, which makes us regret that he had not a better subject.

'*Medica Sacra; or, short Expositions of the more important Diseases mentioned in the Sacred Writings*, by Thomas Shapter, M.D.'—In attempting to explain by natural causes, events recorded as miraculous, Doctor Shapter has undertaken a task of extreme difficulty and delicacy, one in which the ingenious is separated from the absurd by a very narrow line, on the wrong side of which Doctor Shapter is generally to be found. If we believe that God sent certain diseases as a punishment for certain offences, we must either hold, that these diseases are the natural consequences of such offences, and then they would *always* follow their commission; or that they are supernatural consequences, the effect of a special interference with the ordinary laws of nature, confined to that particular occasion, and then they are miraculous. This, in fact, is nothing more than the extended expression of a proposition, which appears to us perfectly identical, viz., that all events *either* are natural or are not. Dr. Shapter will have it that some events, *both* are natural and are not. Take his own words: "There are many passages, there can be no doubt, that attribute the inflicting of disease to the power of God, exerted specially to that purpose; yet these passages involve no reason why the usually attendant natural causes and effects should not be present."—Doctor Shapter must be singularly dull. If the "natural causes" are present, the effects would have followed without God's "special" interference, which is thus brought into action where it can be of no possible use. Here, therefore, the Doctor commits the philosophic absurdity, of supposing two causes (each sufficient) for one result. But in the present instance, the causes are actually inconsistent, the one being "natural," that is, according to the common laws of nature, the other "miraculous," that is, to quote Dr. Shapter's own definition, "contrary to the common laws of nature." Here, therefore, he further commits the physical absurdity of supposing the co-existence of contradictory circumstances.—From such a commencement, much might naturally have been expected, but unfortunately our author seems so inveterately modest, that through his whole volume, principally a *réchauffé* from Mason Good, and Mead's *Medica Sacra*, we have been unable to detect more than one original idea; and this is, that Job's disease was neither more nor less than the *small-pox*! Of course, as vaccination was not known in those days, and the disease appears to have been confluent, Job became pock-marked after his recovery, and Doctor Shapter might work out this

idea, by a reference to Job's complaint, "that he is filled with wrinkles which are a witness against him, and that his leanness rising up bears witness to his face." If Doctor Shapter's friend, Canon Rogers, would oblige him by translating 'wrinkles' into 'seams,' or 'pits,' his discovery would be all but proved, and would doubtless entitle him to the everlasting gratitude of the civilized world. Doctor Shapter undertakes to explain in a few words what we are to understand "by demoniacs, or the being possessed by demons," and after referring us to the learned discussions of Medo, Sykes, Lardner, Farmer, Mead, Lightfoot, &c., tells us that, abstracting all "figurative language," nothing further is intended, than that people were affected with lunacy and epilepsy. He has forgotten however to settle which of these causes drove "the whole herd of swine violently down a steep place into the sea;"—perhaps they were only drowned by "a figure." The fact is, the subject was too high, and too holy, for Doctor Shapter; and, in consequence, he has succeeded, we regret to say, in nothing more than making it ridiculous. If he will rush into print, let him try something within what Locke would term "the limited reach of his capacity;" a learned Professor of the present day made his literary coup d'essai under the modest title of 'Easy Hints for Ladies' Maids;' could not Doctor Shapter do something of this kind?

'*A Poem on the Meditation of Nature, spoken September 26th, 1832, before the Association of the Alumni of Washington College, by Park Benjamin*.'—The lyre of the muse of America has a tone of its own, and those of her songs are most welcome to us, which breathe most of an individual and national character. The poem before us possesses an interest, in addition to its intrinsic merits, from the occasion for which it was composed; and we can imagine that, when recited, it must have produced a powerful effect. Mr. Benjamin has prefaced it with a few modest words,—they were not needed: we shall be always glad to listen to one who sings as earnestly and well as he does. The passage wherein he unfolds the nature of his subject, is, perhaps, one of the best fitted for extract; but there are many others in the poem of equal, if not of greater merit.

Of Nature's pure philosophy I sing:—

And my entire devotion and the flame  
Of quenchless love upon her altar fling;  
For she has ever been to me the same  
Unchanging parent, generous and kind;  
And all its better nourishment my mind  
Draws from her bosom, and my heart would be  
Cold as an iceberg of the northern sea  
If, when I gaze on her undying forms,  
I did not speak the gratitude which warms  
The flowing water of its deepest fountains,  
Her quiet vales and her majestic mountains,  
Her angry seas, that struggle with the wrath  
Of the fierce tempest, rushing from the sky

To rend the earth in his destructive path,  
Or flash revenge from his dark shrouded eye,—  
Her still lakes, sleeping in the starlight beams,  
Her warring cataracts, her peaceful streams,  
The boundless prairie where the eagle soars,  
The solemn grandeur of her ancient woods,  
The haggard rocks that guard her bounding shores,  
Her green retreats and leafy solitudes,  
All fill my soul with reverential awe;  
For everywhere I read the changeless law  
That tells its immortality, and learn  
Lessons of wisdom, purer than the deep  
And strangely-wrought philosophies, that burn  
And waste the spirit, when subduing sleep  
Should lull the wearied senses, and the brain  
Forn golden visions to relieve the pain  
Of ceaseless thought, which, ere youth's roses bloom,  
Oft strews their blossoms on an early tomb.

'*On the Church and the Establishment, two plain Sermons*, by the Rev. W. F. Hook, M.A.'—We have rarely seen controversial discourses written in a more affectionate and gentle spirit than these two sermons. Many will dissent from the author's conclusions, some perhaps controvert his premises, but no one, even of his adversaries, can refuse Mr. Hook the praise of candour in stating his own opinions, and of

tolerance in examining those of his opponents. To this high praise we must add, that Mr. Hook has the merit of being the first to state fairly the true question at issue; we are not now to inquire into the wisdom of originally connecting the church with the state,—but whether, now that the connexion has subsisted so long, and has affected so many of our institutions, it would be expedient to rend the bonds asunder. On neither question shall we offer any opinion, but rest content with recommending Mr. Hook's able and temperate examination of the question, to all who feel interested in the subject.

'Zschokke's History of Switzerland.'—This is a very picturesque narrative of the gallant struggle, by which the liberties of Switzerland were established; but the author's enthusiasm prevented him from coolly scrutinizing his authorities. He has followed closely the national legends, and has consequently inserted many anecdotes as facts, which are either mere inventions, or borrowed from the traditional tales of other nations, as, for instance, the story of William Tell shooting at the apple on his son's head. The translator has caught no small portion of his author's enthusiastic spirit, and the work deserves to rank among the most exciting specimens of "The Romance of History."

'Le Mie Prigioni, Memorie di Silvio Pellico.'—A very neat little edition, published by Rolandi, with the 'Addizioni,' by Maroncelli, a brief biographical memoir, and a portrait.

'The Prospect of Scenes of Real Life.'—Here are three little domestic sketches, the first work, we should imagine, of a very young author, and not without promise.

'Les Barioles'—belongs to a class to be found in the *petits cabinets de lecture*, of the Rue St. Martin, and in the Faubourg, where they are thumbed by *grisettes*, *dansseuses*, *ouvrières*, and pretty milliners, not forgetting *blanchisseuses en fin*, and nowhere else. 'Les Barioles' is, after its kind, not free from indelicacy. We should have passed the work by altogether, but this notice is an acknowledgment that it has come safely to hand, and it occupies little more space than an answer to correspondents.

'Fulton and Knight's Dictionary.'—We will not say that the system of orthoëpy proposed by Mr. Fulton, is the best that has been yet devised, but it certainly is the most intelligible and most easily applied.

'Abbott's Teacher.'—This is a reprint of a valuable American publication, detailing what may be called a series of experiments in education. The editor's preface contains much valuable matter, and there is one aphorism in it, which cannot be too strongly impressed at the present moment: "by lowering the standard of improvement to which the few aspire, we gradually debase the standard of acquirement to which the many may reach."

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, 25th March, 1834.

ALL in a fuss here about Holy Week: there is to be such fun at St. Peter's—chairing the Pope, hustling the Cardinals, and running a-muck through the rabble! No such doings, I am told, since the days of St. Peter himself:—a return perchance to the rites of the primitive church, as far as may be? Rome is quite agog with it. Nine of their Eminences have ordered new sets of petticoats. A fire-new cross, sir, bespoke for the interior, to support a constellation of fixed stars in sconces, while a thousand meteors on the ends of as many wax-candles, flicker around it. Michael Angelo's sublime cupola too, is to be stuck over with stage-lights, as thick as a tart with sugar-almonds. Won't it be something

worth looking at then? Well, you may guess what a Romeo among our sight-loving Juliets Pope Gregory is now!—from having been "odious old Mr. Red-Lady-of-Babylon," he is at present become the god of their idolatry. In short, I perceive the hottest popery-haters among them would fall into his arms, if "the odd creature had not made a vow against celibacy!" Of a truth I almost begin to tremble for the good cause of heresy. But we philosophers are bound to fiddle, while Rome is in a conflagration; so I go to my antiquities. A curious inscription I took down to-day at the Church of St. Maria in Trastevere.

*Lector Siste, Nec viuis nec mortuis, Hic hæreo hic marce, Filio eram destitutus, Coniugem amiseram, Hic, Filio reddor, Et a coniuge non sejungor, Et dum, Mortuos spectans, Mortam expecto, Pro timore lapide, Hunc lapidem erigo, Nec solus carco, Nam et ipsi lapides, Sævas lacrymas habent, Gabriel Prætor Astenens, Sæculo XVI., Post maritem regis vitæ.*

It is of the 15th century, and offers a good contrast between the erudite trifling of that age, and the trifling erudition of this, upon a subject one would think calculated to make any *Prætor* silent if he could not be impressive. But I forget: we don't always ourselves write the follies seen on our tombs; that is usually done by our friends. St. Maria Egiziaca, (Templum Fortune Virilis,) which Napoleon had nearly disinterred, is now completely so: you can see its beautiful proportions to advantage on a sub-basement of travertine. St. Paul's, too, is rising from its ashes, though not precisely with all the splendour of a phoenix: granite columns are to represent the magnificent pavonazetto and Parian destroyed; the curious series of papal portraits from St. Peter to Pius VII. is in great part unrestorable. Wherefore comes it that the Catholic world cannot now repair a church, as well as they could raise it formerly? Do they want the money or the mind? But why Catholic, when the Protestant world, I suppose, would as soon think of rebuilding the Tower of Babel, as St. Paul's of London, if it were burnt to cinders, like St. Paul's of Rome! Ponte Rotto (the Pons Palatinus of good believers,) is still a picturesque object for painters, and a monument of Roman laziness: it needs little more than another arch, to complete the three-fourths of a bridge yet standing, into a whole one much required, but the money for such a purpose would be more useful, if melted into six candlesticks for St. Peter's. In a similar state of interesting dilapidation, remains the house of Pontius Pilate, or Cola Rienzi, or Crescenzo; one of these names is as good as another. From the well of Severus's Arch to that of Phocas's Column, a tunnel has been carried upwards of ten feet long and four high—a flag of the ancient pavement here discovered. Was not this the time for Sig. Rhodomete, the surveyor, to exclaim,

*"Iussumus cave, gemitumque dedere cavernæ!"*

The Roman Exhibition (or *Exposition* as a Frenchman would aptly enough call it,) does great credit to the founder of the Roman School of Painting—Raphael. Its locale does no dishonour to his disciples, one being quite worthy of the other. *Figurez-vous, mon cher!*—in two or three boarded cribs, about the size of a cobbler's, drawing-room, kitchen, and bed-chamber, or at most, the wards of a show-box, are exhibited the *lions* of the Roman Academy. Here do the successors of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Domenichino, Caracci, &c., the heirs-at-law of the *Sistine*, the *Stanze*, the *Loggie*, &c., come forth once a year, to show how manfully they sustain the honour of their descent and their heritage. Alas! it is like the offspring of Rollo, pirouetting at Almack's, the grandchildren of Charlemagne wasting all their lives at ombre! Sig. This, points a little girl with a posy, Sig. That, a view of the Colosseum, with a sentry and his box for

the historical part of the composition: or something as ridiculous—I could no more analyze them for you, than so many *menades*—not half so ingeniously insignificant are these artists, as flesh drawing carriages. The crack piece of the collection is—hear it, soul of Julio Romano!—a '*Bunch of Grapes*,' and this too by a Danish artist. Ay, there is a '*Scene in Norway*,' cleverly enough representing the bare brown cliffs, feathered atop with fir, snowy uplands, and chill drear lakes, of that solitary region: by a Norwegian however, Fearnley, who, like most apes of Nature, errs in exaggerating characteristics; the herbage she presents as cold outside, but with the living principle within, he paints clay cold through and through, without a tinge of transparent warmth, so that all the heat in the zodiac might bake it like leaves on an earthen teapot, but could never vivify. You may judge what a warren of painters the Roman soil is, when I tell you, that to furnish about eighty pictures, none of them bigger than a coach-panel, there are combined with Italians of all states—English, French, Danes, Norwegians, Spanish, Portuguese, Swiss, Saxons, Hanoverians, Hessians, Prussians, and Russians! Why had they not a tattooer from the South Seas in addition? No doubt a Chinese jar-painter would have lent them his name. But of a truth, this sterility in native genius for the fine arts, and fertility in foreign, has ever distinguished Rome: her good antique statuary was Grecian, her bad was alone indigenous—to Michael Angelo, a Florentine, she owes her famous Cupola, her Capitol, her noblest palace (the Farnese), and church (the Carthusian); to Bramante, Peruzzi, Raphael, Vignola, &c., externals, all that is decent in her modern architecture; Michael, Raphael, the Carraccis, Guido, Domenichino, Lanfranco, the Poussins, &c., foreigners likewise, adorned with their paintings, while her native artists defiled with theirs, her church walls and her chambers; Michael again, Algardi, Bernini, Canova, Thorwaldsen, &c., still foreigners, contributed her best sculpture—she nothing but the place for it, made vacant by the destructiveness of her own children, and left so by their impotence in everything but devastation. Of all her sounding names, Julio Romano is almost the sole, not a mere reverberation of hollow names—and what Julio had excellent was Raphaelesque, what ridiculous was Roman.

"Well, have done with your tirade!"

I have; only adding that it is a schoolboy's mistake, to call the Roman people *great*, after the end of the Republic; after Augustus at farthest, they had the mere grandeur of a mammoth in decay, which encumbers and annoys the neighbouring lands with its foul fermentation, which cannot be removed for its enormity, and must be left to eat itself up by its own corruption. Talking of fermentation, there is a comic story about a Cardinal: Wyatt's '*Nymph at the Bath*,' was sent to the Exhibition, when his Eminence the Inquisitor ordered her to take the veil incontinent; but his Majesty of Bavaria, happening to visit the rooms soon after, and to laugh at the precaution, his Eminence had her stript to her primitive body clothes again. Here was a docile creature! But the deuce of it is, if I and a dozen such had laughed, his Eminence would probably have bid as be stript instead of the statue.—A cast is being taken from the '*Moses*,' of Michael Angelo, for France. I believe this is but the second; you have the first in England. Most people prefer a cast from one of Canova's cockney *fadaiseries*. Truth to say, the Moses is like an Alp, which, as somebody remarks, must be looked at several times before one perceives its full mightiness: it has literally grown upon me since I first saw it, till it now makes a mouse of me by its tremendous sublimity. What do I care if it be goat-faced?—it shakes me to the centre, whether as a Pan



or a Moses. Its mere manipulation so mighty-handed! Compare it with the figures beside, designed by Michael, but wrought by his pupil Montorsoli. They are as feeble as if carved out of suet. Every stroke of Buonarrotti's chisel has the energetic ease of that made in the brown fallows by a ploughshare.—Reeking pot of scandal about Lady —, but you shan't have a dish of it. Old Cardinal Zurla is in a black foam about the matter: chants anathemas against heretics, and twice per day offers up a prayer of imprecations. Cerberus in canonicals. *Addio!*

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Museum which has been carefully collected at an expenditure, we are informed, of between two and three thousand pounds, by Gore Clough, Esq., of Upper Norton Street, Fitzroy Square, has been presented by him to the London University, for the use of the students of the North London Hospital; which will, it is now fully expected, be opened during the present year. On Monday last, Mr. Quain, the Demonstrator of Anatomy to the University, inspected the preparations, which are for the most part in excellent preservation, previous to their removal to the University, where they will be placed in a temporary apartment, till the great room, about to be fitted up, is ready for their reception. —While on this subject, we may observe, that the Common Council of the city of London have just agreed on a petition to the King, praying him to grant a charter of incorporation to the London University, with power to confer degrees in Arts, Law, and Medicine. Now, we are as anxious as others, that a power should be vested in competent persons to confer degrees, upon examination, without reference to Universities, residence, terms, and such things as merely prove that a certain time, and an uncertain amount of money, has been expended in the applicant's education; but we must observe, that the object would not be attained by granting this privilege to the London University; and that even the power prayed for, could not be granted, without extending a like privilege to King's College: and then a mischievous rivalry would be established between these Institutions; for both would soon discover, that the less strict the examination, the more numerous the pupils; and instead of an anxious desire to raise the standard of education, and the honour of a degree, it would be their most profitable policy to lower both. What appears to us wanting is, that such a power should be vested in a Central Board, the members of which should be selected from among the most distinguished men of both establishments, and include some not connected with either.

There are some contradictory stories in the Scotch newspapers, respecting the exhumation of the remains of Robert Burns, at the late funeral of his widow. One report says, that the body was entire—that the features were so perfect, that it seemed as if the poet had but lately sunk into the sleep of death—and that the apology for disturbing his remains, was found in the state of the coffin. But the truth seems to have been published by a Mr. Blacklock, from which it appears, that he and others descended into the vault, "for the purpose, if possible, of procuring a cast of his skull,"—that "a few spade-fulls of loose sandy soil being removed, the skull was brought into view, and carefully lifted," when "every particle of sand or other foreign body was carefully washed off and the plaster applied." We have, we trust, all becoming respect for science and scientific men, but the proceedings of the Phrenologists have more than once excited our disgust. Why is it, that these people cannot be made to respect the feelings of others—the prejudices, if they please—but prejudices in which the wisest have sympathized?

Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here:  
Blest be the man that spares these stones,  
And curs'd be he that moves my bones!

were written on the monument of the immortal Shakespeare, and, no doubt, by his own direction.

The third Exhibition of the NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, has opened, and well sustains the promise of former years. The chief strength, as might be expected, is in landscape. We would direct attention to the drawings by Burke, Vickers, Mulsey and Shepherd, (though "Winchester Cathedral" is wanting in harmony, and the foreground too powerful,) Downing, Campion, and Collignon—to a clever trifle (254) by John Martin—a well composed picture, though the details have not been sufficiently attended to.—'A Nativity,' by N. P. Riviere.—'Absent, but not Forgotten,' by Miss F. Corbeaux—and 'The Widow,' by Hancock, from which a very clever engraving by Beckwith has already appeared.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 7.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Capt. Burnes gave a detailed *vis à vis* account of his Travels on the North-west Frontier of British India, in 1829-30; and, as usual, made his narrative highly interesting by the lively and graphical manner in which he brought his details before his audience.

His departure from Cutch, in Dec. 1829, and subsequent account of Parkur and Nucyur, were given in our report of the proceedings of the last meeting of the Society; nor did we observe any additional feature adverted to now, excepting the singular fact, that the Janjag inhabitants of Cutch, from over-wrought scruples on the subject of intermarriage, and a pride of ancestry, which refuses inferior alliances, put their female infants to death; while the Sodas occupying Parkur, within sight, convert theirs into a source of emolument, by selling them as wives among the neighbouring tribes. Both nations are of high caste.

From Parkur, Captain Burnes and his party proceeded, first, across the desert to Jaysulmeer, the capital of the state of that name, one of the fine Rajpoot provinces on this frontier—the others being Jodhpoor, Jyrpoo, Oodepoo, and Beecaneer. Jaysulmeer is a handsome city, with lofty, and even spacious houses, terrace-roofed, and built entirely of a yellow kind of marble, sometimes elegantly carved. The streets are wide for an eastern city; and the town contains about 20,000 souls. The fort, or castle, crowns a low hill on the south-western angle of the city, and has a most commanding appearance. It is triangular in shape; the two longest sides being almost 300 yards in length, and is a complete mass of towers, which are studied on, almost to the exclusion of any curtain. The line of defence is also double, treble, in some places even quadruple—the whole being thus of considerable strength. The Raul (so the chief is named,) and his household, occupy it. Captain Burnes found the appointments of his table and servants splendid, his manner mild, and his whole conduct to the mission kind and hospitable.

The province, however, of Jaysulmeer is small and sterile. It does not exceed 20,000 square miles in extent; and its surface is uneven without being mountainous, being dotted with low rocks, between which cultivation is so scanty, that scarcely for forty miles can a field be seen. Where the soil is sufficiently deep, however, it bears tolerable crops; and the order and regularity of its government give fine scope to its other sources of wealth. Its chief local advantage is its central position between India and the Indus. An alliance, offensive and de-

fensive, subsists between it and British India; but it is not subsidized either with men or money. Its only article of native produce, fit for export, is wool of very fine quality, obtained from a breed of white sheep not found in India. Very little wood is found in the country, whence the towns are all built of stone, terrace-roofed, and of an imposing appearance at some distance. With the exception of the capital, however, none are of the least importance. The natives of Jaysulmeer are industrious in their habits, and frequently emigrate in youth, settling in Pallee, Beecaneer, or other trading cities; whither, when they have acquired a competency, they return.

The next point mentioned by Capt. Burnes was Joodpoo, or Marwar, the capital of another of these Rajpoot states, and perhaps the most powerful and influential among them, though not nominally the first in rank. This place is claimed by Oodepoo. The Joodpoo dominions extend from east to west, about 260 miles, and from north to south nearly as far. They are situated between the parallels of 24° and 28° north; and the meridians 70° and 75° east; being separated on the east and south from Oodepoo, Jaypoo, and the British province of Ajmeer, by a massy bulwark of mountains; and so late as 1813, extending north to the Indus. The fortress of Omerote, which Joodpoo possessed in that direction, was, however, then captured by the armies of Sind; and the boundary between the respective states has been since a constant occasion of dispute.

The territory thus bounded, is, generally speaking, fertile, well peopled, and valuable. It constitutes, indeed, one of the largest states in India still governed by a native prince. Its mineral riches are scanty, being chiefly salt, lead, antimony, and various descriptions of marble; neither are its indigenous vegetable products considerable; but a great trade passing through the country stimulates the industry of the inhabitants, and has led to an extensive system of irrigation and cultivation. The trade is a carrying trade between Bombay, Guzerat, and even Central India, on the one hand, and the countries west of the Indus on the other. Its extent may be surmised from the fact, that of chintz alone, to the value of ten lacs, is said to arrive yearly at Pallee, which is the great entrepot for this trade. The goods of Europe, packed in tin cases, are usually brought by the way of Guzerat, and are paid for, partly in opium,—which is, however, subject to such an excessive duty on entering the Company's inclosed territories, that it is usually sent round by way of Carachir, beyond the Indus,—partly in native wheat, which is much esteemed for its quality,—and partly in salt, which is exported in great quantities. This trade is now threatened by the rising importance of Ajmeer, under the British administration; but as yet it is still superior to any possessed by that town. Joodpoo and Pallee each contain about 50,000 inhabitants.

Captain Burnes next proceeded to Ajmeer, a rising place, which, when he visited it, had a population of about 20,000 souls. Thence he passed to Oodepoo, Aboo, and returned to Cutch, having thus, as will be seen by referring to the map, made a circuit of about 1,500 miles in a country at that time almost quite unknown, and of which the details seem full of novelty and interest even yet. We shall not, however, now enlarge on them further. They will probably be before us again in the next number of the Journal of the Society, and we may then recur to them.

##### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

April 1.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—Henry White, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society. The Secretary read a paper by Edward Newman, Esq., 'On the Transforma-

lions of Insects.' After describing several of the most remarkable metamorphoses which insects undergo, and adverting to the constant absorption and reproduction of bone in the vertebrata, as proved by the experiments of various physiologists, the author compared the hard external covering of crustacea and coleopterous insects generally, with the internal skeleton.

The object of the paper was, to point out the analogies existing in the *larva*, *pupa*, and *imago* states of insects, as compared with the fetal, adolescent, and adult states, in the higher classes of animals, and that a system of change pervaded all nature.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
Tues.	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
Wed.	Society of Arts	P. 7, P.M.
	Royal Society	P. 8, P.M.
Th.	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
Fri.	Royal Institution	P. 8, P.M.
	Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.
Sat.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—March 17.—A letter from M. Jacobier, at Copenhagen, stated that the worms called *dragonneaux*, so troublesome in the south, are not animals in themselves, or worms, but a cluster of worms.—M. Mathieu read a Memoir on Calculations for Annuities, which added little to what is known on that subject.—M. Segurier read a memoir on the precautions employed by M. Frimot, at Brst, against the bursting of steam-engines at high pressure. M. Frimot remarked, that explosions were occasioned rather by a sudden formation of steam, than by its progressive accumulation. The steam formed in his boiler, under a pressure of nine atmospheres, rose as high as twelve when an issue was given it. To obviate this, M. F. raised the level of the water in the boiler, which had the desired effect. This completely proved to him, that the instantaneous formation of steam was owing to the contact of the water, put in effervescence by the pressure, with the sides of the boiler. The level of the water being too low, exposed to the action of the flame part of the sides which the water did not touch, and these became heated to such a degree, as to vaporize in an instant a quantity of liquid, and thus augment the pressure suddenly. The possibility of producing the same effect by lowering the level of the water, indicates the mode of prevention, since it appears that explosion is imminent only when by any cause the water falls below the level which the constructor has established. Some mode, therefore, of giving warning of this lowering of the water, and of at the same time extinguishing the fire, was to be sought.—The first mode imagined by M. Frimot to arrive at these ends, was to place outside the boiler a metal tube, stopped at one of its extremities by a fusible stopper. This tube communicated with the boiler by two others,—one communicating with the upper part and the steam, the other joining the boiler a little below the level of the water. The latter is thus supplied with water from the boiler, and pours off its steam into the steam of the boiler also. But the supply of water to the tube ceases the moment that the water sinks below the general level in the boiler. The tube heats in consequence to a great degree, melts the fusible stopper, the steam escapes, and the danger is prevented. The escape of the steam warns the attendant by its sound, and he can turn the cocks: it moreover extinguishes the fire. The stopper is easily replaced, and the whole operation is over in three quarters of an hour. But care should be taken to wash from time to time the fusible stopper, lest dirt or incrustation should prevent its fusion.

Another mode proposed by M. Frimot is a *manometre* to measure the degree of tension. This he describes as a tube, twisted many times:

each bend or twist is filled with mercury below, and water above. The steam, exerting its action on the column of water in communication with the boiler, drives the mercury beneath into the next tube, and so on with the rest, sometimes entirely displacing the mercury. The sum of the weights of the mercury displaced, diminished by that of the columns of water, will indicate the degree of pressure of the steam.

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

M. Laporte has begun to fulfil his promises. A reinforcement of artists having arrived from Paris, strong enough to gladden the heart of the most desponding of Opera-goers. Rubini and Tamburini got out of the Dover stage on Saturday evening, just in time to appear on the stage at the King's Theatre, the one as *Il Conte Almaviva*, the other as *Figaro*. We never heard 'Il Barbieri' better given. The execution of the trio, 'Zitti, zitti, à mezzovoce' was perfectly delicious, and in accordance with the spirit of the scene: we have heard it sung as if the parties concerned were anxious to let all the world know that they were running away secretly. Perrot, too, re-appeared on Saturday evening in a grand *pas de deux* with Duvernay, substituted for the *pas de sehall* in the new ballet. He is as active as ever, perhaps not so unhesitatingly firm as he was last season: but, whether or not, we must protest against the inconsiderateness of encoring such *pas* as his, which must require so much tremendous exertion. This thoughtlessness, on the part of the audience, had nearly cost him dear on Saturday, as he almost fell in attempting a repetition of his feats of agility, and appeared evidently much exhausted and distressed.

And now, room for Madlle. Julie Grisi (*la jolie Grisi*, as the Parisians have delighted to call her, to distinguish her from her sister). It is long since we have seen so triumphant a first appearance upon these boards, or an audience so alive to every beauty of acting or singing, as the audience of Tuesday evening assembled to pronounce upon the new *prima donna*. Madlle. Grisi's appearance is sufficient to make a most favourable first impression: her voice, and style, and (perhaps, above all) her acting, to confirm it: all three leave little or nothing to be wished. She is gifted with a good figure, and a handsome and expressive face, in the first instance—in the second, she has a rich, clear, powerful, and extremely flexible voice; her execution is, indeed, at times, exuberant; but it goes along with the passion of her part (with the exception of the duet cadence in the prison duet with Rubini, which we must protest against as out of place and out of taste), and carries the hearer away with it. We were certain of her feeling in the first part of 'Di piacer': we were not, however, aware of the fulness of it till the second act, when her leading of the quartett, 'Gia dipinto,' and the sudden outbreak of despair in the scene where she is led to execution, excited us to the highest possible degree. We have already said enough to imply that she possesses first-rate powers as an actress: to be brief, then, we prefer her *Niutta* to any we have yet seen, and long to see her in other parts—*Desdemona*, for instance. She was admirably assisted by Rubini, Tamburini, and Zuchelli: the second of these gentlemen was most excellent in the part of *Fernando*. But we must cry aloud for another *Pippo*, as the present one is like the German's wooden nutmegs, "which were no nutmegs at all;" and, in consequence of her incompetence, that beautiful duet, 'Ebben per mia memoria,' one of Rossini's most touching compositions, &c., of necessity, omitted. Why should not Madlle. Salvi take the part? and then, if the chorus would only act a little, we cannot imagine 'La Gazza Ladra' better got up.

*Paganini's Concerts*.—The master spirit of the violin is among us again, playing to crowded houses at the Adelphi, and empty benches at the Hanover Square Rooms. His performance on the *Fiol di gamba*, or some such instrument, is yet to come, as is also a duet with Dragonetti, which, we are told, is to be the *se plus ultra* of what is beautiful and amazing. He has, hitherto, only repeated his best compositions, and, as before, left every other violinist, ancient and modern, at an inconceivable distance behind him.

#### THEATRICALS

##### DRURY LANE.

ON Thursday, Lord Byron's tragedy of 'Sardanapalus' was represented, for the first time, on the stage. It is too late in the day to enter into a critical notice of the play itself; its beauties as a drama for the closet, and its defects as an acting one, have long since been decided on. The representation of Thursday has only made the latter more clearly apparent. That it was listened to with strict attention, and received with considerable applause, proves but little with reference to its permanent possession of the boards: these marks of respect were due to the splendid abilities of its departed author, and hardy, fool-hardy indeed, must the man have been, who could have had the bad taste to run counter to the general feeling of the audience. At the same time, those who are much in the habit of visiting the large theatres, know too well the peculiar sort of applause bestowed upon the first performance of any piece, on the success of which the management has set its heart and purse, ever to take a first night as a fair criterion of public opinion. The admiration justly accorded to the memory of the noble poet might well command, and, indeed, has commanded, respectful attention to any work of his for once, but to take people a second time, must be the work of the piece itself. As an acting play 'Sardanapalus' is, beyond question, dull; and for this reason we do not think its theatrical life will be long. Assuredly, nothing could persuade us, with all our admiration for its poetry, to sit it through a second time, though we may read it again and again, and never tire. Mr. Macready's alterations have been confined to omissions, and they are judicious.

A stronger impression would doubtless have been made, had the play been better performed, but we regret to say that we were not satisfied with the acting of any one individual. The part of *Sardanapalus* is only suited to Mr. Macready in part; that he did his best with it, is to his credit; and that it was an unequal performance, after what we have said, will not be held to be his fault. He has certain physical disqualifications, which no mental exertions could overcome; if they could, there is no man more likely to have done it. We never remember to have seen Miss Ellen Tree's acting so tame and so insipid, as it was nearly throughout the character of *Myrrha*; she looked the part admirably, and the Greek girl was there, but the Greek fire, which should have burnt unquenchably, was out. Mr. Cooper was, as we thought, too solemn and too priestly for the blunt soldier *Salamenes*; we will not particularize further. There was no lack of zeal in the company, for great pains were evident on all hands throughout, but their efforts were not fortunate. There will necessarily be some curiosity on the part of the public to see this play, and it will probably be repeated sufficiently often to reimburse the management the expense of getting it up, which, indeed, does not appear to have been very great. Two or three instances of clumsy grouping occurred, which gave rise to laughter; these having now been seen, may be avoided; and we should recommend a close scene for the conversations

which immediately precede the burning, in order that the very ridiculous ceremony of arranging the funeral pile may be kept out of sight; after this all went well; the burning itself, and the disappearance of *Sardanapalus* and *Myrrha* were capitally managed, and drew down shouts of applause. There was rather too much black smoke in front, which in some measure marred the effect of the discovery of the burning city; but this may be easily obviated in future. We believe we need not inform our readers, that the last scene is a copy by Mr. Stanfield, from Mr. Martin's picture of 'The Fall of Nineveh.' Instead of the curtain, at the end of the play, we had a new drop, by Mr. Stanfield, presenting a view of Newstead Abbey. It is of course clever, but it seems to have been done in a hurry; at all events, it is far from one of that great artist's best efforts. We cannot conclude this notice, without some slight mention of the changes which have taken place with reference to the representative of the part of *Myrrha*: at first Miss Phillips was to have played it; then Miss Ellen Tree was announced; then came an intimation in the bills that Mrs. Mardyn was to play it, because the noble author had written it expressly for her. Upon a general outcry against the obvious untruth of this, the assertion was modified into the noble author's having intended Mrs. Mardyn to take the part, in the event of the play being acted; and finally, on the very morning of performance, it was announced that a letter had been received, stating that Mrs. Mardyn was too ill to appear, and that Miss Ellen Tree had, in the most obliging manner, consented to resume the part. Now, what all this trumpety nonsense really meant, we know not; but certain things we do know, and these are amongst them: Lord Byron neither wrote the part of *Myrrha* for Mrs. Mardyn, nor ever contemplated her acting it. Mrs. Mardyn never would have been tolerated in the part if he had; and if she had even been qualified for the performance, it would have been the height of indecency to have permitted her to undertake it. We have heard a world of rumours upon the subject, which are really not worth inquiring into; the most general one at present is, that the management has been regularly hoaxed about Mrs. Mardyn by some wag; and we incline to adopt this, because it is at the same time the most charitable.

#### FRENCH PLAYS—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

THE second performance took place on Monday last. The pieces were 'Le Consacrit,' 'La Reparation,' and 'Les Malheurs d'un Joli Garçon.' In the first, which is quite a trifle, there was nothing worthy of remark but the acting of M. Charlet, in the part of a simple, but good-natured voiturier, who, being crossed in love, volunteers to serve in the army as a substitute for his successful rival, who has been drawn a conscript. Nothing could exceed the ease and nature of this young man's conversation and demeanour. Instead of any stretch of imagination being required, to make one fancy him what he purported to be, an effort was necessary to believe him anything else. In the second M. Laporte was, as he always is to our thinking, greatly amusing, and very clever. Madlle. Irma had but little to do; she went through that little respectably, but we must not say more. In 'Les Malheurs d'un Joli Garçon' M. Laporte was the life and soul of a very broad and laughable, but absurd piece. We shall not be able to report on the new arrivals until next week; at present we can only say that they were much wanted. M. Laporte, with his versatile talent, animal spirits, and distinct utterance, is a host in himself; but one actor does not make a play, any more than one swallow makes a summer.

#### MISCELLANEA.

**Death of Capt. Skyring.**—No doubt our readers will remember the horrible murder of this officer, while engaged on a surveying expedition on the western coast of Africa, which it was our melancholy duty to announce in the *Athenæum* of last month. We now direct attention to an advertisement which appears in this day's paper, and hope we shall not do so unsuccessfully.

**Società Armonica.**—We are requested by Mr. E. Seguin, to state that the reason Mrs. E. Seguin did not appear at the last of these Concerts, was not "sudden indisposition," but that Mr. Forbes, the conductor of the Concerts, had announced her without her knowledge.

**The Naval and Military Museum.**—According to the report just published, this Institution is going on as prosperously as its friends could desire; there has been an increase of 830 members in the last year, making a total of 3,750, and the annual subscriptions amount to 1,405*l.* 1*1s.*

Some interesting discoveries have recently been made in the Terre dell' Annunziata, near Naples. The Marquis Munziante has discovered the remains of an ancient wall, and a small temple, in very beautiful preservation. There is a question whether these fragments are all that remain of some ruined city, or the commencement of a third subterranean city, like Herculaneum and Pompeii. It is also stated, from Naples, that Mount Vesuvius was in eruption on the 15th of March.

**Discovery of another Coal-mine in France.**—We last week mentioned the discovery of a coal-mine at Marsailles. The *Echo de la Provence* states, that another mine has been discovered at Saint Mathieu, in the territory of Dourches. More than 150 hectolitres of coal were extracted from the first orifice of the mine. The coal is of very excellent quality. The discovery has excited much interest in that part of the country. A few days ago the miners, who made the discovery, paraded the streets of Valenciennes with specimens, and a grand dinner was given upon the occasion. The scarcity of coal in France has proved an important obstacle to trade, and, therefore, such discoveries as these are looked upon with very great interest.

**American Literature.**—The following table of original American works published in 1833, has been compiled from the *New York Advertiser*.—Though not perhaps strictly accurate, it may be received as sufficiently so to show the direction in which the public mind of that country makes itself manifest: the useful greatly preponderates over the imaginative: "Annals (for 1834), 8—Biography, 17—Education, 62—On Teaching, 4—History, 4—Books for Youth, 25—Law, 13—Medicine, Surgery, Chemistry and Botany, 8—Miscellaneous, 59—Novels and Tales, 19—Poetry, 7—Theology, Divinity and Practical Religion, 39—Voyages and Travels, 6—Works on Fine Arts, 1—Total, 272."

The *Quotidienne* relates the following retort, which *Le Temps* has considered of sufficient importance to merit a place in its *Chronique Politique*. A splendid entertainment was given by the Austrian Minister at Vienna. Madame de Metternich did the honours with all the grace and dignity for which she is so celebrated. She was splendidly attired; and, among other ornaments, wore on her head a magnificent crown of diamonds. M. de St.-Aulaire, the representative of Louis Philippe, approached the princess, and, seeking to lose the ambassador in the man of the world, paid her abundance of compliments on the exquisite taste and magnificence of her costume. The crown of diamonds particularly excited his admiration.—"Princesse, je n'ai jamais rien vu de plus beau que cette couronne!"—"Et elle n'est pas volée, M. l'Ambassadeur!" M. de St.-Aulaire retreated:

however, as he is a man of tact, he was inclined to say nothing about this little diplomatic cheek, had it not been for one of his suite, who so far worked on him as to make him believe he could not suffer it to pass without making a complaint to M. de Metternich. "And what can I do?" said the man of state gravely, when he had heard the story, "Madame de Metternich est fait comme cela; elle a été fort mal élevée, elle dit tout ce que lui vient à l'idée, je n'y finis rien." The Princess de Metternich is generally quoted as one of the most accomplished ladies in Germany. M. de St.-Aulaire was aware of this—he saw that he had made a false step, and withdrew as well satisfied with the Minister as he had been with the Princess.

**The Inundations in China.**—The maritime city of Chien-chow, was all but swept away by the sudden burst of water through a ravine: at least 18,000 houses were, it is stated in the official papers, destroyed, and many people drowned.—*Canton Register*.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of Month.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thurs. 3	55 34	30.17	S.W. to N.E.	Cloudy.
Frid. 4	57 40	30.37	N.W. to N.	Ditto.
Sat. 5	65 44	30.34	N.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 6	58 35	Stat.	S.E.	Ditto.
Mon. 7	60 35	30.26	N.W. to S.E.	Clear.
Tues. 8	52 30	Stat.	N.E.	Cloudy.
Wed. 9	50 31	Stat.	N.E.	Ditto.

*Prevailing Cloud.*—Cirrocumulus.

Mean temperature of the week, 44.5°. Greatest variation, 34°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.335.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

**The People's Debt to the National Church; in a series of Readings, Historical, Biographical, and Doctrinal, Vols. I. and II. continuing the Age of Cassius, by the Rev. Richard Cattermole, B.D.**

**Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, Vol. II. Part 2.** This Part will comprise numerous valuable Papers by the late W. Roscoe, S. T. Coleridge, Dr. Nolan, Colonel Leake, &c.

**The Life and Adventures of John Munton Hall, by the Author of 'Darnley.'**

**A Treatise on the Diseases and Injuries of Bones, by Edward Stanley.**

**An Account of the Medicinal Employment of Delphinia, by A. Turnbull, M.D., and J. Sutherland, M.D.**

**Remains of the late Alexander Knox, containing Letters, &c., on the Doctrines and Philosophy of Christianity, and the distinctive Character of the Church of England.**

**An Essay on Primitive Preaching, by John Fotherick, Minister of the Gospel, Totnes.**

**Just published.**—Pritchard's Natural History of Animals, 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Northerners, by D. Stadden, 12mo. 6*s.*—Barnshaw's Theory of Statistics, 8vo. 14*s.*—Tucker's Sermons, 2 vols. 12mo. 9*s.*—Langfield's Political Economy, 8vo. 6*s.*—Holman's Travels, Vol. I. 8vo. 14*s.*—Library of American Biography, conducted by Jared Sparks, Vol. I. post 8vo. 7*s.*—Blackburn's Architectural and Historical Account of Crosby's Plains, 8vo. 8*s.* 6*d.*—Mamma's Bible Stories, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Comorama, by J. Aspin, 4*s.* 6*d.*—Juvenile Musical Library, with Illustrations by Cruikshank, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Doddridge's Family Expositor, 3 vols. 8vo. 14*s.* 6*d.*—Journey to the North of India overland from England through Russia, &c. by Lieut. Conolly, with Map and Plates, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 2*s.*—Eustace Conway, or, the Brother and Sister, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*—Doyle's Hints on Emigration to Upper Canada, 12mo. 1*s.*—Mitchell's First Exercises, or, Introduction to Writing of Latin, 12mo. 2*s.*—Barber's Pictorial Views of the Isle of Wight, royal 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*—The Principles and Practice of Obstetrics, by James Blundell, with Notes by Thomas Castle, 1*l.* 1*s.*—Remains of Dr. Payson, 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Way of Peace, 18mo. 1*s.*—Davidson's Pocket Commentary on the New Test. 24mo. 4*s.*—Payson's Select Thoughts, 32mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—The Stranger Chieftain, 2 vols. 8vo. 18*s.*

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W.—P. G. W.—P.—An Admirer, &c.—A retired Physician—Alpha—A Physician—W.—R. P.—J. R.—L.—L. J. P.—received.

W. B. P.—A. P. left as directed.

We did not receive any such communication as that referred to by G. Was his letter post paid? If not, it was refused as a matter of course.

We are obliged by the offer of 'Decius,' but must decline.

We acknowledge the receipt of 'Maufred's' letter, and of course its inclosure, two months since. We have twenty times stated that we cannot do more, and that it is impossible to return short papers.

If J. B. wants the work, let him order it; any bookseller will obtain it for him. It is ridiculous to trouble us with such questions.



## ADVERTISEMENTS

## SECRETARY WANTED.

**W**ANTED, A RESIDENT SECRETARY in the above Institution. Salary not to exceed £500, with Rooms, Coal, and Candles. Testimonials of character and ability, stating the former pursuits of the applicant, to be addressed (post paid) to the Honorary Secretary, at No. 30, Sloane-street.

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—ENGLISH POETRY.

**O**n Wednesday, the 16th, and the eleven ensuing Wednesdays, Dr. BLAIR will deliver a Course of Lectures on the HISTORY and CRITICISM of ENGLISH POETRY.

The following are the Subjects:—  
Introduction, Part I. Celtic—Scandinavian—Teutonic—Anglo-Saxon Poetry. Part II. Anglo-Norman Poets—Intermediate Poets and earliest English Poets—Age of Chaucer—Introduction of Elizabeth—Wilton—Poets of Charles II.'s Reign—School of Dryden and Pope—Last half of Eighteenth Century—Nineteenth Century.

**SANSKRIT.**—Dr. ROSEN will commence a Course of Instruction in the SANSKRIT LANGUAGE, on Tuesday, the 15th inst. at 3 o'clock. The Course will be continued on Tuesdays and Fridays at the same hour, until the conclusion of the Session, Feb. 21.

Council Room, 4th April, 1834. **THOMAS COATES,** Secretary.

## KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

**PROFESSOR SPURRIER will RESUME** his COURSE of LECTURES on the LAWS of ENGLAND on Tuesday next, the 15th instant, at Eight o'clock in the Evening, and will continue it on every subsequent Tuesday during the Academic Term of the same hour. After ten Preliminary Lectures on the subject of Ancient and Modern Tensors, in which any Gentleman pursuing his read of address will be admitted, the Course will be occupied with the consideration of the Law relating to the Enfranchisement and Transfer of Real Property.

**GEOLOGY.**—Professor J. Phillips will, on Monday, the 21st inst. commence a Course of Eight Lectures on the leading Principles of Geology, and the Discoveries in that Science; the History of Fossil Remains, &c. A Synopsis of the Course may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.

By order of the Council,  
11th April, 1834. **W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.**  
N.B. The Classes, both in the Senior Department and the School, were re-opened on the 6th instant.

## Sales by Auction.

## LAW LIBRARY

Of the late HENRY GABAGAN, Esq. of the Inner Temple, which will be SOLD BY AUCTION (by order of the Executors), by Messrs. SOUTHGATE, SON, and GRIMSTON, at their Rooms, 21, Fleet-street, on Tuesday, April 15th, at 12 o'clock, half-past 12 o'clock precisely.

**COMPRISING Statutes at Large to 4th** William IV. by Tomlins, Esq. 22 vols. 8vo.—Howell's State Trials, 32 vols.—Crutten's Digest, 7 vols.—Tomlins' Law Dictionary, 3 vols.—Reports by Brown, 4 vols.; Dow, 6 vols.; Viner, 5 vols. and Jan. 22 vols.; Macdona, 5 vols.; Bosanquet and Fisher, 3 vols.; Robinson, 4 vols.; Tansworth, 3 vols.; Modern, 12 vols.; Darnley and East, 3 vols.; East, 18 vols.; Bingle and de la Haye, 5 vols.; Barnes and Alderson, 3 vols.; Boscawell and Cresswell, 4 vols.; &c. &c. In excellent condition. May be viewed the day preceding and morning of Sale, and Catalogues had at the Rooms.

**LIBRARY OF THE LATE EDWARD UPHAM, ESQ.** By Messrs. SOUTHGATE, SON, and GRIMSTON, at their Rooms, No. 21, Fleet-street, on Monday, 21st April, and following days, at half-past 12 o'clock each day.

**THE LIBRARY OF the late EDWARD UPHAM, Esq., M.R.S., and F.R.S.,** Author of 'The History and Doctrines of Buddhism,' 3 vols. 8vo. &c. &c. being an interesting Collection of Books relating to Oriental Literature and Customs; Egyptian Antiquities; Hieroglyphics; Botany; &c. &c.

Catalogues are preparing, and will be forwarded by post to those who will furnish Messrs. S. and Co. with their address.

**THE LATE COUNT FRIES, OF VIENNA.** Mr. STANLEY will have the honour of submitting to SALE, at his Rooms, 21, Old Bond-street, on FRIDAY, the 9th of MAY, and following Day:

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To be viewed three days previous to the sale, when Catalogues, at One Shilling for each Part, may be had.

Of the curious, very rare, and very precious WINES in the Cellars at HOUDEY HALL, will be sold at a later period of the Season.

**THE KING'S PICTURES OF the BATTLE** of TRAFALGAR, painted by W. J. Huggins, (Marine Painter to His Majesty), and exhibited by permission of His Most Gracious Majesty. With a GALLERY of SUPERB PAINTINGS: amongst which are the celebrated CHERUBIN and ARABIAN OF CORREGGIO, taken from the Vatican by Napoleon. Forming the Third Annual Exhibition.—EXETER HALL, Strand.—Admission to both, 1s.

**THE Thirtieth Annual Exhibition of the SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS** will Open at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, on Monday, 20th inst. Open each day from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SUFFOLK-STREET, PALL MALL EAST.**

**THE EXHIBITION for the SALE of WORKS of LIVING BRITISH ARTISTS, is NOW OPEN** from Ten till Six.  
H. R. DAVIS, Secretary.  
Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

**CAPTAIN ROSS.—NOW OPEN, at the** Panoramas, Leicester-square, a VIEW of BOOTHIA, painted from Drawings purchased of Captain Ross. "We visited this interesting Panorama, and found it an admirably executed, that we venture to predict its being attractive to the public as the magnetic pole attracts the needle."—*Literary Gazette.*  
The VIEW of NIAGARA remains open.

**GRAND EXHIBITION.—NATIONAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE, Adelphi-street, and Luther Arcade, Strand.—This interesting source of AMUSEMENT and Instruction opens daily, from 10 o'clock.**  
Admission, One Shilling.

**EXHIBITION OF SPLENDID CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS, at 502, REGENT-STREET.** The beauties and wonders of Chemical Science will be illustrated by an extensive Series of the most interesting and brilliant Experiments, with short and familiar explanations, so as to render each Experiment easily intelligible. In the entire Series nearly all parts of Practical and Experimental Chemistry will be exhibited, with the exception of those Experiments which are unpleasant or explosive.—Admission, 1s. Open from Twelve till Five daily. A Systematic Course of 30 Chemical Lectures will also be delivered in the evening.

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All persons assured in this Office are permitted to pass and repass, in time of peace, from any part of Europe to another, by Sea or Land, without payment of additional Premium, or forfeiture of Policy.

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The Profits declared on Life Policies, at the Septennial Meeting, on an average of all ages, exceed 44 per cent. on the Premiums paid.

The Bonus has been equitably divided among the Policies entitled, in proportion to the Profits which had accrued in the Office from each Policy, and according to the terms elapsed, from the date of the Policy to the Septennial Valuation.

## ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The Directors do hereby give Notice, that, during the rebuilding of the Company's House in Chancery-lane, the Business of the Office will be carried on at No. 10, Coleman-street.

**LIVE DEPARTMENT.**—Persons assured for the whole term of life in Great Britain or Ireland respectively, will have an addition made to their Policies every seventh year, or an equivalent reduction will be made to the future payments of Premium, at the option of the Assured.

The following Table shows the total Additions made to Life Policies for £1000, effected in London or through an Agent in Great Britain, which had been in force for the Fortteen Years ending at Christmas 1830.

Policyes dated 30th Dec. 1916.	Sum assured.	Annual Premium.			Agred construc- tioned year.	Amount added payable at the Party's death.
	£1000	£31	13	10	90	£300
	1000	24	6	10	25	225
	1000	28	10	4	20	944
	1000	29	10	4	20	256
	1000	33	19	3	40	374
	1000	38	6	0	30	300
	1000	53	3	4	55	309
	1000	63	12	4	60	462

Equivalent Reductions have been made in the future payments of Premium, where the parties assured have desired to have the amount of the surplus Premiums so applied.

The next valuation will be made at Christmas 1837, and Policies effected before that date will participate in proportion to the time they may then have been in force.

The Company purchase their Policies at an equitable value.

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The Company's Rates and Proposals may be had at the Office in London, or of any of the Agents in this Country, where are authorized to report on the appearance of Lists proposed for Assurance.

10, Coleman-street, London, **HENRY DESBOROUGH,** Secretary.

## CAPTAIN SKYRING'S WIDOW.

**THE shocking Account of the MURDER of** CAPTAIN SKYRING appeared in the *Athenæum* of March 1. He was selected by the Admiralty, in September last, to command the *Esne*, for the purpose of Surveying the Western Coast of Africa. His arrival off Cape Horn on December 22nd, and having landed on the following morning to commence his labours, he was surrounded by a horde of Savages, who murdered him in a manner too revolting for minute description; suffice it to say, his body was mutilated and mangled by *Jouvenet* and *Houde*. Having in private torture, he was induced, on the morning of his death, to incur a debt of upwards of £500, to provide himself with a general equipment for this important service, not, however, without having made every extraordinary arrangement for its speedy liquidation by the transmission of his bills as they became due; but also, he held his command but the short space of 34 days! A few friends who were intimately acquainted with his sterling worth, with his simple, unassuming, but genuine Christian character, are desirous of alleviating, as far as practicable, the agony of mind of his afflicted Widow, (who is left with two young children and her two aged parents depending on her for support), by relieving her from the burden of this debt, which she is bound, as well as out of respect to the memory of her beloved husband, feels herself bound to pay. In humble dependence upon the Divine Blessings on their efforts, they therefore beg respectfully to appeal to Christian sympathy and Christian benevolence in behalf of her, whose Husband was cut off by this mysterious dispensation of Providence, in the prime of life, and severely in the service of his country, but in the prosecution of one of our national interest.

Contributions will be thankfully received by Mr. Stillwell, 23, Arundel-street, London; Captain Richardson, Fortin Road, Guernsey; and Mr. Griffin, Bookeller, Queen-street, Portree.

Just published, 4to. price 6s. 6d. boards.

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The present is an attempt to deal with legislation as a science, and is more immediately intended for the personal of Members of the Legislature.

London: Longman and Co.; and Rivington and Sons.  
By the same Author,  
Comparative View of the Industrial Situation of Britain, from 1773 to the present time. 3s. 6d.

On the 1st of April was published, No. 4, price 2s. 6d. of **THE MONTHLY ARCHIVES of the** MEDICAL SCIENCES.  
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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 338.

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
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## REVIEWS

*History of Egyptian Mummies, with Remarks on the Funeral Ceremonies of Different Nations, and Observations on the Mummies of the Canary Isles—of the Ancient Peruvians—of the Burman Priests, &c.* By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A. &c. 4to. Plates. London: Longman.

THIS is a subject of extreme interest, whether we consider it as connected with the history of the human race, or as affording unquestionable evidence regarding the state of certain arts and sciences at the remote period to which its records refer. Under the former head, it shows us, that mankind were, even in those early days, divided into varieties, separated from each other by as wide distinctions as those now known to exist; consequently, that such varieties, if we suppose them derived from a common stock, must have originated within a portion of time, comparatively short, and within which, modifying circumstances were necessarily much fewer than in the subsequent periods of refinement and civilization, during which, nevertheless, no new variety has arisen: under the latter, it shows a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance—of magnificence and meanness: the texture of their linen, at times of extreme fineness, is contrasted with the rude nature of their cutting implements and utensils; the body is often superbly gilt—the sarcophagus, in which it is enclosed, painted with figures well delineated, in colours of a brightness which now defy the chemist's art, yet, with a total want of perspective, and a deficiency in any but the primitive tints, inasmuch that a deep red is employed to express the dusky complexion of the male, while a yellow is their nearest approach to the more delicate tint of the female. The emblems, also, of the profession or trade of the deceased, are not unfrequently found interred with him, and some of these are of a nature to evince, not only civilization, but luxury.

Thus we have pick-axes and various instruments for agricultural and mechanical purposes, the net of the fisherman, the razor and stone to sharpen it of a barber, cupping glasses, vases of perfumes, pottery, and wooden vessels of all kinds, baskets of fruits, seeds, &c. Loaves of bread near to the mummy of a baker, paints and brushes alongside of an artist, various instruments of surgery by the body of a physician, a bow and arrow by the side of a hunter, a lance by the soldier, a hatchet and poignard by another, and the style and the receptacle for ink by the clerk. The distaff has been found in the cases of male mummies, which would appear to confirm the statement of Herodotus that the men were employed in the manufacture of the cloth, whilst the females were engaged in commerce. Combs, paints, mirrors, and other articles of the toilet, have been found with the mummies of females. In a box of wood placed in the neighbourhood of a mummy, almost entirely decayed, M. Passalacqua found nine instruments in silex, which he conceived to be

knives for making the incision in the flanks of the dead."

In addition to these, are enumerated spangles, combs, necklaces, bracelets, rings, engraved stones, bells, musical reed or pipe, bronze mirror, ivory pins for the head, and various other articles, which bespeak a state of advancement, from which many subsequent ages seemed but to retrograde.

Viewed thus, the History of Mummies is calculated to afford both instruction and entertainment, and Mr. Pettigrew has performed an useful and acceptable task in collecting together the information bearing on it, which lay scattered through such numerous volumes of travels, researches, and periodical publications, and illustrating it by observations, the result of his own experience. This has been tolerably extensive: acquainted with Belzoni, Mr. Pettigrew had, through his means, an opportunity of examining three mummies; he has, also, witnessed the unrolling of one presented to the Royal Asiatic Society by Sir John Malcolm, lectured on one which he himself opened at Charing-Cross Hospital, examined others which were placed at his disposal by Mr. Saunders and Dr. John Lee, and assisted Mr. Davidson to unroll one last July at the Royal Institution, upon which occasion Mr. Davidson delivered an exceedingly interesting lecture, a full report of which, our readers will recollect, was given in our 299th Number. Furthermore, Mr. Pettigrew examined the mummy brought into this country by Dr. Perry, which was rendered remarkable by having an exostosis (bony tumour) extending along the outer side of the right orbit; he also witnessed the unrolling of Mr. Reeder's mummy at the Mechanics' Institute, and assisted at the recent examinations at the London University and the Royal College of Surgeons. These have been ample opportunities of acquiring information on the subject, and the following incident will show that Mr. Pettigrew has not been slow to profit by them; at the same time, that it exhibits a curious proof of the certainty which can now be attained in deciphering hieroglyphical inscriptions.

The mummy belonging to the College now attracted my attention, and when, from an examination of the hieroglyphic characters marked upon it, I declared its inhabitant to have been a priest of the temple of Ammon, I was assailed by not a few with ridicule, the face painted upon the case being so delicate and strongly resembling that of a female. To satisfy myself upon this subject, I solicited from the council of the College the loan of some drawings of the case which had been some years since very carefully executed by Mr. Clift, jun., under the inspection of his father, William Clift, Esq., the very respected and intelligent conservator of the Museum. By the assistance of Mr. Wilkinson, I was enabled to make out very satisfactorily, not only that the mummy contained within the case, was that of a priest of the temple I have mentioned, but that he was of an inferior order of the priesthood (an incense burner), and that his name was Horseisi, and the son of Nas-

phiniogori, of the same grade and profession; and, having ascertained this, I was desirous, not only on account of my own reputation, but for the verification of hieroglyphical literature, to have the case opened and the matter determined. The council of the College most liberally assented to my request, and honoured me by their invitation to perform this in the theatre of the College in the presence of the members and a large assemblage of distinguished literary and scientific characters, who did me the honour to attend upon the occasion. One circumstance only dwelt upon my mind as likely to cause a possible disappointment—the occurrence of, by any accident, a body having been substituted for the one originally intended. Upon opening the case, however, the first thing that presented itself, was a singular identification of the individual, by having a fillet of linen loosely folded round the legs, on which were inscribed the hieroglyphical characters denoting the name and profession of the deceased. In the course of the unrolling of the mummy, I found this inscription repeated, with slight variations, no less than four times; and it is worthy of remark, as showing the hieroglyphics to have been used with great freedom and as a kind of tachygraphy, that in one instance the hieroglyphics denoting some of the letters were left out, thus abridging the name, as would be likely to occur in any rapid writing of the present day. It is sufficient to observe, that the result of the examination justified the prediction I had given—the particulars of the investigation will be found in their proper places in this work."

It is pretty well known that, for this facility in understanding hieroglyphics, the world is chiefly indebted to the laborious researches of Dr. Young; and many of our readers who frequent the British Museum have doubtless observed the famous Rosetta Stone, from the triple inscription on which he made his discovery.

"The stone, which is of black basalt, it may be right here to state, was discovered by the French when digging for the foundation of Fort St. Julian, near Rosetta, buried four feet beneath the surface of the ground. This monument, which affords to us the only known clue to the hieroglyphics, and furnishes an example of the style of an Egyptian record or decree, may fairly be considered as one of the most interesting Egyptian antiquities in the world. It is deposited in the British Museum, and Mr. Hamilton tells us that when the claim was made for its delivery to the British authorities it was not given up without many remonstrances and deep regret on the part of the French.

"The inscription on this stone is trilingual or rather trigrammatic: hieroglyphic or sacred, enchorial or native character, and the Greek. This is, perhaps, almost the only hieroglyphical inscription in the world accompanied by a translation, and from the Greek we find that it is an inscription in honour of Ptolemy Epiphanes, and that the decree was ordered to be engraved in three different characters, the sacred, the native, and the Greek. It was executed in the ninth year of this sovereign, or 196 B.C. The stone is unfortunately imperfect, being deficient of a part at the commencement of the first inscription, the beginning of the second, and the latter part of the third.

"M. De Sacy was, I believe, the first to com-

pare the Greek inscription with the enchorial and hieroglyphic, and in two passages of the Greek, in which the proper names of Alexander and Alexandria occur, he recognized two well-marked groups of characters, very nearly resembling each other: these he justly considered as representing proper names. He made out also the place of the name of Ptolemy, but beyond this he could not proceed, and abandoned the research. M. Akerblad resumed the enquiry, established what M. De Sacy had done, and endeavoured to construct an alphabet, but in this he completely failed. This failure has been attributed to the notion which he and his predecessor had imbibed that the whole inscription was alphabetical, and partly from his expectation of finding all the vowels which the same words contain in the Coptic text still extant. In 1814, Dr. Young directed his attention to this ancient monument, and the result of his unparalleled labours was given anonymously as an appendix to a communication made in 1816, by Sir W. Edward Rouse Boughton, Bart., to the Society of Antiquaries, entitled, 'Some Remarks on Egyptian Papyri and on the Inscription of Rosetta.'

Of the mode in which Dr. Young proceeded in this great discovery, he has himself informed us in the article 'Egypt,' which he wrote for the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica.

"First, attending to the enchorial text, he verified the previous observations of M. de Sacy and M. Akerblad as to the names of Alexander and Alexandria, and the application of the numerals. He next observed a remarkable collection of characters, repeated twenty-nine or thirty times in the enchorial inscription, and he found that nothing occurred so often in the Greek, except the word *king*, with its compounds, which he found about thirty-seven times; a fourth assemblage of characters he found fourteen times, and this agreed sufficiently with the name of Ptolemy, which occurred eleven times in the Greek: and by a similar comparison he identified the name of Egypt, although it occurs much more frequently in the enchorial than in the Greek, which often substitutes for it country only, or omits it entirely. He then proceeded to write the Greek text over the enchorial in such a manner, that the passages ascertained might also coincide as nearly as possible, and by this arrangement, the intermediate parts of each inscription were found to stand very near to the corresponding passages of the other.

"Having succeeded thus far, Dr. Young proceeded to analyze and decipher the hieroglyphical text, and by a comparison of this with the enchorial and the Greek texts he ascertained the places of some most prominent names and words, as *Ptolemy* (which he found in one place occurred three times in the hieroglyphics, though only twice in the Greek), *God, king, priest, shrine*, by which he obtained a number of common points of subdivision; he then proceeded to write all the three inscriptions side by side, and was thus enabled to investigate the sense of the respective characters, and institute a minute comparison of the different parts with each other. At length he succeeded in arranging the results of his enquiry, and gave a vocabulary comprising upwards of 200 names or words, which he had succeeded in deciphering in the hieroglyphical and enchorial texts, and in the Egyptian MSS. This is given in the article on Egypt I have referred to, and has been justly pronounced to be 'the greatest effort of scholarship and ingenuity of which modern literature can boast.'

To Dr. Young succeeded M. Champollion; who, walking diligently in the path that was thus traced out, and having the good fortune to meet with a monument of great interest in

the isle of Philæ, containing, in many places, the names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, was, at length, enabled, by a careful examination and comparison of the signs entering into these names, to effect a tolerably full development of the principles of the hieroglyphic alphabet, which he gave to the world in his '*Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique des Anciens Egyptiens*.'

But, to return to Mr. Pettigrew: his book commences with a chapter on mummies, and an account of the use once made of them in medicine; and, when we say, that he has never even once alluded to their employment in the magnetic and sympathetic cures of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—never mentioned the names of Van Helmont, Paracelsus, Sebastian Wurdig, Sir Kenelm Digby, Fludd, and many others, by whom they were used or extolled, it will be hardly necessary that we should formally record our opinion, that, whatever else may be Mr. Pettigrew's merits, they by no means include deep learning, or painful research. In fact, most of his book is taken from very obvious sources, and his quotations generally at second hand; however, this does not hinder it from being entertaining to those who have paid but little attention to the subject, or who dread going to search after it in more crude tomes.

As regards the ancient modes of embalming, such full details will be found in the report of Mr. Davidson's lecture, already alluded to, that we refrain from entering further into the subject; respecting, however, the more modern methods of preparing mummies, especially where, from their use in medicine, they had become an article of commerce, Mr. Pettigrew gives some curious particulars:—

"Some Jews entered upon a speculation to furnish the mummy thus brought into demand as an article of commerce, and undertook to embalm dead bodies and to sell them to the Christians. They took all the executed criminals, and bodies of all descriptions that could be obtained, filled the head and inside of the bodies with simple asphaltum, an article of very small price, made incisions into the muscular parts of the limbs, inserted into them also the asphaltum, and then bound them up tightly. This being done, the bodies were exposed to the heat of the sun; they dried quickly, and resembled in appearance the truly prepared mummies. These were sold to the Christians.

"Guy De la Fontaine, physician to the king of Navarre, took a journey into Egypt, and being at Alexandria, sought out the principal Jew concerned in this traffic, and requested to see his collection of mummies. This was very willingly granted, and several bodies heaped one on the other were speedily shown to him. Enquiring as to the places whence they had been obtained, and anxious to know whether that which the ancients had written respecting the treatment of the dead and their mode of sepulture could be confirmed, the Jew laughed at him and hesitated not to say that all the bodies then before them, amounting to between thirty and forty, had been prepared by him during the last four years, and that they were the bodies of slaves or other persons indiscriminately collected. De la Fontaine then enquired as to what nation they belonged, and whether they had died of any horrible disease, such as leprosy, the small pox, or the plague, to which the Jew replied that he cared not whence they came, whether they were old or young, male or female, or of what disease they had died, so long as he could obtain them, for that when embalmed no one could tell, and added, that he

himself marvelled how the Christians, so dainty mouthed, could eat of the bodies of the dead. The Jew then detailed to De la Fontaine the mode of embalming adopted by him, which was in agreement with that just alluded to by M. Guvon."

The mummies of the Guanches—of the Peruvians—and the preserved bodies of the Capuchin friars, in the catacombs at Palermo, are too well known to render it necessary we should say anything regarding them; but, some incidents respecting the desiccation and subsequent incineration of a Burman priest, related to Mr. Pettigrew by Captain Coke, who witnessed them, well deserve attention. This gentleman, who was engaged in the last Burmese war, found himself one day deserted by all the natives whom he had been employing on some works of great urgency. Upon going to inquire the cause, he found, that a Phonyee, or native priest, was about being burned with unusual pomp, and that his workmen were all engaged in building great timber beasts, of all sizes and forms, to be used in the important ceremony. He was invited to the Kioum, or convent, where the deceased last resided, and where he was now lying in state.

"Upon our arrival there, we found the body lying exposed to public view, upon a stage constructed of bamboos, gaudily but rather tastefully decorated, with tinsel and coloured paper. The entrails of the deceased, (who had been dead upwards of a month,) had been taken out a few hours after death, by means of an incision in the stomach, and the vacuum being filled with honey and spices, the opening was sewed up. The whole body was then covered over with a slight coating of resinous substance called *dhamma*, and wax, to preserve it from the air, after which it was richly overlaid with gold leaf, thus giving the body the appearance of one of the finely moulded images so common in the temples of the worshippers of BOODH. . . .

"A few days after we had visited the kioum, there was a grand procession of all the monstrous representations of animals that Burman ingenuity had devised, through the principal streets of the town, and along the lines of the cantonment. These animals were elevated on a low stage with wheels, and were drawn by the retainers of the petty chieftains, who had each constructed a huge rocket of timber, well secured by belts of iron, and then strongly lashed with green rattan between the legs of the beast which each had chosen to construct. Bodies of the natives, too, who lived independently, and owned no chief's supremacy, had associated themselves together, for the purpose of sending delegates to this strange assembly."

The procession commenced with files of women, carrying fruit and flowers; these were followed by a band of music, and these by dancing-girls and chorus-singers.

"Then came the monsters! the aforementioned elephant and formidable rocket in the van; next approached an unwieldy rhinoceros, then boars with bristly backs, camels whose heads overtopped the loftiest of our mansions, bison who were all neck and eyes, tigers with tails borne aloft, buffaloes with crimson eyes and vermilion nostrils, bears with shaggy skins, horses equalling the famed one of Ulysses in dimensions, and one *par excellence* surmounted by a figure in due proportion of an English sergeant brandishing a halbert of the size of a weaver's beam. The rear of the lengthened array was brought up by representatives of most of the natives of the field, the forest, and the flood, and finally closed by a vast concourse of chorus-singers and standard-bearers. . . .

"About the middle of April, the beginning of



the new year, and two months after the Phongyee's decease, the body was brought out of the kioum, and placed upon a lofty stage on wheels, from twenty to twenty-five feet in height, formed of open fretted bamboo work, with a profusion of small flags and pinnacles highly decorated with paint, tinsel, and gold leaf. The body was about twenty feet from the ground, with an open canopy above, about which much ingenuity had been called into action, and no expense spared to render it imposing in the eyes of the multitude. Several huge creepers which entwine and strangle the forest trees of the east, and of the thickness of a ship's cable, were applied together and attached to opposite extremities of the car, which was drawn out to an open plain in the vicinity of the kioum. Here from ten to twelve thousand people were assembled, as many of whom as could possibly find room for their hands linked themselves to the wooden cables, and each party raising a tumultuous shout strove to drag the car in contrary directions. At the first heave of the vast multitude, I expected to see the car rent into a thousand pieces; but it stood firm against the efforts of both parties. For a length of time neither party gained the ascendancy; sometimes one would be dragged bodily a few feet to the rear; but rallying again, and by a desperate effort, they would soon recover the lost ground, and by the exertion gain somewhat of their adversary, holding it in turn but for a moment. At last a cable snapped, and away whirled the car at the full speed of 1500 devotees, now worked up to an enthusiastic phrensy by the joyous exclamations of the assembled host of idle but not uninterested spectators. Their triumph was, however, of short duration, part of their opponents clinging to the car and clambering on the stage impeded its progress, while the remainder pursued with the broken cable borne aloft on their shoulders; in a few minutes the disjointed part was again lashed to the car, and a check and again a struggle took place. This laborious contest continued for two or three days, when the time had arrived that the body was ultimately to be destroyed. . . .

"At mid-day the car, with its numerous attached miniature pagodas, wooden monsters, and their rockets, was drawn out along a road cut expressly for the purpose through the dense jungle which enclosed the village on the land side, into a small plain about a mile distant. The scene now became of the greatest interest, and one of the finest that could be imagined; the gracefully shaped car was placed in the centre of the plain, which was girt on three sides by an amphitheatrical range of low hills, which run in a parallel line to the Salween River. The fanciful figures of the beasts were drawn up in a kind of battle array, at some short distance upon every side of the stage upon which lay the Phongyee's body. Round about them not fewer than 30,000 people were assembled, who, unshackled by castes, were dressed in brilliant and many-coloured costumes, that were well relieved by the dark mass of the foliage which enriched the plain, and connected the rugged sides of the hills, whose loftier eminences were crowned with the light tapering spires of pagodas, and temples of GUADMA.

"The unfortunate ex-king of Pegu, with his golden chattah, and surrounded by his mimic court, took a prominent part in the proceedings of the day. The ascent of a few rockets was the signal for the commencement of a general attack upon the Phongyee's car by the surrounding monsters. The rocket between the legs of each being lighted, the animals were propelled by the force of the powder in the direction towards which they were pointed: so from every side they were seen bearing down upon the car, vomiting forth a long train of fire and smoke, and (to make a simile) like so many line-of-

battle ships firing their bow-guns in full chase. Some, indeed, deviated a little from the line intended, and, charging the crowd on the opposite side of the circle, trampled down all before them. Two or three people were crushed to death by this 'untoward event,' and the shaft of a sky-rocket descending through an unfortunate boy's head, killed him on the spot. One poor representative of a pig (the cunning construction of some Shans who had possessed sufficient interest to procure English powder for the loading of their rocket), true to its nature, would not advance a single step. It retrograded, obliqued to the right and left, made a dead halt, and blazed away; but no efforts could induce it to come to the charge. The Shans smote their breasts in dismay, and, dancing about like so many maniacs, poured in volleys of oaths and abuse, while the shrill 'ahma ta ma-koung-boo' of their wives could be distinguished amidst the uproarious peals of laughter which rose from the assembled multitude, and seemed to shake the very ground on which we stood. The *vis à tergo* in vain was tried; a chosen few of the tribe, with their brawny shoulders, gave an impulse *à posteriori*, to no avail; the rocket expired, and the pig had not advanced ten paces from the starting place. His assistance, however, (had not the honour of the Shans been touched,) to complete the work of destruction, might have well been dispensed with: the combustible materials of the car were soon ignited, and, when the dense cloud of smoke had swept away to leeward, all that was mortal of the Phongyee had disappeared, and not a vestige of the car remained."

We must not omit to notice two engravings by Cruikshank, one of a mummy, the other of a head of the same—of natural size and colour—which are among the most perfect things of the kind we have ever seen.

#### The Naval Sketch Book.

[Second Notice.]

THIS book, as Trinculo sings, "savours of tar and of pitch." There is no mistaking the Captain for a fresh-water sailor—whether serious or humorous, ashore or afloat, discussing a new system of signals, writing criticisms on Smollett or Byron, Jack's eccentricities, or dialogues of the deck, he talks, acts, thinks, and feels like a seaman, and his volumes are the more welcome on that account. Perhaps the best paper in the work, is 'Jack at Oporto,' from which we gave an extract in our former notice: another much to our taste is

#### Jack the Giant.

"What!—your *Trafflygar*-tar?—That breed's gone by, my bu—few are now seen in the sarvus—your present race are another set o' men altogether—as different, aye, as different as beer and bilge-water.—They're all for *larning* now; and yet there's never one in a thousand as larns his trade—and what's worse nor all, they're all a *larnin'* from the sogers to rig as lubberly as lobster.—Why, I was aboard of a crack-craft t'other day. . . . Well, may I never see light if ev'ry chap as toed a line on her deck, from stem to stern, hadn't his body braced-up with a pair o' braces crossing his shoulders, for all the world like a gallant on guard.

"Now I speaks as I knows, an' knows what I speaks—for you see I was a *Trafflygar* chap myself.—Did you ever hear of the *Lee B*—?—Did you ever hear o' *Billy-go-tight*, her skipper?—Did you ever hear of her losing her sticks under an infernal fire, an' *Billy-go-tight* singin' out like a soger, 'No, I won't strike—not I—no never, not I!'—an' *Billy* then brought-up with a round turn by the captain o' the foremost quarter-deck gun, turning round and

saying to the skipper—"There's never no one a-axing you, Sir!"—Well, I've seed *that*—I've seed myself surrounded with sharks when 'twas almost a mortal impossibility to escape the jaws of *Port-Royal-Tom*; yet, I say, I'd sooner see all them there things over an' over again, nor it ever should be said Bill Thompson was seen with braces, or, more properly speakin' toppin'—lift toppin'—up his trowsers. . . .

"But then you see, Bill," said one of his auditors, "then you see, men are beginnin' to get more spierience—to larn more the vally o' things, and to consider 'emselves as much a 'part o' the people,' as now other people do in the world."

"'People!' returned Thompson, indignantly, 'I'd like to see the fellow as *dare* call me a 'part o' the people'—I'd people him;—That's your shore-go'in' gammon—your infernal larnin' as capizes your brain till it boils over like a pitch-kettle an' sets fire to all afloat.—Larn your trade—larn to keep your trowsers taut in the seat, to curse a steamer, an' puddin' an anchor, an' then, 'stead o' callin' yourself 'part o' the people,' perhaps you may pass for a bit of a tar."

"Well, but Bill, d'ye mean to say that the present race o' seamen are not just as good men as before *Trafflygar*?"

"I does—I means to say they hav'at the mind as they had—they doesn't *think* the same way (that is, *they thinks too much*)—and moreover, they're not by one half as active aloft as we were in the war:—Chaps now reefin' *taupales* crawl out by the foot-ropes, an' you now never see a weather-earin'-man fling himself out by the to'-gallan'-studden-sail haliards."

"Yes, but Bill, perhaps in your day the men were smaller, an' lighter built."

"Smaller!—not a bit of it,—I've seen men at a weather-earin' as big as a bullock.—No, no, my bo, they were big enough. . . .

"Well, for my part, I likes a light hand aloft."

"Mind ye, I doesn't say," continued Thompson, "that your small men aboard are not mostly the best; they're certainly more active aloft, stow better below, and have far better chance in action than a fellow as taunt as a topmast: and yet a double-fisted fellow tells well rousin' a tack aboard, or haulin' aft a sheet; and what's far better nor all, they're less conceited, and oft'ner far better tempered nor chaps nut half their heights."

"We'd a chap in the old *Andrew-Mack* not four feet five at furthest, and I'm bless'd if he wasn't spliced to a craft as long as a skysail-pole—he was what they calls a reg'lar built dwarf, but he was as broad on the beam as the biggest aboard.—He was captain o' the mizen-top, an' well they knew it, the boys afloat, for he'd an infernal tyrannical temper; his wife was quite the reverse—a better hearted cretur never slept under a gun.—See them at North Corner, or Mutton Cove, on liberty together, an' you'd see what care she'd take of her Tom—her "Tom-tit" as he was christened aboard.—Tom liked his drop—but the fellow was so short 'twould get in his noddle an hour sooner nor a common-sized man,—there he'd drop as drunk as a lord—lay in the mud an' mire till his rib (long Kate, as we called her,) would coil him clean up in her apron, bundle the little beast on her back, an' take him aboard in a waterman's boat:—an' yet, for the care she took of her Tom, the short-bodied bandy-legged beggar would hide poor Kate by the hour."

"Blow your dwarfs," interrupted Thompson, "were you ever in a ship with a giant aboard?—one o' the ships company, you know,—a fellow reg'larly borne on the books?—'cause ye see, I served in a ship with a giant aboard."

"What, a reg'lar-built giant?"

"Aye, a reg'lar-built *giant*!—a fellow as stood six feet six in his stockin'-feet—nor a better-built man was never seed for his size—No deck ever seed his equal—Poor Bill!—Bill Murdock. . . .

"I think I now sees him on his beam-ends tryin' to take a caulk in the bay below.—I think I sees him lying at full length, looking, for all the world, like a South-Sea whale sleeping on the sarvus.—Poor Bill!—I never seed his fellow—he did his duty as captain-o'-the-hold—for 'twould never a-done t'ove let a two-ton fellow like Bill aloft.—Moreover he was a capital hand in the hold.—Why, he'd take a butt o' water on his knees, an' sup-out o' the bung-hole easier, aye, by far easier nor you or I could out of a breaker.—But, poor Bill had a crack in his head—a wound in his pate, as got him in many a scrape.—It made him reg'larly mad whenever he drank—but keep him from lickin', an' there wasn't his fellow afoat.—A nicer mannered man never Sallyport seed—an' a prettier-spoken chap never entered a tap. Tho' big, and bulky as a bullock, his voice was as mild as milk, and no foot afoat trod lighter the deck.—Keep him from drink, an' he'd sing a stave an' could win, aye, the first lady in the land—sober, the skipper himself wasn't better behaved.—He hadn't the heart to hurt a fly—he'd take off his hat to the smallest reefer aboard—and, as for the young gemmen, they'd a-gone to h— for Bill.—I'm blest if he didn't live more in the midshipman's berth nor ever he did in his own.—Bill could amuse both man an' boy.—He was as much a child as any child in the ship, an' sartinly, more of a man nor any ten together. He could converse wi' the best aboard—but though a monster in a mob, I never heard that he called himself 'part o' the people.'—He was a capital scholar—know'd figures well—the rule o' three better.—He could hula a foreigner (and that, too, when the skipper cou'dn't) in any tongue,—no matter, Dutch, or Algebra, or even Maltese,—he could make himself understood in any lingo—that is, he could ax'em "where they were from? and where bound?" an' the like o' that.—He could spin, too, a capital yarn.—He was shipwrecked twice, once as a mate, and once as a master,—and such a chap at *chequers*, I never seed in my day.—In short, Bill was a man in a million.—But with all that, Bill was the *devil* in drink—one glass more nor his allowance, and stand clear fore-an'-aft.—'Twasn't the frigate, nor yet any three-decked ship in the sarvus, as could hold him, once poor Bill had his beer aboard. . . .

"One time at Port-Royal, on a Patrick's-day, he goes reg'larly aft, an' axes permission to be clapt in the bilboes.—"Please, Sir," says he, turning as red as a soger's coat, as he faced the first-leaftennant.—"Please, Sir," says he, "I axes your pardon—I hopes no offence—but if no be," says Bill, "it's all the same to you, Sir, I'll be glad if you'll clap me for four-an'-twenty hours in irons."—"In irons? for what?" says the first-leaftennant.—"What for?" says Bill, heavin' a bashful glance at the first-leaftennant—for you see, Bill was ashamed to say for *why*.—"To be moored out of mischief's way;—for you know, Sir," says Bill,—"I darn't—darn't trust the drop!"

"But Bill was the boy for a brush in the boats.—One time we'd a cuttin'-out job in the Bay—'twas in the — frigate, for Bill and me, an' the first twenty-five on the books were drafted together in the *Saucy-go-where-she-will*—the *Lee L.*—! she was the ship for the boats—Crappo's craft was a brig—an armed brig anchored off the Isle of *Jeu*—(though I never aforeheard of a *Jew* bein' found in France.)—Well, she was lyin' all a taunto, royal yards across, an' moored head-an'-stern, close under a six-gun battery.—As soon as the fun was fixed, an' the word "*colaniteer*" gets wind below,

in course, big Bill must make his way aft, to clap down his name for the fray.—To see Bill comin' aft, scratchin' his pate with a smile on his mug as he seemed to say, "here am I—more nor a barge's-crew in myself,"—was better, aye, better by half nor a reg'lar built play.—At first he dodges about the bitts afore he takes courage to face the leaftennant,—one Smith, was first-leaftennant,—a very good man in his way, but he hadn't the manners o' Bill.—He'd a shore-goin' sneerin' manner o' callin' a man as Bill could never abide.—"Well, *Mister Murdock*," says Smith, "what do you want?" Well, this *Mister* the man was near the cap-sizin' o' Bill—it fairly floored him—and, no wonder—for where's the man among us as likes to be *Mistered* here—an' *Mistered* there.—Why, 'tisn't worse to be called "*Part-o'-the-People*."—"Well," says Smith, in a mockin' manner, "so you Mr. Murdock, you must come aft to give in your name!"—Well, this *you-ing* the man was worse to poor Bill nor callin' him *Mister*.—"I hopes, Sir," says Bill, "I only comes aft like a man."—"A man!" says the first-leaftennant.—"a precious sight more like a monster.—Besides, *Mister Murdock*," says Smith, "you're *nothing*, you know, when sober, an' drunk, your courage is *Dutch*!"—Big as he was, a child would have floored him.—Poor Bill! . . . But Bill bolted it all till the skipper comes up to look at the list.—"I axes your pardon," says Bill, as soon as the skipper looks over the list.—"I hopes no offence, Sir," says Bill brightenin' up at the sight o' the skipper, an' a ring o' good humour again breakin' round his mouth,—for you soon could disfigure the bent o' Bill.—"I axes your pardon," says he to the skipper, "but I'm sorry to say, Mr. Smith won't allow me to go—he thinks me too *sober*, an' moreover, says I'm nothin' unless I've my beer aboard."—"Well, an' no more you *are*, Sir," says Smith snappin' at Bill.—"If that be the case, just give me an *extra* allowance, an' I'm blow'd," says Bill, thumpin' his fist on the capsten, "if another soul in the ship need be sent!"—"No, no," says the skipper, trying to smother a smile, "No, no, my man," (for a man *was* a man with the skipper, an' he never, no, never *Mistered* a man.)—"No, no," says he, "we wants you for better work—your day's to come as well as my own—Go below, my man—go below," says the skipper, tryin' to comfort Bill.—Well, Bill goes below—but seed he was not, the whole day long—He kept out o' sight in the hold,—refused his dinner, refused his supper, and, as we all atwixt-decks a-thought, took the thing too much, entirely to heart.

"Well, the time drew nigh—the boats were manned an' armed, each man with a white stripe on his left slipper to mark him from Crappo's crew.—All was ready—the thing was managed in a manner o' silence never afore seed, or since.—Hands were shook, to be sure, but more was said by a *squeeze*, more *felt* by a fist, nor ever was said or *felt* by any o' your palaverin' parliament chaps.—Well, the word "*Shove-off*!" was given—the oars all muffled, an' away alipt the boats out o' sight, like craft as were slidin' in slush.—The Jolly was the last that left—for she was the hospital-boat, an' the doctor's-mate, one Mullins, an Irish chap, was the only officer in her.—The doctor was ordered to keep out o' fire, an' to do no more nor dress the wounded, and patch their pates.—Well, when the jolly shoves off, there wasn't a breath to be heard aboard—nor as much, no, not as much as the glimmer of light to be seen in the ship—a churchyard at night was never more still—never more dumb and dark.

"'Twas exactly one bell after twelve when the jolly shoves off—the bell didn't strike, in course, but the glass was turned;—yes, 'twas exactly one bell, for I had it from old Jack Martin, the quarter-master o' the watch at the time

—exactly one bell, when we hears a thund'rin' row in the jolly.—She'd hardly gone twice her own length when we hears the bowman singin' out like a fellow as was fairly mazed.—"Holloa!—holloa!—what the h— have we *here*?—a thund'rin' grampus, by *gee*!"—"Silence! silence!" says the skipper, not more in the dark nor they in the boat.—"Oh! for shame! for shame, Mr. Mullins!" says the skipper, singin' out to the doctor's mate,—"for shame, Sir, makin' such a shockin' noise at a moment like *this*!"—for Martin said often, often, the skipper was in a terrible takin'.—"Pull away, Sir! pull away! by heaven!" says the skipper, for he never swore by never nothin' but heaven, "if you're in sight another second, I'll try you by a court-martial for cowardly conduct!"—Jack Martin often an' often repeated the skipper's identical words.—Well, you know, this here court-martial threat was quite enough to put Pat Mullins on his mettle; not that he disliked a fray, for the fellow liked fun as well as the best:—so the jolly was off from the ship in a crack.

"Well, no sooner we in the barge, pinnace, an' cutter, pulls-up alongside the brig, nor we gets one an' all a dose as sends us all staggerin' astern—empty bottles was heaved at our heads, cold shot thrown into the boats, and the fire of musketry Crappo kept up from the shore was the most infernal fire as ever was seed.—We made three attempts—twice on the starboard side, and once on the larboard—each time the boats were beat back.—Well, just as we intended to try a fourth, we hears *Mister Smith* sing out "*What boat's that?*"—an' the answer we hears was "*Dutch-courage!*—I'll show you the way, my bo!"—"Big-Bill!—Big-Bill!" by the Lord!—was the cry in the boats.—"Hurrah! hurrah! Big-Bill aboard, an' she's ours in a crack."—An' soon Big-Bill was aboard—an' if he didn't soon clear her decks, there's never no snakes in Virginny.—"Gabble, gabble!" you'd hear Crappo cry;—(*Gabbie*, you know, means *devil* in English, and in course the French thought the *devil* himself was adrift.—She soon was ours, and no sooner she was nor Bill comes aft to the first leaftennant an' says, "*Mister Smith*," says Bill, "I think for a *sober* man, I've not done amiss."

"Well, but Bill, how did he get in the boat?" interrupted one of Thompson's auditors, impatient to come at the sequel.

"How did he get in the boat?—Why, ye may depend he hadn't side-ropes goin' over the side, nor whipped over by the ladies'-chair.—No, no,—he did this though—lowered himself over the bows of the ship, an' swam quietly off to the jolly.—It was then as they thought in the jolly they'd grappled a grampus."

This story, although we have made many omissions, has run to such an unconscionable length, that we must omit altogether many other passages which we had marked for extract.

*Origin and Progress of Astronomy.* By J. Narrien, F.R.A.S. London: Baldwin & Cradock.

This excellent work is principally, if not solely, designed for the use of those who have made some progress in the study of astronomy; but it contains the elements of a more popular, and perhaps a more useful treatise,—namely, such a history of astronomy as would be a guide to the knowledge of the science. These elements, however, are combined with so much of other matter, demanding a large share of previous acquirements, that we think it well to give here a slight sketch of such a history of astronomy as we think much wanting, and

would be found practically of great use. As we write for the many, we shall make little use of scientific technicalities. The simplification of knowledge, preparatory to its diffusion, is an object which we have ever kept steadily in view, and which we shall ever recommend, both by precept and example.

The foundation of astronomy, as of every other science, is certain facts learned by observation: the system of astronomy is the theory or view of those facts or phenomena which best explains their occurrence, connexion, and relation to each other. Consequently, the history of astronomy begins with an account of the celestial phenomena or appearances which first attracted human observation, and the theory devised to explain them. As the first observations were limited and imperfect, so the first theory will appear to us moderns whimsical and ridiculous: ignorance is the great stimulant of imagination; and the cosmical theories of ignorance are consequently the wildest of poetic fictions. But we must not stigmatize these fancies as absurdities: Phœbus driving the chariot of the sun—the dragon supposed by the Hindûs occasionally to swallow the moon—the Algerine's notion that the old moons were cut up for stars—the old jest that the sun returned back from west to east, but was not seen, as he came by night: these, and a thousand similar guesses, are important facts in the history of science, because they show the first steps in the progress of devising explanations for appearances. Having compared these infant theories with the observations on which they were founded, our next step is to discover what new observations were found to be inconsistent with the proposed theory, and then to point out the second system devised for explaining the new and the old phenomena together; thus, by successively presenting to the student the observations, and the various modes of explaining them, he will finally perceive what is the evidence by which the truth of astronomical science is demonstrated, and what is the system irresistibly proved by that evidence.

Teachers should instruct students in the way that nature has taught the world: this obvious truth has been clearly apprehended by Bishop Brinkley, whose *Treatise on Astronomy* is the best that exists in our language: he first directs attention to all the phenomena that can be observed by simple contemplation of the celestial hemisphere; secondly, he shows us the consequences that result from change of place; and, finally, he points out the new observations which we are enabled to make by the help of instruments. The imperfect theories by which the first set of appearances were explained, were found inapplicable to the second; and the systems that accounted for the two first, failed when applied to the third. The Newtonian system explains all three; nor have the thousands of telescopes that have swept over the heavens for more than a century, discovered a single appearance inconsistent with his hypothesis.

But we may be asked, what is the use of our thus mentioning matters sufficiently notorious to every well-instructed person? We reply, because well-instructed persons are more rare than the world generally imagines, and that we are very anxious to increase their number. The broad outlines of astronomical science are within the range of an ordinary schoolboy's capacity; but they have

as yet been presented to the world only in forms that are calculated to discourage, rather than invite the student. We deem, therefore, that we shall be doing no unacceptable service, if we point out Nature's mode of teaching astronomy, using for our guide the account of her instructions contained in this volume. Our remarks on education will be found applicable to more subjects than astronomy; and whatever may be their intrinsic worth, we give them as the result of our own experience and our own meditation.

Books of science are, or should be, written for teachers, not for pupils; to the latter they teach nothing but words, and those very imperfectly. Introductory works on science should be simply guides to the observation of nature; and if written merely with that design, they would lay the foundation for all the knowledge founded on these observations—that is, for the whole range of the physical sciences. Nature began by calling the attention of man to the great celestial luminaries; in the same way should we commence with the astronomical student: he should observe for himself the phenomena of sunrise and sunset—the variations in the length of the day and night; he should register these observations, and he will think on them whether you direct him or not. The phases of the moon will next attract his attention; and he will soon find that the changes in the appearance of the moon are periodic; and consequently he will form for himself the notion of a lunar month. On the starry heavens young and old gaze with admiration; it will require very little labour to change this admiring glance into an accurate observation, whose results may be registered as in the former cases. For the purpose of making more correct observations, the description of an instrument is given in this work (p. 43), which a boy could make for himself, whose application he would learn in five minutes, and which he would use as a toy.

It will be observed, that hitherto we have not spoken of any system: the simple reason is, that every system is founded upon phenomena or appearances; and we follow nature in insisting that the phenomena should be known before we proceed to explain them. Here also we must lay down another rule—in order to ensure accuracy, do but little at a time; but, little or much, let it be something within the cognizance of the senses, that is derived solely from observation.

While the student is engaged in occasionally observing the stars, his attention may gradually be directed to the phenomena which render it probable that the earth is round, and that it revolves upon its axis. A candle and a ball will convey to him the notion of its possibility in half an hour; and the circumstances that aid to establish its probability are sufficiently obvious; but to prove it by rigid demonstration requires knowledge that can only be obtained by a mature mind.

When the student has thoroughly comprehended the observations he has been taught to make for himself, he will be enabled to understand those that have been made by others; and his attention may first be directed to the phenomena that result from change of place—then to the inferences that may be deduced from the history of astronomical observations—and finally, to the most

remarkable discoveries that have been made by the aid of telescopes. He will then be enabled to comprehend astronomy as a system; and only then, because he will only then be able to discern its use.

"Such a theory of education," we think we hear some one exclaim, "is Utopian and impracticable." Now, we are of opinion, that the whole of the instruction of which we have spoken, would not consume an hour per week; but then its duration would extend to two or three years. Less time actually would be spent, though it must be diffused over a wider space; it might, perhaps, give more trouble to the teacher during the first four or five weeks; but the trouble would be attended by a compensating pleasure, such as is never found in our present absurd system of instruction. We, however, address these few hints not so much to schoolmasters as to parents, and more especially to mothers. There are some observations incidentally made by Mr. Narrien, on the persecution of Galileo, which we shall take leave to quote here, because they are only less true of the nineteenth than of the sixteenth century:—

"It was a custom prevalent in the times of which we are speaking for a person who had made any discovery in philosophy, either to conceal it entirely from the rest of mankind, or to publish a notice of it in some anagram which could only be decyphered by himself or by some one to whom he might communicate the key; and in this manner Galileo disguised his discovery of the phases of Venus and of Saturn's ring. The affectation of concealing the discoveries made in nature and science prevailed universally, also, among the ancients. The Egyptian priests, the Greek philosophers, and the Druids of the North, would suffer no person to enter their societies except the chosen few who were regularly initiated; to such the doctrines they maintained were divulged, while the instructions given to the bulk of the people were obscurely communicated in symbolical language. Their pride and vanity were, probably, gratified by the reverence with which they were regarded by those who believed they were in possession of knowledge beyond the attainment of the rest of mankind."

Science, we regret to say, has not yet been freed from the affectation of obscurity: truths in astronomy, and every other branch of natural philosophy, are enveloped in algebraic formulæ, and clothed in mysterious phrases, as if for the special purpose of discouraging beginners, and shutting the temple of nature, as the philosopher was said to have closed his school against all who were not professed mathematicians. In the days of Galileo, it was the unworthy ambition of men of science to pass for conjurers; in our own, a language remote from ordinary use is too much affected. It is easier to see the evil than to suggest the remedy; but there are signs of improvement around us; and not the least of them is the attention which the efficient system of education adopted in Germany has attracted.

We have often had occasion to lament the deficiency of every work on elementary science at present used in our schools; and, like many others, we trusted that the series published by the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge, would have removed the evil. A worse set of scientific works exists not in any language; they have been written, not for the multitude but for men of science; their authors have laboured, not to convey the elements of knowledge, but to exhibit



the extent of their own acquirements. It was to have been expected, that after the severe exposure of the error in the *North American Review*, that a change would have been made; but it seems that literary associations are like to Theophilus Cibber, as they "grow older, grow never the better."

*Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice and the Physiology of Digestion.* By William Beaumont, M.D., Surgeon in the U.S. Army. 8vo. Boston: Lilly, Wait, & Co.; London, Kennett.

Dr. Beaumont—the communication of whose memoir to the French Academy of Sciences we noticed on the 29th of March—has had a curious opportunity of examining the mode in which the stomach performs its functions, and he has used it so as to elucidate many points connected with the physiology of that organ, and establish certain general principles respecting digestion. The case out of which his experiments arose, was the following:—

Alexis St. Martin, a young Canadian engaged in the service of the American Fur Company, as voyageur, was accidentally wounded by the discharge of a musket on the 6th of June 1822.

"The charge, consisting of powder and duck shot, was received in the left side of the youth, he being at a distance of not more than one yard from the muzzle of the gun. The contents entered posteriorly, and in an oblique direction, forward and inward, literally blowing off integuments and muscles of the size of a man's hand, fracturing and carrying away the anterior half of the sixth rib, fracturing the fifth, lacerating the lower portion of the left lobe of the lungs, the diaphragm, and perforating the stomach."

"The whole mass of materials forced from the musket, together with fragments of clothing and pieces of fractured ribs, were driven into the muscles and cavity of the chest."

"I saw him in twenty-five or thirty minutes after the accident occurred, and, on examination, found a portion of the lung, as large as a Turkey's egg, protruding through the external wound, lacerated and burnt; and immediately below this, another protrusion, which, on further examination, proved to be a portion of the stomach, lacerated through all its coats, and pouring out the food he had taken for his breakfast, through an orifice large enough to admit the fore finger."

This orifice was soon enlarged by the sloughing of the surrounding parts, and for seventeen days everything that entered his stomach passed out through the wound. At the end of this time, compresses and bandages were applied, which prevented the discharge of food, but, up to January 1823, abscesses continued to form, and give issue to portions of bone, cartilage, cloth, and wadding. By the month of April, he was able to walk about, and by June 1823, exactly "one year from the time of the accident, the injured parts were all sound, and firmly cicatrized, with the exception of the aperture in the stomach and side. This continued much in the same situation as it was six weeks after the wound was received. The perforation was about two and a half inches in circumference, and the food and drinks constantly exuded, unless prevented by a tent, compress, and bandage."

But for this evil, nature found a remedy. During the course of the following winter, "a small fold or doubling of the coats of the stomach appeared, forming at the superior margin of the orifice, slightly protruding, and in-

creasing till it filled the aperture, so as to supersede the necessity for the compress and bandage for retaining the contents of the stomach. This valvular formation adapted itself to the accidental orifice, so as completely to prevent the efflux of the gastric contents when the stomach was full, but was easily depressed with the finger."

Here was a man then, in perfect health, with a little trap door into his stomach, through which, Dr. Beaumont was able to peep at pleasure, see what was going on inside, and extract a portion of the contents at any length of time from their introduction. Of course, such an opportunity of experiment-making, was by no means to be lost; Dr. Beaumont hired the man, and as a *coup d'essai*, introduced through the perforation into the stomach, "the following articles of diet, suspended by a silk string, and fastened at proper distances, so as to pass in without pain—viz.: a piece of high seasoned *à-la-mode* beef; a piece of raw, salted, fat pork; a piece of raw, salted, lean beef; a piece of boiled, salted beef; a piece of stale bread; and a bunch of raw, sliced cabbage; each piece weighing about two drachms; the lad continuing his usual employment about the house."

After they had all been in about an hour, Dr. Beaumont drew out his string, and found cabbage and bread about half digested, pieces of meat unchanged; returned them into the stomach. In two hours, cabbage, bread, pork, and boiled beef, were all quite digested and gone from the string, but after three hours, the *à-la-mode* beef was but partly digested, and the raw beef scarcely touched. By this time also, the fluids of the stomach had become acrid, and the lad complained of pain and uneasiness in the part; in short, Dr. Beaumont, in his haste to make experiments, had forgotten that he was operating on a living, irritable, human stomach, and the consequence was, that by the heterogeneous mass with which he had crammed it, he had brought on a regular fit of indigestion. However, science was to benefit even by Dr. Beaumont's errors; he had a full opportunity of examining the state of the stomach, when labouring under this derangement, and, from such observations frequently repeated, is enabled to declare, that in all such cases the villous coat is red and irritable, the secretion of gastric juice almost interrupted, the mucous surface dry, and peeling off in loose shreds, or studded with aphthous patches, or with numerous white spots or pustules resembling coagulated lymph. The knowledge that this state can so quickly supervene and be removed, is of high importance to medical men; its existence is recognized by the usual symptoms of dry and furred tongue, slight nausea, headache or giddiness, dry skin, depressed pulse, &c. But now appeared a new advantage of the trap-door: for it not only enabled Dr. Beaumont to see the state of the disease, but to administer relief in a mode "neat and appropriate," by dropping "into the stomach, through the aperture, half a dozen calomel pills, four or five grains each; which, in about three hours, had a thorough cathartic effect, and removed all the foregoing symptoms, and the diseased appearance of the inner coat of the stomach. The effect of the medicine was the same as when administered in the usual way, by the mouth and œsophagus, except the nausea commonly occasioned by swallowing pills."

After this, which was in every respect an inconclusive and unsatisfactory experiment, Dr. Beaumont proceeded with more caution,

using, generally, but one substance at a time, and taking care that each should be as much as possible under similar circumstances with the rest as to degree of comminution, bulk, weight, &c. He extracted gastric juice from the stomach, and having immersed portions of meat in it at the same time that he inserted similar portions into the stomach, found that it digested them as well in a glass vial, if kept at a temperature of 100° Fah., and subjected to a gentle equable motion, as it did inside the stomach. From this, he concludes the gastric juice to operate as a chemical solvent, and the first stage of digestion to be nothing but solution. The conclusion, and even the experiment, will present nothing new to our medical readers, aware of what has already been done on the subject by the English, French, German, and Swiss physiologists; in fact, Dr. Beaumont treads on very beaten ground, nor does he seem to know that other physicians, such as Richerand, Hallé, &c., have already had patients with holes in their stomachs, on whom very interesting observations were made; nay, though he more than once mentions Richerand in the course of his work, he never alludes to this case, which we can hardly conceive he would have omitted, had he been aware of it.

But we must avoid getting into any disputes on these points, and keep ourselves rather to the popular matter.

Alexis St. Martin has lived at intervals with Dr. Beaumont, from 1825 up to the commencement of the present year; he has enjoyed almost uniform good health, has married, and become the father of a family, has exerted himself at ordinary employments, and lived in the usual manner, allowing Dr. Beaumont the free examination of the contents of his stomach; and as the result of these examinations, in which all the ordinary articles of diet were, by turns, employed, a table, exhibiting the length of time in which each kind of food undergoes digestion in the stomach, has been drawn up, from which we take the following, as showing their different degrees of digestibility.

*Of Farinacea:* Rice boiled soft, was perfectly converted into chyme in an hour; sago in one hour forty-five minutes; tapioca, barley, &c., two hours; bread, fresh, three hours—stale, two hours; sponge cake, two hours thirty minutes.

*Of Vegetables:* Cabbage raw, two hours thirty minutes—boiled, four hours, (vinegar much assisted its digestion); potatoes roasted, two hours thirty minutes—boiled, three hours thirty minutes; carrots boiled, three hours fifteen minutes; beet boiled, three hours forty-five minutes; turnips boiled, three hours thirty minutes; beans boiled, two hours thirty minutes; parsnips boiled, two hours thirty-one minutes.

*Of Fruit:* Apples sour and hard, two hours fifty minutes—mellow, two hours—sweet and ripe, one hour thirty minutes; peach mellow, one hour thirty minutes.

*Of Fish and Shell Fish:* Trout boiled or fried, one hour thirty minutes; codfish cured and boiled, two hours; oysters undressed, two hours fifty-five minutes—roasted, three hours fifteen minutes—stewed, three hours thirty minutes; bass broiled, three hours; flounder fried, three hours thirty minutes; salmon salted and boiled, four hours.

*Of Poultry, Game, &c.:* Turkey roasted

two hours thirty minutes—boiled, two hours thirty-five minutes; goose, wild, roast, two hours thirty minutes; chicken fricasseed, two hours forty-five minutes; fowls, domestic, boiled or roast, four hours; ducks, tame, roast, four hours, wild, roast, four hours thirty minutes.

*Of Butcher's Meat, &c.*: Soured tripe and pig's feet, fried or boiled, one hour; venison steak broiled, one hour thirty-five minutes; calf's or lamb's liver broiled, two hours; sucking pig, two hours thirty minutes; mutton, broiled, three hours, boiled, three hours, roast, three hours fifteen minutes; beef, fresh, broiled, three hours, roasted, three hours, lightly salted and boiled, three hours thirty-six minutes, old, hard, salted, four hours fifteen minutes; pork steak broiled, three hours fifteen minutes, lately salted and boiled, four hours thirty minutes, stewed, three hours, roast, five hours fifteen minutes; veal broiled, four hours, fried, four hours thirty minutes.

*Varieties*: Eggs raw, two hours—roasted, two hours fifteen minutes—soft-boiled, three hours—hard-boiled or fried, three hours thirty minutes; custard baked, two hours forty-five minutes; milk, two hours; butter and cheese, three hours thirty minutes; suet, four hours thirty minutes; oil somewhat longer; apple dumpling, three hours, while calf's-foot jelly was digested in little more than half-an-hour.

Such are the principal of Dr. Beaumont's facts, obtained as the means of numerous results. It will be observed, that in many points they confirm, in others, differ from the tables of Doctors Paris, Prout, Wilson Philip, &c. They all, however, agree, that venison is one of the most easily digested of meats, that white fowls are in general more so than brown, beef than veal, and boiled meat than meat dressed in any other way. Oily food is peculiarly indigestible, and it was only consequent upon the use of such, that Dr. Beaumont found bile to enter the stomach during digestion. From subsequent experiments made out of the body, he ascertained the fact, (which at once explained the above,) "that oily or fatty food is sooner digested, when there is a small admixture of bile with the gastric juice." Of course, such food should be cautiously abstained from, by all persons labouring under bilious complaints.

There are many points of great interest, for which we must refer to the book itself: we are very far from agreeing with all Dr. Beaumont's conclusions, several of which are drawn with great looseness indeed, but we cannot refrain from bearing testimony to his unwearied perseverance in continuing his inquiries for such a long period; and equally admirable, we think, must be the temper of his patient, who so long submitted to them.

*The West India Sketch Book.* London: Whittaker & Co.

We have only gone, and that hastily, over the first volume of this work, and should therefore have deferred our notice, but, that we thought the readers of Henry Coleridge's clever book on the West Indies, might like to hear a few more anecdotes of their old acquaintance, Audain the fighting parson:—

"He commenced his career in life as a midshipman in the navy; but it is evident that he possessed a soul above the restraint which that office imposed upon him, and he gave up 'watch and watch,' and reefing topsails, for a province of action which might better suit his inclinations

and his talents. \* \* \* And he therefore exchanged an existence for a *living*, by appearing on the theatre of life in the character of a parson. The West Indies, of all places in the world, presented an extensive field for the exercise of his sacred calling, but it proved too circumscribed for a mind that knew no bounds; and in order to fill up the *hiatus* between his occasional avocations in the church, he at length yielded to its craving solicitude after more active and profitable occupation, by embarking in the business of an *auctioneer*, and the more hazardous speculations attendant upon *privateering*. \* \* \*

"In the pulpit he was eloquent and persuasive, manifesting all the energy of a devout spirit, in his sale-room he was equally happy in engaging the attention of his hearers, and in all the various details of his privateering exploits, he was no less distinguished for zeal, ability, and courage. \* \* \*

"He was engaged in the pulpit when the report of a cannon was heard seaward. From his station, as well as from other parts of the church, a clear view of the harbour was obtained, and a vessel shortly afterwards appeared in the offing crossing the entrance; another report was presently heard, and the shot which was seen to throw up the water where it lodged in the direction of her course, gave evident token that it proceeded from another vessel that was in chase of her. It is scarce to be supposed, that the attention of the congregation was not more or less diverted from the purposes of devotion. Audain for awhile proceeded in his discourse, occasionally taking parenthetical glances at the vessel, until the appearance of a frigate under a crowd of sail, and nearly becalmed, left no doubt on his mind that she was in pursuit of an enemy. This was quite irresistible; the prospect of a bit of worldly glory at once superseded for a time all other considerations: he dissolved the congregation by quitting the pulpit in haste, and proceeding to the beach, in a few minutes he was on board his privateer, and under weigh to join in the chase. The use of his sweeps, and the aid of a light breeze which prevailed near the land, gave Audain great advantage in the pursuit over the frigate in a calm, and he presently disappeared behind the headland which forms one side of the harbour's mouth. Many persons ascended the heights, to get a view of the anticipated fight, and the report of firing announced to those in the Road Town, whose speculations were upon tiptoe, that the conflict had begun. Audain was the first to board, and followed by his men, he was master of the prize before the frigate came within hail, and when she approached he was required to repair on board. He was not long in settling the point to his own satisfaction, that something on the score of courtesy, and respect to the national flag, was due from him, although not so ready to yield admission that the frigate had a right of participation in the prize, without having shared in the fight. Upon reaching the quarter-deck, he encountered in Captain B——d, an old shipmate in the days of his nautical minority, and after mutual inquiries, congratulations, retrospections, and so forth, it was arranged that Audain should act as prize-master and prize-agent, to have the capture adjudicated in the Admiralty Court of Tortola. The frigate proceeded on her cruise, the prize was ultimately condemned and sold, and the proceeds, 'errors and omissions excepted,' were sufficient—to pay the expenses. \* \* \*

"Audain's auction-room was in the vicinity of the burial-ground: he had mounted the rostrum, and was expatiating on the merits of each succeeding lot, now and then provoking a laugh from his auditors by a ludicrous suggestion, a double entendre, or quaint witticism, but invariably observing a dignified demeanour the moment he found his rhetoric had failed to induce

another bidding, and that his hammer was to pronounce his decision. He had frequently looked at his watch as the sale proceeded, as if marking the progress of time towards another engagement; and as it drew to a close, it was evident, by the rapidity of his movements and the urgency of his demeanour, that he wished it terminated. This was more apparent from the frequency of his directing his attention through a window to some object outside, until at length arriving at the last lot, he gave solemn assurance that he could not 'dwell'; and having pronounced those prophetic words, '*going, going, going*,' still having his eye averted toward the window, the sound of the hammer seemed to give impetus to his movements, and to declare him *gone*, for he disappeared in a moment.

"The object which had engaged his attention was a passing funeral, and it suddenly brought to his recollection that he had been required to perform the ceremony of burial himself. Mortified at being supplanted in his professional vocation, it was with difficulty he could suppress the workings of his inward man, and his eye followed, and his proceedings kept pace with the procession till it reached the grave: and as the hammer gave emphatic decision to the contest for the last lot, the crowd had assembled round the appointed receptacle for the remains of the deceased. Hither Audain proceeded, and he reached the spot just as his rival commenced the service and uttered the words, 'I am the resurrection'—'Stand aside,' said Audain, 'I am the resurrection!' and he proceeded with the ceremony, with the utmost composure, whilst the assembled crowd gaped wild astonishment."

Having now taken leave of the West Indian parson, we may as well introduce our readers to a West Indian skipper:—

"It is the *Cyclops*," said Captain Dove, who had been some time examining with a spy-glass an object, which, to the naked eye, was scarcely perceptible, and when detected was not bigger than the point of a needle erect from the horizon, but which was evidently the mast of a vessel, so distant from us that her hull was far below the verge of it. 'I'll wager my life it is the *Cyclops*,' he repeated, not appearing to regard our scruples, 'she lay at Gravesend with the *Venus*, and I know her by the splice in her main-top-gallant stay.' \* \* \* 'If it is not,' said he, 'I don't know a bowsprit from a marine spike, and I was never deceived but once.' We had seated ourselves on the companion, regarding the lulling of the storm and the gradual closing of the day. Captain Dove had already taken his third glass of 'gin and water,' and his ratiocinative faculties had acquired a fluency under the influence of smoking. 'I'll tell you how it was,' he continued; 'the *Melpomene* has arrived before us, said I, as we were standing into Portsmouth Harbour; "that's impossible," said Captain O'Brien of the *Viceroy*, who had lost his ship, and came home passenger with me; and I thought so myself, but there she was, on the other side of a number of vessels whose masts and yards looked like a forest of firs;—I could only see her *mainmast*—"it's impossible," said O'Brien again, "she sails like a washing tub"—that was true enough, and my little ship, the *Grasshopper*, was built like a wedge, and sailed like a *flying fish*, nothing could reach her. I have had ten knots out of her on a bowline many times—and I don't forget how I astonished the Commodore on the passage home; we started under convoy, about a hundred sail of us, and there were some desperate heavy sailers among 'em; my little ship was always a-head of her station with her topsails lowered on the caps, while some of 'em were under royals and studding-sails. The commodore got in a rage, and now and then sent a shot across our bows, which obliged us to luff round

and heave to; one day we were about four points on his weather bow a-head of our station—whiz came a shot, and up went a signal calling me on board. Lord Colville commanded the convoy, and these lords always carry their authority under sky-scrappers and heavenly-disturbers. Whew! when I got on board, at the same time with two other masters, his Lordship began paying out handsomely.

"What is the reason you don't keep your ships in their stations? what ship do you belong to, Sir?"

"I don't belong to any ship, my Lord."

"The devil you don't—then pray, Sir, what brig?"

"No brig, either."

"What do you mean, Sir?" said he.

"Why," said I—"I mean that the ship belongs to me."

"This peroration was accompanied with a short suppressed laugh, that appeared the prolongation of an inward sensation of joy, which shook his sides and caused him to hitch up his trousers as if to give it accommodation; he walked a few steps, and returned, as if suddenly furnished with supplementary information.

"I can't help her sailing faster than any other ship in the fleet, says I; his Lordship didn't know what to do, whether to jump down my throat, or knock me down with the speaking trumpet; but, he threatened to blow the Grasshopper out of the water with a broadside, if she was out of her station again. Avast heaving, thought I to myself—I'll give you an opportunity before next watch,"—the Grasshopper was not in her station three hours afterwards. It was no sooner dark, than I clapped every stitch upon her she could carry, and in the morning she was out of sight. I staked her sailing, and a dozen twelve pounders, with a good crew, against her insurance—boy! a glass of gin and water—

"Well, as I was saying, we arrived in Portsmouth harbour, and I betted O'Brien that the Melpomene had arrived, but I was deceived, it was only her mainmast, which being too short for her, she had left it in the dock-yard at Rio, and another ship had got it."

As this work is not likely to be published for some short time, we shall defer all further extract and comment.

*An Account of His Majesty's Mission to Persia in 1807—11.* By Sir Harford Jones Brydges, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bohn.

THERE is no Asiatic kingdom, in whose political condition Englishmen have felt, and should feel, so deep an interest, as Persia. It forms the barrier between our Asiatic dominions and the European powers most likely to contend with us for their possession; every revolution by which it is convulsed, necessarily changes the condition of all central and south-western Asia; the security of British India is bound up with its existence as an independent nation, and the prosperity of our eastern dominions will increase or diminish, just as Persia is prosperous or miserable. It cannot be said, that Persia has received less of public attention than its importance demanded, both the Ouseleys, Malcolm, Morier, Fraser, and many others, have rendered its institutions, its manners, its customs, the strength and the weakness of its national character, familiar to general readers: a charge of Kuzzilbashas has been as often described as a charge of dragoons; and the jokes on the rogueries of Syeds and Moollahs, are as common as those on the tricks of monks and friars. Sir H. Jones Brydges, however,

fears that the quality of our information bears a very small proportion to its quantity; he deems that we impute to the Persians as vices, some trifling peculiarities, which only appear criminal because they are inconsistent with European customs; their mendacity he resolves into a *façon de parler*, and monstrous flattery into excessive politeness. There may be, indeed there is, much truth in these extenuating pleas: they induce us to pardon the Persians; but they by no means incline us to forgive the European who would address his sovereign or superior, in terms of oriental adulation. We regret that Sir H. J. Brydges should address the monarch of a free people, in terms only fit for the trembling slave, that crouches at the feet of an eastern despot. The historian of the Kajirs, would scarcely have said to Fattah Ali, or his more formidable uncle,

"His Majesty's gracious permission to lay such a trifle as this volume at his feet, renders me perfectly indifferent to all the censures which private or public criticism may think proper to make on it."

The work is sullied by some other passages of the same kind,—especially by a conversation, which our author declares that he had with the Persian monarch, respecting the royal family of Great Britain; we trust it is apocryphal, for, if fairly reported, the Ambassador misled the Shah most amazingly.

We mention these blemishes in the very outset, because they stand glaringly at the head and front of the volume, and are likely to raise needless suspicions in the mind of the reader: if, in this instance, Sir Harford has incautiously acted as a Persian, we find him on every other occasion a perfect English gentleman.

Sir Harford thrice visited Persia: first, from curiosity, in 1787; secondly, as a commercial resident at Bushire in 1791; and thirdly, as Ambassador from the King of England. On the second occasion, more than forty years ago, he became acquainted with the Zend sovereign, the gallant but unfortunate Lutf Ali Khan; he saw him amid all the splendour of his magnificent court at Shiraz, and he sat with him on a horse-cloth under a ruined tent, when flying from his rival Aga Mohammed Khan, the founder of the Kajir, which is now the reigning dynasty. The horrible fate of this unhappy monarch need not be recorded, but we cannot forbear extracting the striking example of the vicissitudes of fortune, afforded by the life of his son. During his first visit to Shiraz, Sir Harford records the following incident:—

"The evening before the king marched, I happened to go into the garden of Koulah Fringee, to which I had free admittance; and there I saw the king's son, a boy about seven years old, with his tutor or Lala. I would willingly have avoided the little Prince; but he sent one of his attendants after me, to desire me to come to him. On coming up to him, and saluting him, he said: 'You are the Fringee my father so often talks of. You brought him a pretty musical clock: did you bring nothing for me? I shall be king to-morrow, whilst my father is away; and you must come to see me, as you were used to visit him.' I was delighted with the child, and replied, 'What does your highness wish for?' 'Lala,' he replied, 'tells me the best penknives are made in your country: do give me one. And my Dy (i.e. my nurse) says the scissors you make are better than ours: pray give me also a pair of scissors for Dy.' I happened to have a very fine pen-

knife in my pocket, which I immediately presented him; and told him, that when I went home I would send him two or three more, and scissors for his Dy. The child, in the gaiety of his little heart, exclaimed, 'O! you are a good man!' He kept me walking and talking with him near an hour; and I never saw a prettier-behaved, handsomer, or more intelligent child."

Nearly a quarter of a century afterwards, Sir Harford found this interesting prince a mutilated slave, but still retaining some of the lofty spirit that distinguished the Zends:

"Next day, in the evening, I was prepared to receive the Prince Khosrow. He came attended by a number of servants, and some of the Shah's *ferashees*; and I went out of my tent to meet and receive him. We both entered the tent together, but he forbade any one of his retinue to follow him. I led him by the hand to that part of the tent which is considered the place of honour, and desired him to seat himself, which he did. I stood for some little time, as if to give him an opportunity of bidding me to sit down. He rose, however, in great agitation, clasped me in his arms, and burst into a violent flood of tears. When he spoke, he said:—

"the Shah is very good to allow me to come and see my father's old and steady friend. I have constantly (said he) longed for this, ever since I heard you had arrived at Teheran, but I was afraid to ask permission to visit you, but Meerza Bozurg, who is in the place of a father to me, told me to have patience, and he would bring it about for me; last night, after you left the Shah, he sent for me, and told me I had his leave to visit you to-day; you may guess with what pleasure I have availed myself of this permission. We then both sat down, and began to talk about former times at Schyras. I asked him if he remembered our conversation in the Baugee Vakeel. 'To show you I do,' said he, (to my great surprise) 'I will ask you for another penknife and pair of scissors for my dy.' He then told me that the Shah was extremely kind to him, and that he rendered his situation as little irksome to him as possible. 'My Lord,' said I, 'is there anything in the world that I can do for you; is there anything you wish that I can procure for you?'—he answered 'No; and afterwards made a most minute inquiry of everything which had passed at Keshid, between his father and myself, and rising, said:—'I bless God I have lived to see two things; the one, that I saw the scoundrel, Hajee Ibrahim, deprived of sight; the other, that I have, to-day, met and conversed with one of the best and steadiest of my noble father's friends. I will hope I shall see you again; but to meet often, even if the Shah would allow it, cannot be prudent or good for either of us; it will even now take some time before I shall recover the temper of mind and contentment which I possessed before I saw you.' He embraced me again, and I accompanied him to his horse, which was brought to him outside of the tent. As he was mounting, he said, loud enough for his people to hear, and with a smile on his countenance; '*Barcutla*,' (i.e. well done,) this is very fine, I am a slave, and you are an Ambassador. The loss he had suffered had left a very imperfect outline of what his figure would have been; but even the effect which that dreadful privation always has on the countenance, had not yet entirely destroyed the beauty and dignity of his:—his mind, however, appeared to me, to be such as I should have supposed the son of Lutf Ally Khan to have possessed. The next time I saw the Shah, after this visit, he asked me what I had said or done to Khosrow, 'for,' (said he) 'poor fellow, he did nothing but cry all the evening, when he came from you.'"

Sir Harford was as fortunate in conciliating the favour of Fattah Ali, in his character of an Ambassador, as he was in gaining the



friendship of Lútf Ali, when simply a merchant. The anecdotes he relates, are highly creditable to the Sháh, but not the least so is the kindness shown to Prince Khosrow, who was mutilated by Fattéh Ali's uncle and predecessor. We shall extract some anecdotes illustrating this monarch's character, and the economy of his court, which Sir Harford was allowed to view more nearly than any other European envoy. If the current report of Fattéh Ali's death be true, its occurrence so soon after the death of Abbas Mirza will probably involve Persia in a new series of calamitous civil wars.

The following plan of providing for the education of younger children, is ingenious and novel :—

"Some time before, in private conversation between the King and his Minister, the latter, by way of pleasing the former, complimented him on his numerous progeny; and, unfortunately for himself, lamented that he had none. 'Gad so,' said the Shah, 'if that is the case, I will do the kindest thing in the world by you; one of my ladies was brought to bed last night of a Prince, and as soon as he is fit to move, I will send him to you, with nurses, and eunuchs, and other requisites of a proper establishment; and you shall adopt him and bring him up; and so you will have a child without any trouble.' In a little time afterwards, to the poor Meerza's great confusion, all that was promised arrived. This urchin was now about six years old, and the trouble he gave the old man, and the expense he put him to, was vexatious, and this the Shah knew well. As an instance, I happened one morning at Tâheran to wish to see the Meerza before he went to Court. It was very early, and I was shewn into an apartment near the harem, very richly furnished; but to my great astonishment, all the costly brocade cushions and mattresses, covered with Cashmere shawls, were slashed as if with a knife, in different places. Shortly after, the Meerza made his appearance, and as soon as we had sat down, he said with a great sigh, 'See what pretty work my princely son made here last night, because I refused to purchase some very costly jewels for his mother. God bless your country, where no man is obliged to maintain a child whom he does not beget.'—'Do not be too sure of that, Meerza,' said I, 'though you may be sure the King of England never sends his sons or daughters to his Ministers to be maintained and brought up.'"

Fattéh Ali seems to have puzzled himself exceedingly in his attempts to understand the nature of the British government; but some of his remarks on this subject, show more extensive knowledge than might have been expected. There is some reason in his speculations on the consequences of introducing a constitutional government into Persia:

"Notwithstanding the *oddity*—and, perhaps, what other people might choose to call the *absurdity*—of these questions, it was most evident to me, that the Shah possessed not only a very strong, but a very amiable mind; and the remarks which he made, and the inferences he drew from time to time, manifested very considerable powers of reflection. He said: 'I can easily conceive how a country, under such regulations as you state England to be, may do all that you say; but I have no idea, if I was to attempt to-morrow to introduce such things here, how we should all live, or how there would be any government at all. Supposing I was to call a Parliament at Tâheran, and deliver up to it the whole power of taxation, I should then never get a penny—for no Persian parts with money, unless he is obliged to do it; and more than that, the Khans would be for making the

buckalls pay all, and the buckalls would be for doing the same thing by the Khans.† It must take a long time to make such a Government, and such a people, as yours. Our Government is simple, and the people know all about it in a day. Our laws are much simpler than yours,—and so far they are better: and I know by experience, that, under these laws, and under this Government, Persia has improved very much since I came to the throne.'"

Neither the Sháh nor his ministers hold a sinecure office: there are few European monarchs who would like to go through the routine of the following "journal of a day":

"I will now relate all that I know, and all that I believe, as to the manner in which the Shah spends his time at Tâheran. Like all other Mohammedans, he rises from bed at the specified hour for the morning prayer, and before he performs it, most probably makes use of the hot bath. In a very short time after this, I believe there is a general assemblage of the ladies of the palace, and the very younger children, which a person, whom I consider to have had good means of obtaining information, assured me was anything but an agreeable *passetemps* for the Shah; for he had then so many complaints to hear, so many jealousies to settle, so many pretensions to jewels and other favors, put forth to him, that perhaps when the Shah said to me one day,—"Your fringes ought to bless God that your law allows you but one wife," he spoke feelingly. . . . The Shah's breakfast, like the breakfast of all other Persians, is extremely light, nor does it consist of other things (though, perhaps, of a more choice quality) than those of a Persian gentleman in easy circumstances, except being served in richer and more beautiful utensils. About eight in summer, and nine in winter, the great ministers are admitted to a private audience, at which everything is settled that is to pass or be performed at the approaching court; and when any of the ministers take the interests of any individual under their protection, it is at this time they are laid before the Shah: the report of what has passed in the city, during the preceding night, is made here also."

From thence, he proceeds to the hall of public audience:—

"At this court all presentations take place, all public honours are conferred, all promotions are declared, and, what may appear strange to us, all public executions of criminals take place, within twenty to thirty feet of the Shah. The present Shah, who is a very humane person, when he first came to the throne, whenever an execution took place, found himself obliged (which the Persians considered as very effeminate) to turn his head aside. Meerza Bozurg one day made a remark to me, which I think a very judicious one. He said, 'Our kings, speaking of them generally, are more careless about shedding blood than they otherwise would be, perhaps, from the circumstance of the frequent executions which take place before them; for depend upon it, the first sight of human blood, strikes all of us with more or less horror and remorse, but the oftener we see it shed, the lighter we esteem its value.' This court seldom continues beyond half-past twelve. The ministers, after it breaks up, have generally a few minutes audience with the Shah, before he retires to the harem."

Dinner is then served, after which comes an evening court, and a review of the troops, which is always a tedious affair, as the soldiers are inspected individually. But the labours of the day are not yet over:—

"After the prayer appointed to be said at the close of the evening, the Shah appears again in public, by candle-light, and this is generally

† The Khans are the lords, the Buckalls are the burgesses.

called *Meglis-e-Shah*, or the King's Assembly, at which none appear but the great Ministers, and such as have the *entrée*; and amongst these the Poet Laureate, if I may use the expression, and the *Wakaa Necess*, or King's Historian, seldom fail of being present. This assembly, or court, usually finishes about eight or nine, and the Shah then retires. How the Shah passes his hours from that time to the time of rest, I never could exactly learn, but I have reason to think the present Shah is fond of being read to,—is fond of vocal and instrumental music,—is fond of the conversation and society of such ladies as have agreeable voices, and can divert him with tales and stories,—and particularly fond of hearing such of them as are adepts recite, either the heroic, the lyric, or amatory poetry of Persia, in recitative. It may be imagined, therefore, that he employs this part of his time in some one or other of these modes of relaxation; especially as he has what the Persians call a very pretty turn for poetry."

Fattéh Ali's literary talents are of a higher order than Sir Harford represents them: his Divan, or collection of poems, contains some pieces worthy of the golden age of Persian literature; and there is reason to believe that he had some share in preparing the 'History of the Kojira,' part of which was translated and published by our author last year. We had hoped that Sir Harford would have completed this work by translating the remainder, containing the Persian History from 1811 to 1825; and we trust that the Persian author will fulfil his promise of continuing the annals down to the beginning of the present year.

Among the general descriptions of Persian manners given us by Sir Harford, we were most entertained by his account of a race; and as we believe that he is the first who has described the Persian Newmarket, we shall extract a part of the narrative:—

"Previous to the King of Persia's marching from Tâheran, we were invited to be present at the horse-races which take place every year at that capital, in the presence of the Shah. These races are on a different plan, and for a different purpose, from ours, which are designed principally to try the speed of our horses,—theirs principally to try their bottom and stamina. Ours are kept up very much for the purpose of gambling,—theirs for a purpose connected with their irregular military excursions. The distance which the horses have to run, according to what I was told, is about thirty miles. They start long before day-break, and the winning-post being the tent in which the King of Persia sits to see them come in, which they reach a little before seven in the morning. The race, in fact, is against time, till the horses that have been able to keep time arrive within sight of the royal tent, and then a start is made, who shall reach the goal first. The horses themselves are of the very largest and stoutest Turcoman breed, and for some time before the races took place, we had frequently seen several of them training. The horses were rode by the merest urchins of boys, who certainly appeared to have no command of them, particularly as they were all ridden with simple snaffle bridles. It appeared wonderful to us, how upon horses, the most of which were nearly, and some quite, seventeen hands, these little fellows, whose legs could do little more than span the back of the animal, kept their seats, and the alacrity with which, after passing the King's tent, they tumbled off, to run and claim the prize which the animal had merited. These prizes are all given by the King, and, as far as I recollect, that year they were placed in bags, all marked, both in value, and numerically,—No. 1, 300, No. 2,

200, No. 3, 150, No. 4, 100, No. 5, 100 tomanas, or about as many pounds sterling. These were placed immediately before the King, as he sat in a kind of *koucy*, or chair; and the children-jockeys, after kissing the border of the King's carpet, and receiving a gracious nod, word, or smile, from His Majesty, touched the bags, made a profound reverence, and departed, with a person carrying the bag they had respectively won for their masters. The King's own boys were very low-spirited and disappointed this year, as they neither obtained the first nor second prize.

"It is pleasing to find that there are times, sights, and circumstances, when the severest despotism finds itself obliged to allow the feelings of the people to have their free course and expression. I doubt whether there be a place in the world, where, generally speaking, when the people are collected in a mass, and in presence of their ruler, a more submissive and silent awe is exhibited; yet at the instant when the horses came in sight of the King's tent, and made their start, all order seemed at an end; ranks were broken, and shouts and cries were heard from one end of the line to the other,—now 'Green!' now 'Red!' now 'Blue!'—according to the colours of the handkerchiefs, which the boys who rode the horses had tied round their heads; and not only this, but 'Bravo, such a Khan!' as his horse was gaining ground; 'How now, lubberly Shah!' when the King's horse was losing ground; 'Holloa! anivelling Prince!' when one of the little Prince's horses was fast dropping behind. And all this uproar and motion went on, even to the annoyance, and almost danger of the race, notwithstanding the King's clerks of the course, or *ferantes*, never ceased playing away with their long sticks, to keep the course clear. The Shah himself, as the horses came in sight, stood before his tent, clapped his hands, talked loud to those about him, and evidently showed up, that, when certain passions or feelings are excited, there is no difference in the clay of which the china is made, though there certainly is in the painting and gilding with which the vase may be adorned, as well as in the position in which the vase may be placed."

The oriental imagery of the last sentence leads us to say a few words respecting our Ambassador's position, which is detailed in what may be called the polemical portion of the work. Sir Harford Jones was sent Ambassador from the King of England, to counteract the influence of French counsels at the court of Teheran, when Napoleon was suspected of contemplating an overland journey to India. Nearly at the same time Captain, afterwards Sir John Malcolm, was sent on the same mission by the Governor-general of India, Lord Minto, who seems to have looked upon himself as a kind of feudatory sovereign. Captain Malcolm was the first to reach Persia, but he was not permitted to enter the country, and he returned to India, where he strongly recommended the local government to fit out an expedition, seize an island in the Persian Gulph, and terrify Fatteh Ali into friendship. Sir Harford Jones, however, proceeded to the court of Teheran, concluded a treaty with the Persians, and prevented the projected expedition, much to the annoyance of Captain Malcolm and Lord Minto.

The second volume of this work contains an account of the war with the Wahabees, and some anecdotes elucidating the present condition of the Mohammedan religion. We propose to examine these very interesting subjects at an early opportunity.

## LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SPAIN.—By DON A. GALIANO.

At the close of the reign of Charles III., the period at which we commence our review of Spanish Literature—it may truly be said that Spain had reached a comparatively high point in the scale of civilization. If, indeed, she had not risen to the level of England, France, and some parts of Germany—if, owing to the peculiar circumstances of her condition, she was yet, in some respects, below all other civilized nations, it must still be confessed that, under the government of the Bourbon princes, she had been gradually rising from the low estate to which she had been degraded by the last sovereigns of the House of Austria. The opinions of the court of Louis XIV. had been traditionally preserved by his Spanish descendants, and they still considered the patronage and encouragement of Literature as one of the duties and prerogatives of royalty. In his sense of this obligation, Charles III. surpassed his predecessors Philip V. and Ferdinand VI. It had been his ambition, while he occupied the throne of Naples, to be considered an enlightened and munificent protector of literature and science. He regarded the discoveries of Herculaneum and Pompeii as his best and most certain title to the respect of posterity, and his exchange of the Neapolitan for the Spanish crown as a step which opened a wide and new field for his exertions. Yet, though Spain is his debtor to no small amount, the extent of her obligation has been overrated, by being estimated in comparison with the times preceding and succeeding his reign, rather than by a consideration of its intrinsic value. Charles was a common-place man, though a good king—puerile, unfeeling, bigoted in his belief in the "right divine" of monarchs, as well as in his religious creed, but prudent and orderly; as methodical in the discharge of his official duties as in the habits of his private life, and, in many points, resembling his ancestor, the great monarch, when the gay licentiousness of his youth had sunk into the mechanical and gloomy devotion of his later years.

Spanish Literature, as it existed under the first Bourbon monarch, may truly be styled an exotic. Philip of Anjou, on his accession to the throne, found Spain a desert place, almost devoid of any trace of mental cultivation. When the wars and troubles, to which his disputed succession gave rise, had subsided, it became the care of the French prince to root out the weeds with which the literary field was overgrown, and to introduce, in their place, the productions of his own country. The vegetation, which sprung up from the seeds thus substituted, exhibited every sign of foreign origin and forced growth. It was dwarfish in stature, and the fruits it bore were comparatively flavourless. It became, however, in the progress of time, in a degree naturalized; it lost some of its original qualities, and imbibed many from the soil into which it had been transplanted.

The Spanish writers who flourished during the first sixty years of the eighteenth century, were, even in their original compositions, nothing more than translators. In their anxiety to avoid the vices of the old style, they went to the opposite extreme. The Spanish writers of the latter part of the seventeenth century had run riot into extravagance, almost to madness. Coldness and stiffness have long been denounced as the besetting sins of French literature, particularly of its poetry. We will not stop to inquire whether or not the charge has been pushed too far, but we are certain that the Spanish writers of the two earlier thirds of the eighteenth century are liable to it in its fullest extent, and can neither escape the conviction nor the condemnation which is

justly the fate of imitators, whose works, however cleverly executed, must always be deficient in the colour and vitality which belong to the creations of original minds: how much more so, when the model itself is chargeable with the defects inherent in all copies? If the light of genius grows dim when reflected, surely, when the original flame is pale, that reflection, however faithful the mirror, will be found miserably weak.

But the tameness and rapidity which we have imputed to the Spanish writers of that period, as copyists from French originals, is justly attributable to the literary code adopted and enforced by the government. Spain, like her neighbours, possessed an organized literary constitution. The neglect to which letters had been abandoned under the Austrian princes, might even have been productive of some good consequences, had there existed in Spain anything like freedom of thought or speech; for it has been laid down (and we have no stronger faith in any axiom), that freedom has a better effect upon the growth and reproductions of human genius than all that protection can do. But the Spanish court, under the Austrian princes, did not merely neglect—it oppressed: the civil and religious despotism of its policy forbade those plants to spring forth spontaneously, which, nevertheless, it disdained to cultivate. Literature was patronized by the Bourbon King. Spain had become a France in miniature: as the one had her *Versailles*, her *Maison du Roi*, so also had the other her literary corporations. The Royal Academy, called *de la lengua*, held the place of the *Académie Française*. The *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres* was represented by the *Real Academia de la Historia*. Whilst, in this latter body, memoirs relating to Spanish History were read, it was the business of the former (besides an official compilation of the Dictionary of the National Language) to propose subjects and award prizes for literary competition—the decision of their comparative merits being left to the judgment and passions, or partialities of the Academicians. According to the fashion, at that time prevalent in France, *éloges* were the class of compositions principally recommended by the Academy.

Thus it was, that Spanish Literature was denationalized by the domination of French classicism. Nor did the evil stop here; the language became adulterated as well as the style of its writers; and, as the French language spread, and, in consequence, French works became more and more widely read, the Spaniards learned to think, like their neighbours, and to adopt their forms of expression in the embodying of their own thoughts.

But this was not a source of unmixed evil. There had been little to praise in the ancient literature of Spain, except some happy flights of imagination. The practice of the Spanish authors during the latter part of the sixteenth, and the earlier portion of the seventeenth centuries (a period emphatically called the Golden Age of Spain) had been to imitate, and that closely, the ancient Romans, and the modern Italian writers. Historians had made it their business to copy—nay, even to translate Livy and Tacitus, while poets alternately imitated Virgil and Ovid, and Petrarch and Ariosto. With the exception of the *Cuanto picaresco*, the drama, and the ballada, there is nothing of originality to be found in the Spanish writings. The Inquisition, and the unlimited despotism of the crown, had their natural influences. "One God and one King," was alike the motto of morals and politics; one undeviating line of thinking was the consequence; and the tenets of literature became hemmed in between

boundaries as narrow and insurmountable as those which confined religious and political opinions.

France was a highly-enlightened country at the time when her models became an object of imitation to Spanish authors. A host of great writers, in almost every branch of literature, had arisen during the brilliant reign of Louis XIV.; and, though the absence of fervid inspiration may be laid to the charge of the poets, and the prose writers may be taxed with an over-courtliness of manner, no country can boast of names superior to those of Bossuet and Pascal, Fenelon and Massillon, Corneille and Molière, Lesage and Fontenelle, to say nothing of a company of less talented, but still respectable, writers. The reign of Louis XV. was also distinguished by some master spirits, differing from, though not inferior to, their predecessors; among whom we may number Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, and their followers. From these, the Spaniards certainly imbibed, not inspiration indeed, but a healthier tone of mind; they were as men who saw a new light; the bent of their thoughts was diverted into channels hitherto untried. At first they were dazzled and misled by the number and novelty of their impressions; gradually, however, they became familiar with them. The second generation of Spanish authors of the French school made a long step in advance of their predecessors: where the latter had produced only tame copies, the former gave birth to spirited imitations; and, trusting something to their own genius, traces of originality and national character were soon visible in their writings. There is a wide gulph between the verses of Luzan and the poetry of Meléndez.

It is worthy of notice, too, that, during the times when French authors were principally studied and followed, Spanish intellect, awakened by their influence, began to direct attention towards the works of the best ancient writers in its native language. Editions of the standard works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries followed each other in rapid succession. Criticism, until then unknown, made its appearance, and began to decide upon the merits and defects of those writings, which had, till then, been the objects of vague praise, and not of intelligent admiration,—thus setting its true value upon Spanish literature. It was, indeed, too often appreciated according to the standard of French criticism; but the error was one which led the way towards a superior and more enlightened judgment. It was the error into which Addison fell when he wrote his *Essays* upon Milton, the influence of French classicism having also insinuated itself into English literature; and yet those *Essays*, faulty as they may appear to us now, first recalled the attention of the British public to the merits of their great epic poet, and laid the foundation of philosophic literary criticism. What Addison did for the "poet blind, yet bold," the Royal Spanish Academy and Don Vicente de los Ríos did for Cervantes. Until the time when the magnificent edition of Don Quixote, and the critical analysis prefixed to it were published, that immortal work had been read and quoted merely as an amusing volume; and it was this imperfect attempt to estimate its merits that was the first cause of their being recognized, and, in process of time, more completely understood.

The consequence of this recommendation of the outward forms of ancient literature as models fit for imitation, and these attempts to ascertain its intrinsic value, was the infusing a fresher spirit into the modern. It must be owned that the old Spanish writers had not been eminent for original and philosophical conceptions, or boldness of thought. A certain monotony of subject pervades most of their works. The modern Spaniards wanted a literature more in ac-

cordance with the age wherein they lived. They went to France in quest of new thoughts, and occasionally reached England—but not frequently, for the English language was then, and is now, little known in Spain. The French philosophers of the seventeenth century were their favourite teachers. It would be idle and irrelevant, to examine how far they acted wisely in thus choosing their instructors. Groaning under the yoke of civil and religious tyranny, they had few objects among which to select, and they seized with avidity upon the works which were most within their reach. The boldest speculations are most welcome to oppressed and discontented men; besides, absolute rule begets a habit of passive assent, which retains such influence, that, even when men throw off one yoke, it imposes upon them another of their own choice. Thus it was that the Spanish reformers gave themselves up to the new tenets which they secretly adopted, with that very spirit of implicit belief and obedience which had been enforced upon them by the institutions of their country; and, while the studies of their universities remained unchanged, and a barbarous jargon, called the Peripateticum, with Ultramontane principles, and routine Theology, were the subjects of public instruction; the students read and adopted as gospel the works of Locke and Condillac, Voltaire and Rousseau, Montesquieu and Mably—nay, even of Helvetius and D'Holbach. A printer of Salamanca, Don Fernán de Tojar, made it his business to publish translations of the boldest French works, probably for the use of the youths who filled the schools. His name will often meet the eye of such as examine the prohibitory edicts of the Inquisition; and the frequency of its occurrence, is a proof that his labours, in spite of persecution, were far from fruitless.

There were some, however, who did not allow themselves to be carried, by the principles of French philosophy, into the extremes of downright infidelity and democratic liberty. The spirit of reform, which was abroad among the members of the government, in the years which preceded the French revolution—that spirit, which stopped at the extirpation of persecuting intolerance, the checking of the influence of the Roman See, and the amelioration of laws proceeding from the throne, had many upholders in the Peninsula, among the ruled, as well as their rulers. Nay, even the Spanish disciples of French philosophy, like many of their masters, and nearly all their brethren in other countries, often assumed the tone of moderate reformers, and acting in concert with the government, and giving utterance to only a part of their principles, directed their efforts, not towards the destruction, nor even the modification, of the existing institutions of their country,—but to the making them work favourably to the cause of social improvement. Modern Jansenism, that modification of Catholicism, of which Gregoire, in France, and Ricci, in Italy, were the most distinguished apostles,—found many proselytes among the Spaniards; some of them were sincere, though some were undoubtedly nothing but infidels in disguise. Beccaria and Filangieri found kindred spirits among the Spanish magistrates and statesmen; for Campanella, Jovellanos, and a few more, may justly be classed with that school of writers. Charles the Third, notwithstanding his bigotry, and the influence of his ministers, though despotic and not well informed, showed some partiality towards the advocates of moderate reform. The censorship of the press was administered with something of a liberal spirit, and the reader of the present day, who may chance to turn over the leaves of *El Censor*, a periodical of that time, or even of the *Apologista Universal*, another, wherein a monk was editor, will be surprised at the principles which were then allowed to be promulgated, under an abso-

lute government, and in a country where the Inquisition was still in existence.

The reign of Charles the Fourth, which commenced during the later years of the eighteenth century, and extended over the earlier ones of the present, was an unfortunate one for Spain. On coming to the throne, that weak Prince had found Spain daily extending in intelligence and prosperity; but whilst his reign witnessed the end of the internal happiness, as well as the external power of the monarchy, so also did it see the progress of intellect hampered and checked, if not absolutely arrested. The reins of government were entrusted to the hands of that inexperienced court minion, Godoy, the Prince of the Peace, upon whose character every possible term of abuse has been exhausted, and who, though not exactly the monster which some have represented him, may truly be pronounced weak and wicked beyond the frailty and vice of ordinary men. It was his fate to rule during that period of great peril and anxiety to courts and courtiers, the days of the French Revolution; and it is not wonderful that the same jealousy and dislike of the press, and the same suspicion of all men of talent, which characterized contemporary governments, possessed his also. The living Spanish authors had, with few exceptions, imbibed the philosophic spirit of the age; though some had adopted it in its mildest form, and a few, chameleon-like, showed themselves ready to exchange its uniform for the gaiety of a court livery. Godoy was vain and vacillating—young, ambitious, with little talent, and utterly devoid of information—sensual and lax in his morals, passionate as well as presumptuous, when he resolved to become a philosophical minister, and a *Mæcenas* of Literature. From being the enemy, he became the ally, of the republic—the only minister friendly to her among all the ancient governments;—from being the natural persecutor of philosophical writers, he desired to become their protector and friend. He held his power by the apparently frail tenure of the caprice and submission of a bigoted king, and the love of a violent woman. The course he had to keep, was a perilous one, for he was hated by all parties, and particularly by the religious part of the nation. Sometimes he would turn round and face his enemies; then again, yield to them, when he thought that by so doing he could ingratiate himself with his royal masters. Thus he pursued a system of alternately patronizing and persecuting literary men: at one time he deprived the Inquisition of its power, and threatened it with extinction; and at another, employed it to punish his political adversaries. He gave a place in the ministry to Jovellanos, the first writer, and the greatest man of modern Spain—then thrust him into a dungeon. He protected for a while Meléndez, the restorer and father of modern Spanish poetry, and then exiled him. He retained Cienfuegos, who was a writer of the decided philosophical school, in one of the government offices. He refrained from persecuting Quintana, although his sentiments were known to be friendly to popular government, and inimical to the throne and the altar as they then existed in his country. He was constant in befriending Moratin, the comic poet, Estala, a priest, and laborious writer, and Arrinzza, a lyrical satirist; and the three proved themselves worthy of their patron, by the baseness of the battery which they offered up to him, and the war they waged against all liberal principles. He patronized, too, an authoress of some comedies and lyric poetry, who ministered to his passions, and degraded her genius, and debased herself, by writing obscene verses of the most infamous description.

In a country where political freedom does not exist, where authors are confined to subjects exclusively literary, the connexion between politics and literature cannot be very obvious; yet



the very cause which prevents that connexion from being outwardly manifested in printed works, operates to the cementing and strengthening of it in secret. The effect of the burthens and restrictions of government upon an opposition, is to consolidate it.

The opening of the present century beheld the literary men of Spain marshalled in two armies—the one of the Court, the other of the People. The former were led by three acknowledged chiefs, to whom discretionary power over the press had been confided, though only one of them held the office of Chief Censor, (*Jefe de Imprenta*), and the two others, superior to him in literary merit, acted merely as his confidential advisers. These three, upon whom their adversaries bestowed the title of the *Triumvirate*, were Moratin, Estala, and the Abbé Melon,—the last being the official censor alluded to. Quintana headed the opposition party, which reversed the names, and followed the ancient standards of Jovellanos and Melendez.

Few were the works either of lasting interest as to subject, or of commanding literary merit, of which modern Spain could boast; with the exception of the treatises upon political economy, the laws affecting legislation, by Campomanes, and the immortal memoir by Jovellanos, concerning the laws which affect agriculture, the latter part of the eighteenth century had produced nothing which could be recommended to the attention of foreign nations, or the regard of posterity. There was not one historical work worth reading. Don Juan Bautista Muñoz had begun a History of America, of which the first volume was published in 1791; but as this work, though recommended by the uncommon beauties of its style, contained little beyond an introduction, and no continuation was ever published, it can be judged of merely as a fragment.

There had been some good sermons published by Father Gil, Lavaig, and Don Josef Vela, closely imitating in their style the sacred oratory of the French. The 'Elogios' by Jovellanos, Vargas Ponce, Vieira, Muñoz, Gil, Clemencin, Cienfuegos, and a few others, may be charged with the defects, and praised for the beauties, inherent in this class of composition. Those by the eminent man first mentioned, are as elegant in style, and as eloquent in language, as any similar works with which we are acquainted. Count Cabarrus, (though born in France,) one of our best modern Spanish writers, had distinguished himself by his academical discourses. Even Poetry itself, which has always been more cultivated in Spain than any other branch of literature, had only given birth to short effusions, mostly lyrical—no long poem having appeared. Tragedy, and that only in virtue of two or three happy productions, which soar above the common level, could claim no higher praise than may be awarded to respectability;—Comedy had Moratin, an author justly admired, in spite of his great defects.

The ancient Spanish authors, notwithstanding the magnitude of the obstacles which they had to encounter, had produced some few works of considerable importance. Not so the modern; and yet we may boldly assert, that, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, the Spaniards were more enlightened than their ancestors had ever been. Perhaps this very enlightenment may account for the inferiority, or at least unimportance of their writings. They conceived more than they could utter. If they thought of writing History, they had something in view beyond anything which Mariana, Mendoza, Moncada, or Melo ever dreamed of; and *this* the present state of their government forbade them to publish. We may extend the same remark to most of the other departments of literature. As regards Poetry, the age and their country had alike become decidedly unpoetical; and

moreover, the field in which their imagination was permitted to revel, was strictly fenced in by the statutes of French classicism.

Hardly any prose work, worthy of mention, issued from the press in the course of the eight years which intervened between the beginning of the present century, and the breaking out of the first Spanish revolution. Quintana cannot find his best title to literary distinction upon the first volume of his *Lives of illustrious Spaniards*; the style of the work is harsh and incorrect—far from reaching, in his narrative, that animation with which we are delighted in Plutarch; he has the dryness of Nepos, without his elegance.

That epoch, however, was not unfavourable to periodicals. The *Memorial Literario*, edited by M. Olive, and afterwards by M. Carnerero; the *Regañon*, (Grumbler,) the *Minerva*, and, above all, the *Variedades de Ciencias, Literatura y Artes*, edited by a society, of which Quintana was the most distinguished member, were all publications of undoubted, though not commanding merit.

It was about this time that two very bad translations became the creed and the watchword of the two opposite literary parties. The 'Principes de Littérature,' by L'Abbé Batteux, a paltry work, was translated by M. Arrieta, under the patronage of the *Triumvirs*. This translation betrayed an utter ignorance even of the French language; and to the body of the work there were appended many lengthy dissertations upon Spanish literature, mostly derived from printed books, ancient and modern; the result of which junction was a production, not unjustly compared, by the *Memorial Literario*, to Horace's monster.

At the same time, Don José Luis Munarraz, a partisan of the opposite faction, published a translation of Blair's Lectures. With regard to the merits of the translation, it must be allowed that Munarraz was a little, but *only* a little, superior to Arrieta; but the critical articles upon Spanish literature, which were affixed to the translation, could boast of originality and boldness. They were occasionally severe, often unjustly so—often with justice. They showed a preference of foreign over national literature; and, when Spanish productions were in question, of the modern over the ancient writers. These judgments were intolerably offensive to national vanity and prejudices, and afforded a pretext for open hostility. The *Triumvirs* availed themselves of their official power. The translator of Blair had prepared an abridgment of his work, and when he applied for the necessary permission to print it, he was answered by a long and bitter critique upon its demerits, terminating in a refusal of the licence; a most unparalleled abuse of the powers of censorship, whose office is merely to forbid the publication of writings offensive to religion, politics, or morals, and not to take cognizance of literary differences of opinion.

But whilst tyranny, guided by rivalry, thus controlled the press in the Spanish metropolis, literature was cultivated in some of the provincial towns. Seville was distinguished amongst these; a self-created unauthorized Academy *de buenas letras* was formed there, among the members of which were numbered Blanco White, (well known in England,) Arjona, Lista, and Reinos, all of them belonging to the priesthood, and then attached to liberal principles, together with a few other individuals of inferior, though still respectable merit. They occupied themselves chiefly with poetry and literary criticism; and the *Correo de Sevilla* was their periodical organ. Granada had also its literary nursery, from which M. Mora Roca, a young man of great poetical genius, who was cut off by an untimely death, before he could reach the

height for which he was qualified by nature,—and Martinez de la Rosa, afterwards a senator and minister, sprang into notice. An academy was even formed in Cadiz, a mercantile town, the habits of which had been hitherto singularly averse to such pursuits. Its founders were a few aspiring young men, whose labours, however, are commendable for nothing beyond the honest zeal which actuated them. All these writers trod the same path: their only productions were short poetical effusions, and scraps of criticism; but in some of these we certainly find evidences of powers equal to more important undertakings, had their lot been cast under a free government, or in a country which possessed, what was still wanting in Spain, a reading public.

This state of things was soon put an end to, by a revolution which first shook, and then demolished, the whole frame of the Spanish monarchy, and diverted the attention of the Spanish people from the pursuit of literature, to the chances of civil war, and to scenes of strife and confusion. Yet the effects of this revolution might have been, and in fact were, partially beneficial to the cause of mental improvement, rather than otherwise. The spirit of patriotism happily employed eloquence and poetry in its behalf, to increase the excitement of the people against their French invaders. Still, it is true that many literary and philosophical men took part with the French; some of them, it may be, led by a hope of bettering the condition of their country under an enlightened government; others, beyond all doubt, actuated by base and selfish motives. Nor were there wanting those who embraced both causes in succession—and, after having, Timotheus-like, sounded the trumpet of patriotic resistance, used it, with weakened effect, to lull the storm, which, awhile before, they had been so assiduous in raising. Yet the opinion which foreigners have adopted, being led astray by the misrepresentations of French writers, and of the Spanish partisans of Joseph Buonaparte, is an erroneous one:—namely, that nearly all the Spaniards attached to liberal principles, ranged themselves round the French standard, whilst the insurgent or patriotic party consisted only of the nobles, the priesthood, and the mob, with a few writers, the devoted champions of tyranny and superstition. So far was this from being the case, that most of the leaders of the liberals embraced the patriotic cause; whereas the *Triumvirs*, those objects of peculiar hatred, exchanged their ancient service for that of the new French court,—remaining true to their habits of servility, when they changed their old principles, to make them suit their new masters. Jovellanos, released from his prison, was summoned to take part in the patriotic government. Cienfuegos died in France, whither he had been carried a prisoner, a martyr to his devotion to the popular cause; Quintana became the official organ of the insurgent government, and wrote nearly all their proclamations and manifestos; Blanco White, Antillon, Capmany, Martinez de la Rosa, and a host of writers less known, took the same side, and adhered to it through good and evil fortune. Melendez, and a few more, also gave their testimony in favour of the right cause; and it was owing to *chance*, and their own weakness, that they afterwards became followers of the wrong one. Yet, it must by no means be understood, that all the friends of improvement, and none of opposite opinions, declared for the patriotic cause. On the contrary, many supporters of the most arbitrary principles in government, and the most bigoted doctrines in religion, attached themselves to that party, which, as they understood and declared, had, or ought to have, for its object the upholding of the monarchy and old Spain. Many well-meaning individuals, at the same time, joined the French invaders, under the persuasion that a cure for the evils, under which

their nation was labouring, was not to be found in the preservation of independence, or the creation of a popular power, but in the rightly directed efforts of a vigorous and enlightened government.

The liberty of the press, which was granted by the Cortes, and the comparatively liberal administration of the censorship under the rule of Joseph Buonaparte, ought, as they removed obstacles which had impeded the utterance, and, to a certain degree, the generation of thought, to have had a beneficial effect upon Spanish literature. But these favourable circumstances were, of necessity, attended by others of a totally contrary nature. The revolution, and the war which was raging in the very heart of the country, kept up a perpetual excitement, which diverted attention from every subject which was not immediately connected with, and bearing upon, the events of the time. Politics, and exclusively the politics of the day, became the subject not only of all writings, but even of all thoughts. The publications of the period alluded to, could not, therefore, hope to awaken any lasting interest; yet it is to them that we owe a few of the important works, which throw a lustre upon the Spanish literature of the present day. Llorente's 'History of the Inquisition,' the 'Theory of the Cortes,' by Marina, the 'Examen sobre los delitos de infidencia,' commonly attributed to Reinosa, may be all ascribed to the causes above mentioned. The Cortes of 1810, elicited more knowledge upon several matters, than the Spaniards had credit for possessing; though, of course, it also brought forward many crude opinions and vague theories. Its debates were marked by several happy displays of deliberative eloquence (a now exercise for the thinkers of Spain), which, considered merely as bursts of extempore oratory, would do honour to the public speakers of far more civilized countries. At the same time, the writers of the French party left some favourable specimens of their powers in periodicals, and other publications.

The close of the revolution, instead of being favourable to the cultivation of mind, by restoring peace and order, was fatally the reverse. The literary men of Spain had all of them become politicians, and, with few or no exceptions, had enlisted themselves either on the side of the Cortes, or of the French invaders. When the King of Spain was restored to his throne, he declared himself opposed to both parties, and that with no small degree of severity. Most of the enlightened Spaniards became exiles—some were shut up in dungeons. Whilst the remains of Melendez were buried in a foreign land, Quintana was immured in a fortress, and Martinez de la Rosa sent to reside amongst galley slaves, in a horrible castle, on the coast of Africa. A great jealousy of the press—nay, of whatever tended to enlighten public opinion and to diffuse knowledge, made itself manifest in the acts of the Spanish Government. Thus the Restoration was doubly injurious to Spanish literature—by this infliction of punishment upon those who cultivated it, and the multiplying obstacles in the way of those who might devote themselves to it in future. The six years which intervened between the restoration and the new revolution would be little better than a blank in the literary history of Spain, had not the exiles availed themselves of foreign presses, and thus published some valuable works.

It is remarkable that the character of Spanish literature remained unaltered through all the vicissitudes of these times. It was precisely the same as it had been left by Charles the Third; and consisted, with few exceptions, of short essays. Many clever men might be numbered among its cultivators, but none who could lay claim to genius, or to first-rate talents. Jovellanos, belonging to an older generation,

may be mentioned as forming the only exception to this general remark, as he was the only living author whose commanding talents were unanimously acknowledged by native and foreign critics. He had, however, during the present century, published only one work; and that, though probably the most eloquent of his writings, had unfortunately his own personal vindication for its subject, and treated of subjects connected with the domestic politics and history of the national government during the first part of the Spanish Revolution.

We must now, after having thus generally surveyed the march of mind in Spain, descend into particulars, by entering into a somewhat detailed examination of the most remarkable productions, and of the talents of the most distinguished writers belonging to the period whereof we have proposed to treat.

The best prose writers of those times, then, were Jovellanos, Estala, Capmany, Martinez Marina, Conde, Llorente, Reinosa, Vargas Ponce, Semper, Quintana, Clemencin, Antillon, Lista, Blanco, Argüelles, Villanueva, Gallardo, Florez Estrada, Canga Argüelles, Martinez de la Rosa, Mora, Burgos.

The best poets of the same period were Melendez, Moratin, Quintana, Cienfuegos, Arriaza, Gallego, Reinosa, Lista, Arjona, Martinez de la Rosa, the Duke of Frías, Saavedra, Mora Roca, Gorostiza, Burgos.

We have already assigned the first place among these names to—

**JOVELLANOS.**—The history of this illustrious man's life is well known to the English reader, and his Memoir upon the laws affecting agriculture has been often the subject of praise. An article upon it appeared in one of the earlier numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*, though it was only through the medium of a French translation that it was made known to the British public. A complete translation of the work has been appended to Labordo's 'Itinéraire;' but this again was taken, not from the original, but from another French version. Some scraps of his other compositions have been extracted in the Appendix to the work upon Lope de Vega, Carpio, Guillen de Castro, and a few more Spanish dramatists, written by Lord Holland, who was a personal friend of the illustrious Spaniard. The *Foreign* and the *Foreign Quarterly Reviews* have both of them given articles containing a sketch of his life, and an examination of his political and literary character; the former abounds in extracts, the latter enters into details concerning the events in which he took a part, and also into a critical examination of his productions, collected and individual. Little can be added to these notices and judgments, which have appeared in such recent and well-known publications.

The opening of the present century was marked by an event by no means honourable to those concerned in it—the imprisonment of this celebrated man. He was immured in a convent in the island of Majorca, without having undergone even the semblance of a trial. From thence he wrote two remonstrances or petitions addressed to the King, which have been deservedly extolled for the moral courage, as well as eloquence, which they display; but the interest which they excited ceased when the persecution of which their author was the victim came to an end. So long as manuscript copies only were circulated, and it was a dangerous thing to possess them, they were eagerly sought after, transcribed, and read; but as soon as they appeared in print, they were discovered to be of no value save as historical documents.

When the insurrection of the Spaniards against Napoleon broke out, Jovellanos, who had been already released from his captivity in consequence of the fall of his persecutor Godoy,

was summoned to become a member of the Central Junta, which, for more than a twelve-month, had the government of Spain in its hands. He partook of the labours, and of the misfortunes, and, to a certain extent, shared the odium which it was the fate of that body to endure. The last days of his life were embittered by acts of popular violence, which he thought amounted to personal persecution, though they were, in reality, only casual insults, directed against a member of the hated and despised Junta, and not against the man, who was highly admired and respected by the generality of his own countrymen. We owe the work entitled 'Don Gaspar de Jovellanos a sus Compatriotas' to these events. Its writer died sixty-four days after it had issued from the press, harassed and fatigued—now flying before the French invaders—now subject to the suspicions of the patriots, and at the mercy of the disturbances arising from a state of popular excitement. Having reached a somewhat advanced age, the infirmities of which had been aggravated by the bodily and mental sufferings of many years, he breathed his last in a small town of Asturias, under the hospitable roof of a friend, who, whilst he afforded the wanderer (as he thought) a temporary resting place and asylum, was preparing for him his death-bed.

The melancholy circumstances attending this publication invested it with a solemn interest, which few works can of themselves excite; but it did not need such adventitious aids to recommend it to the notice of the reading public. Its style, its faults, as well as its beauties, are perfectly Ciceronian—it had, indeed, been the pride of Jovellanos (and he did not value himself upon it without just cause), that he had imbibed the spirit of the Roman orator.

The eloquence of this great writer is solemn, dignified, and yet occasionally fervid. The stateliness of his style, and the cadence of his periods, while they betray the rhetorician, exhibit also the Spanish judge, of noble (or gentle) birth,—of sedate habits,—in whom the ancient characteristics of his nation, so discernible in all lawyers, while they appear prominently, are modified by other traits, the offspring of more general and philosophical studies.

In his earlier years, Jovellanos had been considered an innovator, and such he really was; towards the close of his life, though he remained still liberal and friendly to all improvement, he manifested a certain tendency towards conservative principles. His 'Elogium' approach the pretty in writing, and have something of a French air. His 'Informe sobre un proyecto de Ley Agraria,' is more robust in style. His last production, though bordering on the florid, is stern in its manner, with all its gorgeousness. He was, like his Roman prototype, always verbose—a blemish which is chargeable upon nearly all the Spanish writers.

A collection of the several works, written by Jovellanos, was long a desideratum in Spanish literature. It has, however, been at last published by Don José Gomez Cortina, one of the translators of Bouterwek. This collection is tolerably complete; but, probably, in consequence of existing political circumstances, his most eloquent production, the one we have just alluded to, has been omitted. As this treats only of events long passed away, and as the principles which it contains, though liberal, are far from agreeing with those promulgated and enforced by the Cortes, it is impossible not to lament the state of a country, where even history is so cruelly shackled, and where literature is compelled to withdraw its best productions from the public gaze—if, as may often be the case, they arise out of, or refer to the political transactions of past years.

In spite of a few blemishes, Jovellanos exhibits the best model of Spanish composition. His

writings form the connecting bridge between ancient and modern Spain—at once a halting place, and the most glorious monument of his own times. He has been long quoted as a perfect pattern of pure Spanish idiom. Recently, however, a few modern Spaniards have refused to acknowledge his right to this praise. But even if he possessed that merit (and it is certain that he made great efforts to attain it), it was still a secondary one—his endeavours aimed at much higher things. Not so his contemporary Capmany, who is by many considered his rival in this respect—nay, by some, his superior. This learned man and laborious writer, made it the entire business of his later years to restore the Castilian language to its original purity, and, by most Spanish judges, he is thought to have succeeded, though a few dissent from so favourable a judgment, and the causes of this dissent will be found to rest upon solid ground, if examined calmly and impartially.

DON ANTONIO DE CAPMANY Y MONTFALAU (he loved to give his whole name,) was born in Catalonia. The language of his childhood, therefore, was the dialect of that province, which partakes more of the Provençal than of the Castilian. This was a great disadvantage to a writer, who aimed at, and valued himself as being a model of true and pure Castilian diction. Whatever may be thought of his works, no one who knew their author can deny that he spoke the language, which he thought he wrote so well, very badly. His general accent, nay, often his idioms, were entirely Catalanian: therefore, for him to write good Castilian, was a feat somewhat difficult of performance, and the labour which it cost him is discernible in his writings.

He published, in the earlier part of his career, some works of general utility and interest. His 'Questiones criticae' throw light upon many important points of the economical history of Spain. His 'Memorias criticae sobre la Marina, Comercio, y Artes de la ciudad de Barcelona,' are much more amusing than the title of the book might lead the reader to expect, and are a valuable contribution to the history of the middle ages, as they are composed with a critical and diligent research, which is rare among Spanish authors. His 'Apologia de las Fiestas de Toros,' (An Apology for Bull-Fights), is a witty piece of sophistry. His collection of 'Ancient Treaties of Peace and Alliance between the Kings of Arragon and some Mohammedan Princes,' is interesting. On the contrary, his 'Texto histórico critico de la Eloquencia Española,' by no means realizes the expectations which its high-sounding title is sure to excite: it is, indeed, little better than a book of elegant extracts, in which, as is usually the case, the spirit of philosophical taste has been lost sight of in the selection. The preliminary discourse deserves but little praise; it is written, indeed, in tolerably pure Castilian, but in a vicious style, and a spirit of that fierce and fiery patriotism, which, with a view of serving the author's own country and tongue, counts it a necessary and praiseworthy thing to depreciate the merits of foreign languages and foreign writers. The survey of English literature, which it contains, may well make the English reader smile at the presumption of a man bold enough to pronounce a judgment upon that which he knew so imperfectly. His critical opinions of the authors, from whose works he has made extracts, show a strange mixture of occasional severity and injudicious praise.

From the publication of this work it was, that Capmany claimed his right to be considered as the purest and most idiomatic of Spanish authors. In the 'Filosofía de la Eloquencia,' another of his works, he had given copious quotations from French writers, to illustrate the figures of speech, and had, moreover, been guilty of gracing his text with Gallic idioms. It was in the

latter part of his life, when his anti-gallic feelings amounted almost to mania, that he re-wrote this work, and gave it a form to which we shall turn our attention hereafter.

In reality, the claims of Capmany to be thought a judge against whose decisions, on points of language, there was to be no appeal, rested only upon his very extensive reading in Spanish literature. Of the philosophy of language he had only crude and imperfect notions. He entered into a controversy with Cienfuegos, also a man of great learning, but a bad writer, and a decided Gallicist: and though the dispute turned upon the question of the one word *detalle* being Castilian or not, and Capmany was on the right side, he so mismanaged the matter, that, according to the all but unanimous judgment of impartial readers, he was worsted.

One of the best of this writer's critical productions is his Commentary upon a bad Spanish translation of Fenelon's Telemachus, by Covarruvias. It shows his humour to great advantage, no less than his acquaintance with his own and the French languages.

There is another work, of more utility than brilliancy, which has increased Capmany's fame among his own countrymen. This is a Dictionary of the French and Spanish Languages. He had already, at a much earlier period, published a work under the title of 'Arte de Enseñar del Francés al Español,' which, though very imperfect, was in the main useful. His Dictionary far surpassed all the wretched works which had till then assumed that title. It was preceded by a short preface, which was, and continues to be, generally admired. This admiration, however, ought to be qualified: it is a vigorous and racy piece of writing, exhibiting a great knowledge of both the French and the Spanish languages, and containing several acute and just observations; but it is disfigured by an involved phraseology and confused metaphors, and blind national prejudices, which almost overlook, if they do not wilfully attempt to conceal, the merits of the French language.

But the work upon which it is known that Capmany principally valued himself was his patriotic effusion, 'Centinela contra Franceses.' In his moments of vanity, (which were of frequent occurrence,) he has been heard to declare that the stout resistance which the Spanish nation opposed to the power of Napoleon was mainly owing to this work. In one edition he asserts that the Emperor of the French insisted upon its being read to him, while he sat as a conqueror in his camp of Chamartin: nay, he even reached the point of persuading himself that his destruction was eagerly sought by the French government. A well authenticated anecdote will show how firmly rooted was this vain-glorious belief. During the siege of Cadix, in 1810-11-12, while he was sitting at the table of the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Wellesley, whom he frequently visited, a bomb from the French batteries fell near or on the house. This was a very common occurrence, as a signal tower attached to the building, and the neighbouring steeple of the convent church of St. Francis, were a sort of mark against which the besiegers were in the habit of directing their fire: but the vain author interpreted the matter differently, and declared that he was sure the French knew that he was in the house, and had directed their shells against it mainly for the purpose of taking away his life.

This 'Centinela' is Capmany himself, with all his prejudices and all his talents,—impetuous, eloquent, coarse, quaint,—appealing to the worst and to the best passions of the human heart, embodying every national peculiarity, breathing that fierce spirit of patriotism so productive of both good and evil—of the love of our country, to the extravagance of upholding its abuses—of

the hatred of foreigners, even to the injustice of rejecting all improvement which is to be derived from them. There runs through every page a rich vein of broad and coarse humour, enlivened by occasional and not unfrequent flashes of wit. The French are represented as a combination of everything that is odious in human nature; even the gallantry and devotion to the fair sex, which is the Spaniard's boast, have so far forsaken the author on this occasion, that he vents his anger upon the French women, and passes upon them a sentence of sweeping condemnation—not on account of their supposed luxury of minds, which vulgar error prevailed at that time in many countries, and particularly in England—nor even for their love of show and harmless spirit of *coquetterie*, for to these they would themselves probably plead guilty,—but for their universal and downright ugliness! The politician or the historian, who may desire to become acquainted with the feelings of the vulgar and prejudiced during the earlier part of the Spanish insurrection of 1808, would do well to read the 'Centinela,' whilst those who are curious in literary composition will find it worthy of notice for its forcible and idiomatic, though certainly not elegant, style.

In another production of nearly the same date, Capmany has equally exhibited his good and bad qualities, both as a man and a writer—has himself shown his eccentricities and foibles no less than his humour and knowledge. The proclamations of the Spanish patriotic governments, composed by Quintana, had been highly admired, and with some justice, though there is much in them to offend against good taste and Spanish syntax. Capmany was lynx-eyed to these faults, and blind to the merits which atoned for them: he published letters at Cadix in 1811, concerning these proclamations, under the signature of "A good Patriot, who lives in concealment at Seville." His criticisms are frequently just, and always biting: not contented with noting the literary offences of his adversary, he attacks his personal character absurdly enough, and even his personal appearance: and, in defiance of all decency, coarsely alludes to a misfortune which had destroyed Quintana's conjugal happiness, of which, too, the accused was merely the victim. Nay, Capmany, who had been in the habit of visiting Quintana's house at Madrid, extends his enmity to all those whom he usually met there, and exposing their real or supposed offences, no matter how venial, to public gaze, seems to enjoy the havoc which he makes of their reputations. The reader must turn away from these letters in disgust: they were, however, much relished and praised by a public fond of scandal, and unfortunately their literary merits, both as pieces of composition and criticism, are of no common description.

Three years after this, Capmany published his last edition of the 'Filosofía de la Eloquencia.' The title of this work is calculated to mislead the reader, who would naturally expect to find in it a philosophical treatise. It is, however, an elementary book upon rhetoric, much in the style of Quintilian, or rather of Rollin and Crevier. In this, after the manner of a veteran offender, who feels, as his life draws to its close, compunction for the errors and vanities of his youth, and does his utmost to atone for them, Capmany lamented that, in his first edition of this treatise, he had been guilty of a heinous sin against patriotism in quoting and praising passages of French instead of Spanish writers. In his second edition, all these offensive parts were struck out of his book, and replaced by extracts from Spanish works. The book itself was totally changed, and now appeared, as it were, dressed in a national, antiquated, and very fantastic garb; and, whilst its author carefully copied the idiom, he also imitated the style, and, above all,



the peculiarities and defects of his models. The following sentence may be selected from many of its kind, as a specimen of that bad taste which had reigned over Spanish literature in the days of Gracian and Quevedo, and down to a much later period, which also Father Isla has held up to scorn in his 'Fray Gerundio':—

"Los antiguos nos daban dentro de una medalla todo un César; porque los grandes hombres se han de medir de pescuezo arriba."—[The ancients gave us within a medal a whole César: for great men are to be measured from the neck upwards.]

Capmany was a member of the Spanish Cortes of 1810, and a decided constitutionalist; but he performed a part which will surely startle an English reader, and would be thought very extraordinary in either of the British Houses of Parliament. He assumed the office of censor of the speeches, to watch over their grammatical purity, and against any transgression of the rules of Spanish syntax,—above all, no Gallicism was passed over by him unnoticed and unproved. He often rose to order, foaming at the mouth with anger, and his eyes flashing a patriotic fire, to denounce some phrase or word which he found to be literary high treason. Thus he condemned the using of the word *members* for *deputies*, though it was certainly an English rather than a French innovation.

Soon after the close of his senatorial labours, Capmany died of the yellow fever, at a moderately advanced age, though not very old. His tomb was graced with a laudatory epitaph, in which his political and literary labours were recorded. After the restoration of 1814, that tombstone was removed by order of the royal government,—a proof that it is not the infidel and the democrat alone who venture, with profane hands, to violate the peace and sanctity of the grave. But, notwithstanding his great faults, Capmany is one of the most remarkable authors that modern Spain has produced. He learned the Castilian language from books, for, as we have already stated, the Castilian dialect was not the one in which he first began to speak and think. Hence he became tinged with the peculiarities, and copied the phraseology, of the national writers of the preceding centuries, for he despised his contemporaries. He was, moreover, an eccentric man, all which circumstances combined give a character of great eccentricity to his style. He was not what his admirers have represented him, a great, and perhaps the greatest master of Spanish composition; nor yet can it be justly said of him "that his manner is so bad that they who are pleased with his works, may be certain of possessing a vitiated taste in literature."—a sentence passed upon him by the writers of the *Gaceta de Bayona*, who, by thus reversing Quintilian's famous dictum upon Cicero, chose to indulge their political animosities, while they professed merely to pronounce judgment upon his literary merits.

There is no entire collection of the works of either Jovellanos or Capmany; and, perhaps, this is not to be looked for at present. While, on the one hand, the political principles occasionally maintained by the writers, do not suit the views of the Spanish government, nor could be permitted to appear in print—on the other, the lack of readers would deter any publisher from embarking in what would certainly prove a losing speculation.

[To be continued on the 3rd May.]

\* A similar and more recent offence occurred at Cadix in the year 1823. After the fall of the Cortes, the tombstone which covered the remains of Don Tomas Izturis (a highly enlightened and patriotic member of the Cortes for Cadix), was also displaced. The spirit that expelled the remains of Blake from Westminster Abbey is not extinct.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE is just now abundant amusement for the sight-seer in this immense and busy city; and the inhabitant of almost any quarter of the town may find food for the eyes in his immediate neighbourhood. If he abide in the Regent's Park, he may step into the *Diorama*, and cool himself with the 'Moonlight View of the Ruins of Fountains Abbey,' and watch the obscuring of the moon, and the twinkling of the stars, till he forgets the hour of the day, and the place where he is;—or he may admire the perfect illusion (no, the reality) of the 'Crypt of St. Denis' Cathedral,' with its kneeling figures, and its dim arches in the distance. When he has satiated his eye here, he may go (as we did a few mornings since) to St. James's-place, Hampstead-road, and admire Messrs. Handley and Oldfield's Stained Glass. They appear to be able to produce colours but little less brilliant and rich than those which blaze in the rose windows of our old cathedrals. Of some of the pictures exhibited, our readers will remember our having spoken before, when they were shown at Nixon's, in Cockspur-street—the Exhibition is well worth visiting. On his return, he may look in and see what is doing at the Pantheon—the Saloon of Arts is now visible—it is small, compared with the department allotted to merchandize, which promises to be very spacious and magnificent when completed. What would the masqueraders of other days say, could they return to this earth, and see the change which has passed over their ancient haunt? In Church-street, Soho, too, the lover of what is curious and beautiful may spend a very pleasant hour looking over Mr. Rogers's collection of Carvings. Among these are a set of panels (which, also, we have noticed before), two chests, formerly in the possession of the Cenci family, and a large cabinet, or *armoire*, recently imported from Antwerp, all of which are worthy of examination: some of the minuter specimens, too, are very finely executed.

We understand there is every probability that the Earl of Ripon will be the new President of the Royal Society of Literature.

Malibran does not come to Drury Lane this season, and it is doubtful whether Lablache will be able to quit Naples, as he is engaged there to appear with her. We may, it is understood, expect a second visit from Herz. We are told too, and are glad to hear it, that Lafont, the Parisian violinist, is expected in London to reap the fruits of the full season.

Why does not the Philharmonic Society make some arrangement with Paganini, to perform one of his grand concertos with full accompaniments? We should think that now his terms might not be so exorbitant as they have been.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

April 10th.—J. W. Lubbock, Esq., V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.—The first paper read was on a general method in dynamics, by which the study of the motion of all free systems of attracting or repelling points is reduced to the search and differentiation of one central relation or characteristic function, by Professor Hamilton, Astronomer Royal for Ireland. The author proposes to extend to dynamics the theorems which, in his system of rays, he had applied to optics. It was a subject too purely mathematical to interest general readers. This was followed by 'Observations on the Motion of Shingle Beaches on the sea-coast,' by H. R. Palmer, F.R.S., Civil Engineer, the substance of which was given last year in this paper. The reading of a paper on some elementary laws of Electricity, by W. S. Harris, was commenced.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

April 9.—Colonel Leake, Vice President, in the chair.—Two memoirs were read at this meeting, by the Secretary:—1. 'Inquiry whether the district of *El Paran*, in Arabia Petraea, did not anciently form a part of the Land of Egypt,' by Mr. Belfour. Among the inscriptions on Egyptian monuments, published by the Society (pl. 91.), are certain groups of Hieroglyphics, which Mr. Belfour interprets as importing, 'Governor, Defender, or Keeper of Paran (or Pharan)'. He was led by the study of these to the conviction, that Paran was included in the Egypt of Scripture, and that the early Pharaohs had a government established in that region—an inference which appeared to him somewhat at variance with the opinion lately advanced in a paper read before the Society, that modern Egypt is not identical with the Egypt (Mizraim) of Holy Writ. He was, therefore, led to search for further evidence on this point. Having given in detail his interpretation of the hieroglyphic inscription referred to, Mr. Belfour proceeded to adduce a variety of evidence, collected from other sources, in confirmation of the fact which they appear to him to imply. His first reference was to Genesis, xxi. v. 21, where the district in question is termed, in the LXX. *ἡ Παρὰ Αἰγύπτου*, Egyptian Paran. He next alluded to the testimony of ancient geographers, which favours the opinion, that the Red Sea was not formerly the limit of the Egyptian territories in that direction, the Sovereigns of Egypt having founded colonies on its eastern shores, who spoke the same language as the people of Thebes and Memphis. In those regions Niebuhr found a vast building, full of sepulchral stones, carved with hieroglyphic representations similar to those of the Thebæide. The remainder of Mr. Belfour's memoir was occupied with historical conjectures respecting the probable period when the Egyptians established themselves in Arabia, and with general considerations on the extent of their dominions, which were shown to have embraced very distant parts of the bordering states, as early as the age of Ramses Sethos, the Sesostris of Diodorus. The most extraordinary opinion in regard to this point, is that of the learned Scherer, who asserts that the Egyptian priests were acquainted with the isles of the Atlantic—Jamaica, Hispaniola, Cuba, and even the continent of America. The Fortunate Isles, or Canaries, he adds, were known to the ancients in the times of Homer and Hesiod, (*Works and Days*, v. 169—172). There was in those islands a temple dedicated to Saturne, of which Pindar speaks, Olymp. Od. ii. v. 127, &c.

2. 'An Examination of Dr. Seyffarth's recently published work, entitled, 'Systema Astronomiæ Egyptiacæ Quadrupartium,' by Mr. Cullimore. Our analysis of this latter paper is deferred to next week, it being impossible to place it before our readers in an intelligible form, without entering into more lengthened details than we can find space for in the present number.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

April 5.—The Right Hon. Charles W. Williams Wynn, M.P., President, in the chair.—Various donations were presented, among which were the following from Professor E. Burnouf: a copy of his 'Commentary on the Yagna,' one of the sacred books of the Parsis; from George Frere, Esq., the *San-tso-eh*, a Chinese historical romance, in twenty volumes 8vo., and other Chinese works; from the Royal Society, 'The Philosophical Transactions, &c. for the year 1833'; from the Royal College of Surgeons, the Catalogue of their Museum, 5 parts 4to.; from Capt. Harkness, Secretary, in the name of the author, 'The Prosody of the Sanscrit and Félugu Languages,' and a translation of the verses of Vemana, by Mr. C. P. Brown, &c.

Lieutenants George and William Broadfoot, elected at the last meeting, were admitted resident members of the Society. Alexander Boswell, Esq., and William Geddes, Esq., were elected resident members of the Society.

Mr. Bird read a short Memoir of the late Capt. James MacMurdo, of the Bombay Establishment. Capt. MacMurdo was the youngest son of Major MacMurdo of the Dumfriesshire Militia, and was sent as a cadet to India, in the military service of the East India Company, which affords frequent opportunities for developing the mental resources of individuals; he had the advantage of being placed under the superintendence of the late General A. Walker, and having acquired a knowledge of two Oriental languages, his first public employment was on the staff of Sir John Abercromby, with the expedition sent against the Mauritius. He was next appointed Agent for Cutch Affairs, and was sent on a mission to the coasts of Makran, Sind, and Cutch, with a view of inducing the pirates who infested that quarter, to abandon their lawless pursuits. It was now that his attention became particularly directed to the ancient history of Sind, and the state of the river Indus. In 1814, he was appointed government agent on the Jhalawar frontier, and here he collected the materials for the account of Kattyawar, which was published in the Transactions of the Bombay Literary Society. In 1816, he was made Resident at the Court of the Ráo of Cutch, and in this capacity he redoubled his efforts to acquire information on the history and geography of Cutch, in doing which, he expended considerable sums. His death occurred on the 20th of April 1820, in the thirty-fifth year of his age. The Memoir is concluded by some account of his literary labours, and a brief delineation of his character.

Thanks were returned to Mr. Bird for his communication.

Lieutenant Alexander Burnes then exhibited to the meeting his collection of ancient coins, discovered by him during his recent journey; among them is a square silver coin, which was at first supposed to be Samaritan, but after being two years in his possession was proved to be Bactrian, and much resembling one described by Col. Tod in the Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society. Upwards of sixty coins were obtained from the tops of Manikyala; the singular structure now considered to be of Buddhist origin, described by Mr. Elphinstone in his journey to Cabul, one of which bears the name of King Kaniskoi, a name like one which occurs in Rájá Tarigini, and, if authenticated, will be curious as tending to illustrate the History of Cashmir. Lieut. Burnes also exhibited a drawing of an edifice, many of which were found in the Himalayan Mountains, containing bones, &c. Fac-similes of the coins, &c. are now engraving for Lieut. Burnes's forthcoming narrative of his journey. The meeting adjourned to the 19th instant.

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

April 15.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—Lord Gray, Capt. Hoare, and Mr. William Pitt Drake, were elected into the Society, and three other candidates were proposed.

Edward Forster, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer, read a letter from Lord Stanley, regretting that he was unable to attend the meetings of the Society, and resigning the office of President. The intention of the council to recommend the election of the Duke of Somerset, on the anniversary in May next, to fill the President's chair, was also announced.

A paper by William Thompson, Esq., Vice President of the Belfast Natural History Society, was read by the Secretary. The author in his paper, went into various zoological details, including a notice of the occurrence of *Larus*

Sabini in Belfast Bay, and a second specimen in Dublin Bay, both of them young birds of the year, in their first autumn plumage, one of these birds was exhibited, the other is in the Dublin Museum. A volume of Asiatic Researches, and the eighth part of 'Gould's Birds of Europe,' were among the donations to the library; and a collection of dried plants presented by Henry James Brookes, Esq., and another collection from the Himalaya Mountains, presented by Dr. J. F. Royle, were also on the table.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 9.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq. President, in the chair.

James Bryce, jun. Esq., Rev. Edward Targart, William Hopkins, Esq., Rev. Christopher Sykes, and Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, Bart. M.D., were elected Fellows of this Society.

A paper, by Mr. Richardson, F.G.S., was first read, giving a minute description of the geological structure of the coast from Whitstable to the North Foreland, and an account of the changes which have taken place in the physical outline of the shore at Hearn Bay. Among the bones obtained by the author from the oyster bed opposite Swale Cliff, and exhibited to the Society, were those of the elephant, horse, bear, ox, and deer.—A paper, by the Rev. David Williams, F.G.S., was afterwards read, on the ravines, passes, and fractures in the Mendip Hills, and other adjacent boundaries of the Bristol Coal Field, and on the geological period when they were effected.

#### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

April 11.—Mr. Faraday on the definite action of Electricity.—The subject was introduced by a reference to some cases illustrative of the definite quantities in which bodies combined together, and in which also, when forces of different strength were opposed, decompositions were effected. Then passing to decompositions brought about, not by one body expelling another, but by the force of electricity, which left both elements of the compound at liberty, Mr. Faraday proceeded to show that these also were definite, and that a certain constant quantity of electricity not only always decomposed the same quantity of any one substance, but actually decomposed those proportions of different substances which had been found, in the ordinary force of chemical action, equivalent to each other. We reported in part upon this portion of Mr. Faraday's recent investigation of electricity, in our number for 8th Feb., and refer to that report at the present time.

At the close of the evening, Mr. Faraday (who seemed to be very suddenly apprized of the circumstance) announced to the members that their great friend and benefactor, Mr. John Fuller, had died that evening.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

On Tuesday evening Mr. C. H. Smith delivered a lecture on 'Marble, and its adaptation to ornamental purposes.'

Mr. Smith commented on the varieties of marble, and adverted to the different qualities of white statuary marbles, black, green, yellow, and grey. He also explained the method adopted in etching on the surface of marble any ornamental design, and mentioned its properties connected with chemical analysis. He likewise adverted to the different sorts of stactitic marble. In allusion to the Carrara marble, he produced a specimen of a statue of George the Third, which had been placed in the Royal Exchange only a few years since; and by crumbling a portion between his fingers, he evinced its liability to decay. He added, that the Triumphal Arch to Buckingham new Palace was formed of that material, and he had no hesitation in asserting, that in less than a century

it would be in a very dilapidated state. Many beautiful specimens were exhibited.

The Society, on Wednesday evening, voted their gold medal to Mr. T. Grant, for his valuable machine for the manufacture of ship biscuit. They also conferred their silver Isis medal on Mr. J. Warner, for his method of preventing the accidental discharge of fire-arms.

Several communications were announced, and referred to the different committees.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—April 7.—J. G. Children, Esq. F.R.S. President, in the chair.—Donations of various books and insects to the Society's collections were announced.—Louis H. Petit, Esq. Barrister at Law, F.R.S., Sir Henry Edwards, Bart., and Thomas Pritchard, Esq. were elected members of the Society; and M. Schonherr, of Stockholm, and Signor Passerini, of Florence, honorary foreign members. Letters from M. Lefebvre, Secretary to the Entomological Society of France, and from Professor Weedenmann, of Keil, were read.—Various remarkable insects were exhibited.—The following memoirs were then read: 'Observations upon the habits of various East Indian insects,' by W. W. Saunders, Esq. F.L.S., amongst which the most interesting were the notice of the nocturnal flight of several species of tiger beetles, and the history of a curious wasp, which constructs its nest in apartments, sometimes selecting the keyholes of doors, and even the interior of flutes for its domicile.—'Observations on a mode practised in Italy, of excluding the common house fly from apartments,' by W. Spence, Esq. F.L.S.—'Account of the larva of *Cucullia Thapophaga*, a rare British moth,' by Mr. B. Standish.—Continuation of the Rev. F. W. Hope's paper, upon Succinic Insects, in which the author endeavoured to clear up the confusion which exists in the works of naturalists relating to gum copal and unine, the former of which, contrary to received opinions, was never found to contain insects. Dr. Ure, who was present at the meeting, stated that he had recently analysed various gums and resins, containing, or supposed to contain, insects, the account of which he detailed, and added, that he had obtained results of great practical utility, by the application of the new ethereal essence of caoutchouc. The meeting terminated with an interesting discussion upon the subject of the foregoing papers.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
Tues.	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society	P. 8, P.M.
Wed.	Medico-Chirurgical Society	P. 6, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
Thurs.	Geological Society	P. 8, P.M.
	Society of Arts	P. 7, P.M.
Fri.	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
	Royal Society	P. 8, P.M.
Sat.	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Institution	P. 8, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

#### FINE ARTS

THE Fine Arts seem to prosper: exhibitions of pictures open on all sides; ornamented books are the order of the day, and our table is loaded with periodical works, on which the labours of the graver confer their only value. Let us give a glance at the latter—paying little regard to rights of precedence.

'Landscape Illustrations of the Bible.'—This is the second number of Mr. Murray's great undertaking; no pains have been spared to make it worthy of universal patronage; the artists seem aware that many eyes are on them. 'Sidon,' by Turner, is, however, something too poetic; either a field of agitated corn—or the wild up-heaped waves of the sea—are between us and the city. How the waters can stand like a wall, we are at a loss to imagine.

As we look at 'Nazareth,' on which the sun is shining—we forget all the small defects of Turner, and think on his unequalled beauties. 'A Street in Jerusalem,' by Calcott, is, perhaps, the most interesting view in the present number. 'The Holy Sepulchre' too, by Roberts, is not unworthy of the others.

'Illustrations of the Bible,' by Richard Westall, R.A. and John Martin. This is a work bold as well as cheap; eight engravings on wood, accompanied by letter-press, instructive as well as elegant, and all for one shilling, must be received by the world with welcome. Wood, however, is not the best material for conveying a just idea to the world, of the splendid conceptions of Martin; nevertheless, Thompson, Branstons, Jackson, and others, have exerted their skill, and the result is a work creditable to that mode of engraving.

'Cabinet Illustrations of the Bible, No. 1 & 2.'—Each number contains six plates, the landscapes from sketches of oriental travellers, and the historical pictures chosen from celebrated masters, the whole intended to illustrate the pocket editions of the Bible. The subjects are well selected, and the engravings creditable.

What is this? 'Scraps for the Year 1834.' An American squib! A series of caricatures, illustrating 'Observations on the United States and Canada, by the Rev. Isaac Fidler.' Some of these etchings are sarcastic and biting; others, rude and repulsive; there is, however, a whimsical talent displayed in all. But it is not wholesome to make caricature disgusting or hideous: and if our transatlantic friends desire a model of what it should be, let them order 'George Cruikshank's Sketch Book,' of which the fourth number is now before us. His 'Recollections of the Court of Common Pleas,' and 'Zoological Sketches,' are both inimitable.—It too has made its appearance. The illustrations by Crowquill are good, but the crowquill text but indifferent.

Here is something to soothe us after the tipping travellers and horned hinds in the American squib—namely, two numbers of 'Finden's Gallery of the Graces,' we know not that this is a popular work, it is, however, a very pretty one, and some of the ideal heads are fully entitled to the distinction which they claim. The first in the eleventh number, is a 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' by Wright, evidently a portrait: she is reclining under a tree, and there is something of a wild-wood air about her, which pleases us; but her arms and hands, though well proportioned, are heavy. The 'Margarita,' of Stone, is a little too fine for our fancy; she seems a soft smooth maiden, fit only to sit for her portrait, slumber in a church-pew, and sip whipt cream after the fatigues of a five minutes quadrille: neither has the 'Elderline' which Mr. Stone has imagined for Wilson's beautiful poem, spirit enough in her looks to realize the notions of the professor: she is a lovely lump in the hands of the artist—she moves in the pages of the poet with something of divinity about her—

She sends the blessings of her smiles  
O'er dancing waves and steadiest tides;  
And, creature though she be of earth,  
Heaven feels the beauty of her mirth.

'The Gleaner,' in the twelfth number, by Edwin Landseer, appears to be a portrait, and one with something of a Scottish air; she is natural and pretty, but stoops too much under a very small burthen. Some of the verses by Bernard Barton, are as pretty as the picture. 'The Dreamer,' by Boxall, is soft and graceful—but we have had happier things from his hand, and hope to have more. The 'Emily,' of Parriss, is a solemn-browed lady; some may like her for it—we are not fond of young ladies with melancholy looks.

'Switzerland,' by W. Beattie, M.D., illustrated by W. H. Bartlett.—This is a handsome and cheap work; and some of the engravings are of

great beauty. We are rather, we confess, weary of looking at scenes of France, Switzerland, and Italy, and though the letter-press which accompanies the plates is instructive and poetic, we are not sure that we ought to do more than recommend the work to tourists.

'Landscape Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron.'—This is the last number of a very splendid series of engravings; nor is it unworthy of its elder brethren. There are three heads of eminent persons added to the landscapes, viz. 'Rogers,' a little too smooth, yet very like; 'Monk Lewis,' whom we never met with, and therefore can say nothing as to the likeness; and 'Madame de Staël,' who is not at all flattered; she had a fine vivacity in her looks, a dark intellectual eye, and, for a little woman, much dignity of manner; Gemrd has, we think, caught something of each, but not enough to satisfy our remembrance of that remarkable woman. These illustrations, when bound up with Mr. Brockedon's descriptive letter-press, will form three beautiful and very interesting volumes.

'Heads of the Antique.'—This publication has reached a third number; students will find it useful, and lovers of ancient art will be reminded, by its engravings, of those masterly works, the originals of which are in foreign galleries.

'Harding's Elementary Art.'—In this work, the author, by example, as well as by precept, shows the power and the excellence of the lead-pencil in drawing. We would advise those who desire to study science and effect, to procure this elementary treatise; the language is clear and explicit, and the drawings vigorous.

'Architectural Beauties of Continental Europe.'—We are grieved to hear, that the death of Mr. Coney, from whose skilful pencil and graver, this work obtained its chief attraction, will cause it to stop at the seventh number. The publication, indeed, is complete so far as it goes; but, nevertheless, we feel that it will deprive us of many examples of architectural beauty and grandeur.

'Major's Cabinet Gallery.'—The eighth number of volume second, contains, 'Striking a Bargain,' by Teniers; 'Christ disputing with the Doctors,' by Da Vinci, and a 'Dutch Ale-house,' by Mieris. The first is full of character, and is, moreover, skilfully engraved: the second resembles the original picture very closely; the third is not much to our taste; there is little in it; and that little is not very effectively given.

We now come to detached or single prints: some of these are of great beauty; others claim merit from representing scenes made dear to us by history or verse; and some, we are concerned to say, are entitled to little respect from any one who knows what is true art. We shall name but few.

Our readers cannot fail to be acquainted with the merits of Inskipp: there is hardly an exhibition without some of his very characteristic pictures; and we seldom write of such collections, without having occasion to notice the vigour and originality of his works. He has, we are glad to see, commenced publishing a series of Studies, engraved with great force and effect, and in close imitation of his manner. The head which he has put forth as a specimen, is that of a young lady in a large open black beaver hat: the beauty of the face, the darkness of the head-dress, and the singular grace of expression will make the print welcome to all. It reminds us much of the style of Gainsborough's Sketches.

'Queen Esther.'—This is engraved by Alfred Martin, after a drawing by his eminent father. The subject is well treated: the magnificent architecture, the richly attired groups, and the subject-matter in hand, unite in realizing Scripture. Nor has the graver, though held by a very youthful hand, failed in giving a softness and aerial beauty to the whole.

'Sir Thomas Deane,' painted by Barber, engraved by Hodgkiss.—There is strong character and force of light and shade in this portrait; but there is something of harshness mingling with its merits; the head is too stern.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

DONIZETTI's 'Anna Bolena' was performed, for the first time this season, on Tuesday, in which the parts formerly sustained by Pasta and Rubini were filled by Signora Gristi and (Signor?) Ivanoff. We thought the experiment a little venturesome, and our pleasure was, in proportion, great at finding these young artists approach so near their more famous predecessors. While the deep and thrilling tones of Pasta were wanting to give its full expression to particular passages of the music, the freshness of Gristi's voice, and the purity of her intonation enabled us to enjoy portions of the opera, which we have formerly listened to almost with pain. Her wild and broken-hearted 'Giudici! ad Anna!' carried the audience away with her, and was a genuine burst of inspiration, and her acting and singing, in the last scene, finished the performance triumphantly.

And now of Ivanoff. This *débutant* has a more powerful voice than Rubini in the upper part of the scale, and the union of his chest and head voices is more equal; he sustains his notes firmly too; but he must, as yet, yield to the Italian in intensity of feeling, and facility of execution. Mrs. E. Seguin filled the part of *Jane Seymour*, and, putting her defective enunciation out of the question (a fault, by the way, which is chargeable upon all the Royal Academy pupils), was much more agreeable to us than either Madame de Meric, or Madame Gai, her predecessors in the part. Signora Salvi, as *Smeaton*, sung the romance too slowly and inanimately to produce any effect; she also introduced a very insipid *aria*, which we hope never to hear again; the opera is already too long and too mediocre to bear any additions. Tamburini also introduced a song from Rossini's 'Mosé,' which he sung with his usual skill; let him, however, beware of too much ornament in an *opera seria*, and of forcing his voice—it becomes sharp.

Mdlles. Elsler reappeared in one of those stupid entertainments, miscalled *divertissements*, which are stuck in between the acts of an opera, to the annoyance of all persons of good taste. They were well received, and danced with their usual activity and grace.

Third Philharmonic Concert.—This was a less interesting Concert than either of the two which preceded it; the symphonies being Mozart's Jupiter, and one by Haydn in G,—and we confess that, for the full enjoyment of a musical evening, we require to hear some work of Beethoven's or Weber's. But this very cause probably made the Concert more acceptable than its predecessors to many, who are not yet fully alive to the grandeur and originality of the latest school of writers. In the scheme there was no lack of novelty; two MS. overtures, one by Mendelssohn Bartholdy, called 'Melusine, or the Knight and the Mermaid,' and one by Mr. J. H. Griesbach, were performed for the first time; the former, like all the works of its gifted composer, exhibited much skill and experience of orchestral effect in the treatment of his subject, which was sweet enough to be the song of any sylvan, but was, as a whole, less effective than most of his other compositions; the latter was less fanciful, and rather deficient in contrast, but it is written in a fine vigorous style, and possesses great merit. We had also a 'Concerto Fantastique,' composed and performed, for the first time, by Moscheles. We much like these irregular compositions, begin-



ning with Weber's 'Concert Stück,' when they are the production of a master mind; and the one under consideration was full of beauties and contrasts, to which ample justice was rendered by the performer, whose perfect execution (a happy combination of delicacy and fire) we cannot imagine surpassable; his octave passages in the last allegro were absolutely miraculous. Mr. Wolff's performance of Spohr's 'Dramatic Concerto,' was unequal; in the introductory recitative he was too sharp throughout, and by no means effective; in the rapid passages and cadenze of the last allegro, his bowing was very successful. He deserves an instrument less meagre in tone than his own.

Of the vocal part of the selection, we should have little pleasure in speaking.

**Mr. Salaman's Concert.**—This concert was well attended, and deservedly so, as the scheme was judiciously selected, and its promises fulfilled; though Madame Stockhausen laboured under so severe an indisposition that her absence might naturally have been expected. Mr. Salaman himself performed Beethoven's pianoforte Concerto in c minor, and a Fantasia, by Czerny, on Swiss and Tyrolean airs. His playing is neat, and his execution sufficient to carry him over the most difficult passages; but he wants something of that grandeur of style, that intense solidity of expression, which Beethoven's music demands:—the same spirit, however, which leads him to choose such a composition for public performance, will, we have no doubt, one day qualify him for its perfect execution. The concertante, for four violins, by Maurer, performed by Messrs. Mori, Patey, Seymour, and A. Griesbach, was but an insipid affair, not so well played as it ought to have been. Signora Grisi and Signora Rubini and Tamburini appeared with great success, though the lady halted over her first song in a manner which leads us to think that the copy must have been incorrect.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Elephant Hunting in Ceylon.**—[Extract of a private letter from Sir Wilmot Horton.]—We are on the eve of removing from Kandy to Colombo, where we shall remain till the end of the year, and then proceed to our England, Newcra Elia, a plain in the centre of the island, 6000 feet above the level of the sea, where there is a *bond fide* English climate, though very rainy and stormy in part of the year; but, in the best seasons, it has the climate of the finest summer weather in England, with autumnal nights. I went down on Friday to Kornegalle, on Saturday; we started at seven o'clock, and rode nine miles to a jungle, as they call it, which is, in fact, an interminable wood or forest, where 150 natives were ready to drive the jungle for elephants. Mr. R— and myself clambered up a very primitive ladder into a tree, where was a prepared platform, large enough to hold ourselves and three loaders of guns; there we remained seven or eight hours; the process of driving a wood for pheasants was then enacted. The herd of elephants, about twenty-four in number, had been watched all night, and when we were on the ground, the circle began to close in upon them, and drive them up to the "fatal tree." If the elephants appear disposed to turn back, these drivers, who are as active as monkeys, are up the trees in an instant, and redouble their cries and the beating of tom-toms, till they move on again, when they descend to re-enact the same part. When the circle is nearly contracted, they light torches, and then the din begins louder than ever, and the elephant, having all the dread that a burnt child has of the fire, moves on. At last, after much waiting, cocking and uncocking the eight guns we had with us, five or six elephants appeared; I hit my first

on the nose about an inch from the narrow mortal part which is *to be hit* in the head; R— killed her dead; I wounded another, which he killed; I then killed a third stone dead. When they drop, they roll down like the unloading of a waggon, and even their dying agonies are grave and solemn, and their groans low and deep. Before the end of the day, we killed fourteen, I having dispatched five; and when we descended from our tree, we were surrounded by these dead masses on all sides of us. I witnessed nothing that gave me a proof of their sagacity. I shot another lady, and she fell mortally wounded and could not get up. R— shot her young one—at last she did contrive to stand for a moment on her legs, and poke out her trunk to feel her young one, but failed and fell. Their movements more resemble heavy swine than any other animal, yet they can run very quick, and they right-about-face with more agility than a horse, and you see their tails where their trunks were, before you are hardly aware that they are not advancing. This mode of tree shooting is rarely adopted here; the general rule being to face them on foot, which, it must be confessed, is a more heroic enterprise—but your tree gives you five times as many shots, and is quite as *glorious* as a *battue* in England. The animal is very slow to anger, but when roused, is incredibly aggressive. On one of these shooting parties, the head-man, who played the part of keeper, and organized "the chasse," was chased by an elephant, when in a moment he was, what he thought, quite safe in a cocoa-nut tree: the elephant, however, did not abandon his purpose, but broke the tree in two with his trunk, as if it had been a walking-stick—when down it came, and the head-man's head was cracked in four places, and he died in a day or two. The elephant never offered to touch him on the ground, feeling that his revenge had been sufficiently ample. Another instance I heard of an elephant so badly wounded, that though he could stand, he could not move on; two other elephants came up to him, one on one side and the other on the other, and putting their trunks under him, supported him and led him off, exactly as a wounded man would limp off on the arms of his two friends. So much for elephants. *Hand heaved felt*

**Decorative Printing.**—Mr. Mudie, in the preface to his late work on British Birds, refers to the vignettes, by Mr. Baxter, on the title-pages, as the first successful specimens of printing in colours from wooden blocks, thus completing, as he believes, what was the last project of the great Bewick. On this subject we have received the following communication:—"I think Mr. Mudie, when he wrote this, could not be aware that I published a work avowedly to show the practicability of imitating drawings, by engraving on blocks of wood, and printing them in colours at the type press, with full instructions for the process, entitled 'Practical Hints on Decorative Printing,' in two parts; Part I. in the year 1819, and Part II. in 1822, each containing a great number of illustrations, in a variety of subjects, to show the extensive application of the process, and how it might be used with advantage; and some of the subjects were such accurate fac-similes of the original drawings, as to deceive amateurs, painters, engravers, and printers; and some of them have even been copied, as drawings, without the mistake being discovered. The work was reviewed and highly spoken of; it was laid before his late Majesty George the Fourth, when Regent, who expressed his high approbation of it; and it was largely subscribed for. In addition, the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, in 1825, awarded me their large silver medal and a sum of money for this improvement in the art of printing. I feel, therefore, that it is due to myself to deprive Mr.

Baxter of the merit of having produced the first successful specimens of printing in colours, and to claim it myself, if merit there be in these productions. With respect to the last project of Bewick, of printing in colours, if he ever entertained it, I should think it originated in seeing my work; for in his correspondence with me on the subject, he mentioned being in possession of some of Jackson's plans, which he promised to send me, but he did not mention any work that he meant to execute himself in this manner. W. SAVAGE."

The learned and scientific society at Geneva, which corresponds in the nature of its institution with the Royal Society of London, have unanimously elected Mrs. Somerville a member—the first instance of a similar distinction conferred on a female by that learned body.—*The Times*.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 10.	49 34	30.20	N. to N.W.	Cloudy.
Frid. 11.	49 33	30.55	N.	Do.
Sat. 12.	50 34	30.41	N.E.	Sheet. r.m.
Sun. 13.	51 30	30.10	N.E.	Cloudy.
Mon. 14.	52 33	30.29	N.E.	Clear.
Tues. 15.	57 37	30.30	E.	Do.
Wed. 16.	63 38	30.30	E.	Do.

**Prevalent Cloud.**—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus, Nimbus.

Mean temperature of the week, 41.5°. Greatest variation, 23°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.07.

Nights and mornings fair, with frost; hail showers; hail storm with thunder on Saturday.

Day increased on Wednesday, 6h. 57.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

**History of Scotland**, by P. P. Tytler, Vol. V. **Sylloge Theologica**; a Systematic Collection of Tracts in Divinity, for the Use of Students in the Universities, and of the Younger Clergy, revised and illustrated with Notes, by the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth.

**Reflections** adapted to the Holy Seasons of the Christian and Ecclesiastical Year, by the Rev. James Brewster.

**The People's Debt to the National Church**; in a series of Readings, Historical, Biographical, and Doctrinal, Vols. I. and II. comprising the Age of Cranmer, by the Rev. Richard Cattermole, B.D.

**Practical Advice to a Young Parish Priest**, by the Rev. J. D. Coleridge.

**Man, as known to us Theologically and Geologically**, by the Rev. Dr. Nares.

**Clavis Homilistica**; or, the Clergyman's Register of his Discourses, with reference to the Order in which the Holy Scriptures are appointed to be read.

**Retnach**, the German artist, whose Shakespeare Illustrations have acquired for him a European reputation, has just consigned to English publishers, some exquisite designs, which are to appear under the title of 'Retnach's Fancies.'

**Just published.**—Anthon's Sallust, royal 12mo. 6s.

—Sir Harford Jones Brydges' Account of His Majesty's Mission to the Court of Persia, 3 vols. 8vo. plates 28s.

—Sir James Sutherland's Map of part of Persia, forming a companion to Sir H. J. Brydges' Mission to Persia, 3 sheets, coloured, 21s.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Richard Watson*, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s.—*Plain and Practical Sermons*, by the Rev. Thos. Hiddulph, 12mo. 3s.—*Sermons by John Baxter Marsden*, M.A., 12mo. 6s.—*Aristophanes, Plutus*, with English Notes, by Cookeley, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*Hume's Works*, Vol. IV., containing the Songs, with Illustrations, 5s.—*An Easter Offering*, 21s.—*Shaw's Parish Officer*, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—*Shaw's Every Man his own Lawyer*, 12mo. 9s.—*Conversational Exercises on the Gospels*, 2 vols. 18mo. 3s.—*Brooke's Atlas*, 12mo. 12s.—*Juvenile Spectator*, 18mo. 6s.—*Atterhall's Curate of Marnham*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Pox on Disorders of Women and Children*, 8vo. 6s.—*A Series of Lay Sermons*, by the Rev. R. Shepherd, 12mo. 7s.—*Medical Case Book*, 3s. 6d.—*Coghlan's Guide to Paris*, 3s. 6d.—*Coghlan's Guide to France*, 1s. 6d.—*Caroline's Royal Parisian Pastrycook*, 4s. 8vo. 12s.—*Abbott's Child at Home*, Part II. 22mo. 1s.—*Wallace's Mathematical Calculator*; or, Tables of Logarithms of Numbers, 18mo. 3s.—*Millhouse's Destinies of Man*, 12mo. 5s.—*Reece's Medical Annual*, for 1834, royal 8vo. 5s.—*Nautical Magazine*, Vol. II. for 1833, 8vo. 13s. 6d.—*Nautical Magazine*, Vol. I. 11s. 6d.—*Sidney's Life of the Rev. R. Hill*, with Portrait, 8vo. 12s.—*Treatise on the Hair*, 18mo. 1s.—*Finden's Illustrations to Byron's Works*, Vol. III. royal 8vo. 11s. 6d.—*Finden's Illustrations to Byron's Works*, 3 vols. complete, royal 8vo. 4l. 13s. 6d.—*Parker's Exercises in English Composition*, 12mo. 3s.—*A Voice from the Counting House*, by Raymond Percival, 1s.—*The Rev. E. Bickersteth's Sermon on Reducement's Advent*, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—*Memoirs of the Rev. B. Woodd*, royal 12mo. 6s.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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IN consequence of the resignation of MR. AMOS, the PROFESSORSHIP of ENGLISH LAW is VACANT.

Candidates are requested to send their Applications and Testimonials to the Secretary, on or before the 1st June next.  
Council Room,  
12th April, 1834.  
THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

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ON Wednesday Evening, the 23rd Instant, (instead of the 16th, as hitherto announced,) and the 11 ensuing Wednesdays, at 7 o'clock, Dr. BLAIR will deliver a Course of Lectures on the HISTORY and CRITICISM of ENGLISH POETRY.

The following are the Subjects:—  
Introduction, Part I. Celtic-Seminarism—Tudor—Anglo-Saxon Poetry. Part II. Anglo-Norman Poetry—Literary Satire and critical English Poetry—Age of Chaucer—Interval—Age of Elizabeth—Milton—Poets of Charles II.'s Reign—Poet of Dryden and Pope—Last half of Eighteenth Century—Nineteenth Century. Fee for the Course, 12s.

SANSKRIT.—The ROYAL Asiatic Society are a Course of instruction in the SANSKRIT LANGUAGE, on Tuesday, the 12th inst. at 7 o'clock. The Course will be continued on Tuesdays and Fridays at the same hour, until the conclusion of the Session. Fee, 2s.  
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12th April, 1834.

THOMAS COATES, Secretary.

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## ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—

The General Anniversary Meeting for the Election of the President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers for the ensuing Year, and for other Business, will be held on Thursday, the 24th instant, at the Society's House, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square.

The Chair will be taken at Three o'clock precisely.  
RICHARD CATTELDON, Secretary.

## ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—

Under the Patronage of the King. Established 1810. Incorporated by Royal Charter, August 2, 1827. The TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in FREDERICK'S HALL, on SATURDAY the 10th of MAY, 1834.

Sir MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, Bart., in the Chair.  
STEWARDS:

The Marquis of Breadalbane, Frederick G. Hardice, Esq.  
Lord Milton, William Harvey, Esq.  
The Right Hon. C. Poulett, H. Belloc, Esq. F.R.S.  
Thomson, M.P., L. Hayes-Pett, Esq. F.R.S.  
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John S. Froude, Esq., Thomas Webster, Esq.  
John H. Hamilton, Esq., Henry Wyldon, Esq.  
George Harcourt, Esq., Eliza Youle, Esq.

Tickets, 12s. to be had of the Secretaries, at the Bar of Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, 112, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

Dinner on table at Half past 5 for 6 previously.  
JOHN MARTIN, Secretary.

THE Thirtieth Annual Exhibition of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS will Open at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, on Monday, 23rd inst. Open each day from Nine till Dusk—Admission, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.  
R. HILLS, Secretary.

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ST. PANCRAS.—Under the immediate patronage of their Royal Highnesses the DUCHESS of KENT and the PRINCESS VICTORIA, a BEAUFORT and BANYE FAIR will be held in JENKINS'S NEIGHBY GROUNDS, RENEY'S PARK, on the 10th and 11th of JUNE next, in aid of the Funds for the completion of the Building.

Ladies desirous of affording their assistance, are respectfully requested to communicate their intention as early as possible to the Secretary, 22, Regent-street, Regent-street.

Donations to this Charity will be thankfully received by the Treasurer, Wm. Tonke, Esq. M.P. 12, Russell-square; by Messrs. Combs and Co.; Messrs. Rogers, Troughton and Co.; Messrs. Abbott and Co.; and Messrs. Smith, Passer and Co. Bankers. 14th April, 1834.  
W. LINTOTT, Secretary.

## NOTICE.—A Work being advertised, pur-

porting to be "written from authentic information and original documents, supplied by an officer attached to the last Arctic Expedition," CAPTAIN R. B. R. has been raised upon in form the Public that he has the assurance of all the officers who accompanied him, that they have not supplied materials for, nor do they countenance, such Publication; and that HIS OWN NARRATIVE OF HIS FOUR YEARS' RESIDENCE in preparing for the press at the command of His Majesty, and will be published by subscription only, the volume established for the purpose, 15, Regent-street. The Work will be embellished with 27 Engravings and Charts by the most eminent Artists, price 2s. 6d. each, or 2s. 12s. 6d. royal, in which edition several of the Drawings will be coloured.

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EIGHT ENGRAVINGS FOR ONE SHILLING.

TO BE CONTINUED IN MONTHLY PARTS, IN OCTAVO,

## ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BIBLE,

FROM ORIGINAL PAINTINGS, MADE EXPRESSLY

By R. WESTALL, Esq. R.A. and JOHN MARTIN, Esq.

THE PAINTER OF 'BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.'

Accompanied with Descriptions, of which the following are Specimens, by the Rev. HOBART CAUNTER, B.D.

Besides the Octavo, a Royal Quarto Edition is published, price 2s. 6d. The former is intended for binding up with the Octavo and all the smaller sizes of the Bible; the latter will serve for all other sizes, from the Octavo to the largest Quarto.

## THE CREATION.

By MARTIN.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." In illustrating this sublime subject, the artist has endeavoured to realize the divine agency in producing the world. Already are the luminous portions of the chaotic mass separated from the darkness, and brought into beautiful combination. The positive elements are stirred into activity by the impulse of an Almighty will, and the process of creation is rapidly proceeding. Disorder is visibly giving place to proportion, confusion to symmetry. The dull particles of the chaos are seen above the murky soil, which, put into motion by that mysterious Power by whose omnipotent influence they were no longer to remain without form, and obeying the primal law of gravitation, have sunk beneath the more buoyant element and become compacted into earth. The Spirit of God is represented, under the obdusky resemblance of a human form, floating or brooding, as the original form expresses it, upon the face of the deep. The great principle of light is exhibited in the different vehicles by which it is conveyed to us. The moon, a comet, and the stars, appear behind the divine energy, or spirit, as if just completed, and at the command of omnipotence. "Let there be light," the sun bursts in the fulgour of his glory, from that portion of inert matter which had not yet assumed into form, while a vivid flash of lightning at the same instant darters over the still, dark waters; thus displaying at one view the principal qualifications under which the God of nature exhibits an element at once the source of light and of fecundity.

• Genesis, chapter 1, verses 1 and 2. • Ibid. verse 3.

## THE EXPULSION.

By WESTALL.

Here the fearful sentence has been pronounced upon the transgressors. The end penalty is about to be inflicted. The guilty pair appear before their angry Judge, the one in a distracted attitude of despair, the other cowering before the terrible denunciation of an angered God. The Schechinah surrounds them with that divine light which had been so beautiful to love, but was so tremendous in wrath, and they hear from amidst its radiance alone the dreadful fiat of condemnation. The serpent gliding round the woman's feet, seems to shrink from the awful issue of his own guilt. Upon him the curse is first denounced. "Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bite his heel. Unto the woman, he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee. And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of the face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground: for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

• Genesis, chapter 3, verses 14 to 19.

## THE DELUGE.

By MARTIN.

"In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the fountains of the great deep were opened." The artist has endeavoured to represent this terrible scene in its most fearful and destructive climax. The absorption of the great deep is taking place at this dreadful moment. The whole frame of nature is dislocated and convulsed. The sun, the moon, and a comet, are in conjunction in the sky, portending ruin, domination, and death. On the right-hand side of the picture, the waters are seen rushing down into an almost interminable gulf, formed by the upper crust of the earth giving way, and plunging to its lowest depths to revive them. Just beyond, the lower region of a precipitous mountain is crowded with persons and animals, exhibiting the most frantic expressions of horror. The former are some praying and some blaspheming, while the latter are howling their errors to the conflicting elements. Beneath an extensive ledge on which they stand, the flaming billows are pouring downwards in one wild hissing noise, which bears away thousands in its mighty sweep. The rocks above, torn by a thunder-bolt from the crest of the mountain, are impelling down upon the agonized multitude. Beyond the horizontal line the mountains are burning, rocks are upheaved, the ocean rises from its bed, while the spheres of the skies are unshaken, and the torrents which pour from them obscure the sun. In the mean time the ark rests midway upon a mountain in the distance, the holy family waiting until the arm of Providence shall raise the water to boat it upon its surffled bow; the state of nature being moved beyond the mean date vicinity of this frail sanctuary, by the express agency of God.

• Genesis, chapter vii, verse 11.

## THE SECOND PART, TO BE PUBLISHED MAY 1, WILL CONTAIN—

NOAH'S FIRST SACRIFICE, *Westall*—THE TOWER OF BABEL, *Martin*—ABRAHAM AND THE THREE ANGELS, *Westall*—JACOB'S ALTAR AT SHELEM, *Martin*—ABRAHAM OFFERING ISAAC, *Westall*—THE RESCUE OF LOT, *Martin*—THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM, *Martin*—THE BURIAL OF SARAH, *Martin*.

## OPINIONS OF THIS WORK.

"Another example of the extraordinary quality of treasure that may be purchased at an insignificant price! Among the countless 'Illustrations' of the day, these claim, far more than any reason, to rank first, first in interest and fruitfulness of subject—first, certainly, in cheapness—and equal to any in excellence. The design of the work is admirable—the execution of it masterly and complete. For a shilling only, here are eight illustrations of the acquirements and sublimities of the Old Testament, each as would cover the handsomest and richest volume. None that can possibly spare a shilling will suffer their Bibles to remain unenriched; while those who can afford a little more, may obtain large copies of them fit to bind up with their precious and family editions. This opening Part contains, 'The Creation,' 'The Temptation,' the 'Judgment of Adam and Eve,' and 'The Deluge,' all bearing vivid traces of the original and masterly hand of Martin; with the 'Expulsion of our First Parents,' 'Cain and Abel's Sacrifice,' the 'Annoying of the Waters,' and 'Hagar and Ishmael,' by Richard Westall. They ought to be bound up with every Bible, be it a rich man's or a poor man's, a child's, or a philosopher's. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge would not be labouring in vain, were they to send copies of copies of them to the uttermost parts of the earth, to teach heathens, and truth, and wisdom even to those who cannot read; for these are books which all can understand—their language is universal."—*Weekly Free Press*.

"In his 'Belshazzar's Feast,' Martin is larger, but not greater than in his 'Illustrations of the Bible,' for Bull & Co.'s extraordinary work—extraordinary in the right word—is masterly, when we consider that each part contains eight engravings, after drawings by Martin and Westall, R.A., for one shilling! • • • Never was there a work more likely to get at once into the palace and the cottage than this: it has in it every quality of interest, human and divine, to secure it a sale of millions!"—*Observer*.

"This is a splendid little work; the names of the artists mentioned above speak more than any thing we can say for the ability which it commands; in the present instance two talent have been exerted with the utmost skill and effect. From the master pencil of Martin, there are four pictures, 'The Creation,' 'The Temptation,' 'The Judgment of Adam and Eve,' and 'The Deluge.' The first is sublime and impressive scene, the second is beautiful and luxuriant, the scene splendid, tranquil, and happy, and as one might imagine the abode of our first parents before the fall; but the design exhibits one of Martin's happiest conceptions—it is one of those immortal conceptions which he alone can produce. The work of 'Israel's' is described with a sublimity of effect and grandeur of execution which we look in vain for any other artist of the present day. Westall's second subject is 'The Temptation,' 'Cain and Abel,' 'The Annoying of the Waters,' and 'Hagar and Ishmael'—all of which are handled in his most felicitous style. The scenes of Adam and Eve in 'The Expulsion,' exhibit grand effect and dignity of drawing, whilst the expression of sorrow grief in the highest degree practical. In 'Cain and Abel' we have the first murderer depicted with fearful energy. 'Hagar and Ishmael' is a harrowing scene; the forsaken boy, and barren woman, together, with the parched soil and desert, the burning sky, and the empty bottle, tell a tale of human suffering that cannot fail to find its way to the heart. We cordially recommend this excellent work to the notice of our readers; the above eight pictures, with clear, and, in some instances, eloquent descriptive matter, are to be obtained for one shilling! A work like this, wisely diffused, will do more to give an accurate idea of the historical and geographical portions of the Holy Scriptures, than volumes of mere letter-press."

"The celebrated artists who have contributed their talents to this publication are a guarantee for its being of no common excellence. When we state that each number contains eight engravings, at the price of three halfpence each, with letter-press descriptions, it will be acknowledged that the 'point of cheapness' can be bettered. It is a truly a glorious thing to reduce the truth of a whole people by throwing before them, in this popular form, the conceptions of a Martin or a Westall."

In lieu of the trumpery which need to be found in the common editions of the Bible. We shall watch the progress of the series with much interest."—*Keat Herald*.

"The genius of Martin, and the studied elegance of Westall—the first distinguished for its stupendous and magnificent conceptions, and the last for its laboriously restrained productions—are in this publication brought into the ranks of cheap literature. Hitherto, like costly pearls, only within the reach of the affluent, they are now accessible to all classes. It is thus that the interest of the millions will become polished. That the work will be successful, is a common-place anticipation. We argue more—that its circulation will be unparalleled in the annals of science."—*Connoisseur Herald*.

"In all modern artists, we know of none more capable of doing justice to the difficult undertaking of conceiving correct and able representations of the events, as related in the sacred volume, than Westall and Martin, whose names appear in the design of this admirable publication. The eight engravings commencing this work are able specimens of imaginative skill."—*The Artist*.

"Whoever will take the trouble to inspect this work, will, if we mistake not, be equally at a loss with ourselves which he ought to most admire in it—its extreme cheapness or extreme beauty. Eight engravings for a shilling, and by Westall and Martin—the designs exhibiting such genuine poetry of thought as well as beauty of expression, and executed with a care which would have secured for a more expensive work." If literature and art be not cheap soon, we know not at what point cheapness begins or ends. The engravings which have struck us as the best—though they are all good—see the 'Annoying of the Waters,' the 'Cain and Abel,' and 'The Expulsion.' Martin's 'Design' is too well known to require any commendation from us."—*Morning Advertiser*.

"Many of the engravings are full of sublimity, and each is accompanied with a page of interesting description, which tends to point out the beauties of the artist's delineations, and to exalt the mind to a state fitted to contemplate the subject matter of them."—*Both Journal*.

"This work is of a peculiarly interesting character. The design and execution of the engravings are singularly choice and beautiful, adapted most admirably to the subject they represent. There is, indeed, a sort of effect in the style which cannot fail to render them impressive; and the recommendation of the publisher for their introduction in the sacred volume is so very judicious that we have no doubt they will be extensively purchased for the purpose. Independent, however, of being thus applied, they have brief but satisfactory descriptions attached, which will stamp a high value on them when completed. The cheapness of the number before us is unprecedented, containing eight plates for the very low price of one shilling!"—*North Devon Advertiser*.

"We have seen the first number of Westall and Martin's Illustrations of Scripture. It contains eight views, in which the art of wood-cutting is made to vie with the most exquisite productions of the burin. It is a very beautiful and a very cheap publication; and will, we hope, have an extensive sale."—*Christian Advocate*.

"We have before us the first number of a series of Illustrations of the Bible, from drawings by R. Westall, R.A. and the celebrated John Martin (so be continued monthly). The subjects are numerous and well chosen; and the very extraordinary cheapness of this interesting publication, even in these days of cheap books, cannot fail to recommend it to the notice of all classes of society."—*Nottingham Journal*.

"This work may be pronounced one of the cheapest, most popular and attractive of any series that has yet emanated from the press."—*Both Herald*.

"This elegant little work will, we doubt not, prove an acceptable companion to the reading of the Holy Scriptures."—*Observer*.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 339.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1834.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
(J. HOLMES, 7001'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*A Description of the Burmese Empire*, by the Rev. Father Sangermano. Translated from his MSS. by W. Tandy, D.D. Rome, 1833. 4to. Printed for the Oriental Translation Committee.

THE branch of the Oriental Translation Committee established at Rome owes its existence entirely to the Earl of Munster, whose devotion to the cause of oriental literature entitles him to the warmest thanks of his countrymen. It was by his exertions that the splendid collection of manuscripts in the Vatican, and the less known, but scarcely less valuable collections made in different countries by the missionaries attached to the *College de propaganda fide*, were thrown open to the Committee. The work before us belongs to the latter class;—it is a history of the Burmese empire, religious and political, compiled from native documents by Father Sangermano, who was a missionary at Rangoon from 1782 to 1808. Some few particulars of Sangermano are related by Dr. Wiseman in the preface.

Deeply impressed, it appears, with the conviction that the diffusion of every branch of useful knowledge is included in the duties of a missionary, Sangermano opened a college at Rangoon, and devoted his time to the instruction of Burmese pupils. The college contained fifty students, who were instructed, not only in theology, but in general literature and science; so that it produced skilful engineers, physicians, and even pilots, as well as ecclesiastics. Dr. Wiseman adds, that there is now a young Burmese practising as a surgeon at Rome, who received his education in this institution. Further, Sangermano believed it important that a missionary should know the religion from which, as well as that to which, he desired to convert a nation; he therefore diligently studied the Buddhistic works of the Burmese, and began at a very early period to make the abstracts from them which have furnished materials for the present volume. During the quarter of a century that he resided at Rangoon, he won "golden opinions"; the Burmese viceroy honoured him with many marks of distinction, and he received a pension from the English government for the ability with which he constructed a chart of Rangoon harbour. From the time of his return to Europe in 1808, to his death in 1819, he was employed in preparing this work for publication. After his decease, the manuscript remained in the hands of the Barnabite fathers at Arpinum, and in the library of their convent it might have slumbered for ever, but for the liberality of the Oriental Translation Committee, who, though the work was not strictly within their limits, being a compilation rather than a translation, wisely resolved on giving it to the public. It was translated from the Italian by Dr. Tandy, and Dr. Wiseman undertook to superintend the printing. Both have performed

their voluntary duties in the most admirable manner; the style is at once simple and elegant, and London could not easily produce a better example of correct typography.

The work commences with the Burmese cosmography and traditional history, the former of which has some curious resemblances to the system of the universe proposed by the Jewish Rabbins, and adopted by Mohammed in the Koran. The doctrine of the destruction and reproduction of the world, united with that of the transmigration of souls, is the foundation of Buddhistic theology: it is thus briefly summed up:—

"Before we speak of the happiness or unhappiness of these beings, and of the places which they occupy, it is necessary to premise a few general observations. First, the Burmese, like many other nations of India, admit a metempsychosis or transmigration after death; but in a very different sense from that of Pythagoras, who taught that the soul, after the death of one body, occupied and animated another. The Burmese, on the contrary, say, that at the death of a man, animal, or other living being, the soul perishes together with the body; but then, from this complete dissolution another individual springs, which will be man, or beast, or nat, according to the merits or demerits of the actions done by its predecessor during its life. Through this successive series of dissolutions and regenerations, all beings go on, for the duration of one or more worlds, till, at length, they have performed such works as render them worthy of the state of Niban [Nirvāṇ], which is the most perfect of all states. This consists in an almost perpetual ecstasy, in which, those who attain it are not only free from the troubles and miseries of life, from death, illness and old age, but are abstracted from all sensation; they have no longer either a thought or a desire. Secondly, we must premise, that the Burmese books admit, not only one but many, or rather an infinite number of worlds. And this is to be understood in two senses. First, besides this world of ours, there are coexistent 10,100,000 others, of the same shape and figure, that mutually touch each other on three points; thus forming so many equilateral spaces, filled with very cold water, impenetrable to the rays of the sun. Each side of these spaces is 3,000 *juzena* in length. Secondly, in force of that general law called *Dammata*, one world succeeds another; and no sooner is one destroyed, than another is immediately reproduced, of the same form and figure. Nobody, not even the Divinity Godama himself, ever knew which was the first world, and which will be the last: and hence the Burmese Doctors deduce, that this series of successive dissolutions and reproductions never had a beginning, and will have no end; and they compare the system to a large wheel, to whose circumference it is impossible to assign any beginning or end.

This is exactly Darwin's theory:—

Roll on, ye stars,—exult in youthful prime—  
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time—  
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,  
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.  
Flowers of the sky! ye too to age shall yield,  
Fruit as your silken masters of the field:  
Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,  
Suns sink on suns, and systems systems crash;

‡ A being superior to man.  
‡ A *juzena* is about two miles.

Headlong, extinct to one dark centre fall,  
And Death, and Night, and Chaos, mingle all,  
Till overhead, emerging from the storm,  
Primal Nature lifts her changeeful form,  
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,  
And soars and shines—another and the same!

It is curious to find that the errors of ignorance are so closely allied to the errors of philosophy.

The most whimsical of the Burmese customs is the value that their monarchs place on the possession of a white elephant. Sangermano gives a curious account of the reception given to one of these animals in the reign of the infamous Minderaji Prasi, whom he calls *Badonsachen*:—

"To convey an idea of the superstitious veneration with which the white elephant is regarded, I shall here give an account of the one taken whilst I resided in the country, and of the manner in which it was conducted to the imperial city. Immediately upon its being captured, it was bound with cords covered with scarlet, and the most considerable of the Mandarins were deputed to attend it. A house, such as is occupied by the greatest ministers and generals, was built for its reception; and numerous servants were appointed to watch over its cleanliness, to carry to it every day the freshest herbs, which had first been washed with water, and to provide it with every thing else that could contribute to its comfort. As the place where it was taken was infested by mosquitoes, a beautiful net of silk was made to protect it from them; and to preserve it from all harm, Mandarins and guards watched by it, both day and night. No sooner was the news spread abroad that a white elephant had been taken, than immense multitudes of every age, sex and condition flocked to behold it, not only from the neighbouring parts, but even from the most remote provinces. And not content thus to show their respect, they also knelt down before it, with their hands joined over their heads, and adored it as they would a God, and this not once or twice, but again and again. Then they offered to it rice, fruit, and flowers, together with butter, sugar, and even money, and esteemed themselves most happy in having seen this sacred animal.

"At length the king gave orders for its transportation to Amarapura, and immediately two boats of teak-wood were fastened together, and upon them was erected a superb pavilion, with a roof similar to that which covers the royal palaces. It was made perfectly impervious to the sun or rain, and draperies of silk embroidered in gold adorned it on every side. This splendid pavilion was towed up the river by three large and beautifully gilded vessels full of rowers, and was surrounded by innumerable other boats, some filled with every kind of provision, others carrying Mandarins, bands of music, or troops of dancing girls; and the whole was guarded by a troop of 500 soldiers. The towns and villages along the river, where the train reposed, were obliged to furnish fresh herbs and fruits for the animal, besides all sorts of provisions for the whole company. At each pause too it was met by crowds from every quarter, who flocked to adore the animal and offer it their presents. The king and the royal family frequently sent messengers, to bring tidings of its health, and make it rich presents in their name. Three days before its arrival, Ba-

donsachen himself with all his court went out to meet it. The king was the first to pay it his respects and to adore it, presenting at the same time a large vase of gold; and after him all the princes of the blood, and all the Mandarins paid their homage and offered their gifts.

"To honour its arrival in the city, a most splendid festival was ordered, which continued for three days, and was celebrated with music, dancing, and fire-works. A most magnificent house was assigned to the elephant for its residence, adorned after the manner of the royal palace; a guard of 100 soldiers was given to it, together with four or five hundred servants, whose duty it was always to wait upon it, to bring its food, and to wash it every day with odoriferous sandal water. It was also distinguished with a most honourable title, such as is usually given to the princes of the royal family; and for its maintenance were assigned several cities and villages, which were obliged to furnish everything necessary for it. All the vessels and utensils employed in its service were of pure gold; and it had besides two large gilt umbrellas, such as the king and his sons are alone permitted to make use of. It was lulled to sleep by the sound of musical instruments and the songs of dancing girls. Whenever it went out it was accompanied by a long train of Mandarins, soldiers and servants carrying gilt umbrellas, in the same manner as when attending the person of the king; and the streets through which it was to pass were all cleaned and sprinkled with water. The most costly presents continued daily to be brought to it by all the Mandarins of the kingdom, and one is said to have offered a vase of gold weighing 480 ounces. But it is well known that these presents and the eagerness shown in bestowing them, were owing more to the avaricious policy of the king than to the veneration of his subjects towards the elephant, for all these golden utensils and ornaments found their way at last into the royal treasury."

Political gratitude seems to mean, a lively sense of future favours, and a forgetfulness of the past, in Asia as well as Europe. The following anecdote may serve as a companion to Frederick the Great's speech respecting Voltaire: "When a lemon is squeezed, we throw away the skin"—

"A man of mean extraction was raised by the efforts of an old Mandarin to the throne. But the Mandarin afterwards became overbearing, and even tried to be in some measure the master of the Emperor. The latter bore all this for some time, but at length, growing weary of this insolence, he determined to rid himself of his importunate minister. Wherefore, one day that he was surrounded by a number of his Mandarins, among whom was the one who had raised him to the throne, he directed his discourse to him, and asked him, what they do with the Zen, which are erected round the Pagodas, after the gilding and painting are finished for which they were raised; for the Zen is a scaffolding of bamboo, or thick cane, serving to support the gilders and painters of the Pagodas. 'They are taken down and carried away,' replied the old Mandarin, 'that they may not obstruct the view of the Pagoda, or spoil its beauty.' 'Just so,' replied the monarch, 'I have made use of you to ascend the throne, as the gilders and painters make use of the Zen; but now that I am firmly seated in it, and am obeyed as Emperor by all, and respected by all, you are become useless to me, or rather your presence only disturbs my peace.' He then drove him from his palace, and sent him in banishment to a village."

This anecdote was extracted by Sangermano from a kind of political romance which is highly popular among the Burmese. It is named 'Aporazabon,' from Aporaza, a wise

minister that gives moral and political instruction to kings, and who is the hero of the work.

In addition to the Burmese theology and history, Sangermano has supplied us with a good statistical survey of the country, the manners and customs of its inhabitants, the constitution of the priesthood, the laws that regulate trade, and the principal natural productions. He has added, as an appendix, an abstract of the Burmese code entitled, 'Damasat, or the Golden Rule,' and, in brief, he has omitted no subject that would serve to elucidate the condition of this almost unknown empire.

We deem this one of the most valuable of the works hitherto published by the Oriental Translation Committee; and we heartily rejoice that the Branch Committee at Rome has given such a specimen of the valuable results that may be expected from its labours.

*A Series of Lay Sermons on Good Principles and Good Breeding.* By the Ettrick Shepherd. London: Fraser.

We smiled when we first read the announcement of this work. There was no reason, it is true, why Mr. Hogg should not write as good sermons as any regular college-bred man—but sermons do not sell—and, therefore, we felt assured that the Shepherd meant to leap the hurdles, and give us, after his own rambling nature, what the old world worthies used to call 'Experiences.' But Mr. Hogg was more in earnest than we anticipated, and his volume is accordingly less desultory and less gossiping, and we must add, less pleasant. It is, however, a work which we can commend for unaffected and plain good sense; but the occasional outbreaks are most to our taste, such as the following:—

"The difficulty of pleasing the people we converse with, consists in not knowing what will please them; and the mistakes we make, consist in this radical defect, that our principal aim in conversation, is to please ourselves. I remember, when I was a young man, I was told by a minister of the Gospel, a grave and venerable man, who had preached long, both in England and Scotland, that to please my companions and associates, I had nothing more to do than to desire and wish to do it. This is a just maxim in itself, but one which I did not then understand; for I found, that though I had the desire, I could not discover that my attempts were at all successful. Instead of that, my desire of pleasing was so ardent, that it often excited a smile at my absurdity and simplicity. Sir Walter Scott was accustomed very often to check my loquacity, and call for a song instead; and I have frequently seen him do the same with young men; for it was not age that I wanted, but experience. He had the true art of conversation. He was always amusing and instructive; and he never put any one out of countenance, but was sure to bring a modest man forward. Professor Wilson's conversation is richer and more brilliant; but then he takes surly fits. If there be any body in the company whom he does not like, the party will not get much out of him for that night; his eyes gleam like those of a dragon! and, as a poet says of him, (Wordsworth, I think,) 'he utters a short hem! at every pause; but further ventures not.'"

"It is not the power of saying a great deal, or even saying a great deal in the very best manner, that can make us agreeable to the

hearer. It may seem paradoxical, yet it is true, that if we succeed, we must not profusely lavish the rules of the art. Though we are obliged, out of respect for female talents, to listen respectfully to Mrs. G—, Miss B—, and Mrs. S—, with mute acquiescence, they are nevertheless very tedious companions: Mrs. J—, again, is quite the reverse; I would take her as a model of a literary lady. ■ ■ ■

"There are two extremes always to be carefully avoided; levity, which is too forward to please; and severity, which imposes unnecessary restraint. I have met with many almost intolerant instances of this in Scotland; and isolated country clergymen are more apt to be affected by this failing than those of a great city. In the latter, the constant friction of society has ground off all the asperities; and yet I know of some almost unbrookable instances of this character in Edinburgh, and of first-rate gentlemen too.

"I found the society of London quite different; and how it should have happened with me, I know not; for I mixed freely with all sorts of respectable society; but I never met with an overweening character, either among the clergy or laity. Croly is, perhaps, a little too apt to take the lead in conversation; but then he is so exceedingly intelligent, that one is always both pleased and edified. Hood, from whom I expected a continued valley of wit, is a modest, retiring character. Reynolds more brilliant. Hook altogether inimitable, either for fun or drinking. Martin as simple in his manners as a shepherd's boy. Cruikshank stately and solemn. But I could go over a thousand in the same way, in most of whom I was disappointed, though often most agreeably. ■ ■ ■

"I must always regard the society of London as the pink of what I have seen in the world. I met with most of the literary ladies, and confess that I liked them better than the blue-stockings of Edinburgh. Their general information is not superior to that of their northern sisters, perhaps it may be said that it is less determined; but, then, they never assume so much. The society of London that I mixed with is, as I have said before, just such a model as I would always desire to see. There was no wrangling; none whatever; not even on political creeds. They intermixed all in the most perfect harmony; and if such a thing as the different sides chanced to be mentioned, it was by way of joke."

*On the Language of Animals.*—"That animals have each a language of their own to one another, there can be no doubt. I know a good deal of their languages myself. I know by the voice of the raven when he has discovered one of my flock dead—I know also his prelude to the storm and to fine weather. The moorfowls can call one another from hill to hill. I learned to imitate their language so closely that I could have brought scores of them within the range of my shot of a morning. The blackcock has a call, too, which brings all his motley mates around him, but the females have no call. They are a set of subordinate beings, like the wives of a nabob. They dare not even incubate upon the same hill with their haughty lords. But the partridge, and every mountain-bird, have a language to each other, and though rather circumscribed, it is perfectly understood, and, as Wordsworth says, 'not to me unknown.' Even the stupid and silly barn-door hen, when the falcion appears, can, by one single alarm-note, make all her chickens hide in a moment. Every hen tells you when she has laid her egg; and, best it should not be well enough heard or understood, the cock exerts the whole power of his lungs in divulging the important secret. The black-faced ewe, on the approach of a fox or a dog, utters a whistle through her nostrils which alarms all her comrades, and immediately puts them upon the look-out. Not one of them will



take another bite until they discover whence the danger is approaching. If the dog be with a man, sundry of them utter a certain bleat, which I know well but cannot describe, and begin feeding again. If the dog is by himself, they are more afraid of him than any other animal, and you will then hear the whistle repeated through the whole glen.

"But the acuteness of the sheep's ear surpasses all things in nature that I know of. A ewe will distinguish her own lamb's bleat among a thousand all braying at the same time, and making a noise a thousand times louder than the singing of psalms at a Cameronian sacrament in the fields, where thousands are congregated,—and that is no joke neither. Besides, the distinguishment of voice is perfectly reciprocal between the ewe and lamb, who, amid the deafening sound, run to meet one another. There are few things have ever amused me more than a sheep-shearing, and then the sport continues the whole day. We put the flock into a fold, set out all the lambs to the hilt, and then set out the ewes to them as they are shorn. The moment that a lamb hears its dam's voice, it rushes from the crowd to meet her, but instead of finding the rough, well-clad, comfortable mamma, which it left an hour, or a few hours ago, it meets a poor naked shivering—a most deplorable-looking creature. It wheels about, and uttering a loud tremulous bleat of perfect despair, flies from the frightful vision. The mother's voice arrests its flight—it returns—flies, and returns again, generally for ten or a dozen times before the reconciliation is fairly made up."

We repeat that Mr. Hogg's volume is sound and sensible—and a few more personal illustrations would have made it highly interesting.

*Egypt and Mohammed Ali, or, Travels in the Valley of the Nile.* By James Augustus St. John. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman.

Seven parts of this work as correspond with the title, possess great public interest, and to these, though they bear a very small proportion to the whole, our attention will be directed. Our readers, we feel assured, would not thank us for wasting time in an examination of mere startling paradoxes, apparently adopted only from a perverse love of originality, or for an ostentatious parade of ill-digested learning, such as belongs to the class of *seri studiorum*; still less would they desire us to rake into the filth of paganism, for the purpose of proving the antiquity of indecent dances, or connecting the structure of the pyramids with "Athor's rites obscene." We shall, therefore, proceed at once to 'Egypt and Mohammed Ali.'

The character of the man who has succeeded to the throne of the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, and the Fatemite Khaliphs, is one in which Europe is deeply interested. Egypt was once the *entrepôt* of trade between Europe and Asia; and, notwithstanding the discovery of the passage round the Cape, it is far from improbable that it will again occupy the same position. The *Hugh Lindsay* steamer, though a vessel badly suited to the navigation of the Red Sea, has made four voyages between Bombay and Suez, and, in one of them, brought to Bombay, London news only fifty-nine days old; the communication would have been even more rapid, had there been a steam-boat on the Nile, and posts established between Ghous and Cosseir, a distance of about eighty miles. In the present condition of our Indian empire, it is

highly important to have a safe and rapid means of communication between England and India; that the route by Egypt possesses the latter qualification, is proved by the voyages of the *Hugh Lindsay*; its safety must be determined by the present character and future prospects of the Egyptian government.

Mohammed Ali gives the following account of himself:—

"I will tell you a story: I was born in a village in Albania, and my father had ten children, besides me, who are all dead; but, while living, not one of them ever contradicted me. Although I left my native mountains before I attained to manhood, the principal people in the place never took any step in the business of the commune, without previously inquiring what was my pleasure. I came to this country an obscure adventurer, and when I was yet but a *Bimbashi* (captain), it happened one day that the commissary had to give each of the *Bimbashis* a tent. They were all my seniors, and naturally pretended to a preference over me; but the officer said,—'Stand you all by; this youth, Mohammed Ali, shall be served first.' And I was served first; and I advanced step by step, as it pleased God to ordain; and now here I am—(rising a little on his seat, and looking out of the window which was at his elbow, and commanded a view of the Lake Mareotis)—and now here I am. I never had a master,—(glancing his eye at the roll containing the *Imperial firman*)."

The strength of his character is even more favourably shown in a conversation which he held with our traveller—a conversation in which the urbanity of the Egyptian is so powerfully contrasted with the pertinacious curiosity of the Englishman, that we cannot but wonder that Mr. St. John should have ventured to report it.

From Mohammed we turn to his Parliament. Though the council he has instituted be, as yet, little more than a court for the registration of his edicts, it is probable that it may, at no distant period, discharge more important functions. The British House of Commons under the Tudors had as little power as the present Egyptian council, yet it needs not to be told how its mere existence as a deliberative assembly led to its becoming the guardian of public liberty.

"Having passed through the apartments where the diplomatic scribes and secretaries were at work, we entered the council chamber, where we were introduced to the President, a merry old Turk, who laughed and chatted with amazing volubility. The council, of which he was the chief, consists of a number of individuals, public officers and government clerks, who assemble daily for the despatch of business. This is what, in Europe, has been denominated the Senate, or Representative Assembly, or Parliament of Egypt; but it is a parliament of a very extraordinary kind. When the Pasha has any thing agreeable to do, he does it himself, without consulting this wretched council, who, he well knows, would not dare to entertain an opinion different from his; but when application is made to him for money, or some favour is demanded, which it might be inexpedient to grant and imprudent to refuse, he suddenly takes a high veneration for the authority of his council, refers the applicants to them, and while he capriciously directs their actions, shifts off the odium upon their shoulders. Such is the parliament of Egypt."

The administration of justice next claims our attention; we regret that it has attracted but little of the author's; the following anecdote seems to prove that Mohammed, or at

least his step-son, Ibrahim, have not yet laid aside the oriental administration of law, in which indiscriminate severity is mistaken to be energy.

"We moored at night on a wild unfrequented shore, which enjoyed the reputation of being much infested with robbers, who, coming down armed with knives and pistols, attack vessels in the dark; and, therefore, for greater security, our captains fastened their boats alongside of several others, whose crews were, no doubt, glad enough of this accession of strength. My companion's *reis* had formerly been robbed near this spot, where two Arab boatmen had recently been murdered. When Ibrahim Pasha passed this way, on his return from Sennar, he commanded the *kiasheff* of some of the thievish villages to apprehend and bring before him the robbers who disturbed the navigation of the river. The *kiasheff* at first professed his inability; but, at length, urged thereto, perhaps, by stripes or menaces, succeeded in apprehending some poor wretch who lay under suspicion of robbery. To compel this man to discover his associates, five hundred lashes of the *koorbash* were administered, which, failing to produce the desired effect, Ibrahim ordered him to be stripped, and beaten with rods of red-hot iron until he should confess. Incapable of resisting the force of this terrific species of torture, he now, possibly at random, accused two hundred of his neighbours, one hundred and fifty of whom were executed. But, considering the uncertainty of such evidence, they may, probably, after all, have been every one innocent."

The conscription appears to be a great source of misery to the Egyptians; but the establishment of peace between the courts of Alexandria and Constantinople will probably diminish the evils. Mr. St. John well describes some of the wretchedness which he witnessed.

"Thousands of spring flowers, red, yellow, white, purple, and blue, enameled the green-sward by the way-side, while a magnificent expanse of bright verdure extended on one hand to the Nile, on the other to the desert. Numerous mimosa trees in blossom, budding palms, and odoriferous shrubs and plants, diffused a fragrance through the air, rendered soft and balmy by the genial influence of spring. But, if the prospect of inanimate nature was exhilarating, the pleasure derived from it was frequently damped by spectacles which a country afflicted with the plague of despotism could alone supply: troops of men torn violently from their homes, marching away under the surveillance of foreign mercenaries, while their wives and children, menaced with penury and want, followed them with sobbing and lamentation as long as their strength would permit, and then returned, widowed and fatherless, to their villages. Poverty we had beheld in every shape, until it had ceased to excite attention; but in this rich and smiling part of the country, where nature was bountiful even to profusion, its evils seemed to be by that circumstance greatly aggravated. We had elsewhere seen men feeding on lupines, and trefol, and wild herbs, like cattle; emaciated women, with scarcely a rag to cover their waists, gliding like spectres through the ruined villages; and children, naked as when born, sallow, squalid, bloated, eyeless, too young to know their danger, with no mother to guard, no father to maintain them, sitting among the rubbish, infested with lizards, snakes, scorpions, and every noxious reptile, subsisting on the spontaneous but precarious charity of the poor."

"This morning the condition of the peasantry appeared more debased and humiliating than usual; for the neighboring hamlets had been visited by a recruiting party, who, having out-

lected a number of men, were proceeding with them towards Mirraheni. Observing, however, that we were about to overtake them, — for our camels were fleet and powerful, — they hastily turned aside out of the path, and stood still at a considerable distance, until our party had passed. Some wretched Frank was, perhaps, at their head, who, not having lost all sense of shame, thus sought, by a precipitate retreat, to avoid the finger of scorn. The female relations of the conscripts, who had probably been forcibly compelled to return, we met upon the road; — a heart-stricken sorrowful group, — some absorbed in sullen grief, others weeping bitterly."

The manners of the present Bedouins recall so vividly the memory of patriarchal times, that we gladly turn for a moment from the march of modern improvement to the relics of ancient simplicity, and quote the account of a Bedouin market, which probably differs little from that held by the Ishmaelites in the days of Joseph.

"On arriving at the bazar, held, like an English country fair, in a field on the outskirts of the village, we alighted under a palm tree; and, leaving our attendants to prepare breakfast, mingled among the crowd of Arabs assembled on the plain. The scene was highly characteristic. Rare and costly spices from the farthest East, which could scarcely be supposed ever to find their way into the hut of an Egyptian peasant, were spread upon the grass in the midst of ordinary Venetian beads, corn, peas, beans, cheese, and butter. Rows of market-women, some with bread, others with eggs or dried dates, sat on the ground, surrounded by horses, asses, and camels, which, with singular tact, passed to and fro beneath their heavy burdens without trampling even on the hem of their garments. Both men and women, however, exhibited that noisy, brawling propensity which in all countries distinguishes the vulgar; the buyer and the seller, whatever might be the value of the article in question, seeming by the loudness of their voices, and the fierceness of their gesticulation, to be engaged in mortal conflict; but when the bargain was concluded, the vociferation likewise ceased, and the disputants chatted and laughed together with their usual good humour. In one part of the bazar, where a sturdy fellah was engaged, perhaps, in cheapening an ass, you might behold twenty individuals of both sexes, nowise interested in the transaction, encircling the chapmen, and entering with so much earnestness into their business, some siding with the buyer, others with the seller, that a stranger would certainly suppose that they were to receive a commission on the proceeds. To a painter in search of grotesque costumes, these motley groups would have afforded delectable materials; for the Neapolitan lazzarone are less whimsical in their habiliments than the Arabs. Turbans, white, black, red, or green; cream-coloured, brown, or striped white and green cloaks; blue shirts, tattered blankets, which disguised rather than covered the wearer, and rags of every colour in the rainbow, fluttering in the wind, met the eye on all sides. But the countenances of the fellahs exhibit little variety, excepting such as results from sex or age, or different stages of famine or disease. Hungry dogs, the universal scavengers of Egypt, prowled about the bazar, ravenously snatching up whatever was thrown to them, and seeming quite prepared, if occasion were afforded, to rend and devour the donors."

But, pleased as we may be by the pictures of savage life, which the writers of romance love to present, we must not forget the sober reality. Mohammed Ali does not find the picturesque grouping of the Bedouins at all compensate for the hindrance given to his schemes of improvement by their lawless

habits. Shortly after quitting the bazar, our traveller had proof that the Bedouins still retain their predatory habits, and he may probably have to thank the salutary terror which the ruler of Egypt has inspired, for escaping so easily from the rencontre he describes.

"Here we overtook two Bedouin pedestrians, armed with muskets and bayonets, who appeared to be travelling towards Cairo. Like the generality of their countrymen west of the Nile, they exhibited in their manner an impudent familiarity, betokening what, among the vulgar, is denominated 'knowledge of the world;' which signifies that, having, in their profligate career, lost all self-respect, they had likewise ceased to respect other men, or the laws which make a difference between mine and thine. Entering at once into conversation with our Mahazi guide, a simple honest man, they very quickly learned from him all the particulars on which they desired to be informed; as, where we had been, whither we were going, which of us was treasurer, &c. The sight of our arms, however, appeared to stagger them. They therefore dropped behind, with the design of robbing our Cairoen attendant, who always loitered in the rear. With him they used no ceremony, but began immediately to inquire what was in the saddle-bags. 'Nothing but papers,' he replied. 'Kafir!' they exclaimed, 'it is false. Franks never travel without money. Descend, therefore, you dog, and open the bags, or we will shoot you, and burn your father!' And there can be no doubt they would in a few minutes have made themselves masters of our baggage, had we not, just at the moment, supposing him to be gossiping with the strangers, rode back to put an end to their conference. Observing this, the Bedouins made their escape across the fields, towards a small encampment to which they perhaps belonged. The terrified Arab now related what had taken place; and, upon our demanding why he had not shouted to us for help, as we were quite within hearing, replied, that he was too much terrified."

We have been horrified by the description of the Lunatic Asylum at Cairo; but we must, in justice, add, that Parliamentary reports prove English mad-houses to have been nearly as bad, not more than half a century ago.

"But nowhere, perhaps, on earth can anything so terrible, so disgusting, be witnessed as the mad-house of Cairo, where, as may be certainly inferred from the ferocious aspect of the keepers, and the appearance of the victims, lacerated and covered with wounds, scenes of cruelty and suffering occur, not elsewhere exhibited out of hell. In the centre of the court is a square pool, sometimes dignified with the name of a fountain; but which, in smell and appearance, rather resembles a cess-pool, or a portion of a common sewer. The atmosphere, impregnated by its infernal exhalations, is consequently more offensive and corrupt than that of a dissecting-room in July; and the walls and pavement are covered with a green ropy matter, and most dismal hue, which prepares the mind for the horrors to be witnessed in the cells. In the face of the dingy wall surrounding the court are a number of square iron-grated holes, which would appear to lead to so many old neglected dens of wild beasts, but that within each, closely pressed, perhaps, against the rusty gratings, a human being is beheld, generally stark naked. From the heavy iron collar encircling his neck is suspended a massive chain, which issuing through the grating, and running like a festoon along the wall, to the mouth of the neighbouring den, connects him with his next companion in madness; so that, when one retires into the cell, the other, at the opposite end of the chain, is necessarily dragged forward in proportion."

Slavery, in its worst form, still exists in Egypt, and the supply of the harem occasionally leads to incidents too horrible for description. One case, which came within our traveller's own observation, deserves to be noticed:—

"Being one evening at the house of the French consul, a Greek, escorted by one of the Janissaries of the consulate, came to claim, upon I know not what grounds, the protection of France. He was a man whose appearance would have attracted attention in the midst of ten thousand. Considerably below the middle size, with large head, black piercing eyes, thick shaggy eyebrows, stooping in the shoulders, and past the prime of life, he nevertheless possessed a proud commanding air, as if accustomed to the exercise of authority. Standing before the consul, leaning on his staff, like a wayfaring man, he related his story with so eloquent, so ingenuous a simplicity, while his rough weather-beaten cheeks were frequently moistened with tears, that I felt deeply interested in his fate. Ten years ago, he said, his wife and infant daughter, having been made prisoners by the Turks, were carried away into captivity, and sold as slaves. During nine years all his inquiries and researches respecting them had proved unavailing; but at length, about seven or eight months previous, he accidentally discovered that they were in the house—in the harem—of a Turk of distinction at Cairo. Whatever were his pursuits, his occupations, his hopes and prospects in life, he relinquished them, and journeyed into Egypt, in the hope of recovering possession of, perhaps, the only individuals dear to him in the world. By dint of untiring assiduity, he succeeded in conveying to his wife, though secluded in the recesses of the harem, the intelligence of his being in the city; and it now remained to be seen whether nine years of captivity and degradation had obliterated the remembrance of her lawful and long-cherished affections. The woman, as her husband never once doubted, remaining unchanged, his presence in Cairo determined her, at all hazards, to attempt escape, and fly to his arms. But there were two obstacles. Greek women, faithful like her, had more than once succeeded in escaping from the harems; but their very garments being the property of their masters, they had not only been retaken and forced back into slavery, but furthermore punished as thieves. Besides, her daughter, now twelve or thirteen years old, had been artfully prevailed upon to make profession of Islamism, and to shun her mother, whose reproaches, mild as they must have been, she could not patiently endure. For some time, however, the mother entertained the hope of reawakening her natural affections, and making her the companion of her flight; but at length, despairing of success, she effected her escape alone, clad in a single garment, and took refuge with her husband in the house of a Frank. Being poor and friendless, they had been unable to make their way to the seashore; and their humble retreat having been at length discovered, the husband was now come to claim the protection of the French consul for his wife. Up to this time, he observed, they had willingly lingered, imagining it still possible that their daughter—an only child—might repent, and join them; but, since she appeared to have voluntarily forsaken her parents, her country, and her God, he had now resolved, however bitter it might be, to abandon all hope of her for ever. The consul, already well disposed to exercise his authority in behalf of the unhappy Greek, pledged himself, at my earnest request, to protect him and his wife; and though, when I left, they were still in the city, I make no doubt of their ultimate good fortune."

But this is an evil which Mohammed Ali

could not, as yet, venture to correct; and we have been informed by some who lately visited Egypt, that he sincerely laments its continuance, and looks forward to the benefits that will result from the system of education which he has established, to correct, if not abolish, this grievous system. Mr. St. John very ably describes the new schools founded by Mohammed. We shall extract his account of the medical school, because we are sure it will give pleasure to all who feel interested in the advancement of knowledge, and consequent improvement of mankind:—

"The school of medicine at Abou Zabel is without doubt one of the most extraordinary of all the Pasha's establishments. But it is not situated in the desert, as has been sometimes pretended; on the contrary, it is encircled by vegetation, and in the month of March nothing can be more beautiful than the surrounding scenery. The hospital, to which a botanic garden has been attached, is an enormous quadrangular building, divided from the lodgings of the Europeans by a broad esplanade, planted with long avenues of minosa, sycomore, and date trees. Along the exterior walls, on three sides of the edifice, a large space has been enclosed; and here all kinds of vegetables are successfully raised, besides an immense quantity of oranges, sweet and bitter almonds, lemons, figs, and pomegranates, for the use of the sick and convalescent. In the centre of the botanic garden is a large square building, containing a museum, dissecting-rooms, a theatre for lectures, a laboratory, a dispensary and dependencies, with store-rooms, kitchens, and baths, both in the European and Oriental style. A moiety of one side of the hospital is converted into a spacious school-room, capable of containing two hundred boys, the walls of which are adorned with designs illustrative of science, and the different phenomena of nature. The remainder is occupied by a lithographic printing office, where, by means of four presses, the young Arabs are constantly employed in printing Arabic translations of the best European works on medicine, with anatomical drawings, which they certainly copy with great accuracy.

"None of the other schools possesses an air so entirely European. It is kept very clean, and the traveller is sometimes startled at being addressed in French by ill-conditioned fellows, who are instructed in history, geography, arithmetic, botany, chemistry, together with the theory and practice of medicine and surgery. At the head of each department of the medical science is an European professor, who draws up his daily lesson in French, which is then translated into Arabic by able interpreters, who, from their long employment in the hospital, are themselves tolerably well acquainted with the science. The translations, when completed, are submitted to three learned Sheikhs, who correct grammatical errors, and clothe them with the beauties of the Arabic language; after which they are printed, and delivered to the students. Practical knowledge is acquired by attending the sick, compounding and making up medicines, and the constant use of the dissecting knife. The fault, however, complained of in all the other schools, is likewise committed here; for the government, impatient to avail itself of the knowledge it has imparted, withdraws the youths from their studies, before sufficient time has been allowed to perfect themselves in their profession. They are in fact removed four years after their entrance, however trifling may be their proficiency, and being sent directly to the army, frequently do more mischief than good."

We now take our leave of Mr. St. John, regretting that, in volumes where we have found so much to praise, we have also found

much to condemn. But he has forfeited all claim to forbearance by the peremptory and depreciating style in which he speaks of preceding travellers. Salt was an old enemy of his; but prejudice itself could scarcely believe the story which it has pleased Mr. St. John to promulgate.

"Salt, formerly British Consul-General in Egypt, wishing to ingratiate himself with the Pasha, by instructing him more deeply in the arts of tyranny, procured a Turkish translation to be made of Machiavelli's 'Prince,' and presented it to his Highness. After allowing the spell a sufficient time to operate, and finding in his various audiences no allusion made to the translation, he one day ventured to introduce the subject, by directly demanding of the Pasha his opinion of Machiavelli. 'My opinion of him,' replied Mohammed Ali, 'is, that he was a mere babbler. We have, in Turkish, two words worth more than his whole book!' At this termination of his courtier-like adventure, Salt was so much confounded, that he omitted to inquire the nature of this brief vocabulary of tyranny; but we may venture to supply the omission with 'plunder' and 'kill.' After all, however, the Pasha's secret opinion of the 'Prince' may not be so unfavourable; unless we suppose that the grave irony of the republican writer, unmasking the arts of despotism while pretending to furnish it with arms, may not have escaped Mohammed Ali, though it imposed upon Salt."

Now, can any man in his senses believe that Salt went to the expense of having Machiavelli translated for the express purpose of corrupting the Egyptian Pasha? The giving currency to such a story only proves how boundless is human credulity.

Had these volumes been confined to their legitimate subject, we should, with pleasure, have recommended them to our readers, for what Mr. St. John has seen he has well described; but then they would not have exceeded one-fourth of their present size, and we should have been spared a great deal of pedantic nonsense and ostentatious indecency.

*The Life of the Rev. Rowland Hill, A.M.*  
By the Rev. Edwin Sidney, A.M. London: Baldwin & Cradock.

Enthusiastic, fanatic, and fool,  
Many who read thy life will style thee so.

So begins Bernard Barton a set of verses to the memory of an excellent woman; and there are many, perhaps, who will pass an equally sweeping censure upon the subject of these memoirs. But to us, and, we trust, a large number of our readers, these Memoirs are a welcome record of the long life of one, whose energetic and useful labours were continued almost to its latest moment; one, who owned himself an enthusiast, while he shrunk with disgust from anything that wore the semblance of fanaticism, and with whose wisdom mingled so much of cheerfulness—nay, at times, of merriment,—as to give a pleasant contradiction to such as misrepresent all who are active in piety as morose and uncharitable; that there are such in every sect, we grieve to say, but Rowland Hill was assuredly not of their number.

The leading facts of his life are well known; how he was the sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, of Hawkstone, was sent to Eton, thence to College, where a strong bias towards a ministry more enlarged and erratic than the discipline of the Church of England permits, made itself early manifest, to the great dis-

pleasure of the heads of his family; how this irregularity was the cause of his being refused admission into full orders, (though, all his life, he considered himself as a member of the establishment, and would never consent to be called a dissenter); how he married Miss Tadway, of Bristol; built Surrey Chapel, and spent the remainder of his long-protracted life there or at Wootton-under-Edge,—his summer retreat—with his frequent and arduous journeys, if not already sufficiently familiar to the public, are incidents of too even a tenour to claim more than a passing notice here. It is the character of the man, and those anecdotes given by his biographer illustrative of it, with which we have to do.

It appears, from scattered anecdotes, that Rowland Hill was early in life remarkable for vivacity of temperament: and this liveliness of mind seems to have increased rather than diminished with the calls upon his exertions.

"After a day's exertions, which would have completely prostrated the strength of an ordinary man, he appeared unconscious of the slightest fatigue; and when supper was at an end, he became unusually communicative and entertaining, and would tell of his preaching adventures, declare the experience of his own mind, and enliven the social circle with remarks and anecdotes, given in a manner such as those only who knew him in retirement can possibly conceive; and this, perhaps, after four sermons preached to assembled thousands, with an energy of manner and power of voice of the most extraordinary nature. Suddenly, when all the party were raised to the highest pitch of interest, he asked 'what's o'clock?' and, finding it was late, he would exclaim—"dearest me, only think of that—it is time for all Methodist preachers to be in bed I am sure"—then, after his night's rest, he began the next day with the same ardour as ever in the service of God."

This same quickness of spirit made him keen in controversy—prompt in any emergency—cutting in reproof, and most successful in defending himself from any of the impertinences to which (by the peculiarity of his situation) he was sure to be exposed; what we say will be well borne out by the following anecdotes:—

"He was riding in a phaeton somewhere near London, accompanied by Mrs. Hill, when they were attacked in the dark by either two or three men, who violently demanded their money. They had a few minutes previously made a successful attack upon a Mr. Whitefoot, his assistant, who preceded them in a gig. When they came to Mr. Rowland Hill, and he used to laugh heartily as he told the story, he set up such a tremendous unearthly shout, that one of them cried out, 'we have stopped the devil by mistake, and had better be off'—on which they ran away and left Mr. Hill and his lady in peaceable possession of the road. He used to say 'I stood up in the carriage and made all the outrageous noises I could think of, which frightened the fellows out of their wits, and away they scampered.'"

"When notices were given him he used generally to read them aloud; and once an impudent fellow placed a piece of paper on the reading desk, just before he was going to read prayers. He took it, and began—"The prayers of this congregation are desired—umph—for—umph—well, I suppose I must finish what I have begun—for the Rev. Rowland Hill, that he will not go riding about in his carriage on a Sunday." This would have disconcerted almost any other man; but he looked up as coolly as possible and said—"If the writer of this piece of folly and impertinence is in the congregation, and will go into



the vestry after service, and let me put a saddle on his back, I will ride him home instead of going in my carriage." He then went on with the service as if nothing had happened.

"He once rebuked an antinomian who was addicted to drinking; when the man asked him imperiously—'Now do you think, Mr. Hill, a glass of spirits will drive grace out of my heart?' 'No,' he answered, 'for there is none in it.'"

It was this promptitude of speech, together with a singular simplicity and earnestness of mind, wherein, we think, lay much of the charm and efficacy of his preaching, though they led him no doubt into those occasional eccentricities, by which the rigid and unimaginative were at times sadly scandalized. But we are of opinion that the good done by these, must, on the whole, have been greater than the harm; seeing that they were part and parcel of the man—not grimaces assumed with the surplice—not sharp sayings contrived in the closet, but spontaneous exhibitions of feeling, and, therefore, might find their way to hearts penetrable by nothing less strange and subtle, and make entrance for other deeper impressions. We agree with Mr. Serle, (a friend of Rowland Hill's):

"I cannot dare absolutely to condemn a more lively frame of mind in others than I can choose to allow in myself, because I have seen the blessing of God co-operating with writing and discourses, abounding with sallies of high vivacity and genius, which perhaps persons of a reserved or melancholy temper, not warranted, however, by religion, which is joy and peace in itself, might be inclined to dislike or refuse. Spiritual hilarity, too, may have its exorbitances as well as the natural; and this case of heart often exposes men, otherwise humble and serious, to cheerful sensations, by no means recommended to people under trials, anxieties, or temptations."

But Mr. Hill had another requisite for popularity,—a singular happiness in bringing his discourses home to his audience, by allusion to casual, some would say, trivial occurrences.

"Once, at a friend's house, he had retired, as the company supposed, before preaching, to consider his sermon; but on his host's entering the room to inform him that the time had arrived for going to the place of worship, he found him with an old clock, all to pieces, on the table. Mr. Hill said—'I have been mending your old clock, and I will finish it to-morrow.' He preached with more than usual ease and fervour, and drew several beautiful images from the occupation in which his friend, to his surprise, had found him engaged."

It is no wonder that he was courted and followed as a preacher, for his ministry was his pleasure,—the very support of his life; and that he had studied well the duties of his office, is evident from the following:—

"Mr. Rowland Hill was a great observer of the different modes of preaching, and once drew up, in his peculiar style, a string of characteristics of the various kinds of pulpit orators. He thus describes them:

"*Bold Manner.* The man who preaches what he feels without fear or diffidence.

"*Self-confident.* A man who goes by nobody's judgment but his own.

"*Rash.* A preacher who says what comes uppermost without any consideration.

"*Rambling.* A man that says all that pops in his mind without any connection.

"*S.F.* One who puts himself down to think and speak by rote, without any deviation.

"*Pose fini.* The man who preaches from the

bottom of his heart, the truths of the gospel with energy, to the consciences of his hearers.

"*Finical.* Mines out fine words with nothing in them.

"*Sober.* The man who lulls you fast asleep.

"*Elegant.* The man who employs all his brains upon dressing words, without ever aiming at the heart.

"*Conceited.* Vainly aims at everything, and says nothing.

"*W.L.H. Manner.* A man that bawls out very good things till he can bawl no longer.

"*Methodist.* Splits the heads of his sermons into so many parts, that he almost splits the heads of his hearers.

"*Dogmatic.* A man who goes by his own brains, right or wrong.

"*Peevish.* One who picks into every body's thoughts, and thinks no one right but himself.

"*Fanciful.* One who instead of being led by wisdom, runs after a thousand visionary whimsies and conceits.

"*Self-important.* Thinks nobody like himself.

"*Noisy.* A loud roar, and nothing in it.

"*Geatle.* The vain fool that is fond of dressing up words without meaning.

"He once said of a man who knew the truth, but seemed afraid to preach it in its fulness—'he preaches the gospel, as a donkey nimbles a thistle, very cautiously.' He could not endure anything like vanity in a minister. A very fine dissenter, with a doctor's degree fresh from the north, once paid him a visit; he fidgeted about all the time he was talking; when he left the room, Mr. Hill lifted up his eyes and said in his most comic tone of voice, 'only think that a D.D. degree should ever be converted into a pedestal for a puppy!'"

"Lively, zealous, wise, simple-hearted, liberal-minded, &c. &c. preachers, are all we want. There cannot be manufactured at academies. O what huge offence I gave the other day, by warning young preachers not to travel about the country, with a sack of dried tongues for sale, wherever they went."

"Some folks," he would say, "appear as if they had been bathed in crab vinegar in their infancy, which penetrated through their skins, and has made them sour-blooded ever since—but this will not do for a messenger of the gospel; as he bears a message, so he must manifest a spirit of love."

"What sort of an evil is a sectarian spirit? It is the cruel iron wedge, of the devil's own forging, to separate Christians from each other—Christians thereby become like divided armies."

But with all this earnestness, which at times led him into singularity, he had the greatest aversion, as has been already said, to anything like fanaticism.

"Nothing made him so angry as the enthusiasm of the jumpers, whom he called the caricaturists of religion. Once, moved by the energy of his manner, numbers of them rose in the chapel and began to jump; he cried aloud 'let us have no more of this mimicry and nonsense.' Notwithstanding this rebuke, as Mrs. Hill and he were sitting together in the inn, two men asked to speak to him about his sermon; but on entering the room they began to jump like madmen; 'If you will have such nonsense you may have it to yourselves,' he said quietly, and retired till the jumpers went away."

This is also shown in another anecdote, told of him when a very old man.—

"One evening, when he was in high spirits, and enjoying a newspaper, which a relation was reading to him, a visitor was announced, who entered the room with the air of a man about to condemn the some important or interesting intelligence."

"Sir, I have the greatest pleasure in calling on you, to say that I can offer you the oppor-

tunity of meeting a person endowed with a wonderful gift indeed."

"Pray, sir, what is that? I am getting almost too old to go a wonder hunting."

"The miraculous gift of tongues, sir; a lady possessing it is coming to spend a few hours with me, and I hasten to ask you to meet her."

"Mr. Hill inquired, after sighing out, 'Oh, dear!' with a wistful glance at the newspaper, 'What language does she speak?'"

"Why, sir, that is not known; some think she speaks two—but it is evidently regular language."

"Two languages no one can understand!—enough to craze any body."

"Oh, Mr. Hill! I am sorry to see an old man at your age ridicule such things."

"Are you, indeed, sir? I do not think I shall leave it off for all that."

"The visitor, still unwilling to depart without making a proselyte, renewed his arguments, to the annoyance of Mr. Hill, who was always disappointed when interrupted in a newspaper."

"The next question was—'If nobody knows what she says, how was it discovered that she speaks two languages?'"

"This, as may be supposed, elicited no satisfactory explanation; but by way of terminating difficulties, as well as the visit, it was suggested as desirable, that some celebrated linguist should hear her performance of sounds."

"The champion of tongues, finding his eloquence unavailing, at length took leave, expressing his regret at Mr. Hill's incredulity, to which the latter courteously observed—'I thank you, sir, all the same for your kind invitation; but if she does not understand what she says herself, it is not likely that I should be much the wiser.'"

"The worthy visitor, shaking his head, only replied—'Oh, sir! I wish you could once see and hear, and then you would be convinced.'"

"When he was gone, Mr. Hill looked up and said—'Now finish the debate—my poor old brains can take that in, though they cannot reach this wonderful woman's whimsies.'"

His popularity had its inconveniences. He was applied to for all manner of impossible services; "I have witnessed some such scenes at Surrey Chapel-house," says his biographer, "as, I think, were never to be met with in any other place."

"I well remember one morning the footman ushered in a most romantic looking lady. She advanced with measured steps, and with an air that caused Mr. Hill to retreat towards the fireplace. She began,

"Divine shepherd—"

"Pon my word, ma'am!"

"I hear you have great influence with the royal family."

"Well, ma'am, and did you hear anything else?"

"Now seriously, sir—my son has the most wonderful poetic powers. Sir, his poetry is of a sublime order—noble, original, fine—"

"Well, I wonder what will come next," muttered Mr. Hill, in a low tone.

"Yes, sir, pardon the liberty, and therefore I called to ask you to get him made *Poet Laureate*."

"Ma'am, you might as well ask me to get him made archbishop of Canterbury!"

Perhaps the most affecting (because one of the simplest) tribute to his merits, recorded in this life, is one paid him by a country parishioner:—

"He shed no tear on this (his 85th) birthday, but the people shed many; and one poor man, devoted to his ministry, said to me—'Sir, I cannot bear the thought of losing him—I wish we could not let him back about forty years!'"

We cannot conclude better than with the above little anecdote; and, in taking leave of

the book, we shall recommend it to those of every sect who find pleasure in tracing the career of a zealous, active, and benevolent minister of the gospel.

*Report on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia, by M. F. Cousin. Translated by Sarah Austin. London: E. Wilson.*

MORE money is expended on education, and less efficient instruction given, in England, than in France, Germany, or even America. Instead of a national system, placed under the control of the government, open to any improvements that the advancement of knowledge may suggest, and varying with the circumstances and wants of the age, Englishmen in their wisdom have confided this important trust to irresponsible corporations, to volunteer associations, or to such persons as preferred keeping a school to any other trade. To us, who have no faith in the wise results of this chance-medley, it is gratifying to receive an account of an admirable system for national instruction, whose organization is nearly perfect—a system that, in all its material parts, might be adopted in this country at once, without prejudicing any vested interest.

A Minister of Public Instruction, a Board of Education composed of practical men, a Medical Board to examine candidates for medical degrees, and a Legal Board to examine for legal degrees—amount of knowledge, and not the place where it was acquired, to be the qualifications for testimonials, and examinations open to the public—these are the institutions wanting, and sooner or later these are the institutions that this country will have; but when and by whom they will be introduced, are matters not easily determined.

The work which has led us to make these observations is M. Cousin's Report to the French government on the System of Public Instruction adopted in the leading states of Germany, the most important part of which has been admirably translated by Mrs. Austin. Cousin and his translator equally fear that national pride may, as in a thousand other instances, be placed in opposition to national improvement, and that institutions, however beneficial, may be rejected simply because they are foreign. It was the boast of the Romans, because it was the source of their greatness, that they were free from such foolish pride,—"Neque superbia obstat," says Cæsar, "quo minus instituta aliene, si modo proba erant, imitarentur." • • • Quod ubique apud socios aut hostes idoneum videbatur, summo studio domi exsequebantur; imitari quam invideri bonis malebant." To understand the excellence of the Prussian system, it must be thoroughly studied as a whole: the translator justly observes—

"There is such a coherency of parts, both in the fabric it describes and in the description, that no one will fully understand it who cannot bear the toil of following the author step by step. Portions may be selected which show the beautiful spirit pervading the whole, and which must, I should think, touch any human heart; but its merits as a piece of legislation—as a system living and working—can only be appreciated when studied connectedly and in detail."

But, it may be asked, why should we take so much trouble? Have we not national schools established in every quarter, patro-

nized by the noble, the enlightened, and the humane? We reply, that these national schools are designed only for the lower classes, while that important part of the community, the middle class, is left to chance; and even as regards the lower classes, the generous patrons who have provided them with schools have done injury by mistaking and misrepresenting the true object of education.

"It seems to me, too, that we are guilty of great inconsistency as to the ends and objects of education. How industriously have not its most able and zealous champions been continually instilling into the mind of the people, that education is the way to advancement, that 'knowledge is power,' that a man cannot 'better himself without some learning! And then we complain, or we fear, that education will set them above their station, disgust them with labour, make them ambitious, envious, dissatisfied! We must reap as we sow: we set before their eyes objects the most tempting to the desires of uncultivated men, we urge them on to the acquirement of knowledge by holding out the hope that knowledge will enable them to grasp these objects:—if their minds are corrupted by the nature of the aim, and imbittered by the failure which must be the lot of the mass, who is to blame?"

"If instead of nurturing expectations which cannot be fulfilled, and turning the mind on a track which must lead to a sense of continual disappointment, and thence of wrong, we were to hold out to our humbler friends the appropriate and attainable, nay, unfulfilling, ends of a good education:—the gentle and kindly sympathies; the sense of self-respect and of the respect of fellow men; the free exercise of the intellectual faculties; the gratification of a curiosity that 'grows by what it feeds on,' and yet finds food for ever; the power of regulating the habits and the business of life, so as to extract the greatest possible portion of comfort out of small means; the refining and tranquillizing enjoyment of the beautiful in nature and art, and the kindred perception of the beauty and nobility of virtue; the strengthening consciousness of duty fulfilled; and, to crown all, 'the peace which passeth all understanding':—if we directed their aspirations this way, it is probable that we should not have to complain of being disappointed, nor they of being deceived. Who can say that wealth can purchase better things than these? and who can say that they are not within the reach of every man of sound body and mind, who, by labour not destructive of either, can procure for himself and his family food, clothing, and habitation?"

"It is true, the same motives, wearing different forms, are presented to all classes. 'Learn, that you may get on,' is the motto of English education. The result is answerable. To those who think that result satisfactory, a change in the system, and above all in the spirit, of education, holds out no advantages."

It is unnecessary to dwell on a topic that admits of no honest difference—the utter inadequacy of our present institutions to the circumstances and wants of the age. The necessity of some change is universally acknowledged; and it is an act of positive duty in every one to whom the welfare of the community is dear, to examine the machinery of a system whose beneficial results have been so great and so manifest as the Prussian. It would be superfluous to recommend this work to the public,—it has a right to command attention.

It is scarcely justice to call the work before us a translation; it is a new embodying of Cousin's christian and philosophic spirit. There

breathes everywhere the same piety, the same philanthropy, and the same sound sense, for which the original is distinguished. Mrs. Austin merits, and will receive, the gratitude of the country, not merely for the ability and fidelity with which she has executed her task, but also for the zeal and honest fervour with which she has laboured to direct the attention of her countrymen to their most important interests.

*The Lives of Sacred Poets. By Robert Aris Willmott. London: Parker.*

IN this interesting little volume, we find notices of the Lives and Works of Sternhold and Hopkins, Spenser, Southwell, Barnes, Constable, Davison, Sir Walter Raleigh, Giles Fletcher, Sylvester, Drummond of Hawthornden, George Wither, Herrick (one of the sweetest of our old lyrists), Heywood, Quarles, George Herbert (who, we think, should be called "the Church of England's" poet *par excellence*), Habington, Vaughan, Crashaw, (whose 'Music's Duel' was, however, surpassed by that exquisite passage in Ford's 'Lover's Melancholy'), More, Norris, Beaumont, and Flatman, and one or two included in the appendix.

The biographer and compiler of this book has evidently delighted in his subject, and done his work well and carefully. He has extracted sundry passages of sweet and antique song—and one, by George Wither, (from the 'Nymph's Song,') we must take leave to transfer from his pages to ours:—

Gentle swain, good speed befall thee,  
And in love still prosper thou;  
Future times shall happy call thee,  
Though thou be neglected now.  
Virtue's lovers shall commend thee,  
And perpetual fame attend thee.  
Happy are these woody mountains  
In whose shadows thou dost hide;  
And as happy are these fountains  
By whose murmurs thou dost bide;  
For contents are here exceeding  
More than in a prince's dwelling.  
There thy flocks do clothing bring thee;  
And thy fund out of the fields:  
Pretty songs the birds do sing thee;  
Sweet perfumes the meadow yields;  
And what more is worth the seeing,  
Heaven and earth thy prospect bring!  
Thy affection reason measures,  
And distempers none it feeds;  
Still so harmless are thy pleasures  
That no other's grief it breeds.  
And if night begets thee sorrow,  
Seldom stays it till the morrow.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'An Argument to prove the Truth of the Christian Revelation, by the Earl of Rosse.—This work is stated to have been undertaken when the noble writer was suffering under severe domestic affliction, having lost his son, a youth of eminent talents and acquirements, at the moment that he was about to enter on public life, and probably fulfil the high expectations formed by his family and friends. The pages of Revelation consoled the bereaved parent with the hope of meeting the lost one in another and a better world: and, feeling that everything which tended to confirm their truth strengthened these hopes, his Lordship collected the materials of the present argument, which is an attempt to apply the evidence of external nature directly to the proof of Revelation, without the intervention of Natural Religion. The first proposition which his Lordship undertakes to demonstrate is, that, in the Mosiac account of the creation, circumstances are stated, which, though they have been proved by modern investigations, could not, in the days of Moses, have

been known without a special revelation. Among these he enumerates the original fluidity of the earth, the creation of light before the sun and moon were called into being, the fact that there were successive stages of creation, and the accordance of the order of that succession with the most approved systems of geology, or rather with the best-ascertained geological facts. Hence the authority of Moses as a prophet is inferred, and consequently the absolute truth of his predictions. Now Moses foretold that he would be followed by other prophets, and stated the tests by which they were to be distinguished from impostors. A series of men such as he had described did actually appear, and, like Moses, foretold that they should be succeeded by one greater than them all. Jesus Christ, in whom all these prophecies were fulfilled, did appear, at the time, in the place, and under the circumstances, so foretold: and hence he to whom "gave all the prophets witness," was the promised redeemer of mankind. Thus the whole course of the argument is made to rest on the accuracy of the cosmogony in the first chapter of Genesis. His Lordship, as a subsidiary argument, takes the miracles recorded in the Old Testament, as additional proofs of a series of special interferences existing from the beginning of time, and directed to a definite end; but in this part of his subject it is not always easy to discover the course of his reasoning. Finally, he examines the evidence in behalf of the miracles in the New Testament, showing that the historians, from their character, could not be deceivers, and, from the nature of the case, could not have been deceived,—adding, that no charge of falsehood was made against the Evangelists, by those whom prejudice and interest equally urged to attempt their refutation.

'*The Conspiracy, a Venetian Romance.*'—We should like to know how many novels, romances, tragedies, comedies, melo-dramas, and poems, have been written, the scene of which has been laid in the "Sea Cybele." Then Canaletti, Prout, Stanfield, and others, have made us intimate with "every coign of vantage," from the fine old barbaric pomp of the Ducal Palace, to the last grace and perfection of Palladio. As to the Piazza di San Marco, the Rialto, and the Bridge of Sighs, they are familiar as Regent-street; and as to gondolas and gaiters, and the masquings of carnival-time, there is not a point concerning such like pleasant subjects, upon which a well-informed home-dweller could not give, rather than receive, information. So be it: Venice is the chosen home for romance and imagination, and, under the hand of a master, the subject is so far from being exhausted, that there is yet room for much to be sung and told about this place of enchantment and mystery. But the book before us is not the work of a master-hand; it is merely a dry detail of the events of the conspiracy on which Otway founded his 'Venice Preserved,' interwoven with a common and not very coherent lore-story.

'*The New Statistical Account of Scotland. No. 1, containing Selkirkshire and part of Forfarshire.*'—It is now forty years since, under the auspices of Sir John Sinclair, a statistical account of Scotland, furnished by the clergy of the respective parishes, made its appearance, and excited much attention in consequence of the authenticity and interest of its materials. Since that time Scotland has made rapid steps in advancement, both intellectual and commercial, in consequence of which fresh information has become necessary. To supply this is the object of the present publication, to which the clergy of Scotland are once more invited to lend their aid, and the part which has appeared fully proves their competence to the task, evincing not only an acquaintance with civil history and antiquarian

research, towards which we might suppose them inclined by their collegiate education, but a careful observance of facts connected with zoology, geology, botany, meteorology, and the prevalence of epidemics and other diseases, which cannot fail to be of the highest utility to science. How gladly should we see such a task undertaken for Ireland. We scarce think more is needed than the spirit to set it going, and a competent editor to reduce to form the abundant stores which, we doubt not, would be poured in upon him.

'*The Life of John Dryden*, by Sir Walter Scott.'—This is the first volume of the 'Miscellaneous Prose Works of Sir Walter Scott,' about to be published uniform with the Novels and Poems. The series will extend to twenty-four volumes, and include the Lives of Dryden and Swift, the brief but delightful biographies of the novelists, 'The Life of Bonaparte,' 'The Tales of a Grandfather,' and his anonymous contributions to the periodicals; the whole illustrated by Turner. 'The Life of Dryden,' now before us, has long since passed beyond the reach of criticism—but here it is, as it never was before, in a neat, compact, and beautiful volume, with a splendid portrait of the poet, and a vignette of his Monument in Westminster Abbey, by Turner, at the price of five shillings!

'*The Spirit and Objects of Ancient and Modern Legislation*, by J. P. Wedd.'—We have here the substance of a lecture delivered at the Royston Mechanics' Institute. It would be well if the subjects of such lectures were always as judiciously chosen; not only is it interesting in itself, but the natural deductions from it must be beneficial, especially at this moment. We shall give some extracts, to show the bearings of the argument:—

"It may surprise those to whom such inquiries are new, that ancient legislation records the same struggle on the part of the labourers against machinery which has taken place in modern times under our own eye. . . . It is not surprising that those who have no commodity to offer in the market but their labour, should be dissatisfied to see its place everywhere supplied by machinery, but that this feeling should be disclosed, and given way to, in legislative acts, at a time when England did not contain half its present inhabitants, when their lives were cut short in intestine commotions, continually recurring, as well as in foreign wars, when the power of steam was entirely unknown, when the printing press had but begun to supersede the labour of innumerable copyists, at a time like this, it is indeed surprising that complaints against machinery should have originated. In the 5th and 6th years of Edward VI. however, an act passed for pulling down gig mills, in the manufacture of cloth; and in the 2nd and 3rd of Philip and Mary, an act was passed, declaring that no cloth-maker should have more than one woollen loom, and no woollen weaver more than two looms, in unincorporated places. The effect of these laws was to prevent the expeditious performance of work, and to restrain division of labour. . . .

"On the one hand, it must be acknowledged that the introduction of machinery causes important inconvenience to individuals. . . . On the other, however, there are, even to the persons who suffer by the introduction of machinery, important alterations immediately operating.

"First, machinery has been generally applied to the manufacture of important articles in extensive use. In the additional cheapness and abundance of these articles, the poor, who were accustomed to make them, find some alleviation. . . .

"A few facts will enable us to estimate those alleviations. The hose which were worn before stockings were invented, were, by an act of 3rd

of Edward IV., 1463, limited as to labourers, to fourteen-pence per pair. This fourteen-pence was then the price of nearly a bushel and a half of wheat, which, at six shillings a bushel taken as the present price, would be nine shillings. But, instead of stockings at nine shillings per pair, or at the price of a bushel and a half of wheat, a pair of cotton stockings for a servant can be bought, I believe, for less than eighteen-pence, being one-sixth part of the old price for hose. The poor are therefore in some degree compensated for losing the employment of making stockings, by being able to purchase those they wear themselves at a much cheaper rate."

Of the contradictions of our legislators Mr. Wedd gives some curious examples:—

"In the reign of Edward VI. a law had passed, prohibiting any one from making cloth, unless he had served a seven years' apprenticeship to it. This law occasioned the decay of the woollen manufacture, and ruined several towns. It was for that reason repealed in the first year of Queen Mary. In the reign of Elizabeth it was, however, re-enacted, and continued to be the law until it was swept away in the general wreck of apprenticeship laws but a few years ago.

"Similar vacillation was shown by a law passed in the 5th year of the reign of Henry IV., that foreign merchants who brought goods into England should sell them in three months, without any regard to whether there was a demand for them or not. In the 6th of Henry IV. this law was repealed, but it was enacted that foreign merchants who brought goods into England should not carry them away, but should leave them behind. Several other laws enacted that, when foreign merchants brought goods into England for sale, they should lay out all the money they obtained in buying English goods, and should carry no money out of the kingdom.

"Another law, in the 8th of Henry VI., declared that Englishmen should not trust foreign merchants, and should only sell to them for ready money. This was speedily found to be very inconvenient, and another law was passed in the 9th of Henry VI., allowing Englishmen to sell cloth to foreigners at six months' credit."

The most mischievous interference has been with the silk trade,—but we shall cite a few less known examples:—

"By an act passed in the 1st year of Richard III., (1483), all foreigners were allowed to bring books, written or printed, in the English or any other language, into this kingdom, from whatever nation or country, without impediment. This was repealed in 1533. By the same act, the prices of books, if enhanced, were to be fixed by the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench (!) In the 17th of Charles II. only twenty master-printers were allowed; they were to be appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London. By the same law, if any journeyman applied, the printer was required to set him to work, if he had no journeyman. There were at this time only 140 journeymen printers in London.

"The brewing trade may here detain us for a moment. In the reign of Henry VIII. the city of London petitioned parliament against the use of hops, as a noxious weed, and against the introduction of Newcastle coals. In the reign of Henry VI. an act was passed to restrain the excessive making of malt. In the 2nd year of William and Mary, it was enacted that no home-brewed beer should be made in a town where there was a public brewer. Thus, the way in which the wisdom of our ancestors regulated brewing was in attempting to prohibit the use of hops, to lessen that of malt, and to discountenance home-brewed beer."



'*Dei Doveri degli Uomini*, di Silvio Pellico.' [On the Duties of Men, by Silvio Pellico].—'*Tommaso Moro: Tragedia*, di Silvio Pellico.' [Thomas More: a Tragedy, by the same Author.]—The former of these works we are glad to find will shortly be presented to the public in an English form, by Mr. Thomas Roscoe, the successful translator of the 'Ten Years' Imprisonment.' It has many qualities which cannot fail to render it useful and acceptable in this country; and though we wish that the writer had not fallen into the error of using the terms which designate the Roman Catholic Church, as precisely the same in import, as those which describe Christianity itself, we see too much of true Christian feeling in every page, to quarrel with him for a mistake which has only a seeming influence on his reasonings.—There are scenes of deep interest in the tragedy of Sir Thomas More; that especially between the venerable old man and his daughter Margaret, in the prison, is full of pathos: but the subject scarcely affords room for the exercise of dramatic power: it is unfitted to sustain any thing like a plot; and, with all the author's ingenuity, we are with difficulty roused to sympathy, by the character of More, as represented in this form.

'*The Schema of Creation*, by E. W. Cox.'—We have here the substance of four lectures delivered before the Mechanics' Institute at Taunton, on the questions, 'Where am I? What am I? Why am I?' Mr. Cox conveyed to his auditors much useful information in a form well calculated to stimulate them to make researches for themselves: this is high praise.

'*Lecture on Animal Instinct*, by the Rev. A. Wells.'—This lecture is not without merit, but it appears much too deep for the audience to whom it was addressed.

'*Combe's Lectures on Popular Instruction*.'—These lectures contain many useful hints, mixed unfortunately with a large proportion of baser matter.

'*Gillespie's Key to the French Gender*.'—We bestowed our meed of praise on the Formative French Grammar, published by Mr. Gillespie, (See Athenæum, No. 253); the present work is equally creditable to his skill, in simplifying grammatical difficulties.

#### GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE.

On Monday last, Professor Phillips, who has lately been appointed to the chair of Geology, opened his course of eight lectures on that science. The table before him, and the portion of the large theatre, which forms a recess behind the professional chair, were covered with specimens, models, drawings, and other illustrations.

The Professor commenced by a general view of the methods of description and representation by which the hopes to render intelligible in a class-room, those grand and magnificent phenomena which are exhibited in the great theatre of nature. Supposing himself called upon to explain by means of models, drawings, and specimens, the leading results in Geology, and the processes by which they had been obtained, he proceeded to give distinctly the elementary truths relating to the structure of the earth as far as they have been discovered by observation, or inferred by the aid of collateral sciences. Geology, having for its object to investigate the ancient natural history of the earth, is entirely founded on observation of physical facts; the explanation of these facts, whether they are still in progress, or have been performed in long-past times, is only to be attempted by the application of the established laws of nature, as these are recognized by the chemist, the naturalist, and the astronomer. Depending, in this remarkable manner, upon the progress of collateral, and especially physical science, Geology, as a rational and inductive science, is evidently of recent origin,

for it would be too much to honour with this title those wild and chaotic schemes of cosmogony, which were some hundred years ago mistaken Theories of the Earth. Linked in the firmest union with other sciences, and steadily advancing with them, Geology can never again become an arena for discussing delusive hypothesis and unsubstantial conjecture.

The materials of the globe are chiefly interesting to the geologist in respect of their arrangement, relative antiquity, and characteristic phenomena on a great scale. While the mineralogist busies himself with the properties of minerals, and the chemist ascertains their internal constitution, the geologist looks to the rocks which these minerals compose, considers their place in the earth—their mode of appearance at the surface—the circumstances of their origin—the times of their production—and the evidences which they present of many and great revolutions in the whole external configuration and relations of the globe. He finds in the earth traces of the long-continued regular action of ordinary agents, and shorter periods of convulsion. By inspection of natural precipices and mines, he learns, that a great portion of the rocks which appear near the surface of the earth, were regularly deposited, one over another, beneath the ancient ocean, some of them by chemical, others by mechanical action, in stratified masses, which inclose remains of shells, corals, and other exuvie then belonging to the sea, and sometimes plants then belonging to the land. Other rocks of different mineral characters appear to have been produced by the agency of heat at some depths in the earth, and lifted up by internal expansion, so as to break and elevate the strata at various points, and at different geological periods. The relative periods when these convulsions happened, and the extent of their effects, are demonstrable by satisfactory evidence; and thus, furnished with means of investigating both the operations of the external ocean, and of the internal source of heat, the geologist may look forward to the construction of a correct, though incomplete, history of all the leading physical changes which have happened to the exterior parts of the globe. The determinations of astronomy, and general physics, have already elucidated some points of importance connected with the early condition, temperature, and density of the earth, and to these branches of knowledge the further investigation of each subject must be intrusted.

As direct consequences of observation, we may state the certainty, that the whole solid land, to whatever height it is now uplifted above the sea, was formed beneath the sea, and raised from thence at periods more or less ascertainable; that, in the process by which the stratified rocks were produced, sufficient time elapsed for the accumulation of many thousand feet thickness of strata—for the disruption, rolling to pebbles, and reunion in conglomerates of many solid rocks; for the growth and decay of corals, shells, and other animals in the sea, and of many plants upon the land. The study of these numerous organic exuvie leads to the conclusion, that the climates of at least, the northern zones of the earth have not been always of their present character, but once admitted the growth of plants and corals, and reptiles bearing analogy to tropical forms; and that during the long series of operations by which the internal nucleus of the earth was covered with its exterior enrichment of stratified rocks, the whole living systems of nature, both vegetable and animal, both terrestrial and marine, were many times changed. It is not only true, that the fossil kingdom yields thousands of plants and animals, which are clearly distinct from the existing Flora and Fauna, but, moreover, the several successive systems of strata inclose successive races of organic forms; and thus, by examining these ancient monuments in

their durable repositories, we come to know, that at different periods, different systems of plants and animals were in possession of the sea and the land,—fitted, no doubt, to the then state of the globe, as the creatures that now live are adjusted to its present condition. The further development of this magnificent subject is reserved for the second and third lectures, (on the following Mondays).

Having, in this manner, exhibited the principal points of geological inquiry, the Professor noticed the large share which the philosophers of Great Britain had taken in the discoveries of Geology, and strongly impressed upon the audience, and especially the younger part of it, the duty of following up these researches, and completing the labours which had so much advanced the scientific glory of their country.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

SOME time since, [see No. 234] we presented our readers with a description of the large equatorially mounted Telescope, at Campden Hill, Kensington, in the Observatory of Sir James South, which, from its unsteadiness, we regret to hear, has not been as yet used by that gentleman. It may be recollected that its length is twenty feet, being between three and four feet longer than the celebrated telescope, by Fraunhofer, at the university of Dorpat. We are now enabled to announce, that the Observatory at Mackrea Castle, Coloony, in the County Sligo, belonging to Edward Joshua Cooper, Esq., the member for that county, has been enriched with an equatorial refracting telescope, of the enormous length of twenty-three feet six inches, the diameter of its object glass being thirteen inches and three tenths. The weight of the tube and its mounting is three tons, and it is with much pleasure we have heard, that this stupendous instrument is so perfectly steady, that its possessor has already been enabled to make very satisfactory micrometrical measurements of the most difficult double stars. The principle on which the Mackrea telescope has been erected, is similar to that of the equatorial at Dorpat, the only difference being the substitution of a pyramidal mass of masonry, twenty-one feet in length, by a width of four feet six inches at the base, for the timber framing, employed in the last named, for the support of the polar axis: this we think a great improvement. The length of the polar axis is upwards of seven feet. It is said that the total cost has not amounted to 500*l.*, of course exclusive of the object glass, and that it has been completed within the short space of eleven months, by the perseverance and skill of two ingenious Dublin artists, of the names of Sharp and Grubb. The object glass by Guinand, and figured by Cruchoix, was made at the same time as that in Sir James South's possession.—We understand that while the above work has been proceeding, Lord Oxmantown has succeeded in mounting a telescope of very large dimensions in King's County.

M. Dupuis, an historical painter and professor of drawing, at the College of St. Louis, has, it appears, hit upon and is now putting into practice a novel, and, seemingly to us, a very rational method of instructing young persons in drawing. Instead of giving his pupils engravings or drawings to copy, he makes them begin at once with models in the round, in order that the eye may be accustomed to the true conformation of objects, and by thus seeing and understanding them, it is reasonable to believe that the pupil will be the sooner able to represent them from memory. He first sets before the student the bony framework of the head, the contour of which is easily mastered; then plaster casts, in which the parts of the head are fully developed, and he

thus conducts him by an insensible ascent to the study of the antique. The ardour of M. Dupuis's pupils under this new mode of instruction, and their rapid progress towards perfection, are said to be very remarkable, and their drawings distinguished by simplicity and natural ease. The University of Paris has already directed this method of instruction to be adopted in some of the Royal Colleges, and the Institute, in a report displaying as much liberality as talent, has proclaimed its superiority over all other methods.

We are happy to hear that the musical professors of this country (as a body proverbially disinclined) have at last taken the case of our native composers into consideration, and are beginning to form a society for their encouragement. An Association of British Musicians is about being formed, to consist of 300 members, who are to give Concerts during the ensuing winter for the performance of MS. compositions.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

April 17th.—F. Baily, Esq., in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Harris's paper was resumed. It treated principally of a new electroscope, invented by the author, which acts on the principle of divergence; but a description of it would be unintelligible without a diagram. Mr. Harris recommended that writers on electricity should restrict the term *tension* to the elastic power of the fluid, which varies in the duplicate ratio of the density, and apply *intensity* only to the pressure of the fluid, which varies directly as the density. The reading of the concluding part of the paper was adjourned to the next meeting.

April 24.—Davies Gilbert, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Harris's paper, 'On Electricity,' was concluded. The author stated, that the phenomena of electrical divergence seem to prove, that electricity depends upon an extremely subtle fluid, pervading all bodies; and expressed a hope, that a more extended examination of phenomena would lead to the simplification of the very complicated equations that now appear in and disfigure electrical analysis.

Part of a paper, 'On the Generation of Marsupiate Animals,' by Richard Owen, Esq., was read. The subject was too strictly physiological for general readers.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Readings at the meeting of April 9 continued. The second paper read at this meeting, was an examination, by Mr. Cullimore, of the 'Argument' to Professor Seyffarth's lately published work, 'Systema Astronomicæ Egyptiacæ,' to which the Society were invited by the learned author.

The leading object of this elaborate performance is the development of a system of hieroglyphic astronomical symbols, which, in their application to the writings on the monuments and papyri, discover a series of remote observations, whereby the hieroglyphic records of Egypt may be vindicated; and their epochs, together with those of all primitive history, both sacred and profane, emended and fixed on a more certain basis than hitherto.

The present memoir was in the form of an exposition or report on this treatise, following the arrangement of the work itself. The first part contains M. Seyffarth's views on the Egyptian astronomical and astrological system in general, as developed by ancient writers. The second unfolds his system of hieroglyphic astronomical symbols. The third is appropriated to the investigation of a series of monuments and papyri of different ages, on the proposed principles; followed by corollaries, in which the results are

applied to the correction of ancient dates. The fourth contains his hieroglyphic astronomical lexicon.

The attention of Mr. Cullimore was chiefly directed to the third part, as the primary subject of investigation; it being evident, that if the practical results of the system proved harmonious and consistent, the system which produced them might be recurred to with proportionate confidence; whereas, if the criteria thus supplied by the author, proved unsatisfactory, the system itself must be inevitably defective.

The records, to the explanation of which the author has applied his symbols, are seven in number—four of the times of the Pharaohs, and three of the Roman age, all of them well known to hieroglyphic inquirers. The dates of the latter—the Zodiac of Tentyra, the Isaac or Bembæ hieroglyphic tablet, and a Greek astrological papyrus of the reign of Antoninus Pius—being nearly fixed by the names which appear on them, and the author's calculation coming out in agreement with these, evidence of the validity of a system which conducted to such results, would appear thus far established. The nativities of the Emperors Nero and Trajan, the former in the Tentyrite Zodiac, A.D. 57, the latter in the Isaac tablet, A.D. 54; together with that of Anubion, in the first year of Antoninus, A.D. 157, are the events assumed to be recorded; and, however fanciful the astrological deductions of the author may appear, they are not inconsistent with what is known of the Egyptian system.

Of the earlier records, the fourth is a papyrus referred to the year B.C. 1104, on the same principles of investigation, but which, being anonymous, is incapable of direct historical reference. On the three former, M. Seyffarth, therefore, rests his conclusions, for the emendation of ancient history and chronology. The first of these, is a Monolith temple of King Amosis or Anasis, supposed by the author, to be the second Amosis or Tethmosis of Manetho's eighteenth Dynasty, which is preserved in the Royal Museum of Paris. The second, a sarcophagus in the same collection, the lid of which is preserved in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. This he refers to Ramesses Mammon, the last prince but one of the same dynasty. The third, the sarcophagus in the British Museum, vulgarly attributed to Alexander the Great, but which M. Seyffarth has assigned to Ramesses Sethos, or Sesostris, the founder of the nineteenth dynasty. The year, month, day, and hour of the nativities of each of these Pharaohs, is assumed as the subject of the celestial configurations developed on their respective monuments; the first being referable only to the year B.C. 1832, the second to B.C. 1695, and the last to B.C. 1631, according to the learned author's calculations.

If M. Seyffarth's historical reference of these antiquities, and his calculated epochs, be true, the date of the eighteenth dynasty, and of the Exodus of the Jews, which is connected with it, must fall in the year B.C. 1908, instead of the vulgar epoch, B.C. 1491; the date of the nineteenth, B.C. 1606, and that of the Trojan war, which has been connected with this dynasty, B.C. 1554, instead of B.C. 1183, as fixed by historians; the Julian and other eras are proportionately elevated. The effect of these calculations is to raise the epochs of ancient history, four centuries higher than general opinion, founded on the evidence of history sacred and profane, has assigned them; and provided the above references of the inscriptions shall appear clearly supported by history, it is evident that the author's general views cannot be wholly unfounded.

It was, however, shown by Mr. Cullimore, that such support is not only wanting, but that each of the cases adduced, is opposed by the most direct historical proof. First, the monolith ascribed to Amosis or Tethmosis II., of

the eighteenth dynasty, is really a monument of Amosis, who was conquered by Cambyses, King of Persia, B.C. 525, at which time, provided M. Seyffarth's date of his nativity be just, his age must have exceeded that of Methuselah, by 338 years precisely. Secondly, that the Sarcophagus attributed to Ramesses Mammon, the Ammon-Ramesses of the hieroglyphic tablets, is not that of this prince, but of his fourth successor, as fixed by the tablets in question; and hence, that the effect of this calculated age of its owner, would be to raise the whole system more than a century above the dates proposed, and therefore, to invalidate every other calculated epoch of the system. Thirdly, that the sarcophagus attributed to Ramesses Sethos, cannot, according to the hieroglyphic succession of kings recognized by the author, belong to that prince, or any of the dynasty which he founded; since, the place in history of its owner still remains an unsettled question, although recently referred with great probability to the tenth century before the Christian era, by the Rev. G. Tomlinson, in a Memoir read before the Royal Society of Literature.

It hence follows, that, although the system derives apparent confirmation from the three Roman records, it is altogether negated by those of the Pharaonic times, which form the basis of the author's grand results. The inference therefore is, that, although when aided by approximate dates, as in the Roman age, the author's calculations come out true to admiration, the inconsistencies of his criteria, in every example drawn from the early monuments, are, of necessity, either wholly fatal to the system, or demonstrate it to be highly defective. Mr. Cullimore concluded by adverting to some oversights into which M. Seyffarth has been led, by hastily adopting authorities both hieroglyphic and written, and to a mistake in calculation, which, on independent grounds, is fatal to his astronomical era of the deluge—an era, assumed to be the radical epoch of all history and science.

The Society held its general anniversary meeting on Thursday the 24th inst., when the election of President, Vice-Presidents, Council, and officers, for the ensuing year, took place. The following is the new list:—

**President.**—The Right Hon. the Earl of Ripon. **Vice-Presidents.**—The Right Rev. the Bishop of Salisbury (late President), His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, His Grace the Duke of Rutland, His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bath and Wells, the Right Rev. the Bishop of Bristol, the Right Hon. Lord Bexley, Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., the Rev. G. Richards, D.D., William Martin Leake, Esq., **CORRESPONDENTS.**—The Right Hon. Wm. Lord Cavendish, M.P., Sir H. Hallford, Bart., Richard Blandford, Esq., the Rev. Richard Cattermole (Secretary), the Rev. Henry Chisold (Librarian), N. W. Ridley Colborne, Esq. M.P., Hudson Garney, Esq. M.P., Henry Hallam, Esq., William R. Hamilton, Esq. (Foreign Secretary), Henry Holland, Esq., William Jacob, Esq. (Treasurer), Robert Lemon, Esq., Louis Hayes Petit, Esq., David Pollock, Esq., the Rev. J. H. Spry, D.D., William Tooke, Esq., M.P. **Treasurer.** William Jacob, Esq. **Auditors.** The Rev. H. W. Baker, the Rev. Gilbert Beresford, **Librarian.** The Rev. Henry Chisold. **Secretary.** The Rev. Richard Cattermole. **Foreign Secretary.** W. R. Hamilton, Esq. **Accountant and Collector.** Mr. Thomas Paul.

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 21.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read to the Society, entitled 'Hints on geographical arrangement and nomenclature,' communicated by Col. Jackson, St. Petersburg, author of 'Observations on Lakes,' 'Aides-memoire du Voyageur,' and other

geographical works. In this paper Col. Jackson complains of the general vagueness and want of precision in geographical arrangement and nomenclature, and exemplifies these defects at considerable length, as regards, first, rivers; and secondly, mountains; both being taken, however, as examples of a general fault, rather than as peculiarly objectionable in themselves. He instances the Mississippi, 3,760 miles long, and the Thames and Humber under 250 miles, yet known by the same generic name—river, without any arrangement existing, by which they can be distinguished of different orders or classes; and, in like manner, mountains of 28,000 feet high, and others not exceeding 1,000.

He next suggests a principle on which both might be classed—viz. rivers by the number and character of their tributaries; and mountains by their relation to the central nucleus of the system to which they belong. He adds some observations on the modes of delineating the face of countries on maps; and concludes by inviting the attention of the Society to his subject, whether his own views regarding it be considered correct or not.

The thanks of the Society were voted for the communication. Several new members were elected, others proposed, &c.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal College of Physicians . . . . .	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society . . . . .	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Institution of Civil Engineers . . . . .	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts . . . . .	4 P. P.M.
	Royal Society . . . . .	4 P. P.M.
TH.	Society of Antiquaries . . . . .	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society . . . . .	Three, P.M.
FRI.	Royal Institution . . . . .	4 P. P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society . . . . .	Eight, P.M.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—A meeting was held on Monday evening, Professor Airy, V.P. in the chair.—The Professor read a communication containing an account of his determination of the latitude of the Observatory of Cambridge, by means of observations with the Mural Circle. The latitude thus determined appears to be  $52^{\circ} 12' 51'' 72$ , which Professor Airy considers to be accurate within a small fraction of a second.—Mr. Whewell made some remarks on the subject of Sir John Herschel's hypothesis respecting the absorption of coloured media, proposed in the *Philosophical Magazine* for December 1853. The object of these remarks was to show that the theory might be simplified, and it was further added, as suggested by Mr. D. Heath, that the same hypothesis would lead to an explanation of dispersion by refraction on the undulatory theory. These statements led to communications and remarks from several other members.—*Camd. Chron.*

#### MUSIC

##### KING'S THEATRE.

ROSSINI'S splendid Opera, 'Otello,' was produced on Tuesday evening, very strongly cast, and as the representatives of the characters had performed their parts, and been well rehearsed, in Paris, the performance left nothing to be wished in the matter of precision, except a want of readiness in the chorus in the first finale. We hardly like to say that Grisi disappointed us a little in the part of *Desdemona*, but so it is:—parts of her performance were excellent—but in other places there was wanting the energy and the *abandon* which we have been used to expect from her who would personate the old man's daughter with success. It is possible that, like most of our contemporaries, we may have a little over-rated the powers of this delightful actress. Rubini, as *Otello*, was as florid as usual; in his acting of the part of the fiery Moor he falls far short of Donzelli; the splendid voice of the latter, too, gave the

utmost possible effect to the recitative and duet in the last act, and to his first triumphant *cavatina*. In the garden scene, too, Rubini hardly played at all. Ivanoff was *Rudigo*. We rejoice to find this artist making his way in public favour. His duet with *Ingo* (Tamburini) was beautifully sung, as was also his part in 'Ti parli l'amore,' which trio was deservedly *encored*. His voice told well in that delicious quintet, 'Incerta l'anima.' We must warn him, however, against following the example of his Italian rival, in the indiscriminate use of his *falsetto*. Zuchelli performed the part of *Elmoro*. We were not so well pleased with the *cavatina*, (by Donizetti?) introduced by Grisi, in the place of 'Palpita incerta l'anima,' which we have been accustomed to hear, or, to speak more correctly still, in place of the duet 'Vorrei ch'il tuo pensiero.' Such substitutions are unjust to the composer, and unpleasing to such of the audience as care for the music as well as the singers.

We have barely space to do more than notice the admirable performance of 'Don Giovanni,' on Thursday evening, given for the benefit of Zuchelli. Grisi, as *Donna Anna*, sung and acted herself back into our first opinion of her. Tamburini, as the libertine hero, left nothing to be desired—his frantic struggles with the statue, in the last scene, are still before our eyes. Rubini, as *Don Ottavio*, had good sense enough to refrain from overloading Mozart's music with embellishment, and, in consequence, was more successful (to our minds) than he has been in this season. The *beneficence*, as *Leporello*, too, was full of spirit, and sang his best. Canadori made a most fascinating *Zerlina*—a little less lively, perhaps, than some of her predecessors, but simple and arch enough to beguile many besides the proprietor of the *flats*. Mrs. Seguin was very successful in the ungrateful part of *Donna Elvira*, and Giubilei not to be despised as *Masetto*. The concerted music went beautifully, (parts of the first finale, however, were taken too fast,) and the entire performance was fully enjoyed by a very full house.

Antient Concerts.—The fourth of these meetings, under the direction of Earl Cawdor, was remarkable only for the dulness of the music selected. The fifth, under the direction of Lord Burghersh, was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty and suite. The scheme was made up of solos and choral pieces, chosen, with a due regard to contrast, from the works of Handel, Leo, Mozart, Pergolesi, Gluck, Haydn, and Beethoven; there were also some glees and a madrigal, and the whole was extremely well performed. Grisi did not shine on this occasion; she has an awkward habit of terminating her passages abruptly, as if her breath suddenly failed her; and her shake in the national anthem was neither good of its kind, nor in its place. Mrs. Bishop (with the exception of her disposition to sing too sharp in 'Now mighty kings,') was one of the greatest vocal attractions of the evening. Miss Clara Novello was delightful as to intonation in the charming quartet 'Placido,' from 'Idomeneo,' but she graced the music with more *turns* than it will bear without injury. Mr. Seguin sang a song, from the 'Creation,' very well; so rich a voice as his ought to be sedulously cultivated, and heard often in our orchestras. Mr. Machin displayed the extensive range of his voice, in a song by Paisiello, of no great merit. We must notice Miss Shirrell's singing of an aria from 'Figaro,' 'Al desio di cui t'adora,' with an accompaniment of two Corni di bassetto; this is never sung at the theatre; but it is well worthy of a frequent hearing, and demands a singer of no ordinary powers. In conclusion, we must also notice a splendid chorus by Beethoven, 'Glory to God!'—this was amazingly effective.

Fourth Philharmonic Concert.—This Concert was opened by Beethoven's *Sinfonia Pastorale*, so well suited to the "Spring time of the year"—one of those descriptive compositions which the imaginative cannot expect to hear so well given in England as at this establishment; a composition of which we are never weary—so full is it of natural and characteristic beauty. We thought the movement in 12-8 time improved by its being taken a little faster than usual. The village dance was a little too slow—all beside was perfect. The other symphony performed was one of Haydn's earlier works, letter V. We have only to continue observing on the impolicy of placing such a composition after Beethoven's symphony and Weber's overture to 'Oberon,' (which, by the way, went gloriously) when the imagination has been excited to the utmost—and anything of a less stimulating or fanciful character falls dead upon the ear. Nicholson played a fantasia on the flute with his wonted excellence—and a Monsieur Ghys, from Brussels, some very funny variations to a theme on the violin. He was, however, well received, and deservedly so. His style is French—his bowing good—his execution very brilliant and neat—his use of the fourth string very effective—and his taste commendable, save in the choice of his music.

Mr. Bishop conducted; and Madame Stockhausen, Signora Rubini and Tamburini were the singers. The lady gave us an air by Fesca, in her own perfectly finished style, and Tamburini was most successful in a grand aria from 'Macometto.' We are weary of 'Ti parli l'amore,' and 'Vivi tu,' in a concert room.

#### THEATRICALS

##### COVENT GARDEN.

AN accident made us too late with our theatricals last week. In the absence of other matter for remark, we had written a somewhat detailed notice of the new farce produced here on the Thursday, and called 'A Good-looking Fellow.' The subject was by no means an inspiring one, and the loss to our readers was, consequently, more in quantity than in quality. It is taken from a French piece entitled 'Les Malheurs d'un Joli Garçon,' which we had seen the week before at the Olympic, and noticed in rather disparaging terms. The English piece is better than the French one, but that is not saying much for it—and it is so close a rendering, that it cannot justly be called anything but a translation. A considerable portion of the grossness and indecency of the original has been expunged, but enough remains to make those men who have brought ladies with them, wish that they had come alone, and this ought never to be. As a specimen of the sort of fun it contains, we may mention that one of the main incidents is the arrival in London of a living infant, in a cradle, which purports to have been sent to town per waggon, under the sole care of the waggoner. A very moderate exercise of good taste would have omitted this altogether, because it must have been evident that if an audience did not break out into a general expression of disgust at the brutality of such a proceeding, they could only be restrained by a recollection of its impossibility. Mr. Harley did his best with the principal part, and obtained a good share of laughter; Mr. Bartley rather overdid an already overdrawn character; but he was, at times, irresistibly droll for all that. Mrs. Glover had nothing to do, and Mrs. Humphy the exact half thereof. Miss Taylor, as far as deportment went, acted with considerable humour and spirit—but her pronunciation spoiled all. The part is supposed to be that of an Italian waiting maid, and she spoke the words of it in that sort of jargon which passes current on our stage for the broken English of a French person, but which



is in fact unlike the language, native or foreign, broken or whole, of any human being, we ever met with. We by no means propose to blame Miss Taylor for this—she is not bound to be able to do it properly; but when it cannot be so done, it should not be tried. To give it with truth and effect, an idiomatic knowledge of the French language (we are like Miss Taylor, and have got from Italian to French—but the same rule holds,) is requisite in the performer; and it is for this reason that we know no one at present on the stage, except Madame Vestris, who is competent to the task. The farce was tolerably well received by a remarkably good-natured audience. We cannot predict for it a long run. It will most likely proceed like the before-mentioned child—at a waggon pace.

A Correspondent, who signs himself "a Subscriber," and "hopes he may remain so for a long period of time," seems uneasy in his mind, in consequence of our not being perfectly satisfied with Miss Ellen Tree's performance of *Myrrha*, in 'Sardanapalus.' If we differ from him in other matters, at least we cordially join in his wish that he may long continue a subscriber to this paper, and we beg, in all sincerity, to add, "and all his friends." Our correspondent insinuates, in the most polite and gentle manner, it is true, but still so as not to be mistaken, that we have either not read, or not understood the play. Now, we know we have done the first many times, and with natural obstinacy, perhaps, must persist in thinking (even after reading his long letter,) that we have also arrived at the second. We are even mucky enough to doubt whether our good-humoured friend understands it himself as well as we do, and to suspect that he does not distinctly see the difference between "tameness" and calm intensity of feeling in acting. The last is what we looked for in certain portions of Miss Tree's performance, and the first is what we found. Miss Tree has quite talent enough to enable her to bear an occasional remark, such as we felt it our duty to make; and "a Subscriber," if he is also a reader of the *Athenæum*, must have observed that we are always among the most eager to sound her praises. One word more to our jealous friend. He says that he writes of Miss Tree as an actress, as he knows her not in her private character; and that her performance was so perfect, that she was in fact "Myrrha herself." Now it happens that we some days since talked over the matter with one who does know Miss Tree in her private character, and that one agreed with us, and admitted, on behalf of Miss Tree, that she was herself conscious of having been tame on the first night, but assigned as a reason, that she had been called upon to resume the part at only a day's notice, and that she was consequently so fearful of wandering from the text, that she dared not exert herself in acting so much as the part required, lest she should mar that, the accurate delivery of which she rightly judged to be the object of paramount importance. It thus appears that Miss Tree herself is at variance with her apologist, or rather we should say panegyrist. At all events, her two defenders cannot both be right; and, therefore, we shall take our leave, by reiterating our former opinion, and saying to our two friends, "arrangez-vous, Messieurs."

#### MISCELLANEA

The Commemoration of Sir Thomas Gresham, will be held, by permission of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, in the Egyptian Hall, at the Mansion House, on Saturday, June 7, being the anniversary of the day on which he laid the first stone of the Royal Exchange.—We announced in a former number the offer of a premium for the best essay on the Life and Cha-

racter of Sir Thomas Gresham. The following, we understand, are the conditions:—The essay must be comprised within such limits, that the public delivery will not exceed half an hour, but it may be accompanied by notes and illustrations to any extent. The author of the successful composition will be expected to place a printed copy of his work in the British Museum, and the judges reserve to themselves the option of depositing the other manuscripts in the City Library, or in such other public collection as they may approve. The compositions must be fairly written out, in a clear and legible hand, and must be sent, on or before the 30th day of September, 1836, to the Directors of the Gresham Commemoration, under cover, to the Honorary Secretary.

**Ornamental Printing.**—We have received a letter from Mr. Baxter, in reply to Mr. Savage. It is not necessary that we should print it, seeing that Mr. Baxter in no way contradicts Mr. Savage's statement, namely, that he long since published imitative coloured drawings, from engravings on blocks of wood; and that, consequently, Mr. Mudie was not justified in saying, that the vignettes on his title-pages were the first successful specimens. Mr. Baxter, however, states that he has but very recently seen Mr. Savage's work, and that their methods are entirely different.

**Expedition in Printing.**—Victor Hugo's last work arrived at Brussels on a Saturday by post; at one o'clock on the following morning it was put into a printer's hands, and at ten o'clock in the evening, of the same day, the first volume, consisting of nineteen sheets in octavo, or rather more than 300 pages, was entirely composed and corrected. On the Monday morning following the work was on sale at the library of M. Meline, in the Rue de la Montagne.

**Primary Instruction in Italy.**—A letter from Milan, given in *Le Temps*, affords some satisfactory information as to the progress of elementary instruction in that country. It appears that in Lombardy, the population of which amounts to 2,403,429 persons, 155,592 frequent the schools. In the Venetian provinces, out of 2,270,000, there are 70,527. In 1824, in Lombardy, out of 2,270,000, there were 129,571, and, in the Venetian provinces, 28,531 out of a population of 1,910,000. In Lombardy, therefore, the population has greatly increased, and the increase is much greater in the Venetian provinces. In the space of fifteen years, the population of Lombardy has increased one-tenth.

Within the last few days a singular discovery has been made at Wheel Prudence mine, in the parish of St. Agnes. Some men, who were employed in extending the adit level, found, quite unexpectedly, what was at first considered a communication with some old workings. Steps were taken without delay to convey as good a current of air as possible to the spot, and after a few other preliminaries, an entrance was effected into a small cavern. Pursuing their researches, it was found that the bottom was as complete a bench as that over which the ocean rolls daily, but nothing in the shape of a communication with that element could be traced. So complete was the state of the internal beach, that had there not subsequently been discovered a variety of conic pillars of oxide of iron, varying from 6 to 13 inches in height, (caused by dropping of water from the roof,) it would, most certainly have been conjectured that the barrier between the cavern and the sea, had not long been formed; these cones, however, together with the hard iron incrustations of some particular portions of the sand, put it beyond doubt, that the present obstruction to the sea's entrance has existed for many a long year. On proceeding southward about 120 feet, a very hard head of ground presented itself, which was at first

considered the termination: but, on stooping down, a small aperture was seen, through which the captain of the mine groped, and on raising his eyes, one of the most magnificent excavations ever beheld expanded to his view; the whole extent of the chasm measuring longitudinally 200 feet, varying from 30 to 70 feet in height, and in width from 20 to 40 feet! Amongst other things found, is the skeleton of a fish, measuring from the head to the lower extremity about two feet; the bones were apparently as perfect as possible, but the most trifling pressure would immediately crumble them to dust, with the exception of the skull, which was hard and firm. The whole distance from the sea to the southern extremity of the cavern is 400 feet.—*Falmouth Packet*.

**Commencement of the Grand Junction Railway.**—This great national work, says the *Liverpool Times*, is now commenced. The viaduct for carrying the railway across the valley of the Weaver, in Cheshire, is now in progress. The foundation stone (as it were) of one of the greatest enterprises which modern times have seen is now laid. It is expected that in three years this portion of the great line of communication between Lancashire and the metropolis will be completed, and as the works at the other end of the line will probably proceed with equal rapidity, we may hope in about that time to see the trade of the south and centre of England pouring along its new channels, and to be able to reach London from Liverpool in from ten to twelve hours. By far the greatest work on the whole line—and we should probably not err were we to state, in the kingdom—is the viaduct over the river Weaver, and this is contracted to be done in three years. The viaduct will consist of twenty arches of sixty feet span, and will be nearly three times as long, and one-sixth higher, than the stupendous work of the same kind at Newton. The extremities abut against the solid ground, which rises up with considerable steepness on each side of the valley. There will be no artificial embankments at the ends of the viaduct, and the railway will be carried by a series of arches from the high ground on one side to that on the other. Each arch will be sixty feet wide and sixty feet high from the ground.

**Steam Carriages.**—On Tuesday last, a single carriage belonging to the Steam Carriage Company of Scotland, performed the most successful runs that have ever been accomplished upon the common roads, having gone six successive trips, with passengers, between Glasgow and Paisley, and in an average time of 41 minutes; the first trip having been done in 40 minutes, the second in 43, and so on, being a distance in all of 46 miles in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours, at a rate of more than ten miles an hour. On the previous day, the same carriage had run the distance four times at a similar rate, and on Wednesday it was again done within 40 minutes. The other carriages continue running daily, and the communication between Glasgow and Paisley, by means of these carriages, may now be considered as fully and permanently established.—*Glasgow Argus*.

**New Substance for Dyeing.**—The *Mémorial Bordelais* states, that a vessel has just arrived at Bordeaux laden with 145 cases of new substances for dyeing, imported from India by order of the Minister of Commerce. These substances, which it says are entirely unknown in the French manufactures, are used for dyeing linen, cotton, silk, wool, &c. at Pegu, Java, &c., and other Indian possessions. They were first discovered by a chemist named Gousserville, who made a voyage to the East Indies under the especial auspices of the Minister of Marine. A number of specimens, dyed with these new materials, have been sent to the Exhibition of the products of National Industry.

**Westminster Medical Society.**—At a recent meeting of this Society, an extract and tincture of the Artichoke, was exhibited; it has latterly been extensively used at Norwich as a remedy in the cure of gout and rheumatism. It is said to possess the active principles as well as the curative influence of colicium, without producing its dangerous effects.

**Portable Refectories.**—Among the novelties about to be introduced by our ingenious neighbours the French, is what is called an *Omnibus Café Restaurant à domicile*. A number of beautiful omnibuses have been fitted up, so as to comprise a coffee-house and a restaurant, and they are destined to traverse every part of Paris with viands of all sorts cooked and uncooked. The bill of fare is always to contain a great variety of articles. The back of the omnibus is to be fitted up as a sort of buffet, so that persons may save themselves the trouble of going to market, as it will present a display of poultry, game, chips, &c. &c. The same company intend to fit up various elegant restaurants, where everything may be had at a very cheap rate. One of them is already finished, and is said to be so elegant, as to resemble a minor palace. The kitchens and larders are underground, and beside an ice-house, there is a piece of water to keep fish alive, reservoirs, &c. &c. In short, everything is upon an immense and novel scale.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 17	62 41	30.25	N. E.	Clear, P. M.
Frid. 18	65 39	30.12	N. E.	Ditto.
Sat. 19	66 43	30.15	N. to N. E.	Ditto.
Sun. 20	70 40	30.15	N.	Cloudy.
Mon. 21	62 39	30.18	N. E. to N.	Ditto.
Tues. 22	50 38	30.15	N. to N. E.	Ditto.
Wed. 23	58 42	30.15	N. to N. E.	Ditto.

**Prevailing Cloud.**—Cirrocumulus.  
Mean temperature of the week, 54°. Greatest variation, 32°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.175.  
Nights and mornings fair throughout the week.  
Day increased on Wednesday, 6th, 32°.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

**Archæographia:** being a Series of Papers relating to, or connected with, the History and Chronology of Ancient Nations; the Physical History of the Universe, and the Progress of Religion, Civilization, and Knowledge, by Isaac Cullimore, M.R.S.L.  
**The Life of a Soldier,** by a Staff Officer.  
**Two Years at Sea,** being the Narrative of a Recent Voyage to the Swan River, Van Diemen's Land, and thence through the Torres Straits, by Miss Jane Roberts.  
**Hankwood, a Novel.**  
**History of the British Colonies,** by Mr. M. Martin, Vol. II.  
**A New View of Time,** and of the simple, but rich, Beauties of the Science, being the first distinct System on the important subject, in any age or nation.

**Just published.**—*Darbyshire on the Eye*, 8vo. 12s.  
—*Life and Adventures of John Marston Hall*, by the Author of 'Darbyshire,' &c., 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.—*St. John's Travels in Egypt*, 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 10s.—*Keightley's Crusaders*, Vol. 2, with Maps and Views, sm. 8vo. 3s. 6d.—*Breton's Catechism on the Seven Sacraments*, 8vo. 7s.—*The Conspiracy*, 2 vols. 11. 11s. 6d.—*Harvel's Classification of all the French Verbs*, 12mo. 1s.—*A Guide to the German Language*, by Professor Bramson, 18mo. 3s.—*Popular Tales and Legends of the Irish Peasantry*, by S. Lover, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—*The Faithful Friend*, fe. 3s.—*Witherspoon on Regeneration*, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—*Modern History*, by J. H. Draper, 3v. 6d.—*The Art of Being Happy*, 3s.—*Draper's Life of Penn.* with Maxims, 3s. 6d.—*Hooker's North American Flora*, Vol. I., 4to., 118 plates, 6s. 12s.—*Gutzlaff's Three Voyages along the Coast of China*, post 8vo. 12s.—*India, a Poem*, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—*The Book of Punctuality*, by the Author of the 'Cabinet Lawyer,' 12mo. 6s.—*Dryden's Flower Garden*, 18mo. 2s.—*Crook's Dictionary and Plan for the Remembrance of Numbers*, 12mo. 4s.—*Norway. Views of Wild Scenery*, and Journal, by Edward Price, 4to. prints, 21. 12s. 6d.—*Speculation*, by the Author of 'Traits of Portugal,' 3 vols. 11. 11s. 6d.—*Pastorals of the Seasons*, by Harrison Corbet Wilson, 8vo. 5s.—*Sacred Classics*, Vol. 5, Bishop Hall's Select Works, 3s. 6d.—*Mrs. Austin's Translation of Cousin's Report on Education*, 7s. 6d.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. N.—R. M.—Floury—received.  
C. Z. B.—we know nothing of the paper referred to, but we never return short papers.  
We decline the proposal of II.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—ENGLISH LAW.**  
**IN consequence of the resignation of MR. AMOS, the PROFESSORSHIP of ENGLISH LAW is VACANT.**

Candidates are requested to send their Applications and Testimonials to the Secretary, on or before the 1st June next.  
Council Room, 15th April, 1843. THOMAS COTES, Secretary.

**KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**

**NOTICE** is hereby given, that the **ANNUAL GENERAL COURT of the GOVERNORS and PRIORITIES** will be held at the College, on **WEDNESDAY** next, the 30th instant, His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Visitor, will take the Chair at Two o'clock precisely.—By order of the Council, H. SMITH, Secretary.

**POLITICAL ECONOMY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.**

**PROFESSOR JONES** will, this day, at Three o'clock, p.m. precisely, COMMENCE a COURSE of LECTURES on the PROGRESS of OPINIONS on POLITICAL ECONOMY, from the date of Edward the First; on the connection between that Progress and the Changes which have taken place in the circumstances of the English people. The Course will be continued every Saturday at the same hour. GEORGE PHILLIPS will give his SECOND LECTURE on MONDAY NEXT, the 25th inst., at 3 o'clock precisely. W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.

**EDUCATION.—A LADY** living in the County, and educating her only Daughter at Home, wishes to take ONE LITTLE GIRL, or TWO SISTERS, about Eight Years of Age, to educate with her own. Terms, SIXTY GUINEAS a year, including Masters in French, Music, and Dancing. The best references will be given and required. Address (postage paid) "E. F., at Mr. John Parker's, Book-seller, High-street, Hereford."

**SPANISH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE.** No. 121, Regent-street. This interesting Language (the capital of the European) may be acquired in a few months, from a native of Castile, on the Hamiltonian System. Admit pupils are received separately, and taught quite privately, or met at their own houses, in all parts of town. Numerous rooms and separate residences for Ladies, applied to Mr. Woodcock, who is assisted by some of the first Foreign Professors, and who, as usual, receives Pupils for the Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, and English Languages, at the old Establishment, No. 122, Regent-street.

#### Sales by Auction.

**LAW LIBRARY.**

By Messrs. SOUTHGATE, SON, and GRIMSTON, at their Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, THIS DAY, SATURDAY, April 20th, at half past 12 o'clock.

**LAW REPORTS**, by Durnford and East, 4 vols.—First, 16 vols.—Wheat and Selwyn, 1 vol.—Hartwell and Alderson, 3 vols.—Barrow and Cresswell, 10 vols.—Mason, 10 vols.—Sargant, 2 vols.—Edwards, 2 vols.—Ac. J. Roberts's Digest, 3 vols.—Harcourt's Abridgement in Guillian and Doid, 4 vols.—Parliamentary Reports on the East India Affairs, 14 Parts.—Bibliothèque de Durnford, 12 vols.—London and James's Gazette—Statutes at large, sm. by Toulmin, Ac. 32 vols. Ac. &c. &c. May be viewed, and Catalogues had.

**STATIONERY, ACCOUNT BOOKS, ETC.** By Messrs. SOUTHGATE, SON, and GRIMSTON, at their Rooms, No. 22, Fleet-street, on MONDAY, 25th April, at half past 12 o'clock.

**POST, FOOLSCAP, and other WRITING PAPERS**, Printing Press, Packing Papers, Small hand, Account, Parcel, and Collecting Books, Mithal and Glazed Boards, Married and Fancy-coloured Foolscap, Pens, Quills, Albums, Scrap Books, Stationery, Engravings, &c. &c. May be viewed, and Catalogues had.

**LIBRARY OF THE LATE EDW. UPHAM, ESQ.** M.R.A.S. and F.R.S.

Author of the 'History and Descriptions of Buddhism,' 'The History of the Christian Empire,' 'Sacred and Historical Books of Ceylon,' &c. &c. By Messrs. SOUTHGATE, SON, and GRIMSTON, at their Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, on WEDNESDAY, April 20th, 1843, (and Three following Days,) at half past 12 o'clock precisely.

**CONSISTING OF AN EXTENSIVE COLLECTION OF WORKS ON ORIENTAL LITERATURE**, Egyptian Antiquities, Natural History, and General Literature; among which will be found, *Bibliothèque Universelle*, 32 vols.—*Smith's British and Exotic Zoology*, 4 vols.—*Scott's Novels and Tales*, 21 vols.—*Hind's Bibliotheca*, best edition, sm.—*Walt's Bibliotheca Britannica*, 4 vols.—*Discours des Religions du Monde*, 8 vols.—*Transactions and Translations of the Académie des Sciences*—*Historia Cosmographica*, 3 vols.—*Daniel's Pictorial Voyage in India*, 30 coloured Plates, Ac. Manuscripts, Engravings, Literary Table, Book shelves, &c. &c. May be viewed, and Catalogues had at the rooms.

For SALE BY AUCTION, by Mr. L. A. LEVINS, 15, Pall-mall, London, on THURSDAY, 25th day, and following days, at 12 o'clock.

**THE REMAINING STOCK of the valuable and splendid PUBLICATIONS of the BARON DE HUMBOLDT and M. BONPLAND**, comprising 60 Copies of *Atlas Pittoresque des Vues des Contrées, et Monuments des Péninsules Indiennes de l'Amérique*, containing 40 Plates, many of them highly coloured, 24to. folio, cartonné—14 *Planches Égyptiennes*, Paris 1, in XII. folio—24 *Monographies des Volcans et des Rivières*, Paris 1, in XII. folio, coloured—179 *Zoologie et Anatomie Comparée*, Paris 1, in VIII. quarts—160 *Récueil d'Observations Astronomiques*, 2 vols. royal 4to.—135 *Essai Posthume sur la Royaume de la Nouvelle Égypte*, 3 vols. royal 4to. and Atlas folio.

Specimens of the Books may now be seen, and Catalogues had.

Published this day, price 7s. 6d.  
**NECESSITY of POPULAR EDUCATION** as a National Object, with Hints on the Treatment of Criminals, and Observations on Homosexual Propensity, by JAMES SIMPSON, Advocate.  
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Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 340.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1834.

PRICE  
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## REVIEWS

*Tutti Frutti, aus dem Papieren des Verstorbenen. [Tutti Frutti, from the Papers of the Deceased.]* Stuttgart: 1831.

IN Germany, and, we believe, wherever masking is still practised in good society, it is esteemed an insult which no gentleman can endure, to attempt to force the barriers of an incognito. We were once so unfortunate as to be witnesses of a scene of this kind. A young man accosted another at a masked ball, by his supposed name, to which he refused to answer. On this, the former put up his finger and raised the mask, to catch a glimpse of the face he expected to see. This deadly affront was the next morning wiped out by the blood of the youthful and only son of a noble race, whom a few days after we saw carried by torchlight to his grave.

Unfortunately (we must say so, spite of this tragical conclusion) the press is amenable to no laws of honour. If it were, it would probably be esteemed a violation of them to attempt to tear off any mask or disguise which an author may please, *innocently*, to assume; whether it be the simple domino of anonymity, or the fantastic mask of a pseudonym:—we say *innocently*, because a man who wears a black crape over his face, that he may stab with impunity; or he who disguises himself under the pretext of amusing, but in fact to annoy and insult, is to be stripped and handed over to justice, or thrown out of the window.

After this confession of faith, we may be thought inconsistent in assuming that we know the author of these volumes; but he really wears his mask with such a studied carelessness, that it is not our fault if we are obliged to recognize him—*se cupit ante videri*; nor is there any reason why he should not; unless he thinks—what is very likely true enough—that these little *coquetteries* answer with that sage personage, the public. Prince Pückler-Muskau might, if he would, do without them;—indeed, we see with pleasure that he is coming before the world in his own proper character, as the zealous and indefatigable embellisher of his paternal lands; the accurate and loving observer of nature, and the tasteful judge of the kind and degree of assistance she is capable of receiving from art. His work on Landscape Gardening, announced with his own name, cannot fail to contain much that is interesting to lovers of that very engaging and popular art.

The present work is, as its name denotes, a collection of miscellaneous matter. The greater part of it relates to Prussia, and to details of Prussian administration and economy, which are not likely to be popularly interesting here. To those, however, who are curious concerning that country, the author's remarks may be valuable; for, though tinged with his taste for sarcasm and mystification, they are evidently not the

work, either of a courtly sycophant, or of an indiscriminate *frondeur*.

As a specimen of his serious style, we give the following. It may tend to correct misconceptions prevalent here, on the subject of the military system of Prussia; and we have no doubt of its perfect accordance with truth. It forms part of a conversation between old brothers in arms.

No declamation against the Landwehr, my good friend, said I. Disadvantages, nay abuses, are inevitable; but a reasonable man, like yourself, cannot be blind to the grandeur of this institution. I make bold to affirm, that the arming of a nation, in the manner in which it exists among us, is the pride of our century. Its full results the future alone will show. I grant that it may incommode individuals; nay, that it may be a considerable obstacle to the national industry—this is inevitable—but look what lies in the other scale! Perfectly distinct from its merely military advantages, (immeasurable as these are,) what a far more important and striking influence does it exert on the general civilization—on the character of the nation. In consequence of this most admirable constitution of our army, in which the utmost attention is paid to moral improvement and severe decency of manners, (which of itself must in time produce infinite good) an advance in civilization, astonishing, considering the shortness of the time, has already begun, to the attentive observer, universally to manifest itself. The difference between the men who have served, and either those who are of the old times, or those who have not yet gone through their term of service, is, with few exceptions, no less striking as to conduct than as to external appearance and carriage.

Nobody has more reason to acknowledge this than we landed proprietors, who are surprised to find, in the brave citizen-soldiers the only element of that spirit of subordination and docility which is so nearly extinct in our times. I am satisfied that next to the love, founded on reverence, which our people cherish for their king, we have to thank our military system, that amidst the universal unquietness of Europe, Prussia (by no means from want of diffused intelligence; like Austria, but in the midst of it,) has remained tranquil, sedate, and free from all the violent symptoms of modern thirst after mere change. It was thought that to make the whole population soldiers would be to make them ungovernable. The very contrary is the case—this organization has given them habits of order, discipline and obedience.

The following is part of the same gossip, and bears marks of the writer's talent for lively picturesque description. One of the veterans remarks that there was a tinge of romance about Napoleon's army:—

What a strange little band, for instance, was that of the Mamelukes! After the battle of Bautzen, which cost them fourteen men, there still remained half a squadron, which was commanded by the singularly elegant Colonel Jermaun, a German, whose conquests among our ladies exceeded, I believe, those he achieved in

Light, or intelligence, (*aufläuternd*) in the sense in which I here use it, is merely relative, denoting only an extended horizon; it is far enough from wisdom, which has generally a tranquillizing, whereas this has a disquieting tendency.

the field. There were very few Egyptians in the corps; one man had lately joined it from Jerusalem, and another from Bethlehem. There were hardly any Frenchmen among them, but they were gathered from almost every country on the face of the earth. The oldest of the native Egyptians used often to visit me, throw a sofa cushion on the ground, sit down upon it cross-legged, and smoke his long pipe or drink coffee. He used to tell us about the war in Egypt—always spoke of Napoleon as a sort of enchanter, and thanked him from his heart for carrying him off from his native land: for, he said, after being exercised on the beach, they were embarked so suddenly that they all thought it was part of the manoeuvre, till they actually lost sight of land. Bad fellows enough they might certainly be, if left to themselves; but they were kept in strict subordination, and were better mounted and better horsed than the rest of the French cavalry. Their great stirrups, however, seemed badly adapted to our close evolutions, and rattled in a charge like a hundred pewter pots. Colonel Jermaun himself rode with them, though formerly an officer in Seidlitz's regiment. I think I see him now, when General Lefevre Denouettes, himself a very handsome man, reviewed the Mamelukes at Gr—h—. They were drawn up on the other side of a deep trench. The General came, with his staff, riding slowly along the chaussée. Like an arrow from a bow, the Colonel, in his splendid uniform, darted by, flew over the trench, at least twelve feet wide, and reined up his horse at the General's feet, making his obeisance with a fine military grace. Having received orders, he wheeled round his grey Arabian with the same beautiful horsemanship, and bounding once more over the trench, was at the head of his troop in the twinkling of an eye.

The following description of a pet of the 'Marlborough race' is characteristic:—

Little did I think what a serpent I cherished in my bosom, when, with the tenderness of a young mother, I reared this helpless baby into a victorious rival. Carefully was he borne across the deep, together with curious wares, several "Englander," (a horse with a short tail we call an Englishman) nationalized monkeys and parrots, and a few human islanders—all to be laid at my lady's feet. The islanders soon turned out good for nothing, so that we were forced to send them home; the horses did their duty, and something more,—a sure way to be little esteemed;—monkeys and parrots were relegated to the greenhouse; Fancy alone was admitted into ever increasing intimacy—became first spoiled child, then favourite, and lastly, master. He is now uncontrolled autocrat in the house: lucky he at whom he wags his tail; thrice luckless he whom he bites—for he is not only bitten, but scolded for it into the bargain. Whenever this happens to me, I affect to treat it all as a joke; I hide my bleeding finger, and protest, with a delighted smile, that Fancy only licked my hand, pretty creature!

Note this rule well, my good lord chamberlain; it may bring you golden fruit, woe you even a Starost or a Knes.

Our readers will recognize the author's power of painting natural scenery in the following description of Felsenack, a castle not far from Drieslau:—

But now follow me to Felsenack, the glory of this mountain district, in its half-decayed grau-



deur. It is one of the most beautiful, and surprising things I have seen in Europe, and I shall never forget the joyful astonishment which extorted from me a loud exclamation of delight, as, having fortunately lost my way in the ascent, I accidentally came upon the finest point of view, called the Giant's Bed, and my first glance suddenly fell on the unexpected glory and beauty outspread before me in all its magnificent extent. The tops of a thick wood of majestic trees rustled with a solemn sound around me; at my feet the wall of rock plunged down perpendicularly to a dizzy depth, where, in the far winding glen, a mountain stream glided along, till a large solitary rock rose, as it were, opposing its progress. And, as if the work of spirits, on the summit of this rock stands the princely castle towering aloft into the blue air, surrounded by terrace gardens, which, descending step by step, seem to bathe their flowers deep under the cool waters. Opposite, however, on a still higher mountain, as a pendant to the castle, the ruin of the old fortress rears its head—the type of the noble race that flourished here for centuries.

Such is the foreground. Nor is the distant surrounding landscape less beautiful or striking. On three sides it is shut in by mountains of infinitely more varied and picturesque forms than those which surround the celebrated valley of Rehberg, where they are indeed loftier, but not nearly so abrupt and diversified. On the fourth side, the eye sweeps freely over the most fruitful plain, and wanders amid many cities, and countless villages, lying amidst the richest fields, which are crowned at the horizon by a chain of gentle and beautiful hills. There is scarcely anything left to wish—and yet, in detail, art might do much, especially to the castle, which though magnificent, when nearly examined, is rough and defaced by many incongruous masses. If Warwick Castle stood on this spot it would be worth a pilgrimage from all the ends of the earth.

Then follows a description of the still more striking and wonderful valley of Blutbach, a name whose fearful romance seems in harmony with its wild and amazing scenery.

But we give up all the fragments, in order that we may leave room for one detached paper (*Notiz*) which occurs at the end of the second volume. We have little sympathy in the joys of the chase; and little respect for men who, having the wide field of civilized pleasures at command, can descend to extract their barbarian enjoyments from the terrors and agonies of a hunted animal. But the monster whose death our author so dramatically describes, was a source of terror and destruction, and a legitimate object of pursuit;—and though even his sufferings are not to be contemplated without pain, yet they were not wantonly inflicted, nor needlessly prolonged. As a scene, it rivals those of our Lloyds and Watertons.

On his way through Leipzig, Prince Puckler dined at the house of his old friend, the Prussian Consul-general Baumgärtner, where he met Alcibiades de Tavernier, nephew of the celebrated traveller of that name. This singular personage combined the characters of Captain of the French Garde, Doctor, Emir, Khan, &c., and had outdone his uncle in the extent and adventurousness of his wanderings. From him our author had the following incident:—

#### *The Bear Hunt.*

A bear, no less remarkable for his unequalled size than for his gigantic strength, was the terror of all the country between Bucharest and Campino, near the Carpatho-Ro-

mano-Moldavian mountains. This monster's favourite haunt was the endless forest of Poenar, through part of which runs the road from Bucharest to Kronstadt in Transylvania. For eight or ten years the terrific beast had been known to the inhabitants of this district, having, in that space of time, destroyed at least four hundred of their oxen and other domestic animals. No one dared to attack him; a panic terror seemed to have taken possession of the whole country. The last report of his devastations, which at length attracted the attention of the highest divan, was as follows.

A large load of wine was slowly descending the hill on its way to Bucharest. According to the custom of the country-people of those parts, the drivers had halted during the mid-day heats, and had unharnessed their teams, and let them feed at large on the skirts of the forest by the side of the road. All on a sudden they heard a tremendous roar. The nearest peasants ran to the spot, and saw, in the midst of their buffaloes, an animal as black as they, but much larger, which had already seized one of them and thrown him on his back, and, spite of the fearful struggles of the agonizing victim, it clutched him as with a claw of iron, while it trotted off with perfect ease on its other three paws. This story, though seemingly half-fabulous, awakened not only the attention of the government, but also that of the keenest sportsmen of Bucharest, namely, the Bojars, Kostaki, Kornesko, Manoulaki Floresko, the Bey Zadey Soutzo, and your humble servant. A grand hunt was projected, and was soon admirably organized by one of the party, Signor Floresko, prefect of the foreign department.

It was settled that the bear was to be first tracked, and then driven by five or six hundred peasants into a semicircle of about a hundred hunters. All these arrangements having been made, on the appointed day the people assembled as silently as possible. The signal for the chase was given—a long blast of the hunting-horn, which was quickly followed by other loud instruments, answered by the shouts of the drivers. It was not long before a shot resounded on my right, where Signor Kornesko stood, and then all was still again. After a few minutes I heard some beast break through the thick underwood with considerable noise; the stillness of the serene of October days, and the rustling of the dry leaves which already strewed the ground, doubled the noise of the steps of every animal. This time it was only a well-fed fox, which I caught sight of at about eighty paces distance. I sent a shot after him, and he instantly fell—the ball had hit him in the head. The former dead silence now returned for a short time; but the drivers began to draw nearer and nearer, and renewed their violent cries. It is really terrific to hear our Moldavian peasants, scattered along a line of two leagues, set up their piercing shouts, and their yet more frightful wailings, while they beat the trees with a hundred clappers and other discordant instruments. I now heard on my left, at about half a league's distance, two shots, one shortly after the other, on which a deafening yell of *Ours, Ours*, which in the Romano-Moldavian language is sounded as in French, ran like lightning along the whole line of the drivers. The Prince or Bey, Zadey Soutzo, soon came up to me and said, "Seigneur Alcibiade, the bear has broken through the drivers. What have you killed?" "A fine fox, as you see." His mameluke took it up. Sig. Kornesko now came up, and we all went together to the spot where the bear had disappeared. On our arrival there, we met Sig. Floresko trying to discover by the track whether the enemy had fled. "It

was the Jäger Lazar who shot at him," said he, "but he only grazed his back;—the other shot was from a peasant, past whom the bear rushed with such rapidity, breaking down the young trees to the right and left, that the poor fellow fell flat on his back from fright, and his gallant rifle went off of its own accord." We laughed at the sight of the still stupified peasant, and at length brought him to himself with some pretty strong doses of brandy.

We then followed up the track of the bear without delay. After about a hundred paces, we began to perceive streaks of sweat on the leaves and trunks of the trees which he had rubbed against in his rapid course. These spots were all at about the height of five feet and a half; just the height of my eyes. As this is the height of a tall man, I asked Lazar of Poenar, the same who had shot at the bear, whether the beast ran on its hind legs or on all fours. "On all fours," replied he, "like a dog." Now, for the first time, I began to put some faith in the wonderful stories I had heard of the enormous size and strength of the monster; and my curiosity, as well as my eagerness to kill him if possible, was raised to the highest pitch.

For a long time I wandered on with the others, who meanwhile had sent for a pack of fifty or sixty hounds, which had been left at the nearest village. At length, however, tired of this eternal search, I left the company, and turned to the left into the wood, through a wild path, where I hoped to stumble on a road which might lead to the place where the carriage with our provisions was stationed, for I began to be hungry.

I soon came into a valley which might be called virgin. Gigantic oaks had died of old age, and wild plants and young saplings grew up to the cheering light out of the mouldering trunks. On the other hand, deep night reigned under the wide-spread arms of other giants, still in all the vigour and freshness of youth. Enticed by the coolest shades, I sought repose for a few minutes. I was suddenly startled by a noise, as if a squadron of horse was bearing down upon me at full gallop, and I saw the huge coal-black animal cross the valley with the rapidity of lightning, at about two hundred paces from me. I could not find a moment even to take aim, but thus much I saw—that, from the white Arctic bear to the black Siberian, nothing approached this in size. I hastened after him in a westerly direction, and heard the pack, who had found the scent, and were after him at full speed. Soon after I met a bojar, chief-steward of Sig. Floresko. As we were hurrying along, the unfortunate man said to me, "I have a strong presentiment that I shall come up with the bear, and I have brought my best shots with me; they are following me on foot." We now came into a deeper part of the forest, thickly grown with wild fruit-trees. Here, amid aged trunks of trees and rocky caves, seemed to be the favourite haunt of the bear, for we found the earth covered with the dung of that animal. I determined to stop in this strange and savage spot. Kostaki went on his way, though neither had his suite overtaken us, nor was anything to be heard of the dogs. Tired and hot, I lay myself down, with my faithful dog Amico, under a large apple-tree; lighted my tobacco leisurely, and desired Amico, one of the strongest of wolf-dogs, thoroughly trained against man or beast, to keep good watch. Here, lying at my ease, luxuriously puffing the thick cloud of smoke into the air, I might have dreamt away half an hour, when I again heard the rush of approaching animals. I rose softly, and stepped behind the tree.

This was a herd of about a dozen swine, one of which our hero shoots, and shows

† Probably French feet.—*Transl.*

\* *Bojars* signifies Prince; *Zadey*, son of a sovereign prince, who is vassal or Partner general (as, for instance, Ibrahim of Adana) of the Sultan.

triumphantly to his companions, who rejoin him. Unfortunately, however, the supposed wild boar turns out to be a run-away pig, who had left the comforts of civilization (in the shape of a Moldavian sty,) for the freedom of the woods, and had thus met with a death in harmony with his noble tastes. The laugh, however, was against the sportsman.

The jokes of the hunters would not have ceased so soon, had they not been interrupted by a distant tumult, and the cry of the hounds; though we reckoned that, by the sound, they were still a league from us. The whole party left me, as I did not choose to quit my post, and hurried to the spot. Only Lazar, the same hunter who had had the first shot at the bear, and had come up with the rest at the sound of my horn, remained with me. As the cry of the hounds died away, I lighted my *tehouhouk* again, and sat myself astride on my inglorious game, which, in mockery, they had stretched before me on his belly. But soon we heard the dogs again; and now the sound came directly towards us, and with increasing rapidity. In a few minutes we heard a frightful cry, followed by a still more frightful roar; I cocked my gun, and ran to the place. A momentary silence followed; and as this was instantly succeeded by a crash like a tempest, the underwood opposite to me bowed and quivered, and on the very same footpath which I had struck into, the long-sought monster stood before me. He completely filled it from side to side with his gigantic mass, and as soon as he saw me, he rushed towards me with a violent spring, sending forth a howl that nearly stunned me, and with which the air literally trembled. I was indistinctly conscious, however, that there was no alternative now but death or victory; I took steady aim, let the bear come within six paces, and then fired the same lucky barrel of my gun with which I had killed the fox and the boar. The ball hit the terrific beast just between the eyes; he staggered for a moment, in which pause my trusty Amico sprang gallantly forward, and placed himself in front of him. Bewildered, perhaps, at the sudden appearance of the large white dog, and at his furious barking, the bear gave me time to send my second shot just after the first; while Lazar, taking up a position behind an oak, fired a third at him, which, however, did not do him much injury, as it was afterwards found buried in his fat. As I now distinctly saw that every time he drew breath, two streams of blood gushed from his head, I drew my hunting knife, and tried with the aid of my good dog to stun him with the loudest cries I could utter, on which, again roaring tremendously, he turned aside, and seemed to wish to escape into the thicket; but he already tottered, and his strength was visibly failing him. After about thirty paces he lay down. I seized the opportunity to load again; I could now follow him with greater safety. He lay perfectly still, did not roar, and repeatedly wiped the streaming blood from his face with his fore paws, just like a man. I now tried to irritate him, that he might turn round again, and give me an opportunity of taking aim at the most mortal part. I succeeded only too well; for after first breaking off some trees, and hurling them at me with enormous force, I and my dog goaded him to such fury, that seeing no escape, he once more raised himself up with all his pristine strength, and made a second rush at me. But his aim was frustrated. Almost touching the barrel of my gun, he received my whole charge into his brain, and fell forwards, sprinkling my face with his blood, and almost burying me under his enormous mass. The last sounds he uttered, however, were more dreadful than anything I ever heard; a tone so full—so deep—so despairing—so piercing, that the whole wood

rang with it, and the echoes of the rocks seemed to repeat it with a shudder.

Now came Floresko, the hounds, and hundreds of men, astonished and looking at the huge beast almost with affright; every one overwhelming me with congratulations at having slain the monster, which had so long been the terror of the whole neighbourhood. I must confess, indeed, that I was in a strange state of mind, for never had I encountered a danger more imminent, or more terrific in its aspect; never had I won a victory which gave me more satisfaction at the moment.

We were forced to cut away the underwood before we could drag the fallen monster out of the wood into the nearest road, where he lay for some time.

Meanwhile, Floresko said to me, that he greatly feared his head steward, Kostaki, had been the victim of this day; for that he had met him in a frightful situation. And shortly after, the poor fellow was brought on a bier. He was horrible to look at; his flesh, like his clothes, hung in shreds—the bowels torn out—the spine broken; all help was vain. After a few hours' agony, he expired. Thus the ferocious beast died not unavenged, and our triumph was bought at too dear a price.

The bear was now laid on a vast waggon or dray, drawn by four oxen, to be taken to Bucharest. This project, however, we were obliged to abandon, for the body was so extremely offensive, that the atmosphere of our head quarters was quite infected by it. It was, therefore, flayed; it contained from 780 to 800 pounds (French) of fat, and 963 pounds of flesh and bone; from the extremity of the spine to the forehead, it measured nineteen feet, and according to a calculation, founded on the system of Dr. Gall, must have been 170 or 180 years old. The fur was perfectly black; the teeth were very much worn away. It was certainly a Siberian bear, which had been hunted at different periods, and gradually driven into these regions. In his left hind leg and in his back were found two points of arrows. The skin I gave to my friend the Turkish general, Namik Pacha, who has lately travelled in Europe, charged with various missions by the Sultan. The skull I have still, and a part of the fat, which is in my ice-house at Bucharest.

Since then, I have heard that the consort of my formidable antagonist had been seen with two cubs, already as big as large oxen, in the forests skirting the district of Pocinar, and they affirm that she is nowise inferior to her deceased mate in size or ferocity. So gentlemen, said Seigneur Alcibiades, laughing, you may win laurels like those which crown me, and you will thus far outdo Hercules and his wild boar; for a boar can hardly see two feet above his head, is very awkward at turning, and was never known to climb a tree; whereas no human foot can escape an evil-disposed bear.

*Rookwood*: a Romance. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

THOUGH, for our own amusement, we should not select that class of books to which '*Rookwood*' belongs, yet we know that there are many readers who delight in the semi-supernatural, the almost impossible, and the decidedly improbable; therefore, we shall give a fair report of the mode in which the work is executed, without any fastidious reference to our own peculiar, and, as we take it, more refined taste. Besides, the number of romances just now issuing from the press, is not so numerous, in proportion to other productions, as to call for the strong arm of criticism to abate the nuisance.

'*Rookwood*' then, is a thorough romance,

though it possesses a most unromantic chronology, being coeval with the days of the celebrated Dick Turpin, some of whose exploits it spiritedly relates, and whose name it may perhaps call forth to an ephemeral resuscitation. In breadth of delineation, and in depth of colouring, it is most complete; its villains are most villainously villainous, and its terrors are most terribly terrible. It exhibits to us a family which, from generation to generation, seems to have got the knack of murdering—it runs in the blood, as the man said of his wooden leg.

The work begins by introducing the reader into a charnel-house—a family vault of the Rookwoods—where a grey-headed sexton and his grandson are amusing themselves by drinking. What the sexton and his grandson are talking about, we shall not reveal, because those of our readers who will not read the book, do not deserve to be told, and those who will, deserve not to have their surprises anticipated. There seems to be very little, if any, attempt at delineation of character, or minuteness of moral painting, which in a romance would, perhaps, be as much out of keeping, as miniature drawing in scene-painting. Recklessness is the general characteristic of the characters, and the author, as if mindful of what Solomon said concerning the wickedness of woman, makes Lady Rookwood the sublimest brute of the whole party. When ladies are provoked, they will go great lengths; but the true virago of romance, we apprehend, must be a devil incarnate, by virtue of her office. Lady Macbeth says, Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it.

But Lady Rookwood, on the contrary, much to the credit of her consistency, which is the greatest of virtues, when her husband is on his death bed, and is making his dying speech rather longer than may suit her ladyship's convenience, and rather more explicit than is agreeable to her ladyship's interest, coolly in his hearing, recommends the attendants to administer a dose of laudanum to him as a settler. Amidst much that is horrible and appalling, tragic and romantic, there is some good delineation of probabilities and realities. The following portrait of Dick Turpin's horse is finely done, and will be read with interest by those who can scarcely tell a horse from an ass:—

"Black Bess, being undoubtedly the heroine of 'book four,' our readers will, perhaps, pardon our expatiating a little in this place, upon her birth, parentage, breeding, appearance, and attractions. And first as to her pedigree; for in the horse, unlike the human species, Nature has strongly impressed the noble or ignoble caste; he is the real aristocrat—and the pure blood that flows in the veins of the gallant steed will be infallibly transmitted, if his mate be suitable, throughout all his line. Bess was no *cock tail*—she was thorough bred—she boasted blood in every bright and branching vein:—

If blood can give nobility,  
A noble steed was she;  
Her sire was blood, and blood her dam,  
And all her pedigree.

"As to her pedigree. Her sire was a desert Arab, renowned in his day, and brought to this country by a wealthy traveller; her dam was an English Racer, coal black as her child. Bess united all the fire and gentleness, the strength and hardihood, the abstinence, and endurance of fatigue of the one, with the spirit, and extraordinary fleetness of the other. How Turpin became possessed of her, is of little con-

sequence. We never heard that he paid a heavy price for her; though we doubt if any sum would have induced him to part with her. In colour, she was perfectly black, with a skin smooth on the surface as polished jet; not a single white hair could be found in her satin coat. In make she was magnificent. Every point was perfect, beautiful, compact; modelled, in little, for strength and speed. Arched was her neck, as that of the swan; clean and fine were her lower limbs, as those of the gazelle; round, and sound as a drum was her carcase, and as broad as a cloth-yard shaft her width of chest. Her's were the '*pulchra clunes, breve caput, arduusq; cervice*,' of the Roman bard. There was no redundancy of flesh 'tis true; her flanks might, to please some tastes, have been rounder, and her shoulder fuller; but look at the nerve and sinew, palpable through the veined limbs! She was built more for strength than beauty, and yet she was beautiful. Look at that elegant little head—those thin tapering ears, closely placed together, that broad snorting nostril which seems to snuff the gale with disdain—that eye, glowing and large as the diamond of Giamshid!—Is she not beautiful? Behold her paces! how gracefully she moves! She is off!—no eagle on the wing could skim the air more swiftly.—Is she not magnificent? As to her temper, the lamb is not more gentle. A child might have guided her."

Turpin's celebrated ride from London to York, is set forth in this third volume, with a minuteness and elaborateness, which stimulate rather than weary the reader; we must give an extract:—

"But to return to Bess, or rather to go along with her, for there is no halting now; we are going at the rate of twenty knots an hour—sailing before the wind; and you must either keep pace with us, or drop astern, Reader!—Bess is now in her speed, and Dick happy. Happy!—he is enraptured—maddened—furious—intoxicated as with wine. Pah! wine could never throw him into such a burning delirium. Its choicest juices have no inspiration like this. Its fumes are slow and heady. This is ethereal, transporting. His blood spins through his veins—winds round his heart—mounts to his brain. Away—away! He is wild with joy. Hall, cot, tree, tower, glade, mead, waste, or woodland, are seen, passed, left behind, and vanish as in a dream. Motion is scarce perceptible—it is impetus—propulsion. The horse and her rider are driven forward, as it were, by self-accelerated speed. A hamlet is visible in the moonlight. It is scarce discovered, ere the flints sparkle beneath the mare's hoofs. A moment's clatter upon the stones, and it is left behind. Again, it is the silent, smiling country. Now they are buried in the darkness of woods—now sweeping along on the wide plain—now clearing the unopened toll bar—now trampling over the hollow-sounding bridge, their shadows momentarily reflected in the placid mirror of the stream—now scaling the hill side a thought more slowly—now plunging, as the horses of Phœbus into the ocean, down its precipitous sides.

"The limits of two shires are already past. They are within the confines of a third. They have entered the merry county of Huntingdon—they have surmounted the gentle hill that slips into Godmanchester. They are by the banks of the rapid Ouse—the bridge is past, and as Turpin rode through the deserted streets of Huntingdon, he heard the eleventh hour given from the iron tongue of Saint Mary's spire. In four hours (it was about seven when he had started) Dick had accomplished full sixty miles!

"A few reeling toppers in the streets saw the horseman flit past, and one or two windows were thrown open; but peeping Tom of Coventry would have had small chance of beholding

the unveiled beauties of Queen Godiva, had she ridden at the rate of Dick Turpin. He was gone, like a meteor, almost as soon as he appeared.

"Huntingdon is left behind, and he is once more surrounded by dew-gemmed hedges and silent slumbering trees; broad meadows or pasture land, with drowsy cattle, or low bleating sheep, lie on either side; but what to Turpin, at that moment, is nature, animate or inanimate? He thinks only of his mare—his future fame. None are by to see him ride—no stimulating plaudits ring in his ears—no thousand hands are clapping—no thousand voices huzzing—no handkerchiefs are waved—no necks strained—no bright eyes rain down their influence upon him—no eagle orbs watch his motions—no bells are rung—no cup awaits his achievement—no sweetstakes—no plate. But it will be renown—everlasting renown: it will be fame, which will not die with him—which will keep his reputation, albeit a tarnished one, still in the mouths of men. He wants all these adventitious excitements, but he has that within which is a greater excitement than all these. He is conscious that he is doing a deed to live by. If not riding for life, that he is riding for immortality; and as the hero may perchance feel (for even a highwayman may feel like a hero), when he willingly throws away his existence in the hope of earning a glorious name. Turpin cared not what might befall himself, so he could proudly signalize himself as the first of his land,

And with the world with noble horsemanship.

What need had he of spectators? The eye of posterity was upon him; he felt the influence of that Argus glance which has made many a poor wight spur on his Pegasus with not half so good a chance of reaching the goal as Dick Turpin. Multitudes, yet unborn, he knew, would hear, and laud his deeds. He trembled with excitement, and Bess trembled under him. But the emotion was transient—on, on they fly; the torrent leaping from the crag—the bolt from the bow—the air-cleaving eagle—thoughts themselves, are scarce more winged in their flight!

"The night had hitherto been balmy and beautiful, with a bright array of stars, and a golden harvest moon, which seemed to diffuse even warmth with its radiance; but now Turpin was approaching the region of fog and fen, and he began to feel the influence of that dank atmosphere. The intersecting dykes—yawners—gullies—or whatever they are called, began to send forth their steaming vapours, and chilled the soft and wholesome air, obscuring the void, and in some instances as it were, choking up the road itself with vapour. But fog or fen was the same to Bess, her hoofs rattled merrily along the road, and she burst from a cloud, like Eos at the break of dawn."

The great fault of this story is, that the horrible is strained to an excess that makes it ludicrous. Authors should take care that they do not over-stimulate their readers, for when the excitement runs into extravagance, it is not merely a failure, but a positive nuisance—we may forget a feeble work, but we remember, against the writer, all acts of outrageousness.

*Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.*  
1833. Calcutta.

We have heretofore made honourable mention of the valuable papers to be found occasionally in this Journal; but we intend on the present occasion, to give some copious extracts from a highly interesting description of Bokhara, communicated by Lieut. Burnes. No doubt, full particulars of his visit will ap-

pear in his forthcoming Travels, which we are happy to see announced for immediate publication—but we are sure that this little anticipatory peep into them will be welcome to our readers:—

"Our first care on entering Bokhara was to change our garb, and adopt the usages prescribed by the laws of the country. . . . Our turbans were exchanged for shabby sheep-skin caps with the fur inside, and our kamarbands were thrown aside for a rude piece of rope or tape. The outer garment of the country was discontinued, as well as our stockings, since these are the emblems of distinction in the holy city of Bokhara between an infidel and a true believer. We knew also that none but a Muhammedan might ride within the walls of the city, and we had an inward feeling which told us to be heartily gratified if we were permitted, at such trifling sacrifices, to continue our abode in the capital. A couplet which describes Samarcand as the paradise of the world, also names Bokhara as the strength of religion and of Islam; and inquis and powerless as we were, we could have no desire to try experiments among those who seemed, outwardly, at least, such bigots. . . .

"On entering the city, the authorities did not even search us, but in the afternoon an officer summoned us to the presence of the minister. My fellow-traveller was yet prostrated by fever, and could not accompany me; I therefore proceeded alone to the ark or palace where the minister lived along with the king. I was lost in amazement at the novel scene before me, since we had to walk for about two miles through the streets of Bokhara before reaching the palace. I was immediately introduced to the minister, or as he is styled, the Gosh Begi, an elderly man, of great influence, who was sitting in a small room, with a private court-yard in front of it. He desired me to be seated outside on the pavement, but evinced both a kind and considerate manner, which set my mind at ease. The hardness of my seat, and the distance from the minister, did not overpower me with grief, since his son, who appeared during the interview, was even further removed than myself. I presented a silver watch and a Kashmir dress, which I had brought for him; but he declined to receive anything, saying that he was but the slave of the king. He then interrogated me for about two hours, regarding my own affairs and the objects which had brought me to a country so remote as Bokhara. I told the usual tale of being in progress towards our native country, and produced my passport from the Governor General of India, which the minister read with peculiar attention. I then added, that Bokhara was a country of such celebrity among eastern nations, that I had been chiefly induced to visit Turkistan for the purpose of seeing it. But what is your profession, said the minister? I replied that I was an officer of the Indian army. But tell me, said he, something about your knowledge:—and he here entered upon various topics as to the customs and politics of Europe, but particularly of Russia, on which he was well informed. In reply to his inquiries regarding our baggage, I considered it prudent to acquaint him that I had a sextant, since I concluded that we should be searched, and it was better to make a merit of necessity. I informed him therefore that I liked to observe the stars, and the other heavenly bodies, since it was a most attractive study. On hearing this, the vizier's attention was roused, and he begged, with some earnestness, and in a subdued tone of voice, that I would inform him of a favourable conjunction of the planets, and the price of grain which it indicated in the ensuing year. I told him, that our astronomical knowledge did not lead to such information: at which he expressed himself disappointed. On the whole, however, he appeared to be satisfied of my character, and assured me



of protection while in Bokhara; he however prohibited our using pen and ink, since it might lead to our conduct being misrepresented to the king, and prove injurious. He also added, that the route to the Caspian Sea by the way of Khiva had been closed for the last year; and that, if we intended to enter Russia, we must either pursue the northern route from Bokhara, or cross the Turkman desert below Organj to Astrabad on the Caspian.

"Two days after this interview, I was again summoned by the vizier, and found him surrounded by a great number of respectable persons, to whom he appeared desirous of exhibiting me. I was questioned in such a way as to make me believe that our character was not altogether free from suspicion; but the vizier said jestingly, I suppose you have been writing about Bokhara. Since I had in the first instance given so true a tale, I had here no apprehensions of contradiction, and freely told the party that I had come to see the world, and the wonders of Bokhara, and that by the vizier's favour, I had been already perambulating the city. The minister was the only person who appeared pleased with the candour, and said that he would be happy to see me at all times in the evening: he inquired if I had any curiosity to exhibit to him, either of India or my own country; but I regretted my inability to meet his wishes. On my return home, it occurred to me that the all-curious vizier might be gratified by the sight of a potent compass, with its glasses, screws, and reflectors; but I also feared that he might construe my possession of this complicated piece of mechanism into a light which would not be favourable. I however sallied forth with the instrument in my pocket, and soon found myself in the presence of the vizier. I told him that I believed I had found a curiosity that would gratify him, and produced the compass, which was quite new and of very beautiful workmanship. I described its utility, and pointed out its beauty, till the vizier seemed quite to have forgotten, that he was but a slave of the king, and could receive nothing; indeed he was proceeding to bargain for its price, when I interrupted him. I assured him that I had brought it from Hindustan, that I might purposely present it to him; since I had heard of his zeal in the cause of religion, and it would enable him to point to the holy Mecca, and rectify the Kibla of the grand mosque, which he was now building in Bokhara. I told him, that I could receive no reward, since we were already rewarded, above all price, by his protection. The Gosh Begi packed up the compass with all the haste and anxiety of a child, and said that he would take it direct to his Majesty, and describe the wonderful ingenuity of our nation. Thus fell one of my compasses. It was a fine instrument, by Schmalcauder, but I had a duplicate, and I think it was not sacrificed without an ample return. Had we been in Bokhara in disguise, and personating some assumed character, our feelings would have been very different from what they now were. Like owls, we should only have appeared at night; but after this incident, we stalked abroad in the noon-tide sun, and visited all parts of the city.

"My usual resort in the evening was the Registan of Bokhara, which is the name given to a spacious area of the city near the palace, that opens upon it. In two other sides there are massive buildings, colleges of the learned; and on the fourth stands a fountain filled with water, and shaded by lofty trees, where idlers and news-mongers congregate around the wares of Asia and Europe, which are here exposed for sale. A stranger has only to seat himself on a bench of the Registan, to know the Uzbeks and the people of Bokhara. He may here converse with the natives of Persia, Turkey, Russia, Tartary, China, India, and Kabul. He will meet with Türkmans, Calmucks, and Kuzaks, from the sur-

rounding deserts, as well as the natives of the more favoured lands. He may contrast the polished manners of the subjects of the great King with the ruder habits of a roaming Tartar. He may see the Uzbeks from all the states of Miwanul-nahr, and speculate from their physiognomy on the changes which time and place effect among any race of men. The Uzbek of Bokhara is hardly to be recognized as a Turk or Tartar, from his intermixture of Persian blood. Those from the neighbouring country of Kokan are less changed, and the natives of Organj, the ancient Kharasim, have yet a harshness of feature peculiar to themselves; they may be distinguished from all others by dark sheep-skin caps, about a foot high. A red beard, grey eyes, and fair skin will now and then arrest the notice of a stranger, and his attention will have been fixed on a poor Russian, who has lost his country and his liberty, and here drags out a miserable life of slavery. A native of the Celestial Empire will be seen here and there in the same forlorn predicament, shorn of his long cue of hair, with his crown under a turban, since both he and the Russian act the part of Muhammedans. Then follows a Hindü, in a garb foreign to himself and his country: a small square cap, and a string, instead of a girdle, distinguishes him from the Muhammedans, and, as the Moslems themselves tell you, prevents their profaning the prescribed salutations of their language, by using them to an idolator. Without these distinctions, the native of India is to be recognized by his sombre look, and the studious manner in which he avoids all communication with the crowd. He herds only with a few individuals, similarly circumstanced with himself. The Jew is as marked a being as the Hindü: his costume differs from the follower of BRAHMA, and a small conical cap marks the children of Israel. No mark, however, is so distinguishing as the well known features of the Hebrew people. In Bokhara they are a race remarkably handsome, and I saw more than one Rebecca in my peregrinations. Their features are set off by ringlets of beautiful hair, which hang over their cheeks and necks. There are about 1000 Jews in Bokhara, originally from Meshet in Persia. They are chiefly employed in dying cloth. They receive the same treatment as the Hindüs. A strayed Armenian, in a still different dress, represents that wandering nation; but there are few of them in Bokhara. With these exceptions, the stranger beholds in the bazars a portly, fair, and well-dressed mass of people, the Muhammedans of Türkistan. A large white turban, and a *chogha* or pelisse of some dark colour over three or four other of the same description is the general costume; but the Registan leads to the palace, and the Uzbeks delight to appear before their King in a motiled garment of silk, called '*adras*,' which is of all and the brightest colours, and would be intolerable to any but an Uzbek. Some of the higher persons are clothed in brocade, and one may distinguish the gradations of the chiefs, since those in favour ride into the citadel, and the others dismount at the gate. Almost every individual who visits the King is attended by his slave; and though this class of people are for the most part Persians, or their descendants, they have a peculiar appearance. It is said, indeed, that three-fourths of the people of Bokhara are of slave extraction, for of the captives brought from Persia into Türkistan, few are permitted to return, and, by all accounts, there are many who have no inclination to do so. A great portion of the people of Bokhara appear on horseback. Whether mounted or on foot, they are dressed in boots, and the pedestrians strut on high and small heels on which it would puzzle a Corinthian to walk or even stand. They rise about an inch and a half, and the pinacle is not one-third the diameter. This is the

; Transoxiana.

national dress of the Uzbek. Some men of rank have a shoe over the boot, which is taken off on entering a room. I must not forget the ladies in my enumeration of the inhabitants. They generally appear on horseback, riding as the men; a few walk, and all are veiled with a black hair-cloth napkin. The difficulty of seeing through it makes the fair ones stare at every one as in a masquerade. There, however, no one must speak to them, and, if any of the King's harem pass, you are admonished to look in another direction, and get a punch on the head if you infringe the advice. So holy are the fair ones of the holy Bokhara.

"My reader will have now become familiar with the appearance of the inhabitants of Bokhara. From morn to night, the crowd which assembles raises a humming noise, and one is stunned at the moving mass of human beings. In the middle of the area, the fruits of the season are sold under the shade of a square piece of mat, supported by a single pole. One wonders at the never-ending employment of the fruiterers in dealing out their grapes, melons, apricots, apples, peaches, pears, and plums; for the continued succession of purchasers proves that the tide of men still flows. With difficulty a passage can be forced through the streets, and it is only done at the momentary risk of being run over by some one on the back of a horse or an ass. These latter animals are exceedingly common and very fine; they amble along at a quick pace with their riders and burthens. Carts of a light construction are also driving up and down, since the nature of the country, and the streets which are not too narrow, admit of wheeled carriages in all parts of the bazar. Everywhere are seen people making tea, which is done in large European urns instead of tea-pots, and kept hot by a metal tube. The penchant of the Bokharis for tea is, I believe, without parallel: for they drink it at all times and places, and in half a dozen ways, with and without sugar, with and without milk, with greece, with salt, &c. Next to the vendors of this hot beverage, one may purchase '*rahet-i jan*,' or the delight of life, grape jelly or syrup mixed up with chopped ice. The abundance of ice is one of the greatest luxuries of Bokhara, and it may be had till the cold weather makes it unnecessary. It is pitted in winter, and sold so cheap, that it is within the reach of the poorest people. No one ever thinks of drinking water without icing it, and a beggar may be seen purchasing it as he proclaims his poverty and entreats the bounty of the passerby. It is a nice and refreshing sight to see the huge masses of it with the thermometer at 90°, coloured, scented, and piled into heaps like snow to tickle the Uzbeks' palate. It would be endless to describe the whole body of traders: suffice it to say, that almost everything may be purchased in the Registan; the jewellery and cutlery of Europe (coarse enough however), the tea of China, the sugar of India, the spices of Manilla, &c. &c. One may also add to his stores of learning, both Türki and Persian, at the book-stalls, where the learned or would-be-so pore over tattered pages at a hawk's board. As one withdraws in the evening from this bustling crowd to the more retired parts of the city, he trends his way through arched bazars, now empty, and passes mosques surmounted by handsome cupolas, and adorned by all the simple ornaments which are admitted by Muhammedans. After the bazar hours, these are crowded for evening prayers. At the doors of the colleges, which generally face the mosques, one may see the students lounging after the labours of the day, not, however, so gay or so young as the tyros of an European university, but many of them grave and denure old men, with more hypocrisy, but by no means less vice, than their youthful prototypes in another quarter of the world. These people, however, are stained by vices which there find no shelter even among the

most depraved libertines. With the twilight this busy scene closes, the King's drum beats, it is re-echoed by others in every part of the city, and at a certain hour no one is permitted to move out without a lantern. From those arrangements, the police of the city is excellent, and in every street large bales of cloth are left on the stalls at night in perfect safety. All is silence till the morn, when the bustle again commences in the Régistan, the busy hive of men. The day is ushered in with the same guzzling and tea-drinking, and hundreds of boys and donkeys laden with milk hasten to the busy throng. The milk is sold in small bowls, over which the cream floats: a lad will bring twenty or thirty of these to market, in shelves supported and suspended by a stick over his shoulder. Whatever number may be brought, speedily disappear among the tea-drinking population of this great city.

"Soon after our arrival, I paid a visit to our late-travelling companions, the tea-merchants, who had taken up their abode in a caravansary, and were busy in unpacking, appraising, and selling their tea. They sent to the bazar for ice and apricots, which we sat down and enjoyed together. One of the purchasers took me for a tea merchant from the society I was in, and asked for my investment. The request afforded both the merchants and myself some amusement, but they did not deceive the man on my mercantile character, and we continued to converse together. He spoke of the news of the day, the late conquests of the king at Shahr Sabz, and of the threats of the Persians to attack Bokhara, all without his ever suspecting me to be aught but an Asiatic. In return, we had visits from these merchants, and many other persons who principally came to gratify their curiosity. We were not permitted to write, and it was an agreeable manner of passing our time, since they were very communicative. The Uzbeks are a simple people, with whom one gets most readily acquainted: they speak in a curious tone of voice, as if they despised, or were angry with you.

"They never saluted us by any of the forms among Muhammedans, but appeared to have another set of expressions, the most common of which is, 'May your wealth increase' (*doulat ziyada*). They nevertheless always said the '*fataha*' or blessing from the Qorân, stretching out their hands and stroking down their beards before they sat down. Many of our visitors betrayed suspicions of our character, but still evinced an unwillingness to converse on all points, from the politics of their king to the state of their markets. Simple people, they believe a spy must measure their forts and walls, they have no idea of the value of conversation. With such ready returns on the part of our guests, it was not irksome for me to explain the usages of Europe; but let me advise a traveller to lay in a good stock of that kind of knowledge, before he ventures to travel in eastern countries. One must have a smattering of trade, arts, science, religion, medicine, and, in fact, of everything; and any answer is better than a negative, since ignorance, real or pretended, is construed into wilful concealment.

"I took an early opportunity of seeing the slave bazar of Bokhara, which is held every Saturday morning. The Uzbeks manage all their affairs by means of slaves, who are chiefly brought from Persia by the Türkmans. These poor wretches are here exposed for sale, and occupy thirty or forty stalls, where they are examined like cattle, only with this difference, that they are able to give an account of themselves viva voce.

"From the slave-market I passed on that morning to the great bazar, and the very first sight which fell under my notice, was the offenders against Muhammedanism of the preceding Friday. They consisted of four individuals, who had been caught asleep at prayer time, and a youth who had been seen smoking in public,

They were all tied to each other, and the tobacco-lover led the way, holding his *hookah* or pipe in his hand. The officer of police followed with a thick thong, and chastised them as he went, calling aloud, 'Ye followers of Islam, behold the punishment of those who violate the law!' • • •

"The Hindûs of Bokhara sought our society with great avidity, for that people seem always to look upon the English as their superiors. They visited us in every country we passed, and would never speak any other language than Hindûstani, which seemed a bond of union between us and them. In this country they appear to enjoy a sufficient degree of toleration to enable them to live happily. An enumeration of their restrictions might make them appear a persecuted race. • • • They themselves, however, speak highly of their privileges, and are satisfied at the celerity with which they can realize money, though it be at the sacrifice of their prejudices. There are about three hundred Hindûs in Bokhara, and they live in a caravansary of their own. They are chiefly natives of Shikarpûr, in Scinde, and their number is on the increase. The Uzbeks, and indeed all the Muhammedans, find themselves vanquished by the industry of these people, who will stake the largest sums of money for the smallest gain.

"Among the Hindûs we had a singular visitor in a deserter from the Indian Army at Bombay! He had set out on a pilgrimage to all the shrines of the Hindû world, and was then proceeding to the fire temples on the shores of the Caspian.

"The house in which we lodged was exceedingly small, and overlooked on every side; but we could not regret it, since it presented an opportunity of seeing a Türki beauty, a most handsome young lady, who promenade one of the surrounding balconies, and wished to think she was not seen. A pretended flight was not even neglected by this fair one, whose curiosity often prompted her to steal a glance at the Firings. Since we had a fair exchange, she was anything but an intruder, though unfortunately too distant for us to indulge in the sweet "music of speech."

"The ladies of Bokhara stain their teeth quite black, they plait their hair and allow it to hang in tresses down their shoulders. Their dress differs little from the men; they wear the same pelisses, only that the two sleeves, instead of being used as such, are tucked together and tied behind. In the house even they dress in large Hessian boots, made of velvet and highly ornamented. What a strange taste for those who are eternally concerned, to choose to be thus booted as if prepared for a journey. On the head they wear large white turbans, but a veil covers the face, and many a lovely countenance wastes its fragrance beneath this netting. The exhibition of beauty, in which so much of a woman's time is spent in more favoured countries, is here unknown. A man may shoot his neighbour, if he sees him on a balcony at any but a stated hour. Assassination follows suspicion. The laws of the Qorân regarding the sex are here most strictly enforced.

"In my travels through Cabul, I had often enjoyed the luxuries of the bath, according to the custom of the Orientals. I now had the same pleasure in Bokhara, but it was only admissible in some buildings, since the priests had asserted that the water of certain baths would change into blood if polluted by a woman or an infidel! A bath is too well known to require a description, but the operation is really most singular. You are stretched out like a fish, rubbed with a hair brush, scrubbed, buffeted and kicked about, but it is still very refreshing. • • • There are eighteen baths in Bokhara, one or two are of very large dimensions; but the generality of them bring in an annual income of 150 *tillas* (1000 Rupees). This is a calculation which may serve to number the inhabitants. Each in-

dividual pays to the keeper of the bath ten pieces of brass money, of which there are 135 in a rupee. About a hundred people may therefore bathe for a *tilla*, and 150 *tillas* will give 15,000 people to each bath. Eighteen baths will give a total of 2,700,000, who enjoy the luxury yearly. But the baths are only used during the cold months, and some of the poorer people are never able to afford the expense.

"I did not omit to pay my respects to the minister while I rambled about the city, and Dr. Gerard in the course of ten days was sufficiently recovered to accompany me. The Vizier was equally inquisitive with the Nawab at Cabul regarding the manufacture of medicines and plasters, and the Doctor endeavoured to meet his wishes. We had however got into a more civilized region on our approach to Europe, since the Vizier had received quinine and other medicines from Constantinople. We sat with the minister, while he was transacting business, and saw him levy his duties on the merchants, who were never more liberally treated in any country. The webs of cloth are produced, and every fortieth piece is taken in place of duties. This gives the merchant his profits, nor distresses him for ready money. A Muhammedan, indeed, has only to take the name of the prophet, stroke down his beard, and declare himself poor, to be relieved from all duties. One man said he had witnessed to prove his being in debt, and would produce them. The minister replied, 'Give us your oath, we want no witnesses: he gave it, every one called out 'God is great,' and said the '*fataha*,' on which the goods were returned without an iota of charge. With every disposition to judge favourably of the Asiatics, (and my opinions regarding them improved, as I knew them better,) I have not found them free from falsehood: I fear, therefore, that many a false oath is taken among them. No people could be more liberal encouragers of commerce than the rulers of Bokhara. During the reign of the last monarch, the duties on goods were never paid till they were sold, as in the bonding system of a British custom-house. The Vizier on this occasion conversed at great length on subjects of commerce relating to Bokhara and Britain, and expressed much anxiety to increase the communication between the countries, requesting that I myself would return to Bokhara, and not forget to bring a good pair of spectacles for his use. • • •

"The revenues of the country are said to be spent in maintaining *mullahs* and mosques; but the young King is ambitious and warlike, and I believe that it is therefore more probable he turns his treasure to the increase of his power.

"The life of the King is less enviable than that of most private men. The water which he drinks is brought in skins from the river, under the charge and seal of two officers. It is opened by the Vizier, and first tasted by his people, and then by himself, when it is again sealed and dispatched to the King. The daily victuals of His Majesty undergo a like examination: the minister eats, he gives to those around him, they wait the lapse of an hour to judge of their effect, when they are locked up in a box and dispatched! His Majesty has one key and his minister another. Fruit, sweetmeats, and every eatable undergo the same examination, and we shall hardly suppose the good King of the Uzbeks ever enjoys a hot meal or a fresh-cooked dinner. Poison is in frequent request, as we may judge by the homely occupations of a minister of state. • • •

"With Rumiâna, Hindûs, and Uzbeks, our circle of acquaintance at Bokhara soon increased, and most of the Afghan and Cabul merchants sought our society, and we could not but feel gratified at the favourable opinion entertained by them of the British in India. One of them, SHAWAR KUAM, a Lohance merchant of great opulence, to whom we were never introduced, offered us any money we might require, and did it in a

manner that left no doubt of his sincerity. We were assailed by him and his countrymen, and even by Usbekka, to give notes of hand, certifying our acquaintance with them; for the Afghans believe the hand-writing to be a bond of union between Englishmen, and that the possession of it secures them an honourable reception in India. We complied with the wishes of those who deserved our confidence."

*History of the Reformed Religion in France.* By the Rev. Edward Smedley, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

THE present, like the former volume of Mr. Smedley's work, recommends itself to our attention, by its careful and judicious spirit of inquiry which it exhibits in every page. European history is, for the most part, inspired by the genius of intelligence and social good, ever on the increase: its successive chapters carry us forward with pleasant expectations; and there are very few entire sections of the narrative in which the mind has to pause, and doubt in its suspense, whether civilization would have any very formidable opposition to encounter in its advance. There are, however, these few; and the most remarkable of them is that which describes the baffled struggles of Protestantism in France, Italy and Spain. Light had already spread far and wide, when this fearful contest began. Wherever religion was allowed to go unmasked, the glory which shone about her was sufficient to scare away the worst enemies which truth and liberty had to oppose: when she was driven back by the fierce intolerance of man, the furies re-appeared which could not endure the lustre of her presence:

*Spissis noctis se condidit umbra,  
Apparent diræ facies, inimicæque Trojæ  
Numina magna Deum.*

Happily, these gloomy passages have all the character of episodes: the causes which gave birth to the events they describe, were temporary and partial in their operation: they made little impression on the mighty spirit, which lay working its will in the heart of Europe; and though it is melancholy to reflect, that the bold step which civilization took at the period alluded to, was not everywhere equally firm, it is a consolatory fact, that though repressed in her advances, she was nowhere driven so far back as her starting point. The narrative presented in Mr. Smedley's volumes, dark as is its tenor, affords proof of this. We see the seed sown, which, however long it may have to lie in the earth, is not destined to perish there: though Protestantism was not suffered to abide in France, the footsteps of the exile left traces on the soil. The historian of events, like those which are described in this volume, has a difficult task to perform in the fair display of his different actors: religious bigotry has an overwhelming force, and to the ordinary spectator, the thousands who obey its impulses, are all involved in the same degree of gloom: but certain it is that this passion, mighty and ferocious as it appears under all its forms, assumes a very different aspect in different situations. This is especially to be remarked in the annals of France, while that country was engaged in war against her protestant subjects. The despotism of the bigot was reconciled to many by its apparent expediency; and thus the most fiery zeal was not unfrequently the offspring of the strangely associated pair, Faith and Political Cunning. Mr. Smedley's recital is sufficiently copious and animated to enable the reader to see, to which of its parents the spirit of each distinguished persecutor bore the greater likeness; and we may accordingly recommend the work to our readers, as full of admirable instruction, as well as details of a highly interesting character.

*The Life and Writings of Major Jack Downing, of Downingville, away down East in the State of Maine.* Written by Himself. Boston, 1834: Lilly & Co.; London, Kennett.

On turning hastily over the leaves of this strange volume, we felt assured that we had stumbled on a genuine treasure, and, no doubt, the work abounds in humour; but, unfortunately, the whole is so purely political that it is unintelligible on this side the Atlantic. One letter, however, from Uncle Joshua, in which he gives an account of his visit to Boston, his "trade with a feller there," his visit to the State House, and his dinner with the "General Court," will be relished by Englishmen as well as Americans:—

"Dear Nephew,—I guess you wont be a little struck up when you find out that I'm in Boston—but I had best begin at the beginning, and then I shall get thro' quicker.

"After seeing your letter to Ephraim as I said before, I concluded it wouldn't be a bad scheme to tackle up and take a load of turkies, some apple-sauce, and other notions that the neighbors wanted to get to market, and as your uncle Nat would be in Boston with the ax handles, we all thought best to try our luck there. Nothing happened worth mentioning on the road, nor till next morning after I got here and put up in Elm street. I then got off my watch pretty curiously, as you säll be informed. I was down in the bar room, and tho't it well enough to look pretty considerable smart, and now and then compared my watch with the clock in the bar, and found it as near right as ever it was—when a feller stept up to me and ask't how I'd trade? and says I, for what? and says he, for your watch—and says I, any way that will be a fair shake—upon that says he, I'll give you my watch and five dollars.—Says I, its done! He gave me the five dollars, and I gave him my watch. Now, says I, give me your watch—and says he, with a loud laugh, I han't got none—and that kind sturn'd the laugh on me. Thinks I, let them laugh that lose. Soon as the laugh was well over, the feller thought he'd try the watch to his ear—why, says he, it dont go—no, says I, not without its carried—then I began to laugh—he tried to open it and could n't start it a hair, and broke his thumb nail into the bargain. Won't she open, says he? Not's I know on, says I—and then the laugh seemed to take another turn.

"Don't you think I got off the old Brittainia pretty well, considrin? And then I thought I'd go and see about my load of turkies and other notions. I expected to have gone all over town to sell my load, but Mr. Doolittle told me if I'd go down to the new market, I should find folks enough to buy all I had at once. So down I goes, and a likely kind of a feller, with an eye like a hawk, and quick as a steeltrap for a trade, came up to the wagon, and before you could say Jack Robinson, we struck a bargain for the whole cargo—and come to weigh and reckon up, I found I should get as much as 10s. 6d. more than any of us calculated before I left home, and had the apple-sauce left besides. • • Then I went up to the State House to see what was going on there; but I thought I'd get off my apple-sauce on my way—and seeing a sign of old clothes bartered, I stepped in and made a trade, and got a whole suit of superfine black broadcloth from top to toe, for a skin of apple-sauce, (which didn't cost much I guess, at home).

"Accordingly I rigged myself up in the new suit, and you'd hardly known me. I did n't like the set of the shoulders, they were so dreadful puckery; but the man said that was

all right. I guess he'll find the apple-sauce full as puckery when he gets down into it—but that's between ourselves. Well, when I got up to the State House I found them at work on the rail road—busy enough I can tell you—they got a part of it made already. I found most all the folks kept their hats on except the man who was talking out loud and the man he was talking to—all the rest seemed to be busy about their own consarns. As I did n't see any body to talk to I kept my hat on and took a seat, and look'd round to see what was going on. I had n't been setting long before I saw a slick-headed, sharp-eyed little man, who seemed to have the principal management of the folks, looking at me pretty sharp, as much as to say who are you? but I said nothing and looked tother way—at last he touched me on the shoulder—I thought he was feeling of the puckers. Are you a member? says he—artin says I—how long have you taken your seat? says he. About ten minutes, says I. Are you qualified? says he. I guess not, says I. And then he left me. I did n't know exactly what this old gentleman was after—but soon he returned and said it was proper for me to be qualified before I took a seat, and I must go before the governor! By Jing! I never felt so before in all my born days. As good luck would have it, he was beckoned to come to a man at the desk, and as soon as his back was turned I give him the slip. Jest as I was going off, the gentleman who bought my turkies of the fourth staller took hold of my arm, and I was afraid at first that he was going to carry me to the Governor—but he began to talk as sociable as if we had been old acquaintances. How long have you been in the house, Mr. Smith, says he. My name is Downing, said I. I beg your pardon, says he—I mean Downing. It's no offence, says I, I hav'n't been here long. Then says he in a very pleasant way, a few of your brother members are to take pot-luck with me to-day, and I should be happy to have you join them. What's pot-luck? said I. O, a family dinner, says he—no ceremony. I thought by this time I was well qualified for that without going to the Governor. So says I, yes, and thank ye too. How long before you'll want me, says I. At three o'clock, says he, and gave me a piece of pasteboard with his name on it—and the name of the street, and the number of his house, and said that would show me the way. Well, says I, I dont know of nothing that will keep me away. And then we parted. I took considerable liking to him.

"After strolling round and seeing a great many things about the State House and the marble image of Gin. Washington, standing on a stump in the Porch, I went out into the street they call Bacon street, and my stars! what swarms of women folks I saw all drest up as if they were going to meeting. You can tell cousin Polly Sandburn, who you know is no alimster, that she need n't take on so about being genteel in her shapes—for the genteelst ladies here beat her as to size all hollow. I dont believe one of 'em could get into our fore dore—and as for their arns—I should n't want better measure for a bushel of meal than one of their sleeves could hold. • • But this puts me in mind of the dinner which Mr. — wants I should help the General Court eat. So I took out the piece of pasteboard, and began to inquire my way and got along completely, and found the number the first time—but the door was locked, and there was no knocker, and I thumpt with my whip handle, but nobody come. And says I to a man going by, dont nobody live here? and says he yes. Well, how do you get in? Why, says he, ring; and says I, ring what? And says he, the bell. And says I where's the rope? And says he pull that little brass nub; and so I gave it a twitch, and I'm sure a bell did ring; and who do you think opened the door



with a white apron afore him? You could n't guess for a week n' Sundays—so I'll tell you. It was Stephen Furlong, who kept our district school last winter, for five dollars a month, and kept bachelor's hall, and helped tend for General Coombs a training days, and make out muster rolls. We was considerably struck up at first, both of us; and when he found I was going to eat dinner with Mr. — and General Court, he thought it queer kind of doings—but says he, I guess it will be as well for both of us not to know each other a bit more than we can help. And says I with a wink, you're half right, and in I went. There was nobody in the room but Mr. — and his wife, and not a sign of any dinner to be seen anywhere—though I thought now and then when a side door opened, I could smell cupboard, as they say.

"I thought I should be puzzled enough to know what to say, but I had n't my thoughts long to myself. Mr. — has about as nimble a tongue as you ever heard, and could say ten words to my one, and I had nothing to do in the way of making talk. Just then I heard a ringing, and Stephen was busy opening the door and letting in the General Court, who all had their hats off, and looking pretty scrumptious, you may depend. I did n't see but I could stand along side of 'em without disparagement, except to my boots, which had just got a lick of beeswax and tallow—not a mite of dinner yet, and I began to feel as if 'twas nearer supper-time than dinner-time—when all at once two doors flew away from each other right into the wall, and what did I see but one of the grandest thanksgiving dinners you ever laid your eyes on—and lights on the table, and silver candlesticks and gold lamps over head—the window shutters closed—I guess more than one of us stared at first, but we soon found the way to our mouths—I made Stephen tend out for me pretty sharp, and he got my plate filled three or four times with soup, which beat all I ever tasted. I shan't go through the whole dinner again to you—but I am mistaken if it cost me much for victuals this week, if I pay by the meal at Mr. Doolittle's, who comes pretty near up to a thanksgiving every day. There was considerable talk about stock and manufactories and liabilities, and remedies, and a great loss on stock. I thought this a good chance for me to put in a word—for I calculated I knew as much about raising stock and keeping over as any of 'em. Says I to Mr. —, there's one thing I've always observed in my experience in stock—just as sure as you try to keep over more stock than you have fodder to carry them well into April, one half will die on your hands, to a sartinty—and there's no remedy for it—I've tried it out and out, and there's no law that can make a ton of bay keep over ten cows, unless you have more carrots and potatoes than you can throw a stick at. This made some of the folks stare who didn't know much about stock—and Steve gave me a jog, as much as to say, keep quiet. He thought I was getting into a quagmire, and soon after, giving me a wink, opened the door and got me out of the room into the entry.

"After we had got out of hearing, says I to Steve, how are you getting on in the world—should you like to come back to keep our school if I could get a vote for you? not by two chalks, says Steve—I know which side my bread is buttered better than all that—I get twelve dollars a month and found, and now and then some old clothes, which is better than keeping school at five dollars and find myself, and work out my highway tax besides—then turning up the cape of my new coat, says he, I guess I've guessed that before now—most likely, says I, but not in our district school.

"Your respectful Uncle,

"JOSHUA DOWNING.

"P.S.—Mr. Tophiff says your uncle Nat is telegraphed, but I'm afraid the ax handles wont come to much.

"N.B.—You spell dreadful bad, according to my notion—and this proves what I always said, that our district has been going down hill ever since Stephen Furlong left it."

It is to be regretted that the writer of this letter should throw away his wit and humour on subjects so local and temporary as those which occupy the rest of the volume.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'O Fluminense, a Poem suggested by Scenes in the Brasils, by a Utilitarian.'—A poem written in the Whistcraft style, even if it succeed, must contain something to be forgiven on the score of great brilliancy and varied talent. It is therefore a dangerous thing for an inexperienced writer to attempt. To know the precise moment when to throw "the salt upon the strawberries" (we are borrowing our metaphor from Doctor Franklin,) requires an acute judgment, and to do it efficiently a strong and steady hand. We say this much because we think that, had the author of 'O Fluminense' kept his pathos and his sprightliness separate, he might have produced a much better poem than the one before us. As it stands, it neither moves tears nor laughter.

'Cradle's Poetical Works, Vols. III. and IV.'—There is little to remark upon in the third volume—few variations of text, and those unimportant. The illustrations are Orford and Parham Hall, of which, and its simple inhabitants, such an interesting picture is given in the life. In the fourth volume is something of novelty which may attract attention. The editor has introduced to us sundry new poems; one, entitled 'Storm and Calm,' from the album of the Duchess of Rutland, has an old-fashioned air about it, which is anything but unpleasing to us. It reminds us of the graceful, though not very imaginative, songs which were in fashion some sixty years ago.

At sea when angry tempests rise,  
When angry winds the waves deform,  
The seaman lifts to Heaven his eyes,  
And deprecates the dreaded storm.  
Ye furious powers, no more contend;  
Ye winds and seas, your contest end;  
And on the mild subsiding deep,  
Let Fear repose and Terror sleep!  
At length the waves are hush'd in peace,  
O'er flying clouds the sun prevails;  
The weary winds their efforts cease,  
And fill no more the flagging sails;  
Fixed to the deep the vessel rides,  
Obedient to the changing tides;  
No helm she feels, no course she keeps,  
But on the liquid marble sleeps.  
Sick of a Calm the sailor lies,  
And views the still, reflecting sea;  
Or, whistling to the burning skies,  
He hopes to wake the slumbering breeze:  
The silent noon, the solemn night,  
The same dull round of thoughts excite,  
Till, tired of the revolving train,  
He wishes for the Storm again.  
Thus, when I felt the force of Love,  
When all the passion filled my breast,—  
When, trembling, with the storm I strove,  
And pray'd, but vainly prayed, for rest;  
'Twas tempest all, a dreadful strife  
For ease, for joy, for more than life:  
'Twas every hour to groan and sigh  
In grief, in fear, in jealousy.

Another poem, 'The World of Dreams,' though, comparatively speaking, unpolished, is curious, as apparently containing the germ of 'Sir Eustace Grey.' Some of its scenes are very forcible.

Where am I now? and what to meet?  
When I have been entrapt before:  
The wicked city's vilest street,—  
I know what I must now explore.  
The dark brow'd throng more near and more,  
With murderous looks are on me thrust,  
And lo! they open the accursed door,  
And I must go—I know I must!

That female fiend!—Why is she there?  
Alas! I know her.—Oh, begone!  
Why is that tainted bosom bare,  
Why fixed on me that eye of stone?  
Why have they left us thus alone?  
I saw the deed—why then appear?  
Thou art not formed of blood and bone!  
Come not, dread being, come not near!

My friend, my brother, lost in youth,  
I meet in doubtful, glad surprise,  
In conscious love, in fearless truth!  
What pleasures in the meeting rise!  
Ah! brief enjoyment!—Pleasure dies:  
Eyes in its birth, and turns to pain:  
He meets me with hard glared eyes  
He quits me—spurs me—with disdain.

This volume carries us half through the tales, and includes our favourites, 'The Patron' and 'The Parting Hour.'

'The Springs of Plymlimmon, a Poem, by the Rev. Luke Booker.'—A fanciful legend, how the fountain nymphs of Plymlimmon chose to set out one fine morning in search of the sea, and what they saw by the way, is the groundwork of this poem, which traces the course of each river, and is interspersed with votive verses to different individuals. The writer seems at peace with himself—and why should we disturb his quiet innocent enjoyment?

'The Destinies of Man, by Robert Millhouse.'—When the first part of this poem came before us, we expressed our opinions pretty fully on the powers and genius of the poet. † It is now complete, and the second part fully sustains the character of the first. A few stanzas from the opening of the sixth Canto, we shall extract.

Change tempers all things passing here below—  
Rude Winter's frowns endear the smiles of Spring,  
And Pleasure's worth is not esteemed till Woe  
Shall, o'er the brow of Youth, her nightshade fling;  
Lightly we value Health, until the sting  
Of Sickness, or Disease has pierced the breast;  
Tasteless the joys that costliest viands bring,  
If healthful hunger add not to the zest—  
And watching is to sleep, what labour is to rest.

'Tis thus with Genius—restless, though obscure—  
Unfit to flourish in the paths of state;  
Inured the storm and snow-drift to endure,  
It withers in the mansions of the great:  
Nature its teacher is,—whose truths are fate,  
Unchanging—yet inscribed with precepts new—  
Graved on a scroll of everlasting date:—  
And Toil, and Rest, and Joy, and Woe imbue  
His mind, whose mingling moods must other minds sub-

due.  
Saul was amongst the prophets of his day—  
Who shall presume to teach this sapient age?  
One, out of gentle birth—his youthful play  
Was to read Nature, in her various page,  
Mild, awful, or sublime:—when Winter's rage  
Became subdued by violet-scented air,  
He roamed to mark the infant flocks engage  
In life's first gambol:—joyous as the spheres—  
Nor had he dreamed, as yet, of Man's disastrous years.

He hailed the bursting buds, and first-blown flowers;  
He saw, with joy, the scorching lark, arise  
In distance soaring, through his azure bowers,  
Mingling his capricious anthem with the skies:  
Deaf were to him, the Summer's blooming dyes;  
And dear the winds, through withering leaves that  
blow;

And fair the wintry frost, and snowy guise;  
Covering the turf, from which the May-flowers grow—  
Till broke forth sunny beams, like smiles succeeding  
woe.

He watched the stars till dawn obscured their beams  
He had his pastime while the lightnings played;  
When thunder storms went forth o'er hills and streams,  
Melting to rainbows, as their strength decayed:  
He paced the night, in pitchy gloom arrayed—  
He revered when the moon was up on high;  
And often, while the rising sun displayed  
The fleecy clouds, dappled the eastern sky.

He traced the upland heights, in speckled ecstasy.

'Sermons, by the Rev. C. W. Le Ban.' Vol. III.—This volume affords some of the best specimens we have seen of modern pulpit eloquence. It breathes a pure and vigorous spirit of devotion; delighting itself in themes ever precious to Christian thought; and giving us a substitute at least in some degree satisfactory, for the full rich vein of sublime contemplation, and great learning, which belonged to a former age of theology, and which we know not how long we may have to look for in vain, in the religious productions of the present times.

† See Athenæum, No. 253.

## LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SPAIN.—By DON A. GALIANO.—Continued from p. 295.

DON MANUEL JOSE QUINTANA, a man whom Capmany regarded with feelings of literary rivalry, converted at last into fierce and bitter personal enmity, is a well-known Spanish writer. He is yet living, and placed, by the common consent of his countrymen, at the head of the present literary generation. He has, however, risen to eminence, chiefly as a poet, though his few prose writings also claim some notice and consideration.

Quintana is generally considered a writer of the French school, whose style is entirely Gallic: not that he can be justly accused of having withheld his attention from the history and literature of his own country, for he has been, and is even now, engaged in the composition of a Biography of celebrated Spaniards, and has given us the best selection of national poetry extant. In his course of reading, therefore, the ancient writers must have occupied no small portion of his time. But the peculiar construction of his mind, and the nature of his earlier pursuits, turned his attention to the study of French authors; and it was from French sources that he imbibed the principles, as well as the inspiration, which pervade and animate his writings.

It has been stated in a foregoing page, that his biographical work is rather heavy. His short historical Essay upon Spanish Poetry, a work of more merit, has been introduced to the English public by Mr. Wiffen, who has prefixed a translation of it to his excellent version of 'Garcilaso de la Vega.' The English translator, whilst he praises Quintana, still objects to his judgments, as being given in strict conformity to the unswerving rules of French criticism. Though the charge is true, still Quintana rises superior to the herd of his fellow critics of the same stamp. His criticism upon the *romances* (ballads) is as correct as it is beautifully written, though it is perhaps too favourable to those compositions; and they certainly do not belong to the Italian or French schools, which, under the name of Classicism, have, in due succession, ruled over the literature of Spain. His judgment of the poems of Francisco della Torre, has a higher merit, which no other Spanish criticism possesses—namely, that of entering into an estimation of the intrinsic merits of the poetry, instead of merely considering its outward form. Some other passages of this Essay are entitled to equal praise. The whole of it is written with that peculiarity of style which characterize its author—a want of correctness, the frequent occurrence of Gallic idioms strangely enough interwoven with antiquated words and phrases, and not a few passages of vivid eloquence and deep feeling.

It has been already stated, that Quintana took an active and prominent part in the insurrection against Napoleon. He undertook a periodical under the title of *Semanario Patriótico*, which had more influence than any other work upon the public opinion of Spain during the course of that revolution.

The '*Semanario*' became, in fact, the leading paper of the country. Instead, however, of pandering to popular prejudices, it aimed at the nobler purpose of diffusing liberal principles, and succeeded in instilling them into the minds of the people, and in directing the attention of the Spaniards to the amelioration of their own political laws, no less than to the deliverance of their country from the yoke of a foreign power.

Quintana was likewise the author of the '*Manifestoes of the Central Junta*,' and the governments which succeeded it in directing the Spanish insurrection. Considered merely as literary productions, these proclamations were, indeed, fine bursts of patriotic eloquence. They were,

as we have stated, bitterly criticized by Capmany, who forgot that their faults were more than compensated by the redeeming beauties. Dr. Southey, no mean judge of literary merit, and, from his knowledge of the Spanish language and literature, eminently qualified to pass sentence, has bestowed great praise upon them, notwithstanding his own well-known principles would render him averse to the doctrines advocated by the Spanish patriot.

In his prose writings, Quintana is a poet, a judgment which, we think, implies a certain degree of censure. He is flighty, too, and occasionally borders on the bombastic, but is frequently as full of feeling as he is animated. In no other writer soaring above, or even reaching, mediocrity, can so many offences against good taste and correct writing be detected; but, on the other hand, no Spaniard of the present day has left passages of superior, perhaps of equal beauty.

DON PEDRO ESTALA, a member of the Spanish priesthood, has been one of the most laborious, if not among the most successful writers of his own country. When young, he published two accurate, but very spiritless, translations of two of the best effusions of the Greek dramatic muse, the '*Œdipus Tyrannus*' of Sophocles, and the '*Plutus*' of Aristophanes. The regular lines in which these are written, each consisting of the due number of syllables essential to Spanish verse, give to these productions the semblance of poetry; and, doubtless, their author intended something beyond, but the sound and the language so closely resemble prose, that they cannot be quoted as anything but *rhyme*. The real prose of their author is more worthy of praise. His '*Viagero Universal*' is entertaining, and some papers of literary criticism, from his pen, though strongly tinged with national vanity, may still be recommended.

DON JOSE VARGAS PONCE, a man of extensive erudition, and an officer in the navy, who was known amongst his fellow officers by the appellation of *Vargas el Sabio* (the learned),—whether given in praise or in derision, is more than the writer of these pages can decide,—was likewise one of the modern Spaniards who aimed at, and piqued himself upon writing the Spanish language in all its purity. He composed some poetry; a tragedy, too, which was performed; and yet (or perhaps it ought to be said, for that very reason,) he is not here included among the poets. His prose is disfigured by intolerable affectation. He was betrayed into the use of the most intricate and extraordinary phraseology, by his constant efforts to write like the Spaniards of the sixteenth century. His works are numerous. Early in life he gained the prize for Spanish composition, awarded by the Royal Academy to his elogy on King Alphonsus, the learned (*el sabio*); and, till he grew old, was engaged in literary pursuits; and yet, no one of his works is now read, though their author, strange to say, enjoyed rather a high literary reputation, even to the hour of his death. This took place in the year 1820, while he was sitting, for the second time, a member of the Cortes, as one of the representatives of the metropolis of Spain.

DON ISIDORO ANTILLON is only known by a good, though short, work upon the Geography of Spain—by a few contributions to the '*Semanario Patriótico*,' and other periodicals—and by his '*Noticias Históricas sobre Don Gaspar Melchor de Jovellanos, dedicadas á sus respetables cenizas*.' Yet, these labours, trifling as they were, have been sufficient to acquire for him some fame; they were obviously the work of a writer of great power and nervous eloquence, who, without doubt, would have been numbered amongst

the best authors of modern Spain, if he had enjoyed any opportunities of giving full scope to his talents. Antillon sat in the Cortes of 1813 and 1814, and displayed so much talent, and acquired such reputation as an orator, as to make it a matter of dispute, whether the palm of honour for Spanish eloquence was due to him or to Don Agustín Argüelles (*el diestro*). At the restoration of 1814, he was imprisoned; and, having made himself highly obnoxious to the royalist authorities, was treated by them with proportionate harshness. This, with his delicate health and inscible temper, soon broke his heart, and he died during the first year of his imprisonment.

It was fortunate, however, that the patriotic labours of the Spaniards did not always meet with a similar reward.

DON FRANCISCO MARTINEZ MARINA, one of the most learned, laborious, and enlightened men whom his country can boast, yet lives; and though, at one time, the object of persecution, dislike, and suspicion, is permitted now to pass his days in unmolested and dignified retirement. Martinez-Marina belongs to the Spanish priesthood, and was a canon of the Chapter of San Isidro, a body made illustrious by its virtues, talents, and erudition of most of its component members, which was considered the hot-bed of Jansenism, or, in other words of liberal opinions in religion and politics. He sat in the Cortes of 1820 and 1821, and voted on the popular side on nearly all the questions brought forward.

Marina is known by several learned works upon the political legislation of Spain. Amongst these, his '*Ensayo Histórico Crítico sobre la Antigua Legislación de Leon y Castilla*' [Historico-critical Essay upon the Ancient Laws of Leon and Castile], deserves especial mention and recommendation as a work full of research, displaying great critical acumen, and written in a vigorous and correct style. But the work to which he chiefly owes his fame, is his '*Teoría de las Cortes*.' It is a book of great research, written in a temperate and grave style, sometimes rising to eloquence, always distinguished by purity of diction, but not unfrequently liable to the charge of heaviness. Though the style of this author betrays anything but enthusiasm, and his cast of thought, at first sight, seems even hard and severe, he will be found, upon a closer examination, to be animated by a spirit of high-sounding patriotism, which, at times, even carries him away. A recent historian has justly taxed him with having found in the Spaniards of the middle ages, the patriots of the ancient republics, or the men of our enlightened times; and, in the institutions of an unsettled and uncivilized state, those models of perfection which can only exist in periods, when theories based on sound philosophy have sprung from, and been adapted to use by experience. Without meaning in the least to detract from the respect due to Marina, an impartial politician will find him sometimes almost a visionary; yet, even then, he must do justice to the extent of his learning, the purity of his motives,—in short, to his great merits as a writer.

He found an antagonist in his own countryman, SEMPER Y GUARDINOS, likewise a man of great erudition. This gentleman had become an exile in consequence of his having embraced the party of Joseph Napoleon, and naturally took the field against the Champion of the Spanish Cortes. In the opinion of impartial judges, (and among the highest authorities of these, we count the Edinburgh reviewers—and the above-mentioned distinguished English historian,) Semper had the best of the contest; and his work (though strongly tinged with monarchical partialities, and inferior in eloquence to Marina's,) takes, perhaps, a more sober and correct

† The news of his death has reached us since the above notice was written.

view of the political state of old Spain.—Whilst the institutions of Christian Spain were thus judged of, and canvassed by contending authors, an historian arose to record the events of a highly interesting period in the national annals, which had till then been shamefully neglected by his own countrymen, though certainly deserving of attention, as an era of great and singular civilization. The reader need hardly be told that we allude to Don José Antonio Conde, author of the 'History of the Arabs.'

Conde published a poetical translation of Anacreon, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, which is not deficient in spirit, and may, moreover, boast of the merit of accuracy. His History is, however, his best claim to the regard of the literary world; and yet, though it is a work of great erudition, its merits as a composition are rather slender. The writer has closely followed the style of the ancient chronicles, and, by so doing, instead of imparting to his narrative that freshness and vividness which are so delightful in the pages of M. de Barante, has made it embarrassed, as well as inelegant in its phraseology. Moreover, in consequence of the want of proper references to the historians of Christian Spain, the narrative cannot be serviceable to the illustration of the general history of the country: so that, though the work is most creditable to Conde as an Arabic scholar, it will bring him no fame as a historian.

The 'History of the Inquisition,' by Don Juan Antonio Llorente, is a publication nearly equal in merit to the one last mentioned. Without doubt, it is a very valuable contribution to the history of religious institutions, and of the human mind. Before it saw the light, there was little known respecting that tribunal, even in Spain. So long as it existed, it was a current saying among the Spaniards, "the less they spoke of it, the better." At the time of its abolition by Napoleon and the Cortes—that is to say, by the two parties fighting for supremacy in Spain—the want of documents prevented writers from publishing anything beyond vague generalities with respect to its mysterious proceedings. Dr. Puigblanch, in his work, entitled the 'Inquisición sin Mascaras,' published at Cadiz in the years 1811—13, had attacked that institution with great vehemence, and thrown light upon some points of its history and forms—but his labours still left much that was unknown. Llorente had been the Secretary of the Inquisition, and, when it was abolished, had seized on its archives. His own diligence fitted him for writing a history, the first merit of which, above all others, should consist in the copiousness and authenticity of the documents produced by the writer; and the History of the Inquisition proved, as might have been expected, a curious book. Yet it was ill-written. Llorente was born in the Biscayan Provinces, where, as is well known, a language totally different from the Castilian, nay, from all European tongues, is spoken; so that among the Spaniards *Concordancia Vizcaina* is only another word for absurd syntax. This may be a prejudice—but it is true as respects Llorente. In the 'Historia de la Inquisición,' in his 'Memorias Históricas sobre la Revolución de España,' published under the anagrammatic name of Nellertin, in his very ingenious work upon the authorship of 'Gil Blas,' and in several other writings the fruits of his indefatigable industry, the author cannot be said to write Castilian—and the least fastidious reader of Spanish, however he may be satisfied with the matter which

his works contain, cannot fail to be offended with the peculiarities of his style.

The last years of Llorente's life were spent in active warfare against the pretensions of the Roman See. Although he had written against the patriots, and embraced a party opposed to the Cortes, when they triumphed in 1820, he appeared as one of their most zealous champions in favour of Church Reform. He lived at Paris, and was unceasingly writing to forward the views of the Spanish constitutionalists. The consequence of this was, that he was sent out of the country by the French Ministry, towards the latter end of the year 1822. He reached Madrid, far advanced in years, broken down in health, but with all his energies undiminished. It was his fortune, a few days after his arrival, to attend that famous sitting of the Cortes, at which the notes emanating from the Congress of Vienna were made the subject of an animated and interesting discussion. His enthusiasm, perhaps, exceeded that of all the other spectators; and it was an impressive sight to see this old man, his faded countenance glowing with patriotic exultation, when, after a ten years' exile, the inspiring spectacle of a Spanish deliberative assembly met his eyes—and his ears were gladdened by the accents of its patriot orators. The writer of these lines will never forget his introduction to him, in the Hall of the Cortes, nor the gesture which accompanied the tremulous grasp of his hand. Within a few days he was a corpse—a mercifully sudden death spared him the mortification of beholding those bright prospects blasted, and spared him from a persecution which would have embittered his few remaining days, and either have consigned him to a dungeon, or sent him forth a second time to wander in foreign lands, the companion of another band of exiles.

In the theological war, carried on by members of the Catholic church against their acknowledged head, the Roman Pontiff, Llorente had a zealous, and no less celebrated, fellow-soldier, equal to him in zeal and erudition, and far surpassing him as a writer. This was Don Joaquín Lorenzo Villanueva, one of the exiles whom political events have driven into this country, where he is still residing, pursuing his labours with undiminished vigour, notwithstanding his advanced age. Dr. Villanueva was, in his younger years, the author of the 'Catecismo del Estulo,' and of a defence of the Inquisition, in which tenets favourable to civil and religious tyranny were upheld. In his maturer years, however, whilst a member of the Cortes of 1810 and 1820, he nobly redeemed those errors of his youth,—(perhaps acts of compliance with existing circumstances)—and by adhering to his newly-adopted principles, through both good and evil report, and suffering for them, has proved himself a worthy friend and fellow-labourer of those canons of the chapter of San Isidro, which counted Marina, Navas, and a few more ecclesiastics, as conspicuous for their piety as for their knowledge, among its members.

The works of Dr. Villanueva are very numerous; and he himself has given an account of them in an interesting piece of autobiography, which he published in London, under the title of 'Vida Literaria del Doctor Villanueva.' It is, however, to be regretted, that most of his writings treat of matters uninteresting to the general reader. Few, if any, of the Spanish authors of the present day, can contend with Dr. Villanueva for the palm of writing pure idiomatic Castilian;—and, in truth, the Spanish scholar, when he opens any of this author's books, may fancy that he is reading a Castilian work of the sixteenth, or the earlier part of the seventeenth century. He has not, like Capmany, and others, strung together phrases taken from ancient books—a common process, by which many Spaniards think that they have attained their end of writing like their ancestors; the re-

sult of which, in place of being a correct imitation, proves a piece of affected composition, closely resembling a caricature: Dr. Villanueva writes like the ancient Castilian authors; his style flows easily and naturally; and though he may justly be accused of prolixity, sometimes amounting to garrulity—a common characteristic of the writings of old men—there are to be found in his books passages abounding in wit—more frequently still, in humour. Of this last, a short pamphlet upon a literary subject, which he published in London under the title of 'Don Termópila,' is one of the happiest specimens.

JAIME VILLANUEVA was the brother of this writer—his equal in many respects, his superior in some. This excellent man, who died an exile in London, had belonged to the monastic orders; but, though strict in his religious principles, he knew how to combine them with liberal doctrines in politics, and a just hatred of persecution and intolerance. His 'Vingte literario a las Iglesias de España,' does great credit to his erudition and abilities as a writer. His style is as pure as his brother's, and something lighter; though there is a strong family likeness between their works;—both contributed, with great zeal and success, to a periodical work published in London, which we shall have occasion to mention in the course of this history.

Whilst we are treating of writers who aim at reviving the ancient style and idiom of Castile, the name of Don Bartolomé José Gallardo cannot be forgotten. He was, indeed, once revered as a master, in this point, by many of his fellow-countrymen; though his claims, then so generally acknowledged, have, in later days, been disputed; and there now remain to them only a few staunch supporters. A just and dispassionate judge must acknowledge that he has been latterly as injudiciously condemned, as he was formerly unreasonably extolled. A witty Spanish satirist, in 1822, designated him as one who had been the Cesar of literature in Cadiz, and had become its Belisarius in Madrid. This is undoubtedly going too far. Gallardo is caustic, and vain of his knowledge; and thus created a host of enemies, who have assailed him with fierce and unrelenting animosity. His fame rested upon two trifling works—one of them, 'La Apología de los Palos dados a Don Lorenzo Calvo,' an agreeable pamphlet, the interest of which was gone when the event which gave birth to it was forgotten;—the other, his 'Diccionario Critico Burlesco,' also a book of *circumstances* (to adopt a French term); this was filled with imitations of Voltaire's 'Dictionnaire Philosophique'; and, though often exceedingly witty and humorous, was disgraced by unjustifiable ribaldry. A few pamphlets, written in the same style, and published by Gallardo in the year 1822, (the 'Carta Blanca' and 'The Zurrihonda,') met with no success, and really deserved little, though the impartial reader will find in them wit and humour, and great command of language. This author was engaged in a highly laborious and useful undertaking—the compilation of a Dictionary of the Castilian language, (which was intended to supersede the very imperfect work of the Royal Spanish Academy,) but the materials which he had collected, and the parts which he had already arranged for publication, were destroyed in the pillage of the Archives and property of the members of the Cortes, by the mob of Seville.

It cannot be denied that Gallardo writes in a forcible style; nor is there any question of his humour, or even his wit. It is further evident, that he is well acquainted with, and has tolerable command over, his own language; and yet there are faults in his style which altogether obscure these excellent qualities. He is intolerably quaint, and appears to delight in a harsh and unnatural phraseology: his efforts, too, to bring

† See Athenæum, No. 164.

† It is a singular fact, that while translations from the Greek poets are so scarce in Spanish literature, as hardly to be met with, Anacreon has been frequently translated. Villagosa, Cienfuegos, Conde, and a few beside, have given poetical versions of his odes. One can hardly account for this preference of an author, who does not stand very high among the Greek poets, except by remarking that Spanish writers are in the habit of following each other.



forward antiquated words and expressions, are too apparent. His frequent parentheses show an ignorance or neglect of the beauty of arrangement in composition. The experienced reader will recognize, in some of his works, an imitation of the style of Cervantes; and though it is often a happy one, it is too close to appear natural. Villanueva writes in the style of our old Spanish authors, but not in direct imitation; whereas, in Gallardo's writings, you meet with passages that seem to be mere extracts from particular works. And even when he ceases to copy, his care to avoid Gallic idioms and the perspicuity of the French style, drives him into the use of such inversions and involved syntax, as no good Castilian writer can be charged with. His humour, too, is disfigured by coarseness; and his wit, by his constantly aiming at piquancy, becomes too often overstrained.

MR. BLANCO WHITE's name has been inserted in the catalogue of Spanish prose writers of merit, though he has written but little in our native language. Some contributions to the *Correo de Sevilla*, and the *Semanario Patriótico*, a few pamphlets, and his great periodical work, *El Español*, which he edited in London during the years 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, and 1814, form the whole sum of his Castilian works. In these light labours, however, he showed himself to be one of the ablest among his literary countrymen; and even those who dissent from the political doctrines contained in *El Español*, must do justice to the extensive knowledge, great talents, and beauties of style, which are apparent in its pages.

His ancient friend and companion in the literary school of Seville, DON FELIX JOSE REINOSO, has made himself known by (among other lighter works) one very remarkable book, which, although published anonymously, has been generally attributed to, and all but openly avowed by him. This is the 'Exámen sobre los Delitos de infidelidad á la Patria'—a work intended to prove that those Spaniards who had served the French invaders had been guilty of no crime, and were, in consequence, liable to no punishment. In support of this seeming paradox, he has brought forward the most respectable authorities among writers on the law of nations, and deduced, from their united testimony, the conclusion, that to have served a power at war with our own nation, is an act which those laws do not denounce as criminal. If this argument were admitted as conclusive, it would at once put an end to all trials for breach of allegiance,—as the duty of allegiance itself would depend upon, and fluctuate with, the march of armies, and could be only claimed by the possessors for the time being of the country in which we are living. It would be absurd to deny that this is in utter contradiction to the existing and recognized practice of all nations; and yet, in reading Reinoso's work, one would think that it was an universally admitted doctrine. The process by which he arrives at his conclusions is worthy of attentive consideration—and though the reader may reject, he cannot fail to admire the ingenuity displayed in support of them. The work too is recommended by its vigorous and very elegant style; though not remarkable for purity of idiom, it is free from offensive Gallicisms; and the only defect is, that the language does not flow easily, from being too much and too obviously polished. This is, indeed, the author's great fault, which is still more evident in his poetry, as we shall have occasion to notice, when his merits in that branch of composition come under discussion.

DON ALVARO FLOREZ ESTRADA, who, from having lived in exile in England, from the years 1814 to 1820, and again from 1823 to 1830, is well known to the English public, must likewise be named among living Spanish writers. The great fault of his style, is its total want of polish, though, on the other hand, this is counter-

balanced by the merit of occasional vigour. He has written much, mostly on political subjects. His work upon the insurrection of South America, though it did not satisfy any party, and only suggested a wild theoretical plan to reconcile the emancipated colonies and the mother country, is deserving of praise as a work of some power, and as containing good principles, enforced in a clear and unaffected manner. His project of a constitution for Spain, (which was written about the year 1808, and soon after published,) is curiously absurd; but it is evident from later works, that he has acquired juster notions of the nature of governments, and of political institutions. A fragment of a history of the Spanish revolution, which appeared in Mr. Blanco White's Magazine, is forcibly written; though, as an imitation of the historians of antiquity, it cannot be highly praised. His spirited and very long 'Address to King Ferdinand VII.' (the reader would hardly expect from the title, a pamphlet nearly equal to a volume,) though somewhat objectionable both in matter and manner, is full of feeling, and occasionally rises into eloquence. Florez Estrada is, in all his works, careless and slovenly in his style—it has, indeed, been said of him, by a malignant critic, that he wrote with a brush instead of a pen; but this defect is atoned for by natural force and unaffected ease.

DON JOSE CANGA ARGUELLES is at once one of the most laborious and prolific authors of modern Spain. His style, though flowing and often spirited, is almost always disfigured by verbosity and incorrectness. His 'Diccionario de Hacienda,' is a very useful work. But the author always writes in haste, and the charge of inaccuracy, which makes his style defective, becomes yet more serious, when applied (as it must be) to his facts. The other writings of Canga Arguelles consist of political polemics, and financial disquisitions. He has been twice Minister of Finance, and sat in the Cortes of the years 1813 and 1814, and again in 1822 and 1823. In the period which intervened between the years 1814 and 1820, he underwent the suffering of imprisonment, and from 1823 to 1830, resided in England, an exile. After having been engaged in some periodical publications, in defence of the constitutional cause, he suddenly became the apologist of Ferdinand, wrote against his fellow exiles, and, strange as it must appear, spared not invectives against his own acts as a minister, by strongly protesting against the recognition of the Cortes' bonds by the Spanish government, although the loan entered into by the first Cortes, was contracted by himself, in his official capacity. In consequence of this recantation, he has been permitted to return to Spain, and the misfortune of having voted at Seville for the deposition of the King, has been forgotten!

It has been common, in treating of modern Spanish writers, to notice and commend an author upon no better grounds than those furnished by a single, and that, perhaps, a very short work, or some contribution to a periodical, or to the literary publications of the Academies. This is the case of DON DIEGO CLEMENCIA, whose only important work, is his 'Elogio de la Reina Isabel in Católica.' This single publication, however, entitles him to honourable mention, because it shows that he is equal to the task of writing a good history. The 'Elogio' is well and eloquently written, the style is pure and elegant, and the notes are highly valuable. Clemencia was a member of one of the constitutional administrations, and likewise sat in the Cortes of 1820. He, however, continues a resident in Spain, unmolested by the existing government.

DON JOSE MARIA CALATRAVA has yet fewer claims to be counted among the living authors of Spain—having published nothing but "Rapports" as a member of the Cortes, and some con-

troversial political works: yet few of his countrymen can write better, as he has proved even in these trifling productions. His flowing style is a happy combination of eloquence with energy—of intense feeling with dignity. Few Spaniards have equalled him as an orator; and he would most certainly have risen to eminence as a writer, had he found opportunities of displaying his abilities. In some unpleasant controversies respecting past political events in Spain, he exhibited his power as an acute reasoner—and a first-rate writer of Castilian, in two short Letters which he published in London, in answer to his fellow exile, Florez Estrada, by whom he had been vehemently attacked. Even those who may agree with his antagonist, must admire the ability of Calatrava, as shown in these letters: whilst, to others, who approve of his conduct, and admire his character, they are recommended by the calm dignity—not unmixed, however, with warmth of feeling—which gives beauty to his forcible reasoning, and to his correct and nervous style.

DON AGUSTIN ARGUELLES, still more celebrated Spanish orator, is only entitled to be mentioned in these papers as the writer of the long Introduction prefixed to the Spanish Constitution; but this discourse has no common merit—its style, instead of partaking of the author's oratorical brilliancy and animation, is such as suits the subject-matter—grave and dignified.

There is little to be said of DON FRANCISCO MARTINEZ DE LA ROSA, though he is entitled to notice as the writer of several witty pamphlets, published at Cadiz in the years 1811 and 1812, the subject of which was the passing events of the time;—of a good, though brief historical notice of the wars of the 'Comunidades,' prefixed to his tragedy 'La Viuda de Padilla';—of an essay upon the Spanish insurrection of 1808, which appeared in *El Español*; and for the notes to his 'Arte Poética,' which, from their extent, assume all the importance of a critical work upon Spanish literature. Martinez de la Rosa writes elegantly, and with tolerable purity; in his youth, indeed, he evidently aimed at being numbered among the *puristas*, and antiquated phrases occur frequently in the works which he composed at that period; he then, too, gave proofs of possessing a rich vein of that peculiar wit, for which the Andalusians are so famous. But the persecution to which he was exposed, the dangers which threatened him, and his imprisonment in one of the most gloomy and secluded fortresses of Africa, impaired his health, preyed upon his spirits; and, if not a striking decay of his mental powers, at least a mournful diminution of liveliness is visible in all the writings of his mature years, even after he had been restored to liberty, and, for some time, to power. Martinez de la Rosa has also been a member of the Cortes and a minister, and belongs to the first class of Spanish orators. In a literary point of view, however, he stands highest as a poet, under which character we shall return to him again, and examine his merits more deliberately.

DON JOSE MANUEL DE VADILLO, a gentleman who has twice had a seat in the Cortes, and held office under the constitutional government, is also worthy of a place in our catalogue of Spanish authors. His tracts upon the usury laws and the commercial polity of his country, are intended to advocate principles which are not, even yet, universally acknowledged or admitted in countries far advanced in civilization. A small anonymous work, which is attributed to his pen, is still more honourable to his abilities; it professes to treat of the Insurrection of Spanish America, but really explains the nature and progress of the negotiations which began in Verona, and were followed up in Madrid, London, and Paris, the object and end of which was the overthrow of the Spanish

constitution. In this the writer shows great powers of analysis and command of his subject; its style, like that of all Vadillo's works, is grave and correct—occasionally idiomatic—but somewhat liable to the charge of heaviness.

DON JOSE JOAQUIN DE MORA is one of the liveliest and cleverest authors of modern Spain, and yet he has produced no important or correct work; whence it arises that he is in little esteem among his own countrymen. Nay, notwithstanding his very extensive reading, he is generally considered as a man of but shallow learning. Though the personal character of an author should not influence our judgment of his literary labours, yet, in this case, we may assert, with perfect truth, that it is to particular circumstances, having no reference to his mental powers and acquirements, that Mora owes this harsh opinion. Natural levity, and the pressure of poverty, led him to write in great haste; and because he was somewhat trifling and superficial as a man, he has been esteemed a superficial writer; and the inference seemed just, because it is often well founded. But Mora sometimes writes superficially upon subjects which he understands thoroughly. Notwithstanding his intimate acquaintance with foreign, and particularly with French authors, he possesses an entire command over his own language, and an extensive knowledge of Castilian literature; and yet, though he often writes beautifully—frequently with great purity—he is at other times chargeable with Gulliesms of the most gross and offensive nature. His compositions are all of a desultory character, being, for the most part, articles in periodicals, short pamphlets, and papers in annuals.† His translations of Sir Walter Scott's 'Ivanhoe,' and 'The Talisman,' do him great honour, and prove how well he understands and can write his own language.

MIÑANO, unlike the writer last mentioned, rose at once to great popularity among his countrymen. His 'Cartas de un pobreito holgazán,' (Letters of a poor Idler,) a satirical and political publication, was the first by which he acquired any literary fame; and the same readiness of wit, vivacity of style, perfect command and easy flow of language, which he exhibited in that entertaining work, have distinguished all his subsequent pointed and bitter satires. He was at first enrolled on the side of liberty, but soon went over to the enemy's camp; from whence he launched his keen, and, we boldly assert, most unjust invectives against the Spanish Constitutionals. Yet even those who have smarted under his sarcasms, cannot but do justice to the skill and ability which directed them. Miñano's important work, lately published, the 'Diccionario Geográfico de España,' has not added much to his reputation. It is a hasty and inaccurate compilation, and has been severely criticised in a series of entertaining and well-written letters, wherein the satirical author has been treated with the same merciless severity as he has shown towards his rivals. Miñano has also attempted an historical work upon the late Spanish Revolution, which he has chosen to write in French. It has proved something more than a failure; the effect which its libellous tendency, its wilful perversion of fact, its calumny of most of the living men of Spain, might have produced, is happily counteracted by its utter want of literary merit as an historical work. It is not even a connected narrative; and not contented with being false and bitter, the writer (we confess that the fault is not common with him) is also, in this work, dull.

DON MARTIN FERNANDEZ NAVARRETE is the most laborious of modern Spanish writers; his

treatise upon the part which the Spaniards took in the Crusades, is full of research, and presents us with much novel information. The long life of Cervantes, which he has prefixed to the new edition of 'Don Quixote,' published by the Royal Academy in 1819, is a sufficient proof of his industry, and has thrown new light upon a subject already illustrated by the learned Mayans, Rios, and Pellicer. His work upon the maritime discoveries of the Spaniards, is a most valuable and important addition to general history, and has been highly praised by Washington Irving. Navarrete is also a constant contributor in the labours of the Spanish Academies. But with all these merits, this author is remarkable for an interminable verbosity and heaviness of style. He seldom sends forth a substantive without its attendant escort of two stout adjectives, and his substantives and verbs always go in couples,—so that (to adopt his own style) he proves and turns out to be a prolix and tedious writer.

There have been sundry smart critical discussions, which might give the reader an idea of the state of literature in Spain; but the perishable nature of these writings prevents our doing more than mention them, as, indeed, no remains exist. One controversy, however, which occurred about the year 1805 or 1806, deserves a passing notice. The Spaniards regard the genius of Cervantes with much the same veneration as the English do that of Shakespeare; but a young man undertook to dispute the justice of this national opinion, in a work which he advertised under the title of 'Anti-Quixote.' The very name he assumed, *El Setabense*, (from his having been born in Jativa, in Latin *Setabis*;) and yet more the bombastic style of the prospectus, proved the writer to be a conceited, half-crazed pedant, but the announcement sounded like blasphemy in the ears of patriotic devotion. It was about the same time, also, that Munarriz published, in the version of Blair's Lectures, already mentioned, a criticism upon the style of one of the chapters in Don Quixote, in which, among many absurd comments, there were some true and judicious. This essay, however, and the 'Anti-Quixote,' were by some taken in proof of a conspiracy against the literary fame of Spain, represented by her most brilliant genius, and a volley of indignant abuse, discharged against the poor *Setabense*, was the consequence. At first the writer appeared even to rejoice in this, as his self-importance rose in proportion to its violence; but the first part of his work, which appeared in detached numbers, was decisive as to his utter incompetence for the labour he had undertaken. So far from considering Cervantes's work under a new and unfavourable aspect, he contented himself with animadverting upon some trifling inaccuracies in the narrative, which were well known, and had even been pointed out by the eulogists of that great man. *El Setabense*, therefore, was soon buried, not only under the load of contumely which had been heaped upon him, but in the depths of his own insignificance; and this champion, who dared to challenge the greatest in Spanish literature to break a lance with him, disappeared from the lists without his departure being so much as noticed; and, as he has not since been heard of, it is presumed that a natural must have followed closely his literary death. He became the subject of a trite classical comparison with Phaeton and Icarus, and if, in his daring, he was found to resemble those often quoted persons, much more was he like them in the suddenness of his fall.

During the Spanish Revolution of 1820, the emancipation of the press let loose upon the world a torrent of pamphlets and periodicals, all treating upon contemporary politics. But this torrent soon began to ebb, and partly owing to the jealousy of the succeeding government, by whom all publications of that period were suppressed and destroyed, and partly from the trans-

ient interest of such productions, it has left no traces behind. During such times of excitement, many became writers without possessing the necessary qualification of having previously been readers. Yet there appeared, during that period, essays and articles in periodicals and pamphlets, which, if collected into a volume, would undoubtedly give to some few a just title to fame. JONAMA, an unfortunate victim to political persecution, besides writing a good and original work upon the composition of juries, proved himself an author of great logical powers, possessed of an acute intellect, a keen wit, and a flowing and elegant style. In many short publications, GOROSTIZA gave proofs of that humour which we shall be able to praise more fully when we come to speak of his dramatic works. The labours of MIFANO have already been noticed: there are many excellent articles upon politics and literature in a monthly magazine, *El Censor*, which he wrote, assisted by LATA and GOMEZ HERMOSILLA. A highly popular periodical, *El Zurriago*, though disgraced by the offensive personalities with which its pages are filled, abounds in wit. BENGOS, in his *Miscelanea* and *Imparcial*, and NANCANES in his *Universal*, proved themselves equal to the best journalists of more enlightened countries. Colonel SAN MIGUEL also, whose proclamations and manifestos bearing the signature of Quiroga, at the time of the insurrection of the army in 1820, have been justly admired for their patriotic energy and elegance of style, communicated a few important articles to the *Espectador*.

The war against the mighty power of France, which had, by the assistance of England, ended triumphantly for Spain, demanded a historian to record its important and interesting events. This task was undertaken by Father Salmon, a monk; but his total inability to do justice to so noble a subject was at once obvious, and the work, consisting of several octavo volumes, passed quietly from the printers to the trunk-makers, with the exception, perhaps, of some few copies, which may be found uncult in the libraries of the author's friends. A junta of officers, also, under royal command, put forth a work, bearing the title of History, upon the same subject, but an introductory volume only appeared. This was elegantly written; but, as the work itself professed to be purely military, its discontinuance can neither excite surprise nor regret. The political circumstances of Spain, when the King, upon his restoration, severely punished most of those who had taken any active part in the late war, precluded the possibility of discussions upon the political principles of the Spanish Revolution. The troubles of 1820, however, put an end to these strange contradictions, when men were at once commanded to write, and incapacitated from writing; and the liberty of the press then established might, we should have supposed, have led to the continuation of this work; but the excitement of the Revolution put a stop to all historical inquiries.

No prime work deserving of notice has been produced in Spain since the revolution of 1823, if we except Navarrete's, of which we have already made mention. A new edition, indeed, of Bouterwek's miserable 'History of Spanish Literature,' has been undertaken, with the addition of a copious Appendix, an impudently necessary adjunct to a book which, from its intolerable blunders, is ill entitled to the honour of being translated into that language, and for the use of that nation, of which, while it professes to treat, the writer's ignorance is apparent. This appendix shows some erudition and diligence on the part of the translators, but nothing approaching philosophical views of the subject. Had they, indeed, possessed these, they would probably have devoted themselves to the production of an original work upon a subject of so much interest and importance—a work which is as yet, and

† In his Spanish Annual 'No me divides,' (Forget-Me-Not,) published by Ackermann, will be found many beautiful pieces both in verse and prose; he wrote nearly the whole of these volumes, for two or three years.

unfortunately is likely for a long time to remain, a desideratum in the history of general literature.

DON DIEGO CLEMENTE, whose labours have been already mentioned, is engaged in a Commentary upon Don Quixote, which possesses the average share of merits and blemishes common to such works.

DON SANCHE LLINAS has furnished a Commentary upon the Eighty-three Laws of Força, which has been highly and not undeservedly praised.

Within the last few years, some periodicals have appeared in Spain. They are, for the most part, but indifferent. In 1830, a paper was published in Spanish at Bayonne, under the patronage of, nay, supported by, the Madrid government, in which some tolerably good articles upon literature made their appearance. But "the three glorious days" of Paris soon put an end to this publication, which had no chance of succeeding.

The English reader cannot but be struck with the paucity and unimportance of the works written by modern Spaniards. He will find that the claims to literary merit possessed by many authors mentioned in the foregoing pages are very slight, resting often upon a few, not seldom upon one single, pamphlet. The reasons have been already explained. They may be reduced to two,—the one, restrictions on the production and sale of literary works,—the other, the very small demand for them. A bookseller will occasionally put forth a venture; but these speculations are few and far between, and rather embrace works of general utility than of literary merit. On the other hand, authors cannot enter upon labours which are certain to prove unprofitable.

In fact, the writings of the modern Spaniards deserve notice rather as illustrating the state of knowledge in that country, than for their own intrinsic value. In the former point of view, they cannot fail to be interesting to a philosophical observer. Such a one, should he devote his time to the perusal and consideration of the light productions of Spanish writers, will discover in them certain proofs that their authors could do more and better. Though the literature of Spain is far behind the literature of England, France, Germany, and Italy, yet the Spanish pamphlets, when compared with those of other countries, exhibit less inferiority than might be expected. There are certainly no giants in modern Spain, and the number of the enlightened among its writers is small; but the productions of this small number will be found approaching the general average of literary mediocrity.

[To be continued on the 17th instant.]

#### PAUPER LUNATIC ASYLUM AT HANWELL.

[We are indebted, for the following interesting paper, to a friend who was led, accidentally, the other day, to visit this Asylum; and who is anxious to give publicity to the system of management observed in it, and the admirable results of that system.]

THE principles acted on at the Asylum at Hanwell are nearly these:—

1. It is the conviction of its active, intelligent, and truly benevolent superintendent, Dr. Ellis, that insanity is almost always a *partial*, not a *total*, aberration of reason:—and, consequently, that in all cases alleviation, and in many cure, may be effected by temperately, yet steadily, exercising the sane faculties, and soothing the insane to repose.

2. He is therefore very careful so to arrange and distribute his patients, that those may not be together whose weaknesses are likely to conflict, at the same time that all enjoy the benefit of company and society. To this latter condition he attaches extreme value; attributing the small number of cures effected in the

higher circles almost entirely to the seclusion in which such patients are usually kept. And his greatest ambition, he says, is to be able to bring this principle so far into evidence as to see a similar institution to that which he conducts founded for the upper ranks, surrounded with all the luxury and indulgence to which they are accustomed, and with the necessary restraint as much as possible unseen and unfelt.

3. In classifying his patients, Dr. Ellis professes to be much assisted by studying the minute indications of character furnished by the modern science of phrenology, in which he implicitly believes; and whatever may be thought of this guide in the abstract, his tact at least seems unerring, for he has few quarrels, and in twenty years has had no accident. It is obvious, however, that this is not so much a principle as a mere method,—a means by which he attains, or supposes that he attains, a particular end.

4. He is next careful constantly to occupy his patients' minds by light, *useful* labour, in the open air as much as possible, and otherwise in warm, but well ventilated apartments. It is a remarkable gleam of sanity which appears in all, that they will tolerate, and even court, work which appears to them *useful*, but no other; and Dr. Ellis finds a medical benefit in indulging this preference, as strengthening in their estimation the tie which yet connects them with the sane and usefully employed world.

5. For the same reason he encourages them to undertake long consecutive tasks, that their minds may be occupied steadily, for at least some days, with the same object. The acquisition and practice of a trade he thus finds eminently beneficial, provided that neither is urged too fast or far, beyond the strength of mind of the patient set to them.

6. His last rule is undeviating kindness, and even affectionate familiarity of manner towards them:—on which head, however, his difficulties are infinite with the same part of his establishment. He complains much of a hard-hearted abruptness and unkindness which seem, in this country and district particularly, to pervade the minds even of those, otherwise gentle enough, when they are brought in contact with patients of this description; the effect of which, on those recovering, is especially disadvantageous. They are extremely jealous of indignity or contempt.

Such are the leading principles on which this admirable Institution is conducted; and I must say, that in all my experience I have never seen more interesting or affecting results brought out. The number of patients approaches to six hundred, for whose efficient guard, protection, and service, about forty sane servants, of all kinds, are sufficient. At the head of every department of work in the house, whether cooking, baking, brewing, washing, carpentering, shoemaking, tailoring, straw-hat making, bricklaying, gardening, dairying, or what it may, one of these sane individuals is placed; but the labourers under them are all patients. About sixty acres of ground are annexed to the premises, over which these poor creatures are thus distributed. The fences are by no means everywhere secure, yet no attempt is made to escape. And the affectionate attachment of all to Dr. Ellis, and, if possible, even more obviously to his admirable wife, appears unbounded; it is, indeed, almost distressing, for in some of the worst cases it is more like the affection of a brute than of a human being, and is, in truth, no more.

Lords Jersey, Howe, Chichester, and other gentlemen about the Court, have visited the establishment with feelings similar to mine, (as appears from their observations written in the visitors' book); and it has been intimated, in consequence, that their Majesties will shortly examine it. A very celebrated lady also,—(on such an occasion, I think I may name her—I mean Miss Martineau),—who was in the same

party with myself the other day, has since returned *alone*, and passed a whole day in it, that she might study it at leisure, and undisturbed. I mention these circumstances partly to prove that I have not been unduly excited by what I saw,—partly to show that there is nothing painful or oppressive in its examination, but, on the contrary, much that is delightful, while it is improving. How is it that it is generally so little known, or talked of? There is no difficulty, I believe, in obtaining admission: it is only wished that parties going should not be numerous or imposing, otherwise the patients are agitated by their presence.

A few anecdotes may, however, further illustrate the kind of reflections which a visit to this place excites. One poor woman whom we saw working in the garden was ten years in chains, furiously mad. She has been only fifteen months here, never in chains, and now under as little restraint as the others. Her delight is the garden; and she fancies that she has almost the exclusive charge of it. Another woman was fifteen years in the strictest confinement, and has been two years here. We saw her occupied in the pleasure grounds; and her delight on seeing Mrs. Ellis, who accompanied us, was extatic. She kissed her hand, leaped about and around her, showed what she was engaged in, and so forth, with a glee which seemed infantine, but was neither offensive nor alarming. The man who shot Mr. Mellish last year, and who was acquitted on the ground of insanity, is also here. He came moody and dissatisfied, as fancying that he had cause for his act, and was therefore ill-treated; but he is now comparatively cheerful and contented, working, by his own desire, among the shoemakers, where we saw him. Lastly, a lady of fortune has been treated for the last eighteen months, as much as possible in a private house, on Dr. Ellis's system, after having been many years in the strictest confinement, even to a strait-waistcoat. She now goes out in her carriage without a keeper; and so much is her intellect strengthened by being judiciously appealed to whenever possible, that when consulted, at the beginning of last winter, as to the prudence of dispensing with a guard to her fire, her reply was, that she hoped it was not necessary, yet, as a measure of precaution, she would recommend its adoption.

The great majority of cases have been preceded by habits of vicious indulgence, especially intemperance and violent passion. This deplorable malady is also a frequent termination of the unhappy fate of women of the town, especially when their *maternal*, as well as other affections, have been severely lacerated. The majority of cases here (it is a Pauper Asylum) are among the uneducated; but this is not, I believe, a general fact. In almost every instance the extreme crisis may be traced to injudicious, and generally *cruel* treatment, when reason was tottering, but not yet gone. Without altogether denying the doctrine of hereditary tendencies, Dr. Ellis is persuaded that, if taken in time, these may almost always be overcome; and that their effect would be comparatively trifling, if unaided by moral causes.

In the whole compass of moral statistics, perhaps no subject is more interesting than this. It is interesting in itself, as relating to beings of themselves utterly helpless; and it is, if possible, still more interesting in its ulterior application. For may we not assume, that the treatment which is eminently successful in the extreme case of mental disease, must contain within itself the principles on which all mental training ought to be founded? In our schools, therefore, as in our lunatic asylums, may we not infer from this example, that not less value should be set on the *indirect*, than on the *direct* culture of the yet imperfect mind; that the



disfigure of pupils should be improved, as well as their school hours; that their temper and affections, as well as their intellect, should be nurtured; their active, as well as sedentary, pursuits be such as to give habits of industry and consecutive labour, &c.? Instead of this, it is to be feared that in most of our English schools our boys are dismissed from their tasks to idleness at best, but to mischief and vice much more commonly; the weak are overborne by the strong; the strong are spoiled by their superiority; the tempers of all are injured, and their affections only brought out during their brief holidays. Ought we to wonder, then, that a fitful manhood should so often succeed an unruly youth, and that both should so frequently disappoint the fairest promise of opening childhood? The subject can be here only hinted at; but its development well deserves the attention of every friend to national education, national happiness, character, and virtue.

In saying this much respecting Hanwell Asylum, I could wish to be understood as far from meaning to intimate that it stands alone in the interesting experiment making in it. On the contrary, I believe that similar attempts are in progress in several other places; but I wish to testify to the almost complete success here. In conclusion, one of the most striking physical effects of his system Dr. Ellis states to be the uninterrupted sleep of his whole establishment during the night. His patients are not lodged in separate apartments, but together, in wards; yet is he not disturbed by them three times a year. This he attributes both to their occupation through the day, and their general tranquillity of mind. A.M.

#### THOMAS STOTHARD, R.A.

THOMAS STOTHARD, the eminent painter, died at three o'clock on Sunday last, at his house in Newman Street, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He had been long in a declining state of body rather than of health, and may be said to have passed away from among us like a light gently withdrawn, rather than suddenly extinguished. In his manners he was mild and inoffensive—a gentleman as well as a genius: his voice was low and not unmusical; he abounded in anecdote; had a turn for the facetious and sarcastic; and, with those to whom he could unbosom himself, was one of the most agreeable men breathing. He was an early riser; he loved to walk into the streets, to look at the various portions of the toiling community hurrying to their work: this was one of his places of study; he made sketches of labourers and artisans, singly and in groups; nor did he fail to include flower-girls, and all such moving dealers as London finds employment for. He never saw, he said, two faces alike; and he never saw a form from which he could not take something useful for his studies. His chief enjoyment was a summer Saturday's excursion into the country with his friend Mr. Black, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, collecting dragon-moths, mottled butterflies, and making sketches of peasants at their cottage doors, and of children playing in the sun.

The last time the writer of this hasty personal sketch met the venerable painter, it was the pleasure of Stothard to relate not a little of his early fortunes. "My father (he said) was a native of Stretton, near Doncaster: he came to London while a lad, and when he married took a sort of hotel in Long Acre, which was much frequented by coach-makers. I was born there in the month of August, 1755. I was an old child, and a sickly and ailing one: my father, anxious about my health, sent me, when only five years old, to his brother in York; but as he lived in a close part of the city, I was removed to Accomb, a small

village two miles north of York, and put under the care of an old douce Scotch lady—a sound Presbyterian, who loved to keep her house in order, and all that was in it. As this was the Kensington Gravel Pits of York, I soon began to grow strong; and I remember that I also grew solicitous to be doing something—I soon found employment, which has now afforded me full seventy years pleasure—I became a painter. This came rather curiously about.

"My Scotch friend had two sons in the Temple, London, who had sent her some of Houbraiken's heads; with an engraving of Blind Belsharius, and other prints from the graver of Strangé;—as they were framed, she had them hung up in a sort of drawing-room, and rarely allowed any one to look at her treasures, as she called them. One day I ventured to follow her into this sanctum; she was pleased with the earnest looks with which I regarded the heads and groups, patted me on the head, and said I should often see them, since I seemed to like them so much. I became an almost daily visitor to the room; and I began to wonder how such things were done: I was told they were done with pencils. Though the old lady told me this, she little expected the result,—in short, she missed me from her side one day, and found me standing on a chair trying to imitate with a pencil one of the heads before me. She smiled, clapped my head, and bade me go on, adding, 'Thomas, ye are really a queer boy.' I did little else now but draw; and I soon began to make tolerable copies.

"I lived at Accomb till I was eight years old, when I left my old Scottish dame with tears in my eyes, and went to school at Stretton—the birth-place of my father. I continued drawing, and even attempted to make sketches from life. Some one told me that engravings were made from paintings in oil colours: I longed to see a painting, and shall never forget the delight with which, for the first time, I looked upon one. I resolved to paint in colours, and wrote to my father to send me some: I was, however, too impatient to wait their coming; but going to a cart and plough-wright, I begged black, red, and white oil-colours from him, and commenced to make a picture. I painted a man, I remember, in black paint, and then tried with the red and white to work it into the hues of life. It was a sad daub: I still persevered, and soon learned to handle my brush with more skill, and lay on my colours with better taste. I was soon afterwards removed to London, where all manner of facilities abounded—you know the rest."

These were the words of the great painter: they were noted down almost immediately after he uttered them; and they are given without change, for they are simple and instructive. Of the merits of Stothard, as an artist, we have repeatedly spoken: they are of a high order, and will not be forgotten while a sense of what is lovely and natural prevails among men.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, March.

Without any maundering about health, weather, or such midwife topics, I proceed, as you enjoin, to matters more post-worthy at once. The Archaeological Institution of the Capitol has augmented its departments by two Lectureships, on Architectural Remains, and Sculptural, which are numerously attended three days a week. Several foreigners of distinction, among whom I am glad to see many English, the Marquess of Northampton, Lord Beverley, &c., patronize the establishment, both by their purse and their equally efficacious presence. There is a great charm in the latter for our compatriot fry of star-worshippers, who, from lounging fops, are improved all at once into most sedulous parasites, taking

notes, and listening with three ears apiece, because my Lord *This*, or Count *That*, sits in his easy chair with interest. Some exceptions, of course; and, upon the whole, these lectures meet attention as deep as they merit. But I must postpone any account of them.

One of the most curious among late discoveries in archaeology, is the fact of Grecian temples having been painted—walls, columns, and ornaments in general. What a topoi-turification of all our ideas about architectural beauty! We had conceived these edifices so pure, and simple, and unmeretricious—chaste *was* the word—none of your gaudy colouring and gilding, but the chaste natural splendour of Parian marble! Well, to what are we reduced now with our chushty? Either to think the Greeks were not infallible, but sometimes as fond of false glare and glitter as we are, or that we cannot come at what is really false, and that, *par consequence*, French glare and glitter may be just as good as the French deem it themselves. For my part, however bigoted it may appear, I have still a leaning towards the chaste, and shall, until it be shown me that reason does not enter into our feeling of beauty, as well as sense. If it do, the matter is determinable: where any architectural system has for its basis simplicity of forms (as the Greek has), simplicity of decoration should likewise obtain; and a temple of sun-white Parian will therefore be more beautiful than if its coigns were cut out of a petrified rainbow. Whence, if Euclid be right, his countrymen were wrong. What do you think of my demonstration? As for my opinion, you can scarce regard it as more presumptuous than I do myself, even recollecting that the whole modern world is my bottle-holder. It is like a pismire on its hind legs, trying a fall with the Farnesian Hercules. But, you must know, the Romans too thought with the Greeks,—after them, I would say, for such a set of intellectual lickspittles as my Romans never crawled in the dust. A coat of colour is still visible beneath the capitals of Jupiter Tonans (so called), and Trajan's Column exhibits a like species of ornamentation. M. Semper, with nine architects of different countries, was lowered by ropes and a raft from the top to the base, and observed at ease a thickish crust of colour, which had only disappeared on the side of the *libeccio* or rainy wind. The opposite part preserves a colour of gold in various gradations, from reddish to yellow. That directly under the *abaco* of the capital is thickest, and resembles much those encaustic colours blackened by time, which are seen in the Temple of Perseus and the Parthenon. It is hard, appears resinous, and has reticular cracks, like antique bituminous varnish, separates hardly from the stone beneath, and its fracture is similar to that of enamel or glass. Between the *ovoli* of the capital are distinct traces of blue. M. Semper infers from all this, how very fine the piebald column of Trajan must have been; while M. Peregrine can scarce bring himself to conclude that it looked much better than an overgrown tarnished brass candlestick. But M. Peregrine is a brazen-faced blockhead, you will submit, like Vulcan admonishing his bellows-blower for too great a puff, with the tip of a sledge-hammer on the nussell. I shall not trouble you about the Niobe Group dug up at Soissons, as you must have heard of it long since.

Did I tell you before, that Wilson has sold a second Genoa to Lord Pembroke? The first Genoa was lost with Gibson's statue of North, and likewise, I believe, with an arm of Ceccurini's Raphael, purchased by Lord Shrewsbury. What a piece of empty affectation is this monument to the most simple-minded of all great artists! Raphael's attitude is such a decided pose—the dignity of a writing clerk, that looks a thousand heroes when called over the coals by his master! As for individualizing

See LIVING ARTISTS, *Athenæum*, No. 144.

expression, it is all in his pencil; from nothing else could one guess him a painter—and even this leaves him as much Raphael Mengs as Raphael Sanzio. Where is his own sweet, beauty-searching regard, full of calm intensity and enthusiasm, which might have been easily caught from the portraits he painted of himself in the Pinturicchio chapel at Siena, &c.—even if they be apocryphal? Italian artists of the present day are horribly bo-Davidized! Hard drawing and stugo effect are their Pillars of Hercules.

Gott, the statuary, has done a Sleeping Nymph and some Dogs. He is celebrated for the latter. To me they look starved and wiry; but the Elgin Marbles spoil one's taste. I have only a dead relish for Nymphs and Venuses of modern days—the *repétita crumbe* of ancient sculpture, the cold ragout of Greek and Gothic—modern statuary seems to me little else than white stone-cutting. Scoular has done a Deluge—some time—in plaster—on the sugar-loaf principle; from a head the group widens down through a pair of legs stridden over two bodies. To be sure, every blockier-out knows what an erudite thing it is for an agroupment to observe pyramidal law; but our statuaries themselves do not always know how shallow it is to make their agroupment display such an alphabetical piece of knowledge. Why should a sculptor keep to pyramidal law as close as the cutter-out of Cleopatra's Needle? We don't want gymnastic feats in marble—one figure standing on the shoulders of two. But, whatever the merit may amount to, it seemed the only one in Scoular's marble. A Lutanist is better—drapery in large and good taste—smooth work, physiognomy a little foolish. His Adam consoling Eve, just finished, well chosen and put together. Kessel, a German sculptor not enough known, has succeeded much better with the Deluge—pyramidal enough, but not importunately; a husband standing on a rock drags up his dead wife from the waters, a child clinging to both. Anatomy, drapery, sentiment, good—style, the prevailing compromise between classic and popular, or, in other words, the select mongrel—his head (v.g.) approaching the barbaric wedge, or saddle-shape, *here* the Grecian oval, &c. Certainly we are in a dilemma,—we can never be Greek, and no one is Michael enough to be independently and proudly Gothic! Yet this is the sole ground we could ever make our own, high, and wide, and firm, and consecrated by our religion; but, forsooth, it is nobler to claim a bastard consanguinity with Phidias, who disowns us, than a legitimate with Michael, who would give us a heritage! Mark, I do not recommend our statuaries to commence torturers of marble by way of turning out Michael Angelos. Consider Buonarroti's eccentric orbit but as a cometary example of the regular one, to be approximated by a system of corrections applied to its elements, videlicet, those akin to our Gothic nature, and modern mythology. It seems to me as if we had small chance of competing with the Greeks by clambering up the sides of their Parnassus—much less by keeping one foot upon that, and the other on a hillock of our own, more than seven-league stride asunder. But, how I ramble! There is a Christ at the Pillar, by Kessel, Head of Christ, Discobolus, Mara. Now the latter two are exceedingly well done, to be sure; but are they one millionth part as well as the Discobolus of the Vatican, or the Mars of the Villa Ludovisi? If Kessel, Thorwaldsen, Canova, Chantrey, Flaxman, and Michael himself, were all stuffed one within the other like pill-boxes, could they, with all their heads and arms together, make a Greek statue as well as Myron or Praxiteles? The two great Christian subjects, reversely, are in the spirit of our own hemisphere and cycle of ages and religions,—therefore, if no other merit, have that of being aboriginal instead of second-hand sculpture. The Head of Christ

not so good as that by same artist, now in possession of the Rev. C. Hare: having a like *sechezza* of forms, but by no means an equal depth of sentiment. Copies, even by an artist himself after his own originals, are apt to be tame.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Our attention has been drawn to an able—we wish we could add, a temperate—defence of the Royal Academy, which has appeared in the *Old England* newspaper, by a friend, who is of opinion, that we cannot be acquainted with the facts therein stated. Now, whether we have ever set forth those facts specifically, we know not, but assuredly they were known to us, and have ever had their qualifying influence on what we have said on this subject. We have never run a tilt at the Academy, although sometimes strongly tempted to do so. Our grounds of objection have generally been specific: for instance, we have more than once adverted to the absurdity of such a man as Martin being excluded from its honours, because he does not choose to put down his name as a candidate, and solicit for them. The writer in the *Old England* knows as well as we do, that the election of members has often been a mere trial of party strength—a question of exertion, solicitation, and barter of votes. The law, then, that requires, or countenances this, is bad, and should be, we say, amended forthwith. A modest man may doubt how far he is worthy of such an honour; a proud man may think it unbecoming in him to ask that as a favour which he considers due to his exertions and his genius; but these moods of mind or temper ought not to exclude either from a national institution and the only honours their countrymen can bestow on them. We shall not discuss with the writer any question concerning the appropriation of the funds of the Academy, or the value of the aid it has received from the country; nor shall we break fresh ground by pointing out the aristocratic assumption of the whole management, as shown at their private views and public dinners, when none but the titled and the wealthy are admitted; as if the Exhibition were but a mart for traders, and genius and learning could have no sympathy with Art: but we must notice a very pleasant piece of information, which we collect from him—namely, that the Academy is entitled to be called National “because it has raised up a School of Art from its unaided resources, which is the admiration of all Europe.” Blessings on the Academy then, we say, for it has done more for Art than ever Academy did before. Why, there is nothing more capable of direct proof than that Art has invariably declined so soon as Academies have been established for its especial protection and encouragement: it was so in Italy—it was so in France—but it has not been so in England, it appears. True, indeed, we had Hogarth, Reynolds, West, Wilson, Barry, Gainsborough, and some few other of the illustrious obscure before the Academy was established—true, that Lawrence, and Chantrey, and Wilkie, went in to the Academy, and did not come out of it—true, Martin is out of it—but then we are indebted to the Academy for a School of Art which is the admiration all Europe!

We have looked into a few of the magazines of the month.—*Blackwood* is himself again, in a glorious double number: and when he is himself, he may say, “I am, and there is none beside me.” These same numbers for May are full of poetry, in prose as well as verse. We have eloquent reviews of ‘Stephen Olive on Angling,’ the ‘Moral of Flowers,’ and the poems of our friend Ebenezer Elliott, to whom Christopher North does ample and manly justice. There is also an interesting paper upon Chateaubriand. The lovers of mirth will laugh at ‘Bob Burke’s Duel with Ensign Brady,’ and the lovers of the

Noctes will rejoice to read how the Shepherd was seen galloping towards the tent, and made up his quarrel with ‘The Old Man and his Crutch.’ For poetry in rhyme, we have Mrs. Hemans’s exquisite ‘Thoughts and Recollections,’ a fairy dream called ‘The Enchanted Domain,’ one of Danby’s pictures put into verse, and many other pieces, all good.—*Fraser* reads somewhat coarse and citizenish after his northern rival. He has a long and elaborate review upon Mr. Heraud’s epic, and a triple translation of that paragon of a lyric, ‘The Groves of Blarney,’ into Latin, French, and Greek. The last looks as Liston might do in a toga, set up on a pedestal.—The *Court Magazine* gives us a graphic portrait of the Hon. Miss M. A. Jervis, whose name is well known to musicians; one of Miss Mitford’s sketches; and ‘May Flowers,’ by Leigh Hunt. We are glad to see that, in these hard and hurrying times, the return of the ‘Merry Month’ is not utterly forgotten.—The *Gentleman’s* is, as usual, quaint, and, to us, amusing. The ‘Diary of a Lover of Literature’ contains curious things.—The *Sporting and New Sporting Magazines* are still unremittingly bent on the amusement and instruction of what some one in a novel calls “hony and houndy” people; and *Arnold’s* discusses pictures and other artistical affairs very pleasantly—it contains this month, among other matters, a notice of Carlon the engraver, and an extract from a Spanish traveller’s journal touching Granada, which is interesting: and this brings us to speak of the opening article in the *Foreign Quarterly* upon Spanish Painters, which is entirely to our mind. This periodical, too, has other papers of general interest: the ‘Memoirs and Correspondence of Duplessis Mornay,’ and the Sketch of Swedish Periodical Literature, are both valuable; and the notice of the Danish Theatre, in the Appendix, will be curious to those who care for the sock and buskin.

We are told, that the number of applications from professors and amateurs, both in town and country, to take part in the performances at the Abbey is very great. With respect to the latter, we hope that the Committee will remember the splendour of the occasion—the high price of admission—and consider themselves bound to make their band and chorus as perfect as possible, without partiality or favour. Those who are desirous to attend this meeting, should leave their orders for tickets at the music-shops without delay. Their Majesties will occupy a box, but there will be no reserved places for any of the officers of state, or of the court. Each place will be numbered to correspond with the number of a ticket, and every seat so placed that its occupant will be able to see the orchestra. The prices of admission are to be one and two guineas for each morning’s performance.

In addition to the Society of British Musicians, the formation of which we noticed last week, there is also a Committee of Professors, who are interested in the establishment of a National Opera. Until we accomplish this—and until our composers work therein for future good, as well as present gain, we shall not overtake our continental neighbours.

The Italian Opera company, in the provinces, has removed from Liverpool to Manchester.

Having received several letters of inquiry respecting the National Gallery, which is now rising “like an exhalation,” and beginning to attract public attention, we think it may be satisfactory to our readers, if we state, that drawings, made from the model, by consent of Mr. Wilkins, are now in the hands of Messrs. Wright and Folkard, and that engravings will appear forthwith in the *Athenæum*.

We regret to state, that a letter has just been received at Lloyd’s, announcing the death of Lander, who was fired on and killed by the natives—see *Miscellanea*.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

**May 1.**—B. C. Brodie, Esq., V.P., in the chair. —The reading of Mr. Owen's paper on the generation of Marsupiate animals was concluded. A second paper, by the same gentleman, on the structure of the female Marsupiate, was read; like the preceding, it was too strictly physiological for general readers.

A paper on a new law of combustion, by Dr. Williams, was read. The author stated that his attention had been directed to the phenomena of an imperfect species of combustion at low temperatures, many instances of which are popularly known, as, for example, that of sulphur or paper on half-extinct coals, where an incomplete combustion takes place below the igniting point. He detailed several experiments, proving that this was a general law of combustion, and that none of its phenomena could be regarded as simple phosphorescence. The appearances belonging to this low combustion he stated to be faint heat, and that milky kind of light observable when a bar of iron cools down from red heat in a dark room. Oxygen gas, he said, would raise this low incandescence into the higher kind of combustion; and a similar effect would of course be produced by any increase of temperature. He regarded low combustion as the connecting link between perfect combustion on the one hand, and the phenomena of fermentation and putrefaction on the other. In conclusion, he stated that this new law seemed to afford a reasonable explanation for the phenomena of spontaneous combustion in charcoal, in coal, in imperfectly made hay, and in the human body.

*Mr. Faraday's Experimental Researches in Electricity.*

We have, from time to time, in our reports of the proceedings of the Royal Society, given a brief account of these highly interesting papers; but the subject is justly considered of such importance by scientific men both at home and abroad, that we think it well to publish the very complete abstract now drawn up for the information of the Fellows.

In the course of his experimental investigation of a general and important law of electro-chemical action, which required the accurate measurement of the gases evolved during the decomposition of water and other substances, Mr. Faraday was led to the detection of a curious effect, which had never been previously noticed, and of which the knowledge, had he before possessed it, would have prevented many of the errors and inconsistencies occurring in the conclusions he at first deduced from his earlier experiments. The phenomenon observed was the gradual recombination of elements which had been previously separated from each other by voltaic action. This happened when, after water had been decomposed by voltaic electricity, the mixed gases resulting from such decomposition were left in contact with the platinum wires or plates, which had acted as poles; for under these circumstances they gradually diminished in volume, water was reproduced, and at last the whole of the gases disappeared. On inquiring into the cause of this reunion of the elements of water, the author found that it was occasioned principally by the action of the piece of platinum, which had served for the positive pole; and also that the same piece of platinum would produce a similar effect on a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen gases obtained by other and more ordinary kinds of chemical action. By closer examination, it was ascertained that the platinum, which had been the negative pole, could produce the same effect. Finally, it was found that the only condition requisite for rendering the pieces of platinum effective in this recombination of oxygen and hydrogen is their being perfectly clean,

and that ordinary mechanical processes of cleaning are quite sufficient for bringing them into that condition, without the use of the battery. Plates of platinum, cleaned by means of a cork, with a little emery and water, or dilute sulphuric acid, were rendered very active; but they acquired the greatest power when first heated in a strong solution of caustic alkali, then dipped in water to wash off the alkali, next dipped in hot strong oil of vitriol, and finally left for ten or fifteen minutes in distilled water. Plates thus prepared, placed in tubes containing mixtures of oxygen and hydrogen gases, determined the gradual combination of their elements: the effect was at first slow, but became by degrees more rapid; and heat was evolved to such a degree, indeed, as frequently to give rise to ignition and explosion.

The author regards this phenomenon as of the same kind as that discovered by Davy in the glowing platinum; that observed by Döbereiner in spongy platinum, acting on a jet of hydrogen gas in atmospheric air; and those so well experimented on by MM. Dulong and Thénard. In discussing the theory of these remarkable effects, the author advances some new views of the conditions of elasticity at the exterior of a mass of gaseous matter confined by solid surfaces. The elasticity of gases he considers as being dependent on the mutual action of the particles, especially of those which are contiguous to each other; but this reciprocity of condition is wanting on the sides of the exterior particles which are next to the solid substance. Then, reasoning on the principle established by Dalton, that the particles of different gases are indifferent to one another, so that those of one gas may come within almost any distance of those of another gas, whatever may be the respective degrees of tension in each gas among the particles of its own kind, he concludes that the particles of a gas, or of a mixture of gases, which are next to the platinum, or other solid body not of their own chemical nature, touch that surface by a contact as close as that by which the particles of a solid or liquid body touch each other. This proximity, together with the absence of any mutual relation of the gaseous particles to particles of their own kind, combined also with the direct attractive force exerted by the platinum, or other solid body, on the particles of the gases, is sufficient, in the opinion of the author, to supply what is wanting in order to render effective the affinity between the particles of oxygen and hydrogen; being, in fact, equivalent to an increase of temperature, to solution, or to any of the other circumstances which are known to be capable of adding to the force of the affinities inherent in the substances themselves.

Some very curious cases of interference with this action of platinum and other metals are next described. Thus, small quantities of carbonic oxide, or olefiant gas, mixed with the oxygen and hydrogen gases, totally prevent the effect in question; while very large quantities of carbonic acid, or nitrous oxide gas, do not prevent it; and it is remarkable that the former of these gases does not affect the metallic plates permanently; for if the plates be removed from those mixtures, and put into pure oxygen and hydrogen gases, the combination of these elements takes place.

The author concludes by some general notice of numerous cases of physical action, which show the influence of certain modifications of the conditions of elasticity at the external surface of gaseous bodies.

The seventh series, which is a continuation of the subject of the fifth, namely, electro-chemical decomposition, commences with a preliminary exposition of the reasons which have induced the author to introduce into this department of science several new terms, which appear to be required in order to avoid errors and inaccuracies

in the statement both of facts and theories. As a substitute for the term *pole*, and with a view to express also a part of the voltaic apparatus to which that name has never been applied, although it be identical with a pole in its relation to the current, the author proposes to employ the term *electrode*. The surfaces of the decomposing body, at which the positive current of electricity enters and passes out, are denominated respectively the *anode* and the *cathode*. Bodies which are decomposable by the electric current are called *electrolytes*, and when *electro-chemically decomposed*, they are said to be *electrolyzed*; the substances themselves, which are evolved in such cases, being called *zétodes*, and the terms *zétode* and *zétexode* being applied, accordingly as the substance passes in one direction or the other. The propriety and the advantage of employing these new terms, the author observes, can be properly appreciated only by an experience of their uses and applications in the exposition of the theory of decomposition given in the fifth series of these inquiries, and of that of definite electro-chemical action advanced and supported in the present paper.

The first section of this paper is occupied with the consideration of some general conditions of electro-chemical decomposition. It has been remarked, that the elements which are strongly opposed to each other in their chemical affinities are those most readily separated by the voltaic pile; and the discovery of the law of conduction, explained in the fourth series, has led to a great augmentation of the number of instances which are in conformity with this general observation; but it is here shown, that the proportion in which the elements of a body combine has great influence on the electro-chemical character of the resulting substance; and that numerous instances occur, where, although one particular compound of two substances is decomposable, another is not. It appears that, whenever binary compounds of simple bodies are thus related to one another, it is the proto-compounds, or those containing single proportions, which are decomposable, and that the per-compounds are not so.

The second section contains an account of a new instrument devised by the author, for exactly measuring electric currents, and which he terms the *volta-electrometer*. The current to be measured is made to pass through water acidulated by sulphuric acid, and the gases evolved by its decomposition are collected and measured, thereby giving at once an expression of the quantity of electricity which has passed. The principle on which this conclusion is founded is the new law discovered by the author, 'that the decomposing action of any current of electricity is constant for a constant quantity of electricity.' The accuracy of this law was put to the test in every possible way, with regard to the decomposition of water, by making the same current pass in succession through two or more portions of water under very different circumstances; but whatever were the variations made, whether by altering the size of the poles or electrodes, by increasing or lessening the intensity of the current or the strength of the solution, by varying its temperature or the mutual distance between the poles, or by introducing any other change in the circumstances of the experiment, still the effect was found to be the same; and a given quantity of electricity, whether passed in one or in many portions, invariably decomposed the same quantity of water. No doubt, therefore, remains as to the truth of the principle on which the volta-electrometer acts: but with regard to the practical application of the principle, several forms of the instrument are described by the author, and the mode of employing them, either as the measure of absolute quantities, or as standards of comparison, are fully pointed out.

In the third section of the paper, the primary



or secondary character of the bodies evolved at the electrodes is discussed. It is shown that they are secondary in a far greater number of cases than has usually been imagined; and that laws have been deduced with regard to the ultimate places of substances, from the appearance of the secondary products; so that certain conclusions, true in themselves, have hitherto been obtained by erroneous reasoning, since the facts which were supposed to support them have, in truth, no direct relation with those conclusions. The methods of distinguishing primary and secondary results from each other are explained, and the importance of this distinction towards the establishment of the law of definite electro-chemical action is insisted upon by the author.

The fourth section is entitled, 'On the definite Nature and Extent of Electro-chemical Decomposition,' and is considered by the author as by far the most important of this, or indeed of the whole series of investigations of which he has now presented the results to the Royal Society. He adverts to the previous occasions on which he has already announced, more or less distinctly, this law of chemical action; and also to the instrument just explained as one of the examples of the principle about to be developed. He next refers to experiments described in another part, in which primary and secondary results are distinguished as establishing the same principle with regard to muriatic acid; the results showing that not only the quantity of that acid decomposed is constant for a constant quantity of electricity, but that, when it is compared with water, by making one current of electricity pass through both substances, the quantities of each that are decomposed are very exactly the respective chemical equivalents of those bodies. The same current, for example, which can decompose nine parts by weight of water, can decompose thirty-seven parts by weight of muriatic acid, these numbers being respectively the chemical equivalents of those substances, as deduced from the phenomena of ordinary chemical action.

Cases of decomposition are then produced, in which bodies rendered fluid by heat, as oxides, chlorides, iodides, &c., are decomposed by the electric current, but still in conformity with the law of constancy of chemical action. Thus, the current which could decompose an equivalent of water could also decompose equivalents of muriatic acid, of proto-chloride of tin, of iodide of lead, of oxide of lead, and of many other bodies, notwithstanding the greatest differences in their temperature, in the size of the poles, and in other circumstances; and even changes in the chemical nature of the poles or electrodes, and in their affinities for the evolved bodies, occasioned no change in the quantity of the body decomposed.

The author proceeds, in the last place, to consider a very important question with relation to chemical affinity, and the whole theory of electro-chemical action, namely, the absolute quantity of electricity associated with the particles or atoms of matter. This quantity he considers as precisely the same with that which is required to separate them from their combination with other particles when subjected to electrolytic action, and he brings many experiments to bear upon this point; describing one, in particular, in which the chemical action of 32.5 parts of zinc, arranged as a voltaic battery, was able to evolve a current of electricity capable of decomposing and transferring the elements of 9 grains of water, being the full equivalent of that number. The relation of electricity, thus evolved, to that of the common electric machine, is pointed out in a general way, and the enormous superiority as to quantity, in the former mode of action, is insisted upon. In conclusion, the author refers to a statement which he

has made in the third series of these researches, in which he expresses his belief that the magnetic action of a given quantity of electricity is also definite: and he is now more confident than ever that this view will be fully confirmed by future experiment.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

*April 23.*—This being St. George's day, instead of the usual weekly meeting on Thursday, according to custom, the Society met at one o'clock to celebrate its anniversary—to hear the report of members deceased and elected—receive the statement of the accounts—and to elect the Council and officers for the next year. The Earl of Aberdeen, Thomas Amyott, Esq., and John Gage, Esq., were respectively re-elected to the offices of President, Treasurer, and Director; and Nicholas Carlisle, and Sir Henry Ellis, were re-elected to be Secretaries.

The concluding half of the twenty-fifth volume of *Archæologia*, or, rather, the volume completed, was laid on the table for the inspection of the members.

In the afternoon, the Society dined together, according to custom also, at the Freemason's Tavern.

*May 1.*—Hudson Gurney, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Sir Henry Ellis read a letter from Mr. Britton, accompanying some original drawings of the portal of Malmesbury Abbey, and of some earlier architectural remains of this country, which were exhibited in the meeting-room of the Society. Mr. Britton took the opportunity this afforded him of condemning the publication, by the Society, of prints without letter-press descriptions, as has been frequently the case in the *Vetusta Monumenta*, and pledged himself to supply the deficiency in some of the instances he alluded to, if health and strength remained to him; while he expressed a hope that the necessity for such exertion would not occur again.

A drawing was laid on the table of some ancient remains in the Isle of Islay, in or near to the chapel in which the Lords of the Isles were enthroned, but no description accompanied it.

A paper was next read, communicated by Mr. Hay, on some clay moulds for casting money, which were discovered in Yorkshire some time ago. They are of Roman origin, and retain the dies of some of the coins of Septimius Severus, and others of his successors. The principal interest connected with these moulds is, that they seem to prove casting, and not striking, to have been the mode more commonly used by the Romans in coining.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

*April 15.*—The exhibition of flowers contained some beautiful specimens of *petunia violacea*, *gesneria latifolia* and *bulbosa*, *mimulus variegatus*, *xeranthemum* sp., *chorizema heuchmanni*, *glycine sinensis*, and *calceolaria viscoissima*. We also observed fine plants of the white *azalea indica*, *richardia ethiopica*, *amaryllis retinervia*, *tacsonia pinnatifida*, *edwardsia grandiflora*, and the *passiflora racemosa* and *alata*, from the collections of Sir E. Antrobus, Bart. and Mrs. Marryat. Some excellent lemons from the open air, grown near Dartmouth, were also on the table; they were part of a crop of 150 fruit, about 70 of which were ripe, and were the produce of a tree 24 feet by 12 high, trained on a wall.—The night frosts during the present month have been very remarkable, and it is feared have done material injury to almost every sort of fruit. From the meteorological observations registered in the Society's garden, it appears that during the first two weeks of the present month the average temperature on seven nights was as low as 25°. On the 10th instant the hygrometer indicated as many as 30° of dryness in the atmosphere.

It was announced that the anniversary meet-

ing for the election of officers, council, &c. for the ensuing year, would be held on the 1st of May.

The Hon. Col. Grant, Mrs. Meyer, and Mr. J. Ronalds, were elected Fellows of the Society.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

	Phrenological Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
Mon.	Harveian Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Philological Society ( <i>London Univ.</i> ) ..	p. 7, P.M.
	Entomological Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Linnean Society .....	Eight, P.M.
Tues.	Horticultural Society .....	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers .....	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature .....	Three, P.M.
Wed.	Society of Arts .....	p. 7, P.M.
	Geological Society .....	p. 8, P.M.
	Linnean Society .....	p. 8, P.M.
Th.	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Institution .....	p. 4, P.M.
Fri.	Astronomical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
Sat.	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.

**GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.**—*March 12.*—A meeting of the Society took place this evening, Mr. Griffith in the chair.—A paper was read by Dr. Apjohn, upon the limestone cave recently discovered in the county of Tipperary, and of which such exaggerated accounts have appeared in the public papers. It occurs within a limestone hill of about 100 feet in height, situated midway between Tipperary and Mitchellstown, and comprehends an irregular area, whose length is 900, and greatest breadth 600 feet. It is not, however, a single excavation, but is composed of a series of chambers, connected by rugged and narrow passages. The floors of the different chambers are strewn with loose prismatic blocks of limestone, and both floor and roof abound in sparry productions of the most varied and fantastic appearance. Stalactites and stalagmites of all dimensions are everywhere to be met with; and, in many places, large calcareous pillars connect the ground and ceiling. Sheets of spar, of great extent and thinness, are also very frequent, which, when illuminated by a torch, reflect and transmit the most brilliant colours, and in their glistening and graceful folds resemble the rich hangings of a modern drawing-room.

This paper, which was illustrated by a ground plan, and vertical section of the cave, concluded with some remarks on the manner of formation of sparry productions, and upon the causes of the cavities which occur along the axes of stalactites, whose period of formation is comparatively recent.

A paper, by Mr. M'Adam, was then read, giving an account of the remarkable landslip which took place lately on the coast, about one mile south of Larne, in the county of Antrim. The ground which has fallen is composed of a stiff blue clay, which has sunk in many places to the extent of twenty feet. The surface throughout which these effects took place is about eight acres in extent.

*April 9.*—A meeting of the Society took place this evening, Dr. Stokes in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. M'Adam, 'On the Geology of the Peninsula of Fannet, in the county of Donegal.'

The prevailing rock in this district is *eurite*, with subordinate beds of limestone and clay slate. The *eurite* is surmounted by green-stone, which is found here and there capping the more elevated points of this primitive country, the trap of the intervening parts being supposed to be swept away by diluvial currents. The whole district is skirted on the north by a band of *syenite*.

The *eurite* of this interesting district is found graduating into many other rocks of the granite family, and in every stage of its change. When pure, it is a compact felspar; it is found, with an intermixture of quartz, graduating into a perfect quartz-rock; by the union of mica it becomes a close-grained granite; and, finally, it passes into

gneiss and mica-slate. The rock, especially when pure, affects the rhomboidal form of the crystal of felspar.

This paper was illustrated by maps and drawings, and by an extensive suite of geological specimens.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—March 31. —Geology. M. Desjardins communicated, that having been led to suppose, from the examination of the residue of certain waters, that the substances dissolved in them might have already formed new combinations, he endeavoured, in vain, to discover this by evaporation. At last, he placed, on a plate of glass, the powdery skin, or pellicle, formed on the surface of the liquid, and observed it with a microscope. Examining thus the residue of the waters of the Artesian well of Tours, waters containing a considerable quantity of carbonate of lime, he observed this carbonate crystallize in prisms like the *aragonite*.

A Report was read on a memoir of M. Pelouze, concerning Tannin.

The mode used by M. Pelouze to obtain tannin in purity, is this: he puts a long *allonge* upon a decanter, stopping the upper orifice with a glass stopper. A cotton wick is introduced into the *allonge*, with the powder of the gall-nut on it. It is then half filled with sulphuric ether. Thus left till the next day, the decanter is found to contain at bottom a scrumpy sediment, and over this a lighter liquid. The lighter is drawn off, and that beneath is washed with sulphuric ether several times, then placed in a stove, or under the recipient of a pneumatic machine. It throws up copious vapours of ether, and a little of water. The substance increases considerably in volume, leaving a spongy residue, like crystalline, brilliant, but without colour, except perhaps a little yellow. This is pure tannin, the astringence of which is extreme, and without any bitter taste. The liquid uppermost in the decanter, is found to consist of water, ether, gallic acid, a little tannin, and other substances undetermined. In this manner, from one hundred parts of gall-nut, thirty-five or forty parts of pure tannin may be had.

Pure tannin is without colour, without smell, of astringent taste, very soluble in water, its solution reddening the dye of the sun-flower; it decomposes alkaline carbonates with effervescence, and forms, with the greater number of metallic dissolutions, precipitates that are veritable *tannates*.

Alcohol and ether dissolve tannin, but not so well as water. M. Pelouze could not crystallize the tannin.

A concentrated dissolution of tannin is precipitated abundantly by hydro-chloric, nitric, and phosphoric acids, and by arsenic; it is not by oxalic, tartaric, and other acids.

M. Pelouze points out a mode of ascertaining the purity of tannin. It is that of simply leaving it for some hours in contact with a bit of hide or skin, of which the hair has been removed by the application of lime. If the tannin be pure, it will be absorbed by the skin.

The report is very long, giving, in fact, a detailed description of tannin, and its properties.

Gallic acid, it continues to state, does not pre-exist in the gall-nut, but is the product of the air upon the tannin, which it contains. At a temperature of 216°, the gallic acid becomes transformed into carbonic acid, and pyro-gallic acid pure; so that an atom of the latter, together with an atom of carbonic gas, represents exactly an atom of gallic acid.

The Academy was profuse in its approbation of this Memoir, of which it ordered, that a greater number of copies than usual should be given to the author, in order to extend and facilitate its publicity.

April 9.—The report of the commission appointed to examine the facts relating to the mode of nutrition of the young Cetacea, was read.

The two disputants, M. G. St.-Hilaire and De Blainville, thought fit to absent themselves from the Committee the report of which was very much in favour of the opinion of the latter, viz. that the cetacea were in every respect mammiform or mammalia.

After the report, M. De Blainville read a letter from M. Chauvin, a medical man on board a whaler, who had made a voyage in 1832 with the ship, to one of the bays in which the whales bring forth their young. All had their little ones about them, from 15 to 18 feet long. He was in the habit of seeing the whales play with their young, balancing them with address upon their tails, and throwing them into the air to a distance beyond their heads. Even after the mother was caught and towed along with the vessel, M. Chauvin has seen the young follow, seize the teat, quit, and re-seize it again with avidity.

The nutritive fluid is abundant in the paps of the whale, and is so completely milk, that the crew made use of it as such with their coffee. It is easily procured by pressing the gland.

Zoology.—M. Dumeril read a report upon the work of M. Milne Edwards on the Crustacea, which it mentions as most important, and deserving the approbation of the Academy.

Thirty years ago, says the report, that branch of zoology was so little known, that Linnaeus included all crustacea in the kinds Crab and Mollusc, which now form two distinct classes. Lamarck, Dr. Leach, and Desmarest, studied the crustacea, but arranged them merely by their external configuration. M. Milne Edwards, of the French anatomical school, followed, on the contrary, Cuvier's steps. And a sojourn, in conjunction with M. Audouin, on the shores of the ocean, has enabled the naturalist to produce a perfect and scientific account of the crustacea.

A report on a memoir of M. Lecanu, announces that this gentleman has succeeded in separating completely the *stearine* and the *oleine* of fat bodies. Pure stearine is obtained in exhausting the action of cold ether upon tallow; the residue is stearine. Mutton tallow contains of it one-fifth of its weight. The product thus obtained, when it has undergone saponification, is converted into pure *stearique* and pure *glycerine*, without any trace of oleic acid.

M. Becquerel read a second memoir on the decomposition of rocks, and upon double decompositions in slow actions.

His aim is to explain, by the principle of double decomposition, the alteration which certain rocks experience by the action of mineral waters traversing them, charged with alkaline, metallic, or earthy salts.

Take, says he, a bit of chalk or marble; plunge it into a solution of nitrate of copper; the metallic salt acts upon it, yields it a portion of its acid, drives the carbonic acid out of it, and thus is formed on one side nitrate of lime, which dissolves, and on the other sub-nitrate of copper, insoluble, that deposits itself in little crystals on the chalk or marble. The action continues, &c.

Double carbonates of copper and potash, and rhomboidal crystals of carbonate of lime, may thus be obtained; and in following up the transformation, green carbonate of copper may be had, which constitutes malachite.

## FINE ARTS

### WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

THE hours we spend in the exhibition-room of this Society are always pleasant; but with our pleasure, this year, was mingled something of regret: we could not but miss the mountain scenes of Rosson, and remember that he was no more. Other old favourites, however, have exerted themselves. Copley Fielding exhibits not less than fifty pictures; Lewis has contributed many of his brilliant Spanish sketches;

and others have for the most part done their spiriting successfully. Those, indeed, who delight in fresh vivid representations of nature, may come here and be satisfied.

We find some difficulty in selecting, for particular commendation, from Copley Fielding's landscapes—all are so true, and so beautiful; 'View on the South Downs between Lewes and Brighton,' (48,) is in that style in which he stands without a rival; 'Morning,' (99,) is another delightful composition, of a subject which will never grow old; but 'The Shipwreck,' (133,) is a painting of a yet higher order—the wild, chill, heavy, grey sky—the water lashed up into fierce triumphant waves by the recent storm, and the prey to this war of elements, a helpless and shattered wreck, are all rendered with fearful fidelity.

J. P. Lewis has been in sunny Spain, and brought home some glowing and characteristic pictures. His 'Peasants of Andalusia dancing the Bolero,' (159,) a party of bright-eyed, gaily dressed youths and maidens, under a perfect roof of vine branches, is very spirited; his scene in Seville, (166,) with its religious processions and rich costumes, is powerful and original in its effects. This artist communicates the warmth of southern skies to his southern pictures with good effect; his 'Ronda,' (33,) is glancingly breathless; and this effective truth is not easy, nor so much considered by our painters as it ought to be. We remember to have observed, some two or three years since, that our artists seemed always to travel in November, and to take a London sky with them to be ready for all occasions.

'Gleaners,' by S. BARREY and F. TAYLER, (46,) is a bright and natural representation of an autumn scene; the figures look as if they had been following the reapers, and not as if they had walked into the picture to be drawn.

CRISTALLI has no fewer than four pictures of Welsh girls knitting; of these we prefer No. 24; it is simple and natural.

'Scarborough, Yorkshire,' (55,) is a fine wild picture by BENTLEY. 'The Church of Santa Salute, Venice,' (248,) is in a different style; a beautiful view of a scene which artists have loved to draw—Venice was surely built for the uses of painters, poets, and novelists.

AVERTIN has been happy in his 'Tibbie Inglis,' (125); a delightful illustration of Mary Howitt's delightful ballad. He shows us the shepherd maiden, herding her flock among the crags, wild and mossed, and hoary.

'After the Sortie,' (151,) is a fine chivalresque drawing from the hand of CATTEMOLE; the terrified family are gathered in the frowning keep of the castle—the fearful munitions of war scattered about on every side—and the chief, who has been brought home wounded, is tended by the women of his household, while the men are, perforce, busied with sterner cares.

PROUT is as powerful and picturesque as ever, in his views of foreign cities; among these we were particularly struck by 'The Cathedral of Rouen,' (62,) 'At Venice,' (137,) 'At Geneva,' (195,) 'Part of the Cathedral of Chartres,' (263,) and 'At Lisieux,' (322).

DOWNEY has several pictures—all, as usual, full of nature; 'A View of Lancaster,' (200,) and 'A Distant View of Black Combe,' (258,) are worthy the fame of the artist.

Among many others, we admired the following.—'Strasbourg Cathedral,' after a sketch by C. Wild, by F. MACKENZIE, (16); 'Barnard Castle,' (235,) and 'Cuerneath Castle,' (51,) by GARTINKAU; 'Landscape with Cattle—Composition,' by THALES FIELDING, (67); 'Ases,' by R. HILLS, (110,) by whom also, 'Fallow Deer,' (155 and 252,) must not be passed over; 'Hubert and Arthur,' (153,) by JOSEPH NASH; 'Entrance to St. Mary's Hall, Coventry,' (201,) and 'Don Quixote giving Sancho instructions,'

(316.)—very nearly the knight, and entirely the half-ehrowd, half-credulous squire—by the same; (174.) 'Huntsman's Cottage-door,' by F. TAYLER; (189.) 'Castle Howard Park,' by W. A. NESBITT; (229.) 'Interior at Cuen, in Normandy,' by F. NASH; (313.) 'Peasant Girls,' and (253.) 'Winter,' by W. HUNT; (331.) 'Donna Lauretta, Don John, and Peter,' by T. M. WRIGHT; (353.) 'A Scotch Cart, Isle of Arran,' by W. EVANS; (300.) 'Port of London,' by J. D. HARDING; (277.) 'Wild Flowers,' by F. STONE.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

We have only to notice the continued attraction of 'Otello,' and, in absence of weightier matters whereon to pronounce judgment, to request Sig. Rubini not to alter the text of the author so gratuitously as he does in his grand aria—and to put it to Sig. Tamburini's generally excellent taste, whether his breaking the time in the allegro of the duet 'Non m'inganni,' is either discreet or effective.

*Società Armonica.*—In the third Concert of this Society there was little to commend beyond the singing of Madame Stockhausen and Signor Tamburini.—The fourth took place on Monday, at which Grisi, Rubini, and Ivanoff appeared in the orchestra. It is unwise in the directors of this Society to challenge comparison with the Philharmonic, by choosing the very overtures and symphonies which have had full justice rendered to them at that establishment. Neither can Mori's execution reconcile us to his thrusting 'Rise, gentle moon,' into one of Mayseder's most graceful polonaises. Nor do we think Mr. Forbes happy in his execution of Herz's music—which, to make it tell, requires the utmost firmness and brilliancy of touch, and steadiness of time (a thing, by the way, of which some solo players seem never to have heard). Grisi sang her *entrata* from 'Otello,' which, it seems, is by Costa, and it is a little more effective in the concert-room than on the stage, but that is all; her duet from 'La Gazza Ladra,' with Rubini, and the splendid *terzetto* from 'Otello,' with Rubini and Ivanoff. When will artists learn that there is a charm in variety? We feel already as if we could sing these things backwards, and have no doubt that we have not heard our last of them. Ivanoff, too, gave us his version of 'Vivitu,' a song, for the longer existence of which, we have not the slightest wish, but he gave it very beautifully.

*Paganini's Concerts.*—The announcement of this artist's Concert on Monday evening, being the last of the season, induced us to attend it: we were anxious, also, to hear his performance upon his new instrument, (as it is called in the bills,) which, however, is nothing but a full-sized viola, tuned in the ordinary way. Considering the difference of stop between this and the violin, his precision and brilliancy upon the former, as displayed in double stop passages, harmonics, and *arpeggi*, of extraordinary difficulty, were most amazing; but the greater variety of tone of the latter, will always give it the advantage as a solo instrument. In his grand concerto in *e* flat, his cadenza was one of the most wonderful combinations of novel harmony, and passages of execution, we ever heard. The vocal part of the Concert was below criticism.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"A flute," says a lively writer in an old number of the *New Monthly Magazine*, "is a musical weed which springs up everywhere." The preference of our amateurs for this instrument, can only be accounted for by the easiness of attaining to a certain point of proficiency upon it;

though to play well, and in tune, even a simple melody, is a degree of merit not reached by one out of twenty who attempt it. It would give us sincere pleasure to find the violin half as generally taken up as this imperfect instrument, and its adoption would be followed by a diffusion of musical taste, such as will hardly be credited by those who have not troubled themselves to reflect that the range of compositions for the flute is necessarily limited, while upon the stringed instruments is based the entire structure of orchestral music.

We have been led to make these few remarks, by the sight of a heap of compositions with which our table is covered, among which we find many for the flute and pianoforte; and these, we have no doubt, will be extensively played by brothers and sisters; while the incomparable sonatas of Beethoven for two instruments, and a long list of works by inferior, though still great composers, are allowed to remain unexamined and unperformed. Here we have Tulou's 'Bonheur de se revoir,' a fantasia, with a pianoforte accompaniment, containing brilliant variations by this deservedly popular writer, on a favourite theme; and an 'Introduction and Polonaise,' for the same instruments, by J. Wilkinson, which will require an expert flutist, but repay his labour. We next come to two duets by Kuhlau, whose early death all lovers of music must lament; his compositions for the flute are decidedly among the best of those with which we are acquainted. The first of the two before us, is an 'Introduction and Rondo' on a subject from Onslow's 'Le Colporteur,' in which both of the performers will find themselves sufficiently occupied; the theme is a favourite of ours, and skilfully treated; the other duet is an 'Introduction and Variations' on the favourite Romance in 'Euryanthe,' which is very brilliant, and will require study. After these, Hill's arrangement of 'Straxiar l'amato oggetto,' from 'Il Pirata,' for the same two instruments, appears common-place and thin; but it is cleverly done nevertheless, and the flute player has all the honour and glory of its execution to himself, the pianoforte merely being allotted the accompaniment.

Enough of the flute for the present; let us see what Vocal music is before us:—first, 'The Lyra Germanica,' a collection of German vocal compositions, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte. In this, which is announced to be a first volume, is given the 'Adelaide' of Beethoven, an excellent portrait of its composer, and other songs by the best writers of the last half century, with many of which we are already reasonably familiar. We think that, to succeed in its present form, an English translation of the words contained in this book is necessary; though it would be no holiday task to render the poems of Goethe, Schiller, Werner, &c., so as to make their translations worthy of the music to which the originals have been married.

'The Vocal Primer, in which the Rudiments of Sol-fa-ing and Singing are clearly explained by Precepts and Examples,' by J. Jousse.—We can strongly recommend this as one of the most valuable elementary works into which we have looked; though neither we, nor its author, intend to say that any treatise can supersede the assistance and instruction of an able master. The definitions of musical terms, &c. are very clear and concise; and conductors of orchestras (at least, some we could name) might study the thirteen lesson with advantage.

We mention the 'Old Irish Gentleman,' arranged by A. Lee, and the 'Irish Gentleman,' composed by J. Blewitt, only to express our regret that Phillips should sing such worse than paltry music: the proper place for these things is the dinner or supper table, when people are too merry to be fastidious, and are contented if a song be going on which they can chorus. 'In-cledon's visit to his Native Village,' the words by

Peter Pindar, the music by Shield, shines out in advantageous contrast, as compared with such trash; and it is a positive relief to light upon Mr. M'Korkell's 'How bright and balmy,' and Severn's 'Goe, happy Rose,' both of which are elegant and expressive songs; the latter has been sung by Miss Clara Novello.

We shall close our musical notice this week, with announcing the publication of some of the music which has been so popular at the Olympic Theatre during the past season. Here we have Mr. Parry's *pasticcio* which opens the 'Welsh Girl,' and the two national airs, with the words 'List to me,' and 'It is not for gold,' arranged for the pianoforte by the same gentleman. We have also two very pleasing songs from the 'Beulah Sign.' The first, 'By the margin of Zurich's fair waters,' a melody *à la Suisse*, is arranged by Miss Dance, and was sung by Madame Vestris with great effect; the second, 'I'll make him speak out,' the music and words by Mr. C. Dance, is also an agreeable song, suited for a mezzo-soprano voice.

## THEATRICALS

## DRURY LANE.

'Secret Service' is likely to be of great service to this house. 'Secret Service' was produced on Tuesday last, and is, what Mr. Farren very properly termed it, when he gave it out for repetition, a little "Comedy." The bills, we perceive, only call it an "Afterpiece," which only makes us wonder what they will call it, if it should happen to be played first some night. 'Secret Service' is a translation by Mr. Planché, from a French piece by—(excuse us, *Morning Herald*, but leading Journals will sometimes be mis-leading)—Messieurs Mélesville and Charles Duvreyrier, and not by M. Scribe. The plot is an admirable one, and most admirably worked from its commencement to its conclusion. It is so good, that Mr. Planché has wisely abstained from all attempt at alteration, and contented himself with a workmanlike transfer of the French picture on to English canvas,—fixing and preserving it there with neat and polished language of his own by way of varnish. Any attempt to remove even a portion of this beautifully dove-tailed plot, would have been attended with much the same sort of effect, as losing the second joint of your fishing-rod, and trying to fish with the third in the great socket of the first. The main outline of the plot may be told even in the small space we allow for such matters; for further particulars, reader, inquire at Drury Lane Theatre any evening for a long time to come; and if you are a reader of taste—(and what business have you to read the *Athenæum* if you are not?) let that inquiry be made soon, and if Mr. Farren shall not answer it to your perfect contentment and delight, never again take any recommendation of ours. Michael Perrin (the principal character, and the one after which the French piece is called,) is an ex-curé in the time of the French Consulate, a kind-hearted, good and feeling man, but simple and uninstructed in the ways of the world as an infant. Being without means of his own he comes to Paris to find some of his relations, who may chance to be better off. He meets with no one but an only and orphan daughter of his favourite sister; with her he takes up his abode, and with her, at the opening of the piece, he has been living for some time, eating, drinking, and putting her to the utmost inconvenience, without ever dreaming of being the burthen that he is. At breakfast, to which he sits down with an immense appetite, he misses a gold cross he has been accustomed to see her wear; he inquires after it—she evades his questions, until, at length, the truth flashes upon him—she has pawned it—and pawned it to support him. His



mind is made up—old as he is, he will seek some employment; accident brings him in contact with an old pupil of his, who is now no less a person than *Fouché*, Minister of Police; *Fouché* hands him over to his second in command, and the old man is employed. He is in raptures—he is to have twenty francs a day—to go about to public places—to dine at the best coffee-houses, (charging his dinners as extras,) and to call upon his employer every morning at nine o'clock, just to have a quarter of an hour's conversation about what he may have seen and heard. During the conversations which relate to what *Perrin* is to do, *Desaunais*, (the second in command alluded to,) avoids the use of distinct terms of business, thinking, of course, that one recommended by *Fouché*, must well know what he is recommended for; and the extreme simplicity of the old man, together with his great satisfaction at the prospect of gaining so much money upon such apparently easy terms, effectually prevents any explosion on his side. To be brief, he is throughout a material agent, without knowing it; he is told at one time that he has saved France, at another that he has destroyed France—he is now praised, now blamed—without having a guess how he has deserved either; at length all comes right, except the discovery to him of what he has been. The indignation of the gentleman then breaks out, but it is finally calmed by a restoration to his church preferment.

The piece was, generally speaking, respectably acted—but there is no very prominent part except Mr. Farren's. Of that, we may say as much as we choose, without the possibility of saying too much. It is perfect in its conception by the author—perfect in its execution—and Mr. Farren's representation of it, is preter-pluperfect. Neither the ancient nor the modern stage, neither the foreign nor the English stage, has, or ever can have, presented a living picture more exquisitely finished. Whether we look to his kindly and affectionate demeanor towards his niece and her intended husband, on his first coming in to breakfast; to the withering consciousness, that he has been distressing her who has toiled to support him, which comes upon him at the discovery about the gold cross—and extinguishes all wish to eat; to the touching manner in which he replies to her request, that he will sit down again and take his breakfast—and assures her through a flood of tears, which he vainly tries to repress, "that he is not hungry—that he had a crust—a large crust—before he went out in the morning;" to the honest determination to do something to earn money which he at once forms; to his nice, pleasant, droll, delightful, twaddling, recognition of his old pupil *Fouché*, whom he pronounces to have grown "quite a man;" to the pureness of his comedy throughout, in the more laughable situations; or finally to his glorious burst of indignation, when he finds that he has been a spy; whether we look to one or to all of these points—or to all those which we have omitted, joined to all those we have stated—to Mr. Farren's every look, gesture, tone of voice, and variety of demeanour, from his first word to his last, we can only end as we began—and coming, as we do, at the end of the week, we can only collect the general opinions of the daily press into a bundle—tie it round with our own—and pronounce Mr. Farren's personation of *Michael Perrin*, a great effort, without the appearance of effort—a performance without a blemish.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Murder of Richard Lander.*—[Extract of a Letter from the Agent to Lloyd's at Fernando Po, dated Feb. 6, 1834.]—You will be sorry to be informed of the death of Richard Lander, who left this place some weeks since, in the *Green cutter*, belonging to the Company, taking with

him a long-boat I let him have for the purpose. On his arrival at the Nunn he left the cutter, and proceeded up the river in the boat, with about 400*l.* worth of goods, to join the iron steam-boat, which he had sent up a few weeks before; she was to proceed about 300 miles up to a small island which he had purchased from the king, and where he had a factory. They had proceeded about 100 miles up, the current being strong against them; they were in good spirits, tracking the boat along shore, when they were fired on from the bush; three men were killed, and four wounded; Mr. Lander was one of the latter. They had a canoe of their own, and at the time they were fired on the boat was aground, and, to save themselves, they were obliged to leap into the canoe, and make the best of their way; they were immediately followed by five or six war canoes, full of men, keeping up a continued fire for five hours, until it got dark, when they lost sight of them: they arrived here on the 27th ult. Mr. Lander expired this morning: he wrote me a letter two days ago, requesting that I would take charge of the vessels and property belonging to the African Inland Commercial Company, with which I accordingly complied. The ball entered near his hip, and worked down to the thick of the thigh. It was a most malicious and treacherous attack. Mr. Lander told me that there were *Bunny*, *Brass*, and *Benin* canoes; so that from these circumstances I am of opinion that some of the slavers, or other Europeans, have been the promoters of this murderous affair. Colonel Nicholls has forwarded a statement of the transaction to government; and, if proper steps are taken, the whole must be brought to light. Mr. Lander's clothes and papers are all lost.

*New Method of extinguishing Fire.*—A German paper, the *Morgenblatt*, mentions a discovery, which, it says, has created (naturally enough, we think,) considerable sensation in Germany. This discovery, is a simple method of extinguishing fire by means of chopped straw! The thing appears so paradoxical, that it could not have been believed, had it not been for the experiments made, the principal of which are the following:—A few handfuls of chopped straw were thrown into a fire-place, and the fire was immediately extinguished. Several bundles of straw were lighted and covered with chopped straw: the bundles of straw were burnt, but the chopped straw remained uninjured. A bar of red-hot iron was plunged into a heap of chopped straw: it did not take fire, but, on the contrary, the bar soon got cold. Some very dry wood was lighted, and when the fire was very ardent, the wood was covered with some chopped straw, over which was placed some gunpowder: the fire soon went out, and the powder, only separated from the fire by some chopped straw, did not ignite. The Prussian government lately ordered some further experiments to be made, from which it appears, that the principal cause of the phenomenon is the humidity which escapes from the chopped straw, when it becomes heated!

*Coal discovered on the Indus.*—The discovery of a coal-mine at the head of the Indus, may prove of the utmost importance in these times, since the navigation of that river is open from the sea to the town of Attock, which is only forty miles distant from the deposit. An excellent road intervenes, and Peshawar is a large city where labour is cheap.—"On my arrival," says Lieut. Burnes, in a communication to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, "in the plains of Peshawar in March 1832, I made various inquiries from the *Doorani* chiefs of the country regarding coal and other minerals. They did not comprehend the meaning of coal, but Peer Muhamud Khan, the chief, who holds Cohut on the southern boundary of the plain, informed me that there were wells

in the petroleum or naphths in Cohut, and that the people used the substance in lamps instead of oil. He also told me that within these few months, the villagers had found that the stones near these pits were available as fuel. At my request he dispatched a messenger, and brought the specimen of coal which I now present to the Society. It has been taken from the surface, and can give therefore no correct idea of the substrata further than proving that coal exists in the neighbourhood. The coal is slaty and of a greyish-brown colour, it readily ignites at the candle and emits a sulphureous smell." It is a singular circumstance, that coal should have been discovered, both at the mouth and head of the Indus (in Cutch and Cohut) within these few years, and since steam has been used in India.

*An Ancient Boat* has been lately discovered in deepening a sewer ditch at North Stoke, a village near the Arun in Sussex. It is formed out of a single oak tree, like the Indian canoes, and is believed to be what was called by the ancient Britons, a *cwcu*. It is in good preservation, measures thirty-four feet six inches in length, four feet six inches wide in the centre, and is two feet high; it has three divisions which appear to have served the double purpose of seats, and supports to the sides. The oak is become as black as ebony.

*Glass Tiles.*—M. Dorlodot, a glass-manufacturer at Anzin, in France, has invented a species of glass tile, of great solidity and transparency, which it is thought may be substituted, with much advantage, in all cases where skylights are now employed. The existing Excise laws of Great Britain oppose, however, an insuperable bar to their adoption in this country, unless under circumstances where expense is no object.—*Mechanics' Mag.*

*Cure for Cholera.*—The following is extracted from the Canton Register.—"The *Undamned* frigate, which sailed from this five weeks ago, to bring Lord William Bentinck here, returned yesterday, owing to the cholera having broken out on board and nine cases proving fatal: 103 of the crew had been attacked; and as long as the ship was before the wind, the disease increased upon them; until the Surgeon recommended the Captain to change his course and haul the wind. This he did, when, strange to say, an improvement was perceptible almost immediately, and the frigate is now quite free from the complaint."

*Publications in Germany.*—The following table represents the number of literary publications in Germany, from the year 1814 to 1833:—

1814...2625	1821...3997	1828...5654
1815...2750	1822...4283	1829...5014
1816...3137	1823...4309	1830...5926
1817...3552	1824...4511	1831...5658
1818...3781	1825...4836	1832...6275
1819...3916	1826...4704	1833...5888
1820...3958	1827...5708	

This makes a total of 90,126 works, of which only one-tenth consists of translations and re-editions. Reckoning one author to each three works, it would follow, that 30,000 German authors have devoted their labours to the information of the public, during the space of twenty-one years.

*Chinese Jest*, translated by Stanislas Julien.—A man of letters, who spent a great part of the night in study, kept a Kettle on the fire to make tea, as a stimulant when he should be wearied. One night, hearing a thief breaking in through the wall, he took post by it with the kettle in his hand; and when the thief had thrust both his legs through the aperture, the student seized them, and poured the boiling water upon them. The robber roared for mercy. "Wait," replied the other coolly, until I empty the kettle."

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. May.	Baromet. Min.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 21	60 30	30.17	N. to N.E.	Cloudy.
Frid. 22	54 40	30.10	N.W. to E.	Ditto.
Sat. 23	65 37	29.95	E.	Clear.
Sun. 24	70 43	29.86	E. to S.E.	Ditto.
Mon. 25	70 51	29.96	S.W.	Shrs. P.M.
Tues. 26	62 42	29.08	E. to S.W.	Showers.
Wed. 27	61 56	29.15	S.W.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulostratus, Nimbus.

Mean temperature of the week, 59°. Greatest variation, 40°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.515.

Nights and mornings moist or rainy towards the end of the week. A brilliant meteor on Sunday, about 11 o'clock, P.M.

Day increased on Wednesday, 6°. 50h.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Lieutenant Burnes's Journey by the Indus and Oxus, through Cabul and Tartary.

An Universal History, by Frances Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee, will form six volumes of the Family Library.

Just published.—The Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington during his Campaigns from 1799 to 1818, Vol. I. 20s.—Scenes and Recollections of Fly-fishing, &c.—Laribor's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. LIV. (Manuscriptures in Metal, Vol. III.) &c.—Tytler's History of Scotland, Vol. V. 8vo. 12s.—Treatise on Literature and its Effects on Society, 8vo. 7s.—Pettigrew on Egyptian Mummies, 4to. 42s.—Simmons on Popular Education, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Brady and Mahon's Parish Officer's Guide, 12mo. 4s.—Mrs. Lechlan's Sacred Readings, 12mo. 6s.—Narrative of the Loss of the ship Duke of York, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Valpy's History of England, Vol. IV. 8s.—The State of Man, a Poem, by C. Tennant, Esq. 12mo. 18s. 6d.—Short and Plain Prayers for Reading in Families, by the Rev. J. Pratt, Prebendary of Peterborough, 12mo. 3s.—Christian's Family Library, Life of Dr. Buchanan, &c.—Memoir and Remains of the Rev. C. Neale, edited by the Rev. W. Jowett, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—Raphael's Banquet of the Atrium Act, 12mo. 6s.—Two Old Men's Tales, The Deformed and The Admiral's Daughter, 2 vols. 21s.—More's Tales for the Common People, 3s. 6d.—Parley's Tales, 7s. 6d.—More's Stories for Persons of Middle Rank, 2s. 6d.—The Accidents of Human Life, with Limits for their Prevention, 18mo. 3s.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

PROFESSOR JONES will commence his COURSE OF LECTURES ON THE PROGRESS OF OPINIONS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY, on SATURDAY NEXT at Three o'clock, p.m. precisely. The Course will be continued every Saturday, at the same hour.

GEOLOGY.—PROFESSOR PHILLIPS will continue his LECTURES every MONDAY, at Three o'clock precisely. May 1, 1854.

W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.

## ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—

Under the Patronage of the King. Established 1810: Incorporated by Royal Charter, August 2, 1827. THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL DINNER will take place in FREEMASON'S HALL, on SATURDAY the 10th of MAY, 1854.

Sir MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY, Bart., in the Chair.

## STEWARDS:

The Marquis of Breadalbane, Frederick G. Harding, Esq. Lord Milnes, William Harvey, Esq. The Right Hon. C. Poulett H. Blandine Ker, Esq. F.R.S. L. Hayes Pott, Esq. F.R.S. John Cornhill, Esq. F.R.S. Alexander Hall, Esq. Henry Bohn, Esq. R. R. Bellingham, Esq. R.A. Stephen P. Deane, Esq. Sydney Smirke, Esq. E. L. Eastwick, Esq. R.A. J. Field Savory, Esq. John A. Francis, Esq. Thomas Webster, Esq. Phil. Harcourt, Esq. Henry Watkinson, Esq. George Harrison, Esq. Edwin Yarker, Esq.

Tickets, 12s. to be had of the Stewards; at the Bar of Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, 419, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

Dinner on table at Half past 5 for 6 precisely.

JOHN MARTIN, Secretary.

## SPANISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

TURE, &c. No. 122, Regent-street. This interesting language (the parent of the European) may be acquired in a few months, from a native of Sicily, on the Hæmonian system. Adult pupils are received separately, and taught quite privately, or met at their own houses, in all parts of town. Numerous rooms and separate houses for Ladies. Apply to Mr. Woodcock, who is assisted by some of the best foreign Professors, and who, as usual, receives Pupils for the French, Italian, French, German, Italian, and English Languages, at the old Establishment, No. 122, Regent-street.

## FRENCH AND ITALIAN MADE EASY.

by Messrs. PEPIN, of Paris, formerly Teacher at Florence and at Rome. Author of, and sole Teacher of, a System by which the Pronunciation, as pure as the Native, and the Writing, in a month, Grammar, Translation, and the Speaking, in an extremely short time: requiring no effort of memory, suitable to all ages and capacities. Six Lessons are sufficient to prove the superiority of this system above all others. This is worthy the notice of all those who have tried, without success, all means to speak these languages, and after a long residence on the Continent.—Mons. P. gives Lessons twice a week, at 10 o'clock, on Monday, at the West End, and at 4 o'clock, on Wednesday, in the evening in the City, and at Home, 13, Hanway-street, Oxford-street.

## THE EXHIBITION FOR THE SALE OF

WORKS OF LIVING BRITISH ARTISTS, IS NOW OPEN from Ten till Dark.

R. H. DAVIS, Secretary.

Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

## THE EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY

OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS IS NOW OPEN, at their Galleries, 16, OLD BOND STREET, daily, from 9 till dark.

Subscribers to the Correspondence are informed, that the Meetings of the Season will commence THIS DAY (Saturday, May 2), and will be continued on alternate Saturdays, at 5 o'clock in the Evening.

J. M. DIBBANK, Hon. Sec.

## WORKS OF ART intended for the ensuing

EXHIBITION, will be received from the 10th to the 31st of July next; and it is requested that those from London may be forwarded through Messrs. Kenworthy and Son, Carvers, and from other places by the most convenient water conveyance. The following Prizes are offered to Exhibitors whose residence is situated in the neighbourhood of Manchester:

The Hyeworm Gold Medal, for the best Model of a Figure, or a Group of Figures in the round, being an original Composition, and never before exhibited. The weight of the principal or only Figure to be not less than two feet.

The Hyeworm Medal and Two Pieces for the best Historical Drama in Writing, being an original Composition, in size not less than 2 feet by 12 inches, and consisting of not less than three figures.

10th April, 1854.

## JUST OPENED, attached to the AFRICAN

CLUB, COLONEL M. Regent's Park, a new and extended PANORAMIC EXHIBITION of Picturesque Mountaneous Scenery, taken in the Interior of Africa, among the various interesting objects introduced are the following: A wounded Elephant attacking its Passengers; a Tree in the Bushman country, in which are erected its Huts, occupied by its native families; a Steamship in the Cape of Good Hope, belonging to the Glasgow Society; the interior of the country, belonging to the West-African Society; the interior of an English Port by the Nile; a Chief deliberating on War; a Pantheist in the Mountains.

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF LON-

DON.—EXHIBITIONS, the GARDEN.—The First Exhibition will take place on Saturday, the 10th of May, 1854, from 10 till 5 o'clock, at half past 12 o'clock precisely. Fruit, or other subjects intended for Exhibition, must be delivered at the Office on Friday, the 9th of May, at the Society's Garden, Tottenham Green, before half past 6 o'clock in the morning of the 10th. Fellows may obtain Tickets for the admission of their Friends at this Office, price 5s. each. The gates will be opened at 1 o'clock on the days of Exhibition.

21, Regent-street.

## Sales by Auction.

BOOKS, BOOKS OF PRINTS, ANNUALS, &c. By Messrs. MOLLIGATE, SON, and GRIMSTON, at their Rooms, 72, Fleet-street, on TUESDAY, May 4, 1854, and thereinafter days, at half past 12 o'clock precisely.

COMPRISING, in Folio, Carte's History of England, 4 vols.; Bosc's London, by Sturpe, 2 vols.; Ancient Universal History, 2 vols.; Martin and Heriot's Paris, India proofs, before the letters, 2 vols.; Westall's Great Britain, India proofs, 4 vols.; Sturpe's Calcutta, India proofs, 4 vols.; Becquerel's Excursions, 10 vols.; Lantini's Geographical Dictionary, 3 vols.; large paper; Philosophical Transactions, 1841 to 1851; Lantini's World, 5 vols.; Cooke's Medical History of Rome, 2 vols.; Watts' Works, 6 vols.; And or Defects, Chavigny's Biographical Dictionary, 29 vols.; Paganini, 13 vols.; Johnson and Stearns' Shakespeare, by Reed, 21 vols.; The Works of Homer and Sallust; Robertson; Gibbon; Fœlting; Goldsmith; Bacon; Russell; Rollin; An. alt. literature; Walker's Classics; Sturpe's Classics, &c.

ALSO, MANY COPIES OF Gold's Pompeiana, 2 vols. royal 8vo. half mor.; Macdonald's History of the Bible, 2 vols. 8vo. large and small paper, half calf, new; Vogel's Antiquities, 4to. half mor.; Elmes' Life of Sir C. Wren, 4to. half mor.; Biographical Dictionary of Medicine, 9 vols. 8vo. half extra; Moore's Annals of Gallipoli, 2 vols. half mor.; Anecdotes of Music and Musicians, Arts and Artists, Concert Rooms, &c. 2 vols. half calf; Shakespeare's Annotations, half calf; Napoleon's Anecdotes, 4 vols. 8vo. half calf; Bennett's Short Hand, 12mo.; How's Grammar, 8vo.; Denley's Annual Register, 1854 to 1854, 1850 and 1851.

THE BOOKS OF PRICES include several Copies of the Land-Annals for 1854; Illustrations in Rogers' Italy, India proofs before the letters; Elmes' Illustrations to Byron, India proofs, complete; Lodge's Portraits, No. 1 to 64; Scrap Books; Prizes and Colored Prints; &c. &c.

May be viewed two days preceding, and Catalogue had.

THE LATE COUNT PRINCE, OF VIENNA.

Mr. STANLEY will have the honour of submitting to SALE by AUCTION, at his Rooms, 21, Old Bond-street, on FRIDAY, 10th of MAY, and following Day.

THE MAGNIFICENT AND VERY VALUABLE CABINET OF

ANTIQUE AND MODERN GEMS: consisting of about five Hundred Cameos and Intaglios, on precious stones, exhibiting the very perfection of Art in this department, by the most celebrated Greek, Roman, and Italian Lithographers; collected with unobscured authenticity by the late COUNT PRINCE, of Vienna.

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THE LATE RICHARD HEBER, ESQ.

Mr. STANLEY will have the honour of submitting to SALE, at his Rooms, 21, Old Bond-street, on MONDAY, the 12th of May, and following Day.

THE VERY INTERESTING AND VALUABLE CABINET OF

GREEK AND ROMAN COINS, and a very extensive Series of ITALIAN MEDALS. Histories of Characters of the Purities and of French Centuries in Gold, Silver, and Copper, the rich Assemblage of RARE PRINTS and DRAWINGS, BOOKS OF PRICES and ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, MAPS and CHARTS in Prints, folios, and on rollers; PAINTINGS, MARBLES, BRONZES, VASES, and other ARTICLES OF VIRTUE; and a very interesting portion of the Property of the late RICHARD HEBER, Esq., removed from his House at Putney, and from the Hall at Sunning.

To be viewed three days previous to the sale, when Catalogue, at the Shilling for each Part, may be had.

THE COINAGE, very rare, and very precious WINES in the Cellars at RODNEY HALL, will be sold at a later period of the Season.

A YOUNG LADY, the Daughter of a Professional Gentleman, is desirous of engaging as MUSICAL COMPANION to a Lady of distinction, or high respectability. She would undertake to give INSTRUCTION in SINGING, to Pianos, if required. For terms and other particulars, address to A. H., at Mr. Day's, Confectioner, Broad-street, Bedford-row. The Advertiser has just published a New Set of WALLPAPERS, arranged for the Proprietor; to be had of Mr. LEED Loe, Music Publisher, Bond-street.

TO NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN.

A YOUNG MAN, 26 years of age, who has been brought up to the Bookbinding Business, wishes for a SITUATION as LIBRARIAN, and to assist the Steward in keeping the accounts. Has a general knowledge of business.—Letters addressed to L. N., Mr. Haines, Juvenile Library, Piccadilly, will be immediately attended to.

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By COOPER: The Pilot—The Spy—Last of the Mohicans—The Prairie—Lionel Lincoln—The Burdeners—The Water Witch—The Bravo.  
 By the MISSSES LEE: The Canterbury Tales.  
 By BULWORTH: The Arabian.  
 By GODEAU: The M. de la Roche—St. Leon—Floodwood.  
 By the MISSSES PORTER: Theodora of Warsaw—Scottish Chiefs—Pantof's Fire-side—Hungarian Brothers.

The complete Works of MISS AUSTEN: Sense and Sensibility—Pride and Prejudice—Emma—Northanger—Persuasion.  
 By MRS. SHELLEY: Frankenstein.  
 By MRS. BROWNE: The Doctor.  
 By BROCKEN BROWN: Edgar Huntly.  
 By MRS. BRINTON: Self-Control—Discipline.  
 By GALT: Lucie Todd.

By MADAME DE STAEL: Corinne.  
 By VICTOR HUGO: The Hunchback of Notre-Dame.  
 By THEODORE HOOK: Maxmell.  
 By MRS. INCHBALD: Simple Story—Nature and Art.  
 By GRANT: The Smuggler.  
 By GRATIAN: Heroes of Bruges—Stories of Waterloo—Mothers and Daughters.

Vol. 40, to be published on the 1st of June, will contain  
**THE RED ROVER.** By J. FENIMORE COOPER.

Vol. 41, to be published on the 1st of July, will contain  
**V A T H E K.** By W. BECKFORD, Esq.

London: J. HOLMES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

(J. HOLMES, TUDOR'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*Norway. Views of Wild Scenery: and Journal.* By Edward Price, Esq. 4to. London: Hamilton & Co.

*Excursions in the North of Europe, &c.* By John Barrow, Jun. 8vo. London: Murray.

It has happened, by accident, that the latter of these works has remained for some time on our table; it will now serve to illustrate the former, which is valuable only for its engravings. Mr. Price is, in truth, a most uncommunicative traveller; his Journal is an everlasting disappointment—it does not even illustrate his own Views. Though the writer was rambling for months among the fiords and fi-elds of the most romantic country in Europe, it is scarcely possible to collect from this record of his pilgrimage a single distinct and intelligible idea, either of the people or country: but then he travelled as an artist, and, though his very pencil is chargeable with the same defect, and is too indistinct and too general in its broad and beautiful effects, the result is so good, that it were little less than heresy in Art to complain that the humble details are not more intelligibly made out.

Of Norway so little is known, that it would, in our opinion, answer the purpose of a speculative publisher to play the munificent, and dispatch half a dozen sensible and scientific men on a summer tour for the express purpose of publication. Mr. Barrow's was only a hasty visit, but he appears to have well prepared himself; he was young, active, and diligent, and he has contrived to make a readable and agreeable volume. His journey to Russia we shall pass over; the ground is more familiar.

Norway may be considered as a purely pastoral country; fishing, cattle farming, and felling timber, are the principal employments of the people. The population of the whole country does not probably exceed one half of that of London. It is intersected every where by vast fi-ords, or large lakes communicating with the sea, traversed by gigantic mountains, and covered with primeval forests; it is, literally,

*Land of the mountain and the flood.*

The people, living remote, and out of the march of armies, or of trade, have strong marks of nationality, and are frank, open-hearted, generous, and honest: no man that ever visited the country but left it with that sort of regret with which we shake hands and take leave of friends. How little the country is visited, may be inferred from the following, relating to Mr. Barrow's journey from Bergen to Tronnyen:—

"Here we were detained for a considerable time before we could procure horses, and in the meanwhile amused ourselves in looking over the *Liere des Etrangers*, or book in which travellers insert their names. It commenced in the year 1821; but there were scarcely any names entered in it, and not one of our countrymen among the number. This led me to examine all the books

carefully as we travelled onwards, and the result was, that not one Englishman appeared to have been upon this route for very many years, if ever, as some of the books, afterwards met with, began with the year 1795, and the greatest number of names in any one of them did not exceed forty, that is to say, one stranger in the year. It is not probable that any English traveller would have omitted to write his name in all of these books, had any such performed this journey."

Again, on landing at Stylnstad, he observes—

"This place is situated on the margin of the Stor fi-ord. The postmaster was a young man, who had recently settled there with his wife and child; they did not seem to care the least about our disturbing them, but received us with much attention, and made immediate preparations for our accommodation. . . .

"The following morning our host provided some coffee and eggs for breakfast, which set us all to rights again. The landlord told us he had never before entertained any travellers, and was quite at a loss to know what to charge, so that it was left to us to give him what we considered a proper remuneration."

The fact might indeed be inferred from the very manner of travelling:—

"Preparatory to our leaving Christiania we were advised to purchase two small, light carriages, called here *carrioles*, in which we were to be our own drivers over that part of the country we intended to traverse. We were assured that this would be the most comfortable and convenient, as well as independent, and, at the same time, economical, mode of travelling, and one that was generally adopted by travellers who could singly manage to drive a horse in harness. . . .

"The *carrioles* were generally accompanied either by men or boys, who ran alongside with extraordinary activity, jumping up occasionally behind to rest themselves, as well as to keep the carriage back, when we were descending any long steep hills. They ran with little apparent exertion to themselves, whenever the road was tolerably level. . . .

"These *attachés* are often a great annoyance to the traveller, especially when they happen to be the owners of the horses, as, naturally enough, they are unwilling to allow him to drive as rapidly as he might otherwise be disposed to do. The Norse peasantry, to do them justice, appear to be much attached to their animals, and are always ready to assist them in their labour in every possible way. In ascending a hill, for instance, they will often walk behind the carriage, and push it on with all their strength, in order to relieve the horse; in descending one, they will walk by his side, and hold up the shaft to ease him of the weight. Nothing annoys them so much as to see their horses sweat; and I have known a poor boy to cry because I drove his horse too quick as he thought, which I would certainly not have done, had I known that it distressed him, which I was not aware of until afterwards told so by our servant. . . .

"At Rodnes we had again overtaken our *forebud*, and we had no alternative but to send on our servant to order horses at the next station, whilst we waited the arrival of them at this. Luckily the people of the post-house were able to provide him with a horse and cart without much delay, and he drove on accord-

ingly for the above purpose. The horses are generally out at grass many miles away, and have probably come seven or eight miles before they are harnessed in the carriages; and it not unfrequently happens that they are employed in getting in the hay about this time, and have had the collar on them for several hours previous to their arrival."

Of the roads, the following gives a very intelligible idea:—

"In this part of the road the traveller is surrounded on all sides by rocks of enormous height, rising almost perpendicularly from their base, while the sides of the mountains are covered with forests of dark green fir trees, which rear their lofty heads above each other, vying in height with the steep rocks among which they are blended. The precipices both above and below the narrow road are most frightful to look at: no precaution whatever is taken to prevent carriages from slipping off into the abyss below. In many places these precipices were perpendicular, and sometimes even inclined inwards, or overhanging their base. The road too was so narrow as to be little more than barely sufficient to admit of the wheels of the carriages between the edge and the side of the mountain; had we happened indeed to meet any other travellers here, (which was, fortunately, not very probable,) we should have been under the necessity of taking the horses out, and of lifting the carriages over each other. The chances, however are against such a meeting, for not a single human being had hitherto appeared to us on this route. Oftentimes the road before us seemed to terminate altogether at the very brink of a precipice, when, on reaching the spot, it was found to turn sharply round; and these sharp turns, with the yawning gulf beneath, incur almost inevitable destruction, should the animal become restive, or an overturn unfortunately take place. . . .

"It was a matter of some speculation with us how the horses would manage to scramble up the side of the mountain we had now to ascend, which we imagined it would be next to impossible for them to effect. They contrived, however, to overcome all difficulty, by making a great effort every now and then, and gaining about twelve or fifteen yards each time, when they suddenly stopped of their own accord, to recover their wind and rest themselves; at which times I used at first to be somewhat apprehensive that the carriage would fall backwards and draw the horse after it, but soon discovered that there was no real danger of this. The horses by throwing themselves forward and standing with their fore-legs completely under them, place themselves in such a position as to enable them to resist the weight of it, without any apparent difficulty; but it was distressing to see how the poor creatures panted for breath whenever they stopped."

From neither of our travellers can any very important information be collected. The little scattered here and there relating to the manners and condition of the people has most interested us:—

"I was much struck with the difference we had thus far experienced between the fare of the Norwegian and the Swedish peasantry. With the exception of a few unfrequented spots through which we had to travel, the superiority in the comforts of the former, scanty as they



must be admitted to be, is conspicuous throughout the country. Their rye bread is generally better, being light, whereas that of the Swede is heavy, sour, and doughy, like a mass of paste; and the corn-brandy of the Norwegians (to them the very essence of life) is far more pure than in Sweden. Fresh butter is an article scarcely ever seen amongst the Swedish peasantry, whilst in Norway no other is met with during the summer months; and I cannot call to mind having more than once, or twice at most, found it even indifferent; it was almost invariably excellent. The Norse cows are small, and not unlike, in shape and appearance, to the Alderney breed. Among them are many beautiful animals, and so active that they seem to jump from rock to rock as nimbly as the goats."

In his journey from Bergen to Trønyen Mr. Barrow crossed no less than fifteen fi-ords, and employed, at one time or another, no less than sixty boatmen:—

"They were a fine sample of the human animal,—active, powerful, and robust; never did I witness so much good nature, such constant cheerfulness, such willingness to oblige, and such perfect contentment, as they invariably exhibited. I would have given anything to be able to talk to them, but, that not being feasible, I was obliged to content myself with the pleasure of seeing them laugh and talk with one another, which they did, with great good humour, the greater part of the way they had to row us; and whenever they happened to see any person on the shore at work, who was within hail, they would always exchange a few friendly words, although they had probably never seen each other before.

"We always took care to have a small bottle of corn-brandy with us in the boat, to serve out to these people; and they were all evidently much pleased at this little mark of attention, and expressed their thanks, one after another, as our servant filled them a small glass, in the usual way, by a hearty shake of the hand. On paying their fare, we also made it a rule to give them a small trifle beyond what was their actual due, for which they also expressed their gratitude by the observance of the same ceremony. Their address was invariably firm, manly, and open; their manners simple and pleasing; and they appeared to know no guile. Indeed, this character may be applied to the greater part of the peasantry of Norway, and more especially to those little knots of some twenty or thirty persons who cluster round the post-houses, as they are called, by the sides of the fi-ords, secluded from all the world besides, and forming a little world of themselves."

Of the mountain peasants and villages, he says—

"The mountain cottages are the most wretched-looking hovels that can well be imagined.

"They are built, like the cottages in general, of logs of wood, are very low, and the roofs covered with moss or turf, on which the grass and weeds were sometimes seen growing to a most luxuriant height. Sometimes, indeed, a shoot of birch-tree, juniper, or other shrubs, had taken root on the roof, and very often, when abutting against a rock, a goat or kid might be seen grazing upon them. But miserable as these dwellings certainly are, we never failed to procure good milk, cream, and butter within them, and always received a most friendly welcome; the cattle were usually grazing below the road, far down in the valley.

"The men mostly wear a red skull-cap, not unlike those which are worn by the Greeks, short jackets, and trousers. Each man has a large knife attached to his side, generally speaking, by a leather waist-belt, on which is frequently some number of brass ornaments. The knife is a

most useful instrument to the native peasantry of Norway, equally adapted to cut wood, and to cut their bread and cheese, and, indeed, to perform as much, and as varied service as the little dagger of Hudibras, and some of them a great deal more: for with this knife they make their own furniture, chairs, tables, saddles, harness, carts, and wheels; also chests, boxes, bowls, basins, spoons, drinking-cups; in short, all kinds of wooden-work, some specimens of which are very ingeniously carved. Necessity, the great mother of invention, has made them all artisans. There is no trade, in fact, that a Norwegian peasant cannot, and does not, when required, turn his hand to; he unites in his own person that of a carpenter, blacksmith, weaver, ropemaker, tailor, shoemaker, joiner, and cabinet-maker. But all this is matter of necessity, and the production is probably not worth the labour and time bestowed upon it, except that both time and labour, if not thus employed, might be lost in indolence and inactivity."

At times Mr. Barrow found it impossible to procure either horses or food:—

"Being unable to procure horses, we were under the necessity of remaining the night at this spot. The post-house [at Beed] was a comfortable place, and there was a sad want of cleanliness about it in everything. . . . We had hoped to have breakfasted at *Udølgen*, situated on the margin of that fi-ord, where we had again to embark, but here they had nothing whatever to offer us, which had also been the case at Beed. To this disappointment was added, that the horses which had been harnessed to the carriages were very bad, and quite unfit for any work.

"We are not, however, to conclude that the peasantry, who could afford us nothing to eat, were in an absolute state of poverty. They all possess a considerable number of cattle, but keep few of them at hand; most of them, for two or three of the summer months, are driven into the valleys and ravines of the mountains, where there is abundance of good grass. Hither the younger part of the family resort; the females to manage the humble dairy, generally of four stone walls, thatched over, where they make butter and cheese for the winter's consumption. The brothers guard the cattle with their rifles, to protect them from the bears and the wolves."

Of these mountain farms, Mr. Price observes—

"In my rambles over the mountains, I frequently saw a large dairy of cows, far away from any habitation, excepting miserable huts, similar to those I have just mentioned. I invariably found them in the fi-elds, on a swampy plain; the weather was stormy, and the aspect of these swamps dreary in the extreme; yet the people appeared happy and contented. During the summer months the cattle pasture upon the mountains, because there is not grass enough near the villages for their support."

If the accommodation at such places is not of the best, the charge is in proportion. "I breakfasted," he says, "on bread and cheese, for which, and my bed, I paid six skillings, about two-pence." Of the manners of the people, Mr. Price had good opportunities of informing himself. The following is a clever sketch of a domestic scene among the middle classes:—

"I knocked at the door of the parsonage; it was opened by the pastor of the village, a portly gentleman, in a good suit of black. He stood, stiff as a soldier on patrol, while he surveyed my person, habited in a velvet coat with very ample pockets, nankeen trousers, and a straw hat, which the wet of nine successive days had slouched like an umbrella. I introduced myself as an Englishman, and the form of Mr.

Reinertsen relaxed, and extending his hand, he said, 'Welcome here.' He immediately led me into the dining room, where a large party had just sat down to dinner. I was introduced as an Englishman, and every person rose from his seat. The following was the arrangement of the table: Mr. Hertzberg, the Dean of Hardanger, presided; on his right was the clergyman of Vigoe, two Swedish gentlemen, and a captain; below the captain, three ladies. On the left, an elderly lady, a captain, a lady, myself, Mr. Reinertsen, and two ladies; at the bottom of the table, Mrs. Reinertsen; and three children at a side table. In my undress I would have withdrawn, when the clergyman immediately left the room, and returned with a person, habited little better than myself; him he set opposite me, and dismissed as soon as the equilibrium of my feelings was restored.

"The dish at the top of the table was cut into pieces by the Dean, who first helped himself, and then passed it to his neighbour; and thus it travelled round the table. Several sorts of fish followed. Fowls came next, and a variety of cakes and preserves; these in succession perambulated the table. A bottle of claret stood by each person. Mr. Reinertsen and the Dean were the only persons in the company who could speak English. The Dean's vocabulary was soon exhausted, but at intervals Mr. Reinertsen very deliberately asked a number of questions; among the rest—Have you read Sir Walter Scott's works? Are you from either of the Universities? Have you seen the Duke of Wellington? The examination ended, others in company shared with me his attention. Many toasts were drunk during dinner; when a toast was proposed, every person rose, and each with each rung his glass, so that in this company, and when a toast was given, glasses rung two hundred and fifty-six times. When mastication, relieved only by the frequent toasts, had occupied three hours, those who were well acquainted kissed each other, and the rest shook hands. We were then led to another room, where the ladies handed coffee and tea to the gentlemen; in two hours we returned to the dining-room, where the ladies had tea, and the gentlemen punch. At eleven, supper was brought; a large ham, a large piece of beef, bread, butter, ale, brandy, &c., and at twelve we were shown to our respective rooms."

We can recommend Mr. Barrow's volume as slight, pleasant, and unpretending—and Mr. Price's sketches as masterly and beautiful.

*Lectures on Political Economy, delivered in the University of Dublin.* By M. Longfield, L.L.D. Dublin: Milliken; London, Fellowes.

*Character, Object, and Effects of Trade Unions.*

*Strikes and Sticks.* By Harriet Martineau. London: Ridgway.

"The Professorship of Political Economy in the University of Dublin," says Dr. Longfield, "is indebted for its existence to the liberality of a stranger. In 1832 it was founded and endowed by the present Archbishop of Dublin." This simple statement requires no comment; it is only one instance of Dr. Whately's meritorious exertions to serve the country he has adopted, and the church over which he has been called to preside, by extending and improving the system of national education for every class of society,—facilitating its diffusion to the poor, and elevating its standard for the higher class.

In October 1832, Dr. Longfield was elected to the new Professor's chair, and, in the

following year, he delivered the course of lectures contained in the volume before us.

Instead of formally reviewing the work, which would lead us into discussions unsuited to a paper designed for general readers, we shall confine ourselves to a portion of the subject, which present circumstances have invested with extraordinary importance; we mean the relations between capitalists and operatives, and the effects produced upon them by combinations, or, as they are more properly called, Trades Unions. Dr. Longfield well describes the present position of this country:—

"Opinions, whether true or false, will no longer remain inactive; they both immediately affect legislation, and exercise immense influence on a class of people formerly removed beyond the reach of such discussions, but whose notions and consequent conduct are now of the greatest importance as well to their own comforts as to the peace and prosperity of their country. I allude to the labouring orders, both agricultural and manufacturing. It is no longer a question, whether these men shall think or not, or what degree of influence their opinions ought to exert over their conduct; they will follow the path where they conceive their interests to point, and it only remains to be considered, in what manner a true sense of their real interests may be most effectually brought home to them. The change has taken place, whether for the better or the worse it is useless now to inquire, since the steps which have led to it can never be retraced. The people will no longer be guided by the authority of others."

But though the labouring classes have resolved to think for themselves, the chances are against their thinking aright on matters where their interests are concerned, or their passions excited, unless care be taken to supply them with correct information. The immense inequality of condition in England constantly appeals to the feelings of the multitude, and needs little of the artificial stimulus supplied to it by shallow reasoners and pretended philanthropists. It requires, indeed, some exertion for even those who have been well educated, to discover the necessity for the existence of capitalists,—and to see that the unequal distribution of wealth is a necessary element of social happiness; still more difficult is it to discover that the regulation of wages rests neither with masters nor men, but depends upon circumstances beyond their control. Let us first see how capital operates in the work of production:—

"To analyze, for example, the cost of production of a cotton gown. The expense of freight forms part of the expense of the raw material. The price of the ship is paid by the freight of the different cargoes; among the rest, by the cargo of which the raw materials of the gown formed a part. Of this freight, part is applied to the expenses of navigating the ship, and part to replace with the usual profits, the original cost of production of the ship. Of this cost of production, the price of the nails, for example, which were used in building the ship, forms a part. Again, part of the expense of making those nails, is the price of the machinery which raised the ore. Carry on this analysis in your mind, as far as your imagination dares to wander, and you will find in the most distant ages, certain employments of labour, and accumulation of capital, indirectly contributing to the production of this cotton gown. So that it is hardly too much to say that the first capital accumulated in the empire may have had its effect in producing this gown; and what is more extraordinary,

that remote capital may not have yielded all its profits until that gown was worn by its present possessor."

A very little consideration of this statement will convince a man that accumulated capital, so far from being an injury to the operative, is, in fact, the great source of all the comforts he enjoys; and that the profits of the capitalists are but a discount for paying the wages of the labourer in advance. The next question is, how are the wages of labour determined? To this Dr. Longfield replies—

"The wages of labour depend upon the rate of profit and the productiveness of labour employed in the fabrication of those commodities in which the wages of labour are paid, and therefore the comforts of the labourer will depend upon the rate of profits, the relative value of his labour, and the productiveness of that labour which is employed in fabricating those commodities on which he wishes to expend his wages."

Hence, it follows, that in order to raise the wages of the labourer, we must either diminish the rate of profits, or increase the productiveness of labour.

"The labourer cannot gain much by a reduction of the rate of profits. If a labourer earns 8d. a day, advanced to him at an average interval of a year before the produce of his work is sold, a reduction of profits from 10 to 5 per cent. would not add 4d. a day to his wages, and the total surrender of profits could not raise his wages to 9d. a day; besides, it is utterly impossible for any direct act of legislation to diminish profits in such a manner as to improve the condition of the labourer. This can only be effected by the gradual increase of capital, and by the spread of peace, and order, and justice, and freedom, and security; in short, by every law, and custom, and circumstance which would enable capital to accumulate, or invite it to come, or induce it to stay. From the wages of the labourer must be necessarily abstracted a certain sum proportional to the rate of profit, and an additional sum for an insurance against fraud and outrage. Every destruction of property by fraud or violence increases the amount of this insurance, and thus the irrepressible nature of things imposes a tax upon the labourer sufficient to indemnify his employer for every injury occasioned by his misconduct."

From abstract reasoning Dr. Longfield has shown the folly, as well as the wickedness, of combining to extort high wages. In the second work on our list, 'Character, Objects, and Effects of Trade Unions,' the same truth is proved from experience. We there find that every strike, however powerfully supported, has invariably ended in the defeat of the workmen. Crimes were committed, every possible means of intimidation used, the hoarded earnings consumed, and misery, bordering on actual starvation, borne, but in the end the operatives were forced to be content with a lower, instead of a higher rate of wages. And this must necessarily be the case, for, however easy it may be to commit acts of violence, it is not quite so easy to change the laws of nature.

It may, and doubtless it will, be asked, how does it happen that Trades Unions flourish, when such combinations are demonstrably pernicious to those by whom they are supported? Because such demonstration has not been offered to the people. The most effectual means of suppressing them, would be a simple history of strikes, written for the labouring classes. An attempt at such a work, by Miss Martineau, is before us, but

this lady has either been spoiled by praise, or is over-writing herself, for the work is mere dogmatizing on pompous nothings, instead of reasoning, as was her custom, on simple truths.

*Two Old Men's Tales—The Deformed, and The Admiral's Daughter.* 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

To appreciate fully the merits of these volumes, the reader should have gone his weary journey through the fictions of a season: he would then understand the pleasure which they have afforded us. But, without such painful preparation, there is enough of feeling and nature in their pages—enough of interest (melancholy though it be)—enough of true and delicate delineation of character, to delight all into whose hands they may fall.

We shall not forestall our readers' pleasure, by giving any detail of the plots of these tales. It is enough to say, that the interest of the first turns upon the precarious life of the heir to a large fortune, whose bodily maladies are more than balanced by the gifts and graces of his mind, and a love adventure between him and a lively fairy-like girl, a poor relation of his step-mother's, (which last lady is, what step-mothers have been represented to be from time immemorial, envious, ambitious, and hard-hearted); this is told with great delicacy.

We, however, object to the catastrophe of 'The Deformed'—it is forced and melodramatic; and, as there are certain *indicia* about these tales, which make us fancy that they are a first work, and, if so, of a writer of good promise, we state our objection in the hope that he (or she!) may lay it, as well as our good opinion, to heart.

To extract from this book is no easy matter, if we would do it justice. The incidents (with the exception of the one against which we have borne our testimony) succeed each other so naturally, the style throughout is so devoid of the conceit (or ornament, as some fancy it,) of smart writing, that, in taking out a single scene or two, we must beg our readers to consider them as only parts of a whole. We shall confine ourselves to 'The Admiral's Daughter,' a story purported to be begun by his secretary, and completed by another hand. It is a domestic tale, which has often been told before, of happiness destroyed, and crime, and expiation, and anguish—yet not often, if ever, told better. The author is to be praised for the even-handedness with which he alternately awakens our feelings of indignation and compassion; we could weep for the sinner, but we feel the full force of the sin, and acquiesce in the justice of its punishment.

In the following, our readers will find a sketch of the Admiral's Daughter, drawn by her faithful and admiring old friend, Mr. Roper:—

"Her mother was of Spain—a beautiful Spanish lady, whom the Admiral married at Valencia, or at Seville, and she came with him to England, where she shortly afterwards died. Her daughter, every one said, was very like her. Certainly she wanted that rare pink and white which adorn our beauties—there was a tint of olive some might not like; but then her skin was smooth and polished as the finest marble, and her figure had a waviness and delicacy which I cannot describe—a sort of grace—

ful pliancy about it that I never saw in any other. Her feet and hands were so extremely beautiful, it scarcely looked natural—they beamed modelled by art. . . . She used to dress, too, in a way of her own—she rarely wore colours, but was always in black or white; and her dresses were not trimmed, and sticking so oddly out and about as those of the best dressed young ladies we visited; one did not know how they were made. They used to flow like a drapery round her limbs, confined by a band round her waist, where usually would be a clasp of very rich jewels and gold. On her arms she sometimes wore a rich bracelet or so, and a splendid gold chain now and then round her neck; but never anything in her hair, which was braided about her head in a manner quite her own, which I used to think very charming; and she had a way of wrapping a great mantle of delicate lace, at times, about her, that was very striking. I was told she had it from her mother, as well as the pattern of her black satin shoe, which certainly was most prettily fancied.

"Miss Thornhaugh was all gaiety and good humour—but as wild and as wanton as a bird. She never much heeded what other people thought or did, but went her own way, perhaps one should say, wilfully—but it was such a pretty wilfulness that I, for one, could not quarrel with it. . . . How she loved the old Admiral, her father! and as for him, he adored her—he loved her as the apple of his eye—She was the light of his footsteps—the fountain of joy to his soul—She was to the stern old seaman, after all the dark and rugged passages of his life, like some strain of wild and sweet music filling the intervals of the storm. His features, on which the severity of the quarter-deck had traced those lines, firm to rigidity—almost harsh in their stern dignity—would relax and soften, at her approach, to a sweetness quite remarkable; and his voice, which, when a little raised, we could none of us bear without an undefinable sensation, would melt to her into the modulations of a lover. As for denying her anything in the world that she wished for, or thinking anything she chose to say or do could be amiss, that never entered into his head. She played with all his fancies, which were some of them whimsical and obstinate enough—She smiled him out of his anger, for when there was reason he could be very angry. She coaxed him to follow her ways, when others found it impossible to bias him."

Her coquetties, and her impertinences, and the sweet winning way in which she makes it up with her lover, are gracefully told;—nor less beautiful is the picture of the happiness of her married life, when her sauciness was sobered into sprightliness: but we must refer our readers to the volumes for this, and give a scene of sadder hue. It explains itself.

"I am come!"—said she, as she opened the door of the room in the Albany where Laurence, ready dressed to go out, was sitting; "I am come!—to claim my place at last!—I am come, a guilty, degraded, blasted being—to claim my place by your fire-side."

"Good God, Inez! what is the matter?" cried he, struck by the hollow tones of her voice—still more by the spectral hue of her countenance. "My Inez, what is it?"

"Your Inez?—yes, indeed!—My husband is come home."

"Vivian?"

"He is come;—yes!"—flinging herself prostrate on the floor, while her long black hair fell over her to her very feet, as she lay like a crushed worm—contracted together, as though the would bury her forehead in the earth. "Yes! he is come home—By this time he is

come!—He has found his trust betrayed!—his hearth defiled!—his faith—his heart, broken!—Yes! he is come—his children are in his arms—their tears are on his cheek—their hands are in his neck—they are all calling for the mother!"

"And, at these words, such a tempest of groans, and sobs, and tears, rushed forth that Laurence thought she would have been suffocated."

"He fell on the floor by her side—but she pushed him from her—rude—violent—for the first and only time. 'Touch me not, Laurence—pollute not my first honest tears—Serpent—mingle not your insidious poison with my groans.—Oh, Harry! Harry!—receive me back once more—Take back your wife to your bosom!—Forgive me, Harry!—forgive me, Harry!—I have been mad—but I am mad no longer—I was a dream—it was all a horrid, wicked dream—nothing but a dream—Why am I not at home?' starting suddenly up. 'What am I about?—Why am I not at home?—Mr. Hervey, do take me home—He is coming, where am I?'"

"Will you go home, my dear Mrs. Vivian?" said Laurence, repressing with a violent effort his own emotions. "Will you go home? Indeed you had better." . . .

"But the transient delirium was already over. 'You would take me home, then,' with a look of withering contempt. 'You would take the empty casket back to your friend—Offer him the worthless, withered rose, that you have rifled—A fit present for an honourable man—You would take me home?'"

"Alas! Inez, what is it you say?—I would do anything, everything, to serve you—and to help you."

"Would you, Laurence?—I know you would—Forgive me—I spoke in my agony—I never intended to reproach you—Forgive me!"

Laurence burst into tears.

"That is right. Yea, let us sit down in the dust and weep—Yes, let us fall down on the earth—let him trample us under his feet—Harry!—Harry!"

"She sat down on the ground, and Laurence by her side: and there, like that guilty pair, who opened the gates of sin and death on this dark world,—sat those two creatures formed for excellence and for light—cowering on the earth—their faces buried in their hands—weeping and groaning aloud."

We must pass over the manly sorrow of the husband thus forsaken—the intensity of his agony, with a softening of heart whenever he thinks of her whom, in spite of her infidelity, he cannot persuade himself to hate. A duel is the consequence of his friend's treachery. The closing scene of this tragedy will tell the rest:—

"Calmed by that languor which succeeds to the dreadful excitement of fever, his feelings which, thus irritated, had displayed themselves in the most fearful agonies, softened at the near and certain approach of death. A gentle and melancholy composure once more tranquillized his spirits—He asked to see his children."

"They were speedily brought—and by his desire, came into his chamber unattended."

"Inez, trusting to the power of that disguise which had deceived so many—and indeed almost reckless of consequences, now that the termination of all seemed so fast approaching, remained in the room, partly concealed by the shade of a curtain—Her heart in its desolation yearned after her little ones—and she resolved to see them once more, at any risk."

"They came into the room, like the babes in the wood, holding by each other's hands, but

no longer cheerful and prattling—Already Inez could detect in the air of both the effect of Miss Vivian's notions of education."

"Florence, indeed, always soft and gentle, appeared only paler than she was wont: but the joyous, open-hearted little Georgy had already worn the broken down, dull look which children of an ardent, hasty, affectionate character assume, when treated with coldness and severity."

"Tutored, repressed, for ever naughty, the poor little child had passed in disgrace and tears the days which had elapsed since, forsaken by her mother, she had been consigned to the care of a cold, unsympathising stranger."

"Inez, whose penetration, ever acute, was sharpened by a mother's sympathy—read all this with a bleeding heart, as the lovely children entered the room."

"Are you there, my treasures?" said the father's broken voice.

"Papa! Papa!"

"Gently, gently, Georgy," said little Florence, but the child was already pressed to its father's bosom."

"Ah! how glad I am to come to you!—We have been so unhappy," said the little girl.

"Have you, my darlings? Where is Florence?"

"Here, papa, close by—Can't you see her?"

"My little ones—I can't see."

"Florence wept—Georgy cried; 'And you're so ill! Poor, poor Papa!—Where's mama to nurse you?'"

"Oh, Georgy!" said Florence.

"They won't let me speak of her at Aunt Vivian's—and they say I'm very naughty, 'cause I can't help it—and I will speak of her—I love her best of all the world, and . . ."

"Hush! hush! my dear," said Inez softly from behind the curtain—She saw that this was more than Captain Vivian could bear."

"That's Mama—" said the child, springing joyfully up.—"That's Mama—She's behind the curtain—She's hiding herself for play—Mama! dearest! sweet Mama! flinging herself across the bed, and throwing her arms round her neck; 'I know you would come again.'"

"My child," said Inez, endeavouring vainly to unclasp the eager arms which embraced her. 'I am not your Mama. I am the nurse.'

"Oh don't, don't play at that any longer," said Florence, bursting into tears, as she ran towards her, and hung upon her gown—"Mama! mama! do kiss me." . . .

"Speak," said Captain Vivian, in a hollow tone. 'Speak again . . . The child is not mistaken.—Have you been with me all these days?'"

"Forgive me!" was all that Inez could say—

"A pause . . ."

"At length:—"My children, embrace her!—it is your mother!"

"Inez, thus permitted, gave way to all her fondness—She clasped the children alternately to her breast—She covered them with kisses, while her sobs and tears were audible. Captain Vivian understood the scene he was unable to witness, and a tear rolled down his wasted cheek."

"At length, having allowed time for their emotion to subside, he desired her to bring the little girls close to him, and, having kissed, and given them his blessing, and exhorted them, in broken accents, to be good children, he told Inez to take them to their nurse, and 'then return,' he said, 'to me!'"

"She re-entered the room, alone; but, timid and ashamed, she feared to approach the bed."

"Is it, indeed, you?" said Captain Vivian. 'Come nearer to me—time is short—my moments are counted. Have you nothing to say?'"



"She now came up, and kneeled down by the side of the bed.—

"Harry, I had not intended to allow myself this consolation—I had not hoped that, in this world, you would speak to me more. I did not dare to hope it—I came to perform, as I best might, my poor duty of attending you—to save, if possible, a life my guilt had destroyed. It has not pleased God to bless endeavours such as mine; but, Harry you have not cursed me—When my father cursed me, you did not curse me—Forgive me, before you die."

"'Too happy so to die,' in a deep and broken voice. 'The dark curtains of the grave are folding round me—the pride of inexorable honour asks no more—Death sanctifies the affection it cannot interrupt. My Inez! may God forgive you, as I do!'

"He stretched out his wasted hand—She took it reverently, and pressed upon it one long, holy kiss.

"May I stay with you?" at last she said, with great humility. "Don't send me away!"

"Alas! you need not fear it; a few brief hours, my Inez! and I shall be nothing—this heart, that beat too fondly, will be still; but stay with me—we have much to speak of—Ah! and a smile of ineffable sweetness played over his pallid lips. 'Ah! death is sweet near thee!'

"He now lay some time still, holding her hand in his, seeming to forget all that had parted them. 'I had much to say!' he kept repeating; but that was all: he seemed to rest in a tranquillity he was unwilling to disturb, his cheek leaning against her arm, his hand locked in hers. But too soon his breath began to thicken; shades of darkness gathered round his features. He agitated his arms.—

"Here—here!" he said.

"She rose, and stretched out hers—he caught her to his bosom—he was no more!

We cannot conclude our notice without expressing a hope that these 'Two Old Men' belong to a community wherein others may be found with tales to tell; and, let us hope, not quite so melancholy as these.

#### BRIDGEWATER TREATISES, No. VIII.

*Chemistry, Meteorology, and the Function of Digestion, considered with reference to Natural Theology.* By W. Prout, M.D., F.R.S., &c. 8vo. London: Pickering.

"THERE are some errors," says Cabanis, "into which none but men of great talents could fall," and we think that no three men in England, but an Archbishop, a Bishop, and a President of the Royal Society, could have devised an arrangement so extremely singular, as that of the subjects for the 'Bridgewater Treatises.' To dismember "Meteorology" from "Geology"—the one involving causes of which the other presents the effects—in order to make it the link between "Chemistry" and "Digestion," was the work of no ordinary mind; and to separate "Digestion" from "Physiology"—a part from the whole—and again place "Physiology" deprived of "the Hand," in opposition to the "Physical Nature of Man," allowed to retain his hands, evinced most uncommon tact in classification. The ingenuity with which Dr. Prout has connected his subjects, does not render their combination a bit the less ridiculous, but, in truth, it is unnecessary we should say more on this point. We were the first to condemn the distribution, according to which he and his fellow-

labourers were obliged to work, and our condemnation has been repeated in one form or the other in every Journal, Magazine, or Review of any note or character, which has had its attention directed to the matter.

Dr. Prout's volume consists essentially of two distinct, and not perfectly harmonized parts,—a theory, made to please himself, and conclusions, made—to order. The theory has considerable ingenuity, but is not by any means complete or digested; and we are strongly of opinion, that its gestation in the Doctor's brain would have been considerably and beneficially prolonged, had it not suddenly been tempted forth to "life and the light of day," by the vivifying influence of the Bridgewater donation, and the fostering cares of the very reverend and learned aforesaid.

The argument of design, which it is the object of these Treatises to uphold, embraces at least, three classes of objects:—

"1. Those objects, regarding which, the reasoning of man coincides with the reasoning evinced by his Creator; as in the simple adaptation of clothing above mentioned: or those objects, in which, man is able to trace, to a certain extent, his Creator's designs; as in various phenomena amenable to the laws of quantity; viz. mechanics, &c.

"2. Those objects, in which, man sees no more than the preliminaries and the results, or the end and design accomplished; without being able to trace through their details, the means of that accomplishment; as in all the phenomena and operations of chemistry.

"3. Those objects, in which, design is inferred, but in which the design, as well as the means by which it is accomplished, are alike concealed; as in the existence of fixed stars, of comets, of organized life; and indeed in all the great and more recondite phenomena of nature."

To the second of those, Dr. Prout applies himself, but the whole effect of his theory, if admitted, would be to reduce the second class to the first, inasmuch as the object of the theory is to trace through their details, the means by which certain "phenomena and operations" may be supposed to have their accomplishment; and if we allow that he has succeeded in this design, then clearly, "the reasoning of man coincides with the reasoning evinced by his Creator"—that is, the argument is reduced to the first class, according to the definition. There is, therefore, this defect running through the whole proof, that we do not know whether God's wisdom is to be established independent of, or in alliance with, our knowledge of the means by which he works; and as, on this last supposition, the admission of Dr. Prout's or some similar theory becomes necessary, it might be supposed, that their rejection would leave the whole demonstration incomplete; a conclusion which, though by no means warranted, is obviously very likely to be arrived at. This we consider an objection to interweaving a doubtful theory with an argument intended to force conviction, even though it may have been done, as Dr. Prout says, for the sake of illustration.

The theory, as applied to explain crystallization, and the different states of cohesion of bodies, together with the leading facts on which it is founded, is thus summed up:—

"1. In the first place we attempted to show that the forces which determine molecular union can scarcely be those of mere gravitation, in

their ordinary forms at least; but that some other modification of force is necessary to account for the phenomena.

"2. By assuming the molecules of bodies to be virtually spheroidal, and endowed with two kinds of polarizing forces, the one operating *axially*, and the other *equatorially*, we attempted to show how the phenomena of simple crystallization might be explained; and we corroborated our argument by demonstrating that the electric and magnetic forces are actually related to each other, precisely as we assumed the energies of our molecules to be. Hence we ventured to draw the conclusion, that electricity and magnetism, if not identical with, at least represent, or are analogous to those forces, the existence of which among ponderable bodies we assumed as necessary to account for the phenomena of crystallization. Further we attempted to render it probable, that the molecules of the imponderable principles, heat and light, possess polarities precisely analogous to those of ponderable bodies, and that many of their peculiar phenomena depend upon these polarities.

"3. In attempting to account for the different forms assumed by bodies, we supposed that in the *solid* form, the molecules are so arranged as to attract each other according to certain laws; that in the *liquid* form, they are so arranged as neither to attract nor repel each other; and that in the *gaseous* form, the arrangement of the energies of the molecules is such as to render them mutually repulsive. Further, by assuming that those molecules which possess the property of attracting each other in the solid form in preference to others, retain a similar relation in the gaseous form, and repel each other in preference to others, we attempted to account for many of the well known phenomena of gaseous bodies.

"4. Lastly, we attempted to show that the phenomena of radiation among the molecules of imponderable bodies, are precisely analogous to the phenomena of diffusion and mixture among the molecules of ponderable bodies when in the liquid and gaseous states; and that consequently the same laws are strictly applicable to both."

Dr. Prout must, of course, expect the opposition of all mathematicians to this last conclusion, which is in direct opposition to their undulatory theory of light and heat, yet he has certainly made some very striking observations, and traced an analogy not easily to be broken through.

Leaving, however, those points which are doubtful, we shall select the following as a well traced instance of *prospective* design:—

"We are told by the inspired historian that after matter had been created and endowed with motion, the next Almighty fiat was 'let there be light;' and if we suppose this fiat to have included the other imponderable forms of matter, heat, &c., how entirely do the whole phenomena of nature accord with the sacred narrative! Light, and probably its attendant heat, are the most generally diffused and universal of all the subordinate agencies; so much so, that they are not confined to our globe or even system, but extend throughout the universe. Their laws and influences, therefore, seem to be as general and as necessary to the present order of things, as those of gravitation itself. The priority of existence also of light and of heat is self-evident; for until they existed, nothing else, as we are acquainted with things, could have had existence. Now all subsequent creations have been made with the most exact regard to the influences of these prior agencies. The globe, for example, which we inhabit, is placed at a certain distance from the sun, the great centre of our system and of light and of heat; and where of course, ac-

ording to the laws which light and heat obey, they must act with a certain intensity. Hence it was necessary that the materials of this globe should have a certain degree of fixity, otherwise they could not exist. If indeed there had been no ulterior views, with respect to the destination of this globe; all that would have been requisite, would have been to have made it sufficiently firm to move through space: and for this purpose the more homogeneous and compact its composition had been the better. But what are the facts? Our globe, though stable, so far from being homogeneous, is composed of a variety of substances all differing from each other in their properties; some being solid, some fluid, some aeriform under the common circumstances in which they have been placed, and all beautifully adapted, both by their physical and chemical properties, to the purposes they fulfil in nature; and what is more, to the purposes they were designed to fulfil in nature; for on no other supposition would their properties be intelligible.

"Thus water, within very narrow limits of temperature, is a solid, or a liquid, or a gas; and yet these very narrow limits of temperature, neither more nor less, are precisely those which exist upon the surface of our globe; where they are the natural and necessary results of its situation in the universe, and of the general laws which govern the distribution of light and heat. Had the properties of this body been other than what they are, or had the general temperature of our globe been different, water would have existed altogether in the solid or in the gaseous state, and its most important properties would have been unknown. Hence it seems almost impossible to arrive at any other conclusion, than that the temperature of the earth, and the properties of the water on its surface, have been mutually adjusted to each other. And further, since the temperature of the earth, as just stated, is the natural result of the general laws which govern the distribution of heat and of light; the inference must be, that the properties of the water, as the subordinate and later principle, have, at an after period, been adjusted to the prior temperature of the earth."

But this is not the only modification which water has undergone; and we shall see that the admixture which takes place in the depths of the ocean, is equally beneficial and equally the result of design:—

"The saline contents of the ocean are of immense importance in the economy of nature. Such indeed is their importance, that it is doubtful whether the present order of things could be maintained without them. The effects of these saline matters will be more particularly pointed out hereafter. In this place we shall only remark, that by lowering the freezing point of water; and by diminishing its tendency to give off vapour, they perform the most beneficial offices. Another valuable purpose which they serve may be alluded to here, viz. the greater power of buoyancy which they communicate to water; by means of which the waters of the ocean are better fitted for the purposes of navigation. Nor are these the only uses of the saline matters; for there is reason to believe that they contribute in no small degree to the stability of the water; and that an ocean of fresh water would speedily undergo changes that would probably render it incompatible with animal life; such an ocean perhaps would even suffer decomposition, that might seriously interfere with the other arrangements of nature."

It is well known that black and dark colours generally absorb most, and reflect least, of both heat and light; and, *vice versa*, that white and light colours reflect most and absorb least. This is a general law of heat and light, to which the distribution of colours

on the face of the globe presents a singular adaptation. All sorts of full, deep, and decided colours, are met with in tropical climates, where white is comparatively rare; on the other hand, white forms the almost unvaried livery of Polar regions, extending even to the animals by which they are inhabited. Now, if this distribution had been reversed,—if white prevailed at the Tropics, and black at the Poles, what would have been the consequence?—

"As heat and light are supposed to obey nearly the same laws, as far as absorption, radiation, and reflection are concerned, it is obvious that if white had prevailed in the tropical climates, almost all the solar heat and light, instead of being absorbed, would have been reflected. The consequence of this reflection would have been, that the accumulation of heat and the glare of light in the lower regions of the atmosphere, near the surface of the earth, would have been intolerable, and would have rendered these regions quite uninhabitable, at least by the present race of beings. The surface of the earth, also, though it would have been heated slowly, would have been overheated in time; and at length would probably have become so very hot, from its comparatively low radiating powers, that the heat could not have been borne. As it is, the heat and light of the sun are absorbed readily and as freely given off again by radiation; or perhaps the heat, like the light, is decomposed; and thus the whole is preserved in that comparatively moderate and nicely balanced state, which renders even the hottest parts of the earth inhabitable."

"On the other hand let us consider for a moment what would have been the consequences if snow had been black, or in other words, if blackness had prevailed in the Polar regions. In this case, all the little light and heat that reach them would have been absorbed, and the effect would have been darkness, more or less complete. From the rapid melting also of the snow on the least exposure to heat and light, we should have been constantly liable to inundations. Thus the whole of the Polar regions of the earth would have been one dark and dreary void, inaccessible to organic life. But by the present arrangement, all these consequences are obviated. The white snow absorbs a certain portion of light and of heat (by a beautiful provision more as the angle of incidence increases,) while so much light is reflected as is useful, and no more. Thus the adjustment of the colours of bodies to the circumstance in which they are placed, constitutes an example of the expedients by which those minor incongruities are obviated that are necessarily incidental to the modes in which heat and light are distributed over the globe; and presents altogether one of the most obvious and beautiful instances of design connected with the agency of heat and light."

Several other equally well developed arguments are to be found through the volume, which, on the whole, is one of great interest, and exhibiting considerable ability. There is, however, in many places, a spinning out of matters commonly known, which we are sure Dr. Prout would never spontaneously have sent into print; but this, perhaps, is an unavoidable consequence of writing books to order. His chapters on digestion have, in truth, so little to do with the rest of his work, that though he (with the assistance of his binder) has connected them with it, we cannot; they must therefore, stand over for some future occasion.

*The Birds of America.* No. XXXVII. By J. J. Audubon, Esq. Coloured Plates. Elephant folio. London: Havell.

*A Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada.* Part II. *Water Birds.* By Thomas Nuttall, A.M. F.L.S. Woodcuts. 8vo. Boston: Hilliard & Gray; London, Kenneth.

THE thirty-eighth number of Mr. Audubon's splendid work on American birds is just about being published; and, having had an opportunity of inspecting both the original drawings and the coloured plates taken from them, we are able to declare it fully equal to those by which it has been preceded, and to bear testimony to the fidelity with which the engraver has worked in the spirit of the designer, and transferred to copper the all but living figures traced by Mr. Audubon's pencil. The present number contains five plates, representing the Pinnated Grouse (*Tetrao Cupido*), the Boat-tailed Grackle (*Quiscalus Major*), the Yellow-bellied Woodpecker (*Picus Farius*), the Snow-Bunting (*Embriiza Nivalis*), and the Tree-Sparrow (*Fringilla Canadensis*). Of these we particularly admire the first and third. The first contains three figures, two males and a female, of this extraordinary species, the female represented cowering, the males engaged in combat, the one flying at his adversary, who crouches, with bill protruded, to receive the shock. These figures are perfectly beautiful: the singular lateral dilatations of the gullet in the necks of the male birds, said to be connected with their peculiar drumming or tooting note, are represented full, inflated, and tinged with a glowing orange or reddish yellow, while the pinna, or small neck-wing, from which the name is derived, is elevated in the couchant figure, but closed in the flying, so as to display its true natural position in these different attitudes. In fact, half the natural history of the bird may be read in these graphic delineations, which are every way worthy of what Cuvier justly termed "le monument le plus magnifique qu'ait encore été élevé à l'ornithologie." In his Woodpeckers Mr. Audubon has been equally fortunate; two are represented on a long trailing branch, bearing a rich cluster of berries, across which one of them is in the act of passing. The position must have been momentary, yet nothing can be conceived more happy for displaying the figure and character of the bird. With the keen eye of an experienced naturalist, Mr. Audubon at once detected all its perfection, and, with a felicitous boldness, has transferred it to his pages, rendering the transitory permanent, and the fleeting fixed.

Mr. Nuttall's 'Manual' is a work of a less aspiring description, but seems a judicious selection from the labours of former ornithologists, improved by the result of his own observations. He has been indebted to Mr. Audubon for several important and interesting remarks; and his volumes, the one on Land, the other on Water Birds, present perhaps the best condensed and systematized view of the winged tribes which inhabit northern America. His style is occasionally rather too much inflated; yet the following description of the Swan, though certainly liable to that objection, evinces a classic taste, and a just appreciation of natural beauty:—

"The Whistling Swan, though commonly tamed and domesticated in Russia, has not the grace and elegance of the Mute species, as instead of the beautiful curve of the neck, it swims with it erect. Its vocal organs are also remarkably assisted by the elaborate structure of the trachea, which instead of passing on direct to the lungs, as in the Mute Swan, forms two circumvolutions within the chest, like a real trumpet, before terminating in the respiratory organ, and it is thus enabled to utter a powerful and sonorous note. The common Tame Swan, on the contrary, is the most silent of birds; being unable to utter any louder noise than a hiss. This deficiency of voice is, however, amply made up by beauty of form, and insinuating grace. Its pure, spotless, and splendid attire; its stately attitude; the ease and elegance, with which, like a bark, it sits and moves majestically on the water, as if proud and conscious of its beauty; aiding its pompous progress by gently raising its snow white wings to catch the sportive breeze, wherein it wantons with luxuriant ease, queen of its native element. In short, all conspires to shroud the Swan, however mute, with its long acknowledged and classic perfection. And as if aware of its high and ancient pretensions, it still, as in former ages, frequents the now neglected streams of the Meander and the Strymon; with an air of affected languor they are yet seen silently sailing by the groves of Paphos, though no longer cherished by its *Beauteous Queen*:—and still, as ever, altered as the scene may be to nature's rudest form.

The Swan, with arched neck  
Between her white wings mantling proudly, rows  
Her state with oary feet;  
and knows no change but that of season.

"The Hooper emits his notes only when flying, or calling on his mate or companions; the sound is something like *whoogh, whoogh*, very loud and shrill, but by no means disagreeable, when heard high in the air, and modulated by the winds. The natives of Iceland indeed compare it, very flatteringly, to the notes of a violin. Allowance must be made, however, for this predilection, when it is remembered that they hear this cheerful clarion at the close of a long and gloomy winter, and when, in the return of the Swan, they listen to the harbinger of approaching summer; every note must be, therefore, melodious, which presages the speedy thaw, and the return of life and verdure to their gelid coast.

"It is to this species alone that the ancients could attribute the power of melody;—the singular faculty of tuning its dying dirge from among the reedy marshes of its final retreat. In a low, plaintive, and stridulous voice, in the moment of death, it murmured forth its last prophetic sigh. These doleful strains were heard at the dawn of day, or when the winds and waves were still; and like the *syrtis* of *Pan*, were in all probability nothing more than the murmurs and sighs of the wind through the marshes and forests graced and frequented by these elegant aquatic birds. The Mute Swan never visits the *Padus*, styled *Olorifernus*, from the numbers of the present species which frequent its waters. It is also almost equally certain that none but the present is ever seen on the *Cayster*, in *Lydia*, each of them streams celebrated by the poets, as the resort of Swans.

*Haad oecus Eridani stagnis ripave Caystri  
Innotat albus Olor, pronoque immobile corpus  
Dat flavio: et pedibus tacitis emigrat in undas.*  
SILIVS ITALICA. Lib. 14."

In an appendix, Mr. Nuttall has made some corrections and additions to the account of the land birds, which was given in his first volume. The following particulars respecting a tame Oriole throws some light on its peculiar mode of weaving itself a nest, as well as on others of its habits:—

"Since publishing the account of this bird in the first volume of the present Manual, I have had a male bird in a state of domestication raised from the nest very readily on fresh minced meat soaked in milk. When established, his principal food was scalded Indian corn-meal, on which he fed contentedly, but was also fond of sweet cakes, insects of all descriptions, and nearly every kind of fruit. In short, he eat every thing which he would in a state of nature, and did not refuse to taste and eat of every thing but the condiments which enter into the multifarious diet of the human species: he was literally omnivorous.

"No bird could become more tame, allowing himself to be handled with patient indifference, and sometimes with playfulness. The singular mechanical application of his bill was remarkable, and explains at once the ingenious art employed by the species in weaving their nest. If the folded hand was presented to our familiar Oriole, he endeavored to open it by inserting his pointed and straight bill betwixt the closed fingers, and then, by pressing open the bill with great muscular force, in the manner of an opening pair of compasses, he contrived, if the force was not great, to open the hand and examine its contents. If brought to the face he did the same with the mouth, and would try hard to open the closed teeth. In this way, by pressing open any yielding interstice, he could readily insert the threads of his nest, and pass them through an infinity of openings so as to form the ingenious net-work or basis of his suspensory and procreant cradle.

"In the spring of 1832, while travelling in the month of May through the back part of Pennsylvania, the trees, now rapidly unfolding their tender leaves, were peopled with hosts of melodious birds, and among the rest was heard pre-eminent the loud and querulous fife of the brilliant Baltimore. My attention was thus accidentally drawn to watch the employment of a busy female of the species, who, attended by her gay, brilliant, and tuneful mate, seemed nearly to have completed the fabric of her nest, in obedience to the instinct of her favorite hopes of progeny. She seemed, however, to tug long in the same mesh, and on drawing near, I perceived with dismay and surprise, that the feet of our busy Oriole were forcibly entangled in the side of the nest. Apprehending the fate of these toilsome and fruitless struggles, I endeavoured to interest some bystanders so far, as to sever down the lofty bough of the Button-Wood, in which the distressing scene had occurred; but while we delayed, from the difficulty of the task, the unhappy victim to this frustrated instinct, cleared her feet, and now got entangled by the neck. In this sad predicament of our bird I had to leave the premises, and have little doubt but that the hopes and endeavours of this active tenant of the grove were soon terminated in death. The male, though uneasy, seemed both unconscious of the danger of his mate and unable or unconcerned in the means of her escape."

Mr. Nuttall's volume is illustrated by wood-cuts, several of which are remarkably well executed;—we only regret that they are not more numerous.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Speculation; a Novel, by the Author of Traits and Traditions of Portugal.*'—These volumes are a pleasant, though not very profound, homily on matrimony. They exhibit three sets of courtships, one for rank, one for wealth, and a third for love; and the third beats the other two out and out. Poetical justice is inflicted with a vengeance in the last volume, yet we must say, that we should prefer seeing love and good-

ness a little more independent of great wealth. We have no objection to reward the good with all the happiness that can spring from their goodness; but, with all deference to the author of '*Traits and Traditions of Portugal,*' we think seven thousand a year too great a reward for falling in love with a pretty girl of nineteen. The very large fortunes, that are given away in the third volumes of novels, are a sad drawback from the moral which many of these works profess to teach. For instance, the apparent moral in the work before us is this: he who marries for the pride of rank will be disappointed; he who makes wealth his sole aim, will either fail in his schemes or find his wealth a trouble; while he who is actuated only and purely, by the genuine principle of an honest and sincere affection, will find his reward. Very well—prove the position by illustrations manifestly drawn from reality; but if you pour a mine of wealth into the poor and pretty bride's lap, on the day of her marriage, you nullify the moral, and you show your distrust of the power of affection to make life blessed. Great moral truths are not to be inculcated by accidental results. It appears to us that novel writers and comedy makers, generally and almost universally perhaps, except in the cases of Miss Austen and Mrs. Brunton, make one great mistake in treating of love, that is, they do not distinguish between the blind passion of a first love, and the truth of an honest and decided affection. Love matches are placed antagonistically against matches of interest, matches of convenience, matches of pride; but love matches themselves are divisible into two classes, as wide apart from each other as any two can possibly be. Love as a passion is continually decreasing, love as an affection is continually increasing. Love matches, when passion is their basis, are the most miserable of all, but they are the most blessed when they are founded upon affection. Fictitious narratives too frequently end where they ought to begin, viz. with marriage, and it has been well observed that many of those marriages, which are the end of comedies, are the beginning of tragedies. Now in this novel, two out of three courtships terminate in marriage, while the hypocritical suitor of a wealthy and aged widow, is merely unsuccessful in his suit, and is punished with the King's Bench, instead of an ill-assorted union. In fact, then, Miss Pardoe sets out with the implied intention of proving three positions, and ends in proving only one. The wealthy *parvenu* marries for rank, and his marriage disappoints him; the adventurer attempts to marry for wealth, but he is thwarted; therefore whether such a match would have been happy or miserable is not proved; and lastly, the amiable hero, and the amiable heroine, who marry for love, are blessed with such an abundance of money, that we have yet to learn whether in their case the proverb would hold good, that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window. The best part of the work is the bold and impudent adventurer's courtship of the Widow Wilkins: no short extract could give a proper and full idea of it, and though it be the most extravagant part, it is perhaps the truest.

'*Mischief. Second Section.*'—More Mischief! as if there was not enough ever working around us. Surely the author of such a chronicle must be that well known personage, whose *Waltz* upon earth have been already sung, who is by some believed to be Paganini's working partner, by others reputed the author of that mystic book of fifty-two leaves, over which so many Knights of the Round Table have pored in hope and despair, and who in these days of fair seeming and sarsnet speech, has taken the respectable and sober title of "the Gentleman in Black." Be he whom he may, here is a sample of his philosophy:—



Fashion! and what is fashion? a parbelion  
Murm' whistled past the Persian's genuine son;  
An echo, unto nothing; a chameleon,  
The worn of every colour, yet of none;  
A rock that pleasure-boats are split upon;  
A race around a ring without a goal;  
A trophy by pretence from meanness won;  
A superstition, whose false priests cajole  
Fools to lie down beneath the wheels that crush the  
soul.

Here is a taste of his opinions:—  
—Scotch nightingales; compared with which  
Your common nightingales are frogs in plumage.  
For 'tis as sure as sulphur catcheth fire  
That all things Scotch must be till crack of doom  
Pluperfect, as they came from nature's womb:  
And all true Scotchmen will the same attest.  
So long as weather on their rocks shall bloom,  
When earth was born, 'twas Nature's first behest.  
Let all things good be Scotch, and all things Scotch be  
best."

But then at Athens was the Athenæum.  
And Athens is of Scotland the metropolis;  
The seat of Arthur is the true Lyceum.  
And Edinburgh's tall castle the Acropolis.  
(Of all audacious claims and vile monopolies—  
Of all emetrical conceits and fantasies—  
Of all egregious vanities and foppishries—  
Of all the clause, I write it in parenthesis,  
Of Hamburgs, Swedens' Clans—but bless me, what a  
pen this is!)

Here however is a tale of young love and its  
sorrows:—

—He roused his energies to climb  
Wood-girt Scuvabellin, that fronts the west:  
To see the setting sun the peaks sublime;  
At parting, with the purple robe invest  
(If light and vapour wove). Hour unblest!  
For when he reached the bleak broad summit, lo,  
A lady, seated near its thymy crest,  
Was weeping o'er the pages of *Homæus*,  
Whose raptures o'er young hearts like floods of lava  
flow.

He stood beside her, but she saw him not;  
Still reading, still she shed pernicious tears.  
'Is it,' he cried, 'the spirit of the spot,  
The very Heloise of other years?'  
Startled she rose, but soon forgot her fears:  
She eyed him steadfastly and long; the book  
Fell from her hands; her blushes dried her tears;  
A thousand smiles she gave him in one look,  
And down the mountain-path her flowery way she  
took.

He followed not, but made that bank his shrine,  
Her book a precious relic, kissed the page  
Tear-moistened by a virgin so divine,  
And vowed to consecrate his youth and age  
To her devotion. That untimely rage,  
Transformed the nature of the beardless wight.—  
No more soft Melancholy's shrinking Sage,  
He held Venetia's hand that very night,  
Her partner in the dance, and in her Mother's sight!

Thenceforth he haunted her! and grew vain-glorious;  
And, true to good taste, his laugh was hearty,  
His voice familiar, and his eye victorious.  
The mountain walk, the ride, the water-party,  
Song, waltz, and lecture, chess, charade, ecarté,  
Fed and inflamed his fever of success.  
'Di certi giovani conosco Paris!'  
But never youth was known whose art was less  
To win the myrtle wreath, and wear it with address.

Oh, settlements on sheep-skins! Love is vain.  
The Mother was a dame of stately port,  
Hard as her jewels: with a shrewd disdain  
She watched the stranger lose in fear than sport:  
Venetia was the pupil of a court,  
A young hawk trained to soar at noble quarry.  
She knew that dangers of a certain sort  
Were only to be used to fetch and carry,  
Turn music-lover, or dancer, or anything but marry.

While He, in all the intrepid self-conceit  
Of a raw pilot on unfathomed seas,  
Steers his exultant bark, with flowing sheet  
Right for the breakers, full before the breeze,  
The bland Venetia, safe on shore, at ease,  
Awaits the rash adventurer hot to mock,  
Remorseless as a wrecker when he sees  
The tempest-buffed brig approach the rock  
Whereon false lights allure the victim to the shock.

And when for! Is a roused heart in pangs  
A prize for woman? Yes; a plaything, such  
As it delights the sportive kitten-fangs  
Of young unfeeling vanity to clutch.

And when he said 'Be mine, my fair beloved!'  
The tender lacrimist o'er soft *Homæus*  
Smiled like the morning star, and blushed as roses  
blow;

And left him, rapt in an ethereal vision  
Of bridal vaults decked with orange flowers.  
A rustling robe, a step of slow precision,  
Recalled him from the dreamer's land to ours.  
A grave ambassador of earth, with powers  
To treat, but only with an elder brother,

Subtle in all the lore of ladies' dowers,  
And armed with all the apophthegms that smother  
Romantic pleas, before him stood, the Mother!

Six hundred pounds per annum, and his passion,  
Behold the grand sum total of his claim!  
No rank, connexion, interest, even fashion;  
And he had dared to breathe her daughter's name,  
And talk of marriage to the dragon-dame!  
Had he but come to fetch her purse, or steal  
Her silver forks, his sentence were the same:  
Expulsion from the presence, past repent.

What right have such poor fools to marry or to feel?

Love still is Hope to him whose life is love:  
The young enthusiast was unanswered yet.  
Day after day in Vevay's haunts he strove  
To meet Venetia, and at last they met.  
Her front serene betrayed no weak regret,  
Her dauntless eyes addressed him, so she past,  
With haughty stare that bade him to forget.  
That mute expressive meeting was their hint:  
The dreamer's dream was o'er; the victim's lot was  
cast.

His heart is calm in his Helvetic grave.  
The after-fortunes of the lady tell a worse  
tale. With what follows, we shall conclude.

Around her brow does vice its lustre shed?  
Alas! the notoriety of shame  
Is her's, and shame's concomitants instead,  
Horror of mind, confusion, weakness, dread;  
Lone, miserably desolate, she lies  
The lingering night on her unhallowed bed:  
Lone, miserably desolate, she dies

By day from scene to scene with food distracted eyes.

The world, with all its wicked and few good,  
'O'erwhelms her; those insults, and those down:  
There comes a voice to her in solitude  
That makes it terrible to be alone.  
'Twas still the low, and deep, and thrilling tone,  
Whose fatal melody in sin enthralled her,  
That bade her now to reap as she had sown,  
With scorn that withered, menace that appalled her,  
While ever and anon by name the dread voice called  
her.

"We to the Adulteress! We to wandering Eve!  
Who steps with muncing feet that love not home:  
Quick to betray and facile to believe!  
With eyes that gather poison as they roam.  
Breathe white and throbbing as the ocean-foam  
That belched round the wanton Queen new-born,  
And lips mellifluous as the wild-bee's comb.  
A flower from Paradise by Satan torn;  
A Traitor and a Toy, a Victim and a Scorn."

These extracts are sufficient to enable the  
reader, to form his own judgment of the Poem  
—for ourselves, we feel that it has both power  
and poetry.

'*The Iliad; a Collection of Poems, partly Scriptural, partly Miscellaneous, by R. R. of Blackheath.*'—There are pure thoughts and smooth  
verses in this tiny volume, but not much poetry.

'*Twelve plain Sermons, preached in a Village Church.*'—We are always suspicious of a book  
of Sermons which lays particular claim to the  
character of plainness: generally speaking the  
assumption of simplicity is found to have operated  
with the preacher, as a reason for saying  
very little of the mightiest proofs of human redemption,  
and for saying that little without  
energy. The Sermons before us, were evidently  
written with a mind rightly disposed; but we fear  
that a country congregation requires much, very  
much stronger food, for its spiritual welfare.

'*Second Series of Lectures on Parables, selected from the New Testament, by Mary Jane M'Kenzie.*'—There is much to recommend this volume.  
It is full of gentle and true christian piety. The  
main points of instruction contained in the  
parables, are forcibly brought into notice;  
and the morality of the subjects is very properly  
not allowed to stand apart from the great  
doctrines on which it is essentially established.

'*La Peste, &c. &c.*'—This little work is not  
wanting in a certain degree of poetical energy;  
and we are glad to see Mr. Sorrelli so happily  
exercising his poetical and active mind. Miss  
Pardoe has done very ample justice to the original,  
and really merits high praise, for the  
boldness with which she has rendered many of  
its passages into good and nervous blank verse.

'*Rostany; the Brigand of the Rhone, or, the Brothers of Saint, a Drama in three Acts.*'—There  
appears a marvellous tendency towards the in-  
diting of dramatic poems at the present moment,

and we have been lately called upon to examine  
some brilliant specimens of genius in this line.  
The present is not quite so exciting a production  
as either 'The Usurer' or 'Octavius'; but it  
has its own peculiar beauties, and the dramatic  
persons walk in and out a reasonable number  
of times, say many fine things—and all comes  
right at last.

'*Prevailing Religious and Philosophical Opinions investigated.*'—The object of the author is to  
prove matter co-eternal with the Deity, and  
thence to infer that God cannot have originated  
evil. Now this is, at best, but a revival of the  
dualism of Zerdusht, without the excuse of the  
Bactrian legislator, that in his day the subject  
was as yet uninvestigated.

'*Reid's Sacred Geography.*'—A mere catalogue  
of names, with some notes appended, which  
however convey but little instruction.

'*Cabinet Annual Register for 1833.*'—A useful  
and well compiled volume.

'*The Art of Heraldry.*'—The art or science of  
heraldry was once, and not very long since, one  
with which every gentleman was required to be  
in some degree conversant; we doubt whether  
five in a hundred could now tell the difference  
in meaning of the bend and the bend sinister, or  
the label and the double quatre-foit. Still, a little  
knowledge on the subject is of positive use, and,  
therefore, this volume will be acceptable to such  
as desire information.

'*Clark's Introduction to Heraldry.*'—A work  
that has stood the test of half a century, and is  
now in the twelfth edition, hardly needs our  
good word, further than to say that this edition  
is neat and cheap.

'*Anquetil's Questions on Astronomy.*'—The  
author is of opinion that the stars and planets  
are hollow globes, inflated with gas like air  
balloons—that the milky way is the centre of the  
universe—and that the phenomena attributed to  
gravitation, attraction, &c., result from the action  
of an ethereal fluid;—and we are of opinion  
that the author has a right to think what he  
pleases, provided he does not plague the world  
with his crude theories.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### SONNETS.

BY SIR ROBERT BAYDENS.

More beautiful creation's forms appear  
In these my aged days, than e'en when young  
Upon their charms with wondering sight I gazed.  
My rapture now is more composed and strong;  
Not feigned is my delight—the starting tear  
Has witness'd what a melting flame has sprung  
Up from my bosom, as the vision blazed,  
And with uncourted heat impelled my song:  
O lakes and mountains! O all-glowing sun!  
Casting upon the snow-clad summits lights  
Of rosy radiance—O evening dun!  
Sailing on misty pinions, that requires  
Day's joyous brilliance by soft contemplation—  
O most ineffable grandeur of creation!

### II.

How faint is language, when we strive to sing  
The beauteous works of the Almighty hand!  
Each year upon our outward sense they win,  
With still increasing and still varying force.  
The seasons, months, days, hours, incessant bring  
Contrasting changes. First seeds, leaves, expand  
As the young years with tender warmth begin,  
Then bloom, and fruit; and life bursts from its  
source  
In animated nature: then decays,  
And with revolving time is still renewed.  
Thus Hope's bright beam the distant scene displays.  
Where no repelling shadows may intrude;  
So life may joyous be, and Genius dwell  
In new-waked fires, 'mid fresh enchantment's  
spells.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, April.

LET me now proceed to make up my skeleton of the Archaeological Transactions, begun in my first packet of epistles.

*Etruscan Sepulchral Paintings.*—M. Kestner reports from Corneto and Ponte della Badia the recent discovery of two sepulchres, one at each of those places. That at Montarozzi (Corneto) was so injured, as to leave scarce any remains of painting on the two lateral walls; but on the wall opposite the entrance, were traced four human figures, and two horses attached to a *biga*, all but the lower part in pretty good conservation. The *biga* is of the Greek bas-relief model, and painted red; one horse is red, the other sky-blue. Of the four human figures, one is a handsome youth, in a white tunic, and mounted on the *biga*, holding red reins. A second figure precedes the chariot, and is that of a female double-flute player, in a red upper garment, and yellowish gown sprinkled red;—beautiful design! Before this figure is seen a Crotalista, in yellowish gown to the ankles, with red fringes and border, a yellow tunic adorned with red, and a red doublet over all, girdled at the hips; two sorts of sleeve, that of her tunic reaches only to the elbow, of her under-vest to the wrist; she is full of the saltatorial enthusiasm—an Etruscan Menad. Preceding her again, and playfully opposing her advance, is a man in a deep blue mantle with broad yellow, red-spotted marge, but legs and arms naked; he holds a kind of bill-shaped stick, M. Kestner says unknown, but perhaps an Etruscan travesty of the falx given to Sylvanus. This cavalcade, it is plain, represents a funeral ceremony, which, with the ancients, was almost as much of an orgy as with the Irish—dancing, piping, venery, and drunkenness.—One can scarce help smiling at some of the coincidences between the most civilized of ancient and least civilized of modern European nations: *Whitilo* is the Irish howl; *Eteleu* was the Greek. In the wail for a dead person, (such customs are traditionally exact,) the Greek women still bent their bosoms, and set up the cry.—The style and design of the above paintings are quite similar to those of Greek vases and reliefs; nevertheless Etruscan, as respects the bizarre forms, movement, and expression, together with the loaded drapery; in fine, display such masterdom of workmanship, and knowledge so profound of nature peering through a negrin sort of imaginativeness, as to prove them, on the whole, what I may call Tyrthenized Greek. Not that they are perhaps of an early date, but rather imitations of an early style, as, with these singular characteristics of the antique to wit, faces almost always painted in profile, and both eyes painted as on a full face—this tomb also exhibits (in the red embroidery of the dancers above-mentioned) signs of the decadence of the arts. A like date may be ascribed to the paintings of the sepulchre at Ponte della Badia; observe, too, that they are of one uniform colour in the different masses, (not modelled with lights and shades,)—another sign of their old-fashionedness. They represent, among other things, a Jove enthroned, the sceptre within his left hand, and his right, instead of holding a thunderbolt or patens as usual, reposes on his thigh. He regards a female who, by her majesty, ought to be Juno, but cannot well, having no diadem, and various signs of mortality in her ornaments, besides evidencing a portrait. Several other painted sepulchres have been found about this neighbourhood; so we have no need to travel for such curiosities quite so far as the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. Remains of what would seem the *cella* of an ancient temple, have likewise come to light, and, moreover, an original Egyptian scarabeus along with them. Yet there are people who would still persuade us no connexion existed between the arts or rites of Egypt and Etruria.

N. B. One of the most remarkable figures observed in these paintings, is that of the Destroyer Demon, serpent bound and clawed, such as you see on Etruscan vases; one of which (from the excavations at Volci, and possessed by the Baron de Beugnot,) has this Terror thus underscribed—*Charun*. Now, not to speak of its similarity with the personification of Time, (that great destroyer), *AION*, or *Eon*, as described by Visconti, *Mus. Pio-Clem.* about vol. IV. I think—here we have in *paris naturalibus* the Minos of Dante and Michael Angelo, both Tuscans. Not improbable, therefore, that Charun was legendary among the over-superstitious Etruscans in Dante's age, (perhaps is so yet); confounded, it may be, with another terrific infernal personage Charon, but separated by the poet of theology. Hence, or from some other mythic Etruscan Thesaurus, (for he was a profound fabulist,) his apparently strange and warrantless delineation of the diabolical judge. Much less has suggested the most eccentric images of poetry. As for Michell's addition of ears to Minos, this was suggested by his satiric critic, who sat for the portrait.

Vescovali, whom you recollect, no doubt, as having so neatly adapted the famous mosaic of Pompeii to his own gothic hypothesis, describes a mosaic found near Rome, (*Villa Lupi*), with more ingenuitiveness and equal ingenuity. It is a square of eighteen palms, bordered with a little ledge of Parian marble, (whence its preciousness may be conjectured,) and representing a banquet-table, bespread with the fragments of a feast, six scenic masks, *plus* a living mouse. This is plainly the celebrated Asarion of Pergamus, by Sosia, imitated at Rome—Vescovali suspects copied. There are, to be sure, no doves, like the Capitoline, supposed to be copies of the Pergamenean, but there is, acutely remarks the antiquarian, a place for them. To conclude, in a square palm, 7,500 pieces have been counted; a third more than in an equal surface of the Pompeian mosaic. Workmanship excellent: inscribed *HPAKAITOS HPTAEATO*, which dates it between Adrian and Caracalla, from an archaism in the O and E.—“Will you never have done your Tillotson lay-sermon?”—Done, till next week, as the Doctor said of his homily on Procrastination.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science will, as we announced, be held in Edinburgh; and we may now add, during the week commencing with Monday the 8th of September. Such members as mean to attend are requested to apprise the nearest local Secretary of their intention; and if they propose to submit any communication to the meeting, they should intimate the nature and probable extent of it as early as possible, and transmit a copy of the paper to the same officer on or before the 20th of August. The circular of the Secretaries announces that a committee will attend at the apartments of the Royal Society, Princes-street, on and after Thursday, 4th September, to deliver tickets of admission, and to answer inquiries, and that there will be regular ordinaries during the week, and arrangements made to procure lodgings for visitors at reasonable rates.

We mentioned some short time since, that it was proposed to found a Literary and Scientific Institution, in the wealthy and populous neighbourhood west of Hyde Park Corner. We are now happy to state, that the exertions of those with whom the idea originated, were so heartily seconded by the public, that on Saturday last, a general meeting was held to receive the report of the Provisional Committee, appoint officers, and open the Institution, for which a large and commodious house in Sloane Street has been fitted

up. We were pleased to observe that the members of the committee, themselves justly entitled to the best thanks of the subscribers, did not forget, in their very able report, to make mention that the idea first originated with Mr. J. C. Evans—that it was his great personal and unaided exertions which drew them together—and to recommend, as a testimony of grateful respect, that the first act of the assembled members should be, to elect that gentleman an honorary member for life. We need hardly add, that this resolution was carried unanimously.

We hear from Paris that a select party of Chateaubriand's friends, the élite of Parisian rank, wit, and talent, meet weekly in the saloon of the distinguished and graceful Madame Recamier, to hear extracts read by the author from his autobiographic Memoirs. The work is not to be published until after his death, although selected extracts have been allowed to appear in the literary journals. We understand from those who have been admitted among the select, that the Memoirs contain not only sketches of all the principal characters who have figured on the great theatre of European politics for the last 40 years, but that the author touches, with the hand of a poet, on his adventures when wandering through the forests of America, and gives touching and striking traits of English life, known whilst residing on our protecting shores as an emigrant, and afterwards as ambassador.

Our readers will be happy to hear, that the widow of the enterprising Richard Lander, whose murder on the fatal shores of Africa, we last week announced, has a pension granted to her by government, of 70*l.* a year, and that 50*l.* a year in addition has been settled on his daughter.

We are told that ‘Semiramide,’ ‘La Donna del Lago,’ and ‘La Sonnambula’ (for Caradon's benefit) are in preparation at the Opera House. The German Company was to open its season last night with the ‘Zauberflote;’ but it seems that circumstances have prevented their commencing till next week.

We have now read the whole of this month's magazines. The *New Monthly* is cresting its head a little, and taking an aristocratic turn. The ‘Recollections of Keat’ are interesting; so is the ‘Adventure of St. Helena,’ a tale of a stolen interview with Napoleon, very curious if authentic.—The *Old Monthly* is got up so carefully, that we found ourselves in the middle of a medical treatise when we thought we were reading about Victor Hugo.—The *Metropolitan* has more of ‘Imprisonment for Debt’—(it seems the etiquette for Magazine writers to go to jail just now)—more of ‘Jacob Faithful,’ with lively blue-eyed Mary Stapleton, and her pseudo-deaf father and his ‘human natur,’ and more ‘Sicilian Facts,’ which read marvellously like fictions.—The *Dublin University Magazine* contained last month one of the most beautiful lyrics we have seen for many a day,—we mean ‘The Forester's Complaint.’ We looked for more from the same hand in the present number, but found it not. There is, however one of Herrera's gorgeous odes, translated by Mrs. Hemans, and, for prose, a clever paper on Irish Antiquities, (we are glad to see this magazine preserve its nationality,) and an interesting apparition story of a man haunted by a shadow, which made us for the moment afraid of our own. The *United Service Journal*, the *Asiatic Journal*, and the *British Magazine*, keep close to the respective objects for the promotion of which they started.—The *Shilling Magazine* is Cobbett's under a new name.—The *North American Review* for April has just arrived, and appears full of valuable, and, what is of as much consequence, readable matter.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 8.—F. Baily, Esq., in the chair.—A paper was read, entitled, 'Observations on the reciprocal influence of Magnetic Needles, when within the sphere of each other's action,' by Capt. Johnson, R.N.

The author described the instrument by which his observations were made, and stated the results in a tabular form. He then directed the attention of observers to the difficulties that result from local influences, such as ferruginous matter, the electrical state of the atmosphere, and other causes, influences which cannot be reconciled with any of the present theories of magnetism.

A paper was read, 'On the connexion between refracted and diffracted light,' by — Cooper, Esq. The author stated, that his purpose was to unite the different optical investigations of modern times into one system. He showed that there was a striking analogy between the production of central white light, with complementary fringes of the least refractable rays on one edge, and the most refractable on the other, by refraction; and the production of a circle of white light surrounded by concentric coloured fringes, which is produced by diffraction.

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Anniversary Meeting took place on the 1st inst., when the customary forms in the election of the Council, Officers, &c., for the ensuing year were observed. Much satisfaction appeared to be given, by the favourable nature of the Auditors' Report, copies of which were distributed, after it was read, by the Chairman of the Committee of Accounts. By this document it is shown, that the income in the past year exceeds the expenditure in the sum of 1574*l.* 18*s.* 7*d.* which had been so far realized before the day of balance, that the Council were enabled to reduce the bonded debt, by paying off and cancelling two bonds amounting together to 920*l.*; the actual reduction in the gross amount of debt since the last report being 951*l.* 19*s.* 3*d.*

May 6.—Several very beautiful collections of flowers were exhibited from the conservatories of Mrs. Marryat, Mrs. Lawrence, and the Garden of the Society. Some fine specimens of apples, called the Sweeney Nonpareil, and a curious carved Bamboo of Chinese workmanship, from John Reeves, Esq., were also prominent.

It was announced that the first Exhibition at the Garden of the Society, would take place on Saturday the 10th inst.

Mrs. Vernon was elected a fellow of the Society.

## INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

At the ordinary meeting, 28th January, the President, Thomas Telford, Esq., in the chair, — Mr. Richardson, civil engineer, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Mr. Oldham, civil engineer, of Hull, were elected corresponding members. Mr. Courie and Mr. Barwise were elected associates. A drawing and explanation of a machine for removing wrecks, was presented by Mr. James Bremner. A conversation took place on the Undulating Railway. It was remarked that, on common roads, gentle undulations seemed to offer some advantage to horses drawing a carriage at a low velocity, for on mounting the slope he works at his most effective speed, while on his descent he travels with rapidity, there being no force of traction required; but the advantages of the undulating railway had been inferred from experiments on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the accuracy of which was very questionable.—A member regretted to find such errors printed and published in scientific statements, from

which the most erroneous conclusions might be derived.—It was observed that no preference in theory can be given to an undulating surface for a railway, the advantage gained in descending being lost in the ascent.—A member had seen experiments said to prove the advantages of the undulating principle. He considered them fallacious, being so much influenced by the method of starting, the undulating line, where the experiments were made, beginning with a descent, that, on a fair comparison with a level line, the error would be made manifest. He added, that the principle was so evidently erroneous, that no advantage could result from considering the question of carrying it into effect. He viewed it in the same light as the "Perpetual Motion" and similar power-gaining schemes.

In a conversation which took place as to the volume of atmospheric air which may be raised one degree Fahrenheit by a pound of Newcastle coal, a member stated that, in an air-heating apparatus in Messrs. Strutt's large cotton factory, at Belper, and also at Messrs. Marshall's flax-mills, the expenditure of fuel was considerably less than in similar mills at Manchester, where steam was the agent employed. He considered it very desirable to inquire further into the comparative advantages of steam and atmospheric air for heating buildings.

At the ordinary meeting, 4th February, the President in the chair,—a map of the entrance of the river Medway was presented by Mr. Townshend. Mr. Faney presented and read a paper on the iron steam-vessels, which were constructed in the year 1832 by Messrs. Maudslay and Field.

After a further conversation on the principle of the undulating railway, in which it was mentioned by some of the members that there were other fallacies in the experiments above alluded to besides the method of putting the models in motion, the subject of the heating power of coal was resumed.

It was mentioned, that from 350,000 to 400,000 cubic feet of atmospheric air raised one degree of Fahrenheit by one pound of coal, was the result of Dr. Dalton's experiments.—A member said that the quantity given by Mr. Sylvester's experiments was considerably under that given by Dr. Dalton. With the stove of the Derby Infirmary, 5085 feet of air, equal to 339 pounds in weight, were raised from a temperature of 40° to 99° (59 degrees) by one pound of coal. This is equal to 20,000 lb. of atmospheric air raised one degree by one pound of coal.—In another experiment by Mr. Sylvester, 22,400 lb. weight of air were raised one degree by a pound of coal. The stove of the Derby Infirmary, in twelve hours, raised 344,000 cubic feet of air 56 degrees, by the consumption of 60 pounds of coal.

At the ordinary meeting, 11th February, the President in the chair,—Mr. Joseph Miller, civil engineer, was elected a member. Mr. George Peel, civil engineer, was elected a corresponding member. Mr. Francis Watkins, optician, was elected an associate.

Mr. Barwise produced and explained an instrument of his own invention, for ascertaining the velocity of air.

The conversation was continued on the heating power of coal, in which it was mentioned that the experiments of MM. Delaroche and Berard in the year 1813, give the means of determining the comparative advantages of using air and steam for the purpose of heating.—From Mr. Sylvester's experiments, it appears, that the effect produced has been only two-thirds what might be theoretically expected in a comparison with water raised one degree in temperature by the combustion of the same

weight of coals, as applied in the furnaces of common steam-engine boilers. This might be accounted for by the difficulty of bringing the air into contact with the heat, on account of the large space occupied by it in comparison with water—the comparative space occupied by a given weight of air and water being as eighty-three to one.

A member gave an account of a steam-boat now plying on the River Hudson, which is said to have travelled at the rate of twenty miles in an hour and one minute, set in motion by one paddle-wheel, worked by steam: the wheel is said to be of very large diameter. The boat is composed of two shuttle-shaped barrels of wood, each three hundred feet long, and eight feet in diameter, connected by beams, on which is laid the deck, at a height of six feet above the water line: the midship breadth is forty-one feet.

At the ordinary meeting, 18th February, the President in the chair, the conversation was resumed on the subject of the above mentioned steam-vessel.—It was stated, that the trip, above alluded to, took place in slack water, the current in the Hudson at all times being inconsiderable, owing, in a great measure, to the small rise of tide.—A member considered the vessel admirably adapted for speed: her total displacement he estimated at eighty-four tons; drawing only sixteen inches of water.

Mr. Walker read a paper, 'On the Method pursued in making and using Grout in the boundary wall of the East India Docks,' of which Mr. Bidder presented a specimen which had been laid in the year 1800, and lately taken down. So perfectly was the mass consolidated, that it was found impossible to detach the bricks without breaking them—large pieces of the consolidated mass were used in the foundations of new structures.—A member recommended the addition of small bits of wood pitched and dusted while hot, which, he said, made an excellent bond, by adhering to the cement: pieces of ash in thin strips he found most advantageous.—It was stated, that experience has shown mortar to harden progressively for a long series of years, as evinced by the numerous specimens of Roman roads.—The same property had been observed in Roman cement. A member of the Institution said he had found cement to harden in a duration of time dependent on the quantity of iron it contained, and the rapidity of its oxidation; that Surrey limes contain more iron than others, and that water limes contain a greater proportion of clay than chalk limes.

At the ordinary meeting, 25th February, Joshua Field, Esq., Vice President, in the chair,—Mr. E. P. Fordham, civil engineer, of Dover, was elected a corresponding member.

The conversation on grouting masonry and brickwork was resumed, in which several members mentioned the importance of using the exact quantity of water necessary.—A member said, it had been found necessary in removing it to blast part of the walls of the London Docks, so hard had they become in the course of ten years.

A conversation was subsequently held on steam-boats, in which it was stated, that it was while in motion the draft of water of the steam-vessel above mentioned was sixteen inches; when at rest it was two feet.—A member considered, that the form of the vessel might be improved; also, that the barrels should be wholly immersed.—It was thought a single boat might be preferable to the twin shape.—A member stated, that the greatest velocity he had known attained in this country in still water was eleven and a quarter miles per hour.

The conversation was resumed on the subject of the heating power of coals, &c.—A



member remarked the disadvantage of using heated air as a means of acquiring mechanical power, on account of its great bulk.—It was stated, that the hot-air blast in smelting had never come into general use, and that it had been laid aside by some who had formerly used it; which might probably be accounted for by the fact, that the blast pipes were consumed at the temperature at which hot-air blasts were found effective. It was stated by a member of the Institution, that he had made experiments, which exhibited in the hot blast iron a considerable inferiority in point of strength.

A conversation took place, in which Leslie's Differential Thermometer was recommended as an instrument for ascertaining the velocity of air.—A member said, that he had applied the principle to measure the quantity of gas consumed, and found it to succeed.

**ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—May 5th.**—J. G. Children, Esq., F.R.S., President, in the chair. Letters were read from Signor Passerini, of Florence, and Dr. Hammerschmidt, of Vienna, Foreign Honorary Members of the Society. Amongst the exhibitions was a large collection of fossil crustacea, from the Isle of Sheppy, collected by the Rev. F. W. Hope. The ravages of insects upon vegetable productions, and the application of remedies, occupied much of the attention of the meeting; memoirs being read upon the onion-fly by Mr. Westwood, and upon the grub of the tipula, which led to an extended discussion; and it was suggested, that the Society would gladly receive communications from any person, not a member of the Society, who had noticed the history of any of these destructive insects, or had discovered any successful remedy against their attacks. The following memoirs were also read: Descriptions of two new and singular beetles from Swan River, and of several curious insects found in gum anime by the Rev. F. W. Hope.—Remarks upon a passage in Herodotus, relative to the mode of defence adopted by the fishermen of Egypt against the nightly attacks of gnats, and which had greatly perplexed commentators, by Mr. W. B. Spence.—A further notice of the supposed *Cucullia Thapsiphaga*, by Mr. Standish, and which was pronounced by Mr. Stephens to be a new and distinct British moth.—Further observations upon the habits of the burrowing mud-wasps, by Mr. Shuckard. Numerous donations of books and insects were laid upon the table. A Committee was appointed for superintending the publication of the forthcoming Transactions of the Society.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society.....	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Zoological Society (Scientific Business).....	p. 8, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Medico-Chirurgical Society.....	p. 8, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers.....	Eight, P.M.
TH.	Society of Arts.....	p. 7, P.M.
FRI.	Royal Society.....	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.
SAT.	Royal Institution.....	p. 8, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society.....	Eight, P.M.

#### FINE ARTS

##### THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Friday week the Members of the Royal Academy opened the doors of their Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture to the princes, peers, and chief men of the land; on Saturday they entertained them with a sumptuous dinner, spread out among works of art; and on Monday they permitted the commoner spirits of the earth to pay their shilling, and gaze their fill at the chiselled stones and the coloured canvas which cover the walls and occupy the floors. We were there among the mob; nor did this

circumstance hinder us from being much interested in the Exhibition. There is little, indeed, to move us deeply or excite astonishment: we have frequently seen pictures, in the same place, of a higher order, and statuary expressing more elevated sentiments; but we are not sure that we have seen more works at once of a pleasing nature—a collection more likely to gratify the public taste. The exhibitors are less ambitious in the choice of their subjects than formerly, and more happy in handling them. Pictures of a domestic nature are plentiful: those of a strictly historical nature are few: portraits are not numerous. The picture of a full-fed mortal of twenty stone is not set off against the likeness of a pig a stone heavier; neither have we so many horses in harness, or racing mares labelled with their lineage; nor vulgar facsimiles of particular spots of earth, erroneously called landscapes. The pictures, too, are not so stupendous in their dimensions as formerly. A large picture is a great evil: our churches will not admit them, for divines allow no one to expound Scripture but themselves; and our dwelling-houses are not gigantic enough for canvas seven yards square. In truth, our artists are accommodating their works more than ever to suit the public taste, and their reward will be accordingly.

On looking over the Catalogue, we miss the names of some artists whom we can ill spare. STOTHARD will charm us no more with his natural and graceful fancies; CONSTABLE is absent—we are concerned to hear, from ill health; MULREADY chooses to instruct the young, rather than charm the old with his characteristic compositions; LESLIE is on his way back from America, and one who will be more warmly welcomed could not be sent to us; NEWTON, alas! is a sore sufferer, and hope of his recovery is, we hear, denied to us; ETTY, who pleased us so frequently with his classic conceptions and vigorous colouring, has nothing of the kind this season—he, too, is ill, we are told; BOXALL, who has the art of infusing poetry into female beauty, is busy in the city of the seven hills, and has transmitted nothing: while in Sculpture we miss—and so will the public—the works of CHANTREY and GIBSON.

Though the absence of these lights is felt; yet others of equal brightness have not refused to shine. EDWIN LANDSEER has painted the best picture; ALLAN has displayed the finest feeling; WILKIE the most original and striking characters; CALLEOTT the most natural scenes; and TURNER the most poetical landscapes. In portraiture we have much that is excellent: PHILLIPS has several manly and well-imagined heads; PICKERSGILL keeps his place—one of his works, at least, is not surpassed in the Exhibition; the President has handled the full-length of His Majesty with no little elegance; WILKIE has done as much, or more, for Her Majesty; GEDDES, too, exhibits one portrait—that of Sir James Stuart, which ought to bring sitters; and CLINT has limned 'La Palermitana' with equal simplicity and elegance. Nor ought we to neglect the female exhibitors: Mrs. CARPENTER charms us with her delicate and beautiful delineations; and Mrs. ROBERTSON has a full-length of Lady Rolle, which will not suffer by being compared with full-lengths done by one or more of "the lords of the creation."

In Sculpture there seems a falling off. PITTS is the most poetic: his 'Shield of Hercules' is a fine composition; WYATT is the most elegant: his 'Cupid and Psyche' is a delicate group; BAILEY exhibits at least one fine female head worthy of his high reputation for the beautiful; WESTMACOTT has given us a statue of the illustrious John Locke, which we will allow others to admire; and younger artists have supplied figures, some of them natural and neatly handled—and busts, impressed with considerable origi-

nality of character, so that the room is well filled—nay, approaching to the crowded. There are in all 1121 works of Art—of these about 100 are pieces of sculpture; not a few are architectural drawings—some of which have high merit; but they must be seen to be understood—description cannot cope with them.

The picture by EDWIN LANDSEER, which we consider so exquisitely handled, is 13, 'Scene of the olden time at Bolton Abbey.' It seems a day of payment in kind, and the Abbot, with another of his brethren, has come forth to receive it. One man lays down a noble buck on the floor, extends his hand along its breast to show where the fat lies, while two dogs, that are all but living, look on as if they claimed a share; a girl, and a handsome one, with a humility not unmingled with fear, presents a dish of delicious trout; they seem fresh from the river, and to be just gasping their last. A youth has got a wild heron slung on his back, and, without the fear of the Abbot before his eyes, is peeping at the back of a letter which his reverence holds in his hand. The colouring of this truly splendid picture is clear, deep, and harmonious. 'A Highland Breakfast,' No. 96, is by the same hand, and of almost equal merit; a group of terriers and hounds are socially toiling with their teeth on the floor, while seated apart is a young mother giving her babe the breast; the innocence of the latter, and the truth and nature of the former, are equally striking.

The poetic creations of TURNER form a striking contrast to the vivid realities of Landseer. This great landscape painter has five pictures in all; they are mostly imaginative, and, with the exception of a splendid view of Venice, may be accused of being too slight, and in some parts slovenly. The first, and perhaps the best, of these compositions, is called 'The Fountain of Indolence'; the scene is magnificent—golden palaces, silver fountains, romantic valleys, and hills which distance makes celestial, are united into one wondrous landscape, over which a sort of charmed light is shed, that is almost too much for mortal eyes. Perhaps the artist, in reading Thomson's 'Castle of Indolence,' desired, in embodying some of the poet's descriptions, to imitate the example of one of the members of that "pleasant land of drowsy-head," who "fond to begin, but for to finish loth," never communicated the last touch to any of his compositions. This remark applies still more forcibly to 75, 'The Golden Bough,' by the same hand; the scene is wild and splendid—almost dim through excess of brightness, and the conception is wonderful, yet the slight and slovenly handling presses sorely upon us, and we mingle regret with admiration.

But it is time to speak of WILKIE, perhaps the first artist of the age in delineating action and character; but we have seen pictures of his more to our taste than even his admirable No. 123, 'Not at Home.' A country landlord—a shrewd and knowing one, with his dog at his foot, his whip under his arm, his hat plucked over his brow, and a look of mingled distrust and determination in his face, pays a visit to a house in London, to demand rent or some such trifle. A servant—a smooth, cool, plausible knave, has opened the reluctant door, and placing himself, as if by accident athwart the breach, replies "Master's not at home." If ever a lie was painted, it is painted on that man's face; but to prevent all misconception, the "master," a sharper questioner, slips his hand slyly out at another window, and claps a lighted cigar to his landlord's wig. The scene is quiet, but irresistibly comic. No. 148, 'The Spanish Mother,' is another of Wilkie's works, and a fine one; the colouring is deep and vigorous; a child has its little arms twined round the mother's neck, and is pulling her off her balance; the posture is almost extravagant, but is brought back to

truth and nature by a happy hand that has never been known to fail.

To ALLAN we have awarded the high praise of deep feeling: let those who doubt this, look at 169, 'The Orphan,' or at 309, 'Polish Exiles conducted by Bashkirs on their way to Siberia.' In the former, a beautiful girl is kneeling beside the chair, now made empty by the death of her parent; her heart is in her face; a venerable domestic follows to offer aid, which he evidently dreads will be wanted. The young lady is like no one so much as Miss Scott, and the chair is that left empty at Abbotsford. She is

Mouldering now in silent dust,

as well as her illustrious father. 'The Polish Exiles' is a well-conceived and well-composed picture; we would have preferred more tranquil, but, perhaps, nothing less than strong action would have made any impression on a couple of Bashkirs, who, mounted on horses as wild as themselves, seem impatient to hurry their wretched prisoners forward. These "lads of the desert" are no fanciful creations—they were drawn by the adventurous artist in their own land; they sit as easily on their high trotting horses and high saddles, as birds sit on the bough. The picture is a fine one.

We dislike portraits of horses; but the horses of WARD are much better than portraits; they have life and elegance, we had almost said feeling. 211, 'Portrait of an Arabian,' is in his best style; the form is beautiful, and such an air of reality is shed over the animal, that we almost expect to see him bound away to the desert beyond the bondage of saddle or rein. 290, 'The Yeldham Oak at Great Yeldham,' is of another stamp, though by the same hand. This venerable tree was of a girth and a beauty worthy of being recorded in the Essex Court Rolls of the manor, six hundred years ago; it now is the worse for its encounters with time. The village is cleverly painted, and the whole forms a scene elegant and English.

Those who desire to look abroad, cannot well look at any composition more beautiful than 64, 'The Escape of Francesco di Carrara, last Lord of Padua, and Taddea d' Este, his wife, (who was ill at the time,) from the power of Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan,' by EASTLAKE. The flight of the fugitives has grace mingled with alarm; they see their enemy hurrying in pursuit, yet betray no unseemly terror: some will think them too serene, not that they are so, but because we are accustomed to see other artists make action painful and extravagant. This painter has poetry in his soul, and a taste for harmony—these are scarce commodities.

HOWARD has poetic fancy, and a pure taste. 80, 'The Gardens of Hesperus,' shows a good deal of both. We always like to see the works of this artist; he comes in the company of Milton, and Spenser, and Shakspeare; not as one thrown into their society by accident, but as one who feels and understands them. In the present picture he has interpreted with the pencil the meaning of that exquisite passage in 'Comus,' beginning,

There I drink the liquid air,  
All among the gardens fair  
Of Hesperus and his daughters three,  
That sing around the golden tree.

It is no easy task to equal Milton; nor do we say that Howard has succeeded where others have failed: he has, however, made a beautiful picture, and if poetic subjects were not at a sad discount, it would soon find a purchaser.

We have, with difficulty, been silent till now about the pictures of CALLEOTT: they are numerous, and one and all stamped with elegance and nature. He is poetic, yet he mixes reality with his dreams: he is scientific, yet the ease of nature is not neglected, nor is he deficient in either airiness or vigour. 106, 'The Port of Leghorn,' is a brilliant thing: the sun comes dancing along the waters, which are curling and dimpling in

the light, while the lofty buildings, and the ships moored, come in for a little of the radiance. Some one at our elbow exclaimed, "What a Claude-like scene." There is something in this; yet it is not so much like Claude as it is like Calleott, for, like all great artists, he has a style of his own. 189, 'Dutch Peasants waiting the Return of the Passage-Boat,' is handled in another manner: the scene, in other hands, would likely have been coarse or common-place, but Calleott has communicated a certain air of freedom, and even elegance, to his rustics: the water, too, has its beauties. 184, 'Cologne' has been frequently painted, but this gives the place a new aspect; and those who are curious in such matters may compare the 'Cologne' of TURNER with that of his brother Academician, and will find great and peculiar beauties in both.

We have said that pictures of a strictly historical kind are not numerous: HUTTON, as usual, has not forgotten the art in which he excels. 194, 'Editha and the Monks searching for the body of Harold,' was suggested by the page of the ancient Chronicle, who says, "The body, stripped of its armour, was so disfigured, that the monks were unable to distinguish it. In this emergency they had recourse to Editha, 'the lady with the swan's neck,' who, with the keen eye of affection, recognized the remains of her lover." The alain are splendidly grouped: the bodies are lying in the easy posture into which nature always throws herself: the monks are looking on with something of sympathy, while Editha seems about to precipitate herself upon the body of him who, by dying for his country, shows he was worthy of her love. She seems a little too much moved; her eyes are too staring: there is a gracefulness in grief, as well as a decorum in painting, which should not be forgotten.

In our next paper we shall continue these strictures.

## MUSIC

### THE PROJECTED GRAND NATIONAL OPERA.

OUR readers may remember, that some time back, we had occasion to speak in terms of praise, of a pamphlet addressed by Mr. Rodwell the composer, to the musicians of Great Britain, calling upon them to unite and petition His Majesty to grant them a patent under which they might establish a National Opera in London. This pamphlet has given rise to the formation of a Committee, composed of the principal musicians, who have brought their labours to such an advanced point, that we understand their petition will be made public this day. Thirty-five copies of the petition will be left for signature at as many different music shops in the metropolis, and some sixteen hundred circulars will be delivered to the various members of the musical profession in London.

We sincerely wish the Committee success in their laudable endeavours to improve the state of the musical knowledge of their country—and we trust that the prayer of their petition may be granted.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.—The performance of Handel's 'Messiah,' for the benefit of this Society, was honoured by the presence of her Majesty. With regard to the choruses, (the great and characteristic attraction of an oratorio,) they were not all executed with the force and energy they demand. With the exception of Braham's songs, the airs for tenor singers suffered greatly—who is to replace this veteran? we have been long looking in vain for a substitute, and see no promise of the appearance of any. Madame Caradori, Miss Stephens, Mrs. W. Knivett, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Clara Novello, and Miss Masson, were the lady singers upon this occasion.

MR. MOSCHELES' CONCERT.—This took place on Thursday morning; and the promises of an excellent scheme, comprising much variety and novelty, were (with one exception) well performed. The overture was Mendelssohn's 'Melusine,' which improves upon acquaintance. A brilliant rondo, composed by him, was admirably performed by Mr. Moscheles; the spirit and finish of his passages, (and they were most rapid and difficult,) and the sound, unaffected expression of his *cantabile* playing, cannot be too much commended; the last in particular, as the taste of the time is more for the surprising and piquant, than the substantial and touching in music. He repeated also his 'Concerto Fantastique,' with increased effect, and performed a duet with Herz; concluding his concert with an improvisation, principally on the theme of Beethoven's 'Pastoral Symphony,' which he treated in a manner original and masterly. Mons. Ghys performed one of his own fantasias on the violin; his playing is beautiful, but his music has too much of caricature and forced effect, and the continued performance of it will prevent his acquiring the reputation he deserves. A concertante quartette, between himself on the violin, Moscheles, L. Schulz on the guitar, and Madame Stockhausen, was very beautiful; the theme, a favourite romance by Blangini. Mons. de Vrugt, (principal tenor singer to the King of Holland,) made his *début* in England on this occasion; we must hear him again, (and, we fancy, on the stage,) before we can pronounce fairly upon his merits. His voice is of extensive compass, and very rich towards the middle of the scale; it has no need of the addition of a *falsetto*, (always an impertinence, if it can be avoided,)—but of this we shall take another occasion to speak more fully. He seems to have abundance of energy, but, at present, we think the stage is his proper place. It was unwise in Miss Clara Novello to sing her new 'Tyrolien' so near Madame Stockhausen's Swiss airs, which are perfect in their sweetness, ease, and finish.

## MISCELLANEA

Paris Libraries.—The Library of the Arsenal.—We learn from *La Revue Littéraire*, that this library, which was founded by the Marquis de Paulmy, was purchased in 1781 by the Count d'Artois, who incorporated with it nearly all the library of the Duke de la Vallière. It is composed of above 175,000 volumes, besides about 6,000 manuscripts. It includes the most complete collection in the world of romances, since their origin in modern literature; of dramatic works since the epoch of moralities and mysteries; and of French poetry since the commencement of the 16th century. In the other departments of literature it is less rich, but even in these it contains some important works; there are, for instance, historical works, which are nowhere else to be found.—The Library of Sainte-Geneviève.—The date of the foundation of this library is as far back as 1624. The Cardinal de Larochefoucauld, who reformed the Abbey of St. Geneviève, presented it with 600 volumes. In 1687 the Abbey boasted of 20,000 printed volumes, and 400 manuscripts. In 1710 Letellier, the Archbishop of Paris, bequeathed all his books to this library; and at the period of the revolution it contained 90,000 volumes, and 3,000 manuscripts. It is now composed of 160,000 volumes, and 3,300 manuscripts. This library is especially rich in academic works, and possesses one of the most complete collections of the Aldine typography; in historical works it likewise ranks high. The most remarkable manuscripts it contains are Greek and Oriental. In general its typographic specimens of the 15th century are valuable, from their number and condition.

The Réunion of Naturalists and German Physicians, will take place at Stuttgart, on the 18th of September. It is expected that many of the

French savans will take a share in the proceedings on this occasion; and it is said to be under this impression, that the Geological Society of France has this year fixed on Strasburgh as the place of rendezvous.

*The famous Funeral Procession at Prato.*—[Extract of a letter from Florence.]—The funeral procession at Prato, from the Cross to the Sepulchre, which takes place there on Good Friday, every third year, by no means failed on this occasion in its attraction, and there was the usual influx of foreigners into that little town to witness it. It is considered the most imposing solemnity throughout Italy; and, perhaps, justly. Not that the tinselled knights of Christendom, and their horses, "shod with felt"—the tapers—the gold-embroidered banners—the dresses of the priests, or the downcast, or upcast, eyes of holy friars, are particularly imposing; they rather smack of the tedious; but it is the deep, unbroken silence of the more than fifty thousand human beings assembled, that makes it amount well nigh to the awful. From the moment that the leaders of the procession, in deep mourning, appear, each gently raising his fore-finger with a "St!—St!—St!"—you may hear, if not a pin, at least a pea drop from one end of the town to the other for three quarters of an hour. Every body wonders that no child cries during so long a time; the children, I fancy, are frightened into silence by the silence itself.

*The Vapour Cave at Pyrmont, similar to the Grotto del Cane at Naples.*—This cave is situated at a distance of about 800 feet from the well-known mineral spring of the same name. It is not a natural formation, but was hollowed out and fitted up in the year 1740, by Dr. Seip, whose attention was drawn to the place by the quantity of suffocating vapour exhaled from the fissures of the rock. Similar streams of gas issue from many places in the immediate neighbourhood of the cave, and of the mineral waters themselves, giving them a sparkling and effervescing quality. The geological characters of the ground are, that it belongs to the variegated sandstone formation, and that it consists of marle and ferruginous sandstone. The stream of gas is constant, but the quantity issuing varies much at different times; so that the height of the gaseous layer, above the surface, may be from one to eight, or even twelve feet. It is generally highest soon after sunrise and sunset in clear warm weather, or at the approach of a storm; also during a hoar frost in winter, during which the vapour atmosphere has stood so high over the mouth of the mineral springs, that children, and even adults, have fallen down asphyxiated, while attempting to draw the water. The gas is sour to the taste, and has a suffocative smell; the relative quantities of the carbonic acid and of common air vary, according to the level from the ground at which we collect the gas; at the bottom it consists of 48 carbonic acid and 52 air; at three feet the proportion of the former was only 36½; there is no admixture of any sulphurous gas. With regard to the effects which it produces on animal life, we may state, generally, that it is a very exciting, momentarily-irritating, heating, and antiseptic agent; a pleasant tingling warmth is experienced in the limbs; if the person stoops down, he is soon sensible of the sourish taste, and of a pricking in his eyes and nose; he becomes oppressed and dizzy, his breathing is laborious, and the pulse is much quickened; these symptoms become gradually more and more aggravated, until complete asphyxia be induced. The poisonous force of the Pyrmont cave is, however, much inferior to that of the Grotto del Cane, or the 'Poison Valley' of Java, although the agent of destruction be the same in all, varying only in the relative proportion of its quantity. When the carbonic acid gas is nearly pure, or much exceeds the volume

of atmospheric air, with which it is combined, it produces, if attempted to be inspired, a spasm of the rima glottidis, and thus the entrance of the air is quite stopped up, and speedy death necessarily ensues. Such phenomena have been observed in the Grotto del Cane, and the Poison Valley: the vapour of the Pyrmont cave being more diluted, is only slowly fatal to animals of moderate bulk. Thus, a rabbit remained in it two minutes, and a cat four, yet recovered on being withdrawn. The latter was killed by exposure of fifteen minutes. A dog, two years old, bore immersion for thirty minutes, when he became asphyxiated, but after some trouble was revived. And a large shepherd's dog, six years old, showed signs of life after immersion for an hour and seven minutes, nor did they totally cease until nearly three hours had elapsed from the beginning of the experiment. The death, induced by breathing carbonic acid, seems not to be a painful one; a stupefaction speedily follows a short-lived excitement. Those who have willingly exposed themselves for a few minutes to its influence, state that they might have died in the most tranquil manner, had they not been soon removed from the narcotic atmosphere.—*Graefe and Walther's Journal.*

*Relative Height of Seas.*—It is a commonly received opinion that the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the Mediterranean and Red Seas, vary in their relative altitudes in a very considerable degree. The Pacific Ocean is generally believed to be fourteen feet higher than the opposite waters across the continent of America; and a Mr. Peacock, an engineer, in evidence before the House of Commons, states his belief that the Red Sea is more than fourteen feet higher than the Mediterranean, and that four locks, in consequence of that inequality, would be required for a canal across the Isthmus of Suez. A correspondent remarks that, upon the principle that *water will find its own level*, no inequality whatever can exist between the surface of seas which are open to, and commingle with one another; and, as the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans communicate at Cape Horn, and the Red and Mediterranean Seas form one body of water through the Straits of Gibraltar and the Atlantic Ocean, it follows, that if this difference of fourteen feet really existed, the water would instantly rush towards a level on both sides of the land. Inland seas and lakes which are land-locked upon all sides, may undeniably vary in height from neighbouring oceans and seas; but no portion of the same body of water can possibly vary from itself. He therefore infers, that it is an erroneous opinion that the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and the Mediterranean and Red Seas, vary in their altitudes of surface; and as this opinion has influence over the supposed expense and difficulty of connecting their waters by canals across the Isthmuses of Panama and Suez, it is desirable that this error should be removed from the calculations of the governments or companies who would undertake two projects of such boundless consequence to the world.

*The Chung-tseu, or Festival of Middle Autumn,* is a great festival among the Chinese, and is observed partially throughout the whole month, by sending presents of cakes and fruit from one person to another; but it is chiefly celebrated on the fifteenth and sixteenth days: on the fifteenth, oblations are made to the moon, and on the sixteenth the people and children amuse themselves with what is called "pursuing the moon." The legend respecting this popular festival is, that an Emperor of the Tang dynasty being led one night to the palace of the moon, saw there an assembly of nymphs playing on instruments of music; and on his return commanded persons to dress and sing, in imitation of what he had seen.—*Gutzlaff's Journal of a Residence in Siam.*

*Original Letter of Joan of Arc.*—The *Echo du Nord* states, than an original letter of Joan of Arc has recently been discovered in the archives of the department du Nord. It is addressed to the Duke of Burgundy, and is written in the interest of Charles VII. The letter is couched in very laconic terms, and the writer with great *naïveté* says to the Duke, "Jehanne la Pucelle requires you, in the name of Heaven and her sovereign Lord the King of France, that you conclude a good and lasting peace—mutually forgive each other, like good christians—but, if you must make war, go and fight the Saracens. I supplicate humbly as well as require, that you fight no more in the holy territory of France, but that you withdraw your troops. If you do not, you may depend that you will not gain any battle against the King Jesus, King of Heaven and of all the world, and my lawful sovereign." This letter is dated from Reims, and bears a seal. It is in very old French, and there are so many abbreviations in it, that it is difficult in some places to discover the exact meaning.

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Frid. 2.	63 47	29.36	S. W.	Driz.
Sat. 3.	70 43	29.67	S. W. to S. E.	Clear.
Sun. 4.	73 43	29.79	S. E.	Cloudy.
Mon. 5.	73 46	29.81	S. E. to S. W.	Showers.
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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 542.

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PRICE  
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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
[J. HOLMES, STICK'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*African Sketches.* By Thomas Pringle. London: Moxon.

THIS book is curious in many ways. It contains much graceful and simple poetry; but, as we have already noticed many of these sketches in verse when they first appeared, we shall now pass them over, content with stating that they are here for the first time collected, with the addition of some new matter. The second part—a narrative of the trials, sufferings, and experiences of a settler in the wild places beyond “The Cape of Storms,” is full of life and nature; and until we are too old to enjoy Robinson Crusoe, (to look at the matter merely in a poetical point of view,) a plain recital of such adventures will always have more interest for us than the most highly wrought fiction ever penned. Mr. Pringle is so at home in the (to us) strange and interesting district of which he treats, that he “talks as familiarly of roaring lions as maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs,” and thinks no more of herded elephants than we of a drove of Scotch runts. His little cabinet pictures, too, of the dwellings and habits of Boora, Hottentots, Caffres, and Bushmen, bring the scenes vividly before us.

But the work will prove valuable to the practical man, as well as to the dreamer who delights in tales of strange lands. Every one of the descriptions gives us information as well as amusement; and in choosing for extract a series of passages wherein the progress of an emigrant's settlement and his adventures are indicated, we must warn our readers that we are giving a specimen of only a part of this pleasant little volume.

Mr. Pringle left England, it seems, in the hope of reuniting under a foreign sun, and establishing in rural independence the different branches of his father's family, which misfortune had begun to scatter abroad. The party formed part of a body of about five thousand, who proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope, under the especial protection of government, then anxious to colonize the unoccupied territory near the frontier of Cafferland. After a long and weary sea voyage, the emigrants landed at Algoa Bay. Their landing is thus graphically described:

“The disembarkation of the emigrants from the other transports was proceeding with alacrity. Party after party were conveyed safely and rapidly through the breakers by the surf boats (managed by seamen from the sloop of war), and then borne ashore ‘high and dry’ on the shoulders of fatigue parties of the military. The beach was all alive with bustle and confusion, and the boisterous hilarity of people who felt their feet on firm ground for the first time after a wearisome voyage. Bands of men and women were walking up and down, conversing and laughing; their children gamboling around them, and raising ever and anon their shrill voices in exclamations of pleasure and surprise, as some novel object excited their attention. Other groups were watching their luggage, as it

was carried from the boats and piled in heaps upon the sand; or were helping to load the wagons appointed to convey it to the settlers' camp. Bargemen and soldiers were shouting to each other across the surf. Tall Dutch-African booms, with broad-brimmed white hats, and huge tobacco pipes in their mouths, were bawling in Colonial-Dutch. Whips were cracking, bullocks bellowing, wagons creaking; and the half-naked Hottentots, who led the long teams of draught oxen, were running, and hallooing, and waving their long lank swarthy arms in front of their horned followers, like so many mad dervishes.

“Leaving the landing-place, we passed some sand-hills covered with beautiful shrubs, such as are found among the rare exotics of our European green-houses; and aloes and other strange plants were scattered about, and trodden underfoot as carelessly as thistles and burdock in an English barn-yard. As we proceeded, I observed the large depôts of stores and implements provided for the emigrants,—some of them but imperfectly protected from the weather by coverings of canvass or tarpaulins, and fenced in from intruders by *chevaux de frise* of ploughs and harrows, ramparts of packing-cases and grindstones, and bastions of frying-pans and camp-kettles. They were secure enough from depredation under the protection of sentinels; but I regretted to perceive that quantities of the smaller articles of iron ware were going rapidly to destruction, for want of sufficient shelter from the moist sea air. • • •

“I then strolled along the beach to survey more closely the camp of the settlers, which had looked so picturesque from the sea. On my way I passed two or three pavilion-tents pitched apart among the evergreen bushes which were scattered between the sand-hills and the heights behind. These were the encampments of some of the higher class of settlers, and evinced the taste of the occupants by the pleasant situations in which they were placed, and by the neatness and order of everything about them. Ladies and gentlemen, elegantly dressed, were seated in some of them with books in their hands; others were rambling among the shrubbery and over the little eminences, looking down upon the bustling beach and bay. One or two handsome carriages were standing in the open air, exhibiting some tokens of aristocratic rank or pretension in the proprietors. It was obvious that several of these families had been accustomed to enjoy the luxurious accommodations of refined society in England. How far they had acted wisely in embarking their property and the happiness of their families in an enterprise like the present, and in leading their respective bands of adventurers to colonise the wilds of Southern Africa, were questions yet to be determined.”

The first view of a Hottentot village must not be omitted:—

“I came in sight of the village just as the sun was setting. The shadows of the barren hills which rise above it to the westward were falling quietly over the plain. The smoke of the fires just lighted to cook the evening meal of the home-coming herdsmen, was curling calmly in the serene evening air. The bleating of flocks returning to the fold, the lowing of the kine to meet their young, and other pleasant rural sounds, recalling to my recollection all

the pastoral associations of a Scottish glen, gave a very agreeable effect to my first view of this missionary village. When I entered the place, however, all associations connected with the rural scenery of Europe were at once dispelled. The groups of woolly-haired, swarthy-complexioned natives, many of them still dressed in the old sheep-skin mantle or *kaross*; the swarms of naked or half-naked children; the wig-wam hovels of mud or reeds; the queer-shaped, low, thatched church, erected by old Vanderkemp; the long-legged, large-horned cattle; the broad-tailed African sheep, with hair instead of wool; the strange words of the evening salutation (*goeden avond*—‘good evening’), courteously given, as I passed, by old and young; the uncouth clucking sounds of the Hottentot language, spoken by some of them to each other; these, and a hundred other traits of wild and foreign character, made me feel that I was indeed far from the glens of Cheviot, or the pastoral groups of a Scottish hamlet—that I was at length in the Land of the Hottentot.”

The location of the wandering party was fixed on Bavian's (Haboon's) River, a distance of a hundred and seventy miles from Algoa Bay. Thither they proceeded in wagons. Their encamping for the night is described in the following passage:—

“Our encampment this night was to our yet unexperienced eyes rather a singular scene. Some families pitched their tents, and spread their mattresses on the dry ground; others, more vividly impressed with the terror of snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, and other noxious creatures of the African clime, of which they had heard or read, resolved to sleep as they had travelled—above their baggage in the wagons. Meanwhile our native attendants adopted due precautions to avert surprise from the more formidable denizens of the forest. Elephants and lions had formerly been numerous in this part of the country, and were still occasionally, though more rarely, met with. Two or three large fires were therefore kindled to scare away such visitors; and the oxen, for greater security, were fastened by their horns to the wheels of the wagons. The boora unsling their huge guns (or *roers*, as they called them) from the tilts of the wagons, and placed them against a magnificent evergreen bush, in whose shelter, with a fire at their feet, they had fixed their place of repose. Here, untying each his leathern scrip, they produced their provisions for supper, consisting chiefly of dried bullock's flesh, which they seasoned with a moderate *sopie*, or dram, of colonial *brandewyns*, from a huge horn slung by each man in his wagon beside his powder-flask. The slave man and Hottentots, congregated apart round one of the watch-fires, made their frugal meal, without the brandy, but with much more merriment than their phlegmatic masters. In the meanwhile our frying-pans and tea-kettles were actively employed; and, by a seasonable liberality in the beverage ‘which cheers but not inebriates,’ we ingratiated ourselves not a little with both classes of our escort, especially with the coloured caste, who prized ‘tea-water’ as a rare and precious luxury.

“It was not a little amusing after supper (as I sat in the front of my wagon jotting down in my note book the day's memoranda) to contemplate the characteristic groups which our rustic

camp exhibited. The Dutch-African boors, most of them men of almost gigantic size, sat apart in their bushy *hiedt*, in aristocratic exclusiveness, smoking their huge pipes with self-satisfied complacency. Some of the graver emigrants were seated on the trunk of a decayed tree, conversing in broad *Senich* on subjects connected with our settlement, and on the comparative merits of long and short horned cattle (the horns of the native oxen, by the way, are enormous); and the livelier young men and servant lads were standing round the Hottentots, observing their merry pranks, or practising with them a lesson of mutual tuition in their respective dialects; while the awkward essays at pronunciation on either side supplied a fund of ceaseless entertainment. Conversation appeared to go on with alacrity, though neither party understood scarcely a syllable of the other's language; while a sly rogue of a Bushman sat behind, all the while, mimicking, to the very life, each of us in succession. These groups, with all their variety of mien and attitude, character and complexion,—now dimly discovered, now distinctly lighted up by the fitful blaze of the watch-fires; the exotic aspect of the clumps of aloes and euphorbias, peeping out amidst the surrounding jungle, in the wan light of the rising moon, seeming to the excited fancy like bands of Caffir warriors crested with plumes and bristling with assegais; together with the uncouth clucking gibberish of the Hottentots and Bushmen (for there were two or three of the latter tribe among our wagon leaders), and their loud bursts of wild and *sidrich* laughter; had altogether a very strange and striking effect, and made some of us feel far more impressively than we had yet felt, that we were now indeed pilgrims in the wilds of savage Africa."

They reached, at last, the place of their destination, exactly six months after leaving England.

"It were tedious to relate the difficulties, perils, and adventures, which we encountered in our toilsome march, of *five days*, up the African glen:—to tell of our pioneering labours with the hatchet, the pick-axe, the crow-bar, and the sledge-hammer,—and the lashing of the poor oxen, to force them on (sometimes twenty or thirty in one team) through such a track as no English reader can form any adequate conception of. In the upper part of the valley we were occupied two entire days in thus *heaving* our way through a rugged defile, now called Eildon-Cleugh, scarcely three miles in extent. At length, after extraordinary exertions and hair-breadth escapes—the breaking down of two wagons, and the partial damage of others—we got through the last *poort* of the glen, and found ourselves on the summit of an elevated ridge, commanding a view of the extremity of the valley. 'And now, mynheer,' said the Dutch-African field-cornet who commanded our escort, '*daar leg uwe veld*—there lies your country.' Looking in the direction where he pointed, we beheld, extending to the northward, a beautiful vale, about six or seven miles in length, and varying from one to two in breadth. It appeared like a verdant basin, or *encl de sac*, surrounded on all sides by an amphitheatre of steep and sterile mountains, rising in the background into sharp coniciform ridges of very considerable elevation; their summits being at this season covered with snow, and estimated to be from 4000 to 5000 feet above the level of the sea. The lower declivities were sprinkled over, though somewhat scantily, with grass and bushes. But the bottom of the valley, through which the infant river meandered, presented a warm, pleasant, and unobscured aspect; spreading itself into verdant meadows, sheltered and embellished, without being encumbered, with groves of minnow trees, among which we ob-

served in the distance herds of wild animals—antelopes and quaggas—pasturing in undisturbed quietude.

"'Sae that's the lot o' our inheritance, then?' quoth one of the party, a Scottish agriculturist. 'Aweel, now that we've really got till 't, I maun say the place looks no sae mickle amiss, and may suit our purpose no that ill, provided these haughs turn out to be gude deep land for the plough, and we can but contrive to find a decent road out o' this queer hieland glen into the lowlands—like any other Christian country.'

"Descending into the middle of the valley, we unyoked the wagons, and pitched our tents in a grove of minnow trees on the margin of the river; and the next day our armed escort with the train of shattered vehicles set out on their return homeward, leaving us in our wild domain to our own courage and resources."

Passing over the account of the first Sabbath, always an occasion of deep and heart-touching solemnity to those who go out into the wilderness, we think our readers may like to read (our gentler ones rejoicing in their own security) of the first alarm of wild beasts in Glen-Lynden:—

"The serene weather with which we had been favoured during our journey, was succeeded on the 3rd of July by a cold and wet evening. The night was extremely dark, and the rain fell so heavily that, in spite of the abundant supply of dry firewood which we had luckily provided, it was not without difficulty that we could keep one watch-fire burning. Having appointed our watch for the night (a service which all the male adults, masters as well as servants, agreed to undertake in rotation), we had retired to rest, and, excepting our sentinels, were all buried in sleep, when about midnight we were suddenly roused by the roar of a lion close to our tents. It was so loud and tremendous that for a moment I actually thought a thunder-storm had burst upon us. But the peculiar *expression* of the sound—the voice of fury as well as of power—instantly undeceived me: and instinctively snatching my loaded gun from the tent pole, I hurried out—fancying that the savage beast was about to break into our camp. Most of our men had sprung to their arms, and were hastening to the watch-fire, with a similar apprehension. But all round was utter darkness; and scarcely two of us were agreed as to the quarter whence the voice had issued. This uncertainty was occasioned partly, perhaps, by the peculiar mode this animal often has of placing his mouth near the ground when he roars, so that the voice rolls, as it were, like a breaker along the earth; partly, also, to the echo from a mountain-rock which rose abruptly on the opposite bank of the river; and, more than all, to the confusion of our senses in being thus hurriedly and fearfully aroused from our slumbers. Had any one retained self-possession sufficient to have quietly noted our looks on this occasion, I suspect he would have seen a laughable array of pale or startled visages. The reader who has only heard the roar of the lion at the Zoological Gardens, can have but a faint conception of the same animal's voice in his state of freedom and uncontrolled power. Novelty in our case, no doubt, gave it double effect, on our thus hearing it for the first time in the heart of the wilderness. However, we resolved to give the enemy a warm reception; and having fired several volleys in all directions round our encampment, we roused up the half-extinguished fire to a roaring blaze, and then flung the flaming brands among the surrounding trees and bushes. And this unwonted display probably daunted our grim visitor, for he gave us no further disturbance that night."

To such visitations they were in time accustomed: indeed, some of the party became

skilful hunters, and we can recommend one or two descriptions of the chase, to those who are curious in field sports on a grand scale. For the edification of another class, we draw upon the volume before us, for a description of a Dutch boor's farm-house:—

"The domicile of my hospitable neighbours, was not calculated to suggest any ideas of peculiar comfort to an Englishman. It was a house somewhat of the size and appearance of an old-fashioned Scotch barn. The walls were thick, and substantially built of strong adhesive clay; a material, which being well prepared or *tempered*, in the manner of mortar for brick-making, and raised in successive layers, soon acquires, in this dry climate, a great degree of hardness, and is considered scarcely inferior in durability to burnt brick. These walls, which were about nine feet high, and tolerably smooth and straight, had been plastered over within and without with a composition of sand and cow-dung, and this being afterwards well white-washed with a sort of pipe-clay, or with lime made of burnt shells, the whole had a very clean and light appearance.

"The roof was neatly thatched with a species of bad rushes, which are considered much more durable and less apt to catch fire than straw. There was no ceiling under the roof; but the rafters over-head were hung with a motley assemblage of several sorts of implements and provisions, such as hunting apparatus, dried flesh of various kinds of game, large whips of rhinoceros and hippopotamus hide (termed *gambaks*), leopard and lion-skins, ostrich eggs and feathers, dried fruit, strings of onions, rolls of tobacco, bamboos for whip handles, calabashes, and a variety of other articles. A large pile of fine home-made soap graced the top of a partition wall.

"The house was divided into three apartments; the one in which we were seated (called the *voorbais*) opened immediately from the open air, and is the apartment in which the family always sit, eat, and receive visitors. A private room (*slap kamer*) was formed at either end of this hall, by cross partitions of the same height and construction as the outer walls. The floor, which, though only of clay, appeared uncommonly smooth and hard, I found, on inquiry, had been formed of ant-heaps, which, being pounded into dust, and then watered and well stamped, assume a consistency of great tenacity. In making these floors, however, care must be taken to use only such ant-hills as have been broken up and plundered by the *surfsark*, or ant-eater, and consequently deserted by the surviving insects; otherwise, in spite of all your pounding, you may find you have planted two or three troublesome colonies beneath your feet. This floor is carefully washed over every morning with water mixed with fresh cow-dung, in order to keep it cool and free from vermin—especially fleas, which are apt to become an intolerable pest in such mansions."

The next chapter contains a spirited account of the insurrection of frontier Boors in 1815, to avenge the death of one Bezuidenhout, a man whose rude daring character seems to have been inherited by all his family. In striking contrast to this record of broil and turbulence, succeeds the account of the peaceful Moravian settlement at Enon, to which the author journeyed. On his route thither, he fell in with a scene of strange and savage grandeur:—

"Pursuing our journey, the mountains before us became more lofty and desolate, and the rugged path, tracked out only by quaggas and antelopes, more intricate and difficult. We were forced frequently to alight, and to lead our horses, or drive them before us, through the

rocky defiles, and along the dangerous brink of precipitous declivities. Descending the gorge of a rocky ravine, we then penetrated, as it were, through the bowels of the mountain, following the windings of a narrow but verdant glen, adorned with occasional clumps of copsewood and forest trees, and enlivened by a brawling rivulet.

"At length this little stream entered a yet wilder chasm among the rocks, where the foot of man or beast might no farther accompany it, and we were forced again to ascend the mountain ridge. Here my companion had told me that an extraordinary prospect awaited us: but all my previous conceptions fell infinitely short of the reality. On the left, a billowy chain of naked mountains, rocks, precipices, and yawning abysses, that looked as if hurled together by some prodigious convulsion of nature, appalled and bewildered the imagination. It seemed as if this congeries of gigantic crags, or rather the eternal hills themselves, had been tumultuously uprooted and heaved together, in some pre-adamite conflict of angelic hosts, with all the veins and strata of their deep foundations disrupted, bent, and twisted in the struggle into a thousand fantastic shapes; while, over the lower declivities and deep-sunk dells, a dark impenetrable forest spread its shaggy skirts, and added to the whole a character of still more wild and savage sublimity.

"This was the fore-ground of a vast but sombre landscape. Before us, and on either hand, extended, far as the eye could reach, the immense forest-jungle which stretches from the Zureberg even to the sea-coast at the mouth of the Bushman's River. Through the bosom of this jungle we could distinctly trace the winding course of the Sunday River, like the path of some mythological dragon—not from the course of its waters, but from the hue of the light-green willow-trees (*Salix babylonica*) which grow along its margins. Beyond, far to the south, appeared the Indian Ocean and the shores of Algoa Bay. To the right and west, rose the Rieberg mountains and the fantastic peaks of the Winterhoek. Nearer us, but hidden among the lower hills, and surrounded by dense forests, lay the Moravian settlement of Enon, which we were in search of. It lay far beneath us; for on this side of the Zureberg the low country is much inferior in elevation to the plains on the northern side, and the front of the mountain is proportionably more imposing."

We must pass over some details of Caffre warfare, told to the author while the guest of the missionaries, and give a glimpse of the plague of elephants, which to us who have been accustomed to see only single specimens of this enormous animal in our menageries, is something like a peep into the fabulous land of Brobdingnag:—

"Here the proprietor's wife complained bitterly of the annoyance that she and her family received from the nocturnal visits of the elephants. They were, she said, 'too big to wrestle with.' They came out of the forest by night, trod down her little corn-field, devoured her crop of maize, pulled up her fruit trees, and tossed about, as if in wanton malice, articles that they could neither devour nor totally destroy; and only a few days previously, her husband, on returning home at a late hour, had made a narrow escape from one of those animals, which met him on the road and chased him several times round his wagon. She added, however, that they were far less dangerous than they had been when she and her family first came to reside in this wild though beautiful valley; and pointing to a rocky mound at a little distance, which rose abruptly from the grassy meadows, and overhung a pool of the river, she said that on the summit of that rock, not many years since,

her husband used to lie concealed among the brushwood, and shoot the elephants as they passed down the glen, in numerous herds, even at mid-day."

Proceeding further, we come to an account of the author's establishment of himself and family, in what he calls his bee-hive cabin—how he built, or rather wove his house, and floored it with old ant-hillocks, and the ingenious contrivances whereby he made it comfortable. A scene of scarcity, and its consequences, is well told:—

"We were again visited by a severe drought, which endured so long that at length our little river ceased to flow; and, although we had enough of water in permanent pools and fountains for ourselves and our cattle to drink, we could not get our wheat ground into flour, in consequence of all the mills on the river being stopped for want of water, and were soon left without bread. As all our neighbours were nearly in the same situation, we could neither borrow nor purchase. Our Dutch-African neighbours and our Hottentot servants took the matter very quietly. They could live very well on mutton and boiled corn, they said, for a month or two, till rain fell. Indeed many of them in the arid back country live entirely on animal food and milk, without either bread or vegetables. But it was different with us: we felt the want of bread as a grievous privation. For a week or two we made a shift to grind a daily supply with our coffee mill; but this at length also failed. The iron handle was repeatedly broken; and though I had enough of smith's or tinker's craft to repair it twice, the third fracture was beyond my skill; and we were then reduced to grind, or rather to bruise, our corn, by crushing a few grains at a time with a round stone upon a flat one. By this tedious process we procured a small cake or two daily; and with this we were forced to content ourselves, until we could obtain a supply of flour from Somerset. This was a real privation: but after all, I must not forbear to add, that these same cakes, baked of coarse meal ground between two stones, and occasionally of my own grinding, made the sweetest bread, I think, I ever tasted."

A few pages after this, we come upon a herd of elephants:—

"During the forenoon, we had seen many herds of quaggas, and antelopes of various kinds, which I need not stop to enumerate; but after mid-day, we came upon the recent traces of a troop of elephants. Their huge foot-prints were every where visible; and in the swampy spots on the banks of the river it was evident that some of them had been luxuriously enjoying themselves by rolling their unwieldy bulks in the ooze and mud. But it was in the groves and jungles that they had left the most striking proofs of their recent presence and peculiar habits. In many places paths had been trodden through the midst of dense thorny forests, otherwise impenetrable. They appeared to have opened up these paths with great judgment, always taking the best and shortest cut to the next open savannah, or ford of the river; and in this way their labours were of the greatest use to us by pioneering our route through a most intricate country, never yet traversed by a wheel-carriage, and great part of it, indeed, not easily accessible even on horseback. In such places the great bull elephant always marches in the van, bursting through the jungle as a bullock would through a field of hops, treading down the brushwood, and breaking off with his proboscis the larger branches that obstruct the passage, whilst the females and younger part of the herd follow in his wake."

"Among the mimosa trees sprinkled over the meadows, or brier bottoms, the traces of their prope-

rations were not less apparent. Immense numbers of these trees had been torn out of the ground, and placed in an inverted position, in order to enable the animals to browse at their ease on their juicy roots, which form a favourite part of their food. I observed that, in numerous instances, when the trees were of considerable size, the elephant had employed one of his tusks, exactly as we would use a crow-bar—thrusting it under the roots to loosen their hold of the earth, before he attempted to tear them up with his proboscis. Many of the larger mimosas had resisted all their efforts; and, indeed, it is only after heavy rains, when the soil is soft and loose, that they can successfully attempt this operation."

"While we were admiring these and other indications of the elephant's strength and sagacity, we suddenly found ourselves, on issuing from a woody defile, in the midst of a numerous herd of those animals. None of them, however, were very close to us; but they were seen scattered in groups over the bottom and sides of a valley two or three miles in length; some browsing on the succulent spekboom, which clothed the skirts of the hills on either side; others at work among the young mimosas and evergreens sprinkled over the meadows. As we proceeded cautiously onward, some of these groups came more distinctly into view; consisting apparently, in many instances, of separate families, the male, the female, and the young of different sizes; and the gigantic magnitude of the chief leaders became more and more striking. The calm and stately tranquillity of their deportment, too, was remarkable. Though we were a band of about a dozen horsemen, including our Hottentot attendants, they seemed either not to observe, or altogether to disregard, our march down the valley."

The next chapter is full of interesting details of natural history; the ninth brings us to the author's leaving the desert for the haunts of men, and in these we leave him. The remainder of the book is given to other matters, among the rest, sketches of the history of the Caffers, (including an account of the exploits and melancholy fate of their chief, Makanna), and also of the Hottentots, and Bushmen—all of which are valuable, and will be found interesting, not only from their subject-matter, but from the unaffected style in which their author narrates them.

#### FAMILY LIBRARY. No. XLi. & XLII.

*Universal History, from the Creation of the World to the beginning of the Eighteenth Century.* By A. P. Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee. London: Murray.

The plan of this work is excellent, but the execution displays that prostration of the understanding and judgment to the written letter—that determination

To tell the tale as 'twas told to me—

which once prevailed in all the other branches of knowledge. For this the excellent author can scarcely be blamed; he lived at a time when the principles of historical criticism were comparatively unknown, when to question the credibility of ancient writers, and the value of their testimony, would have exposed him to severe censure for presumption and scepticism. But Professor Tytler was even behind his own age. The writers of the old *Universal History*, a wonderful work for the time in which it appeared, ventured to decide between conflicting evidence, and, in some instances, to hazard a bold conjecture—that Livy had preferred fancy to fact, and that



some of Plutarch's Lives were but historical romances. The Professor did not advance even thus far; like a lawyer, he felt himself fettered by precedent, and he no more dreamed of questioning a statement made by an ancient author than a decision of the Court of Session; and it is certainly strange that his work should be re-published at the present day, with the bold assertion that the author "had left little to the editor." We shall soon show, by a very cursory examination, that he left much to be supplied by a judicious editor in every chapter of the two volumes before us.

Tytler's work begins with the Egyptians; no notice is taken of the monumental history of that extraordinary people, the causes that led to their early civilization, the existence of caste, the connexion between the national religion and the division of the country into nomes, the early commercial routes with which Egypt was connected, or the nature of hieroglyphic writing. He adopts Bruce's conjecture, that the Hyksos were Abyssinians, with strange forgetfulness that these barbarians first appeared in Lower Egypt, and never seem to have had possession of Thebes. We may excuse Lord Woodhouselee for not having anticipated Heeren or Champollion; but what are we to say to his modern editor?

The Phœnicians come next; and we are referred for "a clear and rational account" of their carrying trade, to Bruce's Travels! Now Bruce's conjectures are a little obscure, and not a little absurd. His attempt to identify Ophir with a particular spot, when it was notoriously the name given to all the rich countries of the South, is quite sufficient to show that he undertook a task for which he was incompetent. A modern editor should have referred the student to Heeren's Researches, and the Commentaries of Michaelis on the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel.

The Greeks are the next nation to which our attention is directed. No notice is taken of the distinction between the Pelagic and Hellenic races, of the connexion between the different tribes, Ionians, Dorians, &c., or of the causes that led to the early supremacy of Thessaly. A sneer at Lord Bacon is the only thing remarkable in the account of the Grecian mythology; for, in the day when this work was compiled, the philosophic value of national legends was unknown. In the history of the Theban wars, the tragic poets are quoted as authorities, and a few observations are made on the moral tendency of their narratives, which are chiefly remarkable for being wrong from beginning to end. Has the editor, who found "so little left," never heard of Schlegel's lectures?—A dissertation on the Trojan war follows, in which "the tale of Troy divine" is gravely treated as a sober history; we wonder that the same compliment was not extended to "The Battle of the Frogs and Mice."

The ninth chapter brings us to the republic of Lacedæmon, a name erroneously assumed to be synonymous with Sparta. The author repudiates the notion that the laws of Lycurgus were chiefly the ancient institutions of the Doric race; but he may be pardoned, for Müller had not written when he began his history. We can less easily forgive him for not perceiving that the Spartan code was designed to support the supremacy of the Spartan

caste, and that to this purpose everything else was sacrificed. Of course he follows Xenophon in enlogizing the wisdom of the code, and the virtues of the Spartans; forgetting that Xenophon was a mercenary traitor, who wrote to flatter those who afforded him shelter when driven into exile by his indignant country, for having lent his hireling sword to support the cause of fratricide against an ally of Athens. Plutarch, to be sure, is quoted as an additional authority; perhaps, as we get on, we shall find English history derived from Shakspeare's plays and the old romances, to the great improvement of its poetic beauty, whatever be the fate of its accuracy and truth.

Capability Browne used to say, that he would visit Ireland as soon as he had settled England; the Professor, having settled the Lacedæmonians, proceeds to the Athenians; here he partly misstates the revolution effected by Cleisthenes, and takes no notice of the affair of Cylon, the circumstances that determined the internal and external policy of Athens during both the Persian and Peloponnesian wars. He also omits the Æginetan war, which laid the foundation of the naval supremacy enjoyed by the Athenians.

Lord Woodhouselee's account of the Persian monarchy is deserving of praise, considering the period in which it was written; but assuredly its republication at the present day, without taking any notice of the native Persian traditions collected by Mirkhond and Firdausi, and now made accessible to the English reader by the translations of Mr. Atkinson and Professor Shea, deserves some reprehension. The researches of the younger Schlegel have rendered it extremely probable that the Medes were a caste; the labours of English orientalists have all but proved that the reformation of Zoroaster was connected with the Buddhistic struggle in India; the Zend language has been elucidated by Eugene Burnouf in France, and by Bopp in Germany; Grotefend has deciphered some of the Persepolitan inscriptions; we might easily extend the list of elucidations that Persian history has received since Tytler wrote, all of which have been neglected in this new edition; but the editor assures us that "little was left to him"—he should have said "little with which he was acquainted."

The Macedonians next engage our notice; and we are surprised to find that the chief authority followed in the Life of Alexander is his biography by Quintus Curtius; something more of a romance than Marnontel's Life of Belisarius. Here the editor, indeed, has found something to add—he refers the student to a previous volume of the Family Library, apparently not suspecting that the very clever, though very prejudiced, work of Dr. Williams, would at once prove the weakness and inaccuracy of that which he has cited. It would have been easy to enumerate all the kingdoms that were formed from the fragments of the Macedonian empire, and to have shown that both their wisdom and their folly prepared the way for the establishment of the Roman empire; but this Professor Tytler has neglected; and, as there was "little to do," the defect has not been supplied by the editor. He might, however, have found it very ably done to his hand in the historical portion of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana.

It would seem absolutely necessary to pre-

fix to the History of Rome some account of ancient Italy, the tribes that inhabited the Peninsula, the Pelagic migrations into the North, and the establishment of Greek colonies in the South; during the last century it would have been difficult to have done this without more labour than the Professor was willing to bestow; but it formed some part of the "little left for the present editor." As might be expected, the Roman History is a mere repetition of the old tale, as narrated by Livy and Dionysius. We have need to tell the editor, as we had need to tell Dymocke, that a man named Niebuhr has written a work on the ancient history of Rome, in which many things worthy of notice may be found.

It is by no means a pleasing task to expose these errors and omissions; but the character of our literature on the Continent has been injured by our strange neglect of history. It is known that we have stereotyped Rollin, with all its gross and glaring inaccuracies—that the name of Bibliotheca Classica is given to the latest classical dictionary published in our country, and that the said Bibliotheca is more faulty and defective than Lempriere's, which was published nearly half a century ago—and here we have a third example of the neglect of modern researches, by the republication of a work as a standard of history, which was originally a compilation from very ordinary sources, and which its editor could, nevertheless, assert in the present day to be incapable of improvement.

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.—VOLS. LIII.—LIV.

*Europe during the Middle Ages.* Vol. III. *Manufactures in Metal.* Vol. III. London: Longman & Co.

THE account we have given of the two preceding volumes of 'The History of the Middle Ages,' renders it unnecessary to enter upon any lengthened review of that before us. It exhibits the same diligent examination of authorities; the same decided bias in favour of the Catholic historians; and the same weakness, when an opportunity presents itself for attempting a sarcasm on those with whom the writer may disagree. This last circumstance gives an air of conceitedness to the style in some places, which is, to us at least, especially disagreeable; but it is an offence against taste merely, and does not affect either the real worth of the history, or the truth of the relations with which it is mingled. We rejoice also to find, that in the copious notices which the author has given of the Saints of the British Church, he has displayed their characters with equal good sense and piety. Their superstition is described, but not as a cloak to conceal the many bright and noble virtues which they undeniably possessed and cultivated. We can safely recommend the volume to our readers, therefore, as affording a very valuable, though rapid, view of the state of religion in this country, under the Anglo-Saxons; and we repeat, at the same time, our former commendations of the author's learning and laborious care, so conspicuously displayed in all that he has hitherto written.

Of the volume on 'Manufactures in Metal,' a few extracts will be more interesting than any comments of ours, the more especially as many of the manufactures described, are

so important as to be justly considered national, while our observations might rather tend to express disappointment and dissatisfaction, that such subjects had not been treated *altogether* with that care and completeness, which we think they merit. We shall make our first quotation serve to demonstrate the importance of which we speak:—

"In the year 1821, the Great Hafod copper-works, in the neighbourhood of Swansea, and which were erected at an expense of about 150,000*l.*, were indicted for a nuisance, in consequence of the alleged destructive effects of the fumes which arose during the smelting of the ores. 'When we learn,' says Doctor Paris, 'that the amount of wages paid by the proprietors of the works in this district exceeds 50,000*l.* per annum; that 12,000 persons, at least, derive their support from the smelting establishments; that a sum of not less than 200,000*l.* sterling is annually circulated in Glamorganshire and the adjoining county, in consequence of their existence; and they pay to the collieries no less than from 100,000*l.* to 200,000*l.* per annum for coal; that 150 vessels are employed in the conveyance of ore; and, supposing each upon an average to be manned by five seamen, that they give occupation to 750 mariners; a more serious calamity can scarcely be imagined than the stoppage of such works.'—'We may, therefore, readily believe,' adds, the biographer of Sir Humphry Davy, 'that this distinguished chemist, who was applied to on the subject, entered most ardently into the consideration of some plan by which the fumes might be prevented, and the alleged nuisance abated.' The method adopted by Messrs. Vivian and Co., the proprietors of the works, for the mitigation of the evil complained of, was the erection of shower-baths; and experiments, made by Messrs. Phillips and Faraday, proved that, by that means, all the fluoric and arsenious fumes of the smoke were entirely destroyed; and, further, that by a *certain* quantity of water, the smoke might be entirely freed from sulphurous acid gas. After a mature consideration of the great mechanical as well as chemical difficulties which the condensation or decomposition of the smoke on a large scale presented, Davy strongly recommended the continuance, and, if necessary, an extension, of the plan adopted by the proprietors. This plan appears analogous to—if not, indeed, identical with—one for which, in the above year, Mr. Dickson obtained a patent."

Every one now knows the facility with which copper, when in the form of a soluble salt, is precipitated on a piece of iron, if introduced into the solution; but in former days, the matter was a source of constant wonder, and it was even conceived that the iron had been actually changed into copper:—

"With reference to the alleged transmutation of iron into copper, at which travellers have been so much surprised, and the old chemists so much puzzled, especially by the effect of the waters of Newsol, in Hungary, mentioned by Agricola, bishop Watson remarks that, in the year 1673, our countryman Dr. Brown visited the famous copper mine at Herrn-Grundt, about seven English miles from Newsol; he informs us that he there saw two springs, called the Old and New Ziment, which turned iron into copper. The workmen showed him a curious cup, made of this transmuted iron: it was gilt with gold, had a rich piece of silver ore fastened in the middle, and the following inscription engraved on the outside:—

Kisen ware ich, kupfer bin ich,  
Silber trag' ich, gold bedeckt mich.  
Copper I am, but iron was of old,  
Silver I carry, covered am with gold.

"It was even at that time, says Brown, con-

tended by some, that there was no real transmutation of the iron into copper, but that the Ziment water, containing vitriol of copper, and meeting with the iron, deposited its copper; and, it seems, he would have acceded to this opinion, could he have told what became of the iron. 'It is,' says Dr. Watson, 'taken up by the water, and remains suspended in it, in the place of the copper; so that the transmutation is nothing but a change of place; and as the copper is precipitated by the iron, so the iron might be precipitated by potash, or any other substance which has a greater affinity with the acid of vitriol than iron has.'

"The copper springs in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland, owed the discovery of their valuable quality to the following circumstance. About the middle of the eighteenth century, when the opening of the rich mines of Cronen-Bawn had compensated the loss of the more ancient workings of Ballymurtagh, a workman happened to leave an iron shovel in one of the levels from the former mine, by which issued a copious stream strongly impregnated with copper: on taking out the implement some weeks after, it was found so completely incrustated, that it was at first thought to be converted into copper. This accident suggested the advantage of laying bars of iron in the streams, by means of which the copper in the water was precipitated upon the iron, which became corroded by the process, and fell to the bottom as a reddish mud, and which, on being taken out and dried, appeared a sort of dust of the same colour, in which state it was ready for smelting. About 500 tons of iron were laid at one time in these pits: in about twelve months, the bars became dissolved; one ton of iron yielding a ton and a half, and sometimes nearly two tons of the metalliferous precipitate; and each ton of the latter producing sixteen hundredweight of pure copper. It is a knowledge of this affinity between the two metals that has furnished the miners with a very simple but almost infallible method of ascertaining whether an ore contains copper: they drop a little nitric acid upon the mass; and, after a while, dip a feather into the acid, and draw it over the polished blade of a knife; and if there be the smallest quantity of copper present, it will be precipitated on the steel."

Copper is used, perhaps, more extensively in combination with other metals, than pure. It is one of the constituents of brass, forms part of bronze, and enters largely into tombac, pinchbeck, and the composition of bells:—

"The largest bells in the world are, according to travellers, in China and Russia; at Nankin formerly hung four bells of such enormous size that, although not swung, but only struck with a wooden mallet, they brought down the tower, and have long lain neglected among its ruins. One of these bells is about twelve feet high, seven and a half in diameter, and twenty-three feet in circumference. It has a swelling in the middle, but does not expand much towards the rim, where it is seven inches thick: from the dimensions of this bell, its weight has been computed at 50,000 *lbs.* or more than double the weight of that at Erfurt, said by father Kircher to be the greatest bell in the world. In the churches of Russia there are numerous bells, and some of them very large: one of these, in the belfry of St. Ivan's church at Moscow, weighs 127,836 *lbs.* This was the largest bell known, until Boris Godunof gave to the cathedral of that city a bell weighing 288,000 *lbs.* This was again surpassed by the bell cast at the expense of the Empress Anne, and which weighs at the lowest estimate, 432,000 *lbs.* This is the largest bell in the world: its height is upwards of 21 feet; circumference near the bottom, more than 67 feet; greatest thickness 23 inches. This bell is like-

wise on the ground; the local tradition being, that the beam upon which it was suspended in the tower was accidentally burnt, in 1737; this statement, however, is denied by some travellers. By its fall, the bell suffered a fracture towards the bottom sufficiently large to admit two persons abreast without stooping. In England the biggest bells are Christchurch college, Oxford, 17,000 *lbs.*; St. Paul's, London, 11,474; and Great Tom of Lincoln, 10,854 *lbs.*; the heaviest of these being considerably less than one twentieth of the weight of the Russian bell.

"The numberless bells of Moscow, says Clarke in his *Travels*, continue to ring during the whole Easter week, tinkling and tolling without harmony or order. 'The large bell near the cathedral is only used on important occasions, and yields the finest and most solemn tone I ever heard. When it sounds, a deep and hollow murmur vibrates all over Moscow, like the fullest tones of a vast organ, or the rolling of distant thunder. This bell is suspended in a tower called the belfry of St. Ivan, beneath others, which, though of less size, are enormous; it is 40 feet 9 inches in circumference, 16½ inches thick, and it weighs more than 67 tons. The great bell of Moscow, known to be the largest ever founded, is in a deep pit in the midst of the Kremlin. The history of its fall is a fable, and as writers continue to copy each other, the story continues to be propagated: the fact is, the bell remains in the place where it was originally cast: it never was suspended. The Russians might as well attempt to suspend a first-rate line of battle ship with all its guns and stores. A fire took place in the Kremlin, the flames of which caught the building erected over the pit in which the bell yet remained; in consequence of this the metal became hot, and water thrown to extinguish the fire fell upon the bell, causing the fracture which has taken place. It reaches from the bottom of the cave, where it lies, to the roof; the entrance to the cave is by a trap-door, placed even with the surface of the earth. We (Messrs. Clarke and Crippa) found the steps very dangerous, some of them were wanting and others broken, which occasioned me a severe fall down to the extent of the whole first flight, and a narrow escape for my life in not being dashed upon the bell: in consequence of this accident a sentinel was stationed afterwards on the trap-door, to prevent people becoming victims to their curiosity. He might have been as well employed in mending the steps, as in waiting all day to say they were broken. The bell is truly a mountain of metal: they relate that it contains a very large proportion of gold and silver; for that, while it was in fusion, the nobles and the people cast in as votive offerings their plate and money. It is permitted to doubt the truth of traditional tales, particularly in Russia, where people are much disposed to relate what they have heard, without once reflecting on its probability. I endeavoured in vain to assay a small part; the natives regard it with superstitious veneration, and they would not allow even a grain to be filed off; at the same time it may be said the compound has a white shining appearance, unlike bell metal in general; and perhaps its silvery appearance has strengthened, if not given rise to a conjecture respecting the richness of its materials. On festival days the peasants visit the bell as they would a church, considering it an act of devotion; and they cross themselves as they descend and ascend the steps leading to the bell. The bottom of the pit is covered by water, mud, and large pieces of timber, which, added to the darkness, render it always an unpleasant and unwholesome place, in addition to the danger arising from the steps which lead to the bottom. I went frequently there, in order to ascertain the dimensions of the bell with exactness: to my great surprise,

during one of those visits half a dozen Russian officers, whom I found in the pit, agreed to assist me in the admeasurement; it so nearly agreed with the account published by Jonas Hanway that the difference is not worth notice. This is somewhat remarkable, considering the difficulty of exactly measuring what is partly buried in the earth, and the circumference of which is not entire. No one, I believe, has yet ascertained the size of the lower rim of the bell, which would afford still greater dimensions than those we obtained, but it is entirely buried in the earth. About ten persons were present when I admeasured the part which remains exposed to observation. We applied a strong cord close to the metal in all parts of its periphery, and round the lower part where it touched the ground, taking care at the same time not to stretch the cord. From the piece of the bell broken off, it was ascertained that we had thus measured within two feet of its lower extremity. The circumference obtained was 67 feet 5½ inches. We then took the perpendicular height from the top of the bell, and found it correspond exactly with the statement made by J. Hanway, viz. 21 feet 4½ inches: in the stoutest part, that in which it should have received the blow of the clapper, its thickness equalled 23 inches: we were enabled to ascertain this by placing our hands under water, where the fracture had taken place, which is about 7 feet high from the top of the bell. The weight of this enormous mass of metal has been computed to be 443,772 lbs., which, if valued at 3s. per pound, amounts to 66,563l. 16s., lying unemployed and of no use to any one."

These quotations principally refer to manufactures of copper and its compounds; it is proper we should say a word of our tin-mines, which have been famed from all antiquity:—

"It is a most remarkable fact, that not only in hills and valleys, and from the plains, have the enterprising explorations of the tinners been conducted—some of the Cornish mines have actually been carried to a considerable distance under the sea; some of these submarine excavations, as described by Mr. Hawkins, display, in a striking manner, the effects of perseverance and the defiance of danger on the part of the miners: for instance, the noted mine of Huel-Cok, in the parish of St. Just, which descends eighty fathoms, and extends itself forward under the bed of the sea, beyond low water mark. In some places, the miners have only three fathoms of rock between them and the sea; so that they hear very distinctly the movement and the noise of the waves. This noise is sometimes terrible, being of an extraordinary loudness, as the Atlantic Ocean is here many hundred leagues in breadth. In the mine, the rolling of the stones and rocks overhead, which the sea moves along its bed, is plainly heard; the noise of which, mixed with the roaring of the waves, sounds like reiterated claps of thunder, and causes both admiration and terror to those who have the curiosity to go down.

"In one place, where the vein was very rich, they searched it with imprudence, and left but four feet of rock between the excavation and the bed of the sea. At high water, the howling of the waves is heard in this place in so dreadful a manner, that even the miners who work near it, have often taken to flight, supposing that the sea was going to break through the weak roof, and penetrate into the mine.

"A very singular circumstance at Huel-Cok is, that in some places, under the bed of the sea, where there is only a small thickness of rock between the mine and the water, in one place not more than four feet, but a very small quantity of water enters the mine by leakage. When the miners perceive any cracks which might give it a passage, they stop them up with clay,

or with oakum. The like method is used in the lead mines of Pava Labalon, which also run under the bed of the sea. The mine of Huel-Cok has now been abandoned many years, on account of the danger, which continually became more menacing."

These are as many extracts as we can at present afford room for, but we have marked some others, which we shall give as opportunity may occur.

*Journal of Three Voyages along the Coast of China.* By Charles Gutzlaff. London: Westley & Davis.

THE two principal voyages described in this volume have been already noticed at great length in the *Athenæum*—that of the *Amherst* in No. 302, and that of the *Sylph*, (which we had exclusively,) in No. 337. The great importance of our trade with China—the complete revolution which the opening of that trade must soon effect in our relations with the Celestial Empire—the difficulty of procuring accurate information respecting the commercial advantages and disadvantages of every Chinese port except Canton—the losses which must result from mercantile errors—and the probable advantages that may arise from a judicious extension of our commerce, have determined us to take a mercantile view of this work, and examine the facilities afforded for trade by the different cities and harbours visited by Mr. Gutzlaff from Siam to the mouth of the Pei-ho; his account of Corea having been already fully examined in our notices of the voyages of the *Amherst* and *Sylph*. Nor is this view of Mr. Gutzlaff's volume so remotely connected with its primary object as many may at first suppose: the able author himself assures us, that he looks forward to the extension of British commerce as the best means of extending Christianity; and, with a liberality which is now, we rejoice to say, not rare, he does justice to the motives which induced his predecessors, the missionaries from the *College de propaganda*, to devote so much of their attention to collecting statistical and commercial information. The *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* are, indeed, a noble monument of the ability and industry of the Romish missionaries; and, notwithstanding the many years that have elapsed since their publication, that collection is still our safest source for information respecting the remote East. Before entering on the examination of these voyages, it will be necessary to say a few words on the general character of the Chinese government and nation, both to correct some popular errors, and to place before the public, in an available form, the most valuable portions of the additional information collected by the Asiatic Societies of London, Paris, and Calcutta.

The jealousy of foreigners, originally caused by the misconduct of the Europeans themselves, who first appeared on the Chinese coast as pirates and slave-dealers, has been greatly aggravated by the establishment of the British empire in India,† and by the con-

† That the Chinese government is peculiarly jealous of the British power, and not wholly without reason, has been fully proved by Mr. Davis in his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, February 27, 1830.

"§ 31. It is anything occurred which leads you to conclude that they (the Chinese) distinctly connect the British Factory with the proceedings in Nepal and Ava?—Circumstances have occurred, which make me feel quite certain of their knowing that those who en-

sciousness of weakness, which the ruling dynasty vainly endeavours to disguise. Every possible precaution is taken by the government to maintain the supremacy of the Tartars over the native Chinese; and, though the Manchews, like the Kitans and Moguls, who preceded them in the conquest of China, have adopted implicitly the ancient constitution of the country, they have refused to the natives the advantages of their own laws. In one of the Peking gazettes, translated by Mr. Davis, we find a native Chinese severely punished for reporting himself to be a Tartar; in another, we have a severe prohibition against the possession of arms. Secret associations, hostile to the government, exist in various parts of the empire; that called the Triad Union made a vigorous effort to overthrow the Tartars under the weak government of the late Emperor, and, though it failed, the chances of its success were at one time very favourable. To keep the people in ignorance is the policy of every tyranny, and this is not neglected by the Manchews; they sedulously propagate the notion, that Europeans are an inferior race, and that they come to the Celestial Empire to steal the elementary civilization. Our duty in such a case is to avoid everything that would increase the suspicion of the rulers, and to make every fair exertion to inspire the people with more just notions of the powers and the acquirements of Europeans.

It has been said, that the East India Company desired to have the China trade confined to Canton, for the purpose of maintaining a more efficient control over it; an equally powerful body in China were similarly interested in making that the only commercial port. The customs in China are farmed by particular families, and the Canton custom-house is held by the most influential; hence every attempt to open a trade in any other part of the country provokes the enmity of these monopolists, whose influence over the court is at once the cause and the consequence of their injurious privileges. The profits derived by the Hong merchants, who are of course connected with this monopoly, naturally lead them to resist a change of system; and it is notorious that their emissaries secretly frustrated our embassies to the court of Peking. But this is a power which exists only because it has not been resisted; and if a new mart could once be established, the interest of the Canton authorities, though supported by the jealousy of the government, and the prejudice of the people, would be found of little weight. Let us now see where such marts might be established.

We shall begin with the dependent kingdom of Siam: Mr. Gutzlaff informs us—

"Siam has never received, so much as it ought, the attention of European philanthropists and merchants. It is one of the most fertile countries in Asia. Under a good government it might be superior to Bengal, and Bankok would outweigh Calcutta. But Europeans have always been treated there with distrust, and even insolence, if it could be done with impunity. They have been liable to every sort of petty annoyance, which would weary out the most patient spirit; and have been subjected to the most unheard-of oppression."

crushed upon them towards Nepal and in Ava were the British, and they must connect them with the British in Canton."

‡ *Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society*, Vol. 4.



But he soon informs us of the causes that have led to this degradation of Europeans, and tells us how a change has been effected in the opinions and conduct of the Siamese:—

"The general idea hitherto entertained by the majority of the nation as to the European character, was derived from a small number of Christians, so styled, who, born in the country, and partly descended from Portuguese, crouch before their nobles as dogs, and are employed in all menial services, and occasionally suffered to enlist as soldiers or surgeons. \* \* \* No industry, no genius, no honesty is found amongst them, with the exception of one individual, who indeed has a right to claim the latter virtue as his own. From this misconception has emanated all the disgraceful treatment of Europeans up to the time of the war between Burmah and the Company. When the British envoy arrived, he was treated with contempt, because the extent of English power was not known. When the English had taken Rangoon, it was not believed by the king, until he had sent a trustworthy person to ascertain the fact. Still doubts agitated the royal breast as to the issue of the war with the invincible Burmans. Reluctantly did the Siamese hear of the victories of their British allies, though they were protected thereby from the ravages of the Burmans, who surely would have turned the edge of their swords against them, if the British had not conquered these, their inveterate enemies. Notwithstanding, the Siamese government could gladly hail the emissaries of Burmah, who privately arrived with despatches, the sole object of which was to prevail upon the king of Siam not to assist the English, in case of a breach, upon the plea of common religion and usages. But the national childish vanity of the Siamese in thinking themselves superior to all nations, except the Chinese and Burmans, has vanished; and the more the English are feared, the better is the treatment which is experienced during their residence in this country. The more the ascendancy of their genius is acknowledged, the more their friendship as individuals is courted, their customs imitated, and their language studied. His majesty has decked a few straggling wretches in the uniform of Sepoys, and considers them as brave and well-disciplined as their patterns. Chow-fa-nooi, desirous of imitating foreigners, has built a ship, on a small scale, and intends doing the same on a large one, as soon as his funds will admit. English, as well as Americans, are disencumbered in their intercourse, and enjoy at present privileges of which even the favoured Chinese cannot boast."

Here then is one instance of prejudice being overcome, and a field opened to British enterprise; let us now see whether the articles of trade offer any inducement to the adventurous merchant:—

"A country so rich in productions as Siam, offers a large field for mercantile enterprise. Sugar, sapan-wood, beche-de-mar, birds' nests, sharks' fins, gamboge, indigo, cotton, ivory, and other articles, attract the notice of a great number of Chinese traders, whose junks every year, in February, March, and the beginning of April, arrive from Hainan, Canton, Soakah (or Shantao, in Chaou-chow-Poo,) Amoy, Ningpo, Swanghai, (or Shang-hea-been, in Keang-nan,) and other places. Their principal imports consist of various articles for the consumption of the Chinese, and a considerable amount of bullion. They select their export cargo according to the different places of destination, and leave Siam in the last of May, in June, and July. These vessels are about eighty in number. Those which go up to the Yellow sea take, mostly, sugar, sapan-wood, and betel-nut. \* \* Though the trade to the Indian archipelago is not so important, yet about thirty or forty

vessels are annually despatched thither from Siam."

It is not generally known that the English once had a considerable trade with Siam, several free merchants having settled at Mergui, on the west side of the peninsula of Malacca; they behaved themselves so prudently, that the King of Siam placed one of them, named White, at the head of the custom-house, and intrusted another, named Williams, with the command of his navy. But the East India Company, in 1687, sent Captain Weldon, with an armed vessel, to threaten the King of Siam with war, unless he surrendered the merchants prisoners, or drove them from the country. Weldon acted with such audacious violence, that the Siamese were driven to take up arms, and seventy-six Englishmen were murdered for the crime of their unworthy countryman. The rest fled from Mergui, and were dispersed through the Company's factories.

Connected with the Siamese are the Laos, whom Mr. Gutzlaff too hastily declares to be unknown to Europeans, for they have been very fully described by Marini, and also with tolerable accuracy by Mendes Pinto, of veracious memory. Their territory extends from Siam to the southern frontiers of China; and they would probably be found good customers to any European factory at Bangkok.

"The southern districts carry on a very brisk trade with Siam, whither the natives come in long narrow boats, covered with grass; importing the productions of their own country, such as ivory, gold, tiger skins, aromatics, &c.; and exporting European and Indian manufactures, and some articles of Siamese industry. This trade gave rise, in 1827, to a war with the Siamese, who used every stratagem to oppress the subjects of one of the Laos tributary chiefs, Chow-vin-chan. This prince, who was formerly so high in favour with the late king of Siam, as to be received, at his last visit, in a gilded boat, and to be carried in a gilded sedan chair, found the exorbitant exactions of the Siamese governor on the frontier injurious to the trade of his subjects and to his own revenues. He applied, repeatedly, to the Court at Bangkok for redress; and being unsuccessful, he then addressed the governor himself; but no attention was paid to his grievances. He finally had recourse to arms, to punish the governor, without any intention of waging war with the king—an event for which he was wholly unprepared. His rising, however, transfused so general a panic among the Siamese, that they very soon marched en masse against him, and met with immediate success. From that moment the country became the scene of bloodshed and devastation."

The trade of Siam is at present carried on in Chinese junks, which belong to the crews in joint stock. Nothing can be conceived more barbarous than the mode in which the trade is managed, and it is no small proof of the value of Siamese commerce, that it continues under such disadvantages to remunerate those engaged in it:—

"The several individuals of the crew form one whole, whose principal object in going to sea is trade, the working of the junk being only a secondary object. Every one is a shareholder, having the liberty of putting a certain quantity of goods on board: with which he trades, wherever the vessel may touch, caring very little about how soon she may arrive at the port of destination.

"The common sailors receive from the captain nothing but dry rice, and have to provide for themselves their other fare, which is usually very slender. These sailors are not, usually,

men who have been trained up to their occupation; but wretches, who were obliged to flee from their homes; and they frequently engage for a voyage, before they have ever been on board a junk. All of them, however stupid, are commanders; and if anything of importance is to be done, they will bawl out their commands to each other, till all is utter confusion. There is no subordination, no cleanliness, no mutual regard or interest.

"The navigation of junks is performed without the aid of charts, or any other helps, except the compass; it is mere coasting, and the whole art of the pilot consists in directing the course according to the promontories in sight. In time of danger, the men immediately lose all their courage; and their indecision frequently proves the destruction of their vessel. Although they consider our mode of sailing as somewhat better than their own, still they cannot but allow the palm of superiority to the ancient craft of the 'Celestial Empire.' When any alteration for improvement is proposed, they will readily answer,—If we adopt this measure we shall justly fall under the suspicion of barbarism."

No description of the harbour of Bangkok is given by Mr. Gutzlaff, but it is said by Loubere, to be one of the finest in the world. Our author embarked on board a Chinese junk, and in her, made a coasting voyage towards Peking. We shall notice all the places favourable to trade, which he met. Of Chantibun, he says—

"After having passed Cape Liant, which in most charts is placed too far west by two degrees, we approached Chantibun, a place of considerable trade, and inhabited by Siamese, Chinese, and Cochinese. Pepper, rice, and betel-nut, are found here in great abundance; and several junks, principally from Canton, are annually loaded with these articles. Ships proceeding to China might occasionally touch here and trade to advantage."

There is little encouragement to adventure in any trade with the Cochinese, though our author declares that the natives are anxious to extend their intercourse with Europeans:—

"With the utmost difficulty we arrived at the mouth of the Kang-kau river, in Camboja, where there is a city, which carries on considerable trade with Singapore, principally in rice and mats. The Cochinese, pursuing a very narrow policy, shut the door against improvement, and hinder, as far as they can, the trade of the Chinese. They think it their highest policy to keep the Cambojans in utter poverty, that they may remain their slaves for ever. Among the several junks at this place, we saw the 'tribute bearer,' having on board the Siamese ambassador. Though the Siamese acknowledge, nominally, the sovereignty of China, and show their vassalage by sending to Peking tribute of all the productions of their own country, yet the reason of their paying homage so regularly is gain. The vessels sent on these expeditions are exempt from duty, and being very large, are consequently very profitable; but the management of them is entrusted to Chinese, who take care to secure to themselves a good share of the gains. Within a few years several of these junks have been wrecked."

The island of Hainan would probably be found important as a depôt, should free intercourse ever be permitted with the south of China: and we see by the last accounts from Singapore, that an establishment on that or some of the smaller islands near it, is deemed requisite for the protection of our increasing commerce from the renewed depredations of the pirates in the gulph of Tonquin. Neumann's 'History of the Chinese Pirates'

shows, that a European protection is necessary; for the Chinese government has proved itself wholly incapable of securing the tranquillity of its own seas.

"This island is wholly surrounded by mountains, while the interior has many level districts, where rice and sugar are cultivated. There are aborigines, not unlike the inhabitants of Manila, who live in the forests and mountains; but the principal inhabitants are the descendants of people, who, some centuries back, came from Fuhkeen; and who, though they have changed in their external appearance, still bear traces of their origin preserved in their language. They are a most friendly people, always cheerful, always kind. In their habits they are industrious, clean, and very persevering. To a naturally inquisitive mind they join love of truth, which, however, they are slow in understanding. The Roman Catholic missionaries very early perceived the amiableness of this people, and were successful in their endeavours to convert them; and to this day many of the people profess to be Christians, and seem anxious to prove themselves such.

"Hainan is, on the whole, a barren country; and, with the exception of timber, rice, and sugar, (the latter of which is principally carried to the north of China,) there are no articles of export. The inhabitants carry on some trade abroad; they visit Tonquin, Cochinchina, Siam, and also Singapore. On their voyages to Siam, they cut timber along the coasts of Siam and Cambodia; and when they arrive at Bangkok, buy an additional quantity, with which they build junks. In two months a junk is finished—the sails, ropes, anchor, and all the other work, being done by their own hands. These junks are then loaded with cargoes, saleable at Canton or on their native island; and both junks and cargoes being sold, the profits are divided among the builders. Other junks, loaded with rice, and bones for manure, are usually despatched for Hainan."

From this island, Pere L'Amiot was of opinion, that a profitable commerce might be opened with the province of Yun-nan, the most recent addition made to the Chinese empire, whose inhabitants have not yet lost the memory of independence. It certainly appears from the notes communicated by Pere L'Amiot to Mr. Davis, that the province possesses many valuable articles of commerce; and the mighty river of the nine dragons (Kee-lung Keang), affords every facility for communication with Singapore, if it was deemed unnecessary or inexpedient to establish a settlement in the gulf of Tonquin:—

"This province," says Pere L'Amiot, "has been only recently conquered by the Chinese, after a most obstinate resistance. Disturbances were frequent in the first years of the reigning dynasty, but they were forcibly suppressed; of late years, the laws have been respected and tranquillity established. The mountain of Poo-eul is celebrated for a valuable species of tea, which is carried to Peking, and presented to the Emperor in balls or cakes formed from the extract of the tea. The rivers produce coral, amber, and pearls. There is said to be a gold mine in the south-western part of the country. Yun-nan is rich in mineral treasures, which are very profitable to the government."

After passing Hainan, the junk had a quick passage to the northern part of Canton province bordering on Fuh-keen. This province has suffered severely from famine, though grain was at the same time plentiful in Che-keang. It is part of the policy of the Chinese government, to discourage the coasting trade between the provinces, and to restrict their intercourse as much as possible to rivers and

canals. But the inland trade between Fuh-keen and Che-keang, is impeded by lofty mountains; and hence there was famine in the one province, when there was plenty in the other:—

"Here I saw many natives famishing for want of food; they would greedily seize, and were very thankful for, the smallest quantities of rice thrown out to them. Though healthy, and strong, and able to work, they complained of want of employment, and the scarcity of the means of subsistence."

In Mr. Davis's extracts from the Peking Gazette, we find a proclamation permitting a free importation of grain in consequence of this famine; but it is added, "when the price of grain in Fuh-keen shall have sunk to its usual level, let the customary restrictions be resumed."

Amoy is a considerable emporium in Fuh-keen, to which the English had the privilege of trading before the accession of the Manchews. The evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons states that it was abandoned, because of the great exertions of the Mandarins.

"On July 30th, we passed Amoy, the principal emporium of Fuhkeen province, and the residence of numerous merchants, who are the owners of more than 300 large junks, and who carry on an extensive commerce, not only to all the ports of China, but to many also in the Indian archipelago. Notwithstanding the heavy duties levied on exports and imports, these merchants maintain their trade, and baffle the efforts of the mandarins. They would hail with joy any opportunity of opening a trade with Europeans, and would, doubtless, improve upon that of Canton."

Some European trade is still carried on at Amoy under Spanish colours, as we learn from the evidence of Capt. John Mackie, before the House of Commons in 1830. He was actually engaged in the trade, as commander of the St. Sebastian, nominally a Spanish vessel, and his evidence is therefore entitled to great attention. We quote the following from the report:—

"4436. Did any part of the cargo belong to British merchants? Entirely British.

"4440. Did you find good shelter for your ship? Excellent; all those harbours are as safe as the port of Canton itself.

"4441. Was the trade you carried on, authorized by the laws of China? I understood it was not authorized, but it was done quite openly.

"4443. Have you ever experienced any difficulty in carrying on the trade? Never the least.

"4451. What did you bring back? Dollars and Sycee silver.

"4472. Did you pay port-charges of any kind? Never.

"4518. Were the crews generally well received by the natives? Equally as well as I was myself; they were allowed to walk about the fields and go into the houses.

"4532. Did you observe any British manufactures in the places you visited? I frequently saw the Chinese wearing them, such as camlets, cloths, long-ells, and some English blankets, English watches, and English spy-glasses."

North of Amoy, is the city and district of Fuh-tchow-foo, which was many years ago recommended to the attention of the East India Company, as a commercial depôt, by Mr. Ball, in a very able pamphlet published at Macao. He stated, that from this city, there was a good river communication with

the tea districts, and that the transfer of the trade thither, would save the great expense of portage over the mountains of Fuh-keen. We have not been able to learn whether any attention was paid to Mr. Ball's proposal, but we incline to believe that it merited more attention than it received, for the natives of Fuh-keen possess more commercial enterprise than any of the other Chinese. Proceeding still in a northern course, Mr. Gutzlaff reached the province of Shang-tung, with which it is probable that intercourse might easily be established:—

"In the neighbourhood of Ke-shan-so is Kan-chow, one of the principal ports of Shantung. The trading vessels anchor near the shore, and their supercargoes go up to the town by a small river. There is here a market for Indian and European merchandize, almost all kinds of which bear a tolerable price. The duties are quite low, and the mandarins have very little control over the trade. It may be stated that, in general, the Shantung people are far more honest than the inhabitants of the southern provinces, though the latter treat them with disrespect, as greatly their inferiors.

"On the 8th of September we passed Ting-ching, a fortress situated near the shore, on the frontiers of Chihle and Shantung provinces; it seemed to be a pretty large place, surrounded by a high wall. We saw some excellent plantations in its vicinity, and the country, generally, presented a very lively aspect, with many verdant scenes, which the wearied eye seeks for in vain on the naked rocks of Shantung."

At length, our traveller having passed through the Yellow Sea, entered the mouth of the Pei-ho (white river), in the imperial province. His account of those who reside on the lower part of the river, is not very encouraging:—

"The village of Ta-koo, near which we anchored, is a fair specimen of the architecture along the banks of the Pei-ho; and it is only on the banks of the river, throughout those dreary regions, that the people fix their dwellings. The houses are generally low and square, with high walls towards the streets; they are well adapted to keep out the piercing cold of winter, but are constructed with little regard to convenience. The houses of all the inhabitants, however rich, are built of mud, excepting only those of the mandarins, which are of brick. The hovels of the poor have but one room, which is, at the same time, their dormitory, kitchen, and parlour. In these mean abodes, which, to keep them warm, are stopped up at all points, the people pass the dreary days of winter; and often with no other prospect than that of starving. Their chief enjoyment is the pipe. Rich individuals, to relieve the pressing wants of the populace, sometimes give them small quantities of warm millet; and the emperor, to protect them against the inclemency of the season, compassionately bestows on them a few jackets. I had much conversation with these people, who seemed to be rude but hardy, poor but cheerful, and lively but quarrelsome. The number of these wretched beings is very great, and many, it is said, perish annually by the cold of winter. On account of this overflowing population, wages are low, and provisions dear; most of the articles for domestic consumption are brought from other districts and provinces; hence many of the necessaries of life, even such as fuel, are sold at an enormous price. It is happy for this barren region that it is situated in the vicinity of the capital; and that large quantities of silver, the chief article of exportation, are constantly flowing thither from the other parts of the empire."

Teen-tain, higher up the river, is one of

‡ Sycee silver is the native silver of China in bars.

the most important marts in northern China; but Mr. Gutzlaff has not mentioned whether the stream is navigable for large vessels as far as this city:—

"The trade of Teen-tsin is quite extensive. More than five hundred junks arrive annually from the southern ports of China, and from Cochin-China and Siam. The river is so thronged with junks, and the mercantile transactions give such life and motion to the scene, as strongly to remind one of Liverpool. As the land in this vicinity yields few productions, and the capital swallows up immense stores, the importations required to supply the wants of the people must be very great. Though the market was well furnished, the different articles commanded a good price. In no other port of China is trade so lucrative as in this; but nowhere else are so many dangers to be encountered. A great many junks were wrecked this year; and this is the case every season; and hence the profits realized on the whole amount of shipping are comparatively small. Teen-tsin would open a fine field for foreign enterprise; there is a great demand for European woollens, but the high prices which they bear prevent the inhabitants from making extensive purchases. I was quite surprised to see so much silver in circulation. The quantity of it was so great, that there seemed to be no difficulty in collecting thousands of taels, at the shortest notice. A regular trade with silver is carried on by a great many individuals. The value of the tael, here, varies from thirteen to fourteen hundred cash. Some of the firms issue bills, which are as current as bank-notes in England. Teen-tsin, possessing so many advantages for commerce, may very safely be recommended to the attention of European merchants."

Considering that Teen-tsin may be considered as the port of Peking, its inhabitants display a wondrous disregard for the court and its edicts; a circumstance very likely to facilitate commerce:—

"By inquiries, I found that the people cared very little about their imperial government. They were only anxious to gain a livelihood and accumulate riches. They seemed to know the emperor only by name, and were quite unacquainted with his character. Even the military operations in western Tartary were almost unknown to them. Nothing had spread such consternation amongst them as the late death of the heir of the crown, which was occasioned by opium-smoking. The emperor felt this loss very keenly. The belief that there will be a change in the present dynasty is very general. But in case of such an event, the people of Teen-tsin would hear of it with almost as much indifference as they would the news of a change in the French government. The local officers were generally much dreaded, but also much imposed upon. They are less tyrannical here, in the neighbourhood of the emperor, judging from what the people told me, than they are in the distant provinces. When they appear abroad it is with much pageantry, but with little real dignity. Indeed, I saw nothing remarkable in their deportment. No war junks nor soldiers were to be met with,—though the latter were said to exist. To possess fire-arms is a high crime, and the person found guilty of so doing is severely punished. Bows and arrows are in common use. There are no military stores, but great stores of grain. The grain junks were, at this season, on their return home."

Circumstances prevented Mr. Gutzlaff from visiting Peking, but he went in the junk to Mantchew Tartary, from whence he came southwards to Canton. We must reserve the notice of our missionary's account of Mantchouria for a future opportunity. On his return towards Macao, Mr. Gutzlaff

had occasion to notice the daring spirit of the Fuh-keen sailors: they are, indeed, the chief navigators in the Chinese seas:—

"Though the sea was amazingly high, when we came to the channel of Formosa we saw many fishing boats, in all directions. I have never met with more daring seamen than those from Fuh-keen. With the most perfect carelessness, they go, four in number, in a small boat, over the foaming billows; while their larger vessels are driven about, and in danger of being swallowed up by the sea. Formerly, these same men, who gain a livelihood by fishing, were desperate pirates, and attacked every vessel they could find. The vigilance of the government has produced this change; and, at present, piratical depredations are very unfrequent in the channel of Formosa."

Before concluding, we cannot avoid alluding to the very beneficial effects that may be expected from the encouragement given to Chinese emigrants to settle in our Australian colonies. They have been found an industrious, moral race, whenever they have come, and their increase would force an intercourse with China, which no laws or edicts could seriously impede, much less prevent. Mr. Gutzlaff adds his testimony to that of many others, that the Chinese feel sensibly the advantages enjoyed by their countrymen, who have settled at Singapore, and in Bengal; he says, that those who return home from these countries, have greatly contributed to shake the popular belief in European barbarity; and we ardently expect that the example of England giving encouragement to Chinese settlers may induce the Mantchew to adopt similar policy.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Poems*, by the Rev. H. F. Lyte.'—An excellent and unpretending little volume, with much music of versification, much purity and freshness of thought, and none of the blemishes which make sacred poetry so often painful and objectionable. The following paraphrase of the twenty-ninth Psalm, comes very near Heber's hymn, and recalls to our recollection one or two of Millman's high-toned and gorgeous lyrics.

#### The Voice of God.—For Music.

##### PSALM LXXIX.

Glory and praise to Jehovah on high!  
Glory from all, through the earth and the sky!  
Angels, approach Him in homage and duty;  
Fall at the feet of your Heavenly King:  
Saints, to His presence () throng, in the beauty  
Of holiness—there all His mercies to sing.  
Glory and praise to Jehovah on high!  
Glory from all, through the earth and the sky!  
The voice of Jehovah, majestic and loud,  
In thunders comes forth from his palace of cloud;  
That voice o'er the silence of ocean is breaking;  
It rolls o'er the waters, it bursts on the shore:  
The forests are bending, the mountains are quaking,  
And earth and her creatures stand still and adore.  
Glory and praise to Jehovah on high!  
Glory from all, through the earth and the sky!  
The voice of Jehovah more sweetly is heard  
By saints in His temple attending His word.  
He speaks not to them in the whirlwind or thunder;  
He comes not to threaten, denounce, or reprove:  
He comes with glad tidings of joy and of wonder:  
He bids them be happy in Jesus' love.  
Glory and praise to Jehovah on high!  
Glory from all, through the earth and the sky!

'*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Richard Watson, late Secretary to the Wesleyan Missionary Society*, by Thomas Jackson.'—This is one of the books which, according to our principle of only treating of matters of general interest, can receive only a short notice. The subject of Mr. Jackson's Memoir appears to have been an amiable and a useful man; and the details of his life and services will be valuable to the religious body of methodists; but beyond their immediate circle, the book will be

little read, as it contains none of that personal adventure which often makes similar biographies very delightful.

'THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE, edited by Leitch Ritchie. Vol. XI. *The Sea Wolf*.'—Parts of this romance are fully as amusing as anything we have looked into for a long time: we are not sure, however, that its author will be satisfied with giving pleasure of this kind, as he may have written them in serious earnest; but his manner of treating the sorrows of a young lady, when afflicted with one of the crosses which roughen "the course of true love," is something so original that we must extract it for the benefit of our readers:—

"'No tears, my girl!' said Alexander Woodville. 'Virginia wept not when her father stabbed her in the shambles; and Leone of Athens could endure torture itself without a murmur. Go! bring me from the library the panegyric of Lysias on the Greeks who fell at Marathon; and in listening to its glorious pages you shall forget the love of one who is underserving of you.'"

"Go!" at length he said, 'go to your chamber, my girl; and when you can return calm and collected, I will hear; then shall I know that you have triumphed over the poor, miserable passions of humanity. Go! and learn that grief itself is but the shadow of joy departed; and happiness is but a mockery, a delusion, and a lie!'"

"Maria entered the apartment from which her lover had but so recently hurried. She thought to prove to her father, that she was worthy of being the sister of the Gracchi!"

We do not wonder that, after this cold comfort, the fair Maria took pony and galloped off into Myrtledown forest.

The texture of the story is about as much like a fragment from the web of real life, as this passage is like the usual talk of fathers and daughters. The shipping are but queer craft—there is a prophet who is roasted alive in a tower, and none the worse for it—a smuggler, contrived according to the established pattern of such gentry—a lover, who is all but seen to perish, but very properly does not die—and the heroine aforesaid, who rides about in a cap with heron plumes, "and a silver horn suspended under her shoulder by a ribbon embroidered with the same metal, which jingled like the bells of fairies in the breeze." All this may be very delightful, but it is not to our taste; and, after the two last original volumes of Mr. Ritchie's Library, we look forward with great interest to the translation of Spindler's 'Jesuit,' which is promised to appear the next of the series.

'*Consumption Curable*, by Francis D. Ramadge, M.D., F.L.S., &c.'—It would be difficult to follow out Dr. Ramadge's train of reasoning, simply because he has no train and no reasoning. His idea is, that consumption may be cured by providing the patient with a succession of coughs!—and the mode in which these coughs are supposed to be so beneficial is in enlarging or rupturing the fine air-cells of the lungs, by which the volume of these bodies is represented to be so far increased as to ensure a more ready aeration of the blood. The supposition that an emphysematous state of the lungs assists the performance of their function is truly ridiculous. Every one who has ever applied a stethoscope to the chest of a person labouring under this disease, knows that at the affected part the respiratory murmur is generally diminished, and at times totally wanting. How Dr. Ramadge, who constantly refers to his stethoscopical observations, could have overlooked this simple fact, which actually, with unnatural clearness on percussion, &c., goes to constitute the diagnosis of emphysema, appears inconceivable.

We had noted some errors and contradictions



for comment, but, on consideration, the work does not seem to merit it:—any one whom it can deceive is not worthy of being undeceived. We shall merely, as an example, subjoin two sentences, the first of which declares cold to be the cause, the second the cure of consumption:—which does Dr. Ramadge intend we should believe?

"The influence of cold is considerable; and, where a hereditary tendency to consumption exists, or the constitution has been previously debilitated, it most certainly generates pulmonary disease."

"On several occasions, among the in-patients at the Infirmary for Diseases of the Chest, the wards of which are heated in winter so as to imitate a moderate summer temperature, I have dismissed individuals whose consumptive state seemed to be but little relieved; but, owing to their going at once from the warm atmosphere to their own abodes, where, perhaps, some of them were badly secured against the cold, or, indeed, owing perhaps to their imprudent and thoughtless exposure to the open air, they have caught a severe cold of a catarrhal nature; and this, in some having tubercular excavations of recent date, I can assure the reader, has effected a perfect cure."

The reader may doubt Dr. Ramadge's assurance,—we don't.

'Walker on the Physiology of the Iris.'—This is a very sensible and well-digested paper, read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, by Mr. Walker, surgeon to the Eye Infirmary in that town. Some of his facts drawn from comparative anatomy, we feel inclined to question; others we could add confirmatory of his views: thus, is not his conclusion, that "the iris acts in some measure as a defence to the more internal parts of the eye, forming, in fact, an internal eyelid," much strengthened by the fact, that in rays, where there is no external eyelid, a curious membrane grows from the upper edge of the iris, which can be drawn at pleasure, like a blind, so as completely to close the pupil? But we cannot trust ourselves to enter on this subject: we agree in the general correctness of Mr. Walker's views, and recommend his pamphlet, as containing interesting observations and sound reasoning.

'Wright's School Orator.'—The selection of pieces in this volume does little credit to the compiler's taste, and the arrangement still less to his judgment. We should not have noticed the work but for the advertisement prefixed, wherein Mr. Wright speaks of some parliamentary debates subjoined to this edition, as a novel feature in his work. Now these debates are taken without acknowledgment from Walker's 'Elements of Elocution,' and, furthermore, the selection is so bad that they were not worth taking at all.

'Dr. Willcoke's System of Calculation.'—There is nothing absolutely new in this system, but there is considerable skill shown in selecting and applying old rules to simplify and abbreviate arithmetical calculations. Forty-two pages of testimonials, from parents and heads of schools, attest that the system has been found to work well.

'McCall's Satires and Epistles of Horace.'—The editor has made a judicious selection from the best commentators, and compressed into a brief space the substance of many long and tedious dissertations. His own elucidations of difficult passages display great learning and sound judgment; care has been taken to secure an accurate text, and, altogether, we can recommend this as the best school edition of Horace with which we are acquainted. We must not omit to notice the life of Horace, founded on the little hints that he scattered over his works, as an interesting example of the application of incidental testimony.

## LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SPAIN.—By DON A. GALLANO.—Continued from p. 333.

POETRY has been more extensively cultivated in Spain than prose, and with greater success. Indeed, most of the authors whom we have mentioned as prose writers have attempted poetical composition, or, at least, arranged their thoughts in rhyme. And yet the poetry of modern Spain is, for the most part, deficient in vigour and originality. The romantic schools of Germany, France, and Italy, and the school of England, whose disciples have so ably combined romanticism and classicism in their works, have found few proselytes beyond the Pyrenees; and yet the classicism of Spain is not drawn from the pure and fresh well-springs of ancient Greece, nor from the more mixed fountains of ancient Rome, but from that spurious compound where-with the French have filled their cisterns, professing that it was the holy waters of antiquity.

We must give to MELÉNDEZ his place at the head of the Spanish poets of the present day. He is the restorer, the father of modern Castilian poetry—a classic, as Quintana has styled him—and acknowledged to be such abroad, as well as at home. Though his works were, nearly all of them, written in the last century, and only a few, and comparatively trifling effusions, were composed by him during the latter years of his life; still, as the date of his death is very recent, and the influence of his works over Spanish literature universally felt, an examination of his poetical merits necessarily forms part of our present undertaking.

Meléndez began to write poetry shortly after that revolution by which the literary code of France was introduced as the law of Spain. Those who had adopted the tenets of this new school were not only deficient in original inspiration, but even in the command of language, and the mechanism of verse: they had totally lost sight of the poetry—nay, even of the idiom, of their own native tongue. It was time that something of a national spirit should be infused into the compositions of the new school. DON VICENTE GARCÍA DE LA HUERTA, a patriotic Spaniard, instead of doing this, had attempted to revive the ancient poetry of Spain, with all its faults, and some of its beauties; but, unfortunately, in his anxiety to destroy foreign influence, he also declared war against all innovation, and, of course, against all improvement. The disciples of the philosophical school of poets entered the lists, and very boldly, against Huerta, and Meléndez was of their number.

A new, and, in some respects, better path, though still a wrong one, had been chosen by another poet, FR. DIEGO GONZÁLEZ. He became a close imitator of FR. LEIS DE LOYA, one of the best of the old Spanish poets; but he was not gifted with the genius of his great original, and, like all other imitators, he merely produced copies of the outward form of his model.

DON JOSE CADAHALSO, and DON GABRIEL MELCÓR DE JOVELLANOS, attempted to found a new school, which should combine the spirit of the ancient Spanish writers and the opinions of the French. It is to them that Meléndez declares himself indebted for those principles of composition which he followed, and which have been adopted by the Spanish poets, who look up to him as a master spirit. But Cadahalso was more able to point out the true path than to walk in it, for he was, at best, a feeble writer. Jovellanos made himself eminent by two satires, written in close imitation of Juvenal, and possessing all the beauties and defects of his model, but these were his only happy compositions in poetry; his lyrical and dramatic works, whatever his admirers may say, being decided failures. Meléndez had more poetical talent than either of the two: he cannot, however, be said to have possessed genius.

Instead of servilely following in the track of French writers, Meléndez made it his study not only to revive the language, and some of the outward forms, of ancient Spanish poetry, but to infuse into it modern thoughts, and adapt it to the rules of French criticism. He was gifted with a fine ear and a feeling heart, and wrote with great facility. He is, undoubtedly, a master of the mechanism of verse; his lines flow with ease and beauty, and his rhymes are nearly faultless. He was thoroughly acquainted with the Castilian language, and enriched it with several new phrases, and even words. In his endeavours to create a poetical dialect, or rather, to continue and perfect the labours of Herrera, directed to that end, he made use of an antiquated phraseology, and brought many obsolete words into common use; whilst, on the other hand, he did not scruple (when it suited his purpose) to use French and Italian idioms, and to coin new, and, for the most part, high-sounding epithets.

The imagination of Meléndez was naturally poor; nor were his opinions on poetry in general likely to enrich it. He lived at that epoch so fatal to the poetry of Europe, when Goethe was in his noon of fame—when Hayley flourished in England, Delille in France, and Metastasio in Italy. These, and others of a like character, he regarded as his models, and he imbibed from his own countrymen that mania which induced them (with scarcely one exception) to write pætonics, or, in other words, to translate and amplify the eclogues of Virgil.

Ballads (*romances*) are the true national poetry of Spain, and Meléndez was right in cultivating that class of composition, but wrong in making choice of the pastoral instead of the chivalrous style, and in taming himself down to the level of Geomer and Delille.

Few of the poems of Meléndez can stand the test of a translation. Yet, in the original, they read well, and give pleasure. This fact is sufficient to characterize his poetry, the beauty of which lies in its smoothness and fluency, rather than in other and higher qualities. This also accounts for the small estimation in which it is held by foreign critics: M. Sismondi, indeed, has gone the length of classing Meléndez with Huerta and a few more mediocre poets, a sentence which has scandalized Spanish readers, and which they have attributed to the historian's ignorance of the language and literature, of which he had ventured to write a history. But, though we cannot acquit Sismondi of a charge which is too well founded, we must admit that, in this case, his judgment was only partially influenced by his imperfect acquaintance with his subject. It is true, that he could neither feel nor appreciate the idiomatic and rhythmical beauties in the poems of Meléndez, but he knew sufficient of the nature of poetry to discover that their author did not possess those high gifts which are characteristic of all the "mighty men of song."

It is to his Anacreontics that Meléndez owes his great fame; yet, of these, it has been justly observed by a Spanish critic, that they have more of the descriptive and pastoral spirit than of Anacreontic inspiration. The Greek bard is merely the poet of sensual enjoyment in its grossest form: he has no eyes for inanimate nature—he delights not to roam through quiet fields, inhaling the fresh air of heaven, but to luxuriate in the banquet-room, with its perfumed atmosphere, its noise, and its revelry; and to sing as he sung, the poet of modern days must be a man of city pleasure. Such was not Meléndez; he had fine feeling, and, though his love of rural beauty and rural innocence was somewhat fictitious, and gathered from books, it had become to him a second nature; if he was

not a descriptive poet, he aimed at being one, and such he appears in his elegies—in his Anacreontics—and in his ballads. He was well qualified for all these styles of composition by the easy flow and sweetness of his verse, which we have already noticed and commended: his imagery, too, is always pleasing. The great command of words which he possessed, enabled him to enrich his poems with many descriptions, metaphors, and comparisons; and, though these were but rarely new, and not always appropriate, they are, for the most part, vivid and pleasing, and always beautifully expressed.

For a higher order of lyric poetry than the above, Meléndez has received praise, but with less reason, and also, from a very small number of critics, even among his own countrymen. His philosophical odes are bombastic and commonplace. His celebrated Ode to the Fine Arts abounds in false enthusiasm; he tells us gravely that he is carried away by a vehement inspiration, and compares himself to the bird of Jove, soaring above the clouds, but he appears to the reader quietly sitting at his desk, patiently rounding his periods—a fault common in Meléndez, as in most modern Spanish authors, and as it was and is with the self-styled French *classiques*: they become enthusiastic at the precise moment when their literary statutes enact that they should be so, and declare that they are raving, when they are not so much as warmed by their subject.

In his attempt to write an epic poem, Meléndez was very unsuccessful. His 'Caída de Luzbel,' (Fall of Lucifer,) is, without exception, the worst of all his works; even his powers of versification seem on this occasion to have deserted him.

This father of modern Spanish poetry was not silent, when nearly all the rest of his brethren in song, (most of them his friends and followers,) broke forth in full chorus to rouse and to encourage the nation in its resistance to Bonaparte; he published two short poems, in the form of ballads, under the title of 'Alarmas Españolas,' but they were tame and spiritless, and inferior not only to his own former productions, but even to most of those written on the same exciting occasion, by comparatively obscure persons. But soon after the publication of these, he accepted a situation under the government of Joseph Napoleon; more, indeed, from fear of the consequences of refusal, than of free will. He was involved in the fall and proscription of his party, and died in exile in the south of France, where he rests in an obscure grave, side by side with other illustrious Spaniards, who, like himself, were victims of political persecution, though in a different cause.

In the preface to a collection of his poems, Meléndez, with a mixture of modesty and vanity, proclaimed himself the founder of a new school, to which he, as a mere *amateur*, pointed out the path, which more illustrious men were then treading, and which was sure to conduct them to eminence. Of these he named three—Don Leandro Fernandez de Moratin, Don Nicasio Alvarez de Cienfuegos, and Don Manuel José Quintana.

The first is, however, most famous for his success in a path, along which Meléndez could not have led him; he stands at the head of the comic poets of modern Spain. After having been recalled from exile, into which he had been driven as a follower of the French usurper, he left his country a second time, and made France his voluntary, as it had been before, his compulsory abode. He died in Paris, where his admiring countrymen have placed his tomb by the side of the monument erected to Molière in the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

The claims of Moratin to great eminence have been peremptorily denied in an English publication (*the Foreign Quarterly Review*), and as

stoutly maintained and overrated in a rival periodical (*the Foreign Review*). An impartial and well-informed reader will discover, in the first-mentioned article, the hand of a foreign critic, very imperfectly acquainted with the literature and manners of Spain, though possessed of sound taste, and extensive knowledge of poetry in general; whilst, in the second, he will detect the feelings of a modern Spaniard carried away by his patriotic prejudices, and strictly adhering to the doctrines of that school (mis-called classical) to which both he and the object of his admiration belonged.

In this dispute the truth lies, as it often, but not *always* does, between the two extremes. Moratin, though he has not equalled the greatest dramatists of other countries, perhaps not even those of ancient Spain, has no common merit, and rises considerably above the level of most modern writers of comedy.

He has been attacked, by this same severe critic, and we think with justice, for his opinions of comic poetry, as set forth in the preface to the Paris edition of his works. And yet his principles are neither more nor less than these acknowledged and followed by all the French critics and writers of the classical school. A tale, illustrating a moral—some imitation of nature—passions and qualities embodied in their general, rather than their individual forms, in the *dramatic persona*—such is Moratin's theory—such also his practice. The author who lives under the authority of, and writes in obedience to such laws, can never soar into the higher regions of poetry; he is either ignorant of its existence, or denies its reality—the creation of ideal beings would seem to him impossible and absurd. Yet it was in Spain that Don Quixote was created, a character which, so far from being a generalization, or the personification of some abstraction, is a man, whose existence has all the appearance of reality, because he is brought before us by those thousand minute touches of individual character, which distinguish our acquaintances of every-day life one from the other.

To create such a being or beings, was not the point at which Moratin aimed; and it was, moreover, a point above the reach of his powers. He portrayed with great accuracy and vivacity the manners and the forms of Spanish society: and, considered in this point of view, there is much to admire in his characters. His Don Roque, and Muñoz, in the 'Viejo y la Niña,' are true to nature, and to the manners of his nation. All the characters of his 'Comedia Nueva' are entitled to no less commendation, both those which are known portraits of individuals, as well as those which are specimens of the different classes peopling the Spanish metropolis. His Doña Clara, the heroine of his 'Mogigata,' is, however, a complete failure; he had before his eyes 'Le Tartuffe,' and Calderon's Doña Clara, in his comedy 'Guardate del agua mansa,' ('Beware of smooth water,') and, in his endeavours, while he borrowed from them, to add something of his own, he became completely bewildered. The two brothers are a copy of the pair in Molière's 'Ecole des Maris,'<sup>†</sup> nay, some of their very speeches are translated thence; but the characters of Don Claudio and his servant, and the servant at the nursery, are capably drawn. Doña Irene, Don Diego, and the girl, Doña Francisca, in 'El Si de las Niñas,' possess great merit as delineations of character; but the Lieutenant-Colonel, Don Carlos, is a piece of flagrant absurdity, and might pass for the portrait of a raw school-boy, enjoying the freedom and riot of a holiday.

Another great fault with which this dramatist may be charged, is barrenness of imagination. His plots are meagre, uninteresting, and,

<sup>†</sup> It is almost needless to remind the reader, that these two characters are themselves imitated and translated from the 'Adephi,' of Terence.

in fact, hardly deserve the name. Hence, his comedies are but clever dialogues. Where he does attempt a story, he is too fond of borrowing instead of inventing; and the 'Mogigata' is compounded from 'Le Tartuffe,' 'L'Ecole des Maris,' and the winding-up of 'L'Avare.' A deficiency of perception and feeling also accompanies this barrenness of imagination: hence it is that his genteel characters are badly delineated—they are all of them chargeable with vulgarity, if not coarseness; and his scenes of passion are no less miserably defective. Yet he could occasionally rise to pathos. In 'El Si de las Niñas,' some scenes in the third act, particularly the one between Don Diego and Doña Francisca, contain many touches of tenderness.

But Moratin's comedies possess one charm, which more than atones for all their deficiencies—the charm of a spirited and natural dialogue. In many other plays, the characters appear to speak as out of a book—in Moratin's they talk from the impulse of the moment. The idiomatic style of Spanish conversation, with its frequently interspersed proverbs, is rendered faithfully and vividly in his comedies; and this facility and ease, so difficult to attain, is his chief merit, and is not confined to his prose works. Three of the five comedies which he has left are written in verse, and that half rhyme, peculiar to the Spaniards, which they call *asonante*. But the trammels of this measure in no wise shackle him. He preserves throughout the same easy style and colloquial idiom; and, whilst his versification is correct and nervous, there is nothing in it which might not also be said in familiar prose. Moratin has also occasionally some brilliant flashes of wit; but his writings generally are more remarkable for humour—and that, Spanish humour.

It is these merits that have insured to his dramatic compositions the applause and the admiration of his countrymen. They recognize in them a vivid and faithful picture of Spanish manners—they relish all the jokes, and are alive to the beauties of style, by which they are embellished and pointed. It was Moratin's ambition, as he has declared, to dress comedy in *basquina y mantilla* (the walking dress of the Spanish ladies); and he may well boast (as indeed he does) of having completely succeeded. It is no wonder that his countrymen are delighted with his muse, so nationally attired, and wearing not only the costume, but after the very fashion, of the Spanish women. An author may be raised into temporary fame by the caprices of fashion; but the popularity of Moratin among the Spaniards is not of that fleeting and insecure character: his comedies make the spectators laugh heartily and aloud.

Without, then, going the lengths to which some of this author's admirers have allowed themselves to be carried by their admiration of his genius, we may unhesitatingly number his comedies among the most remarkable productions of modern Spanish poets.

This author has also attempted lyrical and satirical poetry; but he does not rise in either above the level of successful mediocrity. He is correct—his language is sometimes nervous—his versification smooth and sonorous—his idiom pure—but these are all his merits. There is, however, a feeling and pathos in his lines upon the death of Don José Antonio Conde, which render them something superior to the rest of his compositions; and his sonnet upon the death of Meléndez is worthy of notice for its warm and indignant feeling, excited by the fate of the subject of his verse, whom political persecution consigned to a grave in a foreign land. Some of his satires, too, may be commended for a few spirited lines.

Moratin did not altogether confine himself to original composition: he published two good translations from Molière, but in attempting to

render a work of a higher order, he failed signally. This was Hamlet; and perhaps the bold attempt, and its failure, will always prevent him from being popular among the English, in whom the just and enthusiastic admiration with which they regard Shakspeare, is not untinged with bigotry. The critic in the *Foreign Quarterly*, already mentioned, was right when he said that Shakspeare was a sealed book to Moratin. The Spanish dramatist not only lacked the power to comprehend poetry of the highest and most imaginative order, such as is the Bard of Avon's, but he was deficient in a translator's first requisite, a competent knowledge of the language of his original. Moratin's vanity, which was excessive, deluded him into the belief that he was an English scholar because he could translate a few sentences, and yet his ignorance was so great, that he confounded *causes* with *canons*, and railed at Shakspeare for his anachronism in introducing artillery into a fable of such old times. The fact is, that the Spaniard had been introduced to the English poet by Voltaire, and it was by his intervention, faithless interpreter as he was, that they had communed together. The ironical translation of Julius Cæsar, which the facetious Frenchman had appended to his commentaries upon Corneille, was obviously the model chosen for imitation by Moratin.

Moratin was also known to have written a History of the Spanish Stage, a work to which both he himself and the public attached great importance: in fact, a judgment passed upon the numerous dramatic works of Spanish authors, by one who was himself considered their first living dramatist, was sure to excite much interest. Though the author modelled his own compositions upon the principles of the French and Latin schools, he professed the profoundest admiration and respect for the old Spanish dramatists—nay, he went so far as to say that their ravings were preferable to the sense of his own contemporary pseudo-poets!—And yet, notwithstanding this absurd sentence, (which told, however, in favour of the ancient worthies,) the theories respecting comedy which were developed by Moratin were diametrically opposed to those upon which were formed the very plays he professed to admire; while the faults which he condemned in living authors, were borrowed from the ancient fathers of the drama. How he was to reconcile these contradictions, and combine them into a consistent criticism, became a matter of curious expectation. Moratin, however, demanded so exorbitant a price for the copyright of his work, that no bookseller would venture to purchase it; and he died while yet bargaining about its sale. On his death the Spanish government bought the manuscript, and it has since been published, to the great disappointment of the public; for it only treats of dramatic composition before the time of Lope de Vega, that is to say, stops short at the palmy days of the Spanish theatre. It contains, too, more erudition than criticism, and, though calculated to amuse and instruct the bibliographer, it can hardly interest the general reader; and even the erudition is defective; for, while it contains long extracts from works little or not at all known, belonging to the days of the ancient drama, it passes over, without note or comment, many interesting works of the same period,—a proof that its author was either ignorant of their existence, or careless and inaccurate.

The second, named by Melendez as one of his chief disciples, Don NICASIO ALVAREZ DE CIENFUEGOS, is a writer whose fame has sunk as low as it once stood high. He was extolled by injudicious friends for qualities which he did not possess—his eccentricities were praised as uncontrollable flights of genius, while they arose from the poverty, and not the exuberance, of his imagination—were the convulsions of weakness, rather than the sportiveness of super-

abundant strength. This judgment, we confess, directly contradicts the opinion generally held in Spain, not only by the eulogizers of Cienfuegos, but even by those who, while they condemn his style, do not trace its faults to the source here pointed out—yet we hope and believe that the justice of such a judgment will be acknowledged by the clear-sighted critic, who is able, in his examination of works of art and genius, to distinguish between real and factitious enthusiasm.

Cienfuegos was an honest and upright man, who thought correctly, and had embraced a philosophy whose principle was benevolence. He devoted his pen to its support, and, what is of yet greater honour to him, sacrificed his life to his liberal patriotism. But his feelings, though honourable and sincere, and even to a degree warm, could not, acting upon a frigid temperament and a sluggish imagination, either embody themselves in appropriate images or effusions of genuine and natural pathos; hence it was, that, in his wish to be energetic, he became extravagant. He was like the dumb man, who, unable to express his thoughts like his fellows, has recourse to vehement peticulation to supply his deficiency of speech. He carried the affected phraseology of Melendez to the utmost lengths. The dialect which he thought poetical is no better than an unmeaning mixture of quaint phrases, obsolete words, gallicisms, new-coined idioms, and far-fetched epithets.

He delighted in that style of poetry which deals largely in personification, and by which a poem is made something like a gallery of statues, or rather, as has been said, with as much severity as justice, of wax-work figures. In his short poem, 'La Escuela del Sepulcro,' Eternity is represented as a gigantic being, sitting on the brow of a precipice, and casting down centuries into the abyss.—Man as walking in the path of life, and finding himself suddenly waylaid by Death; and the tomb of Alexander is apostrophized and reproached for hiding itself, and not saying, "Here I am!" But in none of his works has his false enthusiasm risen to such a height as in the two poems called 'Spring' and 'Autumn,' in which he raves of the beauties of Swiss nature and Swiss manners, though he knew them only by description, and had seldom lost sight of the church steeples of Madrid—and indulges in the festivities of the vintage to such an impossible excess, as makes the reader naturally suspect him of being a water-drinker in disguise, who would fain ape the joviality of a boon companion. A mawkish sentimentality is a common fault with this author; and this naturally flowed from his false principles of taste. The occasional puerility with which Wordsworth has been justly reproached, but which is so amply redeemed by great beauties, is often found in the works of this Spanish poet, in close contrast with extravagant bombast.

But it cannot be denied, that, with all these great faults, the poetry of Cienfuegos has its beauties. Sometimes, though not often, his extravagance becomes genuine energy, sometimes his imagery is grand and original; and his good feeling, when by chance he expresses it happily, must strike the reader favourably. These redeeming merits (though of rare occurrence) may, in some measure, account for the indulgence and partiality with which he has been regarded by several of his countrymen.

Cienfuegos wrote and published four tragedies. A critic before mentioned, (the translator of Blair's Lectures,) notwithstanding the frequent severity (though almost as frequent justice) of his judgments upon Spanish poetry, has shown an unaccountable lenity in the sentences which he has passed upon these dramas:—"Posterity," says he, "will assign their proper place to the tragedies of Don Nicasio Alvarez de Cienfuegos, the first of our authors who has given a proper

style and tone of colouring to this species of composition." The judgment of posterity has been passed, and, far from being confirmatory of so favourable an opinion, has consigned these dramas to oblivion. The reader may search them in vain for delineation of character, or display of passion. They combine the frigid regularity and lifeless repose of the classical, with the worst faults of the pseudo-romantic school; and not even the indulgence of the Spanish public has permitted their being acted. Cienfuegos has also written a short comedy, 'Las Hermanas Generosas,' (The Generous Sisters,) which is even inferior to his tragedies.

We have already said that, as a man, the poet bore a high character. He possessed an extensive knowledge of that Castilian language which he wrote so badly, and has left behind him a very respectable work upon Spanish Synonyms. It has too been admitted, that though engaged in a wrong cause, he proved more than a match for Capmany. The end of his life was most honourable to him. Notwithstanding his admiration of French principles, and his well-known aversion to civil and religious tyranny, he could not see the regenerators of Spain in the followers of Napoleon, and in consequence of his manfully asserting the national independence, he was brought before Murat, then commanding the imperial forces in Spain, and threatened with being shot; but he escaped this danger, without, however, purchasing his life by mean submission, and, when the French entered Madrid a second time, under the command of Napoleon himself, he was marked for persecution, imprisoned, and, without a trial, sent to exile and confinement in France. The tyrannical injustice of this proceeding was aggravated by the ill usage which he experienced from his jailors. Being already in a bad state of health, he sunk under this harsh treatment, and died soon after his arrival in the south of France, a district thickly studded with the tombs of Spanish authors. There, according to the beautiful image of a brother poet, the nymph of the conquered Adour† vainly strives, by her prayers, to appease the patriotic Spaniard's inexorable shade—

Alto la Ninfa del Adur vencido  
Quiere aplacar con ruegos,  
La inexorable sombra de Cienfuegos.

We have already made mention of Don MAURICIO JOSE QUINTANA in the preceding pages, when we discussed his merits as a prose writer. But, though we praised him highly in that capacity, it is as a poet that his name ranks highest in the catalogue of Spanish authors; and his superiority—we might say his supremacy—has been acknowledged by the numerous voices that have hailed him as the master-spirit presiding over modern Spanish literature. Yet even his claim to this high honour has been stoutly disputed by a rebel band, who have not only refused to recognize his rank, but altogether denied his possession of the attributes of a poet. This latter injustice has been provoked by the real faults with which his verses abound, and arises partly from that error of judgment which attaches more importance to the mechanical than the mental in poetical composition.

Nor can it be denied that Quintana labours under some disadvantages as a versifier. He possesses no great command of language; and, when he writes in rhyme, obviously feels it as a fetter, and uses difficult and far-fetched terminations. His idiom is tainted with gallicism, and his peculiar phraseology, occasionally bordering upon the bombastic, often wears the appearance of much labour. He seems to suffer from a scarcity of words, and hence some of his epithets have been complained of, and with justice, as being singularly infelicitous. All these are undoubtedly serious faults, and, if they could be

† In allusion to the battle of Toulouse.



charged universally upon Quintana's works, would certainly deprive him of his title to bear the name of poet, notwithstanding the intensity of his feeling, in itself no small qualification:—but though Quintana has written bad verses, he has also given birth to some of uncommon beauty; and, as he often falls below his own master, Melendez, so does he also often rise above him.

But Quintana possesses that in which his predecessor was deficient—a fund of poetical inspiration. He fancied himself expressly called to become the apostle of liberty, patriotism, and intelligence, among his fellow-citizens; and it was under the impression of these feelings that he became eminent as a poet. Though living under an absolute and despotic government, he courageously alluded to the degradation of his own beloved country, to the inglorious events of the war in the Pyrenees against the French republic, to the disasters of the maritime war with England, which followed, and was the condition of, the peace with France. He had the boldness to describe the Spanish armies as “trembling at the sound of war,” and a Spanish squadron put to flight by the British fleet; and then, in a burst of feeling, he compared such an inglorious present with the brave ancient days of Spain; and whilst he remembered that this spot upon her honour was but of recent date, and that in times of old she was renowned for her patriotism and valour, he lamented that he was not born during that bright period. In the same spirit does he treat of the invention of printing, and regards with enthusiasm the consequences that must follow so important a discovery—the downfall of tyranny and superstition. To think of the sea, which, in youth, and even manhood, Quintana had never seen, (having been born in an inland province,) raised within him great interest and curiosity: his imagination (to use his own words) was kindled with a long-lingering desire to see the ocean—

Que ardía mi fantasía  
En ansia de admirar.

To gratify so strong a passion, he undertook a journey from Madrid to Cadiz; a great effort for a quiet and sedate Spaniard, in the days when travelling, a thing made so common by recent revolutions, formed no part of the habits of his life; unless some important business made it unavoidable. Upon the sandy beach of Cadiz, Quintana poured forth his Ode to the Sea, the beginning of which is indeed beautiful, and bears the mark of genuine enthusiasm. But his favourite and predominant cast of thought did not desert him, even in the animation of the moment. He looked upon the ocean, and the boundless improvements to be wrought by navigation occurred to him; and he poured forth an indignant anathema against war, as obstructing its progress, and with it, the progress of civilization.

But though the poet thus inveighed against war, he could not avoid regarding it as a necessary evil, under the circumstances of his own time. His feelings were those of a patriot; he exulted in the glories, and bewailed the reverses, and thought his fate bound up in the fate of his native land. The Battle of Trafalgar had been a great national calamity, yet though they had lost all else, the Spaniards had not lost their honour, for they had fought gallantly. There was something peculiarly spirit-stirring in that great action, fought in sight of the chief maritime town of Spain, in which the greatest of the British heroes of his time fell in the moment of victory: there was something very striking in the terrible storm which followed the engagement, and strewn the shores with the victims of the elements, as well as of human warfare. That event was sung, with little exception, by all the poets of Spain: and some of them, strange as it may seem, were so misled by national pre-

judice, as to regard it in the light of an occurrence which was to put an end to the power of England on the sea. Such, however, was not Quintana's view of the subject, in his much admired ode on the Battle of Trafalgar. He beheld that spot as the Canoe of Spain, and besought his countrymen to show as much fortitude as the ancient Romans had exhibited under the pressure of no less unfortunate reverses; and his lament for the loss of two officers of the Spanish navy, Don Dionisio Alcalá Galiano, and Don Cosme Churruarín, both of whom were celebrated for their astronomical knowledge, is a fine burst of manly and patriotic sorrow.

When the insurrection of the Spaniards against Napoleon, in the year 1808 took place, Quintana was found at his post, a stout-hearted defender of the honour and independence of his country. His labours (some of them official) as a prose writer, in the cause of exciting his countrymen to resistance, have been spoken of heretofore; his two odes bearing the title of ‘España libre,’ burn with the spirit of patriotism, and abound with those beauties of feeling, which are his highest merits as a poet.

He then published three other short productions, which he had written long before this time; his poem upon the expedition to South America, for the propagation of vaccine inoculation, his ode to Juan Padilla, and his ‘Pantem del Eacurial.’ His ode on the invention of printing, was also published as it had been originally composed; for, under the sway of the inquisition and despotic power, it had been necessarily shorn of many important passages, and given to the world in an emaculated state. These four poems, together with two addressed to liberated Spain, already mentioned, appeared under the name of Patriotic Poems.

In giving so detailed an account of these compositions, it has been our object to exhibit to our readers, the causes and characteristics of the merits of Quintana's poetry, for it is only when he treats of subjects which kindle his own peculiar inspiration, that he is entitled to much notice, or to high praise. His few amatory compositions are lifeless and wearisome.

Quintana has written two tragedies, which are even yet acted, and received with approbation. But they possess little, if any, dramatic merit, and are thoroughly French in their style. ‘El Duque de Visco,’ the first of these, contains some beautiful and spirited lines, and the description of a dream, which is more poetical than dramatic; but these can hardly compensate for the want of a good plot and interesting fable, of characters vividly delineated, and of passions faithfully expressed. His second tragedy, ‘Pelayo,’ ranks somewhat higher: it was upon a subject in which the author delighted. The successful stand made by this half-fabulous person against the Arabs, those temporary invaders and conquerors of Spain, is the subject of one of the most popular traditions current among the Spaniards, who revere in Pelayo the restorer of their national independence, and the founder of the Spanish monarchy which followed the Gothic. This tragedy, as might be expected, is little more than one of Quintana's patriotic odes in dialogue. It teems with national enthusiasm, and abounds with spirited lines. The versification of some passages is admirable, the plot is good, and yet it gives pleasure as a poem, rather than as a drama. Our sympathies are not excited—we listen with pleasure and approbation, but we neither shudder nor weep over its scenes. The author himself appears in all his characters; in fact, he was singularly disqualified for attaining to eminence as a dramatist.

Quintana has passed through the trouble and misfortune which have attended nearly all the literary men of Spain, now living. Although he neither sat in the Cortes, nor formed

part of the constitutional administration, he was considered to stand at the head of the Spanish liberals; and was accordingly subjected to persecution in the year 1814. During the second revolution (from 1820 to 1823), he carefully abstained from taking an active part in passing events, nor did he even as a writer assist in exciting or allaying the popular ferment. He avoided the dire necessity of becoming an exile by this caution; he remained in Spain unmolested, though deprived of office, and passed many years in obscurity and absolute poverty. At last, the government remembered him. To afford him the means of subsistence, a place of no importance was created, but with a singular condition: the King of Spain was on the point of marrying a fourth wife, and a third Queen, and he signified his royal pleasure that Quintana should write a poem upon so joyful an event. It had been the boast of the patriotic author, that he had never written a line in praise of the existing powers; but his circumstances now compelled him to renounce so honourable a distinction. But he was never very happy in composition, when he abandoned his own peculiar path, and there was nothing in the marriage, or in the bride, or in the bridegroom, which offered a subject for poetry. He fulfilled his task however, and a curious production was the result. It was prefaced by an address in verse to his Majesty, in which he may be said to have entered a protest against the compulsion of which he was the victim. “The King,” says the poet, “willed it—and how could a man broken down by years and afflictions resist?” This singular language did not excite any displeasure on the part of the monarch; and, under a government little disposed to tolerate opposition, the protest was printed along with the poem. But the feebleness of the composition itself, was its author's best protest: our respect for Quintana forbids us to say more. It has been asserted that his ode was the best of all those written upon the subject, and it is not in our power to contradict the assertion, as the other poems have never fallen in our way; but if it be true, their merits must be small indeed.

While these three last-named poets shared in the fame of Melendez, their still living master—Don JUAN BAPTISTA ARRIAZA, rendered himself conspicuous among another party; and contended for supremacy in Spanish poetry.

This prolific writer possessed a brilliant imagination, but he is chiefly remarkable for his wit; and his humour also is abundant. He composed with great facility, had entire command of the resources of versification—but was totally without feeling.

It was Arriaza's misfortune to have begun to write before he had begun to read. This, indeed, might not have been an obstacle to his becoming a great poet, had his own genius been of a different stamp, or had the circumstances under which he began to compose, been such as have favoured rather than retarded the development of genius in the uneducated. But Arriaza was not uneducated. He had not felt the strong inward breathings of inspiration in the seclusion of the fields—nor in that humble condition of life, where the disparity between the external estate of the man, and his internal aspirations only throws him back upon himself the more strongly to commune with the spirit which labours within his bosom. He was bred in the world. He was an officer in the army, afterwards in the navy—and had partaken of the gaieties of social life. His wit, rather than his sensibility, led him to write poetry—his first effusions therefore, were merely of the kind which the French call *vers de société*, and the traces of this false style are perceptible in all his after compositions.

Arriaza is justly celebrated for his satirical works. In these, he is keen and merciless, witty,

humorous and coarse. Few, if any, of his contemporaries have escaped his lash; nor have foreign poets been spared; for whilst he has been severe upon some translators from the French, he has not contented himself with noticing the defects of their versions, but he has carried his hostility against their originals also. Two French tragedies, 'La Mort d'Abel,' by Segouré, and 'Les Venitiens,' by M. Arnauld, the French Academician, had been translated into Spanish, the first of them beautifully rendered by Don Antonio Saviñón, the second as wretchedly by Don Teodoro la Calle; both had been received with extraordinary applause, which must be partly ascribed to the great talent displayed by Isidoro Maiztegui, a Spanish actor, who performed in them. Arriaza's anger was kindled by their success, for his ill-nature (as has been observed by Saviñón,) was notorious—he hated dramatic poets, because he himself could not write dramas; and poets of every other class, because he considered them as rivals. His two satires upon these two plays, display much wit and poetical power—though the one upon 'Les Venitiens,' is infinitely the superior. The author appears overflowing with patriotic indignation, at the bad taste of Spanish writers and Spanish audiences, in having abandoned the ancient plays of Lope and Moreto, for French fables—and yet, in this same composition, the critic cites Racine as the best model of a tragic author, and not only praises his 'Phedre' and his 'Andromaque,' but even his 'Berenice,' the feebleness of which is admitted by French critics themselves!—a proof that Arriaza's notions were somewhat vague and confused, and that after all, there is more heat than light in his patriotic fire.

Upon those two occasions, which have been already mentioned as affording a theme to the Spanish muse, (the Battle of Trafalgar and the Insurrection of 1808,) this poet lifted up his voice with great credit to himself. His ode upon the engagement off Trafalgar, is not equal to Quintana's, but in his poem 'La Profecía del Pirineo,' there are beauties of which his poetry affords us no other specimen. It is a curious fact, that he published this composition anonymously, and, that though his style was well known to the Spanish critics, no one suspected him of being the writer, although there was much speculation as to the real parentage of the work. It is an imitation of Fr. Luis de Leon's famous 'Profecía del Tajo'—and a masterly imitation. The grand image of Napoleon standing upon the Pyrenees, and looking down triumphantly on Spain, with eyes beaming with anger and perfidy, and the no less splendid conception of the figure, which rises to upbraid him with his crimes, and to denounce defeat upon his ambitious enterprise, are worthy to be ranked among the highest imaginations of poetry. The entire ode is full of striking beauties—not unmixed, however, with some witticisms and trifling images inconsistent with the stern grandeur of its general style.

This composition, though it is Arriaza's happiest patriotic effusion, is not his only one: his pen was constantly devoted to the task of encouraging his countrymen to assert the independence and honour of Spain. Many spirited hymns composed by him, and united to appropriate music, were the popular songs of the Spaniards during the last war. He also wrote many sonnets upon the same subject—one of which, addressed to the Duke of Wellington, to compliment him on his victory at Vittoria may be mentioned in illustration of his want of taste. It concludes with a play upon words—

*¡Jamás le vencedor de vencedores  
Y su triunfo Victoria de Vittoria.*

The amatory verses of this poet are pleasing, but they are more the language of gallantry than of real passion. He is blind to natural beauties and sentiments. His imagination never

breaks away from crowded assemblies; there he was applauded, and thence he derived his inspiration. Even in his patriotic poetry there is more of spleen and anger against the enemy than of generous indignation.

Arriaza has written little since the Peninsular war. He has, however, paid a tribute of flattery to Ferdinand, though he had done the same before to Ferdinand's enemy and persecutor, Godoy. He also published an Ode to commemorate the triumph of the French over Spain, called, 'The Restoration of 1823.' All these works, however, show great decay in his mental powers, and yet, on one occasion, he bursts forth with an energy worthy of his best days. In the year 1820, soon after the revolution which restored the Spanish constitution of 1812, Don Luis de Onís, a diplomatist, was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary of Spain at the court of Naples. This gentleman's friends met together at a banquet to compliment him upon his nomination. Amongst the company was Arriaza: his talent of improvisation was well known, and he was requested to employ it, taking for subject the occasion which had assembled the party; he complied, and gave utterance to one of his happiest and most spirited effusions. Though he had never been a friend of free institutions, nor, to do him justice, had he ever concealed his dislike of the constitutionalists, when they were the lords of the ascendant, yet, on this occasion, the whim seized him to sing in praise of liberty. He represented the Spanish diplomatist as the apostle of free or revolutionary principles, about to announce to degraded Naples the restoration of Spanish freedom, and like Tyrtæus, to excite the Neapolitan Muse, till then only conversant with the strains of servitude, to the noble duty of singing of virtue and her country. This fanciful excursion into the field of politics was followed by a splendid description of Vesuvius, and a comparison of its eruptions with the daring valour of Riego, who had blown up the fabric of Spanish despotism. These verses were printed and praised; their fame reached Naples, and its government shuddered at the thoughts of the approaching danger. The courtly poet was transformed into a fierce Jacobin, whose enthusiasm had so far prevailed over his discretion as to have led him to reveal the revolutionary plot carried on by his own government through the instrumentality of his friend the Ambassador. Don Luis de Onís was in consequence forbidden to enter the Neapolitan territory, and remained at Rome, until an unexpected and unforeseen revolution at Naples, which the Spanish government was far from desiring, since it involved it in great difficulties and dangers, seemed to realize the predictions of the poet, and to corroborate the suspicion that they had their source in something more serious than the accidental inspiration of the convivial board. Arriaza's distress on this occasion, at being thus mistaken for a democrat, was truly comic; and no less so his earnest and indignant disavowal of the principles advocated in his poetical improvisation.

Arriaza did not entirely confine himself to poetry, but his compositions in prose, which are few and short, are of too little value to entitle him to a place among the good prose-writers of modern Spain. He resided for a few months in England, during which time he was paid by the government of his own country to write against Blanco White, who was then engaged on his monthly periodical *El Español*. He showed some humour and wit in this pamphlet warfare, but was by no means a match for his adversary.

[To be continued on the 31st instant.]

# FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, March 31.

*Illustrissimo, colendissimo, ornatissimo Signore.*

Don't expect me, *Illustrissimo*, to give you any account of the Holy Week: were I to describe it as it really was, you would lay all the dulness to me instead of the pantomime. I assure you the fireworks are much better played off by Lady Morgan than at St. Peter's: squibs, and crackers, and sky-rockets, and detonators, from all points, at all moments of her exhibition, make it a sort of literary Catherine-wheel in perpetual scintillation. Her Ladyship sparkles and bounces about at a rate we have no notion of here; her Popes and Cardinals perform their holy scenes of hypocrisy with an *esprit* and an unction which the individuals themselves are as guiltless of as their coach-horses. Indeed, the people too enjoy their religious spectacle with an enthusiasm, a devotion, and a rapture, in her tales,—you will never see them manifest anywhere else; so by all means go to her ladyship's illuminations. Whatever it may once have been, the Vatican is now, notwithstanding its huge hillock of lamps, as dismal as a hulk showing her deadlights, or Vauxhall of a charity evening. The Paschal fireworks at Florence are much more ingenious and animated; for there you have in the middle of the aisle not only illuminations but ropedancing, a dove being let down slantwise, from the dome to the floor, by means of an invisible leading string, like our angels at the playhouse. You must know his Sanctity has shown himself nothing less than a gay deceiver among our countrywomen,—we are quite in a pout—quite flumped with him;—he is a faithless creature. No lamp-lighted cross for our fair infidels to adore—no rout at St. Peter's—no more last days of the Carnival, as he promised—nothing but the "ugly old cupola bedizened with sconces, that every one in the world has seen till they are sick of it." The truth is, I believe, poor Infallibility was in a political perspiration, dreading the Carbonari would have taken this occasion to augment the bonfire; and so he forsook the intended display. We had the Girandola, however, on Adrian's Mole, which certainly outdid the sacred Vauxhall at St. Peter's. 'Twas a mock Vesuvius, in compliment to their Neapolitan Majesties, who were present, and probably thought it a more magnificent eruption than the real. To me it seemed little else than big boys' play, whirling about burnt sticks, and letting off powder-devils.—Rather a thin representation *urbis et orbis* on Holy Thursday, to receive the blessing—in great part soldiers, policemen, and Cardinals' servants. The ceremony of "washing the feet" was indeed a ceremony, his Meekness condescending to pour water out of a golden ewer on the feet of twelve priests, who had all the appearance of having been well scraped and scalded for the occasion; yet in the church around him were no few gentry, I can tell you, to wash whose feet would have been a real penance—one would have thought not a drop of water had visited their bodies since the time of their baptism. Well, he then waited upon the twelve at dinner, this act of humility consisting in the "Servant of Servants" with all due lowliness handing certain devourables to the twelve Apostles (mark how close the primitive type is copied!) on a service of plate and cut glass. There's a picture of apostolical simplicity for you! what a paschal entertainment! The fare comprised a soup, fish, a lamb salad, as well as I could see, and wine-water. This indeed could not be called luxurious—I suspect it was real abstinence to the fraternity. Do not call me bigot for sneering at such things; hypocritical mummery is as disgusting to me in one religion as another; I can only prevent myself feeling hatred towards the mummies by charitably viewing them as ridiculous. The 'Miserere' and old music by Palestrina, (known but little of

across the Alps,) by Allegri, and others, are the sum of all that is truly sacred, and sublime, and appropriate to so solemn an occasion, throughout the whole performance. That these still have part in it, we owe to the Council of Trent (I believe the only good thing we do owe that foolscap assembly); for where the decree does not oblige this noble church music to be introduced, we are sure to have Rossini or some of the canary-bird school instead. Next to fiddles in an organ-loft, I do hold in utter abomination this whiffing, capering, clapping music in a choir. What can be more out of harmony with the place and the presence? what more reminiscent of the opera house, more unbecoming the house of God? To my mind no sounds more impious ever came out of Pandemonium—worse than burning artificial flowers by way of frankincense on an altar—insult, not adoration.—N.B. The Pope and his guards the only male people that wear their hats in church—those Swiss beef-eaters, by the bye, almost as brutal as English, only softened if you can address them in what somebody calls the language of horses.—German.

Wonderfully our national taste in the fine arts seems to be exalted by such crowds of us travelling for improvement into Italy. Contemplating, the other day, at the Rospigliosi palace, Guido's famous 'Aurora' in fresco, a large, breast-buttoned English gentleman, with as much blubber about his cheeks as a whale, and his dry ruddy face so whitened by pomatum as to look like powdered beef, observed to his friend, in the *haw-haw* tone of country justiceship—"Grand defect, sir! grand defect of the picture—cattle without traces! Not nature, sir! cattle never draw without traces! grand defect!"—"This is but an instance, you will say: pardon me—it is a specimen. I have little reason, from my experience, to think the *genus* of English travellers very different from the individual above mentioned, with respect to the arts. Not that I esteem lowly of our English taste; though a little too much given to the sensual in colouring. It is pure enough as to sentiment. That self-same childish satisfaction with the natural, erroneously imagined the summit of art, while it is only the foundation, serves as a good safeguard from the false ideal, pseudo Greek, or frigid French sublime, in painting and sculpture. We have only to refine and elevate our taste, so that it shall no longer set up the hugger-mugger homeliness of a Dutch cabinet-picture (though admirable in its way) as perfection, or a Morland pigstye as the *ne plus ultra* of painting, because it is "so natural"—no longer degrade artists into mere apes of nature, mere living *silhouettes*, to take off her features in little. See how Caravaggio debased the art by his vulgar ambition to please by being a *naturalista*. If we only want to see nature, why view her at second-hand in a piece of canvas or marble? why not look at herself? Portraiture is the lowest department of the arts, and this exaction of the natural would be reducing them in every department to portraiture. Now, every portraiture itself must not have for its sole scope the natural, else it is only fit for handing down prize-pigs and aldermen, farmers' ladies and blood mares, to posterity. The natural is indispensable to every good work of art, though it may be a chimera; but if nothing more than exact imitation were requisite, a lake or a looking-glass were a more highly gifted artist than Raphael or Claude—aye, or Phidias himself. However, I may have a better occasion than the present of expatiating upon the natural and the ideal, which, of a truth, if rightly understood, are the same thing, but very different things if the former be taken in its vulgar acceptance.—Macdonald has obtained so much praise (or, which is equivalent nearly in a Scotchman's opinion—commande,) for his busts, that 't will go near making him a *naturalista*:

let him only allow himself to be hummed addle and flitter-flattered by those blue-bottles and butterflies, he will become as faithful as a bullet-mould, and as famous. Epitaph for a great portrait-maker's tomb, to be inscribed within a wreath or a glory.—Correct to a Pimple. Macdonald's heads are rigorous likenesses: those of Lord and Lady Strathaven, Lord Dalhousie, Hon. Mr. Westmor, Col. Blair, &c., look like casts in marble from the faces themselves. Miss Trotter's head is ideal by nature, and thus accidentally the best, having all the individualism requisite, and much of the central form, as Sir Jos. calls it. Gibson's head is, on the other hand, somewhat idealized by the artist, and unluckily the worst. How hard to combine these two, individualism and idealism, without spoiling one by the other! how hard to hit the due medium between the grovelling realities of bald imitation and the frigid generalities of abstraction! This is the "mean proportional," long the object of theoretic research in the fine arts, and never yet found but by particular trials, as the geometers say, tentatively. Our artist's ideal groups, the 'Girl and Carrier-pigeon,' done for I don't know who, and the 'Father defending his Daughter,' do not seem to possess any particular merit, though a good deal of such as is current. You know my opinions about the hybrid style of sculpture we moderns have begot on the Greek marbles,—between the irresolution of the one parent and the decorum of the other, a half-muddled offspring is the result.—Wolff's 'Thetis with the Armour of Achilles,' exhibits a good deal of talent, I fear two thousand years too late. Had he lived in the *Cerameici* about so long ago, his works might have enjoyed their immortality before this, and perhaps not seen it out yet. Being, however, a native of Gothland, in the nineteenth century, he could scarce expect them to be much more Attic than modern Athens. Thus it is with Thetis—a vision of departed beauty, caught as it glided faint and for an instant through the shadowy alysm of bygone time, before the eye of the dreaming artist. There's a second-sight just as flattering and just as fallacious into the past as into the future. But moralizing apart, the 'Nymph of Diana' is likewise very, very pretty; no other objection to her than to Thetis, viz. that she is not whole caste, neither Old World, nor New World, but both together; and I could never (excuse the prejudice) give my heart to a *mestiza*.—One Mr. Holt, who has taken, I believe, about half Lombardy from the landlord of the Black Eagle, proposes stocking his farm with statues. Wolff furnished a 'Warrior,' and a 'Hunter,' both good as need be, but they too classing under the *mestiza* style of sculpture. I did not take a cast of them in my brain, and therefore can send you no impression.—Tenerum's monument to Lady Northampton must have some peculiar merit, or the Marquess, who is a person of virtue, would hardly be satisfied: whatever it be, it is something so recondit as to elude my penetration.—Thorvaldsen's pupil, *Bien-aimé*, has modelled a Diana; somewhat better than the usual run of Dianas surprised by Acteons, a title in which one would often suspect transposition of terms, the Acteons being much more likely to be surprised by such Dianas.

A certain M. Gegenbauer, has found out the secret of encaustic painting: it has been already, you know, found out a dozen times, and the invention itself found out as often. Notwithstanding all that was done by Requeno in 1780, and others since, we are, I fear, over the eyes in the pit of darkness about it still. Melancholy enough! We now see that oils are but a poor and perishable substitute for wax: our finest historical works can only be preserved by committing them to mosaic, a bad copy in the first place, and a coarse one in the second. But, indeed, M. Gegenbauer's method can scarce be appre-

ciated: he paints in that odious French style, laying on his colours quite *stich*, as a 'pothecary spreads *diaculum* with a spatula, so that they are almost as repulsive. Even his oil works are in the manner which artists called *licked*, and most amateurs lovely. Encaustic painting of no modern kind has, perhaps, been sufficiently practised, at least out of the *diaculum* school, to let us know what its full merits may be, and what pitch of excellence it might attain by cultivation. Devoutly to be wished!—Williams's 'Pontine Marsh,' is nearly done. Of course, the English will take it into their head, that a scene from the Pontine Marshes is like one from a province of horse-ponds. No such thing! Scarce a more Elysian scene in all Italy, as you know, than the neighbourhood of Tarrus: I suppose Nature took the idea of approximating them so from Virgil's Sixth Book, where hell and paradise have not a hair's-breadth gulph between them; unless, perhaps, Virgil for once in his life was a plagiarist. Williams's Marsh is a very clever thing; without much poetry about it, well composed, drawn, and coloured in the golden blue key, now so dexterously used by the artist, that its magic seems mechanical. We have left off the childish practice of painting on a gold ground, but many use the next substitute, painting on an imitation of it. I don't know whether Mr. W. would take it as a compliment, if one were to say, that his pictures have the lightness and skyey effect of water-colours.—Dossoulav, is somewhat of a Williams—colours in the same sunbright key, and composes in a yet less hazardous style of imagination; one tongue of land dovetails with two others across the canvas, *secundum art.*, &c. Williams and he, pupils of what we might call the *école normale* in painting—very different from our Martin, who is such a strange compound of mechanics and imagination; one of his works, like Jacob's ladder, a perspective of straight lines, but with a vision of glory upon them.—Pinnelli makes such a clatter here! Why yes, a pewterer with his eternal *ding ding, tin tin*, is sure to be heard of. For my part, I hate the one almost as much as the other—coarse vigour of elbow and monotony characteristics of both; the former artisan is just as much in his element painting classical subjects, as the latter playing musical-glasses with his hammer.

I agree with you: a good History of Painters much wanted: we have nothing between the pedestrian style of Pilkington, and the nequipedalian of Fuseli. As for Lanzi, he confines himself to the Italian schools, and has besides in his criticisms somewhat the taste of an entomologist; he extazes over a mite, and takes snuff at the view of a megatherion; puckers up his eyes, sucks his lips, giggles before a *Pompeo Battoni*, buttons his breast, and away with a *hem, hum*, from Michael Angelo. Your hint to me on this subject is, *cow rispetto*, mighty absurd; I am altogether unequal to such a task. You know nothing of its difficulty: I just know so much of it, as to know it insurmountable.—A Himalaya to me, blind mole at the bottom! Wherefore doesn't some well-read, well-seen man of judgment and genius, a painter by all means, but by no means too much of an artist, easy enough to be lazy for any work but one of amusement, which he might intermit at pleasure—wherefore does not such a man undertake a Dictionary of the Fine Arts, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, from earliest to latest times? Perhaps it has been done, and I am (all unconsciously!) one of the innocents? Miracles have been enacted in your ultramontane world since I left it, and this may be among them. For we are as much buried here behind the Alps, as if we were under them. Scandal is almost the only thing light enough to soar above that barrier, except the gentry that come to spread it amongst us. Several whispers, as loud as those of a cannon, are making the tour here along with your



travellers. Oh! you pattern people, you people of England! who thanks you for being so moral, so correct, when you have so many censors? Well! the marriage between T— and fat Lady — is fixed; poor T—, about to be smothered between two featherbeds! But I am not going to edit a Tittle-Tattler.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex gave his third *Conversazione* at Kensington Palace on Saturday last: upwards of 400 noblemen and gentlemen were present. Drummond's light, and a light from the voltaic battery, were exhibited in the long gallery with great effect; but what seemed particularly to attract attention, was the products obtained by Mr. Lowe, of the Brick Lane gas works, from the refuse lime-water, viz., prussian blue and prussiate of potash. Mr. Lowe also exhibited beautiful specimens of iron pyrites found in the gas retorts. His Royal Highness was in excellent spirits.

The Societies are just now holding their anniversaries. The members of the Royal Asiatic Society dined together on Saturday last; and on the same day the Artists' Benevolent Fund had their annual meeting, when the collection, we are happy to hear, exceeded all former precedent. We take this opportunity of announcing that the Literary Fund dinner is fixed for the 7th June, when the Duke of Somerset has kindly consented to take the chair; and we trust there will be a full muster of warm-hearted and liberal friends.

At length the splendid collection of drawings made at such a ruinous expense by the late President, after being offered to the nation, and to some half dozen distinguished noblemen and gentlemen, — has found purchasers in the Messrs. Woodburns, the printsellers, at the reduced price of fifteen thousand pounds. Now comes the interesting question—will these unrivalled drawings be sold to some foreign state more sensible of their value than England, or broken up into lots, and scattered piecemeal over the world?

The Annual Exhibition of the Old Masters at the British Gallery has been this week opened to the public, and is a very fine one: the selection has been made from the galleries of His Majesty, the Marquis of Westminster, and Sir Charles Bagot.

We are most happy to announce that Audubon, whose splendid ornithological work we noticed only last week, has arrived hale and well, after his far journeyings, in London. He breakfasted on Tuesday with his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, at Kensington Palace.

When Lady Morgan was last summer in the Netherlands, a correspondent wrote from Brussels that she was generally supposed to be collecting materials for a work on the late Revolution. We now hear that she really has such a work in a forward state; but that it has taken something "of the form and pressure" of the age; and instead of being a tour, a pilgrimage, or a history, it is to be a sort of European novel, the ground plan only being Belgium and its Revolution.

The Engravings of the new National Gallery, from drawings, taken, by consent of Mr. Wilkins, from the model, are now in such a state of forwardness, that we may announce that they will appear in this paper on the 31st instant.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 15.—M. E. Brunnell, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read 'On the functions of some parts of the brain, and on the connexion between the nerves of motion and sensibility.'

Report of proceedings at the General Meeting, next week.

by Sir Charles Bell, K.H. The author began by referring to the difficulties that impede all inquiries into the physiology of the brain. Of these he particularly noticed the inconsistency of the effects produced on it by accidents: a small spicula of bone may, if driven into the brain, produce paralysis; and yet large portions of the brain may be removed without apparent injury: when we remove the integument of the skull, a disturbance of circulation ensues, by which research is impeded; though the substances of which the brain is composed are distinct, their respective functions have not been ascertained; and finally, if one side of the brain be injured, paralysis is produced on that side of the body opposite to where the injury has been received.

Sir Charles suggested that the best mode of inquiry into the functions of the brain and nervous system would be to trace the filaments of the nerves through the filamentary and striated substance of the brain; and stated, that the result of such an examination would show that two columns of motal and sensitive nerves descend from each hemisphere of the brain, which meet and decussate in the *medulla oblongata*. He then entered into a minute account of that medulla, and of the various septa of nerves with which it is connected, tracing the filaments upwards into the brain, and downwards to the spinal marrow. Three columns of nerves appear to descend, of which the anterior are motal, the posterior sensorial, and the middle can only be described as connected with the *corpus olivare*. There are, besides, filaments from the cerebellum. There is a great similarity in appearance between the motal and sensorial nerves:—they both decussate in the *medulla oblongata*, and are connected by mutual interlacings. Sir Charles next entered into a minute examination of the course of the fifth nerve, too technical for general readers. He stated, as the general results of his present inquiries, that motion and sensation are usually lost together, because motal and sensitive nerves have their roots in the same portions of the brain—that injury to the brain affects the side of the body opposite to the part injured, on account of the decussation of the nerves—that decussation does not seem to have been designed for transferring injury from one side of the body to the other, an effect not always produced, but in order to connect the parts of the system together—that the spinal marrow is more than a nerve; it has powers peculiarly its own, and seems to be the place in which the centralization of motion and sensation occurs, and the chain of connexion between these powers and the brain. The use of the cerebellum, Sir Charles considers not to have been yet determined with any tolerable degree of accuracy.

The reading of a paper, 'On the colorific rays of light,' by Paul Cooper, Esq. was commenced.

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

May 12.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—In the morning the anniversary meeting of the Society was held, at which a very favourable Report was made by the Council, of its state, funds, and prospects. Seven members of the Council also, going out by rotation, pursuant to regulation, the following members were unanimously elected to supply their place:—R. I. Murchison, Esq., F.R.S., to be a Vice-President, the Earl of Caledon, Colonel Sir Alex. Dickson, R.A., Colonel Colebrooke, R.A., B. Frere, Esq., Captain Sir John Franklin, R.N., and Captain Chapman, R.A.

The first Part of the Society's Journal for the current year was laid on the table, and the interest of the meeting was further enhanced by the presence of Lieutenant Allen, the companion of Lander in his late expedition, and by the exhibition of a variety of African sketches of scenery, made by him during his absence. A portrait of Lander, painted by Mr. Brockedon shortly before his

departure, and now presented by that gentleman to the Society, was also exhibited.

In the evening, part of a paper was read, entitled, 'A Geographical Memoir of Melville Island, and Port Essington, on the North Coast of Australia,' communicated by Major Campbell, of the 57th Foot, above two years commandant at the former station, of which, however, we reserve our analysis till it is finished. Lieutenant Allen's sketches were again exhibited, and excited much interest, being full of merit and spirit. Some of them, indeed, which are panoramic, may be worth Mr. Burford's attention. We allude especially to one taken from Stirling, the station selected by Lander for his head-quarters up the river, and showing his temporary huts, and steamboat at anchor in the foreground, with the junction of the Quorra and Tahadda beyond. Another, exhibiting our settlement at Fernando Po, is little inferior.

We trust that this gallant officer's labours, both with pen and pencil, will be duly appreciated in the proper quarters, and speedily come before the public.

##### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

April 23.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—Sir Oswald Mosley, Bart., and Edward I'Anson, Jun., Esq., were elected Fellows of this Society.

A paper was first read, 'On the Tertiary Formations near Lorca, Totana, Mula, and Cartagena, in the south-eastern Portion of the Kingdom of Murcia,' by Charles Silvertop, Esq.

A memoir was afterwards read, 'On the Bermudas,' by Lieut. Nelson, of the Royal Engineers.

May 7.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—E. Prime, Esq., Lieut. William Henry Buxton, R.N., Capel Cure, Esq., and Edmund Buxton, Esq., were elected Fellows of this Society.

The first communication read was a paper by Mr. Williamson, Jun., of Scarborough, 'On the Distribution of Organic Remains in the lias series of the coast of Yorkshire, between Peak Hill, near Robin Hood's Bay, and the Village of Saltburn, near Redcar, with a view to facilitate the identification of the different members of the series by their fossil contents.'

A memoir was afterwards read, 'On the Loess of the Rhine,' by Charles Lyell, Esq., For. Sec. G.S.

##### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

March 4.—Thomas Telford, Esq., President, in the chair.—An account of the harbour and docks at Kingston-upon-Hull, was presented by James Walker, Esq., written by Mr. John Tempirley, C.E., Hull. Specimens of Roman road, Roman brick, and Roman pavement, were presented by Mr. G. Turbull. A specimen of the concrete used for the foundation of the Highgate-Archway road was presented by Sir H. Parnell. It was at first moulded into the form of bricks, but subsequently it was laid down in a mass, and indented with furrows to facilitate the drainage from the surface of the road into the side channels. It was observed, that this concrete had neither expanded nor contracted, and had become exceedingly hard, which is the great advantage possessed by earthy cements over others.

A specimen of brickwork from the front of the quay wall of the East India Docks was produced for the purpose of exemplifying the effect of grouting, and other mortar. In these, no sensible difference of strength existed, although the proportions differed from two to three of sand to one of Surrey lime: as an example of the cohesive strength of the East India Docks walls, it was observed, that a portion, thirty feet long, and fourteen feet high, being undermined, had fallen down in one unbroken mass, and that, owing to the same cause, two boys, who had been buried beneath it, escaped, the mass being supported by the projections of the earth's surface.

March 11.—The President in the chair.—Mr. William Stewart, civil engineer, of Bordeaux, was elected a corresponding member. An account of a second series of experiments on the resistance of fluids to bodies passing through them, was presented by James Walker, Esq. A criticism on Mr. McNeill's Tables for ascertaining the cubic quantity of cutting and embankment in canals, railways, and turnpike roads, was read, in which their utility and correctness of principle and computation were acknowledged. It was suggested, that if tables were constructed for ascertaining the cubic quantity in cuttings and embankments having a lateral, as well as a longitudinal inclination, it would form a very desirable appendix to the work in question, and Mr. McNeill was requested to furnish a formula for that purpose. It was suggested, that an advantage might be gained by taking the levels at equal distances, but, to this, practical objections exist, rendering it impossible thus to portray the real features of the country; and, consequently, in calculating from the section, a true result of the cubic quantities could not be obtained.

A discussion ensued, on the utility of using a chain one hundred feet long, instead of the common one now in use of sixty-six feet. In support of the former, it was stated, that, in Scotland, the four-pole chain was scarcely used, and hardly known, and that the additional weight of the hundred-feet chain is not so considerable as to prevent it from being thrown into the straight line. Chains of this description were used on the grand trigonometrical survey of India. It was objected, that, as many valuable documents and measurements were constructed to the sixty-six foot chain, any alteration would give rise to errors, which it would not be advisable to hazard, unless the change presented some equivalent advantages.

Mr. Hawkins presented a piece of concrete, which, although only twelve days old, was exceedingly hard and compact; it was composed of

Dorking quick-lime pounded and sifted	1
Thames sand	1
London yellow clay, burnt and pounded	3
Thames hogging	5
	10

mixed thoroughly dry; the clay is added when the compost is about 300 Fahrenheit of heat, when the boiling-water is added, which constitutes an essential element in making cement of this description. He expressed his opinion, that metal rails might be imbedded in it, and used almost immediately. It was observed, that the clay forms a most essential ingredient, as it enables that dose of water (added at 300°) to be used, which is indispensable necessary. The evaporation is scarcely perceptible, which sufficiently indicates the absorbent quality of the composition. It was observed, that the expense would be small, compared with the advantages to be derived from its application:—one cubic foot of common brickwork, at London prices, costs about ninepence, and the same quantity of cement costs eighteen-pence.

March 18.—The President in the chair.—A drawing and paper, giving some account of the great stone constituting the pedestal of the statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg, were presented by the President. This stone was found half buried in a morass about four miles from the city: a road was cut for the purpose of its removal, which was accomplished by means of a windlass and large friction balls. The stone is of red granite, and when put up was forty-two feet long at the base, thirty-six feet at the top, twenty-one feet thick, and seventeen feet high, and weighing fifteen hundred tons.

A specimen of concrete was produced, similar in composition to that mentioned at the previous

meeting. This piece had been immersed in water for four days, without injury.

Mr. Mitchell produced a model of his new mooring, which is on the principal of the screw, the spiral thread being extended to a broad flange, with little more than one revolution round the central shaft. It is inserted by means of a long shaft, adapted by joints to the proper depth; when a firm hold is obtained, the shaft is withdrawn, leaving the mooring, with a strong bridle chain attached. Some of these moorings have been placed twenty feet below the bed of a river: the flanges have been used from two to five feet in diameter, but, if necessary, may be used larger. Two moorings of this description have been driven in the river Medway at the depths of thirteen and a half, and fourteen feet, to which ships of large burthen have been attached; and, notwithstanding the storms which prevailed at the time, the moorings remain uninjured: the expense of construction is much in favour of this new mooring; one driven in thirty feet of water, ten feet into the ground, cost 500*l.*, while one of the old construction, in a similar situation, would have cost 2,800*l.* Mr. Mitchell considered that his invention might also be advantageously applied in piling, being equally capable of resisting a force downwards as upwards. A member had proved the efficiency of screws similarly applied: having occasion to erect a scaffolding in the current of the Thames, near Rotherhithe, he made use of cast-iron screws, four feet long, to which were attached cast-iron bases, for the poles to rest on: so firmly were the screws imbedded, that an immense force was requisite to extract them.

Part of a paper, 'On the Resistance of Fluids,' by Mr. Walker, was read by the Secretary.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Harveian Society	Eight, P.M.
	Philological Society (Lond. Univ.)	p. 7, P.M.
TUES.	Linnean Society	Eight, P.M.
	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Geological Society	p. 9, P.M.
	Society of Arts	p. 7, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Royal Institution	p. 8, P.M.
SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.

BELGRAVE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.—The opening lecture of this Institution was, on Tuesday, the 13th inst., delivered to a crowded and highly respectable audience, by Professor Grant, 'On the Nature, Growth, and History of Corn.' P. Hosketh Fleetwood, Esq., M.P., presided on the occasion, and, in introducing the lecturer, took occasion to deliver a very appropriate address on the present auspicious prospects of the Institution, and the extensive and important advantages which it was calculated to secure. Professor Grant then proceeded to deliver a most able and highly interesting lecture, which he illustrated by a variety of beautiful specimens and diagrams, and in which he gave some of the results of his own laborious researches and ingenious experiments.

At the close of the lecture, it was announced by the President, that on Tuesday next Dr. Lindley would deliver a lecture on the 'Order and design manifested in the Vegetable Kingdom.'

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—April 13. M. Triger addressed the Academy respecting the great improvement in the agriculture of the departments of the Sarthe and Mayenne, since the use of lime as manure; and proposes geological survey as far more useful to the country, than premiums on improved implements. "Thus, the transition or intermediate earths, being without the gypsum or manure of more recent for-

mations, and being by its nature unfit to produce clover or wheat, can always be rendered productive by the burning of its limestone or other combustibles. Hence, the necessity of establishing different systems of agriculture for intermediate, secondary and tertiary formations.

M. Adolphe Brongniart made his report on the botanical researches of M. d'Orbigny. Although less a botanist than a zoologist, still the voyager has brought home 2000 specimens of plants, of which, from 300 to 400 may be considered new. These, culled chiefly upon the Cordillera of the Andes, are of great importance, as they supply those links of the vegetable chain, hitherto wanting to connect the vegetation of Chili with that of Peru proper and Colombia. One of the objects, to which the naturalist principally directed his attention, was the palm tree, a species so little known in Europe, so unknown indeed, that the drawings of the old naturalists, Rumphius, Rheede, &c. contained the whole available information. The work of Martius on the palm trees of Brazil, is of very recent date. M. d'Orbigny has filled up this void also, by bringing home drawings of 48 species of palm, with all the varieties and peculiarities of fruit, leaf and flower.

Within the last eighteen years, the French Museum of Natural History has sent out eight scientific missionaries. Of these, five perished abroad, two died at home of maladies brought on by their fatigues and hardships. M. d'Orbigny has alone succeeded and survived.

April 28.—M. Valenciennes wrote, that he had discovered white filaments of *fibrose* in the veins of lampreys.

M. A. Brongniart read a memoir on the elevation of temperature in plants at the time of fecundation, especially in the species called *areidées*, which he found eleven degrees hotter than the circumambient air.

M. De Blainville made in his own name, and in that of M. Isidore St. Hilaire, a report on the zoological part of the voyage of M. d'Orbigny.

We have mentioned before the return of this gentleman, and the general result of his researches in South America. He was sent thither by the French Museum of Natural History, at the same time that M. Victor Jacquemont was sent to our East Indian empire. M. d'Orbigny, though exposed to more dangers and privation than his compatriot, in traversing regions far less civilized than those of Hindostan, has nevertheless had better fortune than poor Jacquemont, in returning safe and sound, "with seventeen chests of treasure" for the Museum. The object in sending out the two travellers, was, that they might explore the interior of these far distant continents; all the products of the coasts being easily studied, or procured by scientific men embarked on board vessels of war; those of the interior remaining comparatively unknown. At the same time, the funds allowed the travellers, being insufficient to enable them to have a European follower, the difficulties of travel, of finding provision, and of transporting scientific specimens through long and desert distances, are represented as indescribably great. But for the generous aid that M. d'Orbigny received from the Government and President of Bolivia, as Jacquemont received similar kindness from the English government in India, the voyage of the former would have been without result.

The present report relates merely to the zoological discoveries made, and objects collected by M. d'Orbigny. His discoveries, as far as concerns the mollusca, are fully drawn up and ready for publication. The rest are in order, numbered, with drawings, and every explanation calculated to enable the reporter to form a judgment. First, as to man. M. d'Orbigny studied the

Quichnas, a dwarf race, as well as the Patagonians; and his conclusions are, that the human race follows the rule of plants, that is, decreases in height, in proportion as its place of habitation becomes elevated.—M. d'Orbigny has brought home two skulls of ancient Peruvians, of which the forehead is flattened like those of the Caribs.

Our knowledge of the mammiferous class has received important additions from the observations of M. d'Orbigny. He has found new specimens of all its orders, except of the *pachydermata*. We are made acquainted with divers new kinds of monkeys, one resembling the *aimuri*, but differing from it by its long tail, its black head, and canary-coloured arms. A series of howling monkeys (*singes hurleurs*), are in the collection, as well as a new kind of *douroucouli*, observed by Humboldt. There are also many new facts relative to the natural history of monkeys; the limit of their haunts, for example. M. d'Orbigny never met any beyond the twenty-seventh degree of south latitude; they are also much more abundant in the plains than in the mountains. Amongst the mammiferous animals brought home entire by M. d'Orbigny, are a red wolf, mentioned by Humboldt, that lives chiefly on partridges, a new kind of fox, dreaded by the Patagonians, and one of that small kind of bears called by Cuvier *ursus ornatus*.

In the order of carnivorous animals, M. d'Orbigny has examined bats, and especially vampires; and he confirms the account of their sucking the blood of animals, and even of man. Having often seen the mouffettes, a kind of pole-cat, he has been also able to rectify exaggerations in the number of species, and to discover a very distinct one peculiar to South America, which exhales so powerful an odour, that it can be smelt two leagues off at sea.

Of the family of *phocæ*, the traveller has brought a fine skeleton of an *otary*, or seal with ears.

The *edentata*, and especially the *latous*, have been the subject of M. d'Orbigny's researches. He has brought many specimens, and has ascertained, that while some live on vegetables, others are so decidedly carnivorous, as to scrape up bodies that have been buried, in order to feed on them. He has discovered also new kinds of cetacea, especially one of the species of *delphinorinques*, which he discovered 500 leagues from sea, in the Parana.

It is in the order of *rodentia*, gnawers, that the most discoveries have been made. Thus, say the reporters, besides several squirrel kinds of the Cordilleras, we remark a new kind of *ctenomya*, a collection of *viscarbes* and *chincillas*, numbers of rats, a rabbit that does not burrow, a new kind of *agouti*, three or four kinds of *cobaye*, a guinea-pig inhabiting the highest parts of Patagonia, and divers other kinds from Chili. On the other hand, M. d'Orbigny reduces the two species of the coendou hitherto received, to one. Of *ungulata*, (animals with hoofs), he found but one species of *tapir*, and the four known species of American camel. Of the deer kind, he recognized five species, one altogether new.

M. Isidore Geoffroy calculates that M. d'Orbigny has discovered 46 new species of mammalia, which, estimating the entire number of species at 1200, makes an addition of 4 per cent. The addition to the list of birds is infinitely more numerous—too numerous to give an account of. There is in M. d'Orbigny's collection 500 species of sparrow. He has observed a great number of *anas*. Of reptiles the harvest is not so great, being limited to 110 new specimens. Of amphibious animals he has discovered few—of fishes immense numbers.

The report concluded with proposing to M. d'Orbigny the highest approbation that the Academy can bestow.

## FINE ARTS

## THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Second Notice.)

When Briggs was elected an Academician, one of his friends justified his nomination by saying he brought Science to the aid of Art: something of this may be seen in his 'Puck and Herminia.' Honest Robin is descending through the air, accompanied by a kind of wizard light: the scene is well-conceived, and fills the imagination. Nor is his 'Friar Lawrence,' from 'Romeo and Juliet,' a weak performance: on the whole, this artist is rising in his profession, and if he would infuse a little more force of expression into his portraits, his success would be certain: he seems timid.

We are of those—and they are not few—who think highly of Collins: he has a touch of poetry and sensibility in his nature, but he is wilful enough sometimes to be sparing of these precious things. He has this season been more than commonly frugal of his pictures: he sends but two; they are, however, excellent after their kind. 'Cottage Hospitality' cannot fail to touch many hearts; a homeless wanderer has approached the open door of a cot—he is exhausted, and worn with years; nor is he without a sense of shame, for modesty may be found among mendicants: he sits down on a fallen tree—image of his own fortunes—and with averted looks awaits the slow approach of two or three shy and timid children, who are anxious to do good, and yet are fearful to offend. The sentiment of the picture is admirable: the landscape, too, is clever, but the distance seems indifferently managed. 'The Morning Lesson,' too, is much to our liking; Collins never fails to give us nature: he is no borrower from other men's performances.

Cooper we can always discover without the help of a catalogue: his battle scenes and historical sketches are very vivid things; he can manage the current of a heady fight.

When charging knights like whirlwinds go, better than any living brother of the ensel. He is equally good at man or horse separately: when he puts them together they seem of a piece, and both inspired by one feeling. He exhibits seven pictures: nor does he occupy much space, for his works are of small dimensions. His 'Hawking Party' has much spirit; his 'Avonshire Cows' are, no doubt, excellent milkers; the painter knows that no one ever places a large pail beneath a fat cow. 'Greeks, with Arab Horses' is a happy little scene: the 'Shooting Party,' too, has much merit. We could have forgiven him had he not painted 'Shakespeare,' by Shoenenko; some one has profanely named a horse Shakespeare, and caused him to be painted.

We had our thoughts on DANIELL when we spoke of Turner and Callcott; but, as all his works wear an eastern hue, and are, moreover, original in conception and handling, they will stand well by themselves. No one paints a pure air, or an eastern sky, with more force and happiness: his serpents are sometimes, we suspect, too long, and his crocodiles more than commonly ferocious; but he compensates for these errors in his vivid landscapes and happy groups. His 'Calcutta,' we overheard an Indian officer aver, to be equally accurate and elegant: a 'Scene in the Island of Ceylon' is more to our liking. 'The Mosque at Muttra, in the Province of Agra,' exhibits a magnificence worthy of Aungmye: 'The Mosque at Lucknow' makes a still more beautiful picture. The Exhibition could ill spare the compositions of this artist: they give variety, and have something of the air of a wealthy Musau'man walking with a graceful step in his flowing costume among the unpoetic-looking population of London.

There are artists who carry little to Rome, and bring less back: we know not what Uwins took there, but what he has brought back. 'The Festa of Pic di Grotta,' sufficiently shows. It is a work

of uncommon sweetness and beauty: the muscles labour less than the mind, nor is the colouring inferior to the conception; everywhere there is gentleness and harmony. The picture represents the devout festival to the glory of the Virgin, whose interposition in primitive times saved Naples from destruction. Some are moving devoutly, bearing fruit in their hands; others have taken as a trophy the cane of the marbles, with its long broad leaves; and all are impressed with a certain awe—the fruit of studying the best pictures of the best masters.

We would advise McCune to go to Rome, were it but to tame a little that wild spirit of his, which overleaps all limits of decorum or propriety, and revels in the strange and the extravagant. 'The Installation of Captain Roek' has as much original character in it as would enliven a dozen pictures, and more extravagance than would spoil a score. We lament this the more, because we know that many will perceive but the latter, nor heed the fine genius with which it is linked. It is true that, in depicting an Irish scene, a little wildness is necessary, for that facetious and singular people can do nothing—nay, not even woo a lass, or drink a glass of liquor—like the staid and philosophic English. So much the better for the painter or the novelist—but, then, even singularity has its limits: in 'The Installation' all seem mad or tipsy; action is stretched to the painful; the men appear moved by a whirlwind of passion; the women are equally so; even the halt and the blind are

Leaping and dinging on a crenelock, and reeling and rolling like beans and harley boiling in a pot; there is no repose. But we have done with our censure. The picture, with all its faults, is thickly strewn with beauties: expression is its atoning excellence.

RIPPLEGILL, whose inimitable 'Post-Office' we remember with delight, claims our attention again in the 'Poisardes of Calais.' Here are three crones in close and confidential gossip: it is evident that some one's character is suffering. There is an air of provoking intelligence runs through all, and the spectator is so much interested that he lingers with the hope of hearing some of their secrets. Akin to this picture is 'The Milkmaid's Gossip,' by KENNEDY. Two girls have set down their pails to have the benefit of a young man's conversation, which they appear to relish greatly: a little apart a boy sits nodding on the ground, with his dog slumbering beside him. One of the girls seems too literally copied from life; the other is much better, but the charm of the composition resides in the slumbering boy and dog, and in the rich and natural tone of colour. This is the first—or rather, the second appearance of this young artist—we must keep our eye on him.

There are many little domestic pictures and scenes from still life, which merit notice, but we must proceed to the portraits, some of which are excellent. Of the portraits by the President, it may be said, that they are equal to any of his early or his latter works. One or two of his almost boyish pictures are truly admirable: the Countess of Errol, with her close riding habit, her black hat and drooping feather, and her lovely face, will never pass from our recollection. But Sir MARTIN took to poetry and criticism, and his portraits, for a time at least, suffered: on his elevation to the President's chair, the character of his works rose also; they gained in breadth and expression; nor did his colouring decline much from the vivid hues of the productions of his youth. His portrait of His Majesty, is of great merit; he has striven, and successfully too, to bring it nearer than in nature to the principles of art, and though much embarrassed with the toyman extravagance of a court costume, he has sobered down a good deal—and more than some will thank him for—the tags and tassels, the loops and the lappets of a dress gaudy rather



than magnificent. He has other portraits, some better, some worse; viz. Sir Henry Hallford, the Marquis of Exeter, J. P. Boileau, Esq., and William Henry Pattison, Esq. Perhaps we ought to have said something before about his 'Ariadne.' The subject has been exhausted by earlier artists, and attention is not easily awakened by sorrows for which we have already wept.

PHILLIPS has both poetic sensibility and taste: he is a good judge of the decorum of his art: he never committed a single absurdity, and he is so kind to human nature, as to desire to exalt rather than depress it. He seeks to work in the spirit of his subject; he desires to make a poet look like a poet; there is an elevated air about all his heads, which shows the feeling with which he uses the pencil. He has eight portraits in the present exhibition: several of them he has never surpassed, except, perhaps, in his matchless likeness of William Blake; and one of them we look upon as a masterpiece, viz. the Portrait of Mrs. Hemmerville. All who have seen that extraordinary woman, will admit at once that the painter has been most successful, in stamping her genius and character on her face; yet, they will feel at the same time, that her thin earnest countenance rendered his labours difficult. This is one of the triumphs of art. When we say that his male portraits are at once elegant and manly, we may bid the subject farewell, for they are both: we allude chiefly to those of Frederick Pollock, the Earl of Munster, Sir Peter Laurie, and Sir Francis Burdett.

We intimated in our introductory notice, that PICKERSILL had one portrait, at least equal to his former efforts—we ought to have said two. His Justice Bonanquet, and his Francis Const, are both admirable; full of character, easy in attitude, and rich in colour; nor is his head of Mr. Murray the bookeller much inferior. We wish we could say as much of his portrait of Wordsworth. The great poet of the lakes, though his eyes are a little heavy, has a noble countenance, and when kindled up in conversation, it shows more of inspiration than what is common in the faces of bards. It is not enough for an artist to draw a cold map of the human countenance, and because he has placed the nose right, and the eyes not wrong, and opened a mouth where a mouth should be, to think he has done enough, and wipe his brushes and desist. No, the genius of art must do more; we demand for Wordsworth, not a look equal to the management of the stamp revenue for Westmorland alone, but something of that dignity of intellect, which dictated his truly noble poems: we want a little inspiration: we desire such expression as will induce the spectator to say, "that is the look of a poet."

(To be concluded in our next.)

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

We have no novelty on which to report. 'Otello,' 'La Czaa Ludra,' and 'Anna Bolena'—(the last we were glad to perceive announced for the last time)—having been repeated alternately, and always with good success. A new ballet, in one act, bearing the attractive title of 'Armide'—the composition of one of the Milles. Elslar—was produced on Saturday. The story is not very interesting, and not very intelligible—(we cannot comprehend why Funny Elslar, after having danced so exquisitely in her own peculiar style, and looked so arch and lively, should be carried off by the two paltry-looking fiends who appear at last)—but there is much pretty grouping of the *corps de ballet*, some curious and graceful evolutions with blue gauze scarfs, and long chains of roses, and Perrot surpassing himself in elasticity and lightness. The scenery and music have been gathered from other ballets.—Duvernay bade us farewell on Thursday the 6th; and Tagliani is to return

about the end of the month. We have heard some rumours of a new ballet to be produced, on the subject of Victor Hugo's 'Notre Dame de Paris,' in which she is to perform the part of *Esmeralda*, which is to be something very superb. We regret to observe the absence of the veteran Spagnoletti, occasioned by his sudden illness.

**SOCIETY ARMONICA.—Fifth Concert.**—It is our pleasant duty to have to compliment the directors of this Society on the selection of the music for this evening's performance, which (as far as concerns the vocal part,) was, without doubt, the best they have given this season. Beethoven's symphony in *c* was indeed a failure: it requires a perfectly well-trained band. Mr. Willman's fantasia was beautifully played. Mr. Boche's sharp performance—a series of astonishing brilliancies and cadenzas, amazing for their length and floridity. We wish players would remember that they are not expected (by persons of good taste) to exhibit all their powers in one single piece: it would be as wise to require of an author to display the entire extent of his talents and studies in one single chapter of his works. But enough of fault-finding, which we ought, perhaps, to leave entirely alone, in consideration of the pleasure given us by the trio from 'Azor and Zemira,' sung by Madame Stockhausen, Miss Clara Novello, and Miss Birch; by the grand *Andante* to the first act of 'Don Giovanni,' executed by the above-mentioned ladies; and Messrs. Bennett, Phillips, Giubilei, and A. Novello; and by the duet from 'Der Berggeist,' sung by Miss Clara Novello and Mr. Phillips. Another composition of Spohr's, 'Tu m'abandoni,' was a little too much for the young lady: she is so promising a singer, that we regret when she undertakes what is yet beyond her powers. Madame Stockhausen's song from 'Robert le Diable' was new, but too ultra-French for our taste; and Phillips and Giubilei sang 'D'un bell' uso di Turchia' in a very spirited style. On the whole, the Concert was a good one. We have a few friendly words in store for the Directors at the close of the season.

## MISCELLANEA

**New Comet.**—Professor Schumacher, Astronomer Royal of Denmark, announces in his 'Astronomische Nachrichten,' of the 7th inst., the discovery of a new comet on the 8th ult., by Professor Gambart, of the Marseilles Observatory. Although it disappeared on the 13th, and from the state of the weather, and the temporary imperfection of his micrometer, his observations were interrupted and imperfect, Professor Gambart assigns its place, on the 10th at 16h. 32m. 45s. of sidereal time, to be 20h. 9m. 7s. of right ascension, and 22° 33' of south declination. When first seen, it was near the horizon, having a nebulous appearance, and situated in the constellation Sagittarius, very near the nebula 2064 of Sir John Herschel. The comet was of a pale light colour, of a very round form, and with a diameter of about four or five minutes.

**The Scitographicon.**—We noticed, some time since, this ingenious application of a well-known principle in perspective, and recommended the work, uniting instruction with amusement, as an excellent present for young people. Mr. Essex has since shown that the range of subjects to which it may be applied, is more extensive than might be at first imagined, by including an elephant among the number, and we are happy to say not altogether unsuccessfully.

**The Exhibition of the Products of French Industry** is now open at Paris, and no less than 2437 manufacturers have sent articles. Altogether it is said to contain an interesting assortment of specimens of French ingenuity and skill. The four exhibition rooms in the Place de la Concorde are thus divided:—The first contains works in marble and metal, agricul-

tural implements, printing presses, newly-invented carriages, and various tools and machines employed in different branches of manufacture and art. The second contains specimens of typography, engraving, book-binding, stained paper, artificial flowers, and chemical products, &c. &c. In the third, there is a collection of specimens of silk manufacture, &c., French and Cachemire shawls, silks, merinos, and modern articles of every description; in short, every thing destined to ornament and adorn the female form—velvets, blondes, embroideries, &c. &c. In the last, the articles consist of objects of virtu, works in gilt, bronze, or inlaid, jewellery, fancy watches, porcelain, and carpeting. This part of the exhibition is said to be very beautiful and attractive, and the articles which it contains eminently calculated to add to the high reputation which the French have attained in those branches of industry.

**Theatrical Novelties in Paris.**—During the month of April seventeen new pieces were represented in Paris—viz., one comedy, three dramas, and thirteen vaudevilles. There were also during the same month, fourteen débuts and ten benefits.

**Ornithorhynchus paradoxus.**—This singular creature, which has so long been the object of interest with the naturalists of Europe in general, and especially of those of our own country and of France, and whose anatomical peculiarities have successively engaged the attention, among others, of Blumenbach, Meckel, Horne, and especially of Owen, is about to have its anomalous nature in the scale of organized beings clearly developed, and its true relations determined, by the specimens and information brought to England within these few days by that indefatigable and zealous naturalist, Mr. George Bennett, who is, we understand, about to lay before the Royal and Zoological Societies the results of his late important researches in New South Wales, on this and other subjects connected with Natural History.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Mean.	Winds.	Weather.
Thurs. 8	80 50	29.28	N.W.	Clear.
Frid. 9	71 50	29.15	SW to N.W.	Cloudy.
Sat. 10	79 42	29.00	N.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 11	81 46	29.05	E. to S.	Shower.
Mon. 12	68 52	29.02	S.W.	Main.
Tues. 13	64 40	29.45	S.W. to S.E.	Cloudy.
Wed. 14	66 53	29.40		

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Cirrostratus.

**Mean temperature of the week, 61°. Greatest variation, 39°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.06.**

**Nights and mornings rainy towards the end of the week.—Day increased on Wednesday, 7h. 44'.**

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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## REVIEWS

*A Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, both as a Penal Settlement and as a British Colony.* By John Dunmore Lang, D.D., Senior Minister of the Scots Church, and Principal of the Australian College, Sydney. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Cochran & McCrone.

Dr. Lang is a man of strong common sense, and a bit of a humourist. He has employed the leisure afforded him by a voyage to England in arranging and committing to paper his observations respecting this most interesting colony, where he has long resided, and which he has carefully studied. He has produced a work of importance, the objects of which he states to be threefold:—

"1st, To afford the reader a correct idea of the history, the tendency and the working of the Transportation system, as it regards the Australian colonies;—2nd, to exhibit a faithful representation of the present state of the colony of New South Wales in particular;—and 3rd, to promote the best interests of that colony, by promoting the emigration of reputable families and individuals to its territory, and by pointing out to the authorities at home the line of policy which it is expedient to pursue, for the future, to secure its general welfare and its rapid advancement."

For the present, we shall confine ourselves to the first of these objects, and endeavour by an abstract of the historical part of Dr. Lang's work to unfold his views respecting the extent to which he conceives the experiment of a penal colony to have proved successful, and the causes which he assigns in explaining why that success has not been greater.

Before the British colonies of America had been lost to the parent country, Virginia was the general outlet for the contents of our jails, and apprenticeship—in other words, *sale to a planter*, the mode in which we disposed of all that were convicted and condemned to transportation. The separation of the countries of course put an end to this parliamentary slave-trade in the persons of British convicts; which, as nearly 2000 were annually disposed of in this manner, and the planter paid about 20*l.* a head for their services, had added to the national resources a revenue of 40,000*l.* per annum—a sum, we suppose, considered equivalent to the disgrace of the traffic. For some time after the separation our jails were crowded with criminals; the establishment of penitentiaries on the system proposed by Blackstone, Eden, and the philanthropic Howard, was tried and given up as impracticable; transportation to the west coast of Africa, from the deadly nature of the climate, was obliged to be relinquished, as it was found to be tantamount to capital punishment; at length, after much deliberation, it was determined to form a penal settlement at Botany Bay, on the east coast of New Holland, which had then been but recently discovered by Capt. Cook, and named New South Wales.

"The main objects of the British Government, in the formation of the proposed settlement, as expressed by the legislature, as well as by the leading philanthropists and the public press of the period, were,—

"I. To rid the mother country of the intolerable nuisance arising from the daily increasing accumulation of criminals in her jails and houses of correction:

"II. To afford a suitable place for the safe custody and the punishment of these criminals, as well as for their ultimate and progressive reformation; and,

"III. To form a British colony out of those materials which the reformation of these criminals might gradually supply to the government, in addition to the families of free emigrants who might from time to time be induced to settle in the newly-discovered territory."

Now, of these, the first evidently refers to the mother country, which was to be *relieved*; the second, to the convicts who were to be *punished and reformed*; and the third, to the free emigrants who were to be encouraged to settle in the new country, to amalgamate with the reformed convicts, and, finally, to attain the rank and privileges of a British colony. These objects must be distinctly kept in view, as Dr. Lang's proposition is, that whenever they were adhered to, the experiment progressed; whenever they were departed from, it retrograded. In pursuance of the above determination, a fleet of eleven sail, having on board 600 male, and 250 female convicts, and commanded by Capt. Arthur Phillip, R.N., the first Governor, left Portsmouth in May 1787, and arrived at Botany Bay in January 1788. This situation appearing unfavourable, a better one was found a little farther north, in Port Jackson, and the settlement was finally formed at the head of Sydney Cove, one of its numerous inlets, on the 26th of the month, when the British flag was hoisted with due honours. To clear ground and erect houses were of course the first necessary operations; but it was found that, amongst all the convicts, there were very few mechanics, and still fewer amongst the sailors and marines, who formed their guard, so that the labour went on very slowly. The attempt to render the settlement independent in the article of food, met with a similar obstruction; comparatively few of the convicts knew anything of agriculture, nor were the officers able to instruct them. Against these disadvantages Governor Phillip laboured with much constancy and perseverance, inasmuch that, by the year 1791, upwards of 700 acres of land had been brought into cultivation, and numerous free settlers had arrived at the colony. In his intercourse with the natives he always exhibited the greatest benevolence and humanity, and punished severely any injury done to them. His endeavours for the improvement of the morals of his convict charge were constant and unintermitting.

"Governor Phillip did all, I believe, which a Governor could be expected to do, for the encouragement and reward of industrious and

virtuous persons, and the repression of open immorality. Observing, immediately after the formation of the colony, a tendency to the establishment of a system of profligacy, which was afterwards introduced, and but too generally countenanced, by the practice of men of influence in the territory, he endeavoured in an address which he delivered to all the inhabitants of the colony on the 7th of February, 1788, when the act of parliament, establishing the colonial government, was publicly read, to point out the evils that would infallibly arise from such procedure, and 'strongly recommended marriage to the convicts, promising every kind of countenance and assistance to those who by entering into that state, should manifest their willingness to conform to the laws of morality and religion.' And the good effect of this highly Christian and politic recommendation was very speedily apparent; for during the ensuing week no fewer than fourteen marriages were solemnized among the convicts."

Well aware of the benefit of good example, and perceiving the important advantages which the colony was likely to derive from the settlement of virtuous and industrious families of free emigrants in its territory, he recommended to the home government to hold out every encouragement to such emigrants, and to afford them every assistance.

"I believe it was in consequence of these recommendations, that several families of free emigrants were conveyed to the colony, at the public expense, in the year 1796, and that the free emigrant settlement of Portland head on the banks of the Hawkesbury was formed in the year 1802. The families, who emigrated to New South Wales at these periods, were allowed a free passage to the colony, at the expense of government, a grant of land in the territory, and rations, for eighteen months after their arrival, from the king's stores."

But the peculiar circumstances of the colony led to another kind of free population. Its great distance from England presented almost an insuperable barrier to the return of such convicts as might have worked out their time, and it was part of the Governor's duty to take care that these should not revert to their former wild courses, but should be induced, by every means, to become settled, reputable members of society. For this purpose—

"To each emancipated convict who chose to settle in the colony, on the expiration of his sentence, Governor Phillip allotted thirty acres of land; fifty acres if he were married, and ten acres additional for every child in his family. The settler of this class was also allowed clothing and rations for himself and family from the king's stores, for twelve or eighteen months, together with the necessary implements of husbandry and seed to sow his ground the first year. Two female pigs were added by way of further indulgence, from the Governor's private stock, to enable the settler to raise a stock of that useful domestic animal for himself, as there was no live-stock of any kind in the colony, at the time in question, belonging to the Crown."

"These measures sufficiently evince the theoretical excellence of the system of transportation to New South Wales, as originally devised by the British legislature, and carried into opera-

tion by Governor Phillip. They also evince the peculiar adaptation of the means employed for attaining the main object of the settlement of the colony, and the enlightened zeal with which the Governor pursued that object to the utmost of his ability."

In addition to the performance of these, which constituted his more immediate duties, Governor Phillip displayed much activity in exploring the country around Sydney, and ascertaining its capabilities. He caused accurate surveys to be made of the bays along the coast, and discovered the river Hawkesbury, the banks of which, consisting chiefly of rich alluvial soil, were, for thirty years after, the granary of New South Wales. But on no occasion did his character as a man and a Governor appear to such advantage, as during the famine which prevailed in the years 1789-90, in consequence of the wreck of a vessel which had been dispatched from England with stores for the colony, while a vessel bringing additional convicts, before whom it was calculated the stores would have been landed, arrived in safety, and thus added to the consumers at a time when a deficiency in provisions was already beginning to be felt.

"The Governor received daily the same ration as the meanest convict in the territory; and on those occasions on which the established etiquette rendered it necessary that he should invite the officers of the colony to dine with him at Government House, he usually intimated that they must bring their bread along with them, as he had none to spare. On one of these occasions a humorous officer is said to have marched up to Government House with his loaf—one doubtless of very small dimensions—stuck upon the point of a sword. Indeed, it was greatly owing to the prudent management of Governor Phillip, that the settlement was not entirely abandoned (for the proposal to abandon it was actually made, but overruled by the Governor) amid the real hardships that attended its original formation. Various interesting traits of his character in this respect are still mentioned with interest by the older inhabitants of the colony. One of these is sufficiently characteristic:—On seeing any person with a dog in the course of his walks through the settlement, indignant at the maintenance of a useless mouth in the colony, and yet desirous that the owner of the dog should have a more valuable domestic animal, he would say, 'Kill your dog, sir, and I will order you a pig from the store.'"

In short, Capt. Phillip seems, in every particular, to have been a most meritorious officer, and under his directions the colony was beginning to show manifest signs of advancement; order and laborious habits prevailed amongst the convicts, the encouragement given to marriage and regularity of life had induced a higher standard of morality: this was still further confirmed by emancipation being granted (for which the Governor had full authority) to such as had exhibited peculiar marks of improvement: these men, located on farms, had already commenced to cultivate and civilize the country; numerous free settlers had, from time to time, arrived, and though some of them proved but indifferent characters, others exhibited a spirit of industry and morality, and entered into an honourable rivalry with their emancipated brethren—in the whole, the experiment which had so far been conducted in the spirit of the original terms, showed every appearance of success, when illness compelled the resignation of Governor Phillip; and, universally

regretted and respected, he left the colony December, 1792, after having administered its affairs for nearly five years.

But, for a year or two previous to his resignation, a new power had originated, which was for some time to exercise an important and highly prejudicial influence on the affairs of the colony. This was the New South Wales Corps, a regiment organized expressly for the service of the colony, the officers of which, finding their military duty trifling, and wishing for an increase of emolument, turned their attention to matters of commerce, and being for some time after Governor Phillip's departure the sole managing power, contrived during that interval to insure to themselves a monopoly of almost everything that was lucrative in the way of trade, so as to make competition on the part of the emancipated convict, or free-settler merchants, hopeless.

"The position, moreover, which they held for a considerable time in the colony, afforded them singular advantages in this respect; for as the King's stores contained whatever was supposed necessary for the comfortable subsistence of the settlement, there were ways and means of procuring from that source occasional supplies of useful articles at prime cost, which could afterwards be retailed at an enormous profit. The article *then*, and indeed ever since, in most frequent requisition throughout the colony, was rum; and in process of time it came to be established as a general rule, that there should be certain periodical issues of that article (as for instance on the arrival of a merchant-ship) to the officers of the corps in quantities proportioned to the rank of each officer. • • •

"The retail-trade was in the mean time variously managed. Most of the non-commissioned officers of the corps had licenses to sell spirits; and in this manner the superfluous rum of the regiment was disposed of to the greatest advantage. It may be questioned, indeed, whether this was altogether in accordance with the declared intentions of the British Government, either in regard to the colony as a place for the reformation of convicts, or in regard to the duties of those to whom their moral guardianship was entrusted; but then a much more important question recurs, for in what other way could the gentlemen of the New South Wales Corps have disposed of their surplus rum?"

This all tended much to diminish the order and regularity introduced by Governor Phillip, but they went still further, by their example, towards depreciating the standard of morality.

"The officers of the New South Wales Corps were neither all married, nor all virtuous men. Some of them, it is true, lived respectably with their families, and set a virtuous example to the colony, even in the worst of times; but the greater number took female convicts of prepossessing appearance under their protection, and employed them occasionally in the retail-business. In so small a community as that of New South Wales, at the period in question, a *liaison* of this kind could scarcely be concealed. In fact, there was no attempt at concealment: decency was outraged on all hands; and the prison population laughed at their superiors for outdoing them in open profligacy, and naturally followed their example."

During three years interregnum, which occurred after Governor Phillip's departure, the gentlemen of the New South Wales Corps had managed to render themselves so influential a body that for fifteen successive years the whole business of the Governor seems to have been to endeavour to repress their

encroachments. Capt. Hunter, the second Governor, a man of honour and integrity, finding himself thwarted in all his efforts for the improvement of the population, and anticipated at home by secret machinations and clandestine representations, resigned his office in disgust. Still, during his stay, agricultural matters were considerably improved, and the great coal district, seventy miles north of Sydney, discovered. He was succeeded by Capt. King, a rough old sailor, who soon found himself totally out-generalled by the gentlemen of the Corps.

"Of this I have been told an instance somewhat amusing:—His Excellency having found it necessary to prefer charges against a member of the Corps to the Secretary of State, did so accordingly, at considerable length, entrusting his dispatches to an officer who was proceeding, I believe expressly for the purpose, to England. But he was imprudent enough to allow the circumstance to get abroad rather too soon, and the genius of Botany Bay was therefore immediately set to work to counteract his measures. His Excellency's box was accordingly *picked* of its despatches before it left the colony, and when opened in the Duke of Portland's office in Downing Street, it exhibited only a number of harmless old newspapers."

To counterbalance this formidable power, Capt. King hit on the expedient of bringing forward the emancipated convicts, but, with singular fatuity, adopted as the mode of attaching them to his government, the very expedient which, in the hands of the New South Wales Corps, had produced such demoralizing effects—he granted licenses to sell rum:—

"Such licenses were accordingly dispensed with a liberality and profusion above all praise; for even the chief constable of Sydney, whose business it was to repress irregularity, had a license to promote it, under His Excellency's hand, by the sale of rum and other ardent liquors; and although the chief gaoler was not exactly permitted to convert His Majesty's gaol into a grog-shop, he had a licensed house, in which he sold rum publicly on his own behalf, right opposite the gaol-door."

Having thus, unintentionally, done everything in his power to spread vice and wretchedness in the colony, and having to a great extent succeeded, so far as the convicts were concerned, Capt. King was recalled August, 1806, and replaced by Capt. Bligh, famous for having lost the ship *Bounty* by Christian's mutiny in the Southern Seas.

Capt. Bligh seems to have seen the true state of affairs, and to have taken some judicious steps towards a remedy, such as depriving the officers of their monopoly in the sale of rum, by refusing them any more permits to land it duty-free—bringing forward the agricultural interest, consisting chiefly of free settlers, together with some emancipated convicts of good character, who had located themselves on the banks of the Nepean and Hawkesbury—doing away with the system of barter, which had enabled the merchants to impose on the farmers, by giving them in return for their produce, goods, such as rum, tea, sugar, &c. at enormously high rates, and permitting the farmers on the contrary, to obtain on moderate terms from the King's store, such articles as they might stand in need of, for which he accepted their notes, to the estimated amount of their several crops and improvements. For these reasons, his memory is still warmly cherished by the

middle and lower classes of the settlers of older standing, throughout the colony.

"His beneficent and patriotic arrangements, however, were directly opposed to the private interests of that comparatively numerous and powerful class of individuals who had grown corpulent on the drunkenness of the colony, and who lived and moved and had their being as *men of credit and renown* in the colony, on the increase and perpetuation of that detestable vice. Certain parties of good repute could no longer sell the usual quantity of Bengal rum, Brazil tobacco, Siam sugar, young Hyson tea, or British manufactured goods at the *usual remunerating prices*—a change of system which of course could not be tolerated. In short, the craft was in danger, and the rapid falling of the mercury in the barometers of the different harams of the colony portended a storm."

The consequence was, an open and direct opposition between the Governor and the Corps, which at last ran so high, that the Corps with their Colonel, Johnston, at their head marched one evening to the Government House, arrested the Governor, in despite of a spirited attempt made by his daughter, "to keep them out with her parasol," and shipped him off to England with a long complaint of his conduct and defence of their own, supported by several addresses from the inhabitants of the colony, the number of which was considerably increased by a proper distribution of rum permits and licenses, grants of land and government cattle, free pardons, and other little immunities to all, both free and convict, who either approved of the late measures, "or were likely to do so with proper encouragement." This, however, was a step a little too daring; Col. Johnston was tried and cashiered—that he was not shot, was altogether owing to the perfect indifference which a new ministry manifested towards the settlement; several of the more active rioters were removed, and the Corps finally recalled, and transformed into an ordinary regiment of the line.

Under these favourable circumstances, Col. Macquarie set out to take possession of the government, which he held for a period of twelve years, during which, says Dr. Lang, he did much good and much evil. The good was consequent on the lavish expenditure of British money, with which he laid down several excellent lines of road, rebuilt and beautified Sydney, and erected numerous public edifices,—some useful, some not;—the evil resulted from his setting out with the erroneous maxim, "New South Wales is a place for the reformation of convicts; free people have no right to come to it;" in consequence of which, he neither countenanced nor encouraged the class of free emigrant settlers; and, also, from his marked indifference to the nature of a man's moral character, land being granted indiscriminately to every emancipated convict, many of whom, it was notorious, never took possession of their farms, but sold them for ruin, while all who realized a fortune, no matter by what means, honest or dishonest, were sure of being received at the Government House, where it seems to have been another maxim, that "prosperous vice ought to be encouraged and rewarded."

It is unnecessary to point out how decidedly such opinions contradicted the objects for which the settlement was established. As far, therefore, as the reformation of the criminals was concerned, Dr. Lang has no hesitation in pronouncing the experiment a

failure, all through the Macquarie administration, though, from the quantity of money put into circulation, all things bore an appearance of success, of which a moment's consideration will show the unreal nature. "In short," as he observes, "there was plenty of employment, plenty of money, and plenty of rum to be had at Sydney, in the good old times of Governor Macquarie; and who that liked the last of these articles, would in such circumstances think of going elsewhere in search of the other two?"

Another result of this system, equally unfortunate for the morals of the colony, was, that it produced a concentration of the emancipated convict population, which has uniformly proved a concentration of vice and villany, profligacy and misery, dissipation and ruin; whereas, were these same men dispersed over an extent of country, each occupying a farm, at which he was compelled to labour, and engaged in domestic pursuits, and the bringing up of a family, there seems no question that far the greater number, removed beyond the reach of contagion, and supplied with stimuli to honest exertion, would have turned out reputable and useful members of society. All great men have their weakness, and

"Governor Macquarie's weakness was a rabid desire for immortality, that took a singular delight in having his name affixed to every thing that required a name in the colony. It was said of Greece by one of the ancient Roman poets, 'There's not a stone in the land without a name.' On my first arrival in the colony, shortly after the close of Governor Macquarie's administration, it appeared to me that a similar remark might with almost equal propriety have been made of New South Wales; with this difference, however, that in the latter case the name for every thing was *Macquarie*. The Governor's weakness in this particular being easily discovered, the calculating colonists found it their interest to affix His Excellency's name to anything he had given them in the shape of landed property, as in that case they were almost sure to obtain an extension of their grants. A worthy colonist, with whom I was sufficiently acquainted to learn the circumstance a few years ago, had at one time no fewer than two farms and a son all called *Macquarie*. . . ."

"A propensity of the kind I have just mentioned on the part of the ruler was likely to be a fruitful subject of ridicule with those who were dissatisfied with his measures; and the following instance of this species of colonial wit is not undeserving of preservation. The late Dr. Townson, L.L.D., a gentleman of very superior literary and scientific acquirements, who had published a volume of *Travels in Hungary*, and had afterwards settled in New South Wales, was on some occasion entertaining a party of visitors at his residence, a few miles beyond the settlement of Liverpool, by showing them his extensive and well-stocked garden and orchard. One of the party, observing an insect on one of the trees in the grounds, asked the doctor, who was an eminent naturalist, what its name was. The doctor replied, with the utmost gravity, 'It is a species of bug that abounds in the live timber of the colony. It has not yet got a name: but I propose that it should be called *Cimex Macquarieanus*, or the *Macquarie Bug*.'"

In 1821, Governor Macquarie was replaced by Major-General Sir Thomas Brisbane, who, being a man of the very best intentions, supposed every one under him to be the same, and had therefore the less hesitation in entrusting them with the affairs of the colony, while he occupied himself in looking through

a telescope at the stars. "The necessary consequence of this unhappy arrangement was, that while the general advancement of the colony was but indifferently studied, arbitrary acts—acts of injustice and oppression—were sometimes done, in His Excellency's name and under his authority, which his own better feelings and better judgment would in other circumstances have utterly disallowed."

In truth, his Excellency's feelings seem at all times to have been better than his judgment, as two of his measures, with respect to which he seems to have used most care and deliberation, had decidedly a most unfavourable bearing on the general advancement of the colony, and on one of the grand objects of its original settlement—the reformation of the convict population. These two measures referred, the one to a change of currency from sterling to colonial, by which he ruined many industrious families, without benefiting, as he had expected, the Treasury; the other an act respecting the supply of the King's stores, for an explanation of the operation of which, we must refer to Dr. Lang's work. A measure, however, still more injurious to public morality, says the Doctor, and most injudicious in a penal colony, was the establishment by his Excellency of a Turf Club, and of numerous races:—

"For the races of New South Wales are not merely the signal for 'the periodical assemblage of all the wealth and beauty of the colony,' (to use the appropriate phrase,) but the signal for the periodical assemblage and concentration of all its vice and villany, and for the consequent recurrence of scenes of gambling, and drunkenness, and dissipation, which it is unnecessary to describe. A judicious Governor of that colony would therefore, I conceive, have hesitated ere he patronized and encouraged an association, the certain tendency of which was to deteriorate and to debase the breed of men, notwithstanding its holding forth the chance of improving the breed of horses. For although it often happens in New South Wales, as it does sometimes in England, that the horse is by far the nobler animal of the two, he is not the one who is capable of the highest improvement, or whom it is of the greatest consequence to society to improve—he is not the one who was originally made but a little lower than the angels, and who, notwithstanding his present debasement, may yet be enabled to re-ascend that height of glory from which he fell."

"There had been occasional races in the colony during the government of Major-General Macquarie; but the organization of a regular system of yearly or half-yearly races all over the territory dates from the administration of Sir Thomas Brisbane, who is thus, as it were, the Patron-Saint of Australian jockeyship. There are the Sydney and the Parramatta races, as distinct as those of Epsom and Doncaster, although the towns are only fourteen miles distant from each other. There are the Windsor races for the dwellers on the Hawkesbury, and the Liverpool and the Campbelltown races for the inhabitants of these minor colonial towns and their adjoining vicinities. There are races at Maitland and Patrick's Plains, two different stations on Hunter's River! at Bathurst beyond the mountains, and at Goulburn Plains, two hundred miles from Sydney, in the district of Argyle. In short, the *march of improvement* is much too weak a phrase for the meridian of New South Wales; we must there speak of the *race of improvement*; for the three appropriate and never-failing accompaniments of advancing civilization in that colony are a race-course, a public-house, and a gaol."

In short, it appears, that, as concerning the



reformation of the convicts, Sir T. Brisbane left the colony, if possible, in a worse state than he found it.

"When I ask, what Sir Thomas Brisbane did for New South Wales; I pause in vain for a reply. When I ask, what memorial he left behind him to endure his memory to the country and to perpetuate his fame; a hundred fingers point to the Brisbane cup, and I am told to listen to the song of the drunkard, as he toasts up in the air a hat bereft of three-fourths of its brim, and hiccups out *Sir—Thomas—Brisbane—for ever!* at the half-yearly races of Sydney and Parramatta."

Numerous emigrants had arrived during the Brisbane administration at their own expense, to whom, on presenting themselves at the Colonial Secretary's office, and producing testimonials of their fitness, free grants of land were made; but such irregularities were suffered to prevail even in this department, that

"I have myself heard of the case of an individual who, having come to the colony from the Isle of France for the recovery of his health, was induced, on hearing of the facility with which land could be obtained from the colonial government by persons newly arrived in New South Wales, to apply for a grant of two thousand acres of land, which he accordingly received, and immediately sold to an old resident in the country, without ever having seen it himself, for the sum of five hundred pounds. He left the colony very shortly thereafter, with his health restored, and his purse unexpectedly and very agreeably replenished."

In December, 1825, Sir T. Brisbane was succeeded by Lieut.-General Darling, well known for the squabbles with the colonial press in which he was constantly involved. These seem to have arisen from an over-sensitiveness to public opinion, and were a fruitful source of annoyance to the Governor, who, in other respects, particularly where order, regularity, and persevering attention to business, were concerned, seems worthy of all praise. It would, however, appear that he exhibited much partiality in the distribution of his favours, and that, under his orders, the unfortunate convicts were treated with a severity bordering on cruelty. During his administration, Dr. Lang distinguishes four epochs, each sufficient to form an era in the history of the settlement.

"The first of these was the era of agricultural excitement, the second the era of agricultural depression; the third was the era of drought, and the fourth the era of libels."

To enter at length into each of these would exceed our limits; but we may just say that the first was consequent on the formation of the 'Australian Agricultural Company,' whose agent appearing in the Australian market in 1826, with a million of money to purchase stock, while at the same time numerous individuals who had gotten large grants from government, coming at the same time, with the same intent, sheep and cattle suddenly obtained an enormous fictitious value; the colonists, thinking that great benefits were to arise from the speculation, commenced also buying, often on credit, often on loans taken up at large interest, every one conceiving that he who had a large flock would be sure of realizing a large fortune. The result of this is obvious, but the catastrophe was hastened by the neglect of tillage into which the rage for pasture farming naturally led, and by a drought

which lasted for three years, and compelled the colonists to drive their cattle to market in order to get grain for themselves and their families, so that there were now as many to sell as there formerly had been to buy;—sales were consequently effected at immense loss, and those who had taken up money on high interest to make purchases, were ruined.

The era of libels refers to the disputes between the governor and the press before mentioned, and as they did little credit to any concerned, we shall pass them over.

General Darling left the colony in October, 1831, after having administered its affairs for a period of six years. Major-General Bourke, the present governor, arrived in the December of the same year; but we shall say nothing of his acts until we come to consider the present state of the settlement, and enter on the question, how far it is now arrived at that condition in which the third of the objects stated may be prudently carried into effect, by bestowing on it the "*full rank and privileges of a British colony.*"

We cannot, however, conclude, without offering our thanks to Dr. Lang for the clear, comprehensive, and, we believe, unbiassed manner, in which he has laid the statement of the case before the public. It is one of great interest to the legislator and philanthropist, as tending to the determination of the great question, whether, and how far, a penal settlement can be made the means of reforming the guilty, and placing them in a situation to benefit that country which by their crimes they had offended; and we feel half inclined to admit the conclusion arrived at in Dr. Lang's humorous translation—

*Natus in orbe Sinus Ballis præducet amens.*

HORACE.

"Botany Bay, or, as it is now designated, New South Wales, is at present the first of the British colonies."

*Divine Providence, or the Three Cycles of Revelation, &c.* By the Rev. G. Croly, L.L.D. London: Duncan.

THE subject of this volume is not one that can well be discussed in the pages of a popular periodical, but Dr. Croly's literary claims are too great for us to dismiss his work with a scanty and insufficient notice. Long known to the world as a poet, politician, novelist, and dramatist, he comes now before us as an interpreter of prophecy, and expounder of the ways of Providence. For such a task, the elements of his former triumphs, and the sources of his present fame, afforded him little aid, or rather are obstacles to his success. A gorgeous imagination, almost of an oriental cast, dexterity in the use of bitter sarcasm and pungent ridicule, powers of description which have rarely been rivalled, and vivid conception of character, have little in common with the coldness of verbal interpretation—the patient search after authorities—the cautious scrutiny of their value—or the honest statement of results, even when they contradict "a foregone conclusion." To dazzle with eloquence is one thing—to convince by argument is another, and a very different thing; dogmatism in the former is a principle of strength, in the latter it is little short of a confession of weakness.

Countless have been the volumes written to illustrate the course of Providence in relation to the history of mankind, and countless the interpretations given of the unfulfilled prophecies recorded both in the Old and New Testament. They have all failed; they must all necessarily fail, for what are they but attempts of the Finite to comprehend the counsels of the Infinite? efforts to pass the limits prescribed by Eternal wisdom—to become "wise above that which is written"?—efforts, of course, predestined to ill success, for, as Cowper wisely says—

*God is his own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.*

Dr. Croly's argument has the merit of originality; its plan is one which none but a great mind could have conceived; he designs to show that the leading facts of the Jewish and the Patriarchal dispensations are the same in essence, in purpose, and in order, with the history of Christianity, so far as it has gone, and with its future course as prophetically described; and that, if this connection be established, "the acknowledgment of a Providence as the author of Christianity is no more capable of dispute than the properties of a triangle."

Now, it appears to us, that if these similarities were as perfectly demonstrated as any proposition in Euclid, the evidence in favour of Christianity would not be one whit strengthened, or, at best, that the new argument in its favour would only amount to the lowest degree of probability; and, therefore, that we shall not in any degree weaken the arguments by which the truth of revelation is legitimately demonstrated, if we show that the similarities brought forward by our author are forced and fanciful, that his opinions are frequently unsupported, and his statements not always borne out by facts.

Dr. Croly adopts the opinion of the Hutchinsonians, that Moses has given us a strictly philosophical account of the Creation, and that he is to be understood literally, when he says that, in six days, "God made the heavens and the earth." This, of course, brings him into direct collision with the geologists, whom he scruples not to describe as at once idle theorists and dangerous infidels. The remembrance of such names as Sedgwick and Buckland did not embarrass him for a moment; they are described as men who have compromised religion by an idle endeavour to conciliate the sceptic. The folly of geologists is shown by a parade of some absurdities, into which those who devised theories of the earth have fallen, which is just about as fair as an attempt to decry religion by collecting the errors of speculative divines. Now, without entering into any critical discussion, or examining the quibbling etymologies which it has pleased our author to extract from the old lexicons, we venture to affirm, that the word *day* in the first chapter of Genesis may mean an indefinite period of time, because it was not until the fourth day, according to the same authority, that means for measuring time were created, or, at least, applied to that purpose. Further into the argument we need not enter, for Professor Sedgwick has anticipated Dr. Croly's attack, and completely refuted the assertions of those who declare that geological studies have an infidel tendency; nor, indeed, should we notice the topic, were it not that

we fear religion may suffer from the misguided zeal of such advocates as Dr. Croly. "When first the telescope disclosed to human eyes the mysteries of the firmament, and exposed the errors of the Ptolemaic system, no small injury was done to the cause of religion by the injudicious attempt that was made to bring in revelation to its support, and check the progress of philosophical inquiry."† There is somewhat of the same spirit in the world now that consigned Galileo to the dungeon, and forced the translators of Newton *alienam gerere personam*. It deserves to be remarked, that, while Dr. Croly binds geologists to the sacred text of the Hebrew, as interpreted by the common lexicographers, he frees chronologists from all such fetters, roundly declaring that the Hebrew was falsified by the Jews, and that the Septuagint version is an authority preferable to the original text.

Of the historical parallels we have next to speak, and with sorrow we say, that never was there any work that displayed such perverted ingenuity in the invention of fanciful resemblances. In the identification of Christ as the second Adam, we are gravely told, that his crucifixion between the penitent and impenitent thief was typified by Adam between the repentant Eve and the hardened serpent! Again, we are told of the similarity between Moses and Constantine—between "the meekest of men," and one of the most sanguinary tyrants that ever disgraced the purple! To complete the absurdity, the vision of the cross, which Eusebius declares that the Emperor narrated to him, is asserted to be an historical fact, established beyond the reach of controversy!

"The true view (of Constantine's conversation with Eusebius) would be, that of a mighty monarch, long past the period of earthly insecurity, calmly conversing with a christian bishop, on the divine interposition which had guided his way to universal power, and stamped the greatest revolution in the records of empire."

This is not the true view, nor anything like it: a much more accurate account would be, that the most wily of politicians narrated a story to the most credulous of historians, which the latter implicitly adopted. The story is refuted by the notorious fact, that Constantine did not become a christian, or at least was not baptized, until the year in which he died, more than a dozen years after the period of the alleged vision.

Another of these parallels is between Alexander of Macedon and Napoleon, and, of course, the fact that both invaded Egypt is strongly insisted upon:—but where did Dr. Croly learn that Alexander was a latitudinarian in religion? Had he been so, the throne of the Seleucids would have been for centuries safe in Persia. Does Dr. Croly not know, that Alexander is described as a cruel persecutor in the Zend-Avesta—that the Mohammedans have made him a saint, because he laboured to destroy the Magian religion—and that Antiochus, when he persecuted the Jews and the followers of Zerdusht, declared that he adhered to the policy of the first Macedonian conqueror?

We shall not exhaust the patience of our readers, by referring to the parallels between Joseph in Egypt and St. Paul in Greece—between Ezra in Judea and Luther in Ger-

many—it is quite sufficient to say, that such parallelism has been propounded, and much ingenuity and much eloquence wasted in their support.

The last chapter in the volume is devoted to speculations on the future: it appears, that Christendom is about to fall into general apostasy, which will be visited by some exemplary punishment, after which a new and more illustrious course of Providence will commence. The signs of this approaching apostasy are not stated, and in England at least they would be difficult to discover. From our first existence as a nation, there never was a period in which religion was more revered, than the present.

We have read this volume with sincere sorrow, because, the waste of power which it displays, has not, within our memory, been paralleled. It seems the production of Sathiel, rather than an ordinary being; it has no human sympathies, the destinies of men and of nations are treated like the moves of the pieces on a chess-board; it gives dogmatism for argument, and instead of reasoning, presents us with gorgeous declamation.

*The Life of a Soldier, a Narrative of Twenty-seven Years' Service in various Parts of the World.* By a Field Officer. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

This work is so little to our taste, that we shall content ourselves with gleanings here and there for a few scattered anecdotes. The raising an Irish militia regiment is one of the best, and may serve as a companion picture to 'Sir Jonah Barrington's challenging the Jury':—

"The Irish are a people naturally fond of the careless, chequered, errant life of a soldier; and, as one proof of it, my corps was raised voluntarily in a single day. A large quantity of cockades were provided, not alone for the men, but also for the colonel's friends—a number of dinner parties were given in honour of the occasion—and the festivities concluded with a grand ball in the evening. The next morning our one-day-old regiment assembled, as ordered, in front of their colonel's house, and that officer directed that a shilling should be given to each man wherewith to drink his health; but, as his servants proceeded to distribute the money, a general cry arose that the colonel wanted to put them off with a shilling in lieu of the guinea which, on being called out, each was entitled to receive. All attempts at explanation proved perfectly unavailing—never were men so deaf to reason—they tore the cockades from their hats, as well as from the dresses of the ladies and gentlemen—trampled under foot these now valueless insignia. • • •

"In a few days, however, the matter was better understood; the corps was called out, and then became subject to military discipline; not a man was absent, and considerable concern for their past conduct, which had made their officers look so foolish, was clearly observable in the air and bearing of all: the drill proceeded regularly under non-commissioned officers of the line; undress clothing, blue jackets, white trousers, and forage caps, came down from Dublin, and with it the route.

"Early in the morning of the day fixed for our marching out of town, the commanding officer gave directions that half the regiment should proceed to the town-house for the arms, and that every man of the party should bring from it two stand to the barrack-square, the place of muster. Instantly it ran through the ranks, that each private was to be forced to

carry two firelocks during the whole march; and a scene of confusion and anarchy, not inferior to that of the cockades, was momentarily expected to be enacted. • • • But at length the meaning of the order was satisfactorily explained, and then, running into the opposite extreme, several were heard to declare that for such a distance each individual would cheerfully carry an arm chest."

"At Clogheen," says our Field Officer, then an ensign, "we found the thirty-third regiment, which was then under orders to embark for the West Indies; they were commanded by the Honourable Colonel Wellesley. He happened to be standing near the bridge, while we were marching over, and I, wishing to come off with flying colours, unfurled mine; but, unluckily, the wind was very high—I was blown out of the ranks toward the future Duke of Wellington, and, before I could stop myself, my sacred charge was wrapped round him, and his hat knocked off. How little idea I then had, that I should yet be under his command in many a well-contested field."

It happened, however, that the destination of the thirty-third was altered. Col. Wellesley went to India, and our present Field Officer to the West Indies. Here is a sketch of a campaign at St. Domingo:—

"The burial-ground happened to be near one of the principal batteries, called the Polygon, and the officer of the guard had orders to attend all interments, and see that three shovelfuls of quick lime were thrown into each grave. As the hospital carts, each carrying three bodies, arrived almost without intermission during the day, this was both a sad and a wearisome duty. The number of the hospital assistants was now reduced to the ratio of one to a hundred patients, when at least ten times as many were necessary; the consequences of this alteration to the sick were deplorable—the poor fellows, being unable to fan away the flies themselves, and having no proper attendance, died with their mouths full of them, and frequently, as their heads were shaved, they were covered with such swarms that the skin was completely hid. The regiments in camp were the greatest sufferers; as the rain, at times, and principally at night, fell in torrents, and soon penetrated the old moth-eaten tents.

"I have passed whole nights, sitting in my tent up to my ankles in water, and holding an umbrella over my head. In the morning, when the sun shone out, the camp was enveloped in a cloud of steam. Our living in such damp brought on various fatal diseases, which in a few months reduced strong regiments to skeletons. Sudden deaths also happened occasionally; I recollect one instance in particular:—I was invited to dine one day by Lieutenant R—t of the 32nd, and at the hour appointed I walked to his tent and asked the servant, who stood at the door of it, if dinner was not ready; the answer was, 'Master is dead, sir.' It was too true; for the hospital-cart was soon brought up for the corpse of him who, in the morning, had asked me to dine, little thinking then that he had eaten his last meal!

"At the advanced posts the picquets were placed without any shelter behind *cheneaux de frise*; an officer and only three men went on at night, and a sentinel was posted on the pathway that led through the woods. I have often revisited a sentinel after an interval of a few minutes, and found him fast asleep without arms in his hands: the punishment for the crime of sleeping on his post, to which a soldier is made liable by the articles of war, is death; but in our present situation such severity was uncalled for, as it was not in human nature to bear up against the exhaustion of strength and spirits experienced by our men. The very

† See an able article on the Consistency of Geology with Scripture in the *British Critic*, Vol. XXIII.

beasts of this island seemed to have conspired to annoy us; the large monkeys frequently made so great a rustling in the woods that the sentinels, thinking the enemy were there, fired, and thus caused the whole line to turn out, which was extremely harassing. And then the asses, which were very numerous, would occasionally collect on the flank of the camp, and charge at full speed along the whole length of it, tumbling over the ropes, and breaking the poles of the tents; the men used to provide themselves with stout sticks for the better reception of these unwelcome visitors, and did not spare them. We were commonly favoured with this 'long-eared rout' whenever a thunder-storm came on; and what can be more vexatious to a worn-out soldier in a tempestuous night, than to have a donkey or two tumbling over him, snapping his tent-pole, and leaving him rolled up in the wet canvas till morning!"

We have heard a great deal latterly of the extraordinary humanity of West Indian planters. Our present writer's experience does not seem to confirm this report:—

"The French resident on this Island treated their slaves barbarously; I saw few of these unfortunate creatures that did not bear evident marks of ill-usage; the commission of the most trivial fault, when discovered by their masters, insured them an unmerciful flogging. On such occasions they were made to lie at full length on the ground, and the punishment was inflicted with a long whip, like those used by waggoners in England. I have seen an axe flung with full force at a poor wretch, because he did not hold a piece of timber exactly as his master, who was chopping it, wished. . . . When recovering from the yellow fever in the military hospital, I was disturbed one morning by the pitiable cries of some one in distress, and, looking through a window that was close to my bed, I perceived that they proceeded from a small black boy who was passing by; he was heavily chained, and carried a pitcher of water on his head, while a French lad, who walked after him, was lashing him with a whip, and tormenting him with the most wanton cruelty. My servant ran out instantly, pursued the malignant rascal, and, overtaking him near his residence, gave him a smart blow on the head in proof of a Briton's constitutional abhorrence of such dastardly conduct; but this interference on the part of one of our nation in behalf of a slave, was not to be borne by a vindictive Frenchman, and in revenge, the poor black child was burned and lacerated with hot irons. I heard his cries for three days. On the fourth, death came to the little sufferer's aid, and kindly put an end to his misery."

*The Life and Correspondence of Henry Salt, Esq.* By J. J. Halls, Esq. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THE expectations which we formed from the first volume of this work, have not been realized; we trusted that in the second, we should find the results of Mr. Salt's observations, during his long residence in Egypt, but regret to learn, that his most important manuscripts have been lost, and that the editor has been forced to supply the place of the valuable information they must have contained, by the casual remarks on general topics, that are to be found in Salt's private letters. It is to be lamented, that the absence of these manuscripts has induced the author of these volumes to plunge deep into controversies that have long since lost the little public interest they ever possessed; nobody cares one jot, in the present day, whether Belzoni was employed by Salt, or whether he investigated Egyptian antiquities on his own ac-

count; the rivalry between Salt and Drovetti is still less interesting, and a single sentence, instead of some dozen pages, would have been quite sufficient for the controversy between the consul and the British Museum. One controversial topic is of importance: the work before us amply vindicates Salt from the charge of having opposed the Greeks in their struggle for independence, and used his consular power to perpetuate Turkish tyranny.

We remember to have heard some surprise expressed, at Mr. Salt's never having produced any great work worthy of his fame, and what were supposed to be his opportunities: but those who urged the charge were little aware of the extent of consular duties in such a country as Egypt; it is scarcely possible to conceive a situation of greater difficulty and responsibility than that which Salt describes:—

"You must know, that the office of Consul in Turkey is very different from what it is in Europe; for every stranger, in civilized countries, being subject to the laws of the state he lives under, the Consul has nothing to do but to sign passports, regulate ships' papers, and use his interference with the local government in cases where the terms of the treaty are not complied with; while, on the contrary, in these barbarous regions the Consuls are a sort of Kings. Every Consulate here is a little Government, and all those residing in the country are considered to be under its exclusive protection. Once in a way, indeed, the Pasha does presume, on any enormous crime being committed, as killing one of his officers, or such like offence, to cut off an European's head; but otherwise, he leaves every thing that concerns our subjects (for so they are always called) to our wiser jurisdiction; so that we have to try causes for murder, assault, and robbery; and to decide between contending parties, where hundreds of thousands of piastres (a piastre is about fourpence halfpenny in value) are concerned.

"I have, at Cairo, about three hundred of said subjects, Maltese, Ionians, &c. &c. and there are about as many more at Alexandria, who principally are under the rule of the Consul, Mr. Lee, but who have a right of appeal to my superior 'worship' (as Dr. Richardson, in his Travels, calls me) at Cairo. It is a strange system, and one that was certainly never in the contemplation of the Government at home, so that no regulations nor proper rules for our guidance have ever been laid down. We do our best, sometimes proceeding as far as imprisonment, flogging, and whipping: but you may be sure we never, however hardened the criminal, or however terrible the offence, proceed to the extremity of hanging. What is chiefly to be regretted is, that even in atrocious cases, as murder, &c. there is no provision for punishing the offender, as an indictment will not lie in England for crimes committed in Turkey, it never having come into contemplation that the government of any country would yield so far as to give up all right over the persons of strangers residing in its territory. You may imagine, under such circumstances, that my life is not one of idleness."

Instead of being annoyed that a clever man in such a situation had done little beyond the duties of his office, we should rather be surprised at his having done anything.

The inexplicable conduct of the Russian Emperor Alexander, in the affairs of the Greek revolution, is duly exposed by Mr. Salt, who was, at least on the first outbreak of the Greeks, a Philhellenist. In the year

1822, he writes the following account to a friend:—

"Everything has hitherto passed very tranquilly in Egypt, owing to the firmness of our Pasha; but we have the misery of seeing daily hundreds of poor Greeks, who arrive on board the different vessels, passing into a cruel slavery. Every nerve has been strained by the European inhabitants, resident here, to purchase and provide for such as happened to come on board British ships; but their means have at length failed, and we are compelled to give up the farther hope of assisting them.

"Whatever our politicians may think of this business in England, it does appear to me that all the European nations have played but a miserable part on the present occasion, and more especially the Emperor Alexander, the pious, the peace-making Emperor, who expressed a wish to see a Bible in the hands of each of his subjects, and yet has barbarously permitted four millions of Christians, professing the same faith, and relying upon him for protection, to be sacrificed to the diabolical vengeance of the Turk.

"It is a fact well known to us, that two years before the insurrection broke out, the emissaries of Russia were to be found in every part of the Turkish empire, but particularly throughout the Archipelago, exciting the Greeks, by every suggestion that could flatter a brave people, to arms. The Greek navy—was it not formed under the auspices and even banner of Russia? what, then, will posterity say of the mighty prince who betrayed them? A year and a half ago the game was in his own hands. Austria was occupied in Italy, and would have conceded any proposition the Emperor might have made; England was employed in arranging her finances, and in bringing into order her almost rebellious population; and France was in too unsettled a state to be able to interfere. Then was the moment for Alexander to have moved forward his army, to have taken possession of Moldavia and Wallachia, and to have presented himself at the head of a hundred thousand men before Constantinople. The fate of Turkey had then been in his hands, and he might have evinced his magnanimity by granting that power better terms than it merited, and yet have secured the independence of Greece. Those insolent miscreants, the Turks, would in such a case have been taught a proper respect for the Franks, and would have consented without a murmur to such wise regulations as the European powers might have pointed out for their guidance; civilization might have been gradually introduced, and Christians have been respected throughout the Levant."

But Salt, like many others, soon cooled in his enthusiasm, and began to regard the Greek cause as identified with the dreams of the discontented throughout Europe. The personal inconvenience to which he was exposed, by the junction of Lord Cochrane and other Englishmen with the Greeks, probably had no small effect in changing his sentiments: he says, in May 1827:—

"We must expect to pass a stormy summer since the arrival of Lord Cochrane among the Greeks. Should he attack us at Alexandria, the consequences must be very serious, though I trust his Majesty's ships now stationed there through my exertions, may be sufficient to protect his Majesty's liege subjects from any very serious mishap. It is by no means a pleasant situation we are placed in; nothing can persuade the Turks that Lord Cochrane is not acting under orders from Government, and, consequently, we are all looked upon with an evil eye."

The inconvenience produced by Lord Cochrane's interference, probably rendered



Salt unjust to his lordship, for we cannot believe, that the hinted imputation against Cochrane's courage, so often and so nobly proved, can have had any other foundation than the prejudice of the moment—especially when we connect with it the prophecy of Hydra's speedy fall, a prophecy which seems to have been hazarded, in utter ignorance of the state of affairs in Greece:—

"On the 16th of June Lord Cochrane, in the *Hellas*, with twenty-three Greek ships, appeared off our harbour and burned a small brig that had run aground in attempting to enter the port at dusk; but, on the appearance next day of the Pasha's fleet of corvettes only, the frigates not being ready, his lordship and suite retired. In fact, they made a most contemptible figure before this port, and were pursued by the Turkish fleet afterwards to Rhodes. The affair *before* with two Turkish corvettes of twenty-two cannon each, off Zante, does the *Hellas* little honour. The two corvettes are now here, one of them a Tunisian and the other of Constantinople, and their captains have been handsomely rewarded for fighting so well. The Greeks have put in the *Malta Gazette* that they were 'two frigates;' but this I can assure you is a falsehood. They are both corvettes, and not large ones. In fact, I believe Lord Cochrane has little or no command over these gentry, and, I am told by an Austrian commander, has only three hundred and fifty Greeks on board the *Hellas*, so that she is not in a state to fight. That the whole is not at an end is the fault of the European cabinets. The means were easy.

"A considerable expedition sails from this in a few days for *Hydra*, which I have no doubt will fail; and as Raschid Pasha, with a large force, has joined Ibrahim Pasha, Napoli di Romania cannot hold out long. You may put it down as a certainty, that if the European powers do not come boldly forward, in less than six months the Greeks will no longer exist as a nation."

The respect paid to Salt's memory, by the consuls of every European nation at Alexandria, when the account of his death was received, is the highest compliment that could be paid to his public character; every flag was hoisted half staff high, from the time of his decease to his burial. No better proof can be given of his amiability in private, than the longing for home, and its endearments, that he describes in the extract with which we shall conclude:—

"How often do I long to be among my friends at Lichfield once more, even for a short time, and to see the beautiful spires and to wander about the green fields which I hold so exactly in my memory. I hope the great elm in Mr. Levett's field is still standing, and the willow going to Stow. Your assurance that the old pear and apple trees and mountain-ash are living, gave me great delight. So you have been great travellers—my sister gadding about, *without her husband too*; I see she is like myself, and taken a pleasure in observing the beauties of nature: believe me, after all I have seen, there is nothing in the world that affords such pure and unalloyed delight. I am truly glad to find that you still remain with my sister, and that you continue so attached to her. It will add much to my pleasure, when I visit Lichfield, to renew our acquaintance, if you still remain what my memory pictures you to have been as my 'little girl.' But you must all expect to find me strangely altered—quite the old gentleman of forty-five, with a serious face, grey hairs, and an increasing corpulence, my health, for some months back, having been better than it has been for years; besides this, you will find me afraid of the cold, very regular and old-bachelor-

like in my habits, and fond of having everything comfortable about me. In my heart and feelings, however, I hope you will find me unchanged, still as fond of the simplest pleasures as ever, and placing all my happiness in domestic comfort."

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Suggestions for the Architectural Improvement of the Western Part of London*, by Sydney Smirke.'—Mr. Smirke is somewhat less of a visionary than most young architects. He has indeed according to usage, his design for a Parliament House, and one or two other costly embellishments, but generally he looks to the practical, and judges of what is wanting by known and admitted inconveniences: for instance, he proposes to clear a direct carriage-way from Cockspur Street, right through to Covent Garden, and from Oxford Street to Holborn, two of the greatest improvements that could be undertaken, and for which a vote from Parliament would be justifiable. The thoroughfares of a city must be increased in number or in width, in proportion to the increase of traffic: while Charing Cross was the village of Charing, it is probable that fewer carts and carriages passed in a twelvemonth than now in an hour, and before the late alterations, it was notoriously blocked up for hours together. So it is now with Cockspur Street. No doubt the reader will recollect the dangerous and intricate perplexities, through which a carriage has to pass from thence to the theatres, with the usual confusion and delay at the sharp angular turning into Princes Street, and yet the very improvements, which have relieved the Strand by opening King William Street, have increased the traffic and the nuisance. Another suggestion of Mr. Smirke's, is an opening from the Strand into Holborn, through the east side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and another circular sweep from the same point to the west side. This latter is, we think, obviously an error; the same line thrown a little more to the westward, would come out facing Little Queen Street, and thus open direct communication through King Street, Southampton Row, &c., with the whole north side of London, having also a communication with Lincoln's Inn Fields by two cross streets. Mr. Smirke suggests other alterations, which we think less practicable and less useful. There is no probability, for instance, of our being permitted to make a common thoroughfare through and across St. James's Park; and the proposed line of communication, from the Haymarket to Oxford Street, through Poland Street, would run parallel to Regent Street, and not be worth the cost. We have stated that Mr. Smirke is not very wild about the mere architectural embellishment of the city, but he has his hobby, and this is suburban villages, in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall Bridge, Euston Square, and the Edgeware Road, for the especial use of the poor, when routed out of St. Giles's and the other rookeries: but this is merely visionary: the poor man must reside in the centre of this great city, that he may be convenient to his casual labour, which lies one day east, and the next west, north, or south; and hence arises another strong reason for opening and ventilating crowded neighbourhoods; if the poor cannot get to the fresh air, it must be brought to them.

'*Catherine de' Medici; or, the Rival Faiths*.'—The title of this book explains its purport—it is a tale of Catholic and Huguenot, with the usual bias of similar fictions; it contains too an attempt (and no more) to give a portrait of that wonderful woman, magnificent in crime, Catherine de' Medici, and concludes, as every one will have already guessed, with an account of the tragedy of St. Bartholomew. For our parts, enough, we think, has been written on this subject, both in the way of fact and fiction,—

there has been enough stirring up of the black bile of man's nature—enough of appeal to his passions and his prejudices; and we are anxious for, and rejoice in, the universal peace. It is in the pause after the strife that permanent good is to be done, and it is folly to attempt to rekindle the dying embers of the fierce fire of controversy. The author also gives us a glimpse of Mary Stuart, but not a very vivid one: in short, as a story, 'Catherine de' Medici' contains little to which we could object, but as little which we could commend.

'*The Duties of Men*, by Silvio Pellico. Translated by Thomas Roscoe.'—'*Des Devoirs des Hommes*, traduit de l'Italien par Antoine de Latour.'—There is something delightful in the enthusiasm, with which Mr. Roscoe seems to have undertaken the translation of this little serviceable volume; and, as if to raise the mind of the reader to the same moral tone, he has prefixed to it a pleasant biographical memoir, which cannot fail to interest and secure a patient and affectionate attention. Mr. Roscoe, in describing the work itself, says justly, that it "contains the substance of genuine christianity, practical education, and a simplicity and pathos in its appeals, which render it a powerful coadjutor in the great task of giving a new heart, and creating a right spirit in man"—and it is some proof of the general opinion entertained of its merits, that we have received the above translations into French and English, so quickly after noticing the first publication of the original work.† There is also a pleasant introduction prefixed to the French translation.

'*A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters*, by J. Smith. Part V.'—This fifth volume contains accounts of the Paintings of Berghem, P. Potter, A. Vanderveelde, Du Jardin, Cuyp, and Vanderhuyden. Every day proves to us more and more the value of this work, in helping us to determine on the genuineness of pictures, and in some degree their value. The biographical and critical notices of the several painters, are interesting and instructive, and curious information is occasionally to be met with, scattered over the pages in the accounts of what may be considered as the history of each picture: thus of Cuyp, now so much admired, we are informed that it was not for more than a century after his death, that his genius was properly estimated by his countrymen; that down to the year 1750, there is no instance in all the Dutch catalogues, to which the compiler has referred, of any picture by this artist having sold for more than thirty florins, something less than three pounds! Their value, it is said, was first made known by English amateurs, and their demand for them first affected the price at the sale of M. Slingelandt in 1785. Of their increasing value the following is a curious proof. A landscape now in the possession of Mr. Perkins, then sold for the supposed high price of 50*l.*, subsequently, in 1798 it brought 261*l.*, in 1806, 370 guineas, and in 1828, its present possessor gave for it no less than 1365*l.*!

'*The Works of Burns; with his Life*, by Allan Cunningham, Vols. IV. V.'—These volumes complete this beautiful edition of the works of the Bard of Ayr, so far as concerns his poetry. Volume the fifth contains his correspondence with Thomson, on the subject of their joint undertaking, the songs he wrote for it, and many composed during the same period for other persons and purposes. Both volumes are graced with beautiful illustrations, and the pleasant comments of the editor, whose talk about the Chlorises, and the Jeanies, and the Marys, to whom the Poet addressed his appealing, or pathetic, or sarcastic lyrics, is always interesting. Some of the notes, too, contain amusing anecdotes, and scraps of tradition. We must

† See *Athenæum*, No. 230, p. 313.

give two new verses to the sweet song 'Oft the air the wind can blow,' which we have not seen in print before.

O blow, ye westlin winds, blow soft  
Among the bevy trees,  
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale  
Bring hae the laden bees;  
And bring the lassie back to me  
That's ay as neat and clean;  
As smilie o' her wad banish care,  
Sae charming to my Jean.  
What sighs and vows among the knowes  
Hae passed atween us twa!  
How fond to meet, how wae to part,  
That night she gaed awa!  
The powers aboon can only ken,  
To whom the heart is seen,  
That nae can be as dear to me  
As my sweet lovely Jean!

The *addenda* to the spirited ballad 'The Carle of Kellyburn braes,' show us with what happy boldness Burns restored and amended gaudy snatches of ancient song, which had no more than a traditional existence.—But we shall conclude with an anecdote concerning one of a class nowhere popular, and least of all, as it appears, in "the North Country."

"Gaugers were, for a long period, cordially disliked in Scotland; to cheat them was almost considered a duty. Tradition relates, that at Annan once a large quantity of smuggled tea and brandy had just been carried into an inn there, when, to the consternation of all concerned, the gauger was seen approaching. Concealment was out of the question, for the importation was large and lying on the floor. All this was observed by a shrewd idiot, well known by the name of Daft Davie Graham; he snatched up a long whip, and walking leisurely to a 'midden-dub,' threw in the lash of the whip, watched it, and played it with all the anxiety of an angler.—'What are ye fishing for there, Davie?' said the officer of the revenue.—'Fishing for deevils,' was the answer.—'Deevils!' said the other, 'and what do you bait with?'—'Gaugers,' replied Davie. The laugh of the bystanders at the sharp joke made the gauger turn his horse's head another road, and miss a prey."

'*The Church and its Adversaries*, a Sermon by the Rev. H. Stebbing, M.A.—Next to the blessing of the total cessation of controversy—a consummation not to be expected in our day—is the display of a conciliatory christian spirit in polemical works, a sign of improvement in the age, which we have recently had many occasions to notice and commend. The Sermon before us, was preached "on occasion of reading the King's letter in aid of the fund for building churches and chapels;" such an occasion arising at a time when the propriety of maintaining any National Church was under discussion, naturally imposed upon the preacher the duty of noticing the claims which the Church has upon the public support. In the arena of controversy, Mr. Stebbing appears as a moderator: he argues that "never was the Almighty's providence more signally displayed, than in the establishment of the English Church, on the ruins of papal domination and papal error;" hence he infers, that the friends of the church should labour strenuously to keep it free from any of the blots that human selfishness may introduce into the purest establishment, and that its enemies should cautiously examine the grounds of their hostility, "lest haply they may be found to be fighting against God."—Addressing his discourse to the friends of the Church, Mr. Stebbing declares that he does not, and could not, maintain the apocryphal purity of the establishment, and he points out some errors, which he thinks ought to be amended. His observations on the present system of patronage and promotion deserve great attention:—

"There can be but one opinion as to the general principle which should prevail in the management of resources given for the sole purpose of promoting the interests of Christ's re-

ligion; but obvious as it is, that to support an efficient and independent body of ministers is the first grand object for which the wealth of a church should be expended, we find that in our apostolic establishment, the same fearful vice has long prevailed which lent a powerful hand to the ruin of earlier churches. It is no trifling thing to a genuine churchman to see simony allowed, by a mere quirk of law, to practise its infamous arts undisturbed; still less is it so to know that there is, in fact, a worse species of simony than that which carries on its traffic by money, because it is a bolder vice, and has its chief seat in the highest places of national power:—I mean the simony of political patronage; that which, for the promise of so much help in the support of a particular measure, will give so many thousand souls over to the charge of, perhaps, the most worldly-minded and the most unlearned of the ministers of the church. The dire spirit of antichrist was never more clearly exhibited, in the worst periods of Roman corruption, than it has been in the unchecked use which the government of this country, or the agents of government in their several degrees, have been allowed to make of church patronage to carry their ends. In some instances, it may be feared, the sin of the politician has infected the ruling members of the church itself, and the cedar and the gold of the temple have been taken away, even by those who dwell therein, to satisfy the labourer who was not worthy of the meanest hire. . . .

"As patronage is at present disposed of, there is a threefold evil always in action. In the first place, the clergy are tempted into seeking preferment by methods which little become the pure, independent, elevated temper of mind which should always characterize a minister of religion. In the second place, the worthy and laborious curate is, with very few exceptions, dispossessed of his office, and not in very rare cases driven into a situation of the greatest anxiety and distress; and that not because his virtues are unknown, but because the benefice has been promised elsewhere. In the third place, the church is deprived hereby of the full portion of intellectual power, as well as of the spiritual exertion which it has a right to look for from the great body of its clergy."

The preacher next enumerates the opponents of the church, and addresses them in a tone of affectionate remonstrance, well calculated to disarm an adversary. We shall give no opinion respecting the success with which Mr. Stebbing's conclusions are established, but we bear willing testimony to the temper and talent with which his argument is conducted.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Among the strange events of the passing world, not the least extraordinary is a Quaker at Court, in the costume of a Doctor of Laws! We announced some time since, that the people of Manchester had subscribed 2,000*l.* for a statue, by Chantrey, of their illustrious townsman, John Dalton, the discoverer of the atomic theory of chemical combination, and that Oxford had conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. Being at present on a visit to London—and we had the pleasure of meeting the venerable old man at the last conversazione at the London University, and once, among the earliest, on his way to the artist's studio, looking as hale and well as his friends could desire—it was thought proper that he should be introduced to his Majesty, and he was accordingly presented in his Doctor's robes, by the Lord Chancellor, at the last levee. All this is pleasant in many ways; pleasant for the honour and respect that has been thus shown to mere genius, and moral worth, for Dr. Dalton has always been a poor man, and maintained himself

as a teacher in his native town,—and pleasant for the example thus set by one of a worthy sect, but rigid disciplinarians, of a growing indifference to mere forms.

We have been assured, and that on seemingly good authority, that the son and son-in-law of Sir James Mackintosh have declared their intention of writing a full account of the life of their illustrious relative, and that Lord Holland, and the other friends of the deceased, have offered to place in their hands all letters and papers likely to contribute to the completeness of so desirable a work.

We read lately in *The Town* a list of lost, stolen, or strayed pleasures, and among them was Mr. Hood's 'Tyne Hall': our contemporary will be glad to hear that, like Capt. Row's papers, it has been found, and will forthwith appear.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE anniversary meeting of this Society was held on the 10th instant; the President, the Right Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, in the chair. The annual report of the Council, and the Auditors' report, were first read; then Sir A. Johnston, as Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence, made a report of its proceedings for the past year. The chief subjects on which the Committee had been engaged in procuring information, were the preparation of a code of laws for British India; the improvement of the communication between Europe and India, by means of steam navigation; and the effects of opening the trade between Great Britain and China. Under the first head were comprised the different tenures of land existing in India; customs of marriage, adoption, and inheritance; assignments, gifts, and sales of land; the laws affecting the commercial, manufacturing, and moneyed interests; the state of education, and the effect of certain pernicious laws on society in general; concluding this division with a notice of the various kinds of oaths administered in the different courts of justice in India. With reference to the second topic, Sir Alexander mentioned the inquiries that were in progress as to the various routes formerly pursued by merchants and others from Europe to India. He then proceeded to develop the beneficial effects which may be expected to result from the opening of the China trade; concluding his address by some remarks on the improved means at the disposal of the Committee for carrying its researches into effect, and the indications of a more general interest being taken in what relates to eastern affairs.

The thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to Sir A. Johnston, for his report, with a request that he would reduce it to writing, for the purpose of being printed.

The following gentlemen were elected into the council:—viz. Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., W. B. Bayley, Esq., Lieut.-Col. Colebrooke, C. Elliott, Esq., R. Jenkins, Esq., L. H. Petit, Esq., D. Pollock, Esq., and Prof. Wilson, in the room of the Earl of Caledon, Right Hon. H. Ellis, Right Hon. H. Mackenzie, the Hon. P. H. Clive, R. Clarke, Esq., Lieut.-Col. Doyle, Lieut.-Col. Tod, and H. P. G. Tucker, Esq.

Sir Graves C. Houghton, K.H., was elected Librarian, in the room of Col. Tod; all the other officers were re-elected; the meeting then adjourned to the 7th of June.

##### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

May 8.—Hudson Gurney, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Sir H. Ellis read a communication from Mr. Gage, the Director of the Society, upon the re-discovery lately of the remains of Thomas Duke of Exeter, which had been found sixty years ago in the ancient Abbey Church of St. Edmundsbury, and again interred. The hands

were at that time separated from the body, which was in a singularly complete state of preservation, and are now in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. The feet had been removed also, but whether it was at the same time or not, and what became of them, are not known.

A further description was next read, of some of the clay coin-moulds found in Yorkshire, which, with a crucible for melting the metal, were exhibited to the Society.

The attention of the Society was occupied during the rest of the sitting by a further portion of Mr. Y. Otley's paper, which has been several times before referred to.

May 15.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—After the routine business was disposed of, Sir H. Ellis continued the further reading of Mr. Y. Otley's paper upon the ancient illustrated Roman MSS.

Upon rising, the Vice President gave notice from the chair, of the Whitsuntide vacation.

#### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

*On Coins and Medals, by W. Wyon, A.R.A., Chief Engraver at the Royal Mint.*

May 13.—After a few words of introduction, in which Mr. Wyon took occasion to acknowledge with gratitude the early patronage extended to him by the Society of Arts, he stated that it was not his intention to waste time in an attempt to discover who were the first inventors of money; and he referred the curious in such matters to Kince and other writers. On the contrary, he should confine himself to a rapid sketch of the progress of the art, exhibited in the coinage of the ancients down to the decline of the Roman Empire; then give a brief account of modern coins, and conclude with a few remarks on medals. As the subject is one of general interest, we intend to give a very full report, and shall therefore preserve, as nearly as possible, the words of the lecturer.

The learned Eckhel, said Mr. Wyon, considers the first epoch to include all those coins fabricated from the invention of coinage to Alexander the First of Macedon, who is said to have died in the 291st or 309th year from the building of Rome. The early Greek coins are generally characterized by having on the reverses indented squares, or rude indentations; but some have an incuse (sunk in) reverse, answering, or nearly so, to the subject which is in relief on the obverse or head side. Some, however, have upon the reverse an indented object, different from that which is raised on the obverse, as may be seen in a very ancient coin of Metapontum; while the coins of Metapontum, Prestatum (or Poseidonia), Crotona, and Caulonia, have a dotted circle at the extreme edge.

One of the most interesting coins of antiquity, and certainly one of the most ancient, is the gold Daric, which is said to have been first coined by Darius Hystaspes, in the second year of the 6th Olympiad, or 522 before Christ; it is indeed doubtful whether there be any coins of greater antiquity. These gold Darics are of great purity as to the metal, but of a rude, irregular shape, and coarse workmanship. They have on the obverse the figure of a king kneeling upon one knee, holding in the left hand a bow, and in the right an arrow; upon the reverse merely a rude indentation. It was this type of an archer which gave rise to the pun, that Agesilaus King of Sparta had been driven out of Asia by 30,000 archers, he having, it is said, taken a bribe of that amount from Artaxerxes Mnemon, to evacuate Ionia, where he had gone to free the Greek cities, then groaning under the tyranny of Persia.

The most obvious peculiarity to be observed in this epoch is the indented or hollow square, which may probably have arisen in rude efforts to fix the blank piece of metal between the two dies whilst the blow was struck.

The second epoch is from Alexander I. of Macedon to Philip II., or the 395th year from the building of Rome; and during this period we discover a considerable improvement; but still the peculiarities of the earlier coins are visible: we have still the indented squares on the reverses, but the name of the city where struck, or of the king in whose reign, appears, or there is engraved a head, or some other object, or the same subject is repeated which appears on the obverse. Examples of this may be found in the coins of Aranthus, of Alexander I. of Macedon, of Thebes, of Syracuse, of Selinus, of Himera, and of Argos. Towards the end of this epoch some remarkably fine coins occur, as in those of Amphipolis of Thebes, (with the head of the Indian Bucchus,) of Methymna, of Chios, of Chalcis in Macedon, and many other specimens.

I am now, said Mr. Wyon, approaching the period when the art arrived at the highest point of excellence that it ever attained, or perhaps ever will attain—the third epoch, which is dated from Philip II. of Macedon to the termination of the Roman republic. That it was during this period that the art among the Greeks reached its highest perfection, may be proved by the coins of Syracuse, of Tarentum, of Rhegium, of Metapontum, of Velia, of Thurium, and other cities and states; and by the coins of kings, as of Alexander the Great, of Pyrrhus, of Lysimachus, of Antigonus, and his son Demetrius—by those of the kings of Egypt, of Pergamum, of Caria, of Syria, and of Pontus, and others.

Mr. Wyon now exhibited diagrams upon an enlarged scale, of some of these splendid productions of art, and stated that his object was to direct attention to the noble simplicity which characterized these works. In them all the adventitious embellishments of background, which so frequently delude modern efforts, and are particularly observable in the medals struck during the reign of Louis XIV., are rejected, and emblems, when introduced, are all made subservient to the principal subject;—no one, said he, can observe the head of Ceres on the obverse of the Syracusan medallion, without exclaiming, this must be a Goddess! and, perhaps, in the whole range of Grecian art, there will be found no specimens superior to this in beauty and boldness; although the size of the medallions scarcely exceeds that of a half-crown, they appear of colossal proportions. This effect is produced by the simple treatment of the parts, and the depth of the impression; and the high relief given to these works has probably been the means of handing them down to us in the wonderful state of preservation in which we see them.

But however deservedly the coins of antiquity are admired for the beauty of their workmanship, and for the interest which they create, either from their portraits or symbolical reverses, it is much to be lamented that they so rarely give us a date. In fact, no date is to be found on Greek coins but that from the era of the Seleucids, and this only appears on a few of the coins of the cities of Asia Minor, and upon those of the kings of Syria, Pontus, and Bithynia; and as it first occurs only on the coins of Demetrius I. of Syria, the identification of most of his predecessors is extremely doubtful, difficult, and uncertain. This want of dates, therefore, makes the greater number of coins of very little use to the student of chronology.

It may be worthy of remark that the coinage of Athens by no means kept pace with that of other districts, far inferior to it in science and renown. It is known from universal testimony, that the fine arts were carried, in Athens, to a height of refinement beyond the reach of other nations—the coarse execution of their coins, therefore, is not a little remarkable, and the purity of the silver has been assigned as the rea-

son—this being so universally acknowledged, even by the barbarians, that the Athenians feared to make any considerable change in the form or workmanship of their coin; and it may be observed, that we have a parallel for this in more modern times, similar causes having prevented the Venetians from making any alteration in the type or figure of their zechin, which may be termed the standard gold coin of the East.

The learned author of the introduction to the volume of Sculpture published by the Dilettanti Society, supposes the heads of Minerva on the early coins of Athens to have been copied from the statue of that goddess executed by Endæus, (the disciple of Dædalus,) seen by Pausanias in the Acropolis,—a supposition which appears very reasonable when we compare the style and costume with other works of the highest antiquity.

At an earlier period, which we assume to have been before the time of Pericles, the helmet on the head of Pallas is of the simplest form, and of rude workmanship; at the next we find some improvement—the head is decorated by a sphynx and two griffins: in the first instance, we have on the reverse the owl, accompanied only by an olive branch and a small crescent; but in process of time she is surrounded by a wreath of laurels, standing upon a diota, with emblems of all times and countries. It is partly by the progressive change of the accessories, that the respective dates of Athenian coins are attempted to be ascertained.

In taking even a rapid survey of the Greek coinage, we cannot sufficiently admire the grandeur of style displayed in the heads of their deities, many of which belong to the highest class of works of art; and in comparing these works with all modern efforts, it will be admitted that, while the latter are frequently more correct in drawing, they are inferior in energy and power. The portraits of their kings are only inferior to those of the deities they worshipped, and probably retained merely sufficient likeness for identification; there are, however, to be met with, many splendid examples of the most elaborate finish in the detail, and truth of resemblance to individual nature, without the breadth of effect being destroyed.

The reverses of the Greek coins are usually very simple—sometimes symbols by which a particular place was indicated. Thus Cyrene adopted the silphium which it cultivated; Selinus the leaf of parsley corresponding with its name; Sicily might be distinguished by the Triquetra, or three legs united, as in our Isle of Man halfpence, and Rhodes by its favourite bearing of a rose.

Mr. Wyon now proceeded to the fourth epoch, which, according to Eckhel, dates from the termination of the Roman Republic to the time of the Emperor Hadrian. During this period were produced the finest specimens that are to be found in the Roman mintage, and foremost of these, may be mentioned the coins of Nero (particularly the brass ones), of Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Domitian, although very fine ones of other Emperors are also extant.

The fifth epoch Eckhel extends from the period of the Antonines, successors of Hadrian, to the reign of Gallienus, but so very rapid a decline takes place in the art of coinage after the third Gordian, that a learned Numismatist has suggested, that this division should terminate with the last-named Emperor; and that the existence of a sixth epoch should be admitted, to extend from Gordian III. to Constantine I. (or the Great), during which period, although, for the most part, a deplorable falling off in the beauty of the coins appears, yet, a few are occasionally met with of good, and some, the gold ones of Posthumus in particular, of fine workmanship.

If the Roman series of coins cannot boast of



the noble simplicity that is to be found in the Greek, yet it possesses specimens of great beauty, variety, and interest, remarkable for fidelity of portraiture, delicacy of workmanship, and richness of device. The portraits of the Emperors are particularly to be admired for their truth of resemblance; by them, we become acquainted with their character, from the expression of the face. We receive from them the likenesses of emperors, empresses, and great men, for three successive centuries; and on their reverses are recorded the virtues of the sovereign, his pursuits, his honours, civic and military: they also furnish us with many historical facts. Among the coins of Claudius, for example, is one, struck on the occasion of the conquest of this country, upon which is a triumphal arch inscribed with *DE BRITANNIA*. The figure of Britannia, not unlike the one upon our copper money, is to be met with in the large brass coins of Hadrian and Antoninus Pius; an interesting coin of Tiberius commemorates the restoration of twelve cities of Asia destroyed by an earthquake; another of Germanicus celebrates the recovery of the Roman Eagles; others give us triumphs, secular games and exercises. The coins of Vespasian and of his son Titus boast of the conquest of Judea; those of Nerva constantly proclaim his unbounded benevolence to the people; one of Trajan's represents the Emperor as a warrior, (standing between two rivers,) the Euphrates and Tigris subjugated at his feet, adding the Eastern provinces of Armenia and Mesopotamia to the Roman Empire; another of Severus represents the funeral pile on which his obsequies were performed. We have also upon the Roman coins, copies of the most celebrated statues, temples, buildings, bridges, aqueducts, and columns of the imperial city; the most imperishable records of the grandeur, taste, and power of the Roman people exhibited in their common monies.

We have the same deficiency of dates to regret in the Roman coins, as has been already acknowledged in regard to the Greek. Mr. Wyon stated, that, as well as he could recollect, only two in the whole series of Roman Emperors bear a date; and there are no dates on consular coins, although they present many very interesting portraits and reverses. The first of the two dates appears on a coin of Hadrian, which exists both in gold and in brass, although both are of great rarity, and refers to the 87th year from the building of Rome, or 122 after Christ. The second instance is of the Emperor Philip, a very common coin in silver and brass, which belongs to a much more important period, the 1000th year of Rome, or the Millennium *Seculum*, being 248 years after Christ, on which occasion Philip, in order to please the Roman people, and make them forget the recent assassination of the young and amiable Gordian, celebrated the secular games with great magnificence.

The reverses of some of these coins present lively figures of some uncommon animals, then exhibited to the people to be slaughtered in the cruel sports of the arena; amongst others, that of the hippopotamus, being the only specimen of that unwieldy animal brought alive into Europe. From the time of this Philip to that of Diocletian, it may be said that there are no coins of good silver: indeed, from Gallienus to that period, a space of twenty-four years, although in that short space of time there are coins of at least twenty Emperors who had walked over the bloody stage of empire, yet, there are no coins even tolerably pure, of that metal. This is very difficult to account for, as the gold coins are by no means rare, and are of good workmanship. With Constantine the Great, a new era presents itself—coins of good silver of himself, and his successors in the West,

being common until the reign of Valentinian III., A.D. 435, when the silver coinage ceases altogether, and no more coins of Roman Emperors are known.

The rise of Christianity seems to have been the signal for the decline of all interest in the design and execution of coins. The reverses of those after the Constantines present no historical memorials, and the heads scarcely furnish any resemblance to the human face divine,—a remark more particularly applying to the wretched successors of the Greek dynasty at Constantinople, not excepting the great Justinian.

Mr. Wyon then proceeded to give some account of the coins of our own country. He observed that in the early ages, they are extremely barbarous, still, to an English auditor, he felt bound to give the history of the art as we find it exhibited on British coins.

The coins of the ancient Britons, previous to the arrival of the Romans, (notwithstanding many specimens remain,) are so little known, that very few can be appropriated with any certainty, with the exception of those of Cunobeline; some, indeed, are attributed to Boudicca, and one is engraven as of Segonax. Many of the coins of Cunobeline, however, exhibit a considerable advance in the art, which induce a belief, as well from the design as execution, that they must have been the work of Roman artists; they are found in gold, silver, and copper. During the occupation of Britain by the Romans, from 43 to 448, or about 400 years, it is probable that the circulation was confined to Roman monies.

The Saxons introduced three denominations of coin—the *Scutta* and Penny in silver, and the *Stycia* in copper; the latter is believed to have been entirely confined to the Kingdom of Northumbria. The earliest Saxon coin that can be appropriated is a *Scutta* of Ethilbert, King of Kent, who began to reign in 561; this description of coin seems to have lasted but a very short period, and to have been succeeded by the penny, as early as the reign of Eadwald, King of Mercia, in 716, from whom we have almost an uninterrupted series to the present day. Snelling says, "No nation in Europe can exhibit such a succession of coins, with the portraits of sovereigns, as the English, from the conquest"; but he might have gone two centuries further back, as the portrait of Offa, King of Mercia, 758, is upon his coins. The coinage of Offa is remarkable for its superiority of workmanship and variety of type, as compared with any other of the Saxons. From his time we have a complete series of pennies, with the heads of the monarchs, to the conquest, with the exception of Edmund Ironside, none of whose coins are now known: these pennies have the monarch's name and title on the obverse. Baldred, King of Kent, 805, was the first monarch who added the place of mintage on the coins. From Offa to Alfred the workmanship appears to have regularly declined; Alfred, however, made some attempts to improve the coinage, for we see some of his coins with the monogram of London on the reverse, that have the character of better workmanship. William the Conqueror continued the same kind of money. The coins from the conquest have one exception or break in the series of portraits, (if indeed such uncouth representations may be so called,) which is that of Richard I., none of whose English coins occur, though a well-known dealer some years ago fabricated two specimens for the curious of that day: there is, however, reason to believe that coins were struck in England during his reign; and if any be hereafter discovered, they will most probably bear his portrait, although his Anglo-Gallic money is without it. With the exception of the coins of Edmund and Richard I. all have portraits. The effigies of a prince, said Mr. Wyon, ought not to be looked upon as merely stamped

for ornament or honour, or to proclaim and set forth his titles, and where and when he reigned, but as public vouchers of the real and intrinsic value of money, according to the constant and general estimation of the world; the prerogative of the supreme magistrate in this respect being recognized by the subject, and allowed to none beside.

The penny was the largest piece coined previous to the reign of Edward III., unless the patterns for groats were by the first or second Edward, which is very doubtful. Edward III. coined groats and half groats.

Gold was first coined in England by Henry III., 1257, three or four specimens of which are still preserved; and it is a curious fact, that its circulation was petitioned against by the citizens of London. Edward III. was the first Prince whose gold coin was circulated, since which time it has been common in England. An unique gold coin of Edward III., usually termed a half florin, is in the British Museum, also a quarter florin, the only instance of coins of that denomination having been struck in England: they are of great value, more especially the first. The high prices occasionally given for such rude specimens of coinage, are worthy of some mention. In 1817 a coin of Ethelred was submitted to public auction, and sold for the sum of 26*l.* 10*s.*, one of Hardyknute for 28*l.*, and in 1824 a coin of Alfred for 40*l.* 19*s.*

Though many of these, as specimens of art, are extremely rude, the noble of Edward III. (struck on his great naval victory,) on which he appears in a ship asserting the British dominion of the ocean, even if uncouth in execution, (which it is not,) would of right be regarded with curiosity, if not veneration. In the reign of Henry VII. we first find the coat of arms upon the reverse of the coin; he also first introduced the shilling; altogether a decided improvement may be observed, about this period.

Henry VIII. is infamous as being the first of our English sovereigns who debased the sterling fineness of our coinage; and notwithstanding the number of checks upon it, history gives us the most undeniable proofs how inefficient they all were, when the arbitrary will of the sovereign was allowed to put law and justice aside. Our admirable forms and regulations of the standard of the fineness of money, have existed since the reign of Edward III., but they were insufficient to prevent a Henry VIII. from disgracing his reign, by perhaps the most wanton debasement of the currency that was ever in a similar period of time practised in any country in the world. Mr. Wyon here adverted to a strange story told of the workmen who were employed in melting the base coins, (of Henry VIII.) namely, that most of them fell sick to death with the savour, and that they were advised to drink from a dead man's skull for their cure. Accordingly a warrant was procured from the council to take off the heads from London Bridge, and to make cups of them, out of which they drank and found some relief, although most of them died. If there be anything in this tale, it is probable that the sickness arose from the fumes of arsenic.

Henry VIII. on assuming the supremacy of the church, struck a medallion crown, to commemorate that very remarkable event; only one of these pieces is at present known, and is supposed to be of the highest value of any coin in the British series: the late possessor was offered 150*l.*, and refused; he estimated its value at 300*l.*

In the year 1529 Cardinal Wolsey was disgraced, and one of the articles of impeachment against him, was that of having placed his hat on the coins. Henry VIII. was the first monarch who coined shillings for common circulation.

Edward VI. added the half-crown, sixpence, and three-pence; this is the last reign in which we find a furthering in silver, which had been current since the time of Edward I.

Elizabeth is celebrated in the annals of our coinage, for improving the standard of our currency. In order to hasten this improvement, and at the same time to show how much she was in earnest, she went publicly to the Tower, where she visited her mints, and coined certain pieces of gold, which she gave away to several about her. The restoration of the coinage to its former purity was celebrated by a medal being struck, commemorating that important event.

The only thing mentioned by Mr. Wyon, in reference to the coinage of James I. was, that the half unit recording the Union with Scotland, has the following inscription, *HECTORIS ROSÆ, REGNÆ JACOBUS*. Henry united the Roses, James the Kingdoms.

Charles I. in all his difficulties never debased his coins. Had he done so, the parliament would not have failed to record the fact; he, however, preserved the standard inviolate, even when, from necessity, the workmanship of some was so rude, as to justify the suspicion that the dies must have been executed by a common blacksmith; the coins commonly called *siege pieces*, or money of necessity, were frequently mere masses of plate clipped off, and stamped with a castle, and various other rude devices.

One of the most important events in the history of our mint, was the invention of the mill and screw. Previous to the reign of Charles II. the money in circulation was made by forging or hammering slips of gold and silver to the proper degree of thickness, then cutting a square from the slip, which was afterwards rounded and adjusted to the weight of the money to be made; the blank pieces of money were then placed between two dies, having the device of the coin engraved upon them, and the upper die was struck with a hammer. This money was necessarily imperfect, from the difficulty of placing the two dies exactly over each other when the blank piece was between them, as well as from the impossibility of a man being able to strike with such force, as to make all parts of the impression equally perfect. The mill and screw, or, as we now term it, the coining press, was first invented in France, as is supposed, by Antoine Brucher, an engraver, in 1553, who first made trial of it in the palace of Henry II. It was introduced into this country by Nicholas Brint, from whose hand we have many patterns for coins during the reign of Charles I.; it was finally adopted at the Restoration.

We have also evidence of the mill and screw being used in the time of the Commonwealth, in a pattern for a coin, having on one side the English arms, with this inscription—"The Commonwealth of England," and on the other side two shields, upon one of which appears the English, and on the other the Irish arms, with this motto, "God with us"; there is milled round the edge "Petrus Blondus inventor fecit." These coins were the subject of standing jokes with the cavaliers. The double shield, on the reverse, was called the *Branches for the Rump*; and from the legend, they took occasion to say that God and the Commonwealth were on different sides.

Mr. Wyon now directed attention to the admirable works of Thomas Simon, who executed the coins of the Protector. If (said he) we admit these coins to have been current money, they are the first which have an inscription round the edge. His were also the first English coins with the laurel introduced upon the head. The portraits were modelled from the life by Simon, and are admirable for the truth of resemblance to individual nature; altogether, this series of coins presents to us some of the most beautiful specimens that are to be found on our coinage, combining, with the most exquisite workmanship, the mechanical advantages of the mill and screw.

Thomas Simon was chief engraver during the time of Cromwell, by whom he was much encour-

aged; he engraved the great seals, and many excellent medals, during the Protectorate, and remained in employment at the Mint during the early part of the reign of Charles II.; and, for the credit of our country, as it regards the coinage, it is to be lamented, that Charles became discontented with this inimitable artist, sent for the family of the Roettiers, foreigners whom he met with abroad, (and who, it is said, assisted him with money during his exile,) and appointed one of them to Simon's place in the Mint. This stimulated Thomas Simon to execute his famous pattern called the petition crown, which is thus described by Evelyn:—

"For the honour of our countrymen, I cannot here omit that ingenious trial of skill which a commendable emulation has produced in a medal, performed by one who, having been deservedly employed in the Mint at the Tower, was not willing to be supplanted by foreign competitors."

Upon the obverse of this pattern we have an excellent portrait of Charles; it is executed (for a modern coin) in high relief, and finished with great freedom and delicacy: on the reverse appear the arms of England, Scotland, and France, in four separate escutcheons, with the George in the centre; but, perhaps, the most interesting part of this piece is the inscription milled round the edge, running thus:—"Thomas Simon most humbly prays your Majesty to compare this, his trial piece, with the Dutch, and if more truly drawn and embossed, more gracefully ordered, and more accurately engraved, to relieve him." There were but few of these pieces struck; the last that was offered at Sotheby's sale-rooms for public competition, and which was formerly in the possession of Mr. Trattle, sold for the sum of 22*5*l.*, so that posterity has done ample justice to the merits of the artist, although his skill, it is to be feared, failed of obtaining the redress which he sought. The Roettiers, though not equal to Simon, were certainly no mean artists; they continued in employment at the Mint until the time of William and Mary, when, on being suspected of a treasonable correspondence with the exiled king, they thought it advisable to quit the country.*

The short and tempestuous reign of James II. could afford but little encouragement to the Arts, and the genius of William III. directed his attention to glory of a far different kind from that which is to be acquired from their advancement; but in the reign of Queen Anne we enter upon the second period remarkable for the beauty of our coinage. The dies were now executed by Croker, the chief engraver, and are justly considered to be only excelled by the masterly performances of Simon. It was during this reign that Dean Swift delivered to the Lord Treasurer his plan for improving the British coinage, which Mr. Wyon read and commended.

In consequence of Swift's suggestions, several patterns for halfpence and farthings were executed by Croker in a style very creditable to him. One of the latter has Britannia under a triumphal Arch holding an olive-branch in her hand; there is another on the Peace of Utrecht with this legend—*PAX • MISSA • PER • ORBEM*. A third pattern has a female figure standing with an olive-branch in the right, and a spear in the left hand, signifying that she is desirous of peace, but prepared for war. The motto is *BELLO • ET • PACE*.

After the time of Croker, the coinage continued in a very tolerable state, until the beginning of the reign of George III., when it fell into

an absurd idea very generally prevalent as to the value of a Queen Anne's farthing; it is thought, by the ignorant, to be worth many hundred pounds, and, in consequence, the officers of the British Museum are deluged with letters and applications on the subject: these supposed treasures generally prove to be mere counters; but granting they were genuine—and there are several varieties—the highest sum that has been given, for one in very fine condition, is about 3*l.*; they are generally of much less value.

the most disgraceful condition, so that almost anything in the least degree resembling silver was taken for a shilling or sixpence, without even the semblance of an impression, and even this trash was so exceedingly scarce that many persons were compelled to give a premium for it, to enable them to carry on their business.

In 1784, a copper token, called the *Anglesea Penny*, was struck by a private company, and from this time, the prerogative of the Crown, as regards the coinage, seems almost to have ceased. Not less than 600 tons of copper were coined at Birmingham, into copper tokens, between the years of 1787 and 1797, and we have not less than between four and five thousand varieties of this species of money, from various parts of the kingdom, remaining to attest the very peculiar state of the circulation. Many of these tokens exhibit fair specimens of art, in device and execution; they bear the portraits of illustrious men, represent historical events, views of remarkable buildings and great public works; and will hand down to posterity a general view of the state of architecture in Great Britain, in a cheap and imperishable form.

The silver coin followed in the steps of the copper, except that the Bank of England was, by authority, the first to issue silver tokens; this was done in 1797, by a countermark on the Spanish dollar. The Bank also issued 3*s.* and 1*s. 6*d.** tokens, but the price of silver advanced so much, as to cause this medium of exchange to disappear, and offered inducements to tradesmen to circulate tokens to an enormous amount. This disgraceful state of the currency continued until the year 1815. In the following year, the government resumed the prerogative of issuing money; since which time, the coinage is so familiar to us, as not to need any description.

Mr. Wyon then gave a highly interesting account of the mode of engraving and multiplying dies, and of modern medals, which we reserve for next week.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Royal College of Physicians	Nine, P.M.
	Royal Geographical Society	Nine, P.M.
	Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society (Scientific Business)	4 P.M.
Tues.	Medico-Botanical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society	4 P.M.
	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
Wed.	Royal Society of Literature	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts	4 P.M.
Th.	Royal Society	4 P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
Fri.	Royal Institution	4 P.M.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—Monday evening, Dr. F. Thackeray, the Treasurer, being in the chair, a paper by A. De Morgan, Esq. of Trinity College, was read, containing observations upon the principles which have usually been referred to in treating of Series and of the fundamental doctrines of the Differential Calculus: several of which principles the author conceives have been assumed without due proof; and examples were given in which such principles are false. Prof. Miller exhibited and explained the instrument invented by M. Nav, for the purpose of taking specific gravities, with some improvements of his own. Mr. Willis exhibited and explained an instrument constructed by him, which produces correct representations of the orthographic projections of irregular objects, as for instance, of bones; this he proposes to call an *Orthograph*. Mr. W. W. Fisher gave a statement of his views concerning the origin of tubercular diseases; such diseases he conceives arise from a deficiency of nutritive energy in the osseous system and from the modifications introduced by this deficiency into the character of other vital processes in the animal economy.—*Camb. Chron.*

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

Bellini's operetta, 'La Sonnambula,' was produced on Thursday week, for the benefit of Madame Caradori, but did not attract a full house; as, in spite of great occasional sweetness of melody, the effect of one of Bellini's compositions cannot fail to be feeble and unsatisfactory to the ears that have been lately enjoying the brilliancy and passion of Rossini. 'Don Giovanni' was repeated on Tuesday evening, but not quite so perfectly performed as when given for Zuchelli's benefit; the finale to the first act is certainly taken too fast, by which many parts of it are seriously injured, and some effects totally lost. As concerns the German opera, we refrain from giving any opinion until we have seen Winter's 'Das Unterbrochene Opferfest,' which is announced for Wednesday next. In the ballet we have had a novelty, in the form of two pairs of Spanish dancers, whose evolutions, (by some thought more curious than graceful,) with castanets and tambourines, are worth looking at— for once.

Neither the fifth nor sixth of the *Philharmonic Concerts* has offered any novelty of surpassing excellence either in composition or execution; and the band was by no means in its best order on both evenings.—The sixth *Antient Concert* was under the direction of the Duke of Cumberland, and is not deserving particular notice. The scheme of the seventh Concert, under the direction of the Archbishop of York, included some splendid music. The quintett, 'O voto tremendo,' from 'Idomeneo,' with the march, (the latter of which was *encored*,) has seldom, if ever, been better performed.

## THEATRICALS

## DRURY LANE.

A notice of the last novelty at this house ought to have been presented to our readers last week, but, by mistake, it was not. We beg those who are interested in such matters to excuse us, and, considering the increased distance at which the piece went off, not to wonder at the increased length of time before they hear the report. The second part of 'King Henry the Fourth' was acted here on Wednesday week, as an introduction to the Coronation, and the Coronation was acted as an introduction for the most eminent Italian singers now in London. Any arrangement more completely apropos to nothing, could scarcely have been devised. We trust that absurdity has now reached its climax; that this last step has brought it to the top of the hill; that it will shortly begin to descend, if only by its own weight; and that in due time (though we cannot precisely predict in what season,) theatricals will once more find their level in the valley of common sense. It has been customary after the coronation of any one of our kings, to give an imitation of the ceremony at the large theatres: but the idea of anticipating the approaching musical festival in Westminster Abbey is new, and the notion of mixing two such things together is so new, that we suspect it will be called upon to remain so, and not be allowed to live till it become old. First, of the play, or rather of the manner in which it was acted. Mr. Macready's sick King was excellent; he has long been the best tragic actor upon our stage; this fact must be as well known to him as it is to us, and yet, to his credit be it spoken, such knowledge has never betrayed him into carelessness: on the contrary, the effect of constant study and constant reflection is everywhere visible upon his acting, and each season, for some years past, he has excelled the only actor he had to excel—the Mr. Macready of the previous season. We cordially recommend all dealers in self-satisfaction to follow so good an example. Of Mr. Dowton's *Falstaff* we shall decline speaking;

when he plays Shakspeare's *Falstaff*, we shall be happy to report upon it. It is, in truth, more than a thousand pities to see so good an actor so careless of the words of his author. Mr. Cooper's performance of *The Prince of Wales* seemed to be influenced by the fact of his being stage manager, and by his consequent knowledge of the penance in store for him. He played it abstractedly, and as if he was saying to himself all the time—"Oh that hour and a quarter that I shall have to sit upon the stage, after I am crowned, to listen to the miscellaneous act of an oratorio!" Mr. Blanchard's *Silence* was of the good old Covent Garden school, and Mr. Furren's *Justice Shallow* was perfection. Mr. Webster played *Bardolph* with great good sense, and with its natural concomitant—discretion: he took his station, as his author intended he should, as one of *Falstaff's* satellites, and, unlike some satellites, he never attempted to outshine his planet. Mrs. Jones, in *Mrs. Quickly*, was only not Mrs. Davenport—she will scarcely desire greater praise. At length came the procession;—not to say more, it did not deserve the epithet of "correct," which so many of our brother scribes have bestowed upon it; our reasons are ready if required.

This led us to the last scene, which is described in the bills as the "Interior of Westminster Abbey in the reign of Henry IV., fitted up for the Grand Musical Festival." In the first place, we presume that the Abbey was not fitted up for the coronation of Henry V. "in the reign of Henry IV.," and, in the next, may we ask, what is "the musical festival" referred to?

Well, well, there was the Abbey, and the King, and the bishops, and the peers and peeresses, and the orchestra, and the chorus-singers; and a portion of the ceremonies was gone through, and the crown was put upon the king's head, and the people knelt, and shouted, and sung. Then came the farce, which was, by way of novelty, introduced in the last scene of the play: the king was led to a throne at the side, and took his seat, the front-piece of the orchestra was pushed further on to the stage, and forward came Madlle. Julia Grisi, Signor Rubini, Tamburini, and Ivanoff, Messrs. Braham and Phillips, and Miss Shurreff; and there and then, when we were all supposed to be at the coronation, and in the presence of Henry V., up rose Madlle. Julia Grisi, in the identical dress in which, half an hour afterwards, she was going to a party at Baron Rothschild's, in Piccadilly, and sang 'Di Piacer,' and very well she sang it;—then came the gentlemen, in coats, waistcoats, and (as Sir Francis Palgrave says in his History of the Anglo-Saxons,) "those parts of their dress which, if they had been Highlanders, they would not have worn," of the present day, and they entertained us with various effusions by Rossini, Donizetti, &c.; then Mr. Braham, in his *Don Juan* dress, sang the great scena from 'Oberon'; and Mr. Phillips, in the costume of Queen Elizabeth's reign, sang a sacred song of Sir John Stevenson's; and the whole concluded with 'Britons, strike Home!' and 'Zadoc the Priest.' In short, almost the only thing we missed was a hornpipe in fetters, and this we do insist upon it, might have been introduced with great effect. There was plenty of room in front, between the king and the bishops; for the singers were placed so far back, that we pined them for the manner in which they were forced to strain their throats. A curious sort of attempt was made to give an appearance of character-dresses to the orchestra, by giving them large shirt-collars outside their coats; but this only served to mark the absurdity more strongly. We do not positively assert that the clever leader, Mr. Mori, did not wear the blue coat and white waistcoat which he had on on Wednesday, at the coronation of Henry V., but we will swear that we have seen him wear them both at the *Philharmonic* this season. We are bound faithfully to report these follies, and

to record our contempt for them; but we are at the same time bound, in justice, to state that the house was very full, that the singers gave great satisfaction, and were vehemently and (as far as they were concerned) justly applauded.

## MISCELLANEA

*King's College*.—The annual report has been printed, and is on the whole satisfactory. The council congratulate the proprietors upon the success which continues to mark the progress of the Institution; and we were glad to learn, that "in the number of new admissions, and in revenue, the Medical School was never so prosperous as in the present year." The number of regular and occasional students and pupils who have entered the several departments since the re-opening in Michaelmas last, amounts altogether to 920.

*Sale of the Rev. J. M. Rice's Library*.—The prices which are brought by old English poetry are surprising, considering how soon Heber's vast collection will be sold, containing nearly every known, and many unknown, articles of rarity in this department. Mr. Rice was a collector from whim, rather than from any love of letters; and although upon many of his books, lately sold, there has been a heavy loss, they were still sold for much more than they are worth. Thus, some years ago he gave 42*l.* for a small 8vo. volume called 'The Nightingale,' by Patrick Hannay, and it was sold by Evans on Friday last, for 21*l.* 10*s.*: we would not have given the odd ten shillings for it, on the score of any actual merit in the work. Again, he gave 32*l.* 11*s.* at the Duke of Roxburgh's sale, for 'Skelton's Works,' printed in 1568, which were sold on Saturday for 10*l.* The 'Paradise of Dainty Devises,' for which he gave 56*l.* 13*s.*, produced on the same day only 12*l.*—yet even that was far above its actual value. Buyers are not so raving mad as they were, but they are still mad. Lord Clive on Saturday laid down 24*l.* for Percy's 'Sonnets to the Fairest Calista,' 1594, in themselves not worth sixpence, looking only to the character of the poetry. The following were the prices at which a few of the other rarities sold:—Crompton's *Pierides*, 8vo., 1658, 7*l.* 10*s.*; England's *Helicon*, 8vo., 1614, 10*l.*; Dolanney's *Primrose*, 4to., 1606, 10*l.* 10*s.*; Fulwell's *Flower of Fame*, 1575, 3*l.* 18*s.*; Heywood's *Spider and Fly*, &c., 4to., 1562, 9*l.* 12*s.*; Hall's *Homer's Iliads*, 4to., 1581, 5*l.*; Hawes's *Example of Virtue*, 4to., 1530, 26*l.* 10*s.*; Chapman's *Homer's Hymns*, &c., folio, no date, 5*l.* 7*s.*; Lord Surrey's *Songs and Sonnets*, 8vo., 1585, 7*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; Stanyhurst's *Virgil*, 8vo., 1583, 6*l.*; Munday's *Banquet of Dainty Concepts*, 4to., 1588, 18*l.* 18*s.*; Parker's *Psalter*, 4to., circa 1558, 6*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*; Peyton's *Glanze of Time*, 4to., 1620, 6*l.* 6*s.* The *Four Leaves of True Love*, 4to., no date, 10*l.*; Urehard's *Epigrams*, 4to., 1646, 5*l.*; Epitaph on Sir Thomas Wyatt, 4to., no date, 4*l.* 1*s.*; Whetstone's *Mirror of True Honour*, 4to., 1585, 7*l.* 7*s.*; Watson's *Ekatompthia*, 4to., 1581, 7*l.* 10*s.*—After reading this list, and it would be easy to extend it, are we not warranted in saying that book-buyers are still very mad? Not a few of the items were purchased by booksellers, who have to make their profit upon them, so that what we have stated is not, perhaps, the extent of the folly: the booksellers hope that their customers are from 25 to 50 per cent. madder than we have rated them. Several of the productions that sold the dearest on Friday and Saturday, such as Percy's *Sonnets*, Munday's *Banquet*, Whetstone's *Mirror*, &c., have been reprinted within the last twenty years, so that if people want the book, they may have it in a handsome shape for only a few shillings, or even pence. There is no such thing as Bibliophobia after we have once got through the horn-book; and the collector's motto should be, not *semel, but semper insanavimus omnes*.





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## REVIEWS

*An Inaugural Lecture on the Study of Botany, read in the Library of the Botanic Garden, Oxford, May 1, 1834. By Charles Daubeny, M.D., Professor of Chemistry and Botany in the University of Oxford. London: Whittaker.*

THAT a great and most important change is about to come over the system of public instruction in this country, is what, we apprehend, no person who attentively observes the signs of the times can for an instant doubt. To believe that the absurd courses of study pursued in the great English schools, or the ridiculous forms of the barristers of Lincoln's Inn, or the antiquated curricula of English academic institutions, can survive much longer, argues a state of mental blindness equalled only by the moral turpitude of those who advocate the atrocities of Eton faggism.

The universal spread of extra-academical knowledge, and the tone of utilitarianism,—often, it must be confessed, a very bad tone,—which the opinions of society are gradually assuming, render it impossible that the course of education, which was the admiration of our forefathers, can be tolerated by their descendants. In former days, the only studies to which importance was attached, as branches of general education, were the niceties of the Greek and Roman languages, and the different departments of mathematics. The natural sciences had, from their imperfect state, so little weight, either as mental exercises or as useful pursuits, that they were altogether neglected, or recognized only as having some supposed relation to the study of medicine; and so long as this state of things continued, there was not much to object to the course of academic instruction.

But all this has passed away: the old branches of natural science have been subdivided; and in their altered form are now intimately mixed up with the prosperity and well-being of society; the manner of their study has assumed the form which once was occupied exclusively by the exact sciences; and they have become, to use the words of Dr. Daubeny, a most important part “of every course of liberal education, on the score of their utility in disciplining the understanding, by the examples and applications they afford of those strict and severe principles of reasoning, which are unfolded to us by logicians.” And yet we find in the English Universities the same positive discouragement of the natural sciences which existed a century ago—there is no actual prohibition, indeed, to their being studied; they are even permitted to be taught; and men of the highest intellectual attainments have been found to occupy their chairs: but they lead neither to honours nor rewards; and it is notorious that a serious pursuit of them operates, by the time so consumed, as a bar to the acquirement of academical dis-

tinction. All the immediate advantages of study at Oxford and Cambridge are dependent upon a knowledge of Greek, Latin, and mathematics, or of mathematics, Greek, and Latin; while no degree of attainment in chemistry, mineralogy, geology, or botany, is taken into the account of general proficiency on the part of the great mass of the students: these sciences are permitted to be taught; but woe to the unfortunate wight who seriously avails himself of the permission. Is this right?—is it wise?—is it just towards the students, whose future fortunes are so much influenced by the course of their studies while in a state of academical coercion?

Of course, we shall be answered by the usual appeal to the long line of splendid names, whose bearers have been educated, in those very institutions, in the course of study to which we object; but no one can regard these as instances of anything beyond what may be produced by natural talent and post-academical labours, in spite of early training, rather than by virtue of it; and we, on the other hand, might appeal in defence of our opinion to that neglect of the arts and sciences, for which British statesmen, reared in the academic groves of Oxford and Cambridge, have acquired so unfortunate a celebrity. We may be told that the men who are reared in the English Universities are admirably educated; and that the knowledge there acquired forms a sure basis upon which all other departments of learning may be securely erected. But are they admirably, or even well, educated? This, we think, admits of some question. If, indeed, an acquaintance with the languages of Greece and Rome, proficiency in the logic of the schools, skill in mathematics, and the acquisition of a certain amount of psychological subtlety, constitute an admirable education, then, indeed, must the highest praise be awarded to the English Universities. But will any person unconnected with Oxford or Cambridge pretend to say, that these studies are exclusively such as ought to constitute the recognized instruction of those venerable seats of learning? With the exception of mathematics and their dependent branches, and of psychology, what is there of practical value in the usual routine of an English academical education? The modern languages, with two or three of which, at least, every man of a liberal education ought to be familiar, are practically excluded; so is every department of natural history; to say nothing of the arts of design. That man alone can be truly called well educated, who possesses sound and general information upon a variety of subjects bearing directly upon the daily wants of life; and if for that kind of knowledge is substituted an acquaintance, no matter how profound, with subjects which do not bear upon the daily wants of life, the person who has received exclusively such a kind of education, is, we submit, anything rather than admirably educated. Look at the clergy, who are destined by their functions to exercise a

powerful influence over the habits of society—can it be supposed that their monastic learning will avail them much in the vast ocean of life? On the contrary, in the rural districts at least, a knowledge of the fundamental principles of agriculture, or horticulture, will alone stand them in greater stead than all the learning of the schools.

We have no hostile feeling towards our ancient national seminaries of learning; on the contrary, we venerate them as the parents of much that is noble and illustrious in the annals of our country; we would see them continue to flourish as they have flourished; and it is because we do wish them well that we speak thus openly. We would have them retain the high station they so long have possessed; and we would entreat them to take the necessary means to secure that pre-eminence, by adjusting their course of instruction to the wants of the public, and to the advances made in knowledge beyond their walls; for if they fail to do so, neither their rich endowments, nor their splendid palaces, nor their past and present greatness, will prevent their becoming the victim of their own blindness and of public neglect.

To these reflections we have been led by the perusal of the excellent pamphlet that stands at the head of this article. The author, Dr. Daubeny, an accomplished botanist, who has for twelve years filled the chair of Chemistry in Oxford, has lately been presented to that of Botany. He has stepped into the place of an amiable and excellent man, who unfortunately was not a botanist, although a botanical professor; and in whose hands the chair became a nullity, and the botanic garden a wilderness. His successor has therefore to struggle at one and the same time with the difficulty of restoring the credit of the professorship, and with the expense of regenerating the garden. For the first, we may fully trust to the talents of Dr. Daubeny; for the second, although the funds of the garden itself are unable to render any assistance, the munificence and zeal of the Professor, backed by a legacy from Dr. Williams and the liberality of several members of the University, have already, in the course of a few weeks, produced a fund, which, although as yet quite inadequate to cover the expenses that must unavoidably be incurred, holds out a prospect of the speedy restoration of all that is most essential. The present pamphlet is published in aid of the subscription; and on that account alone it would have a claim to a favourable reception, independently of its intrinsic merits, which are such as to lead us to entertain great expectations of the result of the author's appointment.

Fortunately for Oxford, Dr. Daubeny is a man in easy circumstances, to whom the emoluments of a professorship are of less moment than the advancement of science. If it were otherwise, the prospects of him who has to depend entirely upon the revenue of the important chair of Chemistry in the great

University of Oxford, are wretched beyond belief:—

"That entire devotion of mind to the pursuits of science which has enabled the individuals above alluded to (Rose, Mitscherlich, Stromeyer, and Thomson,) to reach the eminence upon which they stand, (in Berlin, Göttingen, and Glasgow,) can hardly be looked to from the Professor in this University, who, unless he should be fortunate enough to possess some independent resources, must consent to regard the pursuit of chemistry as a subordinate object to that of medical practice, seeing that the most assiduous discharge of his duties as professor, the most felicitous mode of expounding the truths of science in his capacity of lecturer, and even the most signal success as an experimentalist, can never, under the existing regulations, enable him to realize from his professorship a pittance sufficient to meet even the most moderate views in life."

Such is the state of natural science at Oxford, and such the effects of the permission of the authorities that chemistry should be taught—such the mockery of mankind by those who possess control over the opinions of the rising aristocracy of England.

We beg particular attention to this quotation, for it is not made in anger—it comes not from any hostile stranger, nor has it been produced by vexation of spirit,—for the emoluments of the professorship are a matter of little importance to the present holder: it is made incidentally by a sincere friend of the University. To this simple statement of Dr. Daubeny we accordingly appeal as a full and unanswerable corroboration of what we have advanced regarding the Oxford system of education, and as complete evidence of its deplorable effects upon a branch of human knowledge, with which more attainments in classical learning will not for one instant be compared beyond the walls of the University. A science which, in its relations to the interests and welfare of the world, is among the very highest to which the mind of man can be applied, is described as being incapable of producing to its professor "a pittance sufficient to meet even the most moderate views in life!"

If such be the case with chemistry, the state of other branches of natural history at Oxford must be yet more deplorable, if indeed that be possible; and it must require no common share of zeal and disinterestedness, to induce a man to undertake the duties of the botanical chair. It is, however, filled at last in a manner that leaves little to desire. Dr. Daubeny's inaugural discourse is a clear exposition of the leading doctrines of modern botanical science, and a guarantee that the aimless puerilities of the Linnæan school are finally, and for ever, expelled from their last stronghold in England; for although in the work before us they are touched with a gentle hand, and as if in deference to the opinions of the late Professor, it is clear that the man who could pen such a paragraph as the following, has his mind too richly stored with the true philosophy of science, to bow before the Baal of prejudice and absurdity:—

"According then to the views, which I have just been attempting to establish, all organized beings, when compared one with another, present groups of greater or lesser extent, which themselves form parts of groups embracing a still wider range, and are divisible into others of a subordinate description. Each group is subject to two classes of laws—the first producing that

regular order in which its organs are disposed, or, in other words, the symmetry of its organization—the second being the action of the processes of vitality, from which often result derangements in the symmetry of its parts, to such a degree, that their natural disposition is often completely disguised. This derangement of the normal structure may be ascribed to the abortion of certain organs, to their alteration in form and appearance, and to adhesions between organs of the same or of different descriptions.

"Now the art of classifying objects according to the natural system, consists in appreciating the influence of the circumstances which tend to modify the structure in each particular case, and abstracting them, so as to ascertain the true type and character of the group: just as the mineralogist seeks to discover the primitive form of a crystal, when marked by the changes occasioned in it, owing to the regular subtraction of its molecules, and other causes.

"If I have succeeded in rendering my meaning intelligible, it will, I think, appear that the putting into practice these rules affords no bad exercise of the mental powers, and will serve to establish the position with which I set out, that something more than mere tact and memory are requisite for an accomplished botanist. Indeed, at Geneva, where this study constitutes a necessary part of every course of liberal education, we find it recommended on the score of its utility in disciplining the understanding, by the examples and applications it affords, of those strict and severe principles of reasoning which are unfolded to us by logicians.

"Based, indeed, as systematic botany now is, upon an insight into the structure and functions of plants; requiring for its due elucidation a continual reference to the principles of chemistry and of general physics; affording to the Divine some of the most beautiful illustrations of design with which nature can supply him, as well as of the most delicate subjects of inquiry connected with the doctrine of final causes; furnishing us, too, every day with fresh instruction in the *materia medica*, agriculture, and the arts of life; and with all this combining the strongest incentives to healthful exercise of mind and body, and to frequent communings with the works of nature,—botany is no ignoble or barren occupation, and may fairly lay claim to the countenance, not only of every medical establishment, but also of all bodies and societies of men, established for the advancement of general education."

*History of Scotland.* By Patrick Fraser Tytler, Esq. Vol. V. Edinburgh: Tait.

This is the fifth volume of a work, faithful, instructive, earnest, and sometimes eloquent. A clear and accurate history of Scotland was much wanted; the elder annalists are far too credulous, though their legends contain vivid pictures of popular belief; the later historians, including both Lord Hailes and Robertson, are too mistrustful and suspicious. Mr. Tytler places himself between them, and has endeavoured, we think successfully, to write a well-connected and consistent narrative of the fortunes of his native country. Nor has he contented himself with judging between ancient credulity and modern unbelief; he has gone patiently through the national records of the island; he has had access to the documents of noble families, and with these hitherto hidden lights before him, has been enabled to add a new and a striking interest to some of the most moving as well as important events in our northern annals.

It is the history indeed of a very small nation; yet the long, and stern, and successful struggles of a people against the wisdom, the wiles, and the vigour of a kingdom four times their strength in bone and muscle, and forty times more affluent—another name for nerves—is well worth our contemplation. The history of Scotland is a strange one: and the wonder of her not being worried and eaten by England becomes every day more wonderful. Sometimes she escaped by accident; sometimes by stratagem, and now and then she boldly battled it out and was victorious. She was stunned, but never subdued; if her strength failed her in summer's heat she rose refreshed in winter's storms, and won back among the snows what she had lost among the flowers. Her nobles were often venal—nay, traitorous, and her princes rash and weak; yet her heart was sound and undaunted, nor did she ever want a hero of her own in the hour of need to succour and redeem her.

The history before us extends from the year 1497 to the year 1545, and includes the reigns of James IV., James V., and part of that of Queen Mary. The narrative is enriched with touches of personal character and martial anecdote; it is often dramatic; and exhibits, as in a mirror, the manners of the times.

We shall give, as a specimen of the author's style, his account of the martyrdom of the accomplished Patrick Hamilton, who perished in the first out-burst of the Reformation: it is simple and affecting:—

"The reconciliation of the archbishop (Beaton) to his powerful rivals, and his re-admission to a share in the government, were signalised by a lamentable event,—the arraignment and death of Patrick Hamilton, abbot of Ferne, the earliest, and, in some respects, the most eminent of the Scottish martyrs. This youthful sufferer was the son of Sir Patrick Hamilton, of Kincauld, and Catherine Stewart, a daughter of the Duke of Albany. Educated at St. Andrew's, in what was then esteemed the too liberal philosophy of John Mair, the master of Knox and Buchanan, he early distinguished himself by a freedom of mind, which detected and despised the tenets of the schoolmen. He afterwards imbibed, probably from the treatises of Luther, a predilection for the new doctrines; and, being summoned before an ecclesiastical council, he preferred, at that time, when his faith was still unacted, an escape to the continent, to the dangerous glory of defending his opinions. At Wittenberg, he sought and obtained the friendship of Luther and Melancthon: they recommended him to the care of Lambert, the head of the university of Marburg, and by this eminently learned and pious scholar Hamilton became fully instructed in the truth. No sooner did a full conviction of the errors of the Romish church take possession of his mind, than a change seemed to be wrought in his character; he that before had been sceptical and timid, became courageous, almost to rashness, and, resisting the tears and entreaties of his affectionate master, declared his resolution of returning to Scotland, and preaching the faith in his native country. He embarked, arrived in 1527 at St. Andrew's, publicly addressed the people, and, after a brief career of usefulness and zeal, was arrested by the ecclesiastical arm, and thrown into prison. His youth (he was then only twenty-eight), his talents, his amiable and gentle manners, interested all in his favour; and many attempts were made to induce him to retract his opinions, or, at



least, to cease to disturb the tranquillity of the church, by their promulgation to the people. But all was in vain; he justly considered this tranquillity, not the stillness of true peace, but the sleep of ignorance and death; he defended his doctrines with such pious earnestness and deep acquaintance with scripture, that Alesza, a Catholic priest, who had visited him in his cell, with a desire to shake his resolution, became himself a convert to the captive, and he was at last condemned as an obstinate heretic, and led to the stake. On the scaffold, he turned affectionately to his servant, who had long attended him, and, taking off his gown, coat, and cap, bad him receive all the worldly goods now left him to bestow, and with them the example of his death. 'What I am about to suffer, my dear friend,' said he, 'appears fearful and bitter to the flesh; but, remember, it is the entrance to everlasting life, which none shall possess who deny their lord.' In the midst of his torments, which, from the awkwardness of the executioner, were protracted and excruciating, he ceased not to exhort those who stood near, exhibiting a meekness and unaffected courage, which made a deep impression. Lifting up his eyes to Heaven, he exclaimed, 'How long, O God! shall darkness cover this kingdom? How long wilt thou suffer this tyranny of men?' and when death at last came to his relief, he expired with these blessed words upon his lips, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.' The leading doctrines of Hamilton were explained by himself in a small Latin treatise, which has been translated by Fox, and incorporated in his Book of Martyrs. It contains a clear and scriptural exposition of the manner in which a sinner is justified before God, through faith in Jesus Christ, and a beautiful commentary on some of the principal Christian graces. Although occasionally quaint and obscure, it proves that the mind of this good man was far in advance of his age, at least in Scotland."

We recommend this work to all lovers of history. The author belongs to a house which has done much for the literature of Scotland; his grandfather was signalized by Burns for his memorable defence of Queen Mary; his father, Lord Wodehouselee, aided in throwing light on the music and song of his country, and was, besides, learned and eloquent; he is himself pursuing an equally honourable career—and with a spirit of research and discrimination superior to his ancestors.

*Ayesha, the Maid of Kars.* By the Author of 'Zohrab,' 'Hajji Baba,' &c. London: Bentley.

A proper thorough-going romance, with that sweet old line,

Love will still be lord of all,

for its text—the scene laid in the land of the East, the characters of which rise vividly before our eyes, and perform their parts, not as phantoms, but as men and women,—is not to be received without honour due, in these days of dearth. Such a book is the one before us—its hero, a young, handsome, generous, brave English lord, who is travelling for his pleasure, falls in love with the fair maid of Kars,—after the good fashion of the youths in the Arabian Nights, who were smitten past remedy by some white hand arranging flowers on a balcony, or some star-like eye peeping from behind the corner of a veil, as its owner was on her way to noon-prayers. The crosses which come between the Frank youth and the Moslem maiden—wild adventures of captivity among

the Yezidies or worshippers of Satan—and the intrigues of a certain Cara Bey, (wicked enough to have claimed the title of Beelzebub, prince of devils,) with Zabetta, Ayesha's mother (we will not give so much as a hint of the plot) and their consequences, form the substance of the tale; our interest in which never flagged from the first page of the first volume, to the *finis* of the third. Its dialogue is throughout spirited and national—its *dramatis personæ* distinct, and having all good parts to play. We will first treat our readers to a peep at the arch villain of the story:—

"Who is the Cara Bey whom you mentioned just now?" said Osmond to Mustafa; 'I have heard of him before, but I did not know that we were near his territory.' . . .

"Cara Bey! *Aman! aman!*—pity! pity!' at the same time taking hold of the lapel of his jacket, and shaking it as if he would throw off an impurity: 'Cara Bey! *oy!* he is a *Sheitan*, he is Satan, he is a black Yezidi, a worshipper of the devil! he is without commiseration, without law; cares neither for Sultan nor Shah; if he catches you, he leaves you clean naked,' at the same time showing the palm of his hand, 'that is, if he does not murder you first. He is a thief; his father was a thief; his grandfather was a thief; all his children will be thieves, and all his grandchildren the same! What more can I say?'

"Where does this fellow dwell?" said Osmond, smiling at the hereditary honours, up and down, which Mustafa had conferred upon the devoted Cara Bey: 'shall we travel any way through his country?'

"He lives," said Mustafa, 'in a castle,' as he pointed his hand in a northerly slant, 'close to the Russian border, in a castle which is like my cap.'

"The simile was excellent, inasmuch as he intended to say that the castle was situated on an almost perpendicular cone; because a Tatar's cap, which is a cylinder emanating from the head, terminates at the top by a round yellow knob, which may well stand for a castle, and which did so in Mustafa's mind when he made the simile."

"Nobody has ever taken the castle, nobody can take it," continued Mustafa. 'The Turk has tried—the Kizilbash has tried—the Moscow has tried—all have come to nothing—all *bosh!* There he sits, like the black eagle, on his rock, looking for prey.'

This, we think "pretty considerable" preparation for mischief; but, ere he appears on the scene in visible presence, the hero has to become known to Ayesha, the heroine—and Zabetta, whose determined spirit of coquetry, and contempt of her husband and the dullness of Kars as a residence, is admirably maintained to the last. The manner in which she turns her abduction by Cara Bey to advantage, is told with a spirit second only to his who imagined Lady Hameline de Croye—writing of the Black Bear of Ardennes as "her William."

In preference to one of the love scenes, we give the introduction of Osman to the Sultan of Kars, and some of the talk of the "Wise men of the East."

"In the further corner of the ottoman which surrounded the apartment, he perceived a mountain of shawls, furs, and tufted beard, through which peered a pair of eyes and a nose. He could scarcely make out what it could be until he saw it move, when he ascertained that it contained a man, and that man the Pasha. Opposite to him sat a reverend Turk, of respectable and handsome presence, who he after-

wards learned was Suleiman Aga, Ayesha's reputed father; and lower down was squatted a little sour-faced man, dressed like a priest, the Imam of an adjacent mosque. The end of the room was crowded with *chiboukchies* or pipemen, shoe-bearers, cloak-bearers, and other attendants, among whom also stood Mustafa and Stasoo.

"As soon as Osmond had taken his seat, which he did on a place pointed out to him, the Pasha said, '*Khosh geldin*—you are welcome!'

"'*Khosh balduk*—well found,' answered Osmond, nothing abashed.

"After about a minute's pause, during which Suleiman Aga looked neither to the right nor left, and the priest had cast a scrutinising eye over Osmond, the Pasha again opened his lips and said, '*Kirfiniz ayi me*—is your humour good?'

"'Good,' said Osmond, with a severe gravity. "After another long interval, the Pasha said again, '*Khosh geldin*,' to which Osmond said, 'I am your servant.' . . .

"When the coffee had been disposed of, the voice of the priest was heard in the smoke addressing the Pasha: alluding to Osmond, he said, '*Kim bey*—who is that?'

"'This is our friend,' said the Pasha in a good-natured voice; 'this is an English *Bey-zadeh*, or lord's son. Is it not so?' said he, turning to Mustafa.

"'Yes, O Effendi!' said Mustafa.

"'Who are you?' said the priest, turning round to Mustafa.

"'I am the Tatar Aga,' answered Mustafa.

"'*Hai! hai!*' sighed the priest with a sort of recondite sigh, and then stroking down his face he mumbled his profession of faith, and finished it by ejaculating, '*Shuktar allah!*—praise be to God!' as if he would have said, 'Thank heaven I am what I am!'

"After another long interval, the Pasha turned to Osmond and inquired, 'Have you pipes in your country? have you tobacco?'

"'No,' said Osmond; 'like these, none; we do not generally smoke.'

"Upon which, the Pasha slowly turning himself towards Suleiman Aga, cropping his features into a look of pity and contempt, said in an under tone, '*Haiwan der*—they are animals!'

"Suleiman Aga dropped his features into a similar look, shook his head, and said, 'What is to be done?'

"Several minutes now elapsed, when the Pasha again inquired, 'Have you horses in your country?'

"'We have horses,' answered Osmond.

"'*Pek ayi*—very well,' said the Pasha.

"The *Mir akbar*—the chief of the stable, who was standing among the attendants, a well dressed man, in a tone of humility said,—'May the Pasha live many years! they have horses, but they make them all *beguirs*—geldings, and they cut their tails off, as Allah is great!'

"'Is it so?' said the Pasha, without the least emotion, although he slowly ejaculated, 'Allah! Allah!'

"Suleiman Aga and the priest also said 'Allah!—Allah!'

"The Pasha again turning his eyes towards Suleiman Aga, said, '*Delhi der*—they are madmen!'

"'No *apalm*—what can we do?' said Suleiman Aga in a tone of resignation."

Here is a fight of camels:—

"These otherwise passive creatures, at certain irritating seasons are apt to be very furious. When male is brought face to face to male, all their evil passions are awakened, and the moment they are at liberty they fly at each other with corresponding violence. At a given order from the Pasha, a magnificent camel, his mouth white with foam, his tongue performing curious

convolutions, emitting loud and hoarse cries, was led forth by two men, who were scarcely strong enough to restrain his impetuosity. He was gaily caparisoned with a saddle of crimson, green, and yellow cloth, his head being decked with a bridle glittering with inlaid shells and worsted tassels; he was, moreover, ornamented about the upper arm of the leg with armlets, also inlaid with shells. This fine animal now no longer wore the usual calm and patient aspect of his race; for his nature appeared quite changed; his neck and head were erect, his eye flashed fire, and, the moment he perceived his opponent approaching from an opposite quarter, it was almost impossible to restrain him.

"At the word '*Gitsin*' from the Pasha, both the animals were slapt from their rein, and they rushed upon each other with astonishing agility. Their mode of attack is very much that of wrestlers; their bite is terrible, but, being both muzzled, they were harmless. They made the most dexterous use of their necks as well as of their legs in trying to throw each other down, twisting and writhing, giving way, then advancing with contortions the most singular, which, although graceless, were nevertheless not deficient in picturesque effect. The Turks appeared much interested in the result of the fight: from anxiety they could scarcely smoke—bets were laid—their own calm nature, so like that of the animal itself, was roused, and more words were heard among the crowd at that moment than perhaps are ever spoken throughout the year at Kars. At length the result was declared to be in favour of the Pasha's camel, who, by certain able combinations between his neck and legs, had managed to pin his adversary to the ground, where he lay motionless and unresisting, until he was at length dragged away, amidst the exclamations of *Mushallah!* and *Ewallah!* of the surrounding audience."

We must refer our readers to the volume for exciting adventures—and those who like to have some "bread" with their "sack," will find the account of the Yezidies curious and interesting.

We had marked many other passages for extract, but must content ourselves with the above, and a short anecdote, with which we shall close our notice, having already assured our readers that we have done our best to interfere with their enjoyment of the story as little as possible—for read the book they must.

"Osmond had observed among the convicts a young Turk, whose spirits seemed never to flag, who was foremost in work as well as in fun, and whose general appearance interested him in his favour. He made his acquaintance and learned his story, which was as follows:

"He was a *galougi*, or sailor. He had been pressed into the service of the fleet at Constantinople, and was allowed to wear arms, which is otherwise interdicted in the capital. Being short of money, he and a companion in the service devised this ingenious mode of acquiring some. Having bought a fat hen, they went into the suburb of Galata, which is situated on uneven ground, and one standing at the top of a street, the other at the bottom, when a passenger went by, the man at the top of the street obliged him to buy the hen for a given price, and when he had got to the bottom, the other took it away from him by force: thus selling and stealing the hen by turns, they reaped an easy harvest. They had succeeded beyond their expectations on the first day, and determined to continue their speculation. On the next, having taken post as before, a slow and solemn Turk, looking like a merchant, was seen making towards them. The man at the top of the street immediately stopped him, and exclaimed, 'Here, friend, here is a fowl.'—'So be it,' said the merchant.—'You

must buy it, in the name of Allah!'—'In the name of Allah! I will not.'—'You will not,' said the armed man, 'then we shall see.' Upon which, he drew his yatagan, and with his hand uplifted, said, 'Buy, or you die!'—'If such is the case,' said the merchant, not in the least discomposed, 'then I buy.'—Upon which he paid his money, took the fowl in his hand, and walked down the hill. When he had reached the other rogue, he was again stopped.—'To my surprise,' said the narrator to Osmond, 'I saw the merchant turn round and make a sign, as I thought, to me; but lo! a body of three or four men rushed down the hill, and seizing my companion, one of them drew his sword, and before the poor devil could look round, his head was cut off as clean as a pumpkin might be from its stalk. I immediately took to my heels, and ran for my life—the race was one of life or death, until I came to the sea, when I immediately plunged in, and saved myself by clambering up the side of a boat and rowing off. I found that the supposed merchant was the Sultan in person; he had been informed of our trick, and had himself come in disguise to punish it. Orders were sent to the fleet to discover me—an offer of pardon was announced if I would give myself up—I did—here I am—What can I say more?"

#### *The West India Sketch Book.* London: Whittaker.

We shall treat the second volume of this work as we did the first some weeks ago—extract a few passages from it to speak for themselves, and not trouble the reader with comments of our own.

First—the following sketch of the deserted residence of a West India planter may not be uninteresting:—

"On an estate called Estridge's, in the parish of Nicola Town, there is a magnificent avenue of cabbage palms, probably superior in arrangement, in luxuriance, and general effect, to any thing of the kind in the West Indies. They are planted equidistant in two double rows, extending nearly a quarter of a mile, from the sugar-works of the estate, to the spot where its owner formerly resided, and where four of these living Corinthian columns rear their lofty capitals round the site of the building. The works of this estate are of very superior construction. The boiling-house, curing-house, and distillery, are all commodiously arranged under one roof, and the external appearance of the building, with its steeple, clock, &c., conveys a magnificent idea of the importance of the establishment, compared with most of the works in the island. The windmill is also on a large scale; and the manager's house, the hospital for the sick negroes, the extensive stores, tradesmen's shops, stables, cattle-pens, &c., indicate, not less distinctly, the great profits of a West Indian estate in times gone by, and the immense capital necessarily embarked in it, than the ruins of the proprietor's dwelling, and the forlorn and desolated spot in the vicinity of them, 'where once the garden smiled,' exhibit the condition to which this description of property has now fallen."

"A singular uniformity prevails in the height of the trees, and their dimensions and distance from each other; and seen in perspective within the avenue, they represent collectively three long vaulted aisles with fluted sides: whilst the rustling of the verdant roof, the mellow shade which prevails beneath it, and the cool currents of air passing between the stems, diffuse a hallowing softness, and a spirit of calm repose about the spot, which irresistibly dispose the mind to meditation, presenting, at the same time, a singular contrast to the expanded vividness of the cultivated fields beyond it, glowing

beneath the dazzling splendour of a tropical sun."

The description of a descent into the crater of a volcano in St. Eustatia, is also worth extracting:—

"Having partaken of the viaticum, we prosecuted the undertaking on foot, entering immediately the thick, and, in some places, impenetrable, forest of stunted trees, which clothe the rugged acclivities to the very edge of the crater. The entangled underwood and loose rocks greatly impeded our progress, but we gained the summit in about three quarters of an hour from Ahman's, with less difficulty than we had been led to expect, although so prodigiously affected by sudatory emissions, that we might reasonably have apprehended the influence of a dissolvent charm, as a punishment for our temerity in venturing so near to the 'Devil's Punch-bowl.' In such cases, resolute action overcomes the most fearful consequences, so we prepared to walk into it. But what a magnificent scene lay before us!—Immediately at our feet a broad belt of dense forest, with green and russet hues of various shades glowing in the expanded beams of the meridian sun, represented an impenetrable barrier between us and the 'busy world' which lay beyond it. The more lively and diversified forms of the plantations, broken by clusters of trees and detached dwellings, the distant town, and the many varied objects that denote active industry, deriving distinctness in the distance more from association than from positive assurance—the white fringe of the foaming surf that broke upon the shores, and the encircling ocean bounding the range of sight, formed a picture of exquisite combination and effect. Such a picture as

Leaves reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

The descent into the crater, although less fatiguing, was no less difficult than the course to arrive at its summit; being in some places nearly perpendicular, and safety depending on the trunks and boughs of the trees which grow from between the fissures of the rocks, among which were several coffee-trees, and others of greater dimensions; and we involuntarily stopped occasionally to measure the obstructions in our return. We were, however, amply compensated for our trouble upon reaching the bottom, where vegetation was equally dense, and of much larger growth, denying us the privilege of making a fair estimate of the extent of the level it occupied, but which appeared somewhere about twenty acres. There were several wild banana or plantain plants, and coffee-trees, intermixed with larger productions in wild luxuriance; and near to a small clear pool of water stood a silk cotton tree, on whose trunk were carved several names, among which was that of the German missionary, Schwartz, who visited the spot many years before us."

So much for nature—now for a little human nature, beginning with a specimen of the freedom of negro speech:—

"One of these incorrigible tormentors of new comers to their dominions (mosquitoes), had settled on a gentleman's nose, whose erubescence indicated luxurious habits, and having as quickly departed—'Eh, me Gad,' exclaimed a negro servant with vociferous exultation, addressing himself to the vagrant bloodsucker, 'you no tan dere long—you burn you foot, eh?'"

Some of their proverbs are pithy and characteristic:—

"'Eh, me Gad! look da!' they will say, upon seeing a negro wench who has exchanged her working attire for a muslin or cambric frock—'aw nebbur see de like—aw really gran—cockur-benny tun a yellah tail!'"—and if the

"'Look there! I never see the like—I really grand—a chickaw-benny,' a small coarse fish which the negroes despise, 'has turned a yellow-tail,' a large beautiful fish held in great esteem."

lady happen to evince more than ordinary pride, or contempt, she will probably hear, by way of reproach, 'Nawngaw mek kraub no hab no head'—pride was the cause of crabs having no heads—a saying which, among themselves, admits of this exposition: that when all animals were called together to receive their heads, the crabs were so proud of their walk, so different from other creatures, that they continued walking backward and forward to show those that were passing and repassing their elegant steps, and this they continued so long, that when they applied for their heads, they were all gone. And if, perchance, in barter among themselves, they imagine the proposed bargain to be against them, they will observe with peculiar archness of expression, 'Eh, Eh, you tink me fool?—aw sabbey berry well—dat time de cockroach hab dance, him no hax fowl fu cum dat.' "

Nor less curious are the anecdotes of the wrong-headedness and ignorance of the sable race :—

"The plantation negroes, who, in their present state of mental infancy, may with truth be regarded as children of larger growth, are naturally very inquisitive, and the females evince a degree of curiosity for which their sex is so particularly remarkable. Those who happen to be attached to the house as domestics, have a greater scope for the indulgence of this propensity, and they never fail, as often as opportunity offers, to feast their inquiring eyes with a minute examination of whatever their master or mistress may possess, generally manifesting a superstitious veneration towards instruments of science, or such articles whose utility may happen to be beyond their comprehension. A whimsical illustration of this fact came to our knowledge in this island—a poor girl who had been a house servant, and who, for ill conduct had been turned into the field to work with the gang, suddenly exhibited the most singular gesticulations, by dropping her hoe, assuming a stooping posture, gathering her clothes round her legs, fixing her eyes on one spot, and screaming most vociferously, 'Oh, me Massa, me Massa.' Her master perceived her in this situation through his telescope from the house, with her eyes fixed on the focus; and her frantic gestures induced him to go to the field to ascertain the cause—poor Beneba was by this time quiet enough, although still panting with fatigue. It turned out that the spy-glass had been the cause of her fright; her curiosity, when in the house, having induced her to take a peep through it, after her master had been using it as a night-glass with the day lens out. Everything appeared to her topsyturvy; the girl was petrified with astonishment, and when she afterwards beheld the bewitched instrument, which she called the 'Jumbegus,' levelled at herself, she at once imagined that her head was placed where her heels should be."

After all, perhaps the best things in the book are the illustrative sketches, which are graphic and interesting.

*Die Magyaren: Erste Abtheilung, Das Verlobungsfest zu Murany. [The Magyars: First Part, the Betrothment-festival at Murany.]* By Alexander Bronikowski. Leipzig: Wigand; London, Richter & Co.

Bronikowski, a Pole by descent, is a Saxon by birth; but, after the peace of Tilsit, he so far renewed his connexion with the land of his sires, as to make one of the Polish legion that followed the dazzling career of Napoleon, until his fall. He then entered the Polish

"'You think me a fool, eh:—I understand very well, that time the cockroaches have a dance, they don't ask fowls to come there:' for the obvious reason, that the fowls would devour the dancing gentry."

service, as Poland was constituted by the Vienna Congress; but, subsequently, dissatisfied with the Russian government, he returned to Dresden, and in 1825 became a novelist. Since then, he has, we believe, published not less than thirty volumes; great part of which are occupied with historical romances, founded upon the early history of Poland. These are naturally his most interesting productions: but they are past, and our business is with the living present; wherefore, what we have to say of this author's tales, must be taken from his 'Magyars.' This historical novel is the first, apparently, of a series, upon the troubles of Hungary, (our readers are probably aware, that in his native tongue, the Hungarian calls himself a Magyar,) and vividly delineates the great confederacy, rather than conspiracy, of the Hungarian Magnates, towards the end of the seventeenth century, for the maintenance or recovery of their constitutional rights, violated by the Emperor Leopold I. It opens with a striking picture of the Hungarian peasantry :—

It was a pleasant summer evening; a heavy rain had followed a stormy day, and been succeeded by a serene sky and a reviving coolness. The drops yet hung on the blades of grass, on the leaves of the fruit trees, and sparkled like pearls of crystal on the branches of ripening bloom-covered grapes. A fresh breeze curled the transparent waters of the Jolva stream, and swelled the sails of the boats that floated down to meet the River Sajo, with which the former united at no great distance. Upon the streams and their banks, everywhere resounded songs, as if answering each other, some of sportive purport, of sudden and almost provoking modulations, but mostly simple and plaintive; all, however, were chaunted by women.

Whether it were from need of the repose, to which the peasant of that district so gladly and entirely resigns himself at the close of his day's work, or the accustomed effect of the national gravity and silence, or that both were increased by the condition of the times, the men took as little share in the mirth of the women and girls, as in their labours, which, continuing all day uninterruptedly within their house or cottage, were renewed with double zeal and punctuality upon the return of the master.

The peasant, either under his own roof or before his door, comforted his body in an easy chair, with his pipe and a cool tankard, complacently allowing his wife, daughters, or maid-servants, to settle his cushions. He put forth his hand only to take hold of his cup, or food, which last was served up to him ready divided into mouthfuls; and the indolence with which he performed this last task, seemed to intimate that he thought even this too much trouble, and regretted that he could not make it over also to his female train. When he had completed the agreeably laborious business of eating, he settled himself in his seat, drew the big-bellied wine-jug nearer, pushed his cap on one side, and with the gravity of the Pasha, who held his court in but too close a vicinity, gave a sign, upon which his harem, if we may so name the modest women of a Catholic Christian farm, quickly forming a domestic choir, raised the songs which we have just alluded to.

The purport of these songs was sometimes the sorrows of unhappy, or the joys of happy love, sometimes the warlike deeds of earlier or of later times. As he listened to the first, the master of the house occasionally stroked his chin, and gave his elderly wife a significant look, meant to remind her of long-vanished days, and which she returned with humble tenderness; but, when the latter greeted his ear, if, as was generally the case, he had been in the

army, he drew himself up as he sat, puffed out his cheeks, curled his mustachios, and, excited by his recollections, blended with the clear and soft warbling, a low growling bass.

But not unfrequently did he interrupt the concert, intended to do him honour, and afford him amusement, by a rough domineering word to the wife, that convinced her of the difference between "formerly" and "now," between the complaisant wooer, and the crabbed husband, or by a rebuke seasoned with a favourite oath, if, during the amorous ditties, the son looked too hard at the young buxom servant girl, or the daughter moved too near a neighbour's son, rebuffs abundantly proving to those on whom they lighted, that the old soldier maintained strict discipline and military subordination in his household. So passed the evening, till night-fall summoned the women to the flax heckle or the spinning-wheel, by the light of a burning fir-splinter, and the despot of this little empire to his bed, prepared in the same room, in which henceforward a deep, respectful silence prevailed, until the whole family, having completed the day's task, sought their sleeping births in the loft, with the exception of the head female servant, the wedded mistress of the house, who, asserting her privilege, crept with stealthy pace to the bed of the master, and took her place there with the caution necessary to avoid awakening the already snoring occupant.

Most of the characters are well drawn and discriminated, especially those of the haughty Magnates of Hungary, with all their several gradations, from the purest patriotism, in the Palatine, Count Veszelyi, through "vaulting ambition," in the Ban of Croatia, Count Zrinyi, to the utmost recklessness of unprincipled perfidy in Count Nadassy, the *Judas Curia*, or Chief Judge, and second person in Hungary, the Palatine being the first. These are well developed in various scenes, all of which, are, we grieve to say, too long to allow of any one being given entire,—the only way of really showing their merits. We must, therefore, content ourselves with portions of that in which all the Magnates (invited by the Palatine to celebrate at his Castle of Murany, the betrothing of the Ban of Croatia's daughter to Prince Rakoczy,) assemble to prepare, in conjunction with others of inferior rank, a remonstrance, or petition of rights. The scene is an old chapel, desecrated, and converted into a hall :—

About the middle of this hall, taken crossways, and not far from the former altar, stood a table covered with green satin; at its upper end, in a gilt arm-chair, the back of which was turned to the altar, the Palatine took his seat, and beside him, in similar chairs, the Counts Zrinyi, Nadassy, and Frangipani, the heads of the assembly, then Prince Rakoczy, and round the table, according to their rank and age, the other Magnates. The old, well-preserved, oaken benches, that erst received worshippers during divine service, were arranged in rows on either side of the hall; upon those to the right, sat the lesser nobles, on those to the left, the Protestant clergy, and some burgesses of towns in Lower Hungary; but, of these, there were not many. • • • Close to the altar, over which hung a picture, painted during the sleep of the arts, representing the Last Supper at the moment when Judas Iscariot dips in the dish, and directly under this Apothe, sat Franz Nagy (the Palatine's private Secretary), writing at a smaller table.

The Palatine spoke: "Noble Lords and Magnates, well born Knights, respected Citizens, and you Preachers of the Augsburg and the Geneva Confessions, it is known to you all, that matters



of high importance have here assembled us. You also know that what is important, even when lawful, requires secrecy, that it may not, dispersed amidst the mouths and ears of the many, lose its efficiency."

Words and oaths to observe the requisite secrecy are readily pledged, until it comes to Count Nadassy's turn.

He spoke abruptly and rapidly. "You are aware, my Lords, that I know nothing, that I am pledged to nothing. If I am to be a witness of this transaction, of the object of which, I, invited hither merely to betrothment festivities, have no idea, I must request you to receive my word of honour, and am ready to pledge it, so soon as you shall assure me that I shall hear nothing contrary to the duties of my high office, as *Judex Curie* of the Kingdom of Hungary." A smile of derision flitted over the hard countenance of the Ban of Croatia, and such another, tempered however with an expression of approbation, curled the lips of Count Frangipani. Some of the magnates looked aside, and Franz Veselenyi (the Palatine) said courteously, but as one settles trifles in moments of weighty business, "We consider your word as given, noble Nadassy."

The magnates, the nobles, the citizens, and the Protestant clergy, after some disturbance from the zeal of a Calvinist, now successively state their respective grievances; the remonstrance or memorial is, after much stormy discussion, drawn up, and Nadassy, somewhat unexpectedly, undertakes to present it to the Emperor.

The assembly then disappeared; the Protestant clergy betook them to their chambers, to prepare for immediate departure; the magnates, and nobles, upon the invitation of the Lord of the Castle, to the ladies; and only the Palatine himself remained, with his Secretary, the Counts Nadassy, Zrinyi, Frangipani, Forgacs, and some other malcontents, in a confidential circle, which was joined by other persons who had not yet appeared.

The first of these is a French *Commandeur de Malthe*, and as Veselenyi advances to receive him, Count Tattenbach, a German subject of the Emperor's, and holding high office in Styria, addressed himself to Count Frangipani, who stood not far from the Supreme Judge, and in a subdued voice, as though their neighbour should not hear him, asked,

"And do you really think the Emperor will pay more attention to this memorial than to so many that have preceded it? than to those of Lower Austria?"

Frangipani regarded him with an equivocal smile, and replied, "Ask him who is to present it."

The Styrian showed no inclination to repeat his question to the Supreme Judge.

"Do we believe that, Lord Governor!" said Nadassy. "Are you so simple-hearted in Austria as to trust promises that have already been ten times broken, to place hope in what has already ten times proved fruitless? Or do you suppose the Hungarians more credulous than yourselves? This parchment,"—he tossed up the memorial, and caught it again, like a toy—"This parchment is as weighty in my hand, as it will prove in the balance of our Apostolic King's justice. You see the thing is light as a feather," he went on in deeper tones, "we must try therefore to lend it weight."

The *Commandeur* offers pecuniary assistance from Louis XIV., for the maintenance of the constitution of Hungary against the Emperor and King, and larger sums in case of the magnates securing Ottoman protec-

tion. Hereupon an opium-eating Turk, with whom the Ban has long been privately negotiating, is introduced:—

"Thou knowest," asked Veselenyi, "why we are here assembled?"—"I know it," was the answer. "And what thinkest thou of our purpose?"—"Nothing."—"And thy brother, the Pasha?"—"The very same."

Forgacs whispered Frangipani, "A valuable Adjutant this, who helps his brother to think nothing."—"If he helps him to act," observed Frangipani, "we will undertake for the thinking."

"We are determined to recover our rights," resumed Veselenyi, "have you not heard it?"

"Unquestionably," replied the Turk, with dignity. "Every speech on earth re-echoes in the vaults of the Sublime Porte."

"That must make a terrible noise," interrupted Stephen Petroczy, "and very uselessly, if it awakes no thought in you." • • •

The Palatine now asked, "And how does the Padishah regard our struggle for our rights and liberties?"—"How should I know that?" rejoined the Turk. "Amongst the Moslems no one possesses rights except the vicar of the Prophet, and the word liberty I only learned with the Hungarian language." (Nearly half Hungary was then subject to the Porte.) "We treat not of words, but of things, and I require to know whether Sultan Mohammed IV. be inclined to support us?"

After a pause, which, with every Turk, precedes the answer to a direct question, the Aga replied, "Inclined! certainly not; for how should the Prince of the Faithful incline to what Infidels do? But he will support what you call your rights, because he against whom you rise, the German King, has no more rights than you; no one having any save the Padishah."

"Aga," said Count Veselenyi sternly, "thou standest here, not before Turkish slaves, but before Christians and free Hungarians; bridle then thy speech; bethink thee that every unseasonable word is a useless word, and remember the Angels of Death and their bridge." After a pause of evident reluctance, he added, "What help would the Sultan give us should we see fit to require it?" • • •

The *Commandeur* now interfered. "Worthy Halib Aga," said he, "since it has pleased his Highness the Sultan to accept the mediation of my master, the powerful King of France, between himself and the magnates of Hungary, I, who stand here in the name of his Majesty, entreat you, by virtue of my office and commission, at length to satisfy the just desires of these illustrious gentlemen."

At length the Turk speaks out what he had long since communicated to the Ban, that the malcontents must send a deputation to Constantinople. They are dissatisfied at the delay, and the scene is abruptly terminated by the unlooked-for arrival of the Imperial General in chief, Montecuculi, on pretence of visiting his friend the Palatine, and honouring the betrothment between two of the principal Hungarian families.

*An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, both as a Penal Settlement and as a British Colony.* By John Dunmore Lang, D.D.

[Second Notice.]

*Observations on the Colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land.* By John Henderson. Calcutta: Baptist Mission Press.

In our former article on Dr. Lang's work, we endeavoured, by a condensed view of the entire history of the colony, to show, that cer-

tain causes, not necessarily involved in the terms of the experiment, and which, therefore, should be eliminated in a fair consideration of its merits, had impeded the full success of transportation, as a penal measure, intended to punish and improve. We showed, that the monopolies established by the New South Wales Corps, were, for a long series of years, injurious to the free trader and emigrant; while the licentious example set by many of its officers, together with the drunkenness which, for their own private advantage, they encouraged, were equally prejudicial to the morals of the convict: that the unlimited importation of ardent spirits—the facility with which licences to retail it were granted—the injudicious concentration of a population, all wicked, but in different degrees—and the institution of race-courses, which, even in this country, present scenes of riot and debauchery, but the introduction of which, into a *penal* colony, we should have thought little less than madness, had all exerted a counteracting effect, and were in direct opposition to the original intention of the settlement. It is, therefore, quite inconclusive to argue that, because all the benefits expected have not arisen, therefore the experiment has been a failure, and should be given up, for it is clear that these causes do not arise out of the nature of the experiment, but are merely accidental—the results of improper interference, and injudicious management—from which, therefore, it both can and ought to be freed.

We shall, however, not insist further on this point at present, but rather turn to a consideration of the present state of the colony, with a view to the two important inquiries: 1. How far it is now entitled to "the full privileges of a British colony;" and 2. What advantages it holds out to free emigrants.

1. "The legitimate grounds on which the colonists of New South Wales can petition for a House of Assembly are: first, that in addition to a penal settlement for the punishment, coercion, and reformation of convicts, New South Wales has all along been held forth by the government as a British colony, in which British subjects might settle and exercise their various trades or professions under the protection of British laws, as in other British colonies. Such a state of things necessarily implies, that as soon as the said British subjects settled in the said colony should be in sufficient number to manage the raising and disbursement of public money, and of sufficient ability to bear the expenses of their government, they should be allowed that form of government which is established by the mother country in the other foreign possessions of the empire.

"Second, that there is a numerous native population in New South Wales to whom the Imperial Legislature owes the same act of justice in the matter in question, as to free emigrant British subjects settled in the colony.

"Nay, whereas not a single emancipist in New South Wales could have had a shadow of right to demand free institutions for the country, if it had been a mere convict colony or jail, the circumstance of its being regarded and held forth by the British government as a free colony has altered the political standing even of that class of the community, in so far that they also have a right, in common with the other free inhabitants of the colony, to the same privileges to which their satisfaction of the law would have entitled them in other British colonies."

And this reduces the first inquiry to one of statistics, which we shall treat as briefly as possible under the following heads:—

**Population.**—In 1800 the population amounted to 8000; on the arrival of Governor Macquarie in 1809, to between 11,000 and 12,000; on the succession of Sir Thomas Brisbane in 1822, to above 24,000; during his government, the rate of increase was about 4000 per annum, as in 1825, the population was 36,366; a census was taken by General Darling, but in so imperfect a manner as to be of no use; however, assuming, as he conceives himself justified in doing, an uniform rate of increase, Dr. Lang estimates the present population at from 65,000 to 70,000 souls.

"Of these 20,000 are convicts. The remaining 45,000 consist of, first, free emigrants; second, natives of the colony; and, third, persons who were originally convicts, but whose sentences have expired, or who have obtained free pardons in consideration of their good conduct. Of these three classes of the free inhabitants of the colony, the first, or that of free emigrants, is probably at this moment as numerous as that of either of the other two, the proportion of free emigrants having been increasing annually since the accession of Sir Thomas Brisbane to the government of the colony; and from the vast distance of New South Wales, the consequent expense of the voyage out, and the government arrangement, in virtue of which grants of land were for a considerable time given only to persons who possessed a capital of 500*l.*, the reader will doubtless perceive that the class of free emigrants in New South Wales must in general consist of persons who originally occupied a higher standing in society, and are, consequently, fitter to exercise the elective franchise than the majority of persons of the class of free emigrants in Upper Canada, or the other colonies of British America. The second division of the free inhabitants of the colony—viz. the class of natives of New South Wales, embraces a fair proportion of the intelligence, property, and general respectability of the colony; and I have no hesitation in stating my opinion that this class are just as fit as a body, both intellectually and morally, to exercise the elective franchise as the mass of the ten-pound voters of Great Britain and Ireland. In regard to the third class of the free inhabitants of the colony—those who are technically called Emancipists—I have just as little hesitation in expressing my opinion, that as the elective franchise would doubtless be confined to those individuals of that class who had not only become free, but had acquired property, and had therefore something valuable at stake in the colony, it would just be as safe in their hands, and as judiciously exercised, as in those of the other free inhabitants of the territory. For as soon as an emancipist acquires property of any kind in an honest and reputable way, his interest is thenceforth completely identified with that of all the other free inhabitants of the colony, and he is just as much concerned in the maintenance of order and good government, and in the repression of everything of an opposite tendency, as any other reputable householder or proprietor in the country."

**Information and Education.**—These seem to have been for many years in the hands of a corporation, consisting of the Archdeacon and colonial clergy of the established church, and, therefore, to have become a monopoly.

"To think of twelve or fifteen colonial ministers of religion managing for years together to spend public money to the amount of upwards of 20,000*l.* a year, under pretence of providing

for the religious instruction and the general education of so small a colony as New South Wales, without providing the colony all the while with a single school in which a boy could be taught the simplest elements of mathematics or the merest rudiments of the Latin tongue—why, the thing appears so monstrous in the present age of light and of learning, that it would have been absolutely incredible, if it had not actually occurred!"

The enormity of the thing, however, has at length wrought its own cure: individual enterprise has done that which corporate apineity neglected, and the Australian College, instituted on the plan of the Scottish colleges and high schools conjoined, and furnished at this moment with four resident masters of undoubted competence, cannot fail to introduce an elevated standard of education and morality into the entire colony; while the simple and unexaggerated statement of the difficulties which were to be overcome, and the sacrifices made to ensure this desirable object, must reflect the highest credit on Dr. Lang, its founder, as well as its unpaid principal, and ensure him the honest approbation of all who love light rather than darkness, and conceive that the surest road to national happiness lies through national education.

Four newspapers, besides the government gazette, are published in Sydney: a miscellaneous and scientific monthly magazine, almanacks containing much useful statistical, and general information, occasional pamphlets on subjects of local interest, together with other publications, show no want of a reading public in New South Wales.

**Wealth.**—Flocks and herds multiply in this delightful climate on extensive and fertile plains with a rapidity of which we have no conception. The value of Australian wool need only be alluded to:—

"A magistrate of the territory, whose wool produces him considerably upwards of 500*l.* a year, told me lately that there are gentlemen in the colony who already derive an income from 1,500*l.* to 2000*l.* a year from their wool alone, independently of the annual increase of their flocks; but a few estates yield a still higher income."

"The quantity exported in 1832 amounted to 1,515,156*lbs.*, the estimated value of which, at the rate of 11*d.* per *lb.*, was 73,559*l.* The real value is much above this estimate, the wool from Mr. Macarthur's flocks for 1833 having averaged not less than 3*s.* 6*d.* a pound."

From the abundance of horned cattle, the idea has been suggested of salting for exportation; experiments have shown its practicability, colonial beef having been declared, by competent judges, fully equal to Irish.

Corn is cultivated with much success, wheat being known to return forty-five bushels to the acre; the general average is from twenty to twenty-five, but the system of agriculture would admit of great improvements.

The whale fishery supplies a most important source of traffic, and also a means of employment.

"I do not think there were more than two vessels in the trade, out of Sydney, when I arrived in the colony for the first time in the year 1823. In the beginning of the year 1826, there were five or six; but in August, 1830, there were twenty-six. The number has been gradually increasing ever since, and it is supposed there will shortly be a hundred. The value of the oil and whalebone exported to London from the port of Sydney, in the year 1832, was 146,018*l.*"

**Imports and Exports.**—"There cannot be a better evidence of the progress of the colony of New South Wales, and of its rapid advancement in comparison with other colonies, than the large amount of its exports as exhibited in the lists referred to in the preceding note, in the present early period of its existence as a free and commercial colony. The colony of the Cape of Good Hope has been in existence nearly two centuries, and its population is at present at least double that of New South Wales. But the exports of the Cape colony for the quarter ending on the 30th of September, 1833, amounted only to 43,417*l.*, making a total for the whole year of only 173,000*l.*, while those of New South Wales for the year 1832 amount to 384,344*l.* 10*s.*, or more than double the amount of the whole exports from South Africa."

The total imports for the same year amounted to 602,032*l.*

**Revenue and Expenditure.**—By an abstract of the official returns for the year 1832, given in an Appendix to Dr. Lang's work, it appears, that the receipts for that year, including duties, fees, licences, proceeds of land sold, repayment of loans, &c., amounted to 135,909*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, while the disbursements for the Governor, and other colonial officers, the Judges, the clergy, and schools, the colonial military, the courts, and all other colonial establishments (not including, of course, the expenses of the convicts), did not exceed 126,909*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*, thus leaving a clear balance of 9000*l.* to the credit of the colony.

"The estimate of the expenditure for 1833 amounted to 110,252*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.*—i. e. about 40,000*l.* less than the estimated revenue, while the estimate of the expenditure for the year 1834, during which there is reason to believe that the revenue will amount to 160,000*l.*, amounts only to 114,208*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*—i. e. 45,000*l.* less than the probable revenue."

II. On the second inquiry we must be very brief; and, indeed, the subject has been so generally discussed, that there is the less necessity for our entering into it at any length. A powerfully drawn picture of the benefits of emigration to a person endeavouring to support, in this country, a family upon a sum of from 2000*l.* to 5000*l.*, and a demonstration that, not only would his comforts in every way (supposing moderate capability and assiduity) be considerably increased, but that his utility, in every point of view, even as regards this country, would be greatly enhanced, may be found in Dr. Lang's second volume, and nothing but its length prevents our transferring it to our pages. His work is, on the whole, the most clear-headed, and the most valuable that has appeared respecting the state of our Australian colonies. If we are to express a regret, it must be, that he has not always refrained from indulging in sarcasm, to which its very gravity and coldness adds intense power. We acknowledge he may have had just cause of indignation against those who, it appears, would neither perform the work themselves, nor suffer others, but we would gladly have seen in him a little more of that Christian charity which "beareth all things."

We have looked through Mr. Henderson's work, and find that he is a political economist, and that his pages are as full of speculations as Dr. Lang's are of facts. Now, we like to speculate for ourselves.

*Blakey's System of Logic.* London: Duncan. THE design of the author is to propose a system of logic applicable to questions in which we can only have probable evidence, such as matters of religion, ethics, or politics. He justly regards the different views which disputants take of the nature and fulness of the evidence which any given branch can furnish to our minds, as one of the most fruitful sources of contention; and he thinks that the exclusive study of mathematics disqualifies the mind for moral and political investigations, where the evidence is of a totally different nature;—he then examines the kind and degree of evidence which we are to expect in mental inquiries, morals, politics, and religion, making some very judicious and practical observations on each of these portions of the science of human nature. Having thus stated the subjects of inquiry, Mr. Blakey next examines the means by which investigation is conducted, analysis, induction, and analogy: his chapter on the use and application of analogy is particularly valuable. The volume concludes with an account of syllogistic reasoning, whose value Mr. Blakey is inclined to depreciate. On this point we differ from him *toto cælo*, but must for the present be satisfied with recording our dissent, and at the same time expressing a favourable opinion of the general merits of this little volume.

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

WE this day present our readers with an Elevation of the National Gallery, now in progress, from drawings made, by permission of Mr. Wilkins, from the model; but, as the limits of our paper would not permit us to do this in one view on such a scale as should do justice to the beauty of the details, we give, in addition, and on a larger scale, Views of the Central Part, and of the Propylæa or Gateways.

WE have hitherto abstained from noticing the unjust attacks made on this building, assured that a re-action would take place in public opinion. That event has happened; for every one who has cast his eye over the works in progress, and they are exposed to the public view from a commanding situation, must be aware that the building will form an imposing mass of solid construction, and of great extent.

The centre portion of the building exhibits a portico equal in extent to that of St. Martin's Church, with which it will be placed in opposition; the one being a hexastyle, or six-columned portico, the other octastyle.

If we are right in our view of the principles of the architect, which he has given in his observations on St. Martin's Church, we are required to proportion the intervals to the number of the columns in the front of the portico. Thus, in a portico of four columns, we may place them three diameters apart; in a hexastyle the intervals should not exceed two; in an octastyle they should be less, and in a decastyle still less. This is conformable with the practice of the Romans as well as the Greeks. The whole farrago of eustyle, distastyle, and areostyle, is a system originating with Vitruvius, who attempts to be the founder of a school and to improve the architecture of his predecessors.

The enlargement of the centre interval is also an innovation of this author, unsupported by ancient examples, except in Propylæa, or gateways, where a carriage-entrance makes a wide interval indispensable. In the Doric order, indeed, the central intervals are greater, or, rather, the angular intervals are lessened, by the Greek arrangement of the triglyphs.

The character of Vitruvius as a writer and an architect, is better understood than it was formerly, when the English nation, as the Edinburgh Reviewer justly remarks, professed a wholesale admiration of every ancient author. The elaborate and learned commentaries of Schneider have tended to dispel the darkness

which threw a veil of mystery, and, consequently, of admiration, over his works.

The occupation of the remaining part of the Mews buildings by the Records, will necessarily retard the completion of the centre portion of the building, upon which the architect must chiefly depend for the general effect of the whole. We hope that the accommodation thus given will not be suffered to interfere with the completion of this national work for a longer period than was necessary for the construction of a building for their reception. We make this observation from having observed a paragraph in a Morning contemporary, which states, that although it has been known for more than a twelvemonth that the removal of the Records was necessary to the progress of the building, no decisive step has yet been taken to provide a new building for their reception. This delay is said, we know not with what truth, to arise with the Master of the Rolls. If what we have stated be correct, we hope that the British public will manifest their dissatisfaction at all such unnecessary delays as prevent the completion of a building intended for their gratification and improvement. For some time, at least, the only ornamental feature of the new building will be the Propylæum, or gateway, of the east wing; and this, in conjunction with other considerations, has decided us on giving the elevation of that part on a scale sufficiently large to show its character and effect.

This partakes, in some degree, of the character of a triumphal arch, but modified, so as to be more consistent with its intended use. It will be the principal entrance to the Royal Academy during the period of its annual Exhibitions, and it will afford a communication between Trafalgar Square and Castle Street, to which the Commissioners of Woods and Forests were unfortunately pledged before it was determined to place the National Gallery on this site. The necessity also for a similar kind of entrance to the Barrack Yard, are the difficulties with which the architect has had to contend in framing his design. The mode in which this was to be finally effected, remained, until lately, a point undecided; and hence the difficulty of giving to the public a correct idea of the whole composition.

WE have adverted to the principles of Greek composition which the author of the design has long since promulgated in some professional works, in which he advocates the pure architecture of the Greeks, and reprobates the system of Vitruvius, who, in speaking of the *vitis* of Grecian architects, exhibits a nostrum of his own as the only corrective. "*Nos autem exponimus quemadmodum à præceptoribus accepimus; uti si qui voluerat his rationibus attendens ita ingredi, habeat proportionem explicatas, quibus emendatas et sine vitis efficere possit ædium sacrarum Dorico perfectiones.*" Who were his preceptors on this subject does not appear, certainly none of the Greek architects he quotes, for their practice, as we find it exemplified in all the instances which have since been made known to us, is in direct opposition to his *perfect proportions*.

The enlargement of the centre interval is permitted, as we have already observed, in Propylæa, upon grounds consistent with reason and expediency; the principle of Grecian architecture does not admit of the extension of the portico for this purpose, but demands a corresponding contraction of the other intervals. To instance one of the most celebrated examples of antiquity, the Propylæa of the Athenian Acropolis, where the general proportions of height and extent are similar to those of the Temple of Theseus, although the central interval of the first of these buildings is widened, in order to afford the more commodious means of ingress.

In the design of the two Propylæa this prin-

ciple appears to have been followed; the whole extent of each of these bears the just proportion to the number of the columns employed, and the central interval being enlarged, the others are necessarily contracted.

WE have been thus particular in our remarks, in order to prove that the practice of the architect appears to be perfectly consistent with the principles he has elsewhere published, as well as for the purpose of showing that the arbitrary collocation of columns in porticos by some modern architects, is as much at variance with the practice of the ancients as it is opposed to all harmony of proportion.

IT seems to have been the original intention of the architect to make these Propylæa assume the character of triumphal arches, but he has abandoned the intention, apparently with the object of avoiding all such marked peculiarities of the Roman school. One of our contemporaries, who first upbraided the architect for his tenacious adherence to the Grecian style, now assumes the merit of having originally suggested a change which deprives the design of its Romanized portions, and gives to the whole a character more strictly Greek and classical. These considerations have afforded us an additional inducement to give the principal features more in detail than could be accomplished in the general elevation, drawn to a minute scale.

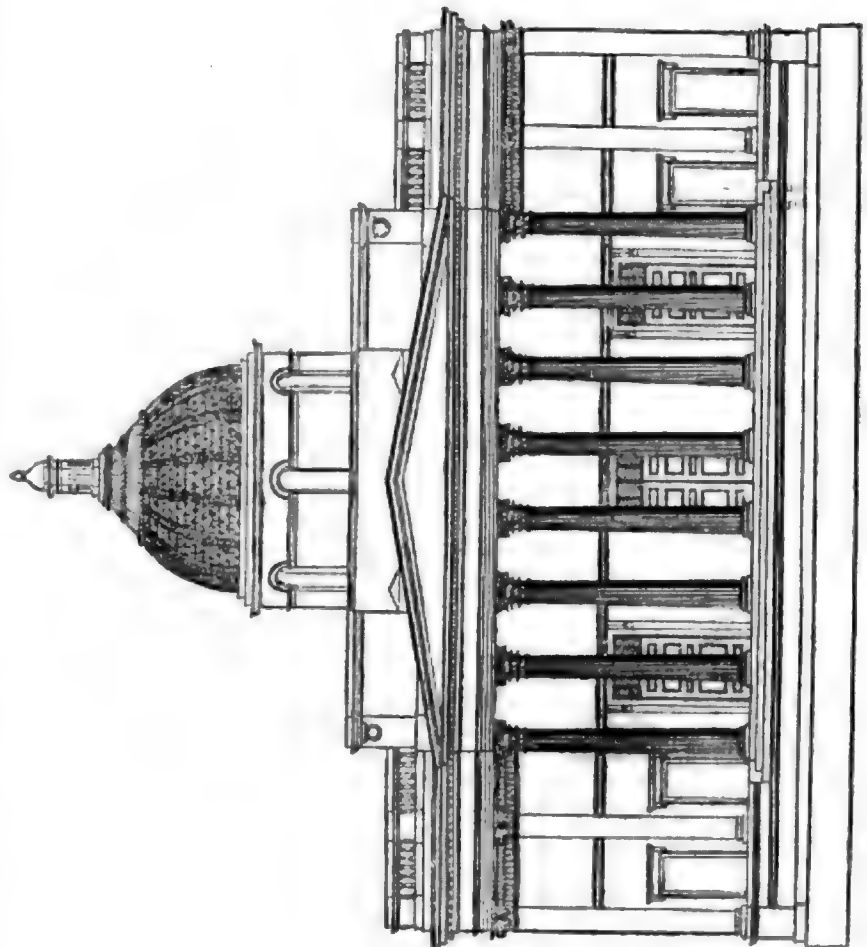
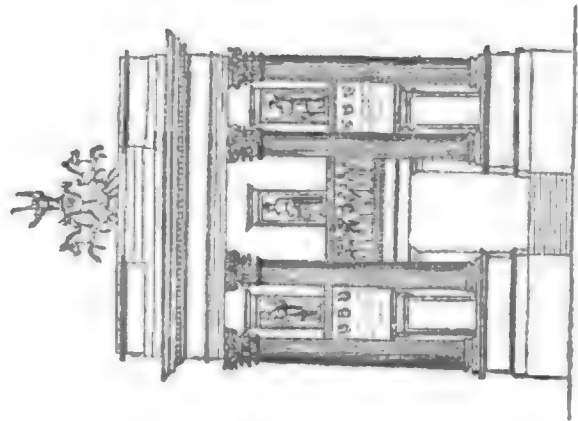
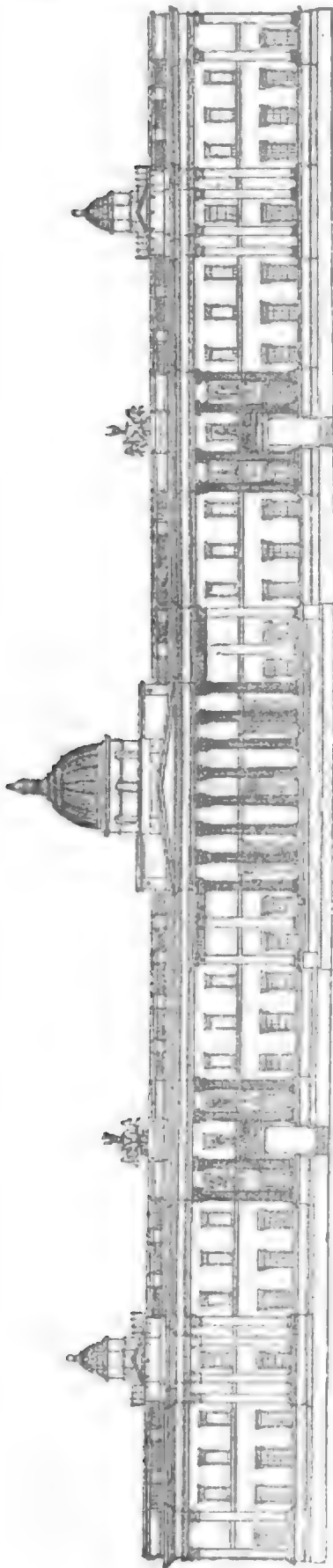
The original notice of the intentions of the Commissioners of Woods and Works to place this building on a more advanced line to the south, seems to have been thrown out mainly with the view of feeling the pulse of public opinion as to its partial interference with the portico of St. Martin's Church; finding this project opposed to the wishes of the public, they very wisely abandoned their intention, but conformed to the wishes of the architect in placing the front upon a parallel line, by which their intentions, as regards a more remote object, will not be frustrated, although rendered less effective than it would have been otherwise.

The order of the proposed buildings is sufficiently distinct from that of the adjoining church, the one being the Roman, and the other the Greek Corinthian. The columns of the latter will be fluted, and a characteristic richness given to the entablature by a dentil cornice. The pediment will be of low pitch, and covered with Greek tiling, its cornice being perfectly plain. In conformity with the practice of the Greeks, the capitals of the antæ, or pilasters, vary essentially from those of the columns. In these particulars it differs from its neighbour. The cupola, or dome, too, gives the whole edifice a character totally different.

The appropriation of a building should, if possible, be indicated by the elevation of the exterior; this is accomplished in the structure under consideration, in which the absence of windows in the upper story plainly denotes that the whole of the upper part can only be lighted by skylights, and this leads to the inference that the building before us is a picture gallery. The spire of St. Martin's Church, although a beautiful object of itself, issuing through the roof of a Roman building, is only to be tolerated on this consideration:—the national architecture of England being Gothic, the English eye requires some feature or object common in church architecture to denote that a building of a style wholly different is intended for sacred purposes.

WE have not been able to obtain a plan of the buildings, being given to understand that it is not absolutely decided whether or not the whole edifice is finally destined to the reception of the national collection. It has been stated in Parliament that such is the understanding; but we have every reason to believe that the Royal Academy disclaims being a party to such an arrangement.





## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Captives in India, a Tale; and a Widow and a Will*, by Mrs. Hofland.'—We owe Mrs. Hofland thanks for the touching and pleasant tales with which she moved and delighted our childhood, and can never see the announcement of her name without a feeling of kindly gratitude being awakened, which disposes us to take pleasure in whatever she may set before us; and yet, in all sincerity, we must state our opinion, that this lady is most eminent as a writer for the young;—her longer stories occupy a sort of neutral ground between the region of incident and that of character;—her range of subjects is very limited,—a lost relation, a property diminished by extravagance, or the vicissitudes of commerce, an adopted child, and the painful struggles of the desolate and oppressed with poverty, one or all of these is sure to be found in her tales. Nor are her characters very characteristic—they are gentle, or amiable, or impetuous, but "shadows all": we cannot bring them vividly before us—we have never shaken hands with them, talked with them, or smiled at their eccentricities, as we have done with and at the living beings who figure in the pages of Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth. Therefore it is, that, much as we approve of the works of this excellent lady, we must, as critics, admit that they are chargeable with a gentle insipidity of manner, which she is never able totally to cast aside, be her subject of the most exciting or affecting nature.

In the 'Captives in India,' Mrs. Hofland has woven the adventures of Mrs. Fay (whose name is familiar to us,) into a story. In themselves, these were most varied and interesting, and we refer our readers to the tale, if they would read what woman has endured and survived; but something of minuteness and simplicity is wanting in the account of Olivia's perils, to give them their due effect—something of that truth and freshness of style which made so many doubt whether 'Sir Edward Seward's Diary' was genuine or fictitious. The love-story wherewith they are interwoven is not strong enough of texture to be consistently wrought in with the thread of adventure; and the tissue, therefore, when complete, wants coherence and strength. The book, however, is well worth perusal, and we much prefer it to any of the other grown-up tales of its authoress which we have seen. The second, 'A Widow and a Will,' has, we imagine, been introduced merely to complete the three volumes.

'*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, Vol. IV., Part I.'—It contains the papers communicated by Lieut.-Col. Monteith, 'On a Navigable Passage between Ceylon and the Main Land of India,' (see report in *Athenæum*, No. 318)—'The Journal of a Voyage up the Mazarony,' by W. Hilhouse, Esq., (see No. 325)—'An Account of a Journey through the Himalah Mountains to the Sources of the Jumna,' communicated by W. Ainsworth, Esq., (see No. 327)—'Hints on Geographical Arrangement and Nomenclature,' by Col. Jackson, (see No. 339)—and Lieut. Burnes' 'Description of the Countries on the North-West Frontier of India,' (see No. 337). These journals are always full of interest and information. We do not give an abstract of the valuable papers contained in the present Part, because abstracts of all, and we say it with pride and satisfaction, appeared in the *Athenæum* at the time they were first read at the meetings of the Society.

'*Pastorals of the Seasons, and Elegies to Clarinda, of Roslynbury Grove; to which is added The Rejected One, or Broken Hearted*, by Harrison Corbett Wilson, Esq.'—A tempting and high-sounding title, full of meaning and mystery. Who that has ever looked into a novel does not know Miss Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice'? and who that knows that delightfully amusing

tale can have forgotten Mr. Collins, the grave, genteel, respectful, orderly, not very wise, curate, with his devotion to his patroness, Lady De Burgh, and the proud satisfaction of heart with which he regarded the comforts of Rosings? the frequent visits he paid there? and his set speeches about "elegant females"? Now, except that he was married to a sensible woman, and therefore could have no plea for walking about by moonlight, and inditing much sorrow in rhyme, we should, in spite of the name upon the title-page, have referred the book before us to the hands of that good young man. It is written on one theme—the beauty and insensibility of Clarinda—"On first seeing her;" "On having passed Roslynbury Grove by Moonlight;" "On being present when she presented a banner to a cavalry regiment in Roslynbury Park;" "On seeing her at church;" and "On missing her from church;" on "Clarinda going to London," and eke on her coming back again; on being told that she was married (which, by the way, was a mistake); on dreaming of Clarinda; on supposing her angry at her lover for looking at her; describing how delightful it would be to walk with Clarinda in the aforesaid grove; and twenty other similar realities and suppositions, ending with her marriage "and no mistake."—Three verses, descriptive of one of this modern Petrarch's touching little adventures, are a fair specimen of his powers.

And then I broke a slender bough  
From off the hazel tree,  
Which treasure I've preserved till now—  
A lover's and trophy.  
Then, through the avenue I strayed  
Until I reached a gale;  
And, true, I am almost afraid  
My story to relate:—  
Upon the topmost bar I trac'd  
Initials of my name;  
Ne'er let them be from thence effac'd—  
If still they there remain.

'*The Romance of Egypt*.'—The history, we regret to say, is not very accurate, nor is the romance particularly interesting.

'*The Rival Sisters, with other Poems*.'—'*Cottage Life and Rural Scenery, a poem, &c. &c.*, by William Rufus Usher.'—We are not unfrequently at a loss what to say of the small tomes which come upon us in weekly profusion, full of smooth lines and kindly thoughts, but as guileless of poetry as the leading article of a newspaper. Charity, and a love of our own ease, would lead us to pass them over in silence, did we not feel ourselves bound to notice them, as forming a barrier between the public and the real masters of the lyre, and causing that partial cessation of intercourse between the two, which all must lament. The two volumes before us, are neither better nor worse than a thousand that have been, and, we fear, will be again. The first is a tale of love, rivalry, and madness; the second professes to be a picture of country manners and habits, about as near the nature of peasant life, as are the fantastic dresses and trim scenes of a rustic ballet at the Opera House.

'*Peter Parley's Tales about Europe, Asia, Africa, and America*.'—Good old gossiping Peter Parley! We could almost wish to be a child again, for the purpose of enjoying, with the implicit faith of childhood, the useful and amusing tales of the old man of Boston, and looking at the beautiful wood-cuts with which this English edition is illustrated;—but why is America put last in the book? It is the first of the original series, and many a child will ask why Peter's account of himself does not stand at the head of his wanderings.

'*The Affinities of Plants with Man and Animals, their Analogies and Associations; a Lecture delivered before the Worcestershire Natural History Society*, by Edwin Lees.'—Mr. Lees seems an ingenious and zealous cultivator of Natural History, and he has collected in this pamphlet

a number of amusing things, which were well adapted to the purpose for which his lecture was delivered, and which may serve to pass an hour or two agreeably enough. In some of the passages, there is a vein of poetic feeling which rises almost into eloquence; while the general tenor of his discourse, to show the harmony that pervades the animated world, is skillfully sustained. We would, however, recommend Mr. Lees, on the next occasion when he addresses the public, to take care not to get out of his depth, and to be quite sure that he understands what he undertakes to illustrate. As he is an entomologist, we would advise him to consult the papers of Maclean, before he again explains the distinction between Affinity and Analogy in Natural History. We will not do him the disservice to quote his paragraph on that subject, but leave it to his own good sense to reconsider and correct it.

'*Magazine of Botany and Register of Flowering Plants*, by Joseph Paxton.'—Certe the getters up of this book understand the art of pillaging to admiration. They should take for their motto, what Pope said of Bayes,

While here he sips, and there he plunders sing,  
He sucks all o'er like an industrious bug.

In this their first number, we have four plates of rare plants, which we are assured in the Introduction, are coloured from original drawings. Now, Plate 1, *Ribes sanguineum*, is pirated from 'Sweet's Flower Garden,' plate 107, new series; Plate 2, *Schizanthus retusus*, from the 'Botanical Register,' plate 1544; Plate 4, *Streptanthus cuprea*, from 'Sweet's Flower Garden,' plate 122, new series. This is like the original matter of Mr. Professor Rennie & Co.

'*Gift to the Members of the Church of England*.'—With this rich field of English theological literature open before him, a man of good sense and moderate learning might easily, we should think, fill 140 pages with most solid and delightful reading. But the compiler of this pamphlet has worked after the pattern of a lady's album. He has taken the mere froth of Church of England divinity; and we see with disgust a long passage introduced from a fashionable novel, and that seemingly a very silly one, to show his dislike to a party, with whose opinions he is evidently wholly unacquainted. A worse specimen of selecting and compiling, where so much was to be had, we have never, we think, met with. What, for example has Campbell's poem of 'The Last Man,' and 'Family Discords,' to do with a church establishment?

'*Galbraith's Mathematical and Astronomical Tables*.'—These tables will be found very useful to practical mathematicians, but especially to those engaged in the naval service. The formulæ of calculation have been very skillfully selected, while none of the improvements of modern science have been neglected; and the compiler has generally chosen those rules, which will be found most easy to reduce to practice. The value of the work to seamen would be enhanced by the insertion of tables of the dip and variation of the magnetic needle, and some practical hints respecting the best mode of correctly observing magnetic phenomena on shipboard.

'*Zumpt's Latin Grammar Abridged*.'—The deduction of the rules of syntax, from the logical analysis of a sentence, is one of the greatest improvements that can be effected in grammar, but unfortunately it requires the teacher to possess qualifications which in too many instances will be found wanting. We will not say, that the adoption of this Grammar should be made the test of the fitness of schoolmasters for the important duty they have undertaken; but we do not hesitate to assert, that we should hail its success as a decisive proof of desirable improvement in our classical schools.

## LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SPAIN.—By DON A. GALLIANO.—Continued from p. 371.

MANY poets, contemporary with those previously noticed, but inferior in celebrity as well as in merit, flourished in Spain;—among them are some who deserve mention in a History of Spanish Literature.

DON FRANCISCO SANCHEZ BARBERO is worthy of note as the author of a beautiful elegy on the death of the Duchess of Alba, a well-known lady of doubtful reputation, who, though destitute of the moral purity which is a woman's greatest charm, was a great favourite among her countrymen, for her generosity, her engaging manners, the warmth of her heart, and the patronage she extended towards literature and literary men. He also wrote a spirited ode to Columbus, and three or four descriptive of the events of Trafalgar. This battle also gave a theme for song to DOÑA MARIA ROSA DE GALVEZ, a lady whose writings it has been our painful duty to mention in terms of grave censure. She was a clever woman, and possessed great facility in composition; but not one of all her poems, either lyric or dramatic, (and among the latter may be numbered both comedies and tragedies,) is worthy of much commendation, if perhaps we except her lively comedy, 'Un loco hace ciento,' which was well received, and is full of fun, drollery, and broad humour—not, however, free from extravagance, caricature, and coarseness. The same sad defeat at Trafalgar was also commemorated by DON JOSE MOR DE FUENTES, a highly estimable and well-informed gentleman, a laborious writer, both in prose and verse, and the author of a novel called 'La Serrana,' a man whose personal virtues make us willing to pass over his writings without subjecting them to any stricter examination.

A somewhat milder sentence may be passed on the poetry of Count de NOROÑA. His Ode to Peace (between France and Spain, in the year 1795,) enjoyed great celebrity, though it is in truth but mediocre: indeed, his works generally, though they display correct taste, are all tame and common-place. This poet, however, ventured on an epic poem. It might have been expected that such a publication would have created a sensation, were it only for the circumstance of its being a far more important undertaking than was usually essayed by the Spanish muse; but it fell dead from the press, unnoticed even by the voice of censure; and the existence of the two tiny and neatly printed volumes which it fills, is only known to a chosen few.† It is entitled the 'Omíada,' and its subject is an event in the history of the Spanish Arabs. It is written in blank verse, and though it can boast of a correct style, it is prosaic and spiritless, and deficient in every essential of poetry.

DON ERODIO TAPIA is another poet of much the same character; but his poetry sounds better. It is, nevertheless, little more than a rhymed collection of trite thoughts. As a translator he is more successful—his translation of Dryden's 'Alexander's Feast' abounds in beautiful lines; though it wants the energy and simplicity of the original. This English ode was also translated by Count de NOROÑA, and by another Spanish author. Don Eugenio TAPIA's version, however, is the best of the three.

DON JUAN MAURY gave early tokens of great promise, principally in his poem, 'La Agresión Británica,' written upon the subject of the seizure, during a time of peace, of the Spanish frigates by the English government, in the year 1804. His versification is energetic and sonorous, and though at times he trenches upon bombast, some of his images are original and poetical. In his lighter compositions he shows him-

† The aristocratic quarto is seldom or never used in Spain.

self more easy and graceful than the style of his longer poem would lead the critic to expect. The literary world is also indebted to him for a publication as useful to the general reader as it is creditable to his own taste and talent: this is a collection of Spanish poetry, from the earliest age down to the present time, translated by himself into French verse; and, as if for the purpose of increasing the difficulty of his task, he has adopted in his version nearly the same metres as those of his originals, most of them entirely unknown to French poetry. These translations are accompanied by critical notices, in which the Spanish poets, and their respective works, are ably and impartially judged. This singular performance was greatly praised by one of the best living critics in Spanish literature, Mr. Blanco White, in that short-lived periodical, the *London Review*, which he edited: and we have considered it entitled to notice in our pages, though written in a foreign language, as treating of Spanish poetry, and being the production of a Spaniard.

Higher praise is due to DON JUAN NICASIO GALLEGO, who rose to eminence in the estimation of his own countrymen, by a few compositions. His short poem upon the events of the 2nd of May, 1808, on which the populace of Madrid rose against their treacherous guests, the French, and were atrociously butchered when the fight was over, was worthy of the occasion, which contributed in no small degree to rouse the Spaniards to a general insurrection, and excited universal interest. This ode is, indeed, a noble poem. Spain, as she is therein personified, sitting in a cypress grove, by the side of the tomb of her children, under the dim light of a clouded moon, cold and wan, her mantle hanging loose about her, her eyes overflowing with tears, and fixed upon heaven, with the sceptre of two worlds lying broken and tarnished in the dust, and the fierce lion (the national symbol) crouching at her feet, and venting his shame and grief in a half-suppressed melancholy roar, is an image which a painter or sculptor might be glad to adopt as a subject. Nor less grand is the personification of the river and Guadalquivir, listening with kindled brow to the war-cry of the Spaniards, seizing upon the lance of Ferdinand the Third, the hero-saint, and rushing toward the sea, shouting forth war and vengeance. Nor are there wanting those beauties of human feeling which belong to poetry of the highest class. It is also gorgeous in style—perhaps too much so—and its versification is flowing and masculine; and yet these personifications, splendid though they be, suit ill with the madness and abandonment of an indignant spirit, weeping over those victims whose death he would fain avenge, in which mood of mind this ode represents itself as having been conceived. The same author also published an ode upon the victory achieved by the Spaniards and Spanish Americans at Buenos Ayres, in the year 1807. He has since given us a few, and but a few, more poems, all of them agreeable, some energetic, and displaying generally great command of language and versification. Among these lesser pieces, a sonnet to the Duke of Wellington, on the capture of Balañoz, has been much admired, particularly the concluding lines.

In virtue of all these works, Gallego is numbered among the first of living Spanish poets. He receives credit for powers of a higher order than he has yet exhibited; and that he has not put them forth is ascribed to his notorious indolence. But an impartial critic will pause before he ratifies such a judgment: a few spirited sketches of gigantic imagery may be creditable to the imagination of a writer, and he may

claim praise for being skilled in the mechanism of his art, if his language be fluent and sonorous; but it is in the delineation of character—it is in the clothing of passion in fervid language—it is in an exhibition of the secrets of nature, and the mysteries of the human heart, that the poet of mightiest order stands revealed; and these high gifts are wanting to Gallego.

Among the minor, though still meritorious poets of modern Spain, the Duke of FARIAS has earned a right to be numbered. When a very young man, a beloved wife, as yet almost a bride, was taken from him, and he poured forth his grief for her loss in verse. This lament met with admiration from the public, and deserved it. Since then he has published several pieces, which have raised his fame yet higher; and lately an ode on the distribution of prizes at the Royal Academy of San Fernando, which soars far above all his other productions, and, in parts, higher than the average of modern Spanish poetry.

Whilst such was the state of literature in the metropolis of Spain, the voice of song, as we have already said, was not silent in her provinces. The distinction between metropolitan and provincial literature, which is hardly to be perceived in England, yet exists in France, and was wide and clearly to be traced in Spain, up to the year 1808. Seville, always famed for her poets, since the days of Herrera, Rioja, Arzuaga, and a few others, aspired to revive the school of Andalusian poetry. In doing so, however, the writers copied Herrera's faults, which are great indeed, though counterbalanced by beauties as great, and made use of a quaint and affected style of language, often extravagant, and always obscure.

The idea, only good for schoolboys, of writing in competition upon a given subject, was adopted by these authors of Seville. They chose for the subject of their verse, the 'Loss of Innocence,' or the 'Fall of Adam,' which was to be treated in a poem of two short cantos. The judgment which selected such a subject cannot be commended—the thought of a rivalry with Milton must have occurred to those who proposed it, and of a rivalry which would oppose a tiny and feeble miniature to a gigantic and magnificent picture. No academy ever dreamed of selecting, as a subject whereon authors might exercise their fancy, the anger of Achilles, or the roynages of Ulysses, or the foundation of Rome, or the deliverance of Jerusalem, more especially if the composition was to be limited within a narrow compass. Of the poems thus written, the one which bore away the prize was published: its author was DON FELIX JOSE REINOSO. The few good stanzas it contains are not sufficient to compensate for its general want of interest;—there are some good descriptions in it, but the versification, though full and sonorous, bears marks of the labour with which it was produced, and the style, though correct and elegant, is unpleasantly affected; and yet it had its day of celebrity, which is now gone by. Quintana passed rather a favourable judgment upon it in his periodical, the *Fortedades*, but Mr. Blanco White, not content with such eulogy, claimed a higher praise for the labours of his friend. Quintana, however, had erred on the side of over-partiality, and Mr. Blanco White's present opinions of poetry have doubtless made him (at least inwardly) retract the rash judgment which he pronounced upon that occasion. Reinoso published a few other poems, which are all liable to the same objections—they are tame in thought, and concealed in manner. He appears to greater advantage in prose.

His friend, DON ALBERTO LISTA, possesses in a higher degree the requisites of a poet—he seems more at his ease than Reinoso when writing verse: his imagination has little power, but he is not deficient in feeling. Of this, his 'Hymn



to Sleep,' some of his ballads (*romances*), and a few of his odes, afford sufficient proof. He is, however, like the rest of his school, chargeable with an affected and involved phraseology.

DON MAMUEL ARJONA has published little, but that little entitles him to be placed on the same level as the last-mentioned poet. He is sometimes worthy of praise for depth of thought, and his style may, in places, be commended for its grace.

DON JOSE BLANCO WHITE, the fourth planet of this Sevillian constellation, wrote but little poetry, and, as a poet, is inferior perhaps to his three friends—certainly to the two last named.

The great error of all these poets was, as has been already said, their following Herrera too closely. By so doing, they were led to adopt a peculiar idiom, which, besides the fault of obscurity, was apt to lead to the substitution of mere phraseology for poetry. The same delusion influenced many of their followers, who thought that they had become poets when they had learned to make use of a strange vocabulary and forced construction of sentences: so far, indeed, did the minor poets of the school of Seville carry this absurdity, that their works are sometimes scarcely intelligible.

There was, however, living in Seville, contemporary with the preceding, one thoroughly acquainted with the Castilian language of modern Spaniards, DON TOMÁS GONZÁLEZ CARVAJAL. Strictly speaking, we ought to have mentioned this author when treating of our prose writers, as, in purity of language and correctness of style, he has few equals, and no superior; our omission of his name arose from the nature of his works, which are mostly upon subjects of little popular interest, being translations from, and commentaries upon, the sacred books, or treatises upon official matters;—but González Carvajal is also a poet, and one of no mean merit: his happiest works are sacred, or rather, devotional poems, in which he has followed a great model, Fr. Luis de Leon, and imitated him successfully, not only in his style, but in spirit, and he has given utterance to it in a similar manner. His poetry comes direct from the heart—his translations of the Psalms are very happy, and show the work to have been a labour of love; but, in his laudable desire to avoid bombast, he too often touches the opposite extreme, and becomes prosaic and vulgar. So far from adopting the tenets of the poets of Seville, among whom he was living, he undertook to oppose them: a certain curate of that city, Don José Roldán, had published an ode upon the resurrection of Christ, which, instead of showing any devotional inspiration, is only remarkable for quaint phrases and far-fetched epithets. This ode Don Tomás Carvajal ridiculed openly, denouncing the affected language in which it was composed. Upon this, the contest concerning the use of a peculiar poetical dialect was then fought in Seville, as it has been in England. Don Félix José Reinoso wrote in defence of the composition so severely handled by Carvajal, and of the principles upon which it was written. In maintaining his cause, he gave proof of genuine humour, great learning, and skill in controversy, yet he failed in proving the ode to be a good one, and, as to the general question, it was as far from being decided as it had been at the outset of the dispute. Both parties were, as usual, half right and half wrong, since, on the one hand, it must be admitted that Spanish poetry admits of, and demands, the use of words and phrases which it would be impossible to adopt in prose; and it is equally true, on the other hand, that the rejection of a natural phraseology, and the substitution of a conventional jargon in its place, is a fault in itself, and a source of other errors and defects.

While Seville was thus assiduous in cultivating poetry, another town in Spain was raising for

itself a name among the votaries of the art. DON JOSE JOAQUÍN DE MORA, born at Cadiz, but a student in the University of Granada, was one of the founders of a school of poets in that ancient city, the very name of which must raise many poetical associations in the mind of every Spaniard. But the verses of Mora are only lively and clever—he is possessed of little feeling: his imagination is playful, not powerful—his language generally incorrect, and corrupted with foreign phrases, is yet, on occasions, singularly happy, and his style is elegant, and his versification easy and melodious.

A contemporary poet, DON RAMÓN ROCA, gave early promise of powers, which he did not fulfil in the few remaining years of his life, but which might have been fully developed, had not that life been cut short. The writer of these pages has seen some poems by him in manuscript, which possess more than ordinary merit. He was one of the quire, who made their voices heard upon the occasion of the Battle of Trafalgar; and showed himself no mean rival to Quintana, surpassing him in imagination, though falling short of him in feeling. Roca carries the reader into the turmoil of the battle,—Quintana moralizes upon it.

But the most celebrated among the poets of Granada, is DON FRANCISCO MARTÍNEZ DE LA ROSA. We have already mentioned his prose works, and alluded to his political career. It was his fate, after having left "the flowery paths of Poesie" to return to them again. During the time of his exile, he published at Paris a collection of his poems, upon which a harsh and unjust sentence has been passed in an article, or rather critical notice in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. On the other hand, his works, and particularly his dramas, have been received in Spain with much more admiration than they are justly entitled to.—It is to be regretted that in this collection, Martínez de la Rosa has not included his short poems, many of which are among his happiest efforts. He has also (probably for political reasons) excluded from it his lively play, 'Lo que puede un empleo,' which was so much and so deservedly applauded in Spain; and which though not free from the defects, inherent in the class of works (*pièces de circonstance*) to which it belongs, abounds in wit and humour, and is no less remarkable for its sketches of character, than for the animation and life of its dialogue, which is as true to nature as that of Molière himself.

His poem upon the siege and fall of Zaragoza, is nothing but a series of elegant verses without story or character; yet it possesses beauties of style and language, which must be perceptible to any one well versed in Spanish. His 'Arte Poética' is written with equal, if not superior elegance, but it is the greater failure of the two. The present is not the age for didactic poetry, and, moreover, Martínez de la Rosa belongs to the classical, or, as it ought more properly to be called, the pseudo-classical school. According to his tenets, poetry is as much dependent upon forms, and is subject to as undeviating and mechanical rules as house or ship-building. He classes and subdivides with extraordinary subtlety, and gravely warns his disciples to beware of confounding the eclogue with the idyl, and assigns a peculiar style to each class of composition. It is worthy of notice that though this same 'Arte Poética' was first published in Paris in the year 1827, and probably written a little before, the author takes no notice of the romantic poets, nor of the disputes pending between them and the classicists; but, on the contrary, writes as if the doctrines of Boileau, Voltaire, and La Harpe, were not merely true, but had never been questioned. According to the classification adopted by Martínez de la Rosa, most of the poetry of the present age must count for nothing, as it does not

come within any of the limits to which he confines them; that poetical compositions should be confined.

The great object of Martínez de la Rosa's present ambition, is, evidently to excel as a dramatist, and this, perhaps, may be the reason why he has been so severely handled by the English critic already alluded to. Yet one or two of his dramatic works are not utterly destitute of merit: they are formed on the model, which the French and Italians have retained, even down to the present times. In his 'Viuda de Padilla,' the Spanish poet closely imitated Alfieri; and the consequence is, as might be expected, that his tragedy possesses no dramatic interest, and hardly any delineation of character. Yet, with the faults, it also possesses the beauties of the school to which it belongs. Its style is nervous, never wanting in energy, and occasionally pathetic: the voice of human passion makes itself heard occasionally, and it abounds in fine passages of declamation. The Spaniard, moreover, has one merit which the Italian poet did not possess—that of a flowing and melodious versification. The two other tragedies by this author, 'Mormina' and 'Edipo,' are merely two cold and elegant poems. The subject of the first is national, and closely so to the author, as it belongs to the picturesque history of his native city Granada. And yet, so entirely was he misled by the false doctrines he adopted, that he did not give even a national colouring and character to his picture, which is essentially and entirely French—French of the age of Louis the Fourteenth or Louis the Fifteenth. As for his 'Edipo,' it is but the substance of the several French tragedies written upon the same story, recast, together with some fragments from the play of Sophocles.

The comedy of 'La Hija en Casa, y la Madre en las Mascaras' (The Daughter at Home, and the Mother at the Masquerade), has many happy touches in it, and was received with great applause in Spain. A free translation of it has been acted on the Parisian stage, and was successful.

But though Martínez de la Rosa, in his 'Arte Poética,' has neglected to speak of that branch of the drama which is now called romantic, he has made an attempt—an unsuccessful one indeed—to cultivate it. There are some few striking passages in his play, 'La Conjuración de Venecia,' and the scene in the Piazza of St. Mark is full of spirit, but these are not enough to redeem the work.

Martínez de la Rosa ranks higher in his short poems. The one upon the death of the Duchess de Frias, has feeling and spirit. In all his works, elegance is most conspicuous, imagination most deficient. But there is something in his poetry which shows that, would he but cast off these self-imposed fetters, he might achieve something far higher and more perfect than he has done. In his juvenile poems, he gave promise of power, and in his later works, he is occasionally more than elegant.

The poem upon the fall of Zaragoza, of which we have already made mention, was written in the expectation of a prize offered by the Spanish government. This offer was made soon after the double siege, whereby that city was rendered so famous during the Peninsular War. The call was answered by some national poets, but the prize was never given. The partisans of the Spanish government ascribed this breach of promise to the succeeding chances and misfortunes of the war, which called the attention of the rulers of Spain to matters of more pressing moment than poetical composition—but there were not wanting those who accounted for it otherwise. It was said, that (as has before happened in cases of literary contest,) the judges had predetermined to award the prize to a particular individual, of course before he had

proved himself worthy of it; nay, before he had so much as entered the lists: that the notorious indolence of this favoured one, (Don Juan Gallego,) made him break his promise of writing upon the subject—that the time for pronouncing judgment was delayed, in the expectation that he would yet come forward, and surpass his rivals—until, at last, the palm so long reserved for him, and only not made his own, because of his indifference, could be given to no one. Be this true or false, it was the general opinion that Martínez de la Rosa deserved the crown of victory. It had been contended for by few—among these, however, was a Spanish monk, Father Valladarez, who, instead of writing a short poem as was required, chose to spread his thoughts over a long composition, which he dignified with the name of Epic. This work was published, and even found readers and critics to praise it: but it is now totally forgotten. Father Valladarez wrote verses with great facility and fluency—but his lines are destitute of spirit and stamina, and of the higher attributes of a poet, there is not one to which he could possibly lay claim.

Another poet of Granada, Don Javiza de Burgos, has earned more fame by his translations, than by his original productions. Not that these last are entirely without merit; but if he keeps up to, he never rises above the average level of the compositions of his own country and time. But his complete version of Horace is a just title to eminence. It cannot be pronounced faultless, nor could this be expected; but, upon the whole, it is inferior to no version of the same poet in any other language. Burgos has likewise translated Racine's 'Iphigénie,' and he has also written one or two comedies. Of these, 'Calzones en Alcala,' of a political character, enjoyed some celebrity; it was written with the intention of throwing ridicule upon those renowned guerilla chiefs, who proved so harassing to the French during the Peninsular War, and, with them, upon the popular cause. Burgos was a *sous préfet* under Joseph Napoleon; he wrote to please his master; and received the applause of an audience, consisting of men attached to his interests. In proportion, as he was popular with them, he became odious to the bulk of the population, devoted to the mon and the principles he reviled. However, in the midst of all the persecutions of which Spain has been the theatre, the fortunes of the poet have never suffered—far otherwise: he affords an example (particularly rare in Spain), of the paths of literature leading to opulence. By flattering Ferdinand from the year 1814 to 1820, he managed to evade the law which condemned him to exile, and was permitted to remain a resident in Madrid: by writing, as a zealous constitutionalist in the year 1820, he obtained a transient success for a periodical which he was then editing: by lending his pen to a third or *juste milieu* party against the violent patriots of 1822, he became a favourite with the King: by a succession of fierce attacks upon the fallen liberals, in the year 1823, he made himself yet dearer to the then ruling powers at home and abroad. His reward for these manifold services has been a substantial one. In common with the others, who joined the party of the usurper of Ferdinand's throne, he was allowed a share in those Spanish loans, which, on the Paris exchange, proved the source of enormous wealth to the favoured few. The poet, metamorphosed into a Cressus, has sunk into idleness; his voice, formerly so loud, is no more lifted up in praise or in censure, for the happy, or for the unfortunate; not even upon those literary topics which he once discussed so ably.†

Of all the poems which have passed before our notice, few, it will be seen, are calculated to excite any lively or lasting interest. The only class of poetry which the Spaniards have culti-

rated with anything like success has been the lyrical. They have produced but few long poems, and those few rank below the average merit of their poetry in general. Of those short poems, in which to the interest of a novel is added the charm of verse, not one has been produced among them: and their attempts at tragedy, though not all absolute failures, have never risen above mediocrity.

From this dearth of native produce, the Spanish public was led to look abroad for an addition to its literary treasures, and the tragedies of foreign writers took possession almost entirely of the Spanish stage. That great and celebrated actor, whom we have already mentioned, Isidoro Maiquez, was the chief instrument of bringing such a state of things to pass. His undisputed pre-eminence gave him a prodigious influence over both his brethren of the stage and the audience. He was very illiterate,—reading and writing forming the sum of his knowledge. In the course of a short visit which he paid to Paris, he made some acquaintance with Talma; his taste showed him all that was good in French acting, and also, how to adapt it to the Spanish theatre. But he was no tame imitator—his delivery was anything but French. He selected such tragic characters as he could shine in—and found them in the plays of foreign writers, for he had not sufficient knowledge of the Spanish drama to make choice amongst its numerous productions. Translators were not found wanting to render the works he liked into Spanish, and some of them, above all Savinon, performed their task with great spirit and feeling. Legouvé, Arnault, Ducis, and Alfieri, were his favourite authors:—by his means it was that the last-named poet was introduced to the acquaintance of the Spaniards, with whom he became as popular as with his own countrymen, and far more so than he ever was in other countries. Maiquez rarely appeared in any of the ancient Spanish plays—yet his fine personification of that remarkable impostor (one of the many individuals who attempted to pass for King Don Sebastian of Portugal) El Pastelero de Madrigal, shows that he could understand and interpret them. Had he devoted himself to them more particularly, he would probably have recalled the attention of his countrymen to the ancient drama of Spain, and thereby contributed towards the revival of the old style of composition, and the production of some original and spirited tragedies. As it was, he only served to perpetuate the reign of translation.

This influence of an actor, whose literary judgment no one could depend on, will, perhaps, at first sight, be hardly understood; but it is accounted for by his superiority over all his fellow actors. He not only rose far above them, but possessed the art of making them rise with him, far above their usual level; and it is a well-known fact that many players, who, when they acted in his company, appeared respectable, and even something beyond it, were insufferable when left to their own unaided merits. His particular character, too, might tend to increase this fame and influence. As he was conscious of his own superiority, he was also harsh and overbearing; he tyrannized over authors as well as actors. He also became endeared to his countrymen as a patriot. At the time of the French invasion, his feeling for the independence and honour of his native country was strong, and fearlessly expressed—so that when Napoleon entered Madrid, he had the honour of being persecuted and exiled. He was recalled by Joseph Napoleon, and even became something like a favourite with him; though he never concealed his attachment to the cause of the patriots. On a subsequent occasion, when the French were expelled, and Ferdinand resumed his throne, Maiquez was imprisoned and punished as a constitutionalist. His popularity led the

government to relent, and restore him to the stage, and yet that popularity, strange to say, excited feelings of jealousy in the bosom of royalty itself—they were, however, excited by a trifling circumstance; but, once awakened, became violent and inveterate. Upon his return from captivity, the King of Spain was warmly greeted by his subjects whenever he appeared in public. At no place was he more enthusiastically received than at the theatre, from the circumstance of its being a place at which the Kings of Spain were not in the habit of appearing. Among other devices, to show the loyalty and regard of his subjects upon their monarch's condescending to partake of their amusements, one was to let loose pigeons to fly about the house as soon as he entered the royal box. When Maiquez reappeared upon the stage, after his imprisonment, he was not only most vociferously cheered, but he too was honoured by one pigeon, which was seen fluttering above the spectators. This was considered as an undoubted trespass upon the privileges of royalty. Ferdinand, though a constant frequenter of the theatre, never deigned to witness a representation when Maiquez acted: a distinction of which the actor felt rather proud than otherwise, but which was followed by evil consequences. Maiquez became anything but a favourite with the officials of Madrid, and after having repeatedly been harshly treated by them, was sent to die in exile. His death took place in Granada, in the year 1820, soon after the restoration of the Constitution, which would have enabled him to brave the royal displeasure, if not to look down upon his fallen adversary.

After the death of Maiquez, tragedy was laid aside for want of a high priest. The Italian Opera invaded Spain, and lorded over it (as has been the case in most European countries) nearly to the exclusion of the native drama. But comedy was still occasionally brought forward, to relieve the dialogue and the music of the strangers.

Comedy has fared better than tragedy in modern Spain; Moratin's productions are (of their kind) incomparably higher in merit than the contemporary effusions of the followers of the tragic muse,—and even the second-rate authors of comedy surpass the generality of the writers of tragedy. A few lively productions, in the pleasant style of the modern French theatre, enjoyed an ephemeral celebrity. Not many of them, however, have lived beyond their day. In this branch of literature, too, translation was busy, though it did not completely supersede original composition. GARCIA SUTERO, a young physician, who, though devoted to literature, has only given a few very indifferent proofs of his powers, amongst others a translation of Corneille's *Cid*, produced an excellent comedy under the title of 'El Chismoso,' which was most favourably received. Still, that cannot with truth be said of it which the author himself ventured to say in some verses composed to defend the play against a critic guilty only of having praised it too little—"that neither Molière, nor many of that poet's admirers, had written an original comedy comparable with the 'Tale-bearer.'"+

A class of dramatic writers which cannot with propriety be called either original authors or translators—a sort of middlemen, if we may be allowed the term, shared the dominion of the Spanish stage. These were the re-casters (*refundidores*) of the ancient Spanish plays. Their business consisted in reducing ancient dramas to the standard of the code of Aristotle or Boileau, torturing them into a compliance with the unities of time and place, discarding all characters considered useless, and expunging those passages, in which the taste of an earlier period was flagrantly

† Ni Molière ni muchos que le admiran Han hecho original una comedia Compañía al Chismoso.

† He is now Minister of the Interior.

at variance with that of the present time. To obtain all these objects required an unsparring use of the scissors—and after much unmerciful cutting and slashing, they used to unite the detached pieces, with some introduced patches of their own—the work, when complete, bearing visible marks of the coarse hands which had been employed upon it. The result of their labours were most absurd compositions, though some of them in their time enjoyed a large share of public approbation. This practice had prevailed in Spain since the later days of the last century, and has even lasted to our own times; one of the Spanish refugees, a laborious and learned man, Don Pablo Mendizábal, having thought it worth his while to publish in London some of Calderon's plays thus re-created—and this among a people where the works of Shakspeare and the irregular dramatists are not only admired, but held up as models—and long after Germany had rejected, and while Italy was rejecting, and France preparing to cast aside the doctrine of the unities.

But there were not wanting in Spain some critics who raised their voices against these canons of the classical school. The war between its disciples and the romanticists which, in later times, raged so fiercely in Paris, was undertaken and carried on with some spirit on Spanish ground, particularly in the year 1818. The foremost champion of the irregular drama (especially of Spain) was M. BOHL DE FAER, a German by birth, a gentleman well versed in Spanish literature, and writing with ease the language of his adopted country, and to whom the world is indebted for several collections of Castilian poetry. Those who attacked the national theatre were Don José Joaquín de MORA and a friend of his, since then more notorious for his political conduct than for his literary merits, and who has abjured the first tenets he professed, not, indeed, by altogether going over to the cause of the Romanticists, but by adopting the more liberal and juster notions of the English poets and critics. The German was assisted by his wife, a Spanish lady, who had devoted more of her time to the cultivation of her mind than her fair countrywomen are in the habit of doing. These champions of romanticism, while they did justice to the beauties of Calderon and his contemporaries, fell into the error of praising their absurdities, and, led astray by the partiality of patriotism, they made the question one of Spanish and foreign literature in general, by assuming that their adversaries had declared against whatever was national. On the other hand, the defenders of classicism strictly and pertinaciously adhered to the rules laid down by their masters, and exemplified in the productions, not of the Greek, but of the Roman and French muse. They judged the national poetry by rules thus derived, and accordingly praised, in the works of the ancient poets of Spain, much that was good, and much that was merely tame and correct imitation. But whilst they wisely condemned the great faults of Spanish authors, whose disregard of the principles of Aristotle was attended with an equal disregard of reason and good taste, they also included in their censure whatever was original or spirited in their own national literature. The immediate cause of the contest placed the contending parties in a somewhat awkward situation. MORA had made a spirited and poetical, but a hasty, and often very incorrect translation of a tragedy, 'Ninus the Second,' by M. Briffault, now at the head of the Académie Française, a very indifferent poet. The tragedy, too, was a poor play, which had acquired a temporary fame upon the stage of Madrid, from the admirable acting of Miquel. The translator, therefore, had to smart under the lash of the German critic, who, most unsparringly, and in many places with justice, criticized both the original and the paraphrase. On the other hand,

the German had translated Schlegel's criticisms upon Calderon and other Spanish poets, and adopted and maintained them as his own,—a rather difficult task—for the judgments passed upon Spanish compositions, by that celebrated critic, are more ingenious and fanciful than just, and his wild Teutonic speculations are frequently inapplicable to the less extravagant realities of the Southern world. This literary contest did not excite much interest. The names of those concerned in it were not among the highest in Spanish literature. M. BOHL wrote and published in Cadiz, a town which, although possessing more of the externals of civilization than any other in Spain, was not remarkable for literary taste or knowledge,—and whose few native publications were little noticed by its inhabitants, and unknown or unnoticed beyond the circle of its walls. MORA and his friend, who began the contest in the metropolis of Spain, and *terre in it*, were obliged to publish their pamphlets in Barcelona, a distant provincial town,—the licensor of the press in Madrid having expressed his dislike to such disputes,—and the writers, who did not, of course, submit to his opinion, were compelled to seek a more indulgent censor. This trifling occurrence affords a striking illustration of the capricious tyranny under which the Spanish authors live, and of the ill-regulated state of a country in which things are allowed to appear in print in one town after their publication has been forbidden in the seat of government.

(To be continued on the 14th June.)

#### LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

"Ladies and Gentlemen!—Mr. Kemble, I regret to say, having been unexpectedly, &c. &c.—Mr. Claremont has kindly," &c. &c.

*See Stage Apology—passim.*

ON Lady—Lady!—How little you know, it's  
So hard from Parnassian heights to get honey!  
I've look'd through the lists of the great living  
Poets,—  
And you'll get fewer verses for love than for money.

I've besought Mr. Moore, in his idlest hours,  
To honour a verse with this leaf of thine;—  
But his time is so wasted in market flowers,  
That he will not give ear to a prayer of mine.

I've teas'd Mr. Rogers,—Old Memory's Bard,—  
To remember a rhyme,—but 'tis all forgot!  
And I've hoped Hope's Poet would sing,—but  
'tis hard,

That, hope as one will,—Hope's Bard will not!

I've pray'd of Coleridge,—the mighty, the  
mouthy,  
The mystic, the indolent!—one line to spare;—

But he is asleep:—and the malmsey hath  
Southey—  
And pledg'd to a second-hand Milton,—is  
Clare!

I have turn'd to Lisle Bowles,—but he is bowl-  
ed out!

And in vain I've asked Cornwall, that man  
of pith;—

James Smith would be funny—but, plague on  
the gout!—

And wall'd up with novels is Horace Smith!

Not a line from the author of Corn-law Rhymes—  
Nor from Bowring, whose Muse on a foreign  
wing mounts,—

The one is now driving the Sheffield Times,—  
And the other's engaged on the French  
Accounts!

So, since all are busy, or idle, or shy,—

And you wish to exhibit the first you meet;—  
I bow to the law,—and, poor sinful I!

Submit to do penance in this white sheet!

†

#### TABLE-TALK.—No. II.

BY THE LATE ELIA.

*Lear.* Who are you?

*Miss* eyes are none of the best. I'll tell you straight.

Are you not Keat?

*Keat.* The name; your servant Keat.

Where is your servant Calus?

*Lear.* 'Twas a good fellow. I can tell you that;

He'd strike, and quickly too: he is dead and rotten.

*Keat.* No, my good Lord; I am the very man—

*Lear.* I'll see that straight—

*Keat.* That from your time of difference and decay

Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You are welcome hither.

*Albany.* He knows not what he says; and vain is it

That we present us to him.

*Edgar.* Look up, my Lord.

*Keat.* Vex not his ghost. O, let him pass. He hates

him,

That would upon the rack of this rough world

Stretch him out longer.

So ends 'King Lear,' the most stupendous of the Shakspearian dramas; and Keat, the noblest feature of the conceptions of his divine mind. This is the magnanimity of authorship, when a writer, having a topic presented to him, fruitful of beauties for common minds, waives his privilege, and trusts to the judicious few for understanding the reason of his abstinence. What a pudder would a common dramatist have raised here of a reconciliation scene, a perfect recognition, between the assumed Calus and his master!—to the suffusing of many fair eyes, and the moistening of cambric handkerchiefs. The old dying king partially catching at the truth, and immediately lapsing into obliviousness, with the high-minded carelessness of the other to have his services appreciated, as one that

— served not for gain,

Or follow'd out of form,

are among the most judicious, not to say heart-touching, strokes in Shakspeare.

Allied to this magnanimity it is, where the pith and point of an argument, the amplification of which might compromise the modesty of the speaker, is delivered briefly, and, as it were, parenthetically; as in those few but pregnant words, in which the man in the old 'Nut-brown Maid' rather intimates than reveals his unsuspected high birth to the woman:—

Now understand, to Westmoreland,

Which is my heritage,

I will you bring, and with a ring,

By way of marriage,

I will you take, and Lady make.

Turn we to the version of it, ten times diluted, of dear Mat. Prior—in his own way unequalled, and a poet now-a-days too much neglected—

"In me," quoth Henry, addressing the astounded Emma—with a flourish and an attitude, as we may conceive:—

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,

Illustrious Earl! him terrible in war,

Let Loire confess.

And with a deal of skimble-skamble stuff, as Hotspur would term it, more, presents the Lady with a full and true enumeration of his Papa's rent-roll in the fat soil by Deva.

But of all parentheses, (not to quit the topic too suddenly,) commend me to that most significant one, at the commencement of the old popular ballad of Fair Rosamund:—

When good King Henry ruled this land,

The second of that name,

Now mark—

(Besides the Queen) he dearly loved

A fair and comely dame.

There is great virtue in this *besides*.

Amidst the complaints of the wide spread of infidelity among us, it is consolatory that a sect is sprung up in the heart of the metropolis, and is daily on the increase, of teachers of that healing doctrine, which Pope upheld, and against which Voltaire directed his venomous wit. We mean those practical preachers of optimism, or the belief that *Whatever is is best*—the Cade of Omnibuses; who, from their little back pulpits—not once in three or four hours, as those Pro-



claimers of "God and his prophet" in Mussulman countries; but every minute, at the entry or exit of a brief passenger, are heard, in an almost prophetic tone, to exclaim—(Wisdom crying out, as it were, in the streets.)—ALL'S RIGHT.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, April 2.

I promised you some account of the lectures delivered at the Archaeological Institution of the Capitol. M. Bunsen, the Prussian Minister at Rome, and the most remarkable man now in Italy, was not only the chief promoter of these lectures, but one of the lecturers himself. How odd this will sound to the long-eared rout of aristocrats in England—England, where the capability to lecture (upon any subject higher than five-barred gates), and the condescension, are thought equally unbecoming a man of station. Prussia is surely fortunate, or rather most judicious, in her choice of political agents. What mighty strides to prosperity must not be made by that kingdom, which can reckon among its subordinate ministers such men as Humboldt, Niebuhr, and Bunsen? Would we had in England a few such profound and generally accomplished scholars, who were, at the same time, capable of being active and efficient public functionaries; qualified as well to advance the commonweal by their philosophical, as their civil talents. Perhaps, such we have, but, I fear, it is not among ministers we are to look for them. I have known M. Bunsen to give a lecture at the Society in the morning, dispatch embassy affairs, receive official and private visitors, dictate political and literary correspondence to all quarters of Europe, buy pictures for the Berlin Museum in the afternoon, and, at his *soirée*, instruct foreigners of different states, Englishmen not excluded, on the most abstruse points of their own civil and religious polity. All this, too, while engaged about several voluminous works for the press, one of which is the Description of Rome I have so often mentioned. Now, do you know, such a patriot am I, (Heaven and the cosmopolites forgive me!), that my English pride is sorely annoyed by these superiorities. To contrast such men with our pitiable sprigs of nobility, our pert, clerk-like *protégés* of the Foreign Office, empty of all excellence, and full of themselves, not even fit to be "privileged spies," but rather to let us be seen through by other nations, makes my gall overflow till the very heart is choked with bitterness. But, politics apart, I am touched to the core as a dilettante: this nuisance of a minister, Bunsen, whips up every fine picture going, and packs it off to Prussia, instead of Pall Mall, so as to keep me in a perpetual fit of the jaundice. He has sent to Berlin (which you know is, to us, the same as Botany Bay), several first-rate works, among which, two exquisite Raphaels, a most Leonardesque 'Cesare da Cesio,' and Titian's 'Flower Girl,' of which there is but one (out of the two) in England. I wonder how many choice paintings will Ambassador Freeborn pick up for our National Gallery? This person, I must tell you, is British Consul at Rome, and a banker, who discounts at Torlonia rate without the set-off of Torlonia parties. Such has ever been the policy of our government; to send out either men with too high a grade to support, or none at all, and who thus are an onus upon the state by their salaries or their characters.

However, returning to the lectures, you must know, they were held three days in the week on the Architecture of Rome, concurrently with those of Professor Gerhard on the Sculpture. By the bye, it is but fair to add, that the Marquis of Northampton, and several other of our compatriots, supported, with laudable zeal, this undertaking, which was some comfort to my splenetic anxiety, that Englishmen should be the first in everything beneficial, as well as gold-finding. Well, you are

likewise to learn, that Ancient Rome, as delineated in our topographical, engravings, &c., was much less built by Tarquin, Agrippa, Adrian, and others of that stamp, than by Messrs. Nardini, Piranesi, & Co. These latter gentlemen, indeed, have not merely given us an Eternal City of their own making, but half a dozen eternal cities, each on a new plan, within the self-same walls, at the self-same time together. There is a great choice here, to be sure, and they are all such *bijoux*! Nevertheless, what we commonplace people want, is the real old ruinous thing itself, as laid out by the kings, consuls, and emperors, which is exactly the one not to be found among those above-said. Of a truth, it would be no less difficult to re-construct Ancient Rome ideally than physically: even to conjecture the whereabouts of its numberless vanished edifices, would gravel any one but a thorough-bred antiquarian; he, indeed, will tell you the site of Remus's toe-print to a nail-paring, when he leaped over the walls. Nay, to give right names to those ruins still existing, requires no small degree of erudition and judgment. The lectures of M. Bunsen had this latter object for their principal scope: nothing of the lecture kind could be more agreeable, more instructive, more to one's satisfaction; the general topography of Rome having been, at length, settled on the terra-firma of demonstration, instead of the eternally-shifting sand-banks thrown in our way by hypothesis.

Remember, I can't give you a book-keeper's account of the items, so content yourself with a few of the principal. By various quotations from contemporary authors, M. Bunsen established the fact, so long obscured by gratuitous mystification, and still with respect to half Rome itself shining in the dark, that the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus stood on the summit of the Capitoline hill, nearest the river. I believe our topographers placed it on the other, because it looked the highest. Two ancient walls, on a square of 200 feet, flagged with travertine, (answering to the dimensions of the said temple), crown yet the summit next the river; and, parallel with them, a third wall, forming another *cella*, marks out precisely the Temple of Minerva, which we know stood beside, and under the same roof with the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, as the Temple of Juno did also, to make the correspondent wing. Some blocks of Tarquin's primitive substruction remain still. With such a style of material before my eyes, and of masonry as the Cloaca Maxima affords, 'twould be hard enough to persuade me that Rome was but 140 years old under Tarquin. At all events, the people, whether Tuscan, or Trojan, or what you please, inhabiting Rome when a style so magnificent obtained, must have reckoned many ages of civilization. Together with this templar evidence, the series of caves or vaults where were deposited the sacred utensils, vestments, &c., (as we might say, a subterranean sacristy), reaching from the temple floor to the face of the hill, has been lately traced from the very square of flags I mentioned, to the hill side fronting the river. Thus we may consider the site of the great tripartite temple as established: it is no longer a floating-island to be fixed for an eternal moment or two here or there, at the will of every flighty antiquarian. Not a stone, however, of poor Juno's sanctuary is to be found, and even that of the omnipotent Jove himself is now turned into a *hen-house*. As to the Tarpeian Rock, this, I suppose you are aware, stands not where it has stood so many years for the convenience of topographers and tourists, to the right of the Palazzo de' Conservatori, but to the left, where it stood since the foundations of earth were laid, till those gentlemen thought fit to remove it. A cliff of between sixty and seventy feet in perpendicular altitude may still be seen on Monte Caprino, near the Giardino Marecotti, where is another *façade*, full 100 feet above ground. Here rose the citadel, or *Arx*, looking on the river, and

into the Forum. Curious enough, it should yet be so haunted by geese. 'Tis a thousand pities that when our classic voyagers and lovers of the antique took the trouble of carrying away half the Tarpeian in their coat-pockets and reticules, they should have squandered so much romance on the wrong one after all! This has scarce forty feet visible, but is coped with a layer or two of peperino blocks, the sole remnant of the original fortifications, which subsist on the entire hill.

Another great land-mark of Ancient Rome is the Porta Carmentalis: it stood in the direction of Vicolo della Bufala, no more can be verified. Again, the temple of Jupiter Tonans stood near that of Jupiter Capitolinus, while, by Messrs. Topographers it was shored down to the bottom of the hill, and the back of the Senator's Palace. Now, the Jupiter Tonans of Messrs. Topographers comes out to be the long-sought Temple of Saturn, finely conjectured as such by Niebuhr, and proven such in 'Bunsen's Description of Rome.' The three beautiful columns remaining mark the portico, which stood just in the middle, between both ends of the Tabularium (Senator's Palace at present), and from which there was an entrance through the *cella* into that grand repository itself. This was the Treasury of Rome, and the steps yet exist: those very steps, perhaps, up which Cæsar strode to enact the public cut-purse, with far more honour, but not a whit more honesty, than Jonathan Wild the private. Between this Temple and Severus's Arch is now, at last, discovered the *Milliarium Aureum*, or Golden Milestone, the *umbilicus Romæ*, navel of Rome, which again Messrs. Topographers had placed on the wrong side of the Arch, next St. Adrian. I believe they would have put it in the middle of the archway itself, if they had no situation but the right one, and then swear it had been knocked down by the carriages. Next St. Adrian it had taken its visionary stand for years undisputed, yet never became visible; while here, where it ought never to have perked itself, up it starts, all of a sudden, as plain as a steeple. Could anything be more malapropos? Coming along the Forum, on the left-hand side, (the best misrepresentation of which Forum, by the bye, after Claude's, is Piranesi's), you find a nice little round temple inscribed by the moderns to Romus, but by the ancients to the Penates. If you prefer their authority, call the structure henceforward Templum Penatum. Its brother temple, on the opposite side of the Forum, where Romulus sheltered his divinityship so many ages, might as well have been given to Romulus's nurse—we know no more about its true name than that of the moon's nose. For the three beautiful columns under Mount Palatine, they have got as many titles as a Spanish grandee, or a pick-pocket; Castor and Pollux, *alias* Græcostasis, *alias* Comitium, &c., but all from the font of our topographical baptists, who remind you of those scribblers upon statues and window-shutters by the fertility and folly of their nomenclature. The right appellation is as unknown to them as to the columns. One thing, however, is demonstrated by Niebuhr, that the Comitium was not a building at all, but an open space, a *piazza*: 'Twas, he says, the second part of the Forum. N.B. Take care not to turn the Forum the new way—i. e. bolting at right angles from the former, but let it run as of old, for thus what we lose in novelty we retain in exactness. All that we are sure of about the Græcostasis, is, that when the sun was seen between it and the Rostra opposite, from the steps of the Curia (near Phocas's Column), then was mid-day proclaimed, just as the Mohammedans cry the hours from their minarets. The proclamation, it seems, was needful enough, for such wise-acres in astronomy were my Romans, that they counted their hours by a triumphant clock taken at Syracuse, until they found out by accident it told Syracusan

time instead of Roman. I have no leisure to give you any further details; these are the principal.

After concluding his lectures, M. Bunsen took us an antiquarian walk, the first I ever had with a Cicerone, in which I could learn anything else than the use of profound ignorance to constitute an accomplished liar. We sacked the Capitol again, at foot of which, in Via della Pedacchia, has been discovered lately an ancient Roman dwelling-house, into which we made our way, and found ourselves there, of course, more than usually classical. It is of brick, five stories high, with stairs well preserved, but all the rooms as confined as if the tenants had to feed, sleep, and fidget in them with their hinder parts out, like bees in a honeycomb. On Mount Palatine we surveyed the Bibliotheca Augusta, three rooms discovered by Bianchini, and the marble ornaments of which, Guattani tells us, with true Italian nonchalance, were "cut up into slabs for sale." Apropos: the summit itself of Mount Palatine is about to be raffled for; so ten pounds may enable a lucky gamester to clap his wings over the ruins of all the palaces of all the Cæsars! You recollect Villa Spada, now Villa Milla, just above the Circus Maximus, so tastefully eked out of picturesque patches, and commanding such a glorious view of ruins and desolation: this is to be the prize. We explored the antique vaults in its garden, where that memorable discovery was made which tarnishes so deep the fair renown of England—viz. Domitian's water-closet—constructed, I assure you, precisely on British principles: a complete anticipation. Indeed, the plagiarist on our part is gross and palpable. So Britannia must yield this sprig of her rose-bush to be a feather in the cap of the genius of Italy.

I went the other day to the Church of the Gesù, and heard a priest discourse very much to his auditors' comfort, about the best means of eluding justice, and not less to his own, being well defended at both ends by a black square cap, and an arm-chair. You may form some idea of the state of illumination in which the people are here, just under the skylight of holy Mother Church, when I tell you of what the discourse consisted. A relation of three miracles (no doubt by the way of hints for use to the audience) which rescued as many convicts from the secular arm. I noted down the last two. One was of a prisoner whose chains fell off at his prayer, (so the priest averred, but did not say whether or not by the aid of a file), and for whom a double door flew open, of its own accord necessarily (as we know how delicate convicts are about injuring the carpentry of a jail-house). The other was of a tough subject, who broke the rope which had hanged "so many before him" (what an Epicurean!)—with a brand new one to boot—upon which the mob shouted, a miracle! and the probationer was let loose, either on account of the strength of his neck or his piety. Much stress was properly laid on the second rope being brand new ("*tutta nuova—fune buonissima e fortissima*"); and complete satisfaction with the discourse was painted in every visage, especially that of the preacher. Thus proceeds the March of Intellect at Rome.

What are your painters doing at home?—How many more pony-faced girls pulling on their gloves for a subject, or looking arch at a stick in Spanish feather and spurs? Ah! what *Poussette* brides we are taking to outstrip those giants Raphael and Michael Angelo. "Prophets, and Sibyls, and Transfigurations—a pudding! Give us a neat, square, satin shoe, short petticoats, bloom complexion *à la sauce piquante*, under a tasty bonnet, with a spaniel in the corner, and a beau standing sentry—that is our zenith point of ambition!"—You set off historical flower-painters!—nevertheless, by Jove, you are better than this breed of Camuccinis and Benvenuti. Go into

Camuccini's studio; at first blush the pictures look like mathematical plates drawn with a pen-tagraph and coloured: everything seems done not only by rule, but *with* a rule. Yet the Romans have canonized him as a worker of miracles. As for Benvenuti, more about him when I get to Florence: there he sits on his throne of oilbags, the Grand Lama of Painting!

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE is no end of the amusements provided at this season for that restless race, the sight-seers; we have noticed many, but must add, that an exhibition of Mr. Lough's Centaurs and Lapithæ is just opened, and that we were last week admitted to a private view of Mr. J. B. Lane's picture of the 'Parting of Lord and Lady Russell,' a fine work, full of interest and power. A choice little collection of paintings, selected from the Italian and Spanish schools, is also on view at the St. James's Gallery; and the Padorama, in Baker Street, a moving picture representing the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, is perhaps as attractive an exhibition as any now open, and, so far as it goes, is faithful to reality: two of the most striking features of the road, however, the Huxton embankment, and the deep cutting at Olive Mount, are of necessity omitted.—Mr. Lambert exhibits a grand dioramic view of the Destruction of Jerusalem, at the Queen's Bazaar in Oxford Street. It may be correct—all we can say is, that we never saw anything like it before—the flames are positively pink. We fear that the day of this same Queen's Bazaar is over—that its splendid rival on the opposite side of the street will make its counters desolate, and its shows so many lonely places. The Pantheon deserves to be enrolled among the established sights of the metropolis: the bazaar is not only spacious, but laid out in the best taste, and has been decorated with a richness and speed which makes us feel as if we had enchanters among us. Attached to the bazaar is a conservatory leading to the Marlborough-street entrance, ornamented in the oriental style, with arabesques and mirrors; these are arranged so as to produce an effect which will be nothing short of fascinating, upon those who are less sober than ourselves. Upon the whole, then, everything has been done which could be done; and we think, as a speculation, that the Pantheon ought to, and must, succeed.

Among forthcoming works, we hear with pleasure of Mr. Wilkinson's *Researches in Thebes—of Travels through Belgium and on the Rhine* by Mrs. Trollope—and of a volume, entitled, '*Tales of Woman's Trials*,' from the pen of Mrs. S. C. Hull.

M. Veron, the Director of the Académie de Musique, has lately been in London, and engaged the Mlle. Elser for three years, at a handsome salary: he was also, we are informed, making some searching inquiries about the management, patronage, &c., of the Italian Opera, which have led many to imagine that, should M. Laporte give up the speculation, he would wish to become his successor.

The three provincial festivals this year are to be at Birmingham, Hull, and Hereford.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### SOCIETY OF ARTS.

On Coins and Medals, by W. Wyon, A.R.A., Chief Engraver at the Royal Mint.

[Concluded.]

WITH respect to the ancient practice of engraving and multiplying dies, we have (said Mr. Wyon) very little information handed down to us, and as the coins themselves attest the employment of very able artists, it is singular that we should be unacquainted with any of their names; there is, I believe, but one exception, which is

found upon a coin of Orecto. We are equally uncertain as to the materials with which the dies were made. It is, however, related that ancient dies have been found at different periods; and Count Caylus mentions that one came into his possession, which was composed of copper, tin, zinc, and lead in equal proportions. But Mr. Wyon stated that he was not aware of any compound of these metals capable of resisting the force of the blow necessary for making a perfect impression in the metals used for coinage. An ancient die found at the temple of Nîmes, probably of the same materials, was submitted to a blow of the coining press in the French Mint, and thereby broken to pieces. Mr. Wyon, indeed, had not the least doubt that iron or steel was employed for this purpose, as it was not unknown to the ancients.

The mode of striking their monies must have been extremely simple, and the instruments used for this purpose, are probably to be seen on a coin of the republic—it has on the obverse, the head of a female, with the inscription "*Moneta*," and on the reverse, the pincers, the hammer, and the anvil. The metal he conceived to have been cast in a globular shape, and having been placed between two dies, the upper one was struck with a hammer. We have evidence of this blow being repeated, by the appearance of their coins: they are frequently, what is technically called, double struck—this occurs when the piece has slipped out of its place after the first blow, and a repetition of the blow causes a double outline to appear.

Mr. Wyon now described our present mode of engraving and multiplying the dies.

The selection of the best cast steel for the purpose, he observed, was very important, and not sufficiently understood at present. The very fine steel that forms excellent gravers and other cutting instruments, is unfit for the purpose, for unless hardened with great care, it is very liable to crack. The very coarse steel is also objectionable, as it acquires fissures under the die press. The object therefore is, to select steel of a medium quality—but the best steel may be spoiled, by want of skill in the smith who forges the dies.

When the rough die is brought to a table in the turning lathe, after being softened, the engraver commences his labours, by working out the device with the small tools in intaglio (sunk in), and when he has completed his work, the die is ready for hardening, which is, in itself, a very simple process—but one that is often attended with serious disappointment to the engraver, for it not unfrequently happens, that the labour of many months is either injured or utterly destroyed, from the steel itself being faulty or heated to excess. But supposing the original die, or, as it is technically called, a matrix, to be uninjured by the process of hardening, it is reserved for the purpose of furnishing a puncheon (or a steel impression in relief). For this purpose, a block of soft steel is turned flat at the bottom and obtusely conical at the top. In this state, its conical surface is compressed into the matrix by a blow from the multiplying die press: this gives us only the commencement of an impression, for the die becomes so hard by compression, as to require frequent annealing and re-striking before it is perfected. An impression taken in this way, is called a puncheon, which, when the engraver has given to it all the delicacy of finish existing in the original, is then hardened, and serves for the purpose of making dies for coining, by a similar process, viz. impressing the hardened steel into that which is soft.

The distinction, said Mr. Wyon, between striking medals and coins, is very essential, so much so, that I cannot avoid saying a few words on the subject. A medal is usually engraved in high relief, like those upon ancient coins, and it requires a succession of blows, sometimes forty

or fifty, with repeated annealings to make a perfect impression. A modern coin, on the contrary, is usually brought up with one blow, although with the disadvantage of the metal being harder. Standard gold, for instance, consists of one-twelfth of alloy: medals are usually made of fine gold; the engraving upon the coin, is consequently made with a suitable degree of relief.

In striking a coin or medal, the lateral spread of the metal, which would otherwise ooze out as it were from between the dies, is prevented by the application of a steel collar, accurately turned to the dimensions of the dies. The number of pieces which may be struck by one pair of dies, not unfrequently amounts to between three and four hundred thousand, but the average amount is much less. Mr. Wyon stated, that he remembered instances of twenty dies being destroyed in one day, owing to the different qualities of steel, and to the casualties to which dies are liable. There are, it appears, eight presses in the coining room of the Mint, and he considers that the destruction of one pair of dies for each press per day, is a very fair proportion, though it is generally rather more.

It must be remembered, that each press produces sixty pieces per minute, without reckoning the stoppages occasioned by changing of dies and other contingencies, and Mr. Wyon remarked, that in 1817, the daily produce of coins, in half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, amounted to the enormous quantity of 343,000 per day, for three months: at that time all the eight presses were employed; but, on the 1st of last April, there were 125,000 pieces coined with five premisses only. From the 4th of June 1817 to the 31st of December 1833, there were coined in sovereigns and half-sovereigns, 52,187,265*l.* sterling.

Mr. Wyon then proceeded to give a short account of modern medals, which in many respects form an equally interesting study, as those of the ancients. On them, we find battles by sea and land, processions, coronations, funeral pomp, and other ceremonies, alliances, marriages, portraits of illustrious men, and all that relates to policy or religion. Dates are rarely omitted, the absence of which on ancient coins and medals causes so much uncertainty. There is also another circumstance that materially contributes to the pleasure to be derived from the study of modern medals, which is their proximity to our own time, and their recording great events, with which we are in some degree already acquainted.

In using the term modern, as applied to the subject, it is generally understood to comprise all those medals since the time of Charlemagne or the commencement of the ninth century, and it is curious to observe the intimate connexion between literature and the study of medals; for we find one of the earliest writers (Petrarch), forming a collection, and recommending them to Charles IV. as fit objects for his study and contemplation, and with a plain sincerity which did him honour, requesting the Emperor to imitate the great men thereon celebrated.

I am not aware (continued Mr. Wyon) of the existence of modern medals, of any importance, previous to the revival of the art in the fifteenth century, that is to say, in 1400, and then the art was principally in the hands of painters, amongst which we have the names of Pisano, Boldi, and others. Pisano is celebrated as the chief restorer of this branch of the art, and his works are usually inscribed "Opus Pisani Pictoris;" we have one of his, of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, 1449, and another of John, Emperor of Constantinople, ten years before. All the medals of this period, are very unlike the ancient ones, being very large. They were previously modelled either in clay or wax, a cast from which being obtained in metal, it was carefully repaired, removing all the imperfections of casting, and giving a greater degree of finish than could be obtained in the original model. This then became a pat-

tern, from which all the subsequent medals were cast; a slower mode of proceeding, and one preventing that rapidity of multiplication which we possess in the use of dies. The medals, however, thus produced, frequently present more vigour of execution; the heads upon them are very superior to their reverses.

The most ancient series of modern medals struck from dies, is the Papal. We have contemporary portraits of Popes from Paul II., 1464, to the present time. There are, indeed, papal medals from Martin V., 1417, but all those before Paul II. were executed during the pontificate of Alexander VII., 1655; by the care and under the direction of Abbe Bigot. The medals from the time of Alexander VI. are very fine, and it is said, that the designs upon some of those, during the pontificate of Julius II., Leo X., Hadrian VI., and Clement VII. are by great masters, amongst whom were Raffaello and Julio Romano. Benvenuto Cellini informs us, that he executed several medals of Clement VII. Cavino and Basiano, the celebrated forgers of Roman imperial coins, executed the medals from Julius III. to Gregory XIII. About the time of Innocent X., the very extraordinary family of artists, the Hamerani, appeared. They executed the papal medals for four or five generations, with great ability; even one of the daughters engraved an excellent medal; and some of those by Gaspar Molo are very fine. The pontifical dress imparts great richness to the portraits, and the reverses are often very elaborate; sometimes twelve or fourteen figures are crowded together in the representation of religious ceremonies, within a space considerably less than a crown-piece. Perhaps, said Mr. Wyon, I ought not to omit mentioning the medal of Julius III., on the occasion of Mary of England restoring the Roman Catholic religion in this country.

Next to Italy, France is the most remarkable country for medals; Louis XIV. is celebrated for his encouragement of the fine arts; he founded L'Académie des Inscriptions, for the purpose of selecting subjects and making designs for medals, to commemorate the great events of his reign. The result of the labours of the Academy was the production of nearly 300 medals. The style of art exhibited in these, was in accordance with the taste of the period—it wants simplicity. Landscapes and a variety of emblems are crowded together in the back-grounds, for the purpose of giving a picturesque effect, which is injurious—the resources of the art being limited in comparison with those of painting. Mr. Flaxman's remarks were considered by Mr. Wyon as particularly applicable to his subject, where he says of the limited powers of basso-relievo, "that a tree or two, some rude stone, or a wall slightly marked in the back-ground, must indicate a forest, a mountain, or a palace, without detailing a portrait of their component parts."

Napoleon, said Mr. Wyon, well understood the moral and political influence of the fine arts; his series of 160 medals is an evidence of the care and attention he bestowed upon the Mint, and these imperishable memorials will give immortality to his extraordinary career. They were executed under the direction of Denon: on the obverse of all of them we have the fine profile of Napoleon, and many of the reverses are admirable works of art. The Battle of Jena, Jupiter launching his thunder against the Titans, Mars sheathing his sword after the battle of Friedland, Napoleon personifying Hercules, with two female figures kneeling, and presenting him with the keys of Vienna and Presburg, may be mentioned as examples; but for the most part, they rather astonish us with a display of mechanical execution; the large medal of the Battle of Marengo is surprising for the minuteness of the workmanship; and the medal of Pope Pius VII., in the coronation of Napoleon, is also remarkable for the

execution of the building of Notre Dame on the reverse. Andrieu, Galle, Droz, and Bionet, were some of the most celebrated artists employed. But the Napoleon medals are not always implicitly to be relied on by the historian: as an instance, Bonaparte caused a medal to be struck on his intended invasion of this country; on the obverse, as usual, is the head of the Emperor, and the reverse represents Hercules strangling a marine monster, round is the legend "DESCENDIT EN ANGLETERRE," and in the exergue "Frappée à Londres". Happily for us, this medal was struck in anticipation only. This medal was afterwards destroyed; some few specimens, however, escaped, but they are excessively rare.

Under such high auspices the art is recommended to, and encouraged by the public, and individuals begin to pride themselves on their medallist taste, and not unfrequently adopt this mode of giving permanence to matters interesting to their feelings. It is not unusual, for instance, in France, for a medal to be engraved on the event of a marriage, with portraits of the hymeneal votaries, or with their names inscribed upon them, and some emblems of the happy event. Russia, Prussia, and Sweden have emulated France in this passion for numismatic records.

Mr. Wyon then adverted to the fact, that in our own country, on the contrary, with the exception of a few coronation medals, scarcely any have been struck by authority of the government. But notwithstanding this neglect, the enterprise of individuals has produced many interesting medals, which show the spirit of the times in which they were executed.

The first contemporary English medal is of Sir John Kendal, in 1480, and of Italian workmanship. We have a gold medal of Henry VIII., date 1545. Mr. Evelyn remarks, that in this medal Henry appears in his usual bonnet, furrowed gown, and invaluable collar of rubies. The first coronation medal of England, is the one of Edward VI.; it is of very indifferent workmanship, and in low relief. There are several beautiful medals by Trezzo, of Philip and Mary, and many curious ones of Elizabeth, on her accession to the crown, and the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588. The medals of Elizabeth are generally cast, and have highly raised borders richly embossed: during this reign, too, we have some exquisite medals by the famous Stephens, of Holland;—and Mr. Wyon expressed a doubt whether there are any works superior to them for style in art; the admirable manner in which the flesh is treated, in distinction to the hardness of bone, in the face, could not, he said, be sufficiently studied or admired by the medallist artist or amateur; the reverses, however, are not equal to the heads. All the medals by Stephens are exceedingly rare.

The history of James I. is tolerably well preserved in medals; they generally, in style, resemble those of Elizabeth; but there is a very good one by Warin, of Sir Thomas Bodley, founder of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In the early part of the reign of Charles I. we have many counters struck on his marriage. The medals of this unfortunate monarch, Mr. Wyon observed, are numerous, many of which were engraved during the time of Charles II. by the Roettiers.

Cromwell was fortunate in having excellent artists. The two Simons executed all the best medals; Abraham was a modeller, and there still remain in the British Museum many excellent models in wax by him; they were generally cast in silver, and some of the best were left untouched from the casting, but others were admirably chased and repaired by Thomas Simon. The great merit in these works, is the characteristic expression of living nature; other artists have been more correct, but often coldly correct, as compared with the Simons. A large oval medal,



struck in gold, was presented to Admiral Blake, after the engagement with Van Tromp in 1653. The history of it was traced in a satisfactory manner till it came into the possession of Mr. Trattle; his present Majesty having heard of the circumstance, and feeling a deep interest in the naval glory of our country, gave a large sum for it, and the medal is now in his collection. Of Charles II. there are several good medals.

Many medals occur of James II., both before and after his abdication; and the events of the reign of William III. called forth many interesting medals,—the Dutch ones extend even from his infancy. The medals of Queen Anne are not only interesting as works of art, but particularly so as recording the great events with which Marlborough illuminated her reign.

About 1730, John Dassier, a native of Geneva, settled in London, and engraved a series of medals of the Kings of England; they would be more valuable if the portraits could be relied on; he also executed a set of small medals of the Reformers, and commenced a series of our great men; his nephew, James Antony, who on Croker's death was appointed second engraver to the Mint, engraved several others. The character of workmanship of both the Dassiers, notwithstanding their industry and ingenuity, was that of extreme hardness and precision of outline; still there are very clever medals by them, and they evince an advance upon the state of the medallist art of that period.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

March 25.—James Walker, Esq. V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Francis Whishaw, civil engineer, was elected a member, and Mr. Newnham, civil engineer, of Newtown, Montgomeryshire, a corresponding member. T. T. Guest, Esq., M.P., proprietor of the Dowlass iron works, Merthyr Tydvil, was elected an Associate; Mr. Patrick Leahy, civil engineer, of Clonmel, Ireland, was elected an Associate; and Mr. Thomas Casebourne, Ireland, was transferred to the class of corresponding members. Extracts from a 'Treatise on the Life of the late Capt. Joseph Huddart, R.N.' were read, descriptive of the ropery erected by him at Limehouse for the manufacture of ships' cables, and the method now pursued for their production. It appears, that his attention was first turned to this subject by a very remarkable incident. While lying in the Indian sea, a heavy gale being anticipated, the pilot prevailed on him to use a cable of native manufacture instead of an English one, and the result being that his was the only ship that rode the gale out, led him to examine into the cause of its superiority. He concluded, that it was owing to the elastic quality of the weed, of which the cable was made, which elasticity does not exist in those manufactured of hemp. He had observed in cables that many of the strands were snapped, while others had experienced no strain whatever. This circumstance induced him to turn his attention, with a view of introducing a machine which would obviate this, by placing each strand in its proper position, and thus equally distributing the strain. The plan was described to be as follows: the hemp is first spun into yarns in the usual way, after being thoroughly hackled, and then passed through a cauldron of hot tar (which experience has shown to be superior to cold). The yarns, after this immersion, are placed upon wheels, at convenient distances, and their ends run through holes in an iron plate, called the register-plate, which holes, only sufficient to allow the yarns to pass through, are placed at equal distances in concentric circles. The plate is stationary, and the yarns, after being conducted through the holes, are united in one cluster, which, by the aid of machinery, revolves and recedes, thus drawing the yarns through the register-plates, and forming of them a complete screw, thereby

uniting elasticity and strength. The forming of the strands into cables was at first performed manually, but Capt. Huddart, aware of the inconvenience that inattention might give rise to, perfected his invention by performing the entire process through the agency of machinery, which is not more to be admired for its beauty of construction, than for the extreme accuracy with which the calculations were made in the first instance.—A transit instrument, mounted on a plan of his own, and under his own superintendence, fully demonstrates his great proficiency in the science of Astronomy.

A conversation ensued on the utility of turning waste steam into the chimney, when it was mentioned by a member, that it had been used thirty years ago, and he believed, that the late Mr. Trevithick was the first who tried the experiment. The advantages now accruing from it are, not only the getting rid of the steam in an apparently regular way, but also, by mixing it with the air, to add to its buoyancy, and thus considerably increase the draught.

The conclusion of Mr. Walker's paper, 'On the Resistance of Fluids,' was read.

April 8.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Glynn presented a translation of a Report on the progress and improvement of the iron manufacture in France, from the French of M. Perdonnet, from which it appears, that the manufacture of iron has of late years much developed itself, and that this was more to be attributed to the introduction of the English method than to any improvement in the old method. The statement commences with the present century, by showing, that there was a decrease in the production of cast-iron between 1801 and 1818, but that in the last ten years the consumption and production had nearly doubled, and the importation (chiefly Swedish and Russian) nearly tripled. The best French iron is inferior to either of those for steel. The first forge on the English plan, was erected in 1820; in 1823 there were eleven at work, and four building; in 1826 there were only four blast furnaces using coke, and but thirty-one forges on the English plan; and in 1828 the number of blast furnaces had increased to fourteen, and that of forges to forty. In 1818 a very small quantity of cast-iron was made with coke, and no wrought-iron was prepared with pit-coal, but in 1824 the produce of cast-iron, with coke, was 3000 tons, and of wrought-iron, by pit-coal, 4,400 tons were brought into market; whereas, in 1825, there were 17,000 tons of cast-iron smelted with coke, and 48,000 of bars with pit-coal, showing that the increase of cast-iron manufactured with coke, took place chiefly between 1824 and 1828. The 17,000 tons does not amount to one-tenth of the whole produce, and the 48,000 tons form nearly one-third of the total manufacture of wrought-iron. This disproportion is stated in the Report to arise from the numerous situations in which it is found advisable to make the cast-iron with wood-charcoal, and to refine it with pit-coal. Excellent sheet-iron has been obtained by passing the charcoal iron through rollers, but the tinned plate is inferior in brilliancy of surface to the English.

England produces exactly three times the quantity of cast-iron that France does, and the produce of the two countries forms a little less than three-fourths of the produce of Europe, that of bar-iron one-third. The Report gives an account of some experiments, which show, that excessive care must be taken to make cast-iron with anthracite, which is a kind of pure carbon, without any mixture of bitumen, very compact, and ignites with difficulty; but when in combustion, gives out such a heat, that it is difficult to procure materials for the furnace, which will not melt. Unless the anthracite and coke be in the proportion of seven to three, the

furnaces work irregularly, and by reason of the sluggishness with which it burns, it has been found advisable to use them mixed in equal proportions. The iron produced from anthracite has always been found of excellent quality. That English iron is for many purposes superior to foreign, was proved by a member, who having occasion to order an iron pipe to be soldered, was obliged to give a piece of English iron, the foreign iron not proving sufficiently fusible.

It is to be remarked, that English iron is prepared with coke, and foreign with charcoal. A member remarked, that he had never known better iron for the purposes of steel than the shoeing of the piles of old London Bridge, and more particularly for clothing-points. He conceived, that the iron might have undergone some chemical change while in the earth, and that being in constant contact with the charred ends of the piles, might have been benefited. A member thought the superiority of the iron at first more likely, as any contact with carbon would be counteracted by the process of conversion into steel. Walby's trowels are all made of steel, and hammered after being tempered; after they are heated, they are let down to a blue state, and then exposed to severe hammering, which gives them great elasticity and temper. A member had seen them, when red-hot, bent to a considerable extent, after which, on being set at liberty, they returned to their former shape.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

May 20.—An account was read, descriptive of a hot-water apparatus designed by Alex. Cruckshanks, Esq., the operation of which, it was stated, was found to answer uncommonly well, with the additional recommendations in its favour, of being economical in construction and consumption of fuel. The furnace is confined within the boiler, and the tubes are elliptical; but the general arrangement, and the facility of circulation it affords to the heated water, are the principal advantages offered by this mode.

Some fine specimens were exhibited of *renanthera coccinea*, a yellow bignonia from Trinidad, *cactus ackermanni*, the butterfly plant, and *deutzia scabra*. We also noticed an ingenious contrivance for the transmission of flowers from a distance, which has been found so far effective, that cut flowers from Wales have been received in London, by its means, in the highest state of preservation.

Sir H. Price, J. P. Gruggen, Esq., and W. K. Riddell, Esq., were elected Fellows of the Society.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	{	Phrenological Society	Eight, P.M.
	{	Entomological Society	Eight, P.M.
	{	Linnæan Society	Eight, P.M.
Tues.	{	Horticultural Society	One, P.M.
	{	Institution of Civil Engineers	Eight, P.M.
Wed.	{	Geological Society	4 p. 8, P.M.
	{	Society of Arts	4 p. 7, P.M.
	{	Royal Society	4 p. 8, P.M.
Th.	{	Society of Antiquaries	Eight, P.M.
	{	Zoological Society	Three, P.M.
Fri.		Royal Institution	4 p. 8, P.M.
Sat.		Royal Asiatic Society	Two, P.M.

#### PINE ARTS

##### THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Concluding notice.]

WILKIE has several portraits, viz. a full length of Her Majesty, another of the Duke of Wellington, and a cabinet one of Professor Leslie. The first, though perhaps too subdued in colour, is good in expression, and has a simplicity about it which is truly becoming. We wish the painter had represented Wellington amid the shock of charging squadrons at Waterloo, his face kindled up, and that fierce, wild light in his eyes, which, the soldiers say, seems as if it

would consume whatever is before it. The small portrait of Leslie is a happy one: the artist seems to have finished with much care, and then splashed it over with a wet brush, adding a rough, a happy carelessness, which marks the hand of a master.

Sir William Beechey has five portraits, and four of them are ladies.—CLINT has one or two clever heads.—GROVES has acquitted himself much to our liking: a little more expression would be an improvement to him, as well as to many of his brethren.—PARTRIDGE has made a pretty likeness of one of the sons of Sir Robert Peel, but it reminds us that we have lost Lawrence.—MORTON has limned Master Wilson very tastefully—but we have no more space to bestow on this department of art.

Pictures of a domestic kind, and landscapes, with lakes and hills and cattle, are numerous, and many of them excellent; some of the smallest seem the best. There is everywhere a closer observance of nature than usual; but there is not more elegance than before, and little—too little—of that rare quality, imagination. Some of the pictures of CRAWFORD have great merit: out of little he has made much. 247, 'A Village Scene,' is remarkably pretty. 406, 'A Woody Glen,' is another of his compositions: it looks still and reposeful in its beauty. There is one by EDWIN LANDSEER, 131, 'A Colley saving a Sheep in the Snow Drift,' which is full of feeling. We can do no more than intimate a few which we like: 12, 'An Italian Peasant Girl,' EASTLAKE; 14, 'Cymon and Iphigenia,' PATTEN; 21, 'The Irish Bella, Lago Maggiore,' STANFIELD; 33, 'Portrait of Countess Howe,' Mrs. CARPENTER; 45, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' LINNELL; 51, 'Landscape with Cattle,' T. FRYLAND; 63, 'Old Mortality,' WOODWARD; 78, 'A Flemish Mill,' WILSON; 81, 'Portrait of Sir Rowland Hill,' PICKERSHILL; 90, 'The Cardinal,' EYRE; 107, 'Portrait of a Young Lady,' PHILLIPS; 133, 'The Morning Lesson,' COLLINS; 140, 'The Lady in Comus Benighted,' HOWARD; 158, 'Friar Laurence in Romeo and Juliet,' BRIGGS; 167, 'Portrait of a Young Lady,' COLLINS; 188, 'Scene from Beaumarchais's comedy of The Barber of Seville, in the house of Dr. Bartolo,' STEPHANOFF; 205, 'Portrait of Mrs. Lane Fox,' GROVES; 210, 'Portraits of Miss Brandling and Miss Fanny Brandling,' Mrs. CARPENTER; 218, 'Reaping,' WILKINSON; 234, 'Cappuchin Friars at the Camaldoli, near Amalfi,' HAYKELL; 239, 'Milking Time,' J. S. COOPER; 244, 'Throwing the Casting-net,' LEE; 252, 'Ruins of a Fountain—Evening,' CHALON; 258, 'The Introduction of the Bible,' RIPPINGILL; 285, 'The Quarrel Scene between Cardinal Wolsey and the Duke of Buckingham,' HART; 343, 'View in the Southern Alps,' BROCKEDON; 362, 'Portrait of a Lady in an Italian Costume,' EASTLAKE; 371, 'David Deans,' KNIGHT; 399, 'Lock near Manchester,' WATTS; 408, 'Burial of Sir John Moore,' JONES.

The miniatures and small drawings are numerous, and many of them excellent. 'The Countess of Blessington,' by CHALON, the 'Portrait of a Lady,' by WILKIE, some portraits by ROBERTSON, DENNING, and others, are well worth half an hour's consideration of those who desire to have their likenesses limned with elegance and truth. The architectural designs are many in number; some promise comfort combined with elegance, and others remind us of the temples of Greece, or the churches of Italy;—originality is a rare matter. Our architects occasionally draw porticos with an eye both to strength and unity; but we are seldom satisfied with what we call the horizontal elevation. Vanburgh was a great master in breaking gracefully the line of roof—the skill of Soane in this is high—and most of our old Gothic architects were very solicitous about it, knowing how well it told against a clear

sky. The great price of stone affects all our architecture in London—the projection of our cornices is generally too small, and the fronts of our buildings are deficient in proper light and shade.

The Sculpture, as we have already intimated, is hardly equal to that of other years: the hope of soon having a suitable exhibition-room has held some of our popular artists back. The works, indeed, are as numerous as usual, and some of them are bold enough in subject, for artists are fond of being daring; but there is a deficiency in loftiness of feeling—much that may be called original is not graceful, and much that is graceful is not original. The largest works, too, are not the best: there are several statues of the size of life, others half-size, and some smaller still, with sundry groups and poetic figures, in marble or in plaster. The great genius of John Locke is so well established in the world, that it is no matter if art fails to stamp it visibly on marble. The statue of that illustrious person, by WESTMACOTT, is not the happiest of the sculptor's performances. The figure inclines to the meagre and the mean, and there is too much sympathy between his feet and the block out of which they are hewn. Yet the Statue of Locke is a work of surpassing beauty, compared with that of Lord Althorp by BATLIN. The artist has made a very heavy figure, and then loaded it with massive drapery. There may be nature in it, but it is nature exaggerated; it is to be cast, too, we observe, in bronze; no doubt the metal will submit to it—but a figure that wants elegance and expression is unworthy of such a change.

Some of the fancy figures and groups show that nature has been studied, though not always in an accurate or tasteful way. 'Flora and Zephyr,' mistaken by us for Cupid and Psyche, by WYATT, is an airy and graceful group. 'The Pastoral Apollo,' by PERWORTH, 'The Mother and Child,' by SIEVIER, 'A Nymph,' by TERNOUTH, 'The Minstrel,' by BENNETT, Marble Statue of the Daughter of V. Thompson, by HOLLINS, 'Innocence,' by LEWIS, 'Infantino Devotion,' by RENNIE, and the 'Age of Innocence,' by EARLE, are all works more or less imbued with fancy and nature.

The busts are, as usual, numerous: neither Chantrey nor Behnes appears among the exhibitors, and the absence of both is felt. BAILEY has some graceful female heads, but he has written under them 'Ladies of quality.' Their beauty may carry them through, but names always awaken interest in portraiture. FLETCHER's bust of Miss Stewart Mackenzie, and his bust of Sir James Riddel, are graceful works. MOORE, so happy in children's heads, has tried his hand on that of Thomas Moore the poet—nor has he been unsuccessful. The bust of Dr. Welfitt, of Canterbury, by WEEKS, is one of the best in the exhibition: the expression about the mouth is singularly happy. The head of Wilberforce, by JOSEPH, is very clever certainly, but the singular looks of the great original have been made too much of;—peculiarity of expression is carried too far.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

Tamburini's benefit, which was announced for last Thursday week, was postponed *à la fois*, on account of the sudden indisposition of Grisi. We wonder that this has never happened before; the exertion of singing thrice a day in public and private concerts is more than any frame can bear without injury. On Tuesday, 'La Donna del Lago' was revived, and a new *contralto*, Madame degli Antoni, introduced to a London audience. This opera was given in anything but a complete state; and, after the great success which has attended the perfect cast of 'Otello,' we wonder that Laporte has not seen it wise to

follow the same course in the production of subsequent pieces. We must protest against the omissions of the grand scena, wherein Donzelli, addressing the clans, was so majestic and impassioned—of the fine dramatic trio in the second act—as well as a pretty duettino for the two female voices. The new *Malesco*, Madame degli Antoni, has a mezzo-soprano voice, of considerable compass, but too weak in the lower part of the scale to be properly called a *contralto*: her singing was not very effective (perhaps a further acquaintance with our stage and audience may bring some improvement with it), and when we remember Pizaroni in the same part—but comparisons are odious, and we will say no more. Curioni is worn out; Rubini, with the exception of a cadence, which he chose to introduce in 'Alcibiades,' was singing his best, and Grisi, particularly in the last scene, surpassing herself.

The German company gave us Winter's 'Das Unterbrochene Opferfest' on Wednesday. We can say little in their praise. Herr Schmetzer has a good tenor voice, not judiciously used. Herr Siebert is a sound and spirited bass singer; and here we pause. The opera itself, by Winter, was received with great applause; for our own peculiar taste, the music wants the fervour and imagination of later and greater composers. A version of Boieldieu's 'Dame Blanche' is to be given on Monday next.

Laporte announces 'L'Assedio di Corinto' for his benefit on Thursday next, when, also, Tagliioni is to re-appear. This opera is a sort of *refranchimento* of Rossini's 'Moisette Secondo,' with some few additions: its success at Paris was immense. We hope the manager will see to its being carefully rehearsed.

SOCIETY ANNONICA. — Sixth Concert. — The scheme of this concert was good, the band in better order than we have yet heard it, and Madame Caradori, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Wagstaff, Rubini, Giubilei, Zuchelli, and Mr. A. Novello, were the singers. M. Baumann gave us great pleasure by his fantasia on the bassoon—his tone is smooth, and his execution precise—Mori as much dissatisfaction by the thoroughly bad and paltry taste of his playing in a *pasticcio* substituted for Beethoven's Violin Concerto, which was promised by the director. We have purposely been brief in our notice, that we may offer a few words of kindly counsel to the directors of this society. They deserve every credit for good intentions, and this we have given them; but another season we shall look for performance as well as promise. In the meantime, as their band is uncertain, and often very unsteady, we would recommend them to put it under careful drilling, the amateur part of it especially. The good efforts of strict and periodical practice would amply repay any additional trouble or expense; and they would find themselves, in the course of a few months, able to do justice to the excellent music they usually select for performance.

## THEATRICALS

### COVENT GARDEN.

The tragedy of 'King Lear,' which had been previously played at Drury Lane for Mr. Macready's benefit, was repeated at this house on Monday last. The senseless alterations which have so long been allowed to disfigure this mighty effort of genius, have been abandoned, and the pure taste of Mr. Macready has restored the Shakspearian text. We are not of the number of those who desire never to see 'Lear,' because of the impossibility of the part being perfectly acted: the standard of its perfection is in the minds of those who have read and studied it; and, although we despair of meeting with any actor so gifted as to come up to that standard, it is, and always will be, a matter of interest to us, to see how nearly any new

aspirant of real genius can approach it. An actor may be looked for who shall do full justice to *Lea*, about the same time that an artist shall be found who can truly paint a rainbow; but we would no more exclude the one from the stage, than the other from a picture which requires it. Mr. Macready's *Lea* is well worth seeing—it is interesting, impressive, and instructive: in some respects we consider it inferior to John Kemble's, in others superior—in nearly all better than Kean's, which had, in our opinion, little of the majesty either of grief or royalty about it. Mr. Macready's chief peculiarity is, that he altogether disdains to moderate his "big, manly voice," so as to make it approach the "childish treble" usually supposed to be one characteristic of a man upwards of eighty years of age. Something is gained by this, and something is lost; so that we hardly know on which side to say the balance lies;—there are men, certainly, of that age, whose voices remain unimpaired in point of force; but the instances are so rare, that we rather incline to the more received notion. Mr. Macready's appearance in the part was by far the best we have ever seen: his head reminded us strongly of the well-known print, "Date obolum Belisario." Having premised that the character cannot be played to perfection, it would be churlish to point out trifling blemishes in a performance which no one can witness without an increased respect for the talents of the performer. Mr. Cooper's *Edgar* was clever, but unequal. His appearance in the mad scenes was extremely picturesque, and his acting fully equal to that of Mr. Charles Kemble—in the other scenes, the latter gentleman retains undisputed pre-eminence. Miss Phillips played with her usual good sense and discretion in *Cordelia*. Mr. Warde did well in the barefaced villain, *Edmund*; and Mr. Bartley was honest, rough, tough, and bluff, in old *Kent*. The remainder of the parts were creditably played. Mr. Macready's efforts were loudly and deservedly cheered.

On Saturday last, a new farce, in one act, called 'Pleasant Drenna,' re-introduced Mr. Liston to the laughter and applause of a Covent Garden audience. The piece, in so far as the incident of the boots is concerned, is founded on an anecdote related (and of course cleverly) by Mr. Theodore Hook of himself, which anecdote was some time since noted down, from the lips of the narrator, and pleasantly transferred to the pages of the *Monthly Magazine*, by Mr. Benson Hill. The farce was successful. It is written by Mr. Charles Dance.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Paris Theatrical Intelligence.**—A new theatre is very nearly finished in Paris, and it will be opened in the course of a few days. It is to be called *Théâtre Nautique*,—not that it will confine itself, as its title imports, to nautical representations, but it is said, that various novelties of a peculiar character are in course of preparation. The new *Opéra Comique* has also been extensively altered and decorated, and will shortly be re-opened. The next season of the Italian Opera at Paris is expected to be more brilliant than any former one. It will be the best company, as far as regards male singers, which was ever united at Paris. Mr. J. Russell, the English actor, is about to give an entertainment in Paris, similar to Mathews's.

**The Provincial Press of France.**—It appears by a recent statistical article respecting the Provincial Press in France, that the journals are very unequally divided in the departments. For instance, there are eight out of the eighty-six departments, where no journal is published, while in others, no less than eleven papers appear. In many large and important towns, there is no newspaper, whilst, in other instances, journals are published in mere villages. On the whole,

however, the provincial press has increased both in importance and circulation, since the Revolution of July.

**The Cathedral at Rheims.**—From a recent investigation of the *stalles* disposed on each side of the choir of the Cathedral of Rheims, it appears, that although of such ancient workmanship, the composition is in a state of the most complete preservation. This *chef-d'œuvre* of gothic sculpture is constructed entirely of oak and chestnut. It was finished in 1522, and the whole expense amounted only to 11,230 francs. It is calculated, that a similar piece of workmanship in the present day, would not cost less than 150,000 francs (6000*l.*) What is said to be most remarkable is, that the wood has been entirely preserved from the worms, and not the least alteration has taken place either in the colour or the varnish.

**Statistics of Spain.**—According to one of the French scientific journals, agricultural produce has increased in Spain within the last twenty years, in a more rapid progression than the inhabitants. Sufficient grain is said to be now produced for the subsistence of the whole population, while in 1803 there was an annual deficiency amounting to a fifth of the quantity required. How this may be, we know not, but in truth, we doubt the accuracy of the data. There was always a superabundance of grain grown in the northern provinces, but for want of roads and canals, it was not possible to transport it to the southern provinces, which were therefore compelled to import it from other nations. Further, says the same writer, although nearly three-fourths of the Peninsula afford pasturage, there is only one horned animal for every five inhabitants, as in Bohemia, Austria and Russian Poland; and the consumption of the different sorts of meat does not exceed 22 lb. per head, while in France it is calculated at 30, and in England at 92.

**Adulteration of Tea by the Chinese.**—A French commercial paper says it has been recently discovered that the Chinese have adopted a system of mixing iron filings, or some earthy substances impregnated with iron, with the tea intended for exportation, which renders that article much heavier. A curious plan has been adopted in France, to detect this adulteration: a powerful loadstone is introduced into a case of suspected tea, and when the article has been adulterated in this way, the loadstone becomes immediately incrustated with the metallic particles.

**Public Education.**—Religion is, in my eyes, the best—perhaps the only—basis of popular education. I know something of Europe, and never have I seen good schools where the spirit of Christian charity was wanting. Primary instruction flourishes in three countries, Holland, Scotland, and Germany; in all it is profoundly religious. It is said to be so in America. The little popular instruction I ever found in Italy came from the priests. In France, with few exceptions, our best schools for the poor are those of the *Frères de la doctrine Chrétienne* (Brothers of the Christian doctrine). These are facts which it is necessary to be incessantly repeating to certain persons. Let them go into the schools of the poor,—let them learn what patience, what resignation, are required to induce a man to persevere in so toilsome an employment. Have better nurses ever been found than those benevolent nuns who bestow on poverty all those attentions we pay to wealth? There are things in human society, which can neither be conceived nor accomplished without virtue,—that is to say, when speaking of the mass, without religion. The schools for the middle classes may be an object of speculation; but the country schools, the miserable little schools in the south, in the west, in Brittany, in the mountains of Auvergne, and, without going so far, the lowest schools of our great cities, of Paris itself, will never hold out

any adequate inducement to persons seeking a remunerating occupation. There will doubtless be some philosophers inspired with the ardent philanthropy of Saint-Vincent de Paule, without his religious enthusiasm, who would devote themselves to this austere vocation; but the question is not to have here and there a master. We have more than forty thousand schools to serve, and it were wise to call religion to the aid of our insufficient means, were it but for the alleviation of the pecuniary burthens of the nation. Either you must lavish the treasures of the state, and the revenues of the communes, in order to give high salaries, and even pensions, to that new order of tradesmen called schoolmasters, or you must not imagine you can do without Christian charity, and that spirit of poverty, humility, courageous resignation, and modest dignity, which Christianity, rightly understood and wisely taught, can only give to the teachers of the people.—*Cousin's Report.*

**Chinese Jest, translated by Stanislas Julien.**—A young lady that had been only three days married, seeing her husband return, ran behind him and snatched a kiss. He angrily reproached her for such a violation of etiquette: Pardon me, my dear, she answered, I did not think it was you.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Date of	Thermom.	Baromet.	Winds.	Weather.
W. & M.	Max. Min.	Barom.		
Thurs. 22	75 50	30.35	N.E.	Clear.
Frid. 23	72 44	30.27	N.E. to E.	Drizzle.
Sat. 24	78 48	30.25	N.E.	Drizzle.
Sun. 25	76 46	30.32	N.E.	Drizzle.
Mon. 26	72 45	30.37	N. to N.E.	Drizzle.
Tues. 27	71 46	30.20	N.E. to N.	Drizzle.
Wed. 28	78 46	30.15	N.	Drizzle.

**Prevailing Cloud.**—Cirrostratus.  
Nights and Mornings fair throughout the week.  
Mean temperature of the week, 56°. Greatest variation, 26°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.33.  
Day increased on Wednesday, 4h. 20'.  
The Earth has now arrived at that point of her orbit where she presents her northern parts to the sun in such a way, that, to the people of this country, the sun's greatest depth below the horizon does not exceed 16°; so that now we have no night.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

**Sketches of Natural History**, by Mary Howitt.  
A Guide to the Highlands of Scotland, with a Map.  
**Raumer's Letters on History.**  
**Just Published.**—Houlston's Series of Religious Tracts, by Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. Cameron, and others, 3 vols. 12mo. 3s. 6d. per vol.—Kid's Pictorial Companion to Gravesend, the Nore, &c. 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Histories from Scripture, by Miss Graham, 3s. 6d.—Bingham's Whole Works, including the Christian Antiquities, 8 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 4s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. 53, Theoretical and Practical Arithmetic, by Dr. Lardner, 6s.—Ople's Lays of the Dead, 1*l.* 5s.—Forsyth's Dictionary of Diet, 12mo. 16s. 6d.—Scenes in Ireland, by G. Wright, M.A., 12mo. 5s.—Observations on Man, by David Hartley, M.D. 8vo. 12s.—Valpy's History of England, Vol. 5, 3s.—England and France, by the Editor of *Madame de Defau's Letters*, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.—Two Years at Sea, in 1829, 30, and 31, by Jane Roberts, 8vo. 15s.—Geography simplified, by an Experienced Teacher, 12mo. 4s.—Brother Tragedians, a Novel, 3 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 6d.—Dunlap's History of Spain during the Reign of Philip IV. and Charles II., 2 vols. 8vo. 4*l.* 4s.—Sacred Classics, Vol. 6, Baxter's Dying Thoughts, 6s. 3*l.* 6d.—Burke's Works, 3 vols. imp. 8vo. 2*l.* 2s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**E. C.**—a Subscriber—received.  
We are obliged to G. P., but have received the Paris edition of Mr. Cunningham's papers 'On the Literature of the last Fifty Years.' We admit that they 'make a very respectable volume of 346 pages,' but have no intention of reprinting them in a separate form, and must inform him and others, that the edition referred to cannot be sold in this country but in violation of the law. Such sale is, indeed, improbable, seeing that the perfect series is contained in five numbers of the *Athenæum*, which, with five times as much matter in addition, is sold for 1*l.* 9*l.*

Our Publisher has, within these few days, purchased two sets of the *ATHENÆUM* for 1828, and one for 1829. He has also on sale the volume for 1830; and, (eleven numbers for the years 1832 and 1833 having been reprinted) complete sets may be had from January 1832. Persons in the country desirous of having such a series, or of perfecting one, have only to order the work, or the particular numbers wanted, of their bookseller. Our Publisher is still ready to give One Shilling a copy for Nos. 167, 168.







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# THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 345.

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*Lives of the Necromancers; or, an Account of the most eminent Persons, in successive Ages, who have claimed for Themselves, or to whom has been imputed by Others, the Exercise of Magical Power.* By William Godwin. London: Mason.

We have often thought that a history of magic, compiled with care from the best accredited sources, and extending from the times when the Chaldean first sought converse with the stars on the plains of Shinar, and the wise men exhibited their wonder-working powers in the courts of the Pharaohs, down to, comparatively, yesterday, when Sir Kenelm Digby sought for the key of universal knowledge, and Ashmole devoutly believed the possibility of discovering it, would supply a very curious and important chapter toward a philosophical history of the human mind. We looked, therefore, somewhat anxiously for the appearance of this work, and our disappointment was proportionate, when we found it in a great degree filled with accounts of chiromancy, faeries, Rosicrucians, Grecian deities and demigods, Roman witches, alchemy, and witchcraft in New England! subjects, bearing indeed upon the general question of supernatural agencies and appearances, but, for the greater part, having no more relation to the history of magicians than Gulliver's Voyage to Laputa, or Peter Wilkins's account of the gauze-winged Grindoveers. The volume might with propriety be termed an outline of a general history of the supernatural; and, from some passages in the introduction, this would seem to have been the writer's original intention.

After some preliminary observations on the ambitious nature of man, his desire to penetrate into futurity, on divination, augury, physiognomy, talismans, amulets, sylphs, salamanders, &c., we come to examples of necromancy and witchcraft from the Bible, and are then led through the early history of Greece, with notices of Orpheus and Amphion, and a host of others, not one of whom can with propriety be termed a necromancer. Mr. Godwin then proceeds to Rome, noting all the omens and marvels that have place in her early history, and recounting whatever of supernatural either was performed by, or befell, Romulus, Numa, and a score beside. Now, the information here collected is, in most instances, to be met with in the common reading of the schools; and we cannot but regret that so able a writer should have wasted his time in collecting details of superstitions already so well known, and so mean, and even childish, when compared with the lofty superstitions of the East, or the spiritual abstractions of the middle ages. Mr. Godwin next proceeds to give some account of "Necromancy in the East"; here, however, he only presents us with two short notices, one of Resail, who erected a mag-

nificent palace inhabited by automata, and the other of Mokanna, known to all the readers of 'Lalla Rookh'; he then favours us with extracts from those recondite works, the Arabian Nights, and the Persian Tales.

But in treating of the history of necromancy during the middle ages, and subsequently to the revival of letters, Mr. Godwin brings before us many curious particulars, and some right marvellous stories. We must, however, protest against either alchemists, or witches and wizards, being included in the class of necromancers: the doctrine of magic or necromancy, (for the terms, though possessing different meanings, were indifferently used,) is the possibility of man, by superior knowledge, subduing the spirits of the air—nay, even the mighty angels of the seven planets—to his will, and compelling them, by potent spell, to do his bidding; the magician, therefore, was the sovereign and master of superior intelligences—the witch and the wizard, on the contrary, were mere drudges and bond-slaves of the powers of darkness, who might, indeed, obtain from their haughty masters some reluctant boon, always to be paid for by their final destruction. The alchemist, unlike either magician or wizard, was the mere patient and laborious experimental philosopher, who, although expecting miraculous aid, used no spells, pronounced no incantations, but fasted, and prayed, and did "alm deeds," and referred the completion of his "work of works (to use the very words of Geber) to the divine will of God, who giveth unto whom he pleases;" and therefore it was, that, while the church regarded the witch with abhorrence, and viewed the magician with distrust and awe, she fostered in her cloistered retreats many a deluded alchemist, and allowed alchemical symbols a place, as many of our cathedrals yet testify, even beside the high altar. It is because some who professed magic, and others who were deemed wizards, followed that most bewitching and most delusive science, that the genuine alchemist has been so often confounded with the pretenders to supernatural power.

Many of the necromancers whose lives Mr. Godwin proceeds to relate, seem to have founded their claims chiefly upon that power of producing optical delusion, which, under the name of "tregitourie," is so well known to those learned in the history of the middle ages. Curious and amusing examples are given by Mr. Godwin, of the wonders worked by Cornelius Agrippa, Dr. Faustus, and other famous men. In all these, perhaps, there is some truth, and some exaggeration; but there can be no doubt in the mind of any who attentively consider their recorded works, that many of the wonderful effects described were produced by our children's toy, the magic lantern; and from passing hints in writers of the middle ages, we find that the magicians of those days paid laborious attention to the construc-

tion of Jasses. Gerbertus, afterwards known as Pope Sylvester II., is said to have devoted much time to experiments in optical glasses. Of this great man, we are sorry to find so meagre a notice in the work before us: it is taken chiefly from William of Malmesbury, who is himself very brief, compared with some of the later chroniclers. Higden, for instance, in that curious and amusing collection of wonderful stories, his 'Polychronicon,' has an interesting account of Gerbertus, and tells of his having applied steam to the purpose of moving the bellows of an organ; he also, in his description of a brazen bridge made by the same hand, hints, that the light which was used for the lamps (it was a subterraneous bridge) was transmitted through pipes. We cannot, ourselves, stop to unravel the mystery of the traditional marvels recorded in this volume, but it would be a labour not unworthy of modern philosophy: amidst many wild fictions, some truth might be discovered, and assuredly important facts gathered as to the real state of science during the middle ages.

Mr. Godwin concludes with that most unaccountable of all the stories of diabolical possession, the Witches of New England. This strange, eventful history, is perhaps generally known to the educated and informed,—still, there must be many to whom it is not known in all its melancholy details; and as we think the masterly abstract of the facts, and judicious commentary here given, cannot fail to be interesting, we shall extract it almost entire:—

"As a story of witchcraft, without any poetry in it, without anything to amuse the imagination, or interest the fancy, but hard, prosy, and accompanied with all that is wretched, pitiful and withering, perhaps the well-known story of the New England witchcraft surpasses everything else upon record. . . .

"The prosecutions for witchcraft continued with little intermission principally at Salem, during the greater part of the year 1692. The accusations were of the most vulgar and contemptible sort, invisible pinchings and blows, fits, with the blastings and mortality of cattle, and wains stuck fast in the ground, or losing their wheels. A conspicuous feature in nearly the whole of these stories was what they named the 'spectral sight': in other words, that the profligate accusers first feigned for the most part the injuries they received, and next saw the figures and action of the persons who inflicted them, when they were invisible to every one else. Hence the miserable prosecutors gained the power of gratifying the wantonness of their malice, by pretending that they suffered by the hand of any one whose name first presented itself, or against whom they bore an ill will. The persons so charged, though unseen by any but the accuser, and who in their corporal presence were at a distance of miles, and were doubtless wholly unconscious of the mischief that was hatching against them, were immediately taken up, and cast into prison. And what was more monstrous and incredible, there stood at the bar the prisoner on trial for his life, while the witnesses were permitted to swear

that his spectre had haunted them, and afflicted them with all manner of injuries. . . .

"The first specimen of this sort of accusation in the present instance was given by one Paris, minister of a church at Salem, in the old of the year 1691, who had two daughters, one three years old, the other eleven, that were afflicted with fits and convulsions. The first person fixed on as the mysterious author of what was seen, was Tituba, a female slave in the family, and she was harassed by her master into a confession of unlawful practices and spells. The girls then fixed on Sarah Good, a female known to be the victim of a morbid melancholy, and Osborne, a poor man that had for a considerable time been bed-ridden, as persons whose spectres had perpetually haunted and tormented them: and Good was twelve months after hanged on this accusation.

"A person, who was one of the first to fall under the imputation, was one George Burroughs, also a minister of Salem. He had, it seems, buried two wives, both of whom the busy gossips said he had used ill in their life-time, and consequently, it was whispered, had murdered them. This man was accustomed foolishly to vaunt that he knew what people said of him in his absence; and this was brought as a proof that he dealt with the devil. Two women, who were witnesses against him, interrupted their testimony with exclaiming that they saw the ghosts of the murdered wives present (who had promised them they would come), though no one else in the court saw them; and this was taken in evidence. Burroughs conducted himself in a very injudicious way on his trial; but, when he came to be hanged, made so impressive a speech on the ladder, with fervent protestations of innocence, as melted many of the spectators into tears.

"The nature of accusations of this sort is ever found to operate like an epidemic. Fits and convulsions are communicated from one subject to another. The 'spectral sight,' as it was called, is obviously a theme for the vanity of ignorance. 'Love of fame,' as the poet teaches, is an 'universal passion.' Fame is placed indeed on a height beyond the hope of ordinary mortals. But in occasional instances it is brought unexpectedly within the reach of persons of the coarsest mould; and many times they will be apt to seize it with proportionable avidity. When too such things are talked of, when the devil and spirits of hell are made familiar conversation, when stories of this sort are among the daily news, and one person and another, who had a little before nothing extraordinary about them, become subjects of wonder, these topics enter into the thoughts of many, sleeping and waking: 'their young men see visions, and their old men dream dreams.'

"In such a town as Salem, the second in point of importance in the colony, such accusations spread with wonderful rapidity. Many were seized with fits, exhibited frightful contortions of their limbs and features, and became a fearful spectacle to the bystander. They were asked to assign the cause of all this; and they supposed, or pretended to suppose, some neighbour, already solitary and afflicted, and on that account in ill odour with the townspeople, scowling upon, threatening, and tormenting them. Presently persons, specially gifted with the 'spectral sight,' formed a class by themselves, and were sent about at the public expense from place to place, that they might see what no one else could see. The prisons were filled with the persons accused. The utmost horror was entertained, as of a calamity which in such a degree had never visited that part of the world. It happened, most unfortunately, that Baxter's 'Certainty of the World of Spirits' had been published but the year before, and a number of copies had been sent out to

New England. There seemed a strange coincidence and sympathy between vital Christianity in its most honourable sense, and the fear of the devil, who appeared to be 'come down unto them, with great wrath.' Mr. Increase Mather, and Mr. Cotton Mather, his son, two clergymen of highest reputation in the neighbourhood, by the solemnity and awe with which they treated the subject, and the earnestness and zeal which they displayed, gave a sanction to the lowest superstition and virulence of the ignorant.

"All the forms of justice were brought forward on this occasion. There was no lack of judges, and grand juries, and petty juries, and executioners, and still less of prosecutors and witnesses. The first person that was hanged was on the tenth of June, five more on the nineteenth of July, five on the nineteenth of August, and eight on the twenty-second of September. Multitudes confessed that they were witches; for this appeared the only way for the accused to save their lives. Husbands and children fell down on their knees, and implored their wives and mothers to own their guilt. Many were tortured by being tied neck and heels together, till they confessed whatever was suggested to them. It is remarkable however that not one persisted in her confession at the place of execution.

"The most interesting story that occurred in this affair was of Giles Cory, and Martha, his wife. The woman was tried on the ninth of September, and hanged on the twenty-second. In the interval, on the sixteenth, the husband was brought up for trial. He said he was not guilty; but, being asked how he would be tried? he refused to go through the customary form, and say, 'By God and my country.' He observed that, of all that had been tried, not one had as yet been pronounced not guilty; and he resolutely refused in that mode to undergo a trial. The judge directed therefore that, according to the barbarous mode prescribed in the mother country, he should be laid on his back, and pressed to death with weights gradually accumulated on the upper surface of his body, a proceeding which had never yet been resorted to by the English in North America. The man persisted in his resolution, and remained mute till he expired.

"The whole of this dreadful tragedy was kept together by a thread. The spectre-seers for a considerable time prudently restricted their accusations to persons of ill repute, or otherwise of no consequence in the community. By and by however they lost sight of this caution, and pretended they saw the figures of some persons well connected, and of unquestioned honour and reputation, engaged in acts of witchcraft. Immediately the whole fell through in a moment. The leading inhabitants presently saw how unsafe it would be to trust their reputations and their lives to the mercy of these profligate accusers. Of fifty-six bills of indictment that were offered to the grand jury on the third of January, 1693, twenty-six only were found true bills and thirty thrown out. On the twenty-six bills that were found, three persons only were pronounced guilty by the petty jury, and these three received their pardon from the government. The prisons were thrown open; fifty confessed witches, together with two hundred persons imprisoned on suspicion, were set at liberty, and no more accusations were heard of. The 'afflicted,' as they were technically termed, recovered their health; the 'spectral sight' was universally scouted; and men began to wonder how they could ever have been the victims of so horrible a delusion."

In his concluding remarks, Mr. Godwin hails the advancing light of knowledge as of sufficient potency to put to flight all supernatural belief;—we doubt it: exorcised in one form from the popular creed, we have

always seen, and yet see, superstition returning in another. At this moment, what a feverish thirst there is everywhere for the marvellous! how eagerly are the least imaginative, the most sceptical, people of Europe, cherishing a belief in the wildest extravagancies of animal magnetism!

*The History of Mohammedanism, and its Sects; derived chiefly from Oriental Sources.* By W. C. Taylor, B.A. T.C.D. London: Parker.

A history of the rise and progress of a creed, wherein, upon examination, we meet with so many remarkable points of coincidence with our own faith—balanced by as many glaring discrepancies,—a history of its prophets and revelations, and of the conquests achieved by its princes, cannot but be interesting and acceptable to those who make the destinies of the human race the subject of meditation and study; and the worth of such a work is enhanced, when known to be written by one willing industriously to examine the intricacies of the subject, with enough of poetry at his heart to receive with reverence the traditions of the ancient past, and enough of reason and clear-sightedness to extricate the truths which lie buried among its superstitions.

Such an one we honestly believe the author of the volume before us to be. He has written as if it were a labour of love, and the proofs of his diligent and careful research, which meet us at every page, are not paraded as so many pleas for the approval of the learned, but appear rather as the natural memoranda of the progress of a pleasant journey. It suits neither our time nor our purpose, to enter into an examination of the historical value of the work; but we cannot but observe, that the legendary history of Abraham and Moses, as here given, is highly curious and full of the poetry of superstition—that the story of Solomon, as handed down by the Mohammedans, has a vast and gorgeous grandeur about it, which is almost too much for the cramped and cabined imaginations of these days to comprehend; and, descending to a later period, that some of the exploits of the Mohammedan heroes, are not to be exceeded in all the many pages of the book of romance. We shall give a few of the anecdotes concerning the famous Hatim Tai:—

"Hatim was liberal, wise, brave, and victorious: when he fought he conquered; when he plundered he carried off; when he was asked, he gave; when he shot his arrow, he hit the mark; and whomsoever he took captive, he liberated†. Hatim's fame for liberality spread over all the East: the sovereign of Damascus, to try its extent, sent to ask him for twenty camels with red hair and black eyes; a species of camel very rare, and consequently of great value. By offering to pay a double price, Hatim collected a hundred such camels, and sent them to Damascus; the monarch, not to be outdone in generosity, sent them back laden with the richest treasures, but Hatim, without a moment's hesitation, ordered the animals with their precious loads to be distributed to those from whom they were originally purchased. Shortly afterwards, the emperor of Constantinople wished to make the same experiment; he sent an ambas-

† See the *Adventures of Hatim Tai*, translated by S. Arnot, Esq., and published by the Oriental Translation Fund. One of the most interesting Oriental romances ever published.



sador to demand from Hatim a valuable steed to which he was much attached. The officer arrived late at night, was hospitably entertained, and in the morning stated the object of his mission. "It is too late," replied Hatim, "all my flocks and herds are at a distant pasture, and having nothing else wherewith to entertain you, I ordered that steed to be slain for your repast." The reputation of Hatim gave great offence to Naman, king of Yemen, who commissioned one of his courtiers to assassinate him. In obedience to the royal command, the emissary sought the Arabian tents; on his road, he met a man of dignified aspect, who invited him to share his hospitality. After a splendid repast, the courtier rose to depart, and in reply to the pressing invitations of his host, stated the dangerous task that he had undertaken. To his great astonishment, the host throwing open his vest, exclaimed, "Strike boldly, I am Hatim, and strike at once, that you may have time to escape the vengeance of my friends." These words were a thunderbolt to the courtier, he fell at the feet of Hatim, and solicited his forgiveness; after which, he returned with all speed to Yemen. After the death of Hatim, his brother Cherbeka resolved to follow his example, but was dissuaded by his mother, who said, "Son, it is not in thy nature." He disregarded the admonition, and opened the store-house with seventy doors, at which his brother used to distribute alms; the mother, disguised as a beggar, presented herself at the first door and was relieved; she had similar success at the second, but when she came to the third, Cherbeka exclaimed, "Twice have I relieved thee, and comest thou again?" His mother, discovering herself, replied, "Did I not tell thee, my son, that thou couldst not equal the liberality of thy brother? I tried him as I have tried thee, and he relieved me at each of the seventy doors, without asking me a question. But I knew thy nature and his; when I suckled thee, and one nipple was in thy mouth, thou always heldst thy hand upon the other, lest any one should seize it; but the conduct of Hatim was directly the contrary. He gave at every door, and made no observation."

We would also quote from the chapter containing the death of Antar, were we not sure that it will be soon common property, and did we not fear that by drawing so much upon the romance of the volume, we might seem indifferent to its historical value.

*First Report of the Commercial Relations between France and Great Britain.* By G. Villiers and J. Bowring. Presented to both Houses of Parliament.

THE commercial history of Europe, whenever written, will prove an edifying comment on Oxenstiern's celebrated phrase, "See, with what little wisdom the world is governed." In no other instance can we find so much obstinate adherence to error, accumulated folly so frequently denominated "wisdom of our ancestors," and so much absurdity lauded as sound policy. England and France seem actually to have run a race in absurdity: one would have supposed it sufficiently obvious that a rich neighbour will probably prove a good customer; but the direct contrary passed as an axiom at both sides of the channel; and even within our own memory, there were persons to be found who talked of the duty of Englishmen to depress the French. It is curious to see how early this jealousy began to operate: our Elizabeth, though the Greshams had done much to remove hindrances to trade, bribed Henry IV. to discourage navigation; the parliaments under the Stuarts frequently declared that trade with France

was ruinous; William III. asserted, that French commerce was a nuisance; in the reign of Anne it was gravely proposed, that no treaty should be made with France, unless on the condition of her never possessing a merchant ship; and since that period, the list of prohibitions, protecting duties, and restrictions, would require a goodly volume for their mere enumeration. France followed the amiable example, and even went beyond us; but it is more pleasing to turn to the brighter prospects opening on the world, than to contemplate "the shadows of the night now gone down the sky."

Baron Louis, the French Minister of Finance, having proposed to our government that a mixed Commission should be appointed to investigate the Commercial Regulations established between Great Britain and France, the proposal was accepted, and Dr. Bowring and Mr. Villiers were directed by the Board of Trade to meet Baron Freville and Count Tanneguy Duchâtel, the French Commissioners. The first Report of the English Commissioners is now before us, and rarely have we seen a more creditable state paper. It contains a vast mass of information, skillfully arranged in a tabular form, and the sound principles it inculcates, are supported by a mass of facts, sufficient to convince the most incredulous. Our neighbours are far behind us in the practical application of political economy; but, as there are still in this country, admirers of what was absurdly termed "the domestic system," we shall quote some examples of the effect their favourite system has produced in France:—

*Effects of Protective Legislation on Agriculture.*—"In the article of iron, to which we shall direct our attention in its proper place, the annual sacrifice made by the agriculturists to the protected iron masters, has been frequently allowed to be not less than from 1,500,000*l.* to 2,000,000*l.* sterling per annum. The lands cultivated in France are supposed to amount to 22,818,000 hectares, — equal to 57,050,000 acres English; and it is calculated that a team of oxen would cultivate fifteen hectares; hence, the quantity of ploughs employed in France are estimated at about 1,500,000. M. de la Roche-foucault represents the annual use and waste of iron at forty kilogrammes per team; but it has been more frequently estimated at fifty kilogrammes, — making, for the whole consumption, 75,000,000 kilogrammes of iron; which, at 90 francs per 100 kilogrammes, consumes fr. 67,500,000, — equal to 2,700,000*l.* sterling. Now, though this estimate is too high for an average calculation, it is undeniable that the iron could be imported from foreign countries at half the price; and the loss to agriculture alone must be taken at above one million sterling per annum. The annual consumption of France cannot be estimated at less than 160,000 tons of iron. The average difference of price between France and England has been for the last twenty years more than 10*l.* per ton. The smallest annual loss is therefore 1,600,000*l.* The law of 1822 has been more than ten years — that of 1814 was eight years in operation. They have cost the French people above 30,000,000*l.* sterling in positive and direct sacrifice of the national wealth, and double that amount in indirect sacrifice. The relative prices of French and English iron are now far more remote than they were when the protective system was called into its present active operation. Ruinous losses have attended many of the iron-making adventures. The largest of the iron companies have become bankrupt, and so far from the protecting expe-

riment having produced the consequences anticipated by its advocates, we shall be enabled to show, that its failure has been as signal as its cost has been enormous."

But this vast sum, though lost by the agriculturist, has not been gained by the manufacturer:—

"When, in 1814, the protection was continued to the manufacturers, it was with the understanding that this protection should be temporary, — two years only of privilege being then considered necessary to the establishment of their prosperity: they have enjoyed eighteen years of monopoly, and their complaints are more vehement than in 1814."

Still more fatal has the protective system been to navigation:—

"The commerce of France has, unfortunately, looked to administrative interference as its prime auxiliary. This is obvious in all its history, and especially in the shipping department; but no fair estimate has ever been presented of the cost to the nation, contrasted with the small comparative benefit to the merchant, of a determination to establish a trade, not growing out of the course of things, for which, as is invariably the case in all protecting legislation, some other and more lucrative trade has been sacrificed. France has surrendered to a commerce, with less than half a million of inhabitants of her colonies, that trade which intercourse with other tropical countries of the world and their numerous population would have opened to her, and with no very satisfactory result, even as to the colonial trade; since, in 1788, France had trading to Saint Domingo alone 527 ships, tonnage 167,665, manned by 9,855 mariners, — whilst in 1830 she had engaged in the trade to all her colonies only 407 ships, 101,283 tons of shipping, and 6,029 men. — (*Rapport sur la Pêche*, presented to the Chamber of Deputies)."

But the greatest curse to French navigation, is the system of bounties. In order to create a race of sailors, the government allowed a bounty on every man employed in the fisheries. The consequence has been, that the French vessels have thrice as many men on board as the English, that the trade is carried on at a ruinous expense, and that the crews are the most inefficient, helpless, and "lubberly" sailors in the world.

There is, to be sure, one class that has benefited largely by the system, the smugglers; and certainly their ingenuity deserves to be rewarded. The account of the contraband trade carried on by dogs, will surprise most of our readers:—

"The Director of the Custom House made, on the 30th of July, 1831, some very curious statements to the Minister of Finance on the subject of the fraudulent introduction of articles by means of dogs. He says, that since the suppression of smuggling by horses, in 1825, dogs have been employed; — that the first attempts were made in the neighbourhood of Valenciennes, and that it afterwards spread to Dunkirk and Charleville, — that it has since extended to Thionville and Strasburg, and last of all, in 1828, to Besançon.

"In 1823, it was estimated that 100,000 kilogrammes of goods were thus introduced into France, — in 1825, 187,315; — in 1826, 2,100,000 kilogrammes; all these estimates being reported as rather under the mark: the calculation has been made at 24 kilogrammes as a '*pro rata*' per dog. The dogs sometimes carry 10 kilogrammes, and sometimes even 12. The above estimate supposes that one dog in ten in certain districts, and in others one in twenty, was killed; but these calculations must necessarily be vague. In the opinion of many of the custom officers not more than one in seventy-five

is destroyed, even when notice has been given, and the dogs are exposed.

"Tobacco and colonial produce are generally the objects of this illicit trade; sometimes cotton twist and manufactures. In the neighbourhood of Dunkirk dogs have been taken with a burden of the value of 600, 800, or even 1,200 francs. Publications hostile to the government have not unfrequently been so introduced.

"The dogs which are trained to these 'dishonest habits' are conducted in packs to the foreign frontier: they are kept without food for many hours; they are then beaten and laden, and at the beginning of the night started on their travels. They reach the abodes of their masters, which are generally selected at two or three leagues from the frontiers, as speedily as they can, where they are sure to be well treated and provided with a quantity of food. It is said they do much mischief by the destruction of agricultural property, inasmuch as they usually take the most direct course across the country. They are dogs of a large size for the most part.

"The Report states, that these carrier dogs, being so tormented by fatigue, hunger, and ill-usage, and hunted by the Custom House officers in all directions, are exceedingly subject to madness, and frequently bite the officers, one of whom died in consequence in 1829. The dogs have also been trained to attack the Custom House officers in case of interference."

Smuggling is, indeed, a regular business, the rates of insurance to be paid for covering the risk of seizure, are generally known, and may be stated at twenty-five per cent. on the real value of the articles. The smugglers into England are, it would seem, a better organized community than the smugglers into France. The Commissioners thus account for the difference:—

"Generally speaking, the tariff of introduction into England is more regular and determined than that on imports into France; the principal reason being, that the masses smuggled are larger, the number of smugglers smaller, and the competition less; while, on the land frontier, the smugglers are multitudinous. No difference is made between the charge for delivering in London, or in Dover, while in France, as has been observed, the additional premium for delivery in Paris is very great. We have the following statement from an official source upon which we have reason to depend.

"The price for introducing silk goods into England, is from 20 to 25 per cent.; but these rates are levied only on the value fixed by the owner, which is seldom more than 35, 40, or at most 50 per cent. of the real value; and the smuggler, when taking the goods from the owner, deposits with him, or in the hands of a confidential third person, money to the amount of that reduced or fictitious valuation.

"Almost all the smugglers in the north of France are Flemings: those for the Channel are generally Normans, whose head quarters are at Caen. They, or their agents, attend 'Change as regularly as other merchants. It is a constant practice with them, to deposit the value of the goods confided to their care in a banker's acceptance, as a security to the owner."

After contemplating the evils, it is gratifying to find that there is a prospect of their being remedied. Dr. Bowring, in the Supplement to the Report, gives us the following cheering information:—

"Since that Report was prepared, a great and gratifying change has taken place in the state of public opinion in France. At no period have commercial questions occupied so much of the attention of the community in that country, and

certainly never has the progress of those convictions, which must ultimately lead to the emancipation of commerce from the fetters which have so long and so perniciously bound it, been so salutary and striking.

"In the course of the last year most of the Chambers of Commerce and many commercial commissions have been called on to express their views on the subject of the commercial policy which has so long depressed the enterprise and impeded the prosperity of a country so rich as France in all the elements of wealth and industry; and it may be said that their opinions have been almost unanimous in denouncing the prohibitory system as pernicious in its consequences, and demanding the gradual liberation of the country from its thralldom.

"When our Commission first began its labours, our prospects of success were neither bright nor extensive—arrayed against every suggestion of improvement were strongly-fenced interests—monopolies in high places—and public indifference. We have had the gratification of seeing the topic of free trade become popular, of witnessing not only increasing knowledge of sound principles, but increasing zeal in their advocacy, and think it may safely be anticipated that the measures of government will henceforth be directed in that channel of liberalism and well-advised national interest, which will form a most advantageous contrast to the policy of the last forty years."

*Jephtha's Daughter*: a dramatic poem. By M. J. Chapman. London: Fraser.

THE present are days of preparation, not of performance. The fields of literature are, as it were, lying fallow; and we know not as yet, what will next spring therefrom. Poetry, like every thing else, is undergoing a change amongst us: we do not believe with some, in the possibility of her utter extinction upon earth, or that, like the fairy folk, she will be utterly driven thence to seek a home among the inhabitants of some other planet, less mechanical and more imaginative than we are. She has lifted the veil which hides the darker passions, and more gloomy meditations of the human heart, by the agency of Byron and his followers—she has put the legends of the past, the brave deeds of chivalry, the songs of "bold knights and fair dames" into the mouth of Scott, and some few beside—she has sent forth Wordsworth on his pure and holy mission of preaching the religion of nature:—is she next to appear among us, as when she inspired the blind bard of old? will she again speak to us of the secrets of heaven, bring before our eyes the solemn times, when God deigned to hold converse with man face to face, and to govern the earth by the visible interposition of his wrath and mercy?

To speak a little more in customary common-place, there appears a decided leaning on the part of the poets of to-day, towards the themes and events of Scripture; and some of them, indeed, have given us strains of a merit far passing mediocrity; but as the subjects they have chosen are the highest which can be touched by man's genius, so it is that success is rare. They work under a disadvantage: the Bible has gone before them, and, in straining to imitate its impressiveness, they become either pompously elaborate, or baldly simple; their pictures are correctly drawn, or gorgeously coloured, but the breath of life is wanting.

Mr. Chapman is the latest of those who

have made sacred history the subject of their verse, and is not the least successful. But he is best in the gentler part of his story: the description of the onslaught of the Israelites, against the children of Ammon, is deficient in energy—that of the return of the hero, blasted by a sight which turns his triumph into tears, is unimpassioned, and falls short of our imaginations of the scene, instead of carrying us beyond them. An extract from the opening of the poem, between Miriam and the nurse, will fully bear out the former part of our judgment:—

Yet, darling! or I much misdoem, thy heart  
Has thought of marriage-song and bridal pomp;  
Flowers and soft words; harp, lute, and dulcimer;  
Tears of the waterhood, whose virgin life  
Has grown in sweet companionship with thine,  
From laughing eyes dropping on glowing cheeks,—  
The merry radness, and the sudden gush  
(O fond affection, when the loved one goes  
To happiness, but goes to it from them;  
Thy are half-sad, half-cheerful: and thy nurse—  
The dear old nurse, with whom thou eye hast slept,  
In loving sleep still growing to her side,—  
How the old lust will weep, and dash aside  
Her sullen tears, and kindle into smiles,  
Eloquent blessings, wishes, prayers, and vows!  
Then of that Celebration, which shall make  
The fairest Miriam a mother-nurse.

Wedded love  
At once receives and gives true happiness.  
It loves to share each sorrow, and impart  
Each pleasure. It is dressed with summer-smiles;  
It only knows one object, the Beloved.  
It is both blest and blessing; Sympathy,  
And chaste Affection, Concord, Faith, and Truth,  
Attend it as companions. In its train  
More the domestic graces; round it play  
The bright winged thoughts that minister to hope;  
And while the freshest airs of heaven creep round,  
Young buds of promise bloom and sanction it.  
Mirth thinks it sees thee garlanded and drest;  
Thy robe of spotless white; thy glossy hair  
Twined with a wreath of newly-gathered flowers;  
The veil upon thy brow; in thought I hear  
The burst of music and the tremulous voice  
Of that blest bridegroom call his Miriam;  
While from the multitude of Preparation,  
The light of radiance yet untraced,  
Like Hope's own bow, upon thy even brow,  
Thou comest forth to be—a blessed wife.

And a chorus deserves to be extracted for its beauty:—

The Guardian sits above!  
No tyrant, to afflict and slay,  
And scare our gentle doves away;  
He comforts every heart that grieves;  
Who leave him, only those he leaves.

For Heaven itself is love!  
The rose-dews of the early morn,  
Mid which the light of love is born,  
Are diamonded by many muns,  
To light the homes of Shining Ones!

Yes! love is all in all!  
The birds, that welcome in the spring  
Express it ever as they sing;  
It is the life of Seraphim,  
And the austere Cherubim.

In adoration fall!  
Centre of all the worlds that move,  
And trace round Him their paths of love,  
The Sun and Mover of the whole  
Breathes peace into the consumer's soul.

Too high, too high the theme!  
We know not yet what we shall be;  
But this we know, that we shall see,  
Who are his own, by covenant sealed,  
The glory of the Lord revealed.

But vain is Ammon's dream!  
The thief has like a reccant fed;  
The hoaster is discomfited;  
He flies! he flies, with barren brow!  
And why? Our God is with us now.

But see! the beauty of our valleys,  
The apple of our eye, comes forth:  
The light of joy is on her brow,  
And yet she pauses in her step.—  
Fleet as the roe young Miriam,  
Than any stock-dove gentler far;  
On either eyelid, dropping light,  
The dew of Morning sits;  
Her song excels the singing-bird's;  
She is our Bird of Paradise,  
For what more loving, lovely creature  
Steps in beauty on the earth?  
Her gentle presence would not scare  
The playful bird upon the lawn,  
Nor the mother-waiting fawn.

So fair, so sweet and innocent,  
 She were a fitting bride for man  
 As yet untarnished by defeature,  
 Who yet had every thing to lose,—  
 A queen of beauty for an Eden tower.  
 She marks us not; or else would come,  
 And let her always share her thoughts,  
 It may be that she hears a voice  
 We cannot hear:  
 Or that her mind is lighted up  
 By some winged minister,  
 To her inner eye revealing  
 The shadow of the Wonderful:  
 Whate'er it be, though rapt, she is not sad;  
 And now she comes.

The opening of the last lament for the fate of the maiden, is sweetly lyrical and touching. Should Mr. Chapman persevere in his intention of giving us a series of dramas from Holy Writ, we would recommend to him the more domestic stories of Ruth, or Joseph and his brethren, in place of the subjects he appears to have selected—they require a master of the lyre, one strong and soaring in his imagination, as well as tender in his thoughts and melodious in his verse.

*Origines Biblicæ; or, Researches into Primæval History.* By C. T. Beke. London: Parbury & Allen.

This volume would have been more appropriately named 'Researches into Primæval Geography'; for the object of the author is to show, that all present systems of Biblical geography are wrong, that we have been led into error by the translators of the Septuagint version, and that the true account of ancient Asia must be obtained from the description of the division of the earth between the sons of Noah. In the brief space of a single volume, the author has contrived to start more disputable theories than could be examined to any good purpose in a score of folios,—for instance, that the Book of Genesis was neither written nor compiled by Moses; that it was originally composed in a language different from Biblical Hebrew; that the descendants of Abraham changed their language while in bondage; that Egypt was not the place of their bondage; that the Deluge was a mere local inundation; that most of the rivers and seas in Asia have changed their place; and that the common theory of civilization is an absurdity. These are but a few of the novelties propounded by Mr. Beke—our readers will probably, however, be satisfied with the specimen.

The point which Mr. Beke labours most to demonstrate, is, that the Mizraim of the Old Testament is not Egypt, as has been universally supposed, but that portion of Arabia Petrea between the gulfs of Akaba and Suez. Now, let us just glance at the improbabilities of this theory, and the mode in which they are met. The Mizraim of the Bible was a powerful nation, far advanced in civilization; and yet no records are to be found of its industry, its arts, its commerce, its conquests—no traces of its buildings—no ruins of its cities. This, our author says, is wonderful—he might have added, and incredible. Mizraim was a country possessing one great river, with many subordinate streams and canals. The country between the gulfs of Akaba and Suez possesses no large river, and the existence of numerous canals in it is physically impossible. Henuiker says it resembles an ocean of lava, whose waves, while running mountains high, were suddenly ordered to stand still. Mr. Beke says the aspect of the country may have changed in

the lapse of ages,—where are the agents of change? Mr. Beke thinks that the mention of "the horse, proves Mizraim not to have been Egypt;" we beg to inform him, that chariots and horses are among the most common figures in Luxor and Carnac. He says that the Lihor cannot be the Nile, because Isaiah declares "the seed of Lihor" to be part of the revenue of Tyre;—now, there is no part of ancient history better known than the existence of an extensive commerce between Egypt and Phœnicia; the prophet, indeed, clearly shows that he alludes to the extensive trade of Tyre, in the passage, "the seed of Lihor—the harvest of the river is her revenue, and she is the mart of nations." The prophet Ezekiel alludes to this commerce, and mentions "fine-linen (cotton) and brodered work" among the imports of Tyre from Mizraim. Cotton was a native of Egypt, and weaving a principal occupation of the Egyptians; whereas the plant does not grow in Arabia Petrea, neither have the Arabs ever been celebrated for the products of the loom. As to the fancy, that the "harvest of the river" may mean the white sand from which glass was manufactured, it is too wild to deserve serious comment.

It would be useless to extend these objections to Mr. Beke's theory any farther: indeed, two of his suppositions destroy each other; for if the identification of places be wholly incorrect in the Septuagint version of the Scriptures, what reason have we to believe that the supposed Mizraïtic version was not similarly erroneous?

*The Life and Adventures of Dr. Dodimus Duckworth, A.N.Q.; to which is added, the History of a Steam Doctor.* 2 vols. New York: Hill; London, Kennett.

This is no very favourable specimen of American pleasantries. It is not the genuine thing, but is made up of the vulgar imitation of the dashing, slashing slang of the country in which it is produced, and of the quaint humour and extravagant style of some of our bygone English novelist-biographers; much is promised, but little achieved. The headings to the chapters are like the elaborate labels upon empty phials; they direct without there being a chance of the direction being fulfilled—they are "passages which lead to nothing."

With some trouble we have hunted out an extract or two, which, perchance, may give a little amusement,—but they are infinitely superior to the general contents of the volumes, and our readers, in perusing them, will remember Dr. Johnson's observation—"that you cannot judge of a building by the production of a brick or two as a sample." Having a dull book before us, our endeavour has been to make use of the least dull parts. We must say, however, that our Gratiano's bushel of chaff is deficient, lamentably deficient, in its grains of wheat!

The life of Dr. Duckworth is the life of a conceited vulgar swaggerer, brought up and practising as a Doctor; and is nothing but a history of his ignorance, his courting, and his professional blundering and vanity. The first outbreak of love upon the landlord's daughter is a fairish specimen of American trotting:—

"Supper was now announced; and Dodimus, after calling for another half mug of toddy, and

sharing it with the same man who helped him punish the first, went to his meal. Being pretty sharp set notwithstanding the sausages, the mince pie, and so forth, which he had devoured on his journey, he fell zealously to work, and for some time did not notice that a plump, ruddy-cheeked girl was waiting upon the table. However, having in some measure satisfied the cravings of hunger, he had time to look about him, and to indulge another appetite—to wit, admiration of the landlord's daughter. Eyeing her for some time, while his jaws rested upon a half-chewed mouthful of beef-steak, he at last swallowed the morsel, and cleared his mouth for speech.

"You are a darned wholesome looking gal, I'll be hanged if you aint. What may I call your name?"

"Susan Lovejoy, sir."

"Susan Lovejoy, ha? So, you're the landlord's daughter then. How old are you?"

"Seventeen last month."

"You're just the right age for me, I was eighteen the month afore that."

"You're a forward youth indeed."

"Aint I? Mother said I was as soon as I was born. I weighed twelve pound and a half."

"Father had a calf that weighed more than that."

"But he never had a boy that weighed more, I'll be shot if he had, or ever will have. Did you ever have a spark?"

"A spark! what is that?"

"Are you seventeen ye'r old, and don't know what a spark is? Why, gal, it's such a smart young fellow as I, that goes a courting."

"You a spark! Why, a thousand such as you wouldnt set the world afire."

"You'll see one of these days. Only wait three years and you'll tell another guess story. Any how, I should like plagu'y well to come and spark it with you some night."

"You won't have an opportunity though, I can tell you."

"I won't! what'll you wager a dollar now?"

"Do you think I'd stay with such a goose as you?"

"Yes, in less than no time if I'd ax you."

"I guess you'd better try it once."

"I can't stay now; I must be off to bed, so as to get up airy in the morning. But I should like darned well to have a kiss." So saying, Dodimus, whose spirits were a little elevated by the toddy he had drunk, as well as by the smart replies of the girl, proceeded towards her with lips advanced in order to execute the manœuvre just hinted at.

"You'd better keep your lips at home," said she, "if you know what's good for yourself; at the same time she gave him such a box on the ear as almost made him see stars in the middle of the room."

"But as opposition only excites the bold, the box on the ear had no other effect than to render him the more active in his gallant endeavours. 'That's nothing but a love-spat,' said he; 'but it's darned well laid on for all that. Howsomever, by the holy poker, I'll have a kiss.' With that he made another essay; and got a box on the other ear. He nevertheless followed up his attempts, only saying, that she struck darned spiteful for so handsome a gal."

The little bit of description of the bed is "all right." It is the only gem in the book:—

"Doctor Du-kworth was very soon provided with a house and shop, situated within a few rods of his father-in-law's, and indeed so near that the creaking of the tavern sign could be distinctly heard."

"Thinking he removed his blooming wife and her household furniture. This consisted of two beds: one being filled with live geese feathers,



and fit for the governor to sleep on; and the other with duck's, pigeon's, and various kinds of feathers—always, however, excluding those of the hawk, the owl, and other carnivorous birds, because it was believed the feathers of these would eat up all those of the more peaceable species of fowls. Thus, if but a single hawk's feather should find its way into a bed full of hen's feathers, it would in very short time devour all the latter, without in the least increasing its own bulk."

*Letter to the Rev. C. Gardner, of Sussex, upon the Advantages of Spade Husbandry.* By Archibald Scott, of East Lothian.

ANY suggestions for improving the agriculture, and increasing the sum of human food in our island, teeming with unemployed multitudes of men, must pre-eminently claim attention; for alterations in the poor laws, the tithes, the currency, and even the introduction of the system of allotments, could not materially affect the country for many years. It is therefore well that all suggestions should be patiently considered, by which relief may be given, without waiting for the slow-moving wheels of complex machinery, uncertain in its results. Mr. Scott is of opinion, that from the general introduction of spade husbandry great benefits would arise. An increase of the gross produce of the earth, with a diminution of the dead capital of the farmer, the saving of waste of soil by the present system of fallowing, and of one half of the quantity of manure now used in cultivation by the plough, with the collateral saving of poor rates, county rates, are a portion of the advantages which, in his opinion, are to be gained by an extensive introduction of cultivation by the spade.

The work before us is a lithographic letter received by the Rev. C. Gardner, a clergyman of Sussex, who recently advertised a reward of 100*l.* for any better plan than the present poor law of Scotland, for finding employment for the surplus labourers of England. This advertisement having fallen under the notice of Mr. Archibald Scott, an extensive scientific farmer of East Lothian, he forthwith proceeds, in the letter, which has been lithographed and published, to lay before the reverend gentleman his views upon the mode of effecting the grand changes, for which he offers this reward. It consists in an account of the operations with the spade, which Mr. Scott has for the last three years carried on to a considerable and increasing extent, upon his farm in East Lothian. The burthen of his letter is the proof here brought forward, of the superior cheapness of the labour of men over the labour of the horse. In the calculations and remarks of Mr. Scott, the direct gain to the farmer of the trenching system of cultivation is stated as follows:—

"In 1831," he says, "I determined to ascertain the difference of the expense and produce between trenching land with the spade, and summer fallowing with the plough in the usual way. I therefore trenched thirteen acres of my summer fallow break, in the months of June and July; I found the soil about fourteen inches deep, and I turned it completely over, thereby putting up a clean fresh soil, in the room of the foul and exhausted mould, which I was careful to put at the bottom of the trench: this operation I found cost about 4*l.* 10*s.* per Scotch acre, paying my labourers with 1*s.* 6*d.* per day. The rest of the field, which consisted of nine acres, I wrought with the plough in the usual way, giving it six furrows with the suitable harrowing. I manured the field in August, the trenched got eight cart-loads per acre, the ploughed land sixteen; the field was sown in the middle of September; the whole turned out a bulky crop as to straw, particularly the trenched

portion, which was very much lodged. On thrashing them out I found them to stand as under—

	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
By trenched wheat per acre, 32 bushels at 6 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i> .....	17 11 0	
To two years' rent, at 2 <i>l.</i> 10 <i>s.</i> per acre .....	5 0 0	
Expense of trenching .....	4 10 0	
Seed 3 bushels at 6 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i> .....	1 0 3	
8 cart-loads of manure at 4 <i>s.</i> .....	1 12 0	
Expenses of cutting, threshing, and marketing .....	1 10 0	
Profit .....	3 14 9	
By ploughed wheat per acre, 41 bushels at 6 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i> .....	14 3 4	
To two years' rent, at 2 <i>l.</i> 10 <i>s.</i> per acre .....	5 0 0	
6 furrows and harrowing at 10 <i>s.</i> .....	3 0 0	
Seed 3 bushels at 6 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i> .....	1 0 3	
10 cart-loads of manure at 4 <i>s.</i> .....	2 4 0	
Expenses of cutting, threshing, and marketing .....	1 10 0	
Profit .....	0 9 2	

Here then is a catalogue of advantages held out by Mr. Scott, as arising from spade husbandry; first, the gross produce of one acre of wheat is said to be ten bushels, or twenty-five per cent. greater by the trenching system, than by the plough: next, the trenched land is observed to bear this additional crop, with only eight cart-loads of manure, whilst the ploughed land does not produce so much by twenty-five per cent. with sixteen cart-loads, or one half more. Thus, if correct, the trenching system will have the effect of economizing the manure of the country, and rendering double the present quantity of land capable of bearing wheat and other crops of grain. The farmer, therefore, who should adopt the spade system, would not only raise twenty-five per cent. more wheat, at an expense for labour the same, but a double quantity of acres might be manured for wheat, and the other valuable white crops. It is to be remarked also, that the experiment of Mr. Scott is confined solely to the growth of wheat, but the garden system, when extended to other productions, as of potatoes, turnips, mangel wursel, or carrots, will increase its advantages by the superior value of the crops; and it is here stated, that carrots and mangel wursel have produced in money, full 70*l.* per acre by garden cultivation, upon the estate of a gentleman of the Society of Friends in the North of England.

Another advantage said to arise from the introduction of spade cultivation, is the supercession of the fallowing system; we shall here give the calculations of Mr. Scott:—

"I now saw, that though it might be profitable to trench over my fallow break during the summer months, it was by no means making the most of the system, as the operation was not only more expensive, owing to the land being hard and dry during the summer, but that it was a useless waste of time to take a whole year to perform an operation that could be as well done in a few weeks, provided labourers could be had, and as, in all agricultural operations, losing time is losing money, as the rent must be paid, whether the land is carrying a crop or not, so that in taking one year to fallow the land, and another to grow the crop, two years' rent must be charged against the crop, or at least there must be a rent charged against the rotation of crops for the year the land was fallowed. As I felt satisfied, that by trenching with the spade, the land would derive all the advantage of a summer fallowing, and avoid all the disadvantages attending it, I determined on trenching thirty-four acres of my fallow break, immediately on the crop being removed from the ground, and had it sown with wheat by the middle of November 1832. I may here remark, that I did not apply any manure, as I thought the former crop was injured by being too bulky. As it is now thrashed out, and disposed of, the crop per acre, stands as follows:—

	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
By average of the 34 acres, 41 bushels per acre at 7 <i>s.</i> .....	15 8 0	
To rent of land per acre .....	2 10 0	
Expense of trenching .....	4 0 0	
Seed .....	1 0 0	
Cutting, threshing, and marketing .....	1 10 0	
Profit .....	6 7 0	

Thus, the advantages held out as arising from changing the plough for the spade are, a perpetual rotation of crops, where now vast tracts of land are lying useless to man, with twenty-five per cent. more produce, and one half less manure, and human hands and mouths raising and consuming the food now raised and consumed by the unnecessary horse.

"The system," continues Mr. Scott, "I admit, is only in its infancy, but I have this year put it completely to the test, and should it succeed as well as it has done hitherto, it must take root and spread over the kingdom; and the landed interest in those districts of England where the poor laws are so oppressive, and still more the Irish proprietors, will do well to investigate the system, and have it introduced with the least possible delay, that what is now a burden on their estates, may become a source of wealth, and what is now a curse, may become a blessing.

"This system, if it succeed to my expectation, possesses all the requisites you require; it furnishes employment for the surplus population, by substituting manual labour for that of horses, and certainly, if there is a lack of food for both, it is desirable that the one should give place to the other. It will make bread plenty, as the naked summer fallows of Great Britain will be covered with grain instead of lying waste for a season. It will render corn laws unnecessary, as we will be then independent of foreign supplies. Farmers will be enriched, who are enterprising and industrious, and they only deserve to be so. It will raise rents, by increasing the capabilities of the soil, enabling the farmer to cultivate wheat to double the present extent. It will raise up a home market for our manufacturers, as the paupers who are at present starving, or living a burden on the parish, will find employment, and thereby be enabled to procure the necessities and comforts of life. It will check the poor laws, as there will then be none but the aged and the helpless dependent on parochial aid."

In conclusion, we recommend the extensive distribution and perusal in the agricultural counties, of this well-condensed letter. By submitting these facts to general opinion, Mr. Scott has rendered an important service to the agriculture of his country. Being a wealthy and a high-minded man, he does not aim at the pecuniary reward advertised by Mr. Gardner, to whom his letter is addressed; but an honorary reward from some of the public institutions would perhaps be accepted, and certainly be well bestowed.

*The Bow in the Cloud; or, the Negro's Memorial.* London: Jackson & Walford.

Now that the storm hath roared its last, and we are rejoicing in the prospect of peace and fair weather, comes, naturally enough, a book bearing the title of the symbol of reconciliation; and it is made up of the contributions of writers as widely differing in moods and capacities, one from the other, as the shades which compose the "triumphal arch" itself.

This graceful volume contains a collection of poems and short papers in prose, gathered many years ago, in the hope of aiding the cause of the Abolitionists; and therefore it is, that in its pages we find so much more of sorrow, and so much less of hope—so much more of the whips and frowns of the past,

and so much less of the peaceful future, than its title would lead us to expect. We like the poetry of the volume better than the prose—much of it is of a pure vintage, and has lost nothing of its flavour or fragrance by having been kept seven years. We must give a specimen, and it shall be from our old friend Mary Howitt. She may have written better than in the following poem; but there are few of her works in which the strength of her feelings is more fully developed:—

*The Negro Mother.*

I thank my God and yours, my blessed ones,  
That you were not born slaves; I'll tell you how  
A little negro babe grew sick and died  
Without its mother near it.

—She laid him down—and as a bird  
Struck with a mortal dart, she reeled,  
Yet dared not look again,—she heard  
The last, long summons to the field,  
She laid him down,—the only one,  
Her hope, her love dwelt fondly on.  
The only heart that hers had met  
With joy, and turned from with regret.  
A golden link in slavery's chain,  
The manna on life's desert plain,  
Which, through the weary day and night,  
Made slumber bliss, and labour light.  
All pain was hers the slave could know,  
Hard toil and insult, taunt and blow;  
Yet had her bright-eyed negro child,  
Almost to slavery reconciled.  
Her spirit, for his smiles could bring  
Lost pleasures to her soul, and him  
From out his love burst, like a spring.

That gladdens the parched wilderness.  
And toiling 'neath the scorching sun,  
She thought but how, when day was done,  
Sitting beside the plantain tree,  
Clasping his little playful hand,  
Or joining in his thoughtless glee,  
The mother's fondness might expand;  
And, thrilling like a fever pulse,  
Be for all pain a recompense—  
—A burning fever came at length,  
And bowed his frame, consumed his strength;  
And wild throes of delicious pain  
Filled with alarms his infant brain.  
He clasped his mother's neck and prayed,  
Madly and mournfully, for aid.

But vain his prayer—he sought not stay  
To watch beside him through the day.  
'Twas harvest time, when she must bear  
Of toil and task, a heavier share,  
So, sleepless through the night, she sat  
Watching beside her infant's mat,  
And with untiring love,  
Beat o'er him—soothed and wiled away  
The fears that made his brain a prey;  
And bathed his brow, and strove  
To please him with each thing she knew  
He loved when he was strong;

The tale that oft his wonder drew,  
His favourite sport and song.  
To lay his little cheek to hers,  
And his burning breath to feel,  
To hear the feeble plaint that stirs  
The heartstrings like the love's last appeal.  
—But day was up—the toil began—  
And she must go forth with her fettered race.

What hears the white man, though her son  
Be torn from her embrace,  
And left to die, of deaths the worst,  
In agonies of burning thirst?

What is a negro-infant's sorrow  
To him!—a mother's wild distress;  
Her groan of utter wretchedness,  
Or look of frenzied horror?

She must away to till the base  
Of her dark race, the blood nursed slave,  
So she laid him down, and forth she went,  
With a mother's out-raged feelings wild,  
And as the fiery sunbeams spent

Her frame, not of the searching ray  
She thought, but only how the day,  
Hour after hour, might wear away  
With her poor abandoned child.

All day she toiled—at night she sped  
To her hut, and there he lay—  
But cold and stiff, on his dreamless bed,  
Where life had passed away!

Alas! for that poor mother's wail,  
When she saw his cheek all wet with tears;  
And thought what anguish would assail  
His soul, when pangs and fears  
Came o'er him, and he called in vain

On the only one that was dear to him;  
Who could have soothed his dying pain,  
And blessed him ere his eyes grew dim.  
—At length she calmed her grief and laid  
Her infant in the plantain's shade;

And, as if lulling him to rest,  
Began a lowly warbled strain;  
For she knew in death the child was blest,  
And freed from the white man's chain:—

"My little one! my blessed one!  
Would I were laid with thee!  
Would that my limbs were fetterless  
In lands beyond the sea.

Would I could burst life's long dark dream,  
And be where thou art now,  
Where cool gales from my native stream  
Are freshening o'er thy brow.

"Thou art there! thou art there! I see thee stand  
On our broad river's shore;  
Thy father clasps thy little hand,  
And you are slaves no more.

Tell him, thou dear, thou happy one,  
Though I wear the white man's chain,  
My galling task will soon be done,  
And we all shall meet again.

"We all shall meet again, and see,  
In the towering lobe's shade,  
Our children sporting joyfully  
Where we in childhood played.—

My child, I will not mourn for thee;  
Your shouts are echoing wide,  
In the broad shade of the lobe tree,  
On our own river's side."

Nottingham, 1896.

MARY HOWITT.

In all that touches upon the deep sorrows  
of a mother's heart, there are few more elo-  
quent, and none more true, than Mary Howitt.

*Traité complet d'Anatomie descriptive et raisonnée. [Treatise on Anatomy, descriptive and rational.]* By P. P. Broc, D.M.P. Professor of Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery. In 4 vols. Vol. I. Paris: Rouvier; London, Dulau & Co.

WE have read with pleasure this introductory volume to a new and rational system of conveying anatomical knowledge, agreeing, as we do, with M. Broc, that the mode generally pursued is the most repulsive and the least philosophical that could be devised; that it renders a science, which should be delightful, disgusting; and that were it not for "the stimulus of necessity," (to use one of John Hunter's awkward, yet expressive phrases,) few who ever commenced it, as at present taught, would have constancy and firmness to triumph over the difficulties which are unnecessarily heaped around its access, and persevere so as to obtain the reward of their labours in a matured acquaintance with its wonders.

A student, on entering, for the first time, the lecture-room of a professor of anatomy, might naturally expect that, as he was commencing a science totally new, he should be furnished with some general indications of its nature and design; some bold outlines of its character and leading divisions; together with some clue or link by which it might be connected with his previous knowledge. But, to his astonishment, he meets nothing of all this. The professor, deep himself in the mysteries of organization, conceives that the student should forthwith be so too; and, if he be of the old Hallerian school, will treat him to a dissertation on the "elementary fibre," which has never been either seen, felt, heard, or (we may add) understood; or, if he be more of a microscopic physiologist, will give him an account of molecules or globules some two-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, which, he tells him, he may detect, if he have clear sight, a good lens, and a bright sun-shiny day, imbedded in a certain amorphous substance; and that this is the simplest form in which matter exists in organized beings. But if he be a chemist, he will push his analysis still further, and at the moment when the pupil is

expecting some view of man in his totality, he sees him put into a crucible, and brought out, now an earthy particle—now a gas—a *caput mortuum*—an insoluble residuum—till at last he fancies he has found a new meaning for the text, "Man's life is a vapour"; or tacitly acknowledges the physical truth of the poet's moralizing reflection, "Pulvis et umbra sumus!"

Meantime, as regards advance in the science, he is completely at a stand. Between what he now learns, and all his former ideas, there is a wide gulf fixed; so that when he would pass from the one to the other he cannot. Accustomed to behold man living, feeling, thinking, moving—exercising all the functions of animal and organic life—surrounded by multitudes of other beings with whom he has innumerable relations—influencing and being influenced, acting and suffering, compelled to exertion himself, and the cause of exertion in others—he utterly fails to recognize him when presented from the furnace, or beneath the microscope, divested of every circumstance that had given him interest, stripped of his beauty and his strength, reduced to a desolating abstraction—matter without form, structure without vitality—a brute mass.

*Sans teeth, sans yeux, sans taste, sans everything.*

This is a total *bouleversement* of all the principles of teaching, in which, every one will allow, we ought to proceed from things more known to things less known, and seek to connect our ideas by well-understood middle terms. But there are many abstract propositions universally allowed, and never acted on. Anatomists will, because they must, admit the truth of what we have laid down;—yet they pursue the same course of instruction, of which, if they ever reflected, they must themselves have experienced the ill effects, and cram the mind of the pupil with a number of isolated facts, which he retains by no other means than a strong exertion of memory,—totally ignorant of their mutual dependence and bearing, and therefore incapable of applying them to any train of reasoning, until, with great pain, and after the labour, perhaps, of many months, he has worked out for himself a few general views of the human frame, into which, almost to his own utter astonishment, his scattered ideas fit and dovetail like the pieces of a dissected map, which a child easily puts together, so as to form one whole, when once he has completed the exterior border. Upon this point we hope we speak clearly and distinctly, for we speak from conviction and experience. We can with truth assert, that, when pursuing the study of which we now speak, we found ourselves to have made more progress towards real efficient knowledge in a very few hours, than we had with constant and toilsome exertion for some months preceding; and those hours were the hours in which we first apprehended the point of contact between what we had now learned and what we had formerly known, and saw how to apply to living and moving man the facts gleaned from the dissecting-room. Such a phasis is to be gone through, in the mind, we would say, of almost every diligent, reflecting, anatomical student; until it has taken place, he is employed in the collection of barren and apparently uninteresting facts—once it has occurred, every fact becomes instructive and delightful: he no sooner sees

a muscle than he infers an action—no sooner traces a nervous connexion than he concludes a sympathy—every roughness on a bone has its object and utility—every inequality of surface its definite aim and end: he no longer remembers—he reasons: he is no longer an anatomist—he is a physiologist.

Why then has he not commenced as such? Simply from the obviously defective mode in which he has been taught. The science is attempted to be conveyed in a manner diametrically opposite to that in which it has been learned: the last term attained in anatomical knowledge is the first presented to the student's view; and he is expected to begin precisely at that point where the most profound researches of his master have ended.

We think we have clearly "demonstrated" an error—the very reasoning employed will almost suggest the amendment required. Suppose we were asked to describe the route from London to Edinburgh, by a person who had spent all his life in London, or had, perhaps, been a few stages on the northern road, it is evident we might begin our itinerary at Edinburgh, or we might begin it at London; but, in the former case, we should oblige our hearer to trust to his memory for a long string of names of all the different stages, respecting the position of which (supposing him not to be much of a geographer,) he could form no clear conception until we had brought him near to London; whereas, by inverting our order, and leading him from London to the first stage or two, which he did know, and so on to the next stages, which he did not know, we should allow him all along the advantage of a connected chain of ideas, and enable him to unite London with Edinburgh, through all the different stages, not only by the aid of his memory, but also of his understanding. Now, this is precisely what we want done for anatomy. Every one has seen, and can form certain conceptions respecting a living animal; few have seen, and fewer still can comprehend, your microscopic globules, or your elementary particles. Commence then with the stages of which your pupil has some notion: lead him from London to Edinburgh, not from Edinburgh to London: let him begin with the end of the clue which he holds in his hand, and then he is enabled to advance steadily, in place of groping darkly; he is no longer tracing the strokes and spots of a hieroglyphic inscription, but reading the words of an intelligible manuscript. By a somewhat different train of reasoning, M. Broc has arrived at pretty nearly the same conclusion; and the object of his present work is to reduce to practice what appears so unobjectionable in theory. He has not, according to our ideas, been altogether successful; however, as he is certainly on the right road, we can forgive slight deviations for the sake of the general direction; and hoping that his work, even where not good itself, may yet be the cause of good in others, we heartily recommend it to the notice of all those who, having completed their own anatomical studies, may be thinking of communicating their results to others: and to those who, not having yet commenced, or being only in their noviciate, may be considering about the most advantageous, and, at the same time, the most pleasing method of gaining an acquaintance with that science.

Before concluding our notice of this book.

we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that its pages, which contain so much that merits and receives our high approbation, should be polluted with an unworthy and unnecessary display of national prejudice. We had hoped that the time was gone when the French hated the English *because* they ate roast beef and plum-pudding; and the English despised the French *because* they ate frogs and wore wooden shoes: yet, will it be believed, that, in the nineteenth century,—in the enlightened and liberal capital of *la jeune France*,—a philosopher, treating of the human frame, should be found to subjoin to his chapter on digestion a note, in which he gravely assures his readers, that at every great English dinner-party a room is specially prepared, to which each guest retiring in turn—but no, take it in the Professor's own words:—

"C'est chez nos superbes et dédaigneux voisins,—c'est chez ces hommes que l'embarras de leur pesante masse a fait considérer comme les sages de l'Europe, que, dans un splendide repas, chacun, disparaissant à son tour, va dans un lieu où tout a été préparé d'avance pour recevoir l'horrible surcharge d'un estomac prêt à se déchirer, et reparait ensuite aussi bien disposé qu'auparavant à se mettre dans le cas de disparaître encore; c'est chez eux que ce qui se passe dans une fête, dans un festin, n'est digne d'être publié que lorsque les convives, honteusement étendus sur le parquet ou sur la terre, sont couverts, entourés de ce qu'avec horreur les organes repoussent loin d'eux; et ce sont moins les gens du peuple qui se dégradent ainsi, que ceux qui occupent le premier rang dans la société!"

We are happy in the acquaintance of too many of M. Broc's countrymen, to suppose, for a moment, that such an absurdity can receive from them the least credit: we may be pardoned for asking, does M. Broc believe it himself?

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Brother Tragedians, a Novel*, by Isabel Hill.'—The main object of this tale seems to be the laudable one of endeavouring to remove, or, at least, to reduce, the prejudices in vulgar minds (for there are vulgar minds in all classes of society,) against actors and actresses, by showing that, as many virtuous qualities exist among them as among any equal number of those who constitute themselves judges of their private lives and actions. This good intention is interwoven with a story of some interest, and those who have so many hours to spare for light reading, may give three or four of them to a book which is full of good feeling, at the same time that it is of the most modest pretensions. Obscurity is the chief defect of the style; but a perusal will show that there are passages of strong writing to be met with. Miss Hill has long been a contributor to various periodicals, and we wish her success in the new and higher flight which her fancy has taken.

'*The Northernmen, a Poem in four Cantos*, by Dilnot Sladden.'—The wild days and deeds of the Jarks are not a theme for a feeble poet: we can forgive, in the telling of them, language rude even to coarseness, and verses as rough as the waterslaves by the prows of their pirate barks; but a tame song of their achievements, is like a stiff pencil sketch of a lion hunt, half obliterated. Mr. Sladden should read Motherwell's fine stirring ballads, and content himself for the future with more silken subjects for his verse.

'*Outline of a system of National Education*.'—Provide schools in which all the children of the

empire shall be well fed, tastefully clothed, ably directed, furnished with capital for carrying on trade, and savings-banks, where the profits of their industry may be deposited: have judges and juries chosen from among the boys to decide all ordinary cases of offence, and let the tutor always appear to his pupils a superior being—such is an outline of the plan proposed in this work, by some person whom the study of Kant has completely mystified; he hints that animal magnetism may be used with some effect in the process of education, but in this part of the volume, he is so very "transcendental," that we ordinary mortals despair of discovering his meaning.

'*The Calendar of Nature, or Natural History of the Year*, with designs by George Cattermole.'—Many happy remembrances of the days of our boyhood, are connected with this same Calendar of Nature, and we took it up with all the pleasure of meeting an old friend. The present edition, however, far outshines in beauty the one we have sat so many hours conning over: the illustrations by Cattermole are all good, and full of nature; some of them are worthy of Bewick himself.

'*Instructive Fables*, by the author of *The Last Day of the Week*.'—Another pretty book for young people, and, like the last, daintily set forth with wood-cuts. The fables are pleasantly written, and the Morals less offensively didactic than many, yet sufficiently made out to convey wise and wholesome lessons.

'*Geometry without Axioms*, 5th Edition, by a member of the University of Cambridge.'—We bestowed our meed of praise on the fourth edition of this valuable little work, in our 298th number, but at the same time expressed some doubt respecting the completeness of the new demonstration of the properties of parallel lines, offered by the author. There appeared to us a break in the subsidiary propositions, and we rejoice to find, that the deficiency has now been supplied. After a careful examination, we incline to believe, that Colonel Thompson has removed the old opprobrium of geometry, and given a demonstration of Euclid's twelfth axiom, without introducing any unproved principle. But the author must not rest satisfied with this mathematical tract. We recommend him to publish the Elements of Physics, adhering to the same plan of rigid demonstration, and pointing out the Peirasmata, or truths derived from experiment, on which Natural Philosophy is founded. The great success of this work is a gratifying proof, that the severe beauty of the Greek geometry has not lost its attractions for mathematicians, and that the calculus has not destroyed the taste for rigid demonstration.

'*Ireland, as it was,—is,—and ought to be*, by R. Montgomery Martin, 3rd Edition.'—We bestowed high, but qualified praise on the first edition of this work in our 278th number, regretting to find, that the able author had weakened his array of facts, by personal attacks on "the repealers and their chief." Mr. Martin declares that the charge of having "vituperated Mr. O'Connell" has given him pain,—which we sincerely regret,—but he adds that the charge is unfair, an assertion he should not have hazarded, when such phrases as "the blinded ambition," "the barefacedness," "paltry spleen," "mercenary principles," &c. of Mr. O'Connell and his supporters, may be found in almost every page. We regret these phrases the more, because Mr. Martin's work is a valuable collection of important facts from official sources, and contains one of the best pictures of the present state of Ireland that we have yet seen.—To this edition there is appended a very excellent pamphlet, on the introduction of Poor Laws into Ireland; but how can Mr. Martin hope to have it read by Irish country gentlemen, when he quotes with something very



like approbation from a Dublin paper, the following furious passage?

"The Irish country gentleman is, we are sorry to say, in general the most incorrigible being that infests the face of the globe. In the name of law, he tramples on justice; boasting superiority of Christian creed, he violates Christian charity, and is mischievous in the name of the Lord. Were the Irish government inclined to govern this country with good policy—which, bless its heart, it is not—the greatest impediment it would find would be in the arrogant, besotted, tyrannical, grasping, rack-renting, spendthrift, poor, proud, profligate, and ignorant country gentlemen (as they are misnamed) of Ireland."—*Dublin Pilot*, 2d January, 1833.

This is a bad way of securing a favourable hearing.

'*Encyclopædia Britannica*.—Part 50.'—Nearly one half this edition is now published;—it is hardly necessary for us to repeat, that the valuable Supplement is incorporated with it, or again to recommend it to the public; but circumstances forewarn us, that in this age of authorized picking and stealing, of literary quackery and diffusion manufacture, it will be long before another opportunity of possessing such a work will be offered to the public. We are well pleased to see that the proprietors have resolved to carry the war into the enemy's camp; and we draw especial attention to an announcement which has just reached us, of a new issue of this valuable work, the first part, *price three shillings*, to be published early in July, and continued every alternate week. Here, then, is an opportunity, at a cost of 1s. 6d. a week, of possessing a copy of a work of the highest repute.

'*Chambers's Introduction to Arithmetic*.—This little compilation deserves to be favourably noticed, for the valuable mass of information contained in the illustrative examples.

'*Chambers's Questions*.—A very well arranged series of progressive exercises in Geography and Astronomy. The work has been sanctioned by the approbation of Miss Edgeworth, and a higher testimony of its merits could not be given.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### TRANSLATION FROM REDI.

UNDERNEATH an aspen tree  
Robin sat, and hung his head;  
Then he rubb'd it thoughtfully,  
Then he sigh'd, and then he said:  
"What is this that's moving here,  
Dancing, tickling, round my heart?  
If it should be Love,—I fear,  
I may play some foolish part.  
Love, who laughs at giving pain,  
Will not let a body rest,  
Twisting, turning round the brain,  
Searching, rummaging the breast.  
Love's the devil, unchain'd, wild,  
The old tempter, only bolder;  
And, though he appears a child,  
Caudle-cups are scarcely older.  
What have I to do with you?  
What have you to do with me?  
Devil-Love! I thought you knew  
That I would be fancy-free.  
If I can—and I will try—  
If I can, I'll drive you hence;  
I will make you pine and sigh,  
Drive you into penitence—  
Make a monk of you at once!  
But beware that your complexion  
Leads you not among the Nuns,  
Offering spiritual direction.  
How those hooded girls would stare,  
How they'd ponder on transgression,  
If they saw your Reverence there,  
Sitting to receive confession!"

## TABLE-TALK.—No. III.

BY THE LATE ELIA.

ADVICE is not so commonly thrown away as is imagined. We seek it in difficulties. But, in common speech, we are apt to confound with it *admonition*; as when a friend reminds one that drink is prejudicial to the health, &c. We do not care to be told of that which we know better than the good man that admonishes. M—— sent to his friend L——, who is no water-drinker, a twopenny tract 'Against the Use of Fermented Liquors.' L—— acknowledged the obligation, as far as to twopenny. Penotier's advice was the safest after all:

"I advised him——"

But I must tell you. The dear, good-meaning, no-thinking creature, had been dumb-founded a company of us with a detail of inextricable difficulties, in which the circumstances of an acquaintance of his were involved. No clue of light offered itself. He grew more and more misty as he proceeded. We pitied his friend, and thought,

God help the man so wrapt in error's endless maze: when, suddenly brightening up his placid countenance, like one that had found out a riddle, and looked to have the solution admired, "At last," said he, "I advised him——"

Here he paused, and here we were again interminably thrown back. By no possible guess could any of us aim at the drift of the meaning he was about to be delivered of. "I advised him," he repeated, "to have some *adeite* upon the subject." A general approbation followed; and it was unanimously agreed, that, under all the circumstances of the case, no sounder or more judicious counsel could have been given.

A laxity pervades the popular use of words. Parson W—— is not quite so continent as Diana, yet prettily dissembleth his frailty. Is Parson W—— therefore a *hypocrite*? I think not. Where the concealment of a vice is less pernicious than the bare-faced publication of it would be, no additional delinquency is incurred in the secrecy. Parson W—— is simply an immoral clergyman. But if Parson W—— were to be for ever haranguing on the opposite virtue,—choosing for his perpetual text, in preference to all other pulpit topics, the remarkable remittance recorded in the 39th of Exodus,—dwelling, moreover, and dilating upon it,—then Parson W—— might be reasonably suspected of hypocrisy. But Parson W—— rarely diverteth into such line of argument, or toucheth it briefly. His ordinary topics are fetched from "obedience to the powers that are"—"submission to the civil magistrate in all commands that are not absolutely unlawful;" on which he can delight to expatiate with equal fervour and sincerity. Again, to *despise* a person is properly to *look down* upon him with none, or the least possible emotion. But when Clementina, who has lately lost her lover, with bosom heaving, eyes flashing, and her whole frame in agitation, pronounces with a peculiar emphasis, that she "*despises* the fellow," depend upon it that he is not quite so despicable in her eyes as she would have us imagine.—One more instance:—If we must naturalize that portentous phrase, a *truism*, it were well that we limited the use of it. Every commonplace or trite observation is not a truism. For example: A good name helps a man on in the world. This is nothing but a simple truth, however hackneyed. It has a distinct subject and predicate. But when the thing predicated is involved in the term of the subject, and so necessarily involved that by no possible conception they can be separated, then it becomes a truism: as to say, A good name is a proof of a man's estimation in the world. We seem to be saying something when we say nothing. I was describing to F—— some knavish tricks of a mutual friend of ours. "If he did so and so," was the reply, "he cannot be an honest

man." Here was a genuine truism—truth upon truth—inference and proposition identical; or rather a dictionary definition usurping the place of an inference.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We may, we believe, now announce that an *Institution of British Architects* is about to be formed; the plan is, indeed, so far matured, and so many influential professional men have enrolled their names as members, that we should perhaps be justified in stating that the Institution is formed. The object is for the cultivation and improvement of architecture, both in theory and practice, and the upholding the character of its professors. As a means of attaining these objects it is proposed—"To form a Library of Works of every kind connected with Architecture.—To form a Museum of Antiquities, Models, Casts, Specimens of the various Materials used in building, and of all objects tending to illustrate the Arts and Sciences in their application to design and construction.—To provide the means of performing experiments upon the nature and properties of Materials, and upon their constructive arrangement.—To have periodical meetings of the Members, for the purpose of discussion and improvement by Lecture, Essay, or Illustration."

The Society of Arts held their annual meeting on Tuesday, when the prizes to the successful candidates were delivered by the Duke of Sutherland, in place of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, who was absent from indisposition; among the many who received medals on this occasion were Mr. Grant, for his improvements in the baking of ship-biscuit.—Mr. Laurie, for a new stirrup.—Captain Bagnold, for a pair of anatomical forceps, whereby the risk of accidents attendant upon *post mortem* examinations is greatly diminished.—Mr. Parkyn, for a new machine for perspective drawing, &c.

A German Improvisatore, M. Langenschwartz, has just arrived from the continent, where his exhibitions have excited a more than ordinary degree of astonishment and admiration. Although the German language is remarkably ductile, and affords great facilities for the formation of rhymes, the talent of improvisation is almost, if not quite, as rare in Germany as in England, and M. Langenschwartz is, we believe, the only German who has recently attained to celebrity by the exercise of it.—Mullbran and De Periot are also shortly expected, coming, we suppose, in the hope of making engagements with the committees of the Autumnal Festivals. We fear they will find that they have come too late.

This week has been like the last, only more abundant in sight-seeing novelties. We have visited *The Cosmorama* in Regent Street, where several new pictures are exhibited. Among them, Views of the Hippodrome at Constantinople, the Interior of the Church of St. Gudule, at Brussels, and the Grand Cascade, and part of the Palace of St. Cloud, as illuminated for a public festival. We have also looked in at *Mr. Hollins's Gallery of Sculptures*, which is re-opened in Old Bond Street: the present are not happy days for works in that most classical branch of the arts, and we were sorry to see his group of 'Zephyr and Aurora' still in plaster. We were much pleased with a bust of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, which is full of poetry and expression, and a faithful, but not a mechanical likeness. Two large pictures, representing the 'Woman taken in Adultery,' and 'Christ raising the Widow's Son,' are also exhibiting at *The Queen's Bazaar* in Oxford Street. They are the first and second attempts of the artist, and rather to be examined as promises than performances. We must, however, observe, that the needlessly gigantic scale on which they are painted, exaggerates many de-

fects which, in smaller pictures, would escape common observation.

There is little of interest in the *Magazines* for the month. The *Dublin University Review* gives us extracts from an unpublished drama by Maturin. We should be glad to see the best of the works of this irregular genius reprinted in a collected form.

We must remind our readers, that another Exhibition at the gardens of the Horticultural Society takes place this day. The last was delightful.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 29.—J. W. Lubbock, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Cooper's paper on the colorific rays that enter into the composition of white light, was concluded.

A letter from Dr. John Davy, in reply to the objections urged by Dr. Daubeny against his account of the gases disengaged from the shoul formed by the late volcanic island in the Mediterranean, was read. Dr. Daubeny is of opinion that these gases originate in volcanic action.—Dr. Davy thinks that they are derived from the decomposition of sea-water; but the experiments seem too limited to establish either theory decisively.

A paper was read, on the laws that regulate the motion of steam-vessels, by Peter Barlow, Esq. The author gave, in a tabular form, the result of several experiments made to ascertain the relative velocities of the government steam-vessels. From these he deduced several inferences, of which the most important is, that vertical floats give little additional speed, except when the vessel is deeply immersed, and that increasing the diameter of the wheel is of very questionable utility.

A paper was read, on the construction and application of negative achromatic lenses, by P. Barlow, Esq. The author entered into minute details of the advantages to be derived from this new invention, and ascribed its practical application to the zeal and ingenuity of Mr. Dollond. The details were strictly technical, and consequently unsuited to the general reader.

The last paper read was, 'Remarks on the Mode in which the Equilibrium of Fluids is usually treated,' by James Ivory, Esq. The paper was purely mathematical, and introductory to the investigation of the laws that determine the shape of a fluid planet in equilibrium. It is generally known, that Maclaurin has shown that a planet shaped as an oblate spheroid will fulfil the laws of a fluid mass in equilibrium, but that the converse of this proposition has not yet been established by mathematicians.

June 5.—Bailey, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The reading of Mr. Ivory's paper, 'On the Equilibrium of a mass of Homogeneous Fluid placed at liberty,' was concluded.

Mr. Faraday's eighth series of papers on Experimental Electricity was next read. The author detailed minutely, and illustrated by a diagram, a very ingenious *experimentum crucis*, for establishing the identity of the voltaic current with chemical action, and proving its independence of the mechanical contact of the metals. Unfortunately, it would be impossible to describe the circumstances of the experiment without Mr. Faraday's diagram. The general results were, that mechanical contact is not necessary to the action of voltaic electricity, but merely opens a path for its passage; that the intensity of the voltaic current is directly proportionate to the chemical affinities brought into action, and the quantity of the current directly proportionate to the quantity of matter employed.

Several gentlemen were elected Fellows, amongst whom were the Marquis of Breadalbane and Lord Teignmouth.

### SOCIETY OF ANTIQVARIARIES.

May 29.—H. Hallam, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—A Roman medallion, bearing a very fine head of Vespasian, was exhibited to the Society. It was discovered lately on excavating in Gracechurch Street, on the site of one of the houses which have been removed in the course of the improvements there.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells exhibited a ring, apparently of early date, which was lately found at his Lordship's cottage of Panwell. It was well executed, but much worn, and is enriched with a precious stone, apparently a ruby, having the figure of a lion sunk in it.

Sir H. Ellis read a paper communicated by Mr. W. G. Otley, on the antiquity of the use of cotton in the manufacture of paper, as compared with that of linen. Whether however, the communication was an original composition, a translation, an abstract, an extract, or a combination of these, was not very well understood.

### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

May 26.—Col. Leake, V.P., in the chair.—Further extracts were read from Major Campbell's communication, regarding the British settlements established in 1824, and withdrawn in 1829, from the north coast of Australia. We now, therefore, redeem our promise of laying an analysis of this before our readers.

These settlements, which were placed, one on Melville Island, in lat. 11° 30' south, long. 131° east, and about fifteen miles from the main land of Australia, the other in Raffles Bay, on the east side of Cobourg Peninsula, which projects from the main land in about 132° east, were originally suggested by our merchants trading with the Oriental Islands; and the plan of their establishment seems to have been well devised, although it entirely failed of success from the injudicious selection made of the above respective localities. The entrance to the harbour in Melville Island was so extremely difficult, that in the four years during which it was occupied, not a single vessel touched at it, excepting such as were sent expressly with supplies. The country about it was also so arid and difficult of cultivation, that the settlement remained to the last entirely dependent on foreign supplies, even for fresh meat; and thus the discouraged settlers were kept struggling from beginning to end with elementary difficulties, and never had leisure to look abroad in search of means of turning their situation to account. Port Raffles was also an inferior harbour, selected under an impression, subsequently proved erroneous, that Port Essington, a noble port some miles farther west in the same peninsula, was without fresh water. Major Campbell's communication therefore, while it minutely details the difficulties and disappointments which attended the settlements at both the above points, anxiously maintains the argument, that the occupation of Port Essington would be even yet an interesting and important British enterprise. And it may, perhaps, give interest to our subsequent details, if we preface them with this argument: though it is placed at the end, and not at the beginning of Major Campbell's own paper.

The northern coast of Australia, from Moreton Bay on the east coast, to Swan River on the west, a distance exceeding 3000 miles, is at this moment (1834) not only unoccupied, but even to a great extent unknown. The eastern part of it, where Port Essington is situated, abounds in trepang, pearl-shell, tortoise-shell, and other products, which bear a high value in the Chinese market; while its more westerly portion, from the currents prevailing along the shore, the high and rapid tides found near it, and the general

character of its coast, is believed, on strong grounds, to contain the mouth of a considerable river, up which, were it discovered, it is probable that an extended intercourse might be maintained with the best part of Australia. The occupation, then, of Port Essington would, as Major Campbell contends, both improve the known resources of this coast, and lead to the discovery and eventual improvement of the unknown. He is persuaded further, that both Chinese junks and Malay trading proas could be easily allured to it; and that the former, with a little encouragement, would speedily bring over many useful settlers. Being situated near Torres Straits, convict ships from New South Wales to China would be glad to touch at it, and procure cargoes for the latter market. It would be a place of great strength and importance in the event of a war, and would protect our eastern trade better than any other point in these seas: while, in the meantime, its occupation would develop and promote the growth of this more effectually than any other step that could be devised.

These were the arguments which led to the original occupation of Melville Island and Port Raffles; and to which, while recording their failure at these points, Major Campbell still attaches great weight, when applied to Port Essington. Without adverting to them again, we shall now give the leading particulars, with which his communication has furnished us, respecting the three places in succession.

Melville Island is situated between the parallels 11° 8' and 11° 56' south, and the meridians 130° 20' and 131° 34' east; and besides being distant, as already observed, fifteen miles from the north coast of Australia, is separated from another considerable island called Bathurst's Island, by a narrow winding channel, called Apsley's Straits, within which the settlement was placed, and the difficulty of whose navigation proved one of its greatest disadvantages. Both islands are low, and well covered with timber; but both are alternately rocky and swampy, with few intervals of productive soil. Their sea-coast is also thickly set with mangroves, growing chiefly on salt marshes.

The average height of Melville Island, is 70 feet, but some points rise to 200. Its aspect is at first promising, the vegetation being luxuriant; but some noxious quality seems to exist in the native grasses, for unless when they were converted into hay, cattle set to them almost invariably died in a short period. The timber, though slender in the stem, is generally of a useful quality; the prevailing kind is eucalyptus; but there are many varieties also of palms, especially the sago, gram, and cabbage-palm. Only two kinds of fruit tree were found, viz. two species of apple and a plum; and both were inferior in quality. There is little underwood on the island, unless in the swamps; and the ordinary crop of timber was from 120 to 150 trees per acre. The land was not thus difficult to clear, but excessively difficult afterwards to break up; especially without draught animals, which could never be long kept. And the easier labour being preferred to the more difficult, when Major Campbell took the command in 1826, he found 147 acres cleared of the wood, but only three under cultivation; though it is to be observed at the same time, that in the infancy of the establishment, a considerable demand existed for wood, for the purpose of building.

The native animals on Melville Island are the kangaroo, opossum, bandicoot, native dog, a small brown rat, a species of squirrel, and an animal with a sharp nose, the body covered with dark brown hair, a tail fourteen inches long, and bare, like that of a rat, excepting within three inches of the tip, which is covered with long white hair; measuring twenty-seven inches from the extremity of the nose to the tip of the tail, and excessively destructive to poultry. The ternate

bat, or flying fox (*Myotis campyru*, Linn.), is also numerous in the vicinity of the creeks. The specimens procured measured ten inches in length of body, and three feet between the extremities of the out-stretched membrane. Birds are numerous, and their plumage brilliant. Among them are two varieties of cockatoos, seven of paroquets, six of pigeons, four of kingfishers, including the gigantic kingfisher (*Halcyon gigantea*), swamp pheasants, quail, curlews, wild geese and ducks, sand larks, several cranes, muggies, ravens, hawks, &c. Reptiles are also numerous, especially snakes, several of which are poisonous. Lacerte, and other Saurians, are abundant. Alligators swarm in the creeks, measuring from fourteen to seventeen feet in length; and turtle are common on the sea-coast, but not within Apsley Straits, so that they could very seldom be procured for the settlement. Fish generally could only be procured with difficulty for the same reason.

The climate of Melville Island was found injurious and debilitating to the European constitution; not producing in many cases death, but in all frequent indisposition. Ague and dysentery were the prevailing complaints. The natives continued to the last unfriendly; and, though not sufficiently numerous to be really formidable, their enmity, indicated by frequent thefts, ambushes, and other aggressions, narrowed the range, and otherwise curtailed the comforts of the settlers. It was much to their own satisfaction that they were finally removed in 1829.

Raffles Bay is situated, as already noticed, on the eastern side of Cobourg Peninsula, an extensive projection from the main land of Australia, in about 132° east longitude. It is of a circular form, the diameter being about three miles; but it is very shallow, especially on the outside, and its entrance is inconvenient, though not positively difficult. The land in its immediate vicinity is of the same character with that on Melville Island, but drier, and more free from swamps. These latter, also, where they do exist, are shallower, so that in the dry season the pigs belonging to the settlement fattened rapidly on roots which they found in them. The climate was also found considerably more salubrious than on Melville Island, and the difficulties encountered by the settlers were, proportionally to all these circumstances, greatly less. As a trading station, however, its success, though partial, was not sufficiently striking to induce government to retain it when Melville Island was given up. In every respect Major Campbell considers it inferior to

Port Essington, situate in 11° 7' south latitude, and 132° 12' east longitude; a noble port, extending seventeen miles in a direction S.S.E. into the interior of Cobourg Peninsula, which itself projects about fifty miles from the main land of Australia, and is connected with it by a narrow neck of land, five miles long, and not more than two and a half wide. The Peninsula afterwards widens to about fifteen miles, and carries this breadth along a considerable portion of its length. Its elevation is various, from thirty to three hundred feet above the level of the sea; its soil is generally good, and climate healthy.

The entrance to Port Essington is perfectly open and unobstructed, so that it may be entered with almost equal ease by night as by day. Its average width is about five miles; its depth of water twelve, nine, and five fathoms. At its head it divides into three spacious harbours, each extending inwards about three miles, with a breadth of about two, and perfectly land-locked. The bottom is stiff mud and sand. The shores present a pleasing variety of little bays and sandy beaches, alternating with bold cliffs and steep clay-banks. Inland, the continuous forest of trees is occasionally relieved by small round hills, rising perhaps one hundred feet above the usual level of the country, which is otherwise

pleasingly undulating, being in general about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, but occasionally dipping below sixty.

The vegetation round the Port is luxuriant; the forest lands are free from underwood, and the native grasses, round Port Raffles at least, were not found injurious to stock as those on Melville Island. The climate is also much superior; the soil deeper, and the resources in every respect more abundant. Fish are caught in quantities in the Port; turtle are common, and the sperm-whale is in the adjoining sea.

The natives in Cobourg Peninsula resemble those on Melville Island, but were not found by any means so intractable. Their countenances are intelligent, and perhaps fierce; but after intercourse with them was fairly established—in particular, after they were made distinctly to understand that thefts were forbidden, and would be punished—they behaved well, and with less caprice than is usually found among savages. They were found to be, in all respects, indeed, much superior to their brethren near Port Jackson, being divided into three castes, or classes, called Mandrogillies, Manburghies, and Mandrowillies, between whom a distinct difference of rank was observable, but not, as far as could be observed, any separation of occupations. The first were superior to the others in form and stature, as well as in rank. Their women were seldom seen, and the entire number of natives within the Peninsula was not believed to be considerable. They are great turtle hunters; but do not use the trepan, which bears so high a value in the Chinese markets, and which abounds along their shores.

The thanks of the Society were voted to Major Campbell for his communication, and a short letter was afterwards read, addressed to the Secretary by Mr. Rea, of His Majesty's Navy, who had been embarked in an expedition fitted out last year by Messrs. Enderby, of London, to prosecute Captain Biscoe's discoveries in the Antarctic Seas. It appeared from this, that this public-spirited attempt had totally failed, in consequence of the loss of one of the vessels composing the expedition, on an ice island in latitude 60° south, longitude 57° 30' west, long before reaching the spot destined to be investigated; but, in Mr. Rea's opinion, this was a mere accident, and ought not to discourage another attempt. The expedition had afterwards visited East Falkland Island, and very fully examined it.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY, June 2.—The Rev. W. Kirby, Honorary President, in the chair.—Numerous donations of books and insects were announced from the French Entomological Society.—Professors Audouin, of Paris, Reich, of Berlin, and others. Letters were read from M. Schonherr, the Swedish naturalist, and from M. Lefebvre, of Paris. The following memoirs were read:—Upon the Sphinx Ephemeriformis of Haworth, an unique specimen of which only exists, and which forms the type of a new genus Thyridopteryx, by Mr. Stephens.—Descriptions of the Larvæ of various species of Beetles, and of the Pupæ of the Snake Flies Raphidia, in opposition to the views of M. Percheron, by Mr. Waterhouse.—Observations upon the Habits of one of the burrowing solitary Wasps Odynerus Antilope, in opposition to the theory of the Count de St. Fergan, by Mr. Westwood.—Thysanura Hibernica, or Descriptions of such species of the Linnean genera Lepisma and Podura, as have occurred in Ireland, by Mr. Templeton, with some introductory remarks upon the order by Mr. Westwood.—Mr. Spence exhibited specimens of a very minute species of Ant, which has swarmed to so intolerable a degree in some of the houses in Brighton, and in some parts of London, that the inhabitants have been compelled to quit their residences. Various remedies were suggested for their destruction, especially that of fumigating the premises thus infested with

brimstone. It was announced that, as it was one of the primary objects of the Society to render their labours practically serviceable, the Council had resolved to appropriate the annual sum of five guineas, or a medal of the like value, to the writer of the best Essay (to be derived from personal observation) upon the Natural History, Economy, and Proceedings of such Species of Insects as have been found to be prejudicial to Agricultural Productions, and to be illustrated by figures of the insect in its various states, together with the result of actual experiments made for preventing its attacks, or for destroying the insect. The subject of the Essays for the present year to be the Turnip Fly. The Essays must be forwarded to the Secretary (17, Old Bond Street), with fictitious signatures, on or before the fourth Monday in January 1835, when they will be referred to a committee to decide upon their respective merits, after which, with permission of the writers, both the prize Essays, and any others of value, shall be published.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Royal Geographical Society.....	Nine, P.M.
	Zoological Society (Scientific Business).....	Eight, P.M.
Tues.	Medico-Botanical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
Wed.	Royal Society of Literature.....	Three, P.M.
	Society of Arts.....	Seven, P.M.
Th.	Royal Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.
Fri.	Royal Institution.....	Eight, P.M.
	Astronomical Society.....	Eight, P.M.

## MUSIC

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Just now we stand in the state of him in the nursery ditty, who has "music wherever he goes." The benefit Concerts seem to increase in number as the season advances; some of the regular establishments, however, are drawing to a close. The *Seventh Philharmonic Concert* was decidedly the best meeting of the season. Beethoven's *Sinfonia 'Eroica'*, with its sublime slow movement, and Mendelssohn's *Sinfonia in A*, were treats of the highest possible order, and executed in first-rate style. Madame Stockhausen, Ivanoff, and Phillips, seemed resolved that the vocal part of the performance should not be eclipsed by the instrumental—the lady sang the recitative to Spohr's splendid 'Si lo sento,' with a degree of energy which surprised us, and Ivanoff's delicious voice told well in the duet from 'Guillaume Tell.' The solos were a harp fantasia by Madame Bertrand; she is a spirited, sound player, with abundance of execution, and a firmness of finger not very common to artists on that instrument—and an *air varié* for the violin, by De Beriot, performed by a Mons. (or Master) Vieuxtemps, who, we are told, is only thirteen—his playing was really so extraordinary, and so little like that of the generosity of prodigies, that we should like to have evoked Corelli's ghost to hear him. We do not think that the excellent Arcangelo would have ever slept quietly in his tomb again!

Perhaps it was not quite fair to Mr. Stretton, to cross from Hanover Street to Tenterden Street, as we did on Monday evening. We were in time, however, to hear that he has a legitimate bass voice, promising much for the future; and if there ever was a time for native talent to come forward, it is now—when our orchestras, to be efficiently occupied, must be occupied by foreigners. We also heard Messrs. Allen, Burnett, Humphreys, and Hullah, execute Horsley's sweet glees, 'By Colin's labour,' 'With one consent'—this is the secret of glee-singing.

Mr. Boehm gave his Annual Concert (and crowd) on Wednesday, and such a liberal allowance of music, that at five o'clock, the first act was scarcely completed, the entertainment beginning at two. His own playing was as it always is, brilliant and full of passion, at times a little



in the extreme, but interesting and wonderful. His Panorama Musical, a sort of retrospect of the music of the last two hundred years, was curious and very effective. The vocal part of the concert was all so good, that we cannot select any separate performance for particular mention. The singers were Grisi, Stockhausen, Caradori, Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, Phillips, &c., and Herz played his brilliant variations on a theme from Herold's 'Pré aux clercs,' with his usual success.

### THEATRICALS

#### VICTORIA THEATRE.

A new melo-drama, called 'The Corsican Bride,' has been produced, with considerable success, at this theatre. It is written by Miss Boden. The story possesses a strong interest, and it is conducted with much skill. Upon the whole, it was well acted, although ever and anon with a degree of ultra-melodramatic force more suited to the original than the reformed Coburg.

A dissolution of partnership has, we understand, taken place between Messrs. Abbott and Egerton, and the theatre, which is to close immediately, will shortly re-open, under the solo management of Mr. Abbott.

#### VAUXHALL.

THESE Gardens have opened for the season. Some minor alterations have been made—all of which are for the better. The grand attraction relied upon for the season, is a scenic representation, in three compartments, of Captain Ross's difficulties and dangers at the North Pole, the whole of which, it appears, has been gotten up and produced under the immediate eye of the gallant navigator. The affair is well managed, and as instruction is combined with amusement, we trust that the patronage of the public will be so extensive as not only to remunerate the proprietors for their liberality, but to reward them for their good taste.

### MISCELLANEA

**Literary and Scientific Institutions.**—We rejoice to find that these Institutions are spreading everywhere; and so sensible are the public of their value, that there is hardly an instance of failure, where any honest attempt has been made to establish them. *The Belgrave*, only just opened, has already above two hundred subscribers, and more than a thousand volumes have been presented:—it was announced on Monday, at the half-yearly meeting of *The Western*, that the funds of the Society were never in so prosperous a state, and that the library contains upwards of 6,000 volumes:—and the report of *The Marylebone*, read last week at their quarterly meeting, is most gratifying—no less than 135 new members have been admitted within the last quarter! and such are the flourishing prospects of the Society, that the Committee have not only been able to establish regular lectures, but have felt themselves justified in taking measures to build forthwith a theatre, capable of containing 850 persons:—in the short period of one year from its establishment on the present plan, classes for instruction in mathematics, chemistry, botany, music, and the French language, have been opened, and already the Institution possesses a library of 2000 volumes, including many valuable standard works, and a reading-room supplied with ten daily papers and most of the periodicals.—[F.] In the account of the opening of the Belgrave Literary and Scientific Institution, which appeared in the *Athenæum*, Mr. J. C. Evans is mentioned as the gentleman with whom the design originated. We are requested to state that "it is undoubtedly true, that, when Mr. Evans commenced his exertions, he had never

heard of a plan of a similar society, bearing the same name, which had been projected two years before by Mr. Jopling, but which was never carried into execution. As soon, however, as Mr. Jopling was aware that an Institution was forming in the neighbourhood of Belgrave Square, he immediately, although not at that time residing in the vicinity, zealously co-operated with the Provisional Committee, and was of essential service, in procuring the patronage of two distinguished individuals with whom he had communicated on the former occasion."

**Fancy Fairs.**—One of those absurd and mischievous exhibitions called "Fancy Fairs," we see, is now "holden" in the Regent's Park. There is, no doubt, a great deal of good and charitable feeling engaged in the promotion of these fashionable markets for the sale of wares produced to rival those by which the industrious orders of the community are wont to earn their daily bread. But the principle is bad, although we acknowledge most readily the humane intentions of many of those who, in ignorance of the tendency of such trifling with the poorer classes, have been induced to uphold it by their patronage.—Neither do we much admire the parading of so many young ladies, calling themselves modest ones, in the masquerade and mountebank disguise of shopwomen, huckstering with gentlemen indiscriminately for the sale of whatever they have to dispose of.—*The Times*.—[We are glad to see our powerful contemporary lending his aid to put down these Fancy Fairs, which do much direct injury to a humble and silently suffering class of amiable, and often highly educated and talented women, who, struck down by misfortune, earn a scanty and precarious livelihood by working up those beautiful ornaments and useful trifles which grace the drawing-rooms of the more fortunate—and much indirect mischief on the minds and hearts of the young creatures who are on such occasions tricked out for exhibition as show-women in the stalls. Twelve months ago we drew attention to these fashionable and mischievous follies, but we shall no longer despair of seeing them put an end to.]

**New Inventions in France.**—We have already alluded to the Exhibition of the Products of French Industry, lately opened in Paris, and shall now notice one or two of the more important inventions mentioned in the French journals. The first is a machine to be employed in the process of sugar-refining; and, to make the thick liquid boil quickly, the pressure of the atmospheric air is removed, and it is proposed to boil it in a vacuum, and this is said to be completely effected by the machine in question.—Another useful invention is one for the expression of oil, upon the hydraulic principle; and, though it has very great power, it has the advantage of occupying but a very small space.—There is also exhibited a very beautiful machine for printing cotton, or other tissues, with three colours at once. This is the invention of M. Kœchlin, of Mulhausen. Hitherto, in the manufacture of printed cotton or muslins, it was necessary that there should be a separate roller for each pattern, which sometimes caused much loss of time. In this machine, however, but one roller is used, which imprints three colours with perfect accuracy, and the piece of cotton or muslin has to pass under the roller only once. The same gentleman has also sent an embroidering machine, which, with great rapidity and accuracy, covers the texture of silk, cotton, or wool, with designs and flowers of every variety and hue.—A machine for striking coins or medals is also said to be worth notice. One of the advantages obtained by it is the complete uniformity of the impression, and it is free from the objection heretofore made to the press in use, that, as the strength of the men who work the latter diminishes after some hours hard labour,

there is a corresponding weakness of impression on the coin.—Another is a method of securing and rendering wine-bottles air tight. By this process, bottles may be hermetically closed in less time and with less trouble than by the ordinary method of sealing and wiring.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 29	75 51	30.09	N. E. to S. W.	Clear.
Frid. 30	65 46	29.94	N. E. to E.	Drizzle.
Sat. 31	71 46	30.10	N. E. Var.	Drizzle.
Sun. 1	78 51	30.15	S. W. to E.	Drizzle.
Mon. 2	82 57	30.10	S.	Drizzle.
Tues. 3	75 49	29.95	S. W.	Showers.
Wed. 4	62 50	29.80	S. W.	Rain, F. M.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cumulus.  
Nights fair except on Wednesday. Mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 61°. Greatest variation, 36°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 30.07.

Day increased on Wednesday, 2h. 30'.

### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

A Brief Sketch of Modern History, for Public Schools, &c., by two Members of the University of Cambridge. Part I.

*Just published.*—Hall's Dictate Book, 12mo. 4s.—Book of Etiquette, 1s.—Rev. Dr. Page's Notes on the Gospels, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Rev. Robert Walker on Truth of Christianity, 12mo. 5s.—Rev. J. Aspinall's Occasional Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Shuttleworth's Translation of the Epistles, 8vo. 12s.—Aldrich Ports, Vol. 20, Young, Vol. 1, 5s.—The Jesuit, Vol. 12 of Library of Romance, 6s.—Walker's Physiognomy, post 8vo. 14s.—Outline of a System of National Education, 8s. 6d.—On the Penitentiary System of United States, by Beaumont and Vauquelin, translated from the French by F. Lieber, 8vo. 12s.—Principles of General Grammar, by Sylvestre de Sacy, Translated by F. Geddes, jun., 12mo. 4s.—Lectures on Homilies and Preaching, by Ebenezer Porter, D.D. 8vo. 12s.—Ayesha, the Maid of Kara, by the Author of 'Zohrab,' 2 vols. 12mo. 17. 11s. 6d.—Crawford's Journal of his Journey to, and Residence at Ava, 2 vols. 8vo. 32s.—Sermons, Fragments, &c., by J. Barrow, D.D. 8vo. 7s.—Jephtha's Daughter, by M. J. Chapman, 8s. 6d.—Simple Truths, by Mary Elliot, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Juvenile Plutarch, 18mo. 2s.—Isabella, or the Orphan Cousin, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Architectural Beauties of Continental Europe, royal folio, by J. Coeney, 4l. 10s.—Phillips on Effect and Colour, oblong 4to. 21s.—Godwin's Lives of the Necromancers, 8vo. 14s.—Clavis Botanica, a Key to the Study of Botany, 64mo. 1s.—Family Library, Vols. 43 & 44, Universal History, 10s.—Memoir of the Rev. Gordon Hall, by Horatio Radwell, 12mo. 5s.—Library of American Biography, conducted by Jared Sparks, Vol. 2, 12mo. 7s.—A Summer's Tour through Belgium, up the Rhine, and to the Lakes of Switzerland, &c. 12mo. 5s. 6d.—The Gospel Manual, by the Author of 'Aids to Development,' 18mo. 2s.—The Garden, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The Teacher's Treasure, by Mrs. Lamont, 18mo. 2s.—Clark's Scriptural Promises, royal 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Plain Advice to Landlords, Tenants, &c. 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Law of Master and Servant, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Greek and English Texts of the New Testament, 18mo. 8s. 6d.—Hymns for Young Persons, 18mo. 1s. 3d.—Almanac on the Steam Engine, 8vo. 10s.—Calverwell on Consumption, 8s. 6d.—Calverwell on Indigestion, 8s. 6d.—Calverwell on Ringworm, 8s. 6d.—Fraser's Panoramic Plan of London, connected to the Present Time, 3s. in a case.—Romance of History, Vol. 6 (France, Vol. 3), 6s.—Memoir of the Life of the Rev. H. Venn, 8vo. 12s.—Evening Readings in History, with Questions by Mrs. L. H. Sargency, 18mo. 7s. 6d.—Jefferson's Companion for the Closet, 18mo. 3s.—Common Scenes, Improved by the Rev. J. Smith, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Encyclopaedia Britannica, Vol. 9, Part I, 18mo.—Remains of James Fox Longmire, with Memoir of his Life, by Daniel Longmire, B.A. 12mo. 7s. 6d.—The Book of Aphorisms, by a Modern Pythagorean, 12mo. 5s.—Beauties of the Isle of Wight, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Gallery of Portraits, proofs, 3 vols. in 1, 6s. 6d.—Bushman on the Study of Nature, 8vo. 2s.—Holmes's Sermons on National Church Establishments, 8vo. 5s.—Nauvellet's Entomological Cabinet (Natural History of British Insects), 2 vols. 8s. 6d.—Jardine's Naturalist's Library, Vol. 5 (Ornithology, Vol. 3), 6s.—The Captives in India, by Mrs. Holland, 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d.—Description of the Burmese Empire, by Sangermano, translated by W. Tandy, D.D. 4to. 16s.—Anne Radcliffe's Poetical Works, 2 vols. 12s.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A.—received.  
No less than three correspondents, two known, and one unknown, have sent us extracts from a French paper relating to some supposed projects of Mehemet Ali; among others, for banking up the Nile at Batouel-Bagnar, &c. We are obliged to all, but the paragraphs are only detached extracts from a very able letter from Egypt, which appeared a month since in the *Times*.







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No. 346.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1834.

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And yet we cannot conceal from ourselves that we have ceased from the perusal of this work with a feeling of melancholy amounting to pain: not that we in the least coincide in the view which its accomplished writer takes of the fate of Genius in the world; we are thankful to believe (what he is hardly disposed to admit) that its existence, even its brightest manifestation, is compatible with that cheerful energy of purpose, that manly endurance of heart, which enable its possessor to withstand again and again, and ultimately to overcome, the malice of fortune. Nor do the many unhappy examples of great minds shattered—of bright stars quenched—in the least shake our faith in the possibility of such an union; were it otherwise, it were no sin to wish that all the mighty ones yet unborn might perish in their cradles. We were sad when we closed this book, because it contains the picture of a mind, elegant, imaginative, vividly sensitive, active to irritability, but without that support of which we have spoken,—and because it rather speaks the language of regret and complaint, than gives us a calm, but not passionless, retrospect of past trials wrestled with, of past difficulties overcome. Some of the paragraphs towards the close of the second volume are to us deeply affecting—we see the fire still burning eagerly, the vexed spirit still stretching forth its hands hither and thither, where we would fain have beheld something of repose—quiet, but not apathetic; something of the light which has been promised to the eventide of man's days.

These volumes, then, relate feelings rather than facts, opinions more than anecdotes of men—and we shall extract from them largely, still leaving much of their wealth altogether untouched; those who delight in speculating upon the aims and uses of literature may come to them and be satisfied—our business is with the more material part of their contents. In the first place, we cannot

pass over the author's notices of the early manifestation of the spirit within him:—

"I remember that from childhood I had an aversion to all company, and that visitors put me into agonies. My delight was in the fields and woods; in making bowers, and benches, and little gardens; and in watching the hay-makers, the harvest, the plough, and the woodman's axe. I grieved when evening came, and prayed for the dawn of the next day. My temper was always eager, impatient, and enthusiastic. School was perfect misery to me, and at first nearly overcast my mind. I was not at all fitted for the rude companions of a public school. The nerves of those who are qualified for poetry are too tremulous for common intercourse."

"My eldest sister was fourteen years and a half older than me: she had an exquisite taste for poetry, and could almost repeat the chief English poets by heart, especially Milton, Pope, Collins, Gray, and the poetical passages of Shakespeare; and she composed easy verses herself with great facility. It is probable that her conversation and example contributed greatly to my early bent to poetry. Two versifications from Isaiah and Jeremiah, which I wrote for school-tasks at Christmas, 1777, my age fifteen, and which gained great applause, fixed my ambition to write verses for life."

"At an early age, Buchanan's Latin poetry was a great and intimate favourite with me, and I got Milton's juvenile poems almost by heart. I generally carried these little volumes (the Elzevir of Buchanan) in my pocket. I read them on stilts, on banks, and under hedges, when the season allowed, as well as by the winter fire, when the weather kept me indoors. From fourteen or fifteen I dreamed of authorship, and never afterwards gave up the ambition. Collins also was one of the earliest objects of my enthusiastic admiration."

Literature, in fact, has been, by his own confession, the great business of his life; a few pages further on, he tells us how "a new book was like wine to him," and we see him to the very end of his autobiography pursuing its enjoyments, and laying plans for new occupations, with unabated ardour. We see, too, that in the course of his life it brought him into communion with many of the great spirits of the age. His characters of some of his contemporaries are masterly:—

"Pitt loved to hear about him this sort of subversive young man. It was a weakness in his character. He was not one who could 'hear a brother near the throne,' and he was willing to perform almost all the functions of state himself. He and Thurlow the Chancellor had a mutual antipathy; and at last he was obliged to get rid of the only earnest, contradictory old ruler of the courts, who yet had long possessed much of the King's ear,—so that the Premier had a contest of some difficulty to conquer. But this made Lord Grenville a Peer—he was brought into the upper House to manage the business there in Thurlow's name; for Lord Brough was not to be trusted. Pitt had originally taken for private secretary his tutor, Prynne, whom he soon nominated to the bishopric of Lincoln. The divine was a hypocrite and a dull author, even an arithmetician, in which latter capacity Pitt often found him

useful:—he had some talents and acquirements, brought out by toil and industry—but no genius or elegance. He was one of the first men to whom I was introduced at Cambridge, where he was then a resident Fellow of Pembroke Hall. His manners were cold, formal, uncouth, and repulsive; while his comrade, Dr. Turner, afterwards Dean of Norwich, was equally conciliatory. . . .

"I was never introduced to Pitt: I saw him sometimes in the field, on hunting days, when he came down to Walmer. He seemed to delight in riding hard, with his chin in the air; but I believe had no skill as a sportsman—seeking merely exercise, and thinking, as Dryden says, that it was

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than see the doctor for his noxious draught."

In another place a few simple words give us a large insight into the nature and temperament of his mind:—

"Once, and only once, my father spoke to me in terms of literary encouragement; it was the last summer of his life; we were going for a ride: on some occasion he dropped the words 'your genius,' and they have ever since hung like a charm upon my ear."

Further on we have another picture of a contemporary author:—

"Edward Hasted, the historian of Kent, was a good topographical antiquary; but unsteady, and somewhat imprudent and eccentric in his life. He was a voluble and flighty talker, and did not secure respect for the knowledge he possessed. He generally inhabited one of the prebendal houses at Canterbury, where the Prerogative Office, and the Cathedral documents, afforded much aid to the execution of his great work. But as he continued to plunge into pecuniary embarrassments, he grew hasty, careless, and reckless; and the latter part of his 'History' was brought out in a slovenly manner. He consulted many original documents, but not with much critical industry; so that neither his descent of property, nor his genealogies will always be found minutely exact: but altogether it is a great work; and it is wonderful that it is done so well. I have seen no reason to suspect his honesty in this compilation. Lord Radnor took him under his patronage; and later, in his distresses, promoted him to a small school in Wiltshire. He had a large family. He was a little, mean-looking man, with a long face and a high nose; quick in his movements, and sharp in his manner. He had no imagination or sentiment; nor any extraordinary quality of the mind, unless memory. At one time, if I forget not, he had been chairman of the Quarter Sessions at Canterbury. I was at school with several of his sons; of whom, George died young, having shown great talents. I think he was destined to the law, and put into an attorney's office in London: I never saw anything but good in him; he was first of the class to which I belonged; Abbott (afterwards Lord Tenterden) was second."

This sketch of one of the far-famed Litchfield coterie immediately follows a severe, but just, character of Miss Seward:—

"I was acquainted with Sir Brooke Boothby; he had too much the manners of a *petit-maitre*; but he had talents as well as accomplishments, though not of the first order. Everything followed some model, and nothing seemed natural,



nor struck home. All appeared to be acquired taste, which he executed with some adroitness. He was a vain, ambitious man; very fond of tawdry, and never appearing in a natural character: still he was so far accomplished, that he could be agreeable for a little while, though he never gained one's confidence. I remember his giving a dinner at a hired house in Canterbury, at which I was present, where he had for that one party the whole walls of the room newly painted with designs of gaudy flowers, as floors are often chalked for dancing! I never saw his paternal house at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire; but I understand that it was whimsically fitted up. I believe Sir Brooke died at Boulogne, about 1823, at an advanced age."

Another—in very small compass—shows us the celebrated Bishop of London:—

"Porteus was then the popular preacher of the Bishops. His manner was mild, but somewhat languid, and not always purified from original vulgarity. I knew him as rector of Hutton, near Maidstone, when I was a little boy nine years old. He was then awkward, reserved, and somewhat pedantic in his manner and mien."

A group of the remarkable characters of Kent is interesting, and worthy of preservation:—

"Kent once produced some very eminent men: witness Sir Thomas Wint, Lord Buckhurst, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Francis Walsingham. In the time of Charles I. the leading gentry were men of celebrity; such as Sir Dudley Digges, Sir Edwin Sandys, Sir Roger Twysden, editor of the 'Decem Scriptores,' and Sir Edward Dering: this of course gave the bent to the minor gentry. One of the Knatchbolls, in the next reign, was an author, and in rather a singular department for a country baronet—it was in divinity. I do not remember ever to have heard of a Honeywood having written a book. The Furnesses of Walsersham raised themselves to great riches at once, by smuggling, at Sandwich, in the reign of William and Mary, but expired in the next generation, enriching Lord Guildford, Sir Edward Dering, and the third Lord Bolinbroke. We had rarely much nobility. The second Lord Cowper, son of the Chancellor, was popular at the Court, by his support of a pack of fox-hounds, and his love of the sports of the field; and I believe that the Lords Rockingham were well esteemed at Lee's Court, near Feversham; but the squires ruled the day. Mr. Barrett, of Lee, was a man of *virtù*, and a collector; he died 1758: Sir James Gray, of Denchill, was a diplomatist; and Mr. Robinson, afterwards Lord Rokeby, shut himself up, when he quitted parliament, in his own independence of mind and habits, at Horton, near Hythe. Old John Lewis pursued his own antiquarianism at Margate, then a little fishing town, far from all these merry spirits of the field; while Dr. Brook Taylor indulged his philosophical genius at Biffons. Sir Thomas Palmer of Wingham indulged himself, as Pope says, in 'wedding the whole personæ dramaticæ.'"

"At the same time Sir John Halles shut himself up in his house of St. Stephen's, living like old Elwes, with an immense estate, on a crust, and letting his only son die in a prison. Old Dr. Nicholas Carter, the father of the poetess, was writing theological tracts against his neighbour, the orthodox Randolph, and bandying Latin epigrams with Sir George Oxenden, of Deane; and the poetess herself was writing odes upon wisdom, corresponding with Archbishop Secker, and translating Epictetus; while Nicholas Hardinge was visiting the Grays, and writing Denbighs. Then the boy Thurlow was leading a life of torment to his master, Talbot, by his

tricks and drolleries at Canterbury school; and laying the foundation of his own future greatness, by the ascendancy of his temper, and the daring directness of his talents. There from a small house opposite the west door of the cathedral issued a Countess of Salisbury; and a fate of future greatness was still hovering over the same humble tenement, destined to be the birth-place of the late most learned and excellent Chief Justice of England. From another town in the same district the noble and illustrious house of Yorke had already issued to adorn the woollack, and enlighten the legislation of the kingdom. At the same time Mrs. Macaulay from Ollantigh was nursing her radical politics, and collecting materials for her furious 'History,' while her brother Sawbridge was dreaming of civic honours and John Wilkes. Such was East Kent from about 1720 to 1765."

After this we have characters of many other celebrated persons, among others, of Hayley and Cowper,—but they are rather too diffuse for our purpose. A mention of "Bozzy," in fewer words, is not to be passed:—

"Boswell was a man who,—not only with an extraordinary memory but quickness of apprehension, for no one can remember what he does not understand,—had great appearance of folly in conversation and conduct. I knew him about 1768 or 1769, when attending the circuit at the Maidstone Assizes. He had buoyant and jovial spirits, great vanity, and great absurdity. William Fielding, the son of the author of 'Tom Jones,' played him off with great adroitness, and with an inexhaustible fund of humour, drollery, railery, and wit. Many years afterwards I knew his two sons, Sir Alexander and James Boswell: they had both something of the character of the father, and both injured themselves by conviviality."

Gifford, too, is mentioned in language sufficiently sharp:—

"Williams also introduced me to the late William Gifford the poet, and editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' whom he knew at Newmarket, when attending the late Lord Grosvenor. He was a singularly ugly little man, of a wasping temper, and, in my opinion, much overrated both as a poet and a critic. His 'Autobiography' is amusing, and there are some good lines in his 'Bayard and Mervin.' But he had a self-conceit which led him to despise others in a very unjustifiable manner; and he had an idea of retaining his dominion by menaces and superciliousness. He affected almost a puritan strictness of morals in his writings; but this did not become the companion of the late Lord Grosvenor. I found him, however, courteous, communicative, and frank, when I paid him a visit. His chief literary intimates were George Ellis, Canning, and the Freres. Canning was a great rhetorician, but not a wise man. George Ellis was an elegant versifier and writer, but not deep; he was a man of the world,—of very polished manners,—but a coxcomb, and a *petit maître*. His cousin, a West India merchant and intimate of Canning, is now Lord Seaford. Gifford had a singular rise from the obscurity of his early life, and it seemed as if his unexpected prosperity had overset him."

In the next chapter but one is a character of Johnson—in the main true, but with a strong bias towards the severe in judgment. From the Leviathan of literature we come to men mighty in politics:—

"I remember a remark of the late Lord Liverpool when he dined with me, in 1794, at Denton, from his encampment near Dover, as colonel of the Cinque Ports' Fencible Cavalry, which struck me as a proof that he was a man of sentiment and moral reflection. He seemed to

other eyes to be then in the bloom of his successful career. We were talking of the enjoyments of youth: I believe he was at least nine years younger than I was; but he had already had some experience of public life. 'No,' he said, 'youth is not the age of pleasure; we then expect too much, and are therefore exposed to daily disappointments and mortification. When we are a little older, and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm and begin to enjoy ourselves.'

"I assert that Lord Liverpool's talents were much under-estimated. He had a meek spirit—too meek for a premier,—and Canning's overbearing temper was too much for him; but he was a far wiser statesman than Canning, though not, like him, a splendid rhetorician."

Next is a sketch of one who tried hard to be a Mæcenas in his day:—

"There were many others who were occasional candidates for favour as poets, living in 1785. Among these was Capel Loft, with whom I sometimes corresponded. He had many rays of genius, yet partly huddled up in strange clouds. He had shown himself eccentric at college, and continued so through life. He had great acquirements, meant well, and was an enthusiast in patriotic principles, and a general philanthropist; but in everything he did there was an intermixture of want of judgment, which destroyed its effect. He was a lawyer, a political writer, a moralist and critic, a classical scholar, a man of science, and a writer of verses. In every one of these he showed sparks of genius, yet mixed with such inequalities and mistakes, that he did nothing altogether well. He was always getting into all sorts of scrapes and difficulties where he had the best intentions. He was as I have heard, (for I never saw him,) a diminutive man, with an appearance the reverse of comely. He died in Piedmont about 1823, aged about seventy-three. He was nephew and heir of Edward Capel, the editor of Shakespeare."

And the chapter closes with a few remarks on London society, which are worthy of notice:—

"The amusements of London were then very unlike those of the present time. Ranelagh was a chief evening resort; and it was very entertaining, as all ranks were there mingled. Mad. d'Arblay, in her novel of 'Cecilia,' has given a lively picture of a London life at that epoch,—sometimes a little exaggerated. The Karrol [*Harriet?*] family (I think that is the name) is a good representation of the West Indians of the day; but the East India nabobs were then driving the town before them. The following epigram was then on every one's lips; perhaps it may now be forgotten; it was attributed to Lord Chancellor Camden:—

*Epigram.*

When Bob Macreth served Arthur's crew,  
"Rumbold," he cried, "come black my shoe!"  
And Rumbold answered, "Yes, Bob!"  
But now return'd from India's land,  
He scorns to obey the proud command,  
And boldly answers, "No, Bob!"

"Most of the leading country gentlemen of that date, who figured in London as possessors of large estates, are now elevated to the peerage: the Lowthers, Cocks's, Eliots, Hills, Pelhams of Brocklesby, Rolles, Campbells of Cawdor, Cholmondeleys, Crews, Lygons, Lambtons, Wilbrahams, Woodhouses, Bridgemans, Powys's, Ashurstons, Curzons, Pierreponts, Rouss's, Dundas's, Ansons, Lascelles's, &c. &c. Few of this class of families are now left to fill the House of Commons, and the whole city has moved to the western part of the town, while all the barriers of society are thrown down."

The author gives us, in his own happy style, a graphic description of the different manners of some of our orators:—

"I remember that even Canning used often

"To Palmer's bed no actress comes amiss,  
He weds the whole personæ dramaticæ."

to hesitate a good deal in the commencement of his speeches. Lord Castlereagh was generally embarrassed even to the last; Vansittart was slow, and could not be heard,—his voice was so faint; Grattan at the latter period, when I knew him, was laboured, tautologous, and energetic on truisms; Whitbread was turgid and foamy; George Ponsonby spoke in snappy sentences, which had the brevity but not the point of epigram; Garrow was *vox et præterea nihil*; Frederick Robinson spoke with vivacity and cleverness, and in a most gentlemanly tone, but wanted a sonorous flow; Brugge Bathurst was analytical, but heavy and tedious; Peel at that time spoke seldom, and only spoke as if he had formally prepared himself for the occasion, with many protests of candour and humble consideration, in a sort of beseeching tone; Charles Grant, who rarely rose, poured out when he did rise a florid academical declamation, of which kind indeed Canning's speeches often were; Huskisson was a wretched speaker, with no command of words, with awkward motions, and a most vulgar uneducated accentuation; Tierney had a manner of his own,—very amusing,—but entirely colloquial; he seldom attempted argument, but was admirable at railery and jest. It is difficult to describe the manner of Sir Francis Burrell:—it was generally solemn, equable, and rather artificially laboured, in a sort of tenor voice; but now and then, when it was animated, it approached for a little while to powerful oratory. I once or twice heard Stephens, the master in Chancery, make a good speech; but the tone was coarse and vulgar. Wilberforce had a shrill feeble voice, and a slow enunciation, as if he was preaching; and his language was of the same character as he used in his writings, with great ingenuity and a constant course of thought out of the common beat; but there was something between the plaintive and the querulous, which was rather fatiguing. Mackintosh was often eloquent, but generally too studied and much too learned for his audience; and he was not sufficiently free from a national accent; his voice too was deficient in strength. Romilly spoke as a patriotic and philosophic lawyer, full of matter and argument, but perhaps a little too slowly and solemnly for such a mixed assembly as the House of Commons. Plunkett was one of the most powerful speakers, but better in the acuteness of his matter than in his manner. Vesey Fitzgerald had a bold, forward, lively flow of words."

We have then much literary discussion, and many records of private feelings interspersed with graceful and simple sonnets; but we must pass these by, as also his retrospect of the harassing suit in which he was engaged, and hasten back to literature again:—

"The spring of the year I came into parliament Lord Byron's genius began to blaze upon the world. The first canto of 'Childe Harold' was published early in 1812. I was then in London, and well remember the sensation it made. I walked down Bond Street the morning of its publication, and saw it in the windows of all the booksellers' shops. I entered a shop and read a few stanzas, and was not surprised to find something extraordinary in them, because I myself had anticipated much from his 'Hours of Idleness.' Lord Nugent's 'Portugal' was published the same day, but had a very different reception; yet at that time Lord Nugent was considered to be of a much more flourishing family, and moving in a much higher sphere: so that the public does not always judge by mere fashion. Two or three of the poems which followed did not seem to me equally to deserve praise,—such as the 'Gaiety,'—because they were more fictitious; but they were still more highly relished by the fashionable world, now prepared to admire what-

ever came from the pen of this great, but eccentric, genius.

"The affair of this mighty fame was an affair of a day,—nay, of an hour,—a minute! The train was laid; it caught fire, and it blazed. If it had missed fire at first, I doubt if there would have been a second chance. It began at noon; before night the flame was strong enough to be everlasting. Did it contribute to his happiness? I believe it did: it went a great way towards his occasional purification; if it had not burst out, it would have burnt sullenly within and consumed him."

There is nothing more delightful in all the pages of this book, than the enthusiastic recognition with which its author always greets the appearance of talent.

From literature we proceed to law—some sketches of its *magnates* are worth preserving:—

"The late Lord Roselyn was a subtle reasoner; but he had no strength, closeness, or rectitude about him, and convinced no one. As he was not loud, but flexible and insinuating, his very manner raised suspicion. Lord Mansfield had something of the same sort, but he was more eloquent, and had a higher taste. He had lived with poets and great men from his youth, and could exhibit Truth dressed in her native beauty; but he could also set off the false *deceit* in attractive colours when it answered his purpose to do so. Andrew Stuart's 'Letters' to him on the Douglas case made a great impression, and will never be forgotten.

"Lord Kenyon's manner was entirely technical: he had no eloquence nor command of language; but he was supposed to have a deep skill in the law, and, having natural acuteness and sagacity, to apply it in most cases accurately.

"Lord Erskine was a perfect contrast to all these. He was a most brilliant, but sometimes a shooting, star. He had every variety of intellect, and was adorned with all beauty of language, all harmony of utterance, and all fire and grace of expression in his countenance and form. As he was of the highest Scottish nobility in blood, so he showed it in all his men, tone, and manners. The very conflicting brilliancy of his numerous superlatives led him into unsteadiness, and often into errors. He sometimes pursued too busily over subjects to have entered deep into them, and thus incurred the charge of superficial talents, when no man was more capable of entering profoundly into an investigation, or had a more sagacious and correct judgment when he chose to give his mind to it; but the meteors that danced before him often led him on too rapidly and too irregularly.

"I must not leave Pepper Arden, Lord Alvanley, out of the group; for his ugly, broken-nosed face, and goggle eyes often made me laugh, and I once was near having the misfortune of swamping him—most unintentionally. It was at Bath, in the early part of the year 1797, when he was Sir Pepper Arden, Knight, and Master of the Rolls into the bargain. I then commanded a troop of Fencible Cavalry; and our colonel, being very justly proud of his regiment, and anxious to show it off in all his manoeuvres, begged his friend, the learned knight, to come and review them on one of the Downs near the city—no doubt because he thought him as good a judge of a regiment and its movements as he was of all the intricacies of a question at law; and his Honour, being a very good-natured man, not at all like Sir Edward Law—then only king's counsel—obeyed the summons. The little man, though I observed him something timorous and fidgety, was placed in front of the battle, and desired to inspect us with the severest scrutiny, for our colonel was sure that he would find nothing but to praise. At length came the

charge: the colonel assured him that he might keep his station, for all was as safe as on his seat in the Rolls Court, and that at the word 'Halt' the whole six troops in a line would stop dead, however loudly and fiercely they should come rattling on towards him. Unluckily the whole were fired with glory, and began to increase their speed, till—being on a blood charger of considerable swiftness—my horse could not bear the clatter behind him, and off he shot beyond my momentary control. His Honour was right before me: he gave a shriek and a groan—I saw his distress, and by one mighty effort brought up my horse, and had the happiness thus to save the life of this eloquent oracle of the law, over whom I must otherwise have gone sword in hand; and what a crush and manglement would then have ensued! The colonel made many apologies, and I got a severe rating. But, lo, what his Honour lived for,—to vote, six years afterwards, against the Chaudes claim; of the merits of which, as he had but lately been elevated to the upper house, he knew nothing."

Nor can we omit a graceful portrait of the author's mother:—

"My mother delighted in company; and I used to argue with her from a child in favour of a solitary life, till she sometimes grew angry. She loved conversation and talked well. She had, besides, an easy address, and those manners which won attention. She had none of the offensive haughtiness which, as I have heard, belonged to her father; yet she was not without a sense of her high blood, which now and then she showed by a small degree of over-graciousness. She lived in company to the last; but in her eighty-second year her faculties had been decaying for at least a year or two, and her judgment and clearness of mind were no longer the same. She survived my father twenty-nine years. At her death I was forty-seven years old. Her favourite authors were Pope, Waller, and Young—next to Shakespeare. Young was a friend and fellow-collegian of her father. Of Waller she of course heard from her infancy at Penshurst, where she was born."

We purposely leave the critical parts of this work untouched, assuring our readers, that they will amply repay their perusal. One sentence, however, in which the author accuses the craft, of which he is so distinguished a professor, we cannot pass:—

"It is the tendency of criticism to damage all genuine outbursts of the muse. It is a natural and unequal flow, which will not bear mechanical measure and rule, nor keep within a regular channel; and it is so delicate, that touch it, and its spirit evaporates. It is vain to argue that this ought not to be so, and that it is all whim and humour; you may as well expect the string of a harp to be as tough and hard as a cable-rope. If it is not tremulous it will echo back no notes to the breeze."

The first volume concludes with a biographical notice of Lord Tenterden, with whom the author was long and intimately acquainted. The second is no less rich in matter: almost the first thing in it is a sketch of Mrs. Montagu:—

"She was a woman of brilliant imagination and acquirements, and lived all her days in the full tide of high life, of which it was her weak vanity to be too fond. Her husband and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's husband were first-cousins. Her mind had had literature infused into it from her childhood by Dr. Conyers Middleton, who was married to her grandmother. She had formed an early friendship with the old Duchess of Portland, the heiress of the Hurleys. Her wit and fund of observation, sentiment, and reflection, showed themselves in her letters, from her earliest years: but all her ambition was to

shine amid the highest ranks of society; and this induced her to marry a man of a noble family, splendidly allied,—though many years older than herself.

"She was good-natured, generous, candid, and obliging; but her vanity and love of flattery made her sometimes not quite sincere. No one knew characters better;—she saw a foible in an instant, but she generously forbore to expose it. The fault of her letters is, that she was too ambitious of being witty and rhetorical; so that one is not always sure what were her sincere opinions. There was a littleness in her extreme and ostentatious vanity, very unworthy of her. She was acquainted with all the great literary men of her day, and had her house open to them; but her most intimate friend was George Lord Lyttelton. She had the talent of drawing the characters of those eminent men whom she knew; and it is a subject of deep regret what has become of her best letters; for those published are assuredly the worst. Her correspondence was inexhaustibly voluminous. Some one asking about her nephew, a noble lord of some wit answered:—'He!—why he is only fit to darn his aunt's blue stockings!—He is gone to his fathers; and this may now be related as an innocent anecdote.'

The rest of her family were likewise gifted, though not so well known as she was. What a contrast to this stately conversational gentlewoman, the friend of Johnson and Burke, must the next lady of whom we have to extract some little, have been,—shrinking, as she did, from the notoriety of authorship, even when it involved acquaintance with the great and gifted.

"I remember Jane Austen, the novelist, a little child: she was very intimate with Mrs. Lefroy, and much encouraged by her. Her mother was a Miss Leigh, whose paternal grandmother was a sister of the first Duke of Chandos. Mr. Austen was of a Kentish family, of which several branches have been settled in the Weald, and some are still remaining there. When I knew Jane Austen I never suspected that she was an authoress; but my eyes told me that she was fair and handsome, slight and elegant, but with cheeks a little too full. The last time I think that I saw her was at Ramsgate in 1803: perhaps she was then about twenty-seven years old. Even then I did not know that she was addicted to literary composition."

We wish we could know more of the authoress of 'Emma,' and 'Mansfield Park.'

We must make room for two detached passages, full of poetry:—

"The imagination which employs itself in petty decorations, which adds flowers and colours only, is of little value. It must deal in day-dreams, and visions as bright as the heavens. This is the charm of life: man thus clothes himself with wings, and rises into a higher order of existence. Realities, which the sober eye of reason dissects, are but dull things."

"I love the month of August: it is the commencement of the falling year. I have always found a pleasing melancholy in the fall of the leaves, from my early childhood, when I collected them into heaps, and made bowers and huts of them. Thomson has described this melancholy admirably. But why should we like the year's decline? Does not old age come upon us too fast? And why should we like storms and cold better than sunshine and genial warmth? A contemplative mind loves the fireside; and the darkness of winter is a veil which nurses thought."

Another, of graver cast, arrests us by its truth:—

"He who takes the character of jocundness

seems to assume to himself a superiority over the evils of life; but under his mask of a jester there is often a woeful countenance and a torn heart. We laugh at the absurd lights in which Don Juan places many serious subjects;—but we lay down the poem dissatisfied with ourselves for the momentary pleasure we took in it. And when Byron in his letters affects irony and the *façetie* of merriment, we revolt from a kind of insincere bravado, and search for those other few letters where his heart breaks out. A feigned hilarity is like a child in the dark, who sings or whistles to frighten away the ghosts."

And with these delightful fragments of criticism we conclude for the present. But we cannot leave the work without praying all who may enter upon the delicate task of writing their own lives, to imitate the unflinching sincerity of the author before us; but wishing too, and with all our hearts, that few of them may have to chronicle feelings of so dark a hue as have shadowed some of his pages.

*Steam Communication between Bombay and Suez; with an Account of the Four Voyages of the Hugh Lindsay Steamer.* By J. H. Wilson, Commander I.N. Bombay: American Mission Press.

*A Letter to the Right Hon. C. Grant, on Roads in India.* By Capt. G. F. Hughes. London: Kidd.

THE apathy with which the great bulk of the nation seemed to regard the mighty empire founded by Englishmen in Hindustan, was a frequent theme of reproach against us on the continent. It was said, and with some truth, that the English, like every other dynasty that has been established in Asia, made immobility the rule, and improvement the rare exception; that there was no exertion to devise new commercial routes, to facilitate communication between England and India, to connect our Levantine with our Oceanic trade, to multiply the links of union between Europe and Asia. Such reproaches are no longer applicable: a growing desire to take advantage of every facility, both to increase our commerce with the East, and to give our Oriental brethren every opportunity of deriving advantage from their rich and varied natural productions, is, and has been for some time, manifest. It is now generally understood, that benefits conferred on those with whom we are connected, are, in fact, benefits to ourselves; and that measures dictated by jealous self-interest are as adverse to our own interests, as they are contrary to natural justice.

That the route from Bombay to Suez, and thence from the Egyptian coast to England, is much shorter than the voyage round the Cape of Good Hope, is known to every school-boy; but its practicability was more than doubtful, and indeed, until the introduction of steam navigation, the Red Sea presented obstacles that could only be surmounted by a rare combination of favourable circumstances.

But the practicability of navigating the Red Sea by the aid of steam, is now fully proved: the *Hugh Lindsay*, a vessel whose build and arrangements were little suited to such a voyage, has made four trips between

See Notice of Captain Chesney's 'Reports on the Navigation of the Red Sea,' in *Athenæum*, No. 276; and of Captain C. F. Head's 'Eastern and Egyptian Scenery, with Notes, &c. on Steam Navigation to India,' in *Athenæum*, No. 221.

Bombay and Suez, and, on one occasion, brought London news to Bombay only fifty-nine days old. Her commander, Captain Wilson, in the first pamphlet before us, has given a brief summary of the four voyages, and added a comprehensive account of the means that experience suggested as the best to be adopted for establishing a regular line of packets. The division of the voyage into stages is his first recommendation, to which we should add, the employment of different steamers in each stage, because the engines would thus suffer less, and because the shape of the vessel best suited to the Indian Ocean is not that best adapted for the Red Sea. The places he recommends for coal depots, after a careful examination of all the harbours available, are Macallah, distant about nine days from Bombay, and Juddah, about six days steaming from Macallah, and, on the average, about five days steaming from Suez. Were Macallah and Juddah made packet stations instead of coal depots, the voyage from Bombay to Suez would be made in about twenty-one days, even allowing some delay for landing passengers at Cosseir: there would consequently be only two stations required; for the supply of coals taken on board at Juddah would be sufficient for the vessel to and from Suez. The next subject investigated by Captain Wilson, is the class of vessels that it would be desirable to employ, and their equipment. A practical acquaintance with the seas they are designed to navigate, is necessary before forming an opinion on this subject, and we should be inclined to recommend an examination of the models of the Arab boats, because experience has generally taught the natives of every country the style of naval architecture best suited to their respective seas.

We come next to consider the second pamphlet before us, which relates to internal communications, a subject perhaps even more important than the external. The roads in India, according to Captain Hughes, are mere cattle-tracks, and he mentions an extraordinary circumstance, which at once proves their badness, and our interest in their improvement:—

"It will be a matter of astonishment to many who peruse it, that by reason of the deficiency of Roads in the north-western portion of India, (as connecting links between the shipping ports and the interior;) considerable quantities of British piece and other goods, have found their way into the country from Russia through Afghanistan and its conjoined frontier!"

With justifiable pride, Captain Hughes refers to the road over the Bhore Ghaut, between Panwell and Poonah, constructed under his superintendence, as an example of the benefits to be derived from the construction of good roads. We shall extract the description of this sublime Ghaut, as well as the account of the traffic that now passes over it.

#### *The Bhore Ghaut*

"It is formed of a succession of lofty eminences, towering above each other; the last of which attains a height of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. Its outline at a distance is bold and imposing; it presents a plane or table summit, with ranges of stupendous hills beyond,—with the sublimity of which, Europe possesses little that is analogous. At its foot stands the small and romantic village of Campoolce, which has a noble tank appurtenant, and a Hindoo Temple, both built by Nana Farnavce, the Peshwa's



Prime minister, at his individual expense. Entering upon the scene, language can very imperfectly describe the beauty of this mountain—the luxuriant and variegated foliage by which it is clothed: or faithfully contrast that feature with its dark and fearful chasms; its high and impending rocks. Plants of great variety, and rich in colour, and all those graceful and stately trees which adorn an Indian forest, particularly the palm and feathery coco-nut, are scattered over it in gaudy profusion. The views obtained from commanding points in ascending this Ghaut,—particularly from the Durwazu, or Gateway,—are of that order which may be termed the *magnificently picturesque*: commencing, in the fore-ground, with Campoollee, its tank, and temple, and tranquilly unfolding a *riant* and cultivated plain of very considerable extent, watered by the silvery and sinuous course of a mountain stream, that, during the Monsoon, swells into a broad and rapid river.

"This is an exact description of the scene.

"I now hasten to describe the road which has been carried over this Ghaut; which has had the effect of changing the mode of transport between Panwell and Poonah (a distance of 70 miles,) from the back of a bullock and shoulders of a man, to a four-wheeled waggon; of reducing the hire of conveyance to at least *one-half*; of abridging the time occupied by *one-third*; and, lastly, (no trifling consideration,) of drawing to the purse of Government a revenue of 40,000 rupees per annum. Already there is a surprising increase in the number of carts in Panwell; from 50 or 60 they amount to upwards of 300, within the short interval of two years! One habit of industry begets another."

The chief object of our author is, to recommend the completion of a great line of road between Calcutta and Bombay. Such a work would require an enormous outlay, but it would certainly be found a profitable investment for capital, if light tolls were levied on conveyances: it would, perhaps, be too great an undertaking for individual enterprise, or even for the government; but a company, whose property would be placed under government protection, might, at the same time, enrich itself, and confer great benefits on one hundred millions of people.

We deem, that the road from Bombay to Calcutta would be preferable to the plan recently proposed, of making the island of Socotra, at the mouth of the Nile, a common depot for steamers from Bombay and Bengal: it would be scarcely more expensive, it would be more profitable to the proprietors, and it would be infinitely more beneficial to the natives of India. The island of Socotra has little to recommend it but position,—it is thinly inhabited, very unproductive, and of its two harbours, one is inconvenient, and the other, from its situation, unsafe, during the season that steamers would be running. It seems to us, that the expense of the establishment at Socotra would not be very far under the expense of the road from Calcutta to Bombay. If time be taken into account, a glance at the map will show that, were there good lines of communication, the intercourse between Bombay and Calcutta might be managed in six or seven days, that is, before the Bengal steamer could possibly have rounded Cape Comorin. There is, however, an obvious advantage in the plan of having a steamer from Calcutta, over that which we propose—Madras and Ceylon would have a share in the benefits resulting from the accelerated communication with England; but this defect in our plan would

be remedied by establishing a steam communication between Calcutta and Madras, which would have the additional recommendation of improving the coasting trade of the Carnatic.

*Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui, 1710 à 1800*.—[*Recollections of the Marchioness of Créqui from 1710 to 1800*]. Paris: Fournier Jeune; London, Dulau.

THE *Quarterly Review*, just published, has settled all questions about the authenticity of this work. The truth is, and it is notorious enough in Paris, that not one in a dozen of these modern Memoirs are authentic; those of Cardinal Dubois, Madame Dubarry, the Duke de Richelieu, Robespierre, Louis XVIII., (see *Athenæum*, No. 265,) were all mere manufactures. But the writers in the *Quarterly* delight in the exposure of these little trading iniquities; and, to do them justice, when they get hold of such a subject, they fairly worry the life out of it. Such exposures are wholesome and serviceable; but it is not a fair inference, that because a work is not what it professes to be, therefore it is valueless; some of the class have been compiled with great skill and care, and are curious and interesting, if considered merely, as in truth they are, as historical romances. The *Quarterly* went to work after the same fashion with Sir Edward Seward's Narrative; but that work has kept, and will keep, its popularity notwithstanding; and the references to official documents, the South Sea House, the Admiralty, and so forth, in proof that it could not be true, was the strongest possible evidence how true it was to nature. This argument need not be pushed further, although it is manifestly of universal application; for if the contrary opinion be received, then Defoe's whole literary life was but a succession of frauds and forgeries, and the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' the 'History of the Plague,' the 'Life of Colonel Jack,' and even 'Robinson Crusoe,' are all utterly worthless.

It is with these feelings that we turn to the consideration of the work before us. We assume that there is not a particle of historical truth from beginning to end; although we incline to believe that on this, as on many other occasions, the compiler has had opportunities of referring to original papers, letters, and documents, which have often served him as the basis of particular incidents and characters.

These memoirs then profess to give us the recollections of a woman of high rank, who was presented, in her youth, to Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, and in her old age to Napoleon Bonaparte, first consul of the French republic, and who therefore lived and observed through all the profligacy of the regency, and the horrors of the revolution. The pictures of life in the early part of the eighteenth century are vivid and graphic; and its solemn and minute trifling, its political and diplomatic formalities, its established etiquette, and the regular ceremonial of private and even of domestic manners, its hoop petticoats, swords, and bag wigs, act upon our minds, heated and excited as they are to contempt of all forms, by the mighty interests, the restless activity, the incessant innovation and revolution of this current nineteenth century, with something of the re-

freshing coolness of an artificial fountain, or a glass of ice cream. The writer is an ultra-aristocrat of course, or rather a feudalist, with a hearty contempt of the Jansenists, and a becoming hatred of the Encyclopédique philosophers. We shall give a lively sketch or two of the social condition of past times, as displayed in her narrative.

The Marchioness, according to her own account, was placed for education with her aunt, the Abbess of Montivilliers, a lady who, in virtue of her office, had immense signorial possessions and judicial rights. Here is a bandit adventure, not indeed altogether new, and a convent scene:—

The lay-sister portresses, who lived without the conventual inclosure, had allowed a poor beggar to sleep in a kind of casemate, under the lofty archway, by which the outer court of the Abbey was entered. This beggar was a wretched man without legs or arms; a woman, like himself a stranger, but young, and said to be rather pretty, fetched him away every morning upon a sort of barrow, and placed him at the side of the high-road, to ask charity of all who passed by. The Abbey bread, broth, and cider were given them, but these they seldom consumed.

Two murders had lately been committed upon this same road; the researches made by the Abbess's officers of justice had proved unsuccessful, and the whole country was in alarm. Proclamations were issued, general processions were made, and public prayers were solicited of the Abbess. The Norman peasantry have not their equal for dread of robbers, and reluctance to incur their ill-will. . . . My aunt received a letter from the Procureur-General of Normandy, warning her to be upon her guard, a plot having been discovered against either the strong box or the sacristy of the convent. The Intendant of Rouen sent us a brigade of *Maréchaussée*, (the *gendarmes* of those days,) to protect us, which proved very unlucky; for Madlle. d'Houdetot (a boarder,) falling in love with the brigadier, was sent home to her family, where, as we were told, she received some sharp chastisement from her father's cane.

One autumn evening ten o'clock struck, and the beggar without legs and arms was not come in. It was supposed that the woman who took care of him had neglected to bring him to his lair. The portresses charitably waited for him till half-past ten, which the sister Cellarist seeing, she sent for the keys, that she might carry them, according to custom, to the mother-Prioress, who always deposited them carefully under her own pillow. Strange tidings, however, were brought her instead of the expected keys. A wealthy and able-bodied farmer had just been attacked upon the high-road: he had knocked down one of the assassins, whom the *Maréchaussée* had brought, with his accomplice, to the Abbey gates; they required that the door of the prison should be opened, that they might safely lodge their captives there; and permission was requested for the farmer to pass the night in the outer court, lest he should fall into the hands of the rest of the band. Madame, the Prioress, made answer, "It is too late." The Lady Abbess was then awakened, and she ordered every door, specified by the Brigadier, and without the conventual inclosure, to be opened. But the old Benedictine (the Prioress) was obstinate, and my aunt was obliged to go in person and take from her the keys, which she would give up to no one else. An Abbess of Montivilliers is not restricted to absolute seclusion; and my aunt, who was the most charitable as well as the most courageous woman upon

\* The name of the store-keeper in convents of either sex.

earth, thought it proper to go forth into the outer court, but with a train befitting her dignity. She was preceded by her cross-bearer, between two attendants carrying wax candles; she was followed by twelve assistant nuns, with their veils down, and their hands crossed upon their bosoms; lastly, all the lay-sisters of the convent, in their grey hoods, with their torches blazing in glass lanterns painted with the Abbey arms, were ranged around their ladies. I have never seen in our new romances anything so romantic—above all, so picturesque—as this nocturnal scene.

Mad. de Montivilliers ordered the prison doors to be opened. She gave shelter and cordials to the brave farmer; she desired her surgeon to examine the wounded person, who proved to be a man in woman's clothes. It then appeared that his accomplice was that infernal beggar, who had been sheltered under the Abbey gateway, and was now before us, upon a hand-barrow, awaiting his well-merited fate. He seemed the torso of a giant, deprived of all his limbs, except the stump of one arm. His head was disproportionately large. His skin was all over wounds and mud; the rags that covered him were stained with blood and filth; even his shock of hair and stubborn beard were so plastered; and amidst all those nuns, those consecrated torches, and feudal transparencies, glared the murderer's eyes—two of the most atrocious, deadly, greenish eyes, ever dreamed of in the nightmare. When she had arranged everything with admirable method, judgment, and presence of mind, Madame de Montivilliers raised her veil, and all present knelt down to receive her blessing. As I had secretly insinuated myself amongst the assistant nuns, I was punished by a three days' confinement in a distant cell, where I heard nothing more of our robbers.

The end of the story is, that the younger murderer died of the farmer's blows, and the torso was put to death, but, from the strength of his bones it was found difficult to kill him in the regular way, by crushing the chest; and during the operation he bit off, chewed, and swallowed two joints of the executioner's finger, taunting him with his awkwardness, and averring that he had been broken on the wheel before.

The following extract well illustrates the exquisite admixture of superstition with infidelity, in some of the self-entitled philosophers of France, at least in some of the most celebrated of their fair disciples, and the absurd prejudices, the insulting oppressions common in those days. It must be observed, preliminarily, that Madame de Crequi did not wait for the established age to addict herself to devotion, but is described as from her youth to have been professedly pious, or what is now, and in this country, commonly termed serious.

Madame de Marsan, (the widow of one of the Princes of Lorraine,) with whom I often made snug little devotional parties, took me one day to drink the water of St. Genevieve's well, at Nanterre, during the festival of her patron saint, her name being Genevieve. Off we went in her gilded vis-a-vis, half saying paternosters, half amusing ourselves with our pilgrimage: she assuring me that it was wrong to wipe the iron cup, from which the water was drank, which was chained to the fountain, and held a good half-pint, which must be drank to the last drop; I rebelling against these two ordinances. But the good Princess observed, that we must not scandalize the simple-minded, and I promised to be ruled by her experience.

I must tell you that this water was deemed sovereign for the eyes, and nothing was the matter with ours. When we came in sight of the fountain, it was surrounded by such a crowd

of country people, that to get near it was out of the question. We alighted from our carriage, and waited, at a distance, with exemplary modesty.

Whom, think you, did we see arrive to perform the usual devotions? Madame du Deffand, who believed in nothing, and for whom a passage was forced by the Chevalier de Pont-de-Veste, (her known paramour,) assisted by several footmen. She was even then almost blind, and her Cavalier did not see much better than herself; so that for them this *oculi-pharmaceutic* draught, as old Lence called it, was not, as for us, a mere measure of precaution. We had the satisfaction of seeing each of these philosophers swallow, with scrupulous precision, a full cup of this sacred water! We readily supposed that they would not boast of this feat in their philosophic society, and we likewise determined not to mention it, that we might not give occasion to jests upon an act of devotion, and, above all, to prevent certain remarks upon these strange pilgrims, the idea of which excessively alarmed Madame de Marsan's charity.

In vain did I assure her that in point of esteem and personal respectability, Madame du Deffand had nothing to lose, and that her intimacy with Pont-de-Veste had long been matter of scandal. She answered, "It might prevent their ever making another pilgrimage, or setting foot in a church"; and we faithfully kept the secret. . . .

Meanwhile Madame de Marsan's servants, who wore the livery of Lorraine and of Jerusalem, were confounded at our humility, and shocked to see us, as they supposed, wronged and oppressed by Madame du Deffand; the Princess's chief footman coming forward, proposed to force a way for us also through the crowd, that we might the sooner reach the iron cup; but we replied that we had not, like those good folks, urgent business in our households or vineyards, and we, therefore, forbade their being disturbed.

This deeply wounded the vanity of our servants, and almost provoked them to revolt. Besides, I must tell you, by way of episode, that Madame de Marsan's coachman, who had driven us, was exasperated against me, and here is the reason. He had sought my service, and I asked who he had lived with; he answered—"With Monseigneur the Abbé Duc de Biron, Madame, but he is gone to heaven." "If he went to heaven," said I, "he will not have stayed there long." This offended the coachman, who looked at me wrathfully, and told me he was a gentleman born, as were most of the servants at the Hôtel Biron. I answered that the Crequi livery was no more a degradation to a gentleman, than that of the Contants, and bade him go to my steward, and settle about his wages. "But," said he, "before I engage myself, I should like to know from Madame, to whom Madame gives way." "To everybody!—except at Versailles, I give way to everybody." "How? would Madame order her body-coachman to give precedence to Presidents in the streets of Paris?" "Certainly; and the rather that I sup in their part of the town every Thursday." "But surely Madame would not give way to the wives of Financiers; and if the equipage of a Financier presumed to contend with hers, she would surely authorize her coachman to cut the faces of the upstarts to pieces with his whip!" "Oh, Financiers ought to understand liveries; but at any rate, master coachman, I do not choose, for the sake of battling with mere nobodies in the streets of Paris, to risk breaking my carriages, hurting my servants, or laming my horses." "To be sure, Madame has only a dozen of horses!"—(She was a widow when the coachman thus disdained the paltry meanness of her stable appointments.)—Moreover, I am accustomed to give precedence to none but Princes

of the blood, so that I could not possibly suit Madame!" He was off in a rage. Madame de Marsan had since taken him into her service, to the full satisfaction of both parties; and he it was who now drove us, and urged our footmen to rebellion, saying that we had assuredly plotted the degradation and mortification of all those wearers of livery, whose masters enjoyed the honour of the Louvre.

This last is an admirable anecdote, and if its truth were sworn to in our courts of law, it could not better illustrate the strange contradictions of that age, in which there was, as it were, a perpetual war going on between the past and the future.

*The Bishoprick Garland; or, a Collection of Legends, Songs, Ballads, &c. belonging to the county of Durham.* London: Nichols.

THIS is a small book, at which many will smile, but which many will read with pleasure, and we confess ourselves to be among the latter class. It is, literally, a collection of all the old sayings, the old traditions, the old ballads, and the old tunes of the county of Durham, and to those who have heard these sayings repeated in their childhood, or who have been lulled in infancy by these rude songs and old world melodies, the book will be a delightful one. Even to us they possess interest, for whatever makes us acquainted with the peculiar superstitions of our forefathers adds a more vivid colouring to the picture we have formed of them in our mind. It is to be lamented, that of the store of ballads which our forefathers possessed, so few should have been handed down to us; what a harvest might not earlier antiquaries have obtained. The same may be said of legends, and we are happy to find so much attention in the present day paid, even by county historians, to these interesting fragments of local history, which have been so frequently found to illustrate ancient manners and customs, and, in some instances, even obscure points of history. As the work before us is printed for a very limited circulation, we shall offer to our readers the following legend relating to the family of Lord Durham, and called 'The Worme of Lambton,' which, the industrious compiler assures us, "has been gleaned with much patient and laborious investigation, from the *ricâ roce* narratives of sundry of the elders, of both sexes, living on the banks of the Wear." It is certainly the best version we have yet met with, of a tradition that bears strongly the mark of antiquity.

"The young heir of Lambton led a dissolute and evil course of life, equally regardless of the obligations of his high estate and the sacred duties of religion. According to his profane custom, he generally amused himself on Sundays by fishing, and was frequently to be seen angling in the River Wear, at the time when all good men should have been engaged in the solemn observance of the day.

"After having toiled in vain for some time, he vented his disappointment at his ill success, in curses 'loud and deep,' to the great scandal of all who heard him, on their way to Holy Mass, and to the manifest peril of his own soul.

"At length he felt something extraordinary 'tugging' at the end of his line, and in the hope of hooking a large fish, he exerted the utmost skill and care: yet it required all his strength to bring the expected fish to land.

"But what was his surprise and mortification,

when, instead of a fish, he found that he had only caught a worm of most unseemly and disgusting appearance, and he hastily tore it from his hook and flung it into a well hard by.

"He again threw his line into the stream: when a stranger, of venerable appearance, passing by, asked 'what sport?' To which he replied, 'Why, truly, I think I have caught the Devil,' and directed the enquirer to look into the well.

"The stranger saw the worm, and remarked that he had never seen 'the like of it' before—that it was like an eel; but that it had nine holes on each side of its mouth, and that it 'tokened no good.'

"The worm remained 'unheeded' in the well, but soon grew so large that it became necessary to seek another abode. It usually lay in the day-time 'coiled' round a rock in the middle of the river, and at night frequented a neighbouring hill, 'twining' itself around the base; and it continued to increase in length until it could 'lap' itself three times round the hill.

"The dreaded worm now became the terror of the 'whole country side,' devouring lambs, 'sucking' the cows' milk, and committing every species of injury on the cattle of the affrighted peasantry, and many a knight sought in vain to destroy it.

"At length, after seven long years, the gallant heir of Lambton returned from the wars, and found the broad lands of his ancestors 'waste and desolate.' He heard the 'wailings' of the people; for their hearts were filled with fear and alarm. He hastened to the hall of his ancestors, and received the embraces of his aged father, who, worn out with grief and sorrow, both for the absence of his son (whom he had long considered dead), and for the dreadful waste inflicted on his fair domain by the devastations of the worm, was rapidly descending to the grave.

"The heir of Lambton 'took no rest' until he crossed the river to examine the worm, 'as it lay' coiled around the base of the hill; and after hearing the fate of all those who had fallen in the deadly strife, (being a Knight of tried valour and sound discretion,) he consulted a Sibyl on the surest means to destroy the monster.

"She told him that he had 'himself' been the cause of all the misery which 'afflicted' the country; (which increased his grief, and strengthened his resolution;) that he must have his best suit of mail studded with spear blades, and take his stand on the rock in the middle of the river, trusting to his own valour and the might of his good sword; making a solemn vow, that if successful, he would slay the first living thing he met, but, if he failed to do so, the Lords of Lambton, for nine generations, would never die in their beds.

"He made the vow in the chapel of his forefathers, and caused his armour to be studded with the blades of the sharpest spears. He took his stand on the rock in the middle of the river, and unsheathing his trusty sword, which had never failed him in time of need, he commended himself to the protection, and to the will of Providence.

"At the accustomed hour, the worm uncoiled its lengthened folds, and leaving the hill, took its usual course towards Lambton Hall, and approached the rock where the Knight stood ready and eager for the combat. . . .

"The strength of the worm diminished with its incessant efforts to destroy the Knight; who, seizing a favourable opportunity, made such good use of his trusty sword that he cut the monster in two: the severed part was immediately carried away by the force of the current, and the worm being thus unable to re-unite itself, was, after a long and desperate conflict,

finally destroyed by the gallantry and courage of the Knight of Lambton.

"The afflicted household were devoutly engaged in prayer during this mortal encounter; but on the happy issue of the combat, the Knight, according to promise, blew a blast on his bugle, to assure his father of his safety, and that he might let loose his favourite hound, which, according to pre-concerted agreement, was to be the sacrifice: but, the aged parent, forgetting everything but his parental feelings, rushed forward to embrace his son.

"When the Knight beheld his father, he was overwhelmed with grief; he could not raise his arm against his parent, yet, vainly hoping that his vow might be accomplished, and the curse averted, by destroying the next living thing he met, he blew another blast on his bugle, when his favourite hound broke loose, and bounded forward to receive his caresses. The gallant Knight, with 'grief and reluctance,' once more drew his sword, still reeking with the gore of the monster, and plunged it into the heart of his faithful companion. But in vain:—the prediction was fulfilled, and the Sibyl's curse pressed heavily on the house of Lambton 'for nine generations.'"

We must add to this how the prediction was traditionally confirmed:—

"The precise date of the story is of course uncertain. It is stated by some that the heir of Lambton had gone to the Holy Wars; and there are circumstances preserved in the narrative difficult to reconcile, and which are evidently the interpolations of modern times. Popular tradition, though in general true in the main, is seldom correct in details, and the precise time when the event happened which gave birth to the Legend, must be dated much earlier than the period assigned. Be this as it may, nine ascending generations from Henry Lambton, of Lambton, Esq. M.P., (elder brother to the late General Lambton) would exactly reach to Sir John Lambton, Knight of Rhodes—and the popular tradition holds, that none of the Lords of Lambton during the period of the 'curse' ever died in their beds. Sir William Lambton, who was Colonel of a regiment of foot, in the service of Charles I., was slain at the bloody battle of Marston Moor, and his son William (his eldest son by his second wife) inheriting the loyalty and gallantry of his father, 'received his death's wound at Wakefield,' at the head of a troop of dragoons, in 1643. The fulfilment of the curse was inherent in the ninth of descent, as above stated, and great anxiety prevailed during his lifetime, amongst the hereditary depositaries of the traditions of the county to know if the curse would 'hold good to the end.' He died in his chariot, crossing the New Bridge—thus giving the last connecting link to the chain of circumstantial tradition connected with the history of the Worms of Lambton."

*A Vision of Fair Spirits, and other Poems.*  
By John Graham, of Wadham College.  
London: T. & W. Boone.

EVERY one who has the divine spirit of poetry in his heart has "dreamed dreams"—has been visited by a thousand changeful and beautiful fancies, not to be fully expressed in language, and has explored shadowy worlds, utterly unknown to the patient or profuse verse-wright, who sits beating his brains for a rhyme, or pouring out his smooth stream of insipid ode or ballad, without the remotest idea that such fair lands exist. Mr. Graham does not belong to the latter class, the pernicious influence of whose feeble industry upon our literature, we have so often had to deplore: he has a rich imagination, considerable command of language, much music

of versification, and much less affectation than many who have stepped into Fairyland. His first poem, 'A Vision of Fair Spirits,' is merely a succession of fragments, scarcely linked together, and concluded most abruptly. We have our doubts whether it is wise in so young an author to begin his career by presenting the world with sketches; but that they are full of elegance and fancy, we proceed to show. Our extracts will, from the nature of the poem, be unconnected with each other.

#### *Venus rising from the Sea.*

Queen of the heart! how warm the amorous wave  
Enfolds each beauty with its crystal shrine!  
How calm the wind, with passion wont to rave,  
Melts into music 'neath one glance of thine!  
How soft the light from ev'ry jewel'd cave  
Sleeps on the bosom of the sleepless brine!  
Where each rus'd billow of the wanton tide  
Spreads its bold arm to clasp the ocean bride.  
Her rubied lip, unknowing how to speak,  
Yet beams all eloquent with beauty's smile;  
Her dark hair gathers o'er each burning cheek,  
Like storm clouds black'ning o'er some rosy isle.  
From the white foam upraised, her whiter neck  
Gleams like the silver Lotus of the Nile—  
And still the mad wave knows not how to sever  
From that fair shape it cannot clasp for ever.

#### *The Faun.*

Is it the Faun who wakes with airy rood  
His vesper greeting to night's drowsy ear?  
No earthly minstrel, such the poet's creed,  
No mortal lip, I ween, is breathing here.  
Now borne afar the dying notes recede,  
Now from the grove float eloquently near,  
Like some unquiet bird, whose restless wing  
Flits to and fro, for ever wandering.

#### *Invocation to Fairies.*

Rob'd in the silken gownsmen that flow,  
Woven in lustre from your elfin loom!  
Couch'd in the ruby chambers of the rose,  
Fed by its dew, and curtain'd by its bloom!  
Hither, ye elves! the sunbeam fainter glows,  
And the lov'd twilight gathers with its gloom—  
Fly from the grassy mount's untrodden brow,  
Drop from the scented blossom of the bough.  
Steal from the lily's dew-bespangled bell,  
That rings its fairy curfew to the night—  
Haste from the lowly violet's hidden cell,  
Whose beauty shrinketh widow like from sight—  
Creep from the truant snail's deserted shell,  
Come from the cowslip's golden balls of light—  
Wake from each blossom of the apple tree,  
That opens its bright pavilion to the bee.  
Man's waking hour hath pass'd, and holy sleep  
Sits on his throbbing temples, like a crown  
Fresh pluck'd from Lethe's garden of the deep,  
Briefly to chain each master passion down.  
Nought reck the slumb'ring now of eyes that weep,  
Of lips that threaten, and of brows that frown;  
No more his curses climb the darken'd sky  
In wrath—the pure air burns not with his sigh.  
Then come, if e'er your lightly-falling foot  
Have call'd soft echoes from the hollow dell—  
If e'er the music of the breeze was sweet,  
That lulls the folding flower-leaf with its spell—  
If e'er with answering voice ye lov'd to greet  
The lute-like plaint of widow'd Philomel—  
If e'er the weeping bough its tear-drops threw  
To deck your fairy coronet with dew.

The Vision is followed by three or four prize poems, one of which was printed in *Blackwood*, and sundry miscellaneous verses: in all, power and fancy are discernible.

#### *Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.*

*In a Series of Letters written during a Residence in those Countries.* By William Beckford, Author of 'Vathek.' 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

It is more than fifty years since 'Vathek' was written and published; and, after receiving the congratulations of his friends and contemporaries—a foregone generation—the writer yet lives to hear their children's children acknowledge the power of his genius, and the splendour of his imagination. To add to our astonishment, Mr. Beckford, satiated as it were with early fame, has not for fifty years, so far as we know, written a



single volume, or a single line, and yet we are called on at this last hour of his protracted life, to sit in judgment on a new work—but new, we believe, only to the public, for it has long been generally rumoured that an account of his travels was, at the time, written, and even privately printed. We received the sheets of these forthcoming volumes just as we were preparing to go to press; but, knowing how anxiously our readers would desire to get even a glimpse of the work, we have stolen five minutes from required rest to dip into it, and have torn away a few fragmentary passages just as we chanced to alight on them.

*Ostend.*—"We had a rough passage, and arrived at this imperial haven in a piteous condition. Notwithstanding its renown and importance, it is but a scurvy place—preposterous Flemish roofs disgust your eyes when cast upwards—swaggering Dutch skippers and mongrel smugglers are the principal objects they meet with below; and then the whole atmosphere is impregnated with the fumes of tobacco, burnt pent, and garlick. I should esteem myself in luck, were the nuisances of this seaport confined only to two senses; but, alas! the apartment above my head proves a squalling battery, and the sounds which proceed from it are so loud and frequent, that a person might think himself in limbo, without any extravagance."

*Dusseldorf Gallery.*—"This collection is displayed in five large galleries, and contains some valuable productions of the Italian school; but the room most boasted of is that which Rubens has filled with no less than three enormous representations of the last day, where an innumerable host of sinners are exhibited as striving in vain to avoid the tangles of the devil's tail. The woes of several fat luxurious souls are rendered in the highest gusto. Satan's dispute with some brawny concubines, whom he is lugging off in spite of all their resistance, cannot be too much admired by those who approve this class of subjects, and think such strange embroglia in the least calculated to raise a sublime or a religious idea.

"For my own part, I turned from them with disgust, and hastened to contemplate a holy family by Camillo Procaccini, in another apartment. The brightest imagination can never conceive any figure more graceful than that of the young Jesus; and if ever I beheld an inspired countenance or celestial features, it was here; but to attempt conveying in words what the pencil alone can express, would be only reversing the absurdity of many a master in the gallery who aims to represent those ideas by the pencil which language alone is able to describe. Should you admit this opinion, you will not be surprised at my passing such a multitude of renowned pictures unnoticed; nor at my bringing you out of the cabinet without deluging ten pages with criticisms in the style of the ingenious Lady Miller."

*Cologne.*—"The shrine of the three Kings.—"Clouds of dust hindered my making any remarks on the exterior of this celebrated city; but if its appearance be not more beautiful from without than within, I defy the most courteous compiler of geographical dictionaries to launch forth very warmly in its praise. But of what avail are stately palaces, broad streets, or airy markets, to a town which can boast of such a treasure as the bodies of those three wise sovereigns who were star-led to Bethlehem? Is not this circumstance enough to procure it every kind of respect? I really believe so, from the pious and dignified contentment of its inhabitants. They care not a hair of an ass's ear whether their houses be gloomy and ill-contrived, their pavements overgrown with weeds, and their shops half choked up with filthiness, provided

the carcasses of Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar might be preserved with proper decorum. Nothing, to be sure, can be richer than the shrine which contains these precious relics. I paid my devotions before it the moment I arrived; this step was inevitable: had I omitted it, not a soul in Cologne but would have cursed me for a Pagan.

"Do you not wonder at hearing of these venerable bodies so far from their native country? I thought them snug under some Arabian cupola ten feet deep in spice; but who can tell what is to become of one a few ages hence? Who knows but the Emperor of Morocco may be canonized some future day in Lapland? I asked, of course, how in the name of miracles they came hither? but found no story of a supernatural conveyance. It seems that great collectress of relics, the holy Empress Helena, first routed them out; then they were packed off to Rome. King Alaric, having no grace, bundled them down to Milan; where they remained till it pleased Heaven to inspire an ancient archbishop with the fervent wish of depositing them at Cologne; there these skeletons were taken into the most special consideration, crowned with jewels and filigreed with gold. Never were skulls more elegantly mounted; and I doubt whether Odin's buffet could exhibit so fine an assortment. The chapel containing these benighted bones is placed in a dark extremity of the cathedral. Several golden lamps gleam along the polished marbles with which it is adorned, and afford just light enough to read the following monkish inscription:

*Corpora sanctorum recubant hic ternis marmoribus:  
Ex his sublatum nihil est aliunde locutum.*

"After I had satisfied my curiosity with respect to the pereginations of the consecrated skeletons, I examined their shrine; and was rather surprised to find it not only enriched with barbaric gold and pearl, but covered with cameos and intaglios of the best antique sculpture. Many an impious emperor and gross Silenus, many a wanton nymph and frantic bacchanal, figure in the same range with the statues of saints and evangelists. How St. Helena could tolerate such a mixed assembly (for the shrine, they say, was formed under her auspices) surpasses my comprehension. Perhaps you will say, it is no great matter; and give me a hint to move out of the chapel, lest the three kings and their star should lead me quite out of my way."

*Road from Ems to Mannheim in 1781.*—"Things were in this state, when the orator who had harangued so brilliantly on the folly of ascending mountains, bounded into the room, and regaled my ears with a woeeful narration of murders which had happened the other day on the precise road I was to follow the next morning.

"Sir," said he, "your route is, to be sure, very perilous; on the left you have a chasm, down which, should your horses take the smallest alarm, you are infallibly precipitated; to the right hangs an impervious wood, and there, sir, I can assure you, are wolves enough to devour a regiment; a little farther on, you cross a desolate tract of forest land, the roads so deep and broken, that if you go ten paces in as many minutes you may think yourself fortunate. There lurk the most savage banditti in Europe, lately irritated by the Prince of Orange's proscription; and so desperate, that if they make an attack, you can expect no mercy. Should you venture through this hazardous district tomorrow, you will, in all probability, meet a company of people who have just left the town to search for the mangled bodies of their relations; but, for Heaven's sake, sir, if you value your life, do not suffer an idle curiosity to lead you over such dangerous regions, however picturesque their appearance."

"It was almost nine o'clock before my kind adviser ceased inspiring me with terrors; then,

finding myself at liberty, I retired to bed, not under the most agreeable impressions.

"Early in the morning we set forward; and proceeding along the edge of the precipices I had been forewarned of, journeyed through the forest which had so recently been the scene of murders and depredations. At length, after winding several hours amongst its dreary avenues, we emerged into open daylight. A few minutes more brought us safe to the village of Wiesbaden, where we slept in peace and tranquillity."

*Parchierotti the Singer.*—"Sometimes Pachierotti accompanies me in my excursions, to the utter discontent of the Lucchese, who swear I shall ruin their Opera, by leading him such extravagant rambles amongst the mountains, and exposing him to the inclemency of winds and showers. One day they made a vehement remonstrance, but in vain; for the next, away we trotted over hill and dale, and stayed so late in the evening, that a cold and hoarseness were the consequence.

"The whole republic was thrown into commotion, and some of its prime ministers were deputed to harangue Pachierotti upon the rides he had committed. Had the safety of their mighty state depended upon this imprudent excursion, they could not have vociferated with greater violence. You know I am rather energetic, and, to say truth, I had very nearly got into a scrape of importance, and drawn down the execrations of the Gonfalonier and all his council upon my head by openly declaring our intention of taking, next morning, another ride over the rocks, and absolutely losing ourselves in the clouds which veil their acclivities. These terrible threats were put into execution, and yesterday we made a tour of about thirty miles upon the high lands, and visited a variety of castles and palaces."

*A Scene at Naples.*—"The shrubby, variegated shore of Positipo drew my attention to the opposite side of the bay. It was on those very rocks, under those tall pines, Sannazaro was wont to sit by moonlight, or at peep of dawn, composing his marine eclogues. It is there he still sleeps; and I wished to have gone immediately and strewed coral over his tomb, but I was obliged to check my impetuosity, and hurry to the palace in form and gala.

"A courtly mob had got thither upon the same errand, daubed over with lace and most notably be-periwigged. Nothing but bows and salutations were going forward on the staircase, one of the largest I ever beheld, and which a multitude of prelates and friars were ascending with awkward pomposity. I jostled along to the presence chamber, where his Majesty was dining alone in a circular enclosure of fine clothes and smirking faces. The moment he had finished, twenty long necks were poked forth, and it was a glorious struggle amongst some of the most decorated who first should kiss his hand, the great business of the day. Every body pressed forward to the best of their abilities. His Majesty seemed to eye nothing but the end of his nose, which is doubtless a capital object.

"Though people have imagined him a weak monarch, I beg leave to differ in opinion, since he has the boldness to prolong his childhood and be happy, in spite of years and conviction. Give him a hour to stab, and a pigeon to shoot at, a battledore and an angling rod, and he is better contented than Solomon in all his glory, and will never discover, like that sapient sovereign, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

"His courtiers in general have rather a barbaric appearance, and differ little in the character of their physiognomies from the most savage nations. I should have taken them for Calmucks or Samoneds, had it not been for their dresses and European finery.

"You may suppose I was not sorry, after my

presentation was over, to return to Sir W. H.'s, where an interesting group of lovely women, litterati and artists, were assembled—Gagliani and Cyrillo, Aprile, Milico, and Deamicis—the determined Santo Marco, and the more nymph-like modest-looking, though not less dangerous, Belmonte. Gagliani happened to be in full story, and vied with his countryman Polichinello, not only in gesticulation and loquacity, but in the excessive licentiousness of his narrations. He was proceeding beyond all bounds of decency and decorum, at least according to English notions, when Lady H. sat down to the pianoforte. Her plaintive modulations breathed a far different language. No performer that ever I heard produced such soothing effects; they seemed the emanations of a pure, uncontaminated mind, at peace with itself and benevolently desirous of diffusing that happy tranquillity around it:—these were modes a Grecian legislature would have encouraged to further the triumph over vice of the most amiable virtue.

"The evening was passing swiftly away, and I had almost forgotten there was a grand illumination at the theatre of St. Carlo. After traversing a number of dark streets, we suddenly entered this enormous edifice, whose seven rows of boxes one above the other blazed with tapers. I never beheld such lofty walls of light, nor so pompous a decoration as covered the stage. Marchesi was singing in the midst of all these splendours some of the poorest music imaginable, with the clearest and most triumphant voice, perhaps, in the universe.

"It was some time before I could look to any purpose around me, or discover what animals inhabited this glittering world: such was its size and glare. At last I perceived vast numbers of swarthy ill-favoured beings, in gold and silver raiment, peeping out of their boxes. The court being present, a tolerable silence was maintained; but the moment his Majesty withdrew (which great event took place at the beginning of the second act) every tongue broke loose, and nothing but buzz and hubbub filled up the rest of the entertainment."

*Climate of Portugal.*—"It is in vain I call upon clouds to cover me and fogs to wrap me up. You can form no adequate idea of the continual glare of this renowned climate. Lisbon is the place in the world best calculated to make one cry out

Hide me from day's garish eye;

but where to hide is not so easy. Here are no thickets of pine as in the classic Italian villas, none of those quivering poplars and leafy chestnuts which cover the plains of Lombardy. The groves in the immediate environs of this capital are composed of—with, alas! but few exceptions—dwarfish orange-trees and cinder-coloured olives. Under their branches repose neither shepherds nor shepherdesses, but whitening bones, scraps of leather, broken pantiles, and passengers not unfrequently attended by monkeys, who, I have been told, are let out for the purpose of picking up a livelihood. Those who cannot afford this apish luxury, have their bushy poles untenanted by affectionate relations, for yesterday just under my window I saw two blessed babies rendering this good office to their aged parent."

*Consecration of a Bishop.—Valley of Alcantara, and Aqueduct.*—"We went by special invitation to the royal Convent of the Necessidades, belonging to the Oratorians, to see the ceremony of consecrating a father of that order Bishop of Algarve, and were placed fronting the altar in a gallery crowded with important personages in shining raiment, the relations of the new prelate. The floor being spread with rich Persian carpets and velvet cushions, it was pretty good kneeling; but, notwithstanding this comfortable accommodation, I thought the ceremony would never finish. There was a mighty glitter of

crosses, censers, mitres, and croziers, continually in motion, as several bishops assisted in all their pomp.

"The music, which was extremely simple and pathetic, appeared to affect the grandees in my neighbourhood very profoundly, for they put on woful contrite countenances, thumped their breasts, and seemed to think themselves, as most of them are, miserable sinners. Feeling oppressed by the heat and the sermon, I made my retreat slyly and silently from the splendid gallery, and passed through some narrow corridors, as warm as flues, into the garden.

"But this was only exchanging one scene of formality and closeness for another. I panted after air, and to obtain that blessing escaped through a little narrow door into the wild free valley of Alcantara. Here all was solitude and humming of bees, and fresh gales blowing from the entrance of the Tagus over the tufted tops of orange gardens. The refreshing sound of water-wheels seemed to give me new life.

"I set the sun at defiance, and advanced towards that part of the valley across which stretches the enormous aqueduct you have heard so often mentioned as the most colossal edifice of its kind in Europe. It has only one row of pointed openings, and the principal arch, which crosses a rapid brook, measures above two hundred and fifty feet in height. The Pont de Garde and Caserta have several rows of arches one above the other, which, by dividing the attention, take off from the size of the whole. There is a vastness in this single range that strikes with astonishment. I sat down on a fragment of rock, under the great arch, and looked up to the vaulted stone-work so high above me with a sensation of awe not unallied to fear; as if the building I gazed upon was the performance of some immeasurable being endued with gigantic strength, who might perhaps take a fancy to saunter about his works this morning, and, in mere awkwardness, crush me to atoms."

Next week we hope to do more justice to the work.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*LARDNER'S CYCLOPEDIA.* Vol 55.—*Arithmetic*, by Dr. Lardner.—If utility be made the measure of excellence, this is the best volume that has yet appeared in the Cabinet Cyclopædia. It is by far the best practical treatise on Arithmetic with which we are acquainted. We have frequently lamented the absurdity of the common introductions to Arithmetic, and pointed out the folly of setting students to conjure with figures according to mechanical rules, instead of teaching them the nature and power of numbers. Dr. Lardner has avoided this error; his work is strictly scientific in its arrangement, and clear and simple in its language. His explanation of arithmetical rules may be understood by a child, and his system of showing the reason and the effect of every step in an arithmetical process, should be immediately adopted by teachers. The first fifty pages on notation are especially valuable: it is simply because students are not instructed in notation, that arithmetic is deemed so repulsive by the young. We hope that an edition of this work, slightly altered, may be published for the use of schools, and we recommend the author, when preparing it, to dwell at more length on the decimal system of notation, and to place his account of the other systems, that have been sometimes adopted, in an appendix. We should like to have seen some account of Charles XII. of Sweden's plan, for introducing a duodecimal notation—a revolution more difficult to effect, than any other of the wild schemes of that eccentric conqueror.

'*Memoirs and Remains of the late James Fox Longmire.*—The class of books to which this

belongs, though perhaps containing more excellent feeling, more of those kindly affections which sweeten human life, than any other that could be named, is one we cannot wish to see extended; and for our own parts, we have always felt an aversion to the idea of these memoirs, which are more for private solace than public pleasure, being yawned over by the critic, or the fastidious reader, who have no patience, except with novelty of subject or brilliancy of style. The person whose memoirs are here written, we have no doubt was highly gifted; we are sure he was much beloved, but there is nothing in his life or remains, to distinguish them from a thousand other collections of the same kind. As a specimen of his poetical powers, we publish, in another part of our Paper, a poem which was kindly sent to us in manuscript while the writer was living.

'*India: a Poem, in Three Cantos*, by a Young Civilian of Bengal.—This poem is somewhat in the style of the prize poems, which, with few exceptions, rarely obtain any very enduring fame, or extensive circulation. Its author, who writes under excited feelings of indignation, has performed his duty well, in transferring it to his verses, which are uniformly strong and sonorous, though (from the nature of their subject) they are not very imaginative.

'*Verses for Pilgrims*, by the Rev. C. J. Yorke, M.A.—'*Trifles in Verse*, by the Rev. W. Routledge, M.A.—Here are two little volumes, containing nothing to offend the most fastidious, and as little, honesty compels us to admit, to invite a second perusal. Mr. Yorke appears to have studied the sacred lyrics of the school of Quarles, Herbert, and Donne. These are bad models for a writer of the nineteenth century: they were poets, not because of the conceits which overlay and distort their verses, but in spite of them.

'*Greenwich: its History, Antiquities, Improvements, and Public Buildings*, by Henry S. Richardson.—A pretty little book, well got up, and containing much information relating to the town and vicinity of Greenwich. The historical portion is very creditable to Mr. Richardson, for unlike most historians of small towns, he has given us all the information he can collect, in a brief and unassuming form. We think this little work will be a very pleasant, useful companion, both to those who visit Greenwich or who reside there.

'*The Public Advantages of entrusting the Records of the Exchequer, &c. to the Irresponsible Custody of the King's Remembrancer.*—The title is satirical, and the object of the writer to prove from the condition of the Records at present, under the care of the King's Remembrancer, that he ought not to be entrusted, as proposed by a new Act, for effecting certain alterations in the Exchequer, with more of these important documents. We are not competent to offer an opinion on the subject, but certainly the case made out is a very strong one, and deserves to be attentively considered, by all whose judgment can influence the decision of the question.

'*The Romance of History.*—These elegant reprints proceed with success. 'France,' by Leitch Ritchie, is now complete.

'*Sacred Classics.*—Since we last noticed this extraordinarily cheap and valuable work, there have been published 'Bate's Spiritual Perfection, with an introductory Essay, by the Rev. J. P. Smith'—'Hall's Treatises, Devotional and Practical, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. R. Cattermole'—and 'Baxter's Dying Thoughts, with an introductory Essay, by the Rev. H. Stebbing.'

'*Falpy's edition of Hume's History of England*' has arrived at the fifth volume, which brings down the work to the close of the reign of Elizabeth.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE TOMB OF TIME.

BY THE LATE J. F. LONGMIRE.

"Say! where is the tomb of departed Time?"  
The Spirit I asked of a happier clime—  
"Each pathway of light and life I've tried,  
Each draught of knowledge I've drank," he replied;  
"I have rode on the shores of the empyreal main,  
And listed the orbs at their choral strain;  
But with all the sounds of the starry chime,  
Such a voice ne'er was heard as the name of Time."  
"I have watched the waters of life as they flow;  
And they never stopped in their current—oh! no—  
[eyes,]  
I have watched the blaze of a thousand bright  
And the sapphire cope of the crystalline skies;  
I have marked the flight of unwearied wings;  
The undying notes of celestial strings;  
And the flowers of gold, with their amaranth bloom—  
Oh! they never told of death or the tomb."  
I asked the dark Spirit of nether night:  
And he gnashed his teeth in the rage of despite—  
"No! Time had no place on the primal earth,  
Till I gave the baleful monster birth—  
I first tore a gem from eternity's crown—  
To the bottomless deep I hurled it down—  
Till I tempted man to his deed of crime,  
Such a sound ne'er was heard as the sound of Time."  
"Its tomb is my breast—I feel it here—  
And the black cope of Hell is its funeral bier;  
The wear of ages—a world's decay—  
A thousand monarchs in grim array— [red,  
The slaughterers of earth, with their robes all  
Are hurrying to me—to their long last bed—  
The boast of my pride, was my punisher's doom—  
I'm the gulph of all living, Time's terrible tomb."  
I asked the master of mighty rhyme,  
"Say! where is the tomb of departed Time?"  
"Mark the glowing soul as its life-springs fail—  
Mark the beautiful cheek growing dim and pale—  
Mark the ocean-waves, as the shore they brush,  
And the mountains cleft by the torrent's rush—  
The crumbling piles of past ages go climb,  
And there see the tracks of decaying Time."  
"Eternity's round is the place of its sleep—  
Its grave the abyss of the infinite deep—  
Fallen empires its ashes—the weepers who mourn,  
Are languishing nations—the wild world its urn—  
Earth's records of pomp, which in their turn  
must fade, [is laid—  
But the grave-stones that mark where its dust  
Joyous hearts and bright eyes, but the brief  
flowers that bloom,  
Young, fragrant, and fresh, o'er its mouldering  
tomb."  
I asked an old man with the hoary hair,  
With the soul of faith and the lips of prayer—  
"Oh! seek not its grave in the wreck," he cried,  
"Of empires and states, with their pomp and  
pride;  
Mark the broken idols of passing pleasure—  
The murdered moments of mis-spent leisure—  
Ambition's bustle, the toil of crime;—  
There, there, is the tomb of departed Time."  
"All else shall awake from its dreamless rest—  
The bright eye of youth, and its joyous breast,  
It soon shall be broken, the sleep of the dead—  
Nor the conquering grave hold the captives it  
led—  
I hail the day, when life's race shall be o'er,  
When worlds shall cease, and time be no more—  
When the light of Heaven's love shall illumine  
the gloom,  
And eternity's flowers deck the paths of the  
Tomb."

## LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SPAIN.—By DON A. GALIANO.—Concluded from p. 414.

At the very time when the before-mentioned warfare was raging, there appeared in Spain a comic poet who at once obtained great popularity, and has deservedly maintained it. This is Don MANUEL EDUARDO DE GOROSTIZA, lately a resident in England, whom the fortuitous circumstance of his having been born in Mexico raised, much to the honour of his country, from the sad condition of a Spanish refugee, to the exalted station of Minister Plenipotentiary from the Mexican States at the court of London. Though an American by birth, still, as he received his education in Spain, and made himself famous on the Madrid stage, he has a right to occupy a place in the History of modern Spanish Literature.

Gorostiza's first essay was his 'Indulgencia para Todos,' the plan of which is found in Voltaire's lively tale, 'Memnon, ou la Sagesse Humaine,' itself an illustration of the old adage, "Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit." The characters in this play are well drawn, particularly the principal one, *Don Severo*. The humour pervading the entire composition is genuine: its style has more of poetry, and less of conversational vivacity, than is to be found in Moratin's comedies. Though this author belongs to the French school, and is an observer of the unities, he aims at combining the style and manner of the old national dramatists, whose versification he has adopted, with the regularity of modern composition. His description of the Spanish gaming table, in the play before us, besides the merits of graphic truth and forcible description which it possesses, might have been written by a contemporary of Calderon or Moreto, and puts us in mind of the no less happy description of a convent dinner, by Juan Perez de Montalvan, in his 'Principe Perseguido.'

'Don Dieguito' is another of Gorostiza's plays which was received with great applause. Its principal character is humorously drawn, with a dash of caricature, and was, it is shrewdly suspected, meant for the portrait of a living personage, whose Christian name (Diego) it bears.

The remainder of Gorostiza's comedies do him credit—though principally remarkable for humour, they occasionally give tokens of wit, and that of a brilliant description; but their stories want interest. This fault, however, is not peculiar to this writer—it is common to the school to which he and all the other modern Spaniards belong; a school, by the rules of which nothing more is required of comedy than a few entertaining dialogues. His humour, too, now and then degenerates into extravagance; and, upon the whole, he must be ranked below Moratin, though nearer to him than the rest of the contemporary writers of Spanish comedy, above whom he rises considerably, not even excluding from this number Martinez de la Rosa, in 'La Hija en Casa y la Madre en las Máscaras,' lately alluded to in these pages.

The condition of the Spanish stage has not improved in these later years—the best proof of this will be found in the popularity enjoyed by a writer of the present day, Don MANUEL BRETÓN DE LOS HERAKROS. His 'Marcela' has been acted several times, and received with a degree of applause which an unprejudiced reader will find it difficult to justify or account for; for he will not find in it one single quality entitling it to public favour. Its characters combine the faults of commonplace and gross caricature, where the author intends to be humorous, he succeeds only in being extravagant; it has no story; and it is a curious fact that, of the six personages who figure in its scenes, any one (with the exception of the heroine) might be taken away, without the plot suffering by the subtrac-

tion. In fact, the play is a succession of absurd dialogues, its only merit being a flowing and melodious versification, wherein the style of the ancient writers, particularly of Lope de Vega and Tirso de Molina, is very happily imitated. From this it would appear that the author might probably be successful in lyric poetry; but of the requisites for becoming a dramatist he is utterly destitute. The standard of literary merit must have been amazingly lowered in the country of Calderon and Moreto, before a Spanish audience could receive such a production as excellent.

DON JOSE VIRUES, a general in the Spanish army, is a poet whose merits demand notice and commendation: his translation of Voltaire's 'Henriade' is elegant, and abounding in good verse, with as much spirit as could be infused into a version of so cold an original. Another very inferior translation of that poem, by a M. Bazan, appeared about the same time. General Virues has also translated part of Casti's 'Animali Parlanti' very happily; and added to it a canto of his own composition. He has also written some other original poetry, possessing tolerable merit, and has lately published a poem upon the siege of Zamora, a remarkable event in the Spanish history of the middle ages, which the writer of this notice has not seen, and can therefore only speak of by report, which is favourable.

The contemporary poets of modern Spain have produced nothing remarkable as lyric poetry. Upon the publication of the late amnesty granted by the Queen, a young man published a spirited ode, bold in thought (politically speaking), and, in a poetical point of view, remarkable for some vivid imagery, warm feeling, and nervous expression, but, after all, only worthy of a moderate share of praise.

Nor are the tone and principles of Spanish criticism essentially improved. An attempt has been made in an anonymous pamphlet attributed to M. DUMAX, a young writer, to controvert the established doctrines of the classical school, and to uphold the principles adopted by the Spanish poets, particularly by the dramatists. But the advocate was imperfectly acquainted with the true nature and bearings of the cause he undertook, with more zeal than ability, to defend. His success was what might have been expected. He has also published a collection of Spanish ballads, in five volumes. The selection is good, and no less creditable to the taste, than to the zeal of the collector.

The best proof of the present stationary state of Spanish criticism, may be found in an excellent publication which has recently appeared. This is a collection of the best works of the Spanish dramatists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with critical judgments upon the merits of their composition. Such a collection was a desideratum in our national literature. In the times of Charles the Third, Don Vicente García de la Huerta † had undertaken the task, but his work was not successful, and abandoned before it was finished. This recent publication has been undertaken in a more enlightened spirit. The selection of authors and their plays, is, upon the whole, good; but the criticisms are written in accordance with the code of classicism, which is obviously inapplicable to such works; they are moreover liable to another and graver censure—the genius of the poets, and their works not being subjected to a philoso-

† The collector was a man of talent, but of little erudition; of less judgment, and still less temper. His criticisms are, for the most part, in censure of his contemporaries. His work, 'El Teatro Español,' gave occasion to many good jokes provoked by his eccentricities.



phical examination—the story of the play, rather than its spirit, being judged. Beauties and blemishes indeed, are pointed out, but we meet with no attempt to trace the sources whence they spring,—no explanation of the character of the national drama. The reader is only told in what respects some of its brightest specimens depart from the rules afterwards adopted by the critics of Spain.

The same uncompromising doctrines, were maintained by the editors of the *Gaceta de Bayona*, in the literary articles published in that short-lived periodical. They are also those adhered to by Don Francisco Gomez Hermosilla, in his work entitled '*Arte de hablar, en prosa y en verso*.' This last-named book, has, it is said, been well received in Spain, and yet, though it is creditably written, it is sadly deficient in enlarged and philosophical views. The author displays his learning in it, and a taste rather sober than delicate: he can animalvert on what is bad, but exhibits no feeling or relish for what is excellent. He is, in short, a *juste milieu* critic. His scholarship, in which he seems to take pride, is that of a man, who could give a faithful version of the words of Homer, but neither feel, nor make others feel his poetry: and our judgment is well borne out by his translation of the *Iliad*, which has recently appeared. It is to the shame of Spanish literature, that that poem had remained untranslated, even to the opening of the present century: about which period Don Ignacio Garcia Malo published a Spanish *Iliad*. His translation, however, was not direct from the original: and it is shrewdly suspected, that instead of having recourse even to the literal Latin version, he merely rendered into Spanish Dacier, or Bitaubé or Lebrun. This miserable version was scarcely read. Gomez Hermosilla's recent attempt claims more praise, and is entitled to that of fidelity; but he erred in making it a poetical one—his tame, poor, prosaic versification renders his work nearly unreadable. There is no very exalted merit in mere beauty of sound; but he who writes verses must produce such as will please the ear, or the reader will be doubly disgusted with a performance which partakes of the defects, without possessing the charms, of measured language.

While such was the state of the literature of Spain at home, her exiled children, in spite of the manifold difficulties which stood in their way, exerted their best endeavours to contribute to the improvement and fame of their dear native country. Among their labours, we must mention the production of a good Grammar of the Spanish language, as it is now spoken and written. The author, Don VICENTE SALVA, a member of the late Cortes, was eminently fitted for the task he undertook, by his extensive knowledge of his own language and literature. He does not, in his work, profess to enter into the philosophical principles of grammar in general; on the contrary, it is merely elementary. But, in its own line, it ranks high, far surpassing all the other Spanish works upon the subject, not excepting that by the Royal Spanish Academy.†

We have already stated that a large number of the works we have mentioned, issued from foreign presses. In England, a magazine, under the title of '*Ocios de Españoles Emigrados*' (The Leisure Hours of Spanish Emigrants), was carried on by the united labours of Don Joaquin Villanueva, Don José Canga Argüelles, and Don Pablo Mendibil. This work, as might be expected, dealt largely in politics, and much also in discussions respecting the pretensions of the Roman see, a subject which Villanueva, from his studies, and Canga Argüelles, from his taste, and extensive, though superficial erudition, looked upon, and treated with peculiar interest. But their magazine was not without some interesting articles

upon literary and other matters, in which the pure Castilian of Villanueva, the brilliant and spirited, though overlaid and incorrect style of Canga Argüelles, and the industry and research of Mendibil, appeared with good effect.

Don Pablo Mendibil was, moreover, largely engaged in other literary undertakings. During his first exile in France he had published, in conjunction with Don Mariano Silvela, a collection of elegant extracts in prose and verse from the best Spanish writings. During his residence in England, he was equally devoted to his favourite object, the extension of the knowledge, and the exaltation of the fame of the literature of his own country. This partiality became at last (as it often does) a prejudice, and under its influence Mendibil was too lavish of praise, which, also, he bestowed too indiscriminately. In addition to this fault, he possessed the further one of never attaining to a good style of writing. His knowledge of the old Castilian writers was extensive: his desire of imitating them strong; but he was a native of Biscay, and had been long accustomed to write in French, and the traces of his provincial dialect, and of his French associations, are everywhere visible in his works—the more so, as they appear in contrast with quaint and antiquated phrases.

It was in a foreign land, too, that the longest and most interesting poem which, for many years, has been written in the Spanish language, saw the light.\* The press of Paris is, even at the present moment, engaged in bringing before the public, '*El Moro Expósito*,' (The Moorish Foundling) a work by Don ANGEL DE SAAVEDRA, formerly a Colonel in the Spanish army, and at present a homeless wanderer, the victim of the political events which have agitated Spain, and deprived her of many of the ablest and best among her children.

This poet was already known in Spain, and had published there two volumes of poetry, besides having written several tragedies, some of which have been acted, and with applause. It is only since he has been exiled, however, that he has risen to that high station among the poets of Spain, which he may safely occupy without his right to hold it being questioned.

Don Angel Saavedra began to write verses in his earliest youth. They were, however, like the generality of young men's verses, imitations, or rather variations upon the themes already handled by the poets of classic or native literature. The gaieties of fashionable life, in which he mixed largely, if they did not call away his attention from literary pursuits, prevented his following them with an earnest devotedness, as they occupied those hours which should have been given to study and meditation—to the close observation of humanity, and communion with nature. Being the younger brother of a Spanish grandee (the Duke of Ribas), Saavedra belongs to a class, at the present time, neither remarkable for their mental endowments, nor their acquired knowledge: for those higher branches of the nobility of Spain, whatever they may have been in the days of old, and notwithstanding there may be found among them, in our own times, a few† enlight-

ened individuals, and one or two mediocre poets, have, through the policy of the government and their own faults, sunk nearly into insignificance, and become the victims of their own imperfect mental and moral cultivation. It is impossible that he who breathes the atmosphere of Spanish high life, (still more artificial and corrupt than that of other countries,) can inhale the spirit of true poetry; and between this and the camp Saavedra divided his youth—the latter, too, not a more favourable place than the former, to the cultivation of mind; but having been run through the body by a Polish lancer on the field of Ocaña, (in addition to ten other wounds), and left dead, it was imagined, upon the ground, and after his escape, which was next to miraculous, his painful and protracted recovery allowed him some time, if not for study, for meditation. He was obliged henceforth to adopt a less active pursuit, and began to devote his leisure hours to Poetry. He may, however, be said to have sued the Muse lightly and gaily, rather than with sincere and earnest passion; and for many years she was only his coquettish mistress—of late she has become the object of his deep and serious affection.

But, even in his first essays, indifferent as they were, Saavedra gave promise of future excellence. It is true, that the subjects of his verses and his thoughts were commonplace, derived from books, and not nature. Yet, there was to be found in them a harmonious fluency, an ease, and a certain gorgeous copiousness of language, which indicated the possession of a rich imagination. It was his aim to write like Horace and Rioja; but while he copied their style, he graced it with that which they had not—the flow and sweetness which are so delightful in Lope de Vega and Balthuena. These, however, are the only beauties which we find in the early writings of Saavedra. Several of the Spanish poets had more imagination, but few, or none, among them could express themselves so well. In the two volumes of poetry which he published, some of the ballads are very pleasing, particularly one in which he records the event of his being left wounded on the field of battle. His short poem, '*El Paso Honroso*,' (The Passage at Arina,) contains a few happy descriptions, and possesses, moreover, the merit of uncommonly beautiful versification.

Saavedra spent a part of his time in writing tragedies. But he was then ill qualified to succeed in so high and difficult an order of composition, and far from being able to conceive and to delineate character, he had yet to learn how to give utterance to his own thoughts and feelings. His three tragedies, '*Altiar*,' '*El Duque de Aquitania*,' and '*Malek Adhel*,' are feeble productions. The first of them does not even possess the general merits of its author's poetry; and, though it was received with approbation by a Seville audience, has not outlived its first temporary success. The second has an interesting story: in the third, the plot of which is borrowed from Madame Cottin's well-known novel, there are passages of beautiful poetry, and, occasionally, of pathos and passion. It has not, however, passed the ordeal of stage representation.

'*Lanuz*,' a fourth tragedy by this author, was heard with pleasure, and great applause, at Madrid, and met with no less favour in the provinces. Saavedra wrote it whilst he sat at the Cortes, during the period of the highest political excitement which marked the annals of the Spanish revolution. It was founded upon the story of the stand in defence of national liberty, made by the '*Justicia*' of Aragon, Don Juan de Lanuza, in opposition to the tyranny of Philip II., which, unfortunately, ended in the overthrow of the free institutions of Aragon, in the execution of the patriotic leader, and the failure of his cause. Saavedra felt intense and indignant feeling awakened by his subject, and has contrived

† This, however, is no very high praise, the Academy grammar being a very poor one.

\* A comparison with the '*Araucana*' and the '*Bernardo*,' the two best poems of the ancient Spanish literature, would be irrelevant, and lead to discussions which may well be spared.

† These exceptions, though few, ought to be recorded. Mention has been already made of the Duke of Frias; the Duke of Híjar (since deceased), wrote some poetry; it was very bad and prosaic, but a proof of his good intentions towards literature. A very absurd drama by him was acted in Cadiz in the year 1812.

Don Gaspar Aguilera, a brother to the Marquis of Cerralvo, and for some years an exile, in consequence of his devotion to the constitutional cause—a man possessed of much natural talent and extensive knowledge, has likewise written and published some short pieces of poetry, which are equal to the better Castilian verses of the present day. Should he write or publish more, our opinion, we believe, would be more favourable, as he is capable of producing works of a much higher order than he has hitherto done.

to excite the same in his audience. But there was no historical truth—no representation of ancient Spain in his drama; its plot was meagre, and it contained only one character, that of the hero. In that one character there is little individuality, and he is made only to exhibit the passions and thoughts of the people at the time when the tragedy was written and acted. The poet gave utterance to his own feelings, and the audience listened to him with delight, because theirs were the same; so that the tragedy was only an oration—an eloquent one, it is true, such as was then delivered in the senate, and other popular assemblies, embellished with the graces of poetry; and the frequenters of the theatre applauded, within its walls, what they were in the habit of applauding elsewhere, though it was in the present instance better expressed.

Saavedra was doomed to feel the iron hand of misfortune; but though its pressure wounded the man, and that very severely, it served as a stimulus to the genius of the poet. His feelings were strongly excited by the circumstance of his finding himself an outcast. It was from his own and personal experience, and not in books, that he learned the miseries of an exile, whereby he was separated from his country and friends, and degraded from affluence and a proud estate into poverty and obscurity. The first outbursts of his spirit, in his ode, 'El Desterrado,' are very beautiful: it has its faults, but it is written fresh from the heart, and was the outpouring of a mind laden with grief, at the moment when he cast a parting glance upon the shores of Spain, from the ship that was bearing him across the Straits of Gibraltar, when leaving his first place of exile (though an English fortress, still a part of the Peninsula), for the ungenial climate of Great Britain. In this ode, the great beauties of this author's style are displayed to peculiar advantage, in embodying the sincere and intense feeling which breathes through the whole composition. A second, and very short poem, upon nearly the same subject, 'El Ensayo del Proscrito,' (the Dream of the Proscribed,) possesses still greater merit. It is but a trifle, yet in no place do the rhythmical beauties of Castilian poetry make themselves so well felt as in these few lines, which abound, moreover, with the truest and tenderest pathos, and are embellished by a vivid contrast between a night-scene on the moonlit banks of the Guadalquivir, and the English metropolis with its foggy and loaded atmosphere.

Saavedra was driven by his mischances to England, and thence to Malta. In the course of his visits to these countries, and of his intercourse with foreign critics, he acquired sounder notions, and more correct information, with respect to the state of European criticism, than most of his fellow-countrymen. His friends, who discerned in his conversation indications of a fancy, a wit, and a humour, which were not to be found in his writings, exhorted him to rely fearlessly upon his own powers—to give utterance to that which was within him, instead of repeating that which he had gathered from the works of others. He followed this reasonable advice, and, by so doing, has delighted Spain with his late compositions, particularly the poem we have already mentioned.

The story of 'The Foundling' is founded upon one of those well-known legends so frequently occurring in the history of Spain. The tale of the 'Siete Infantes de Lara,' and their younger brother and avenger, the Moor Mudarra, had been chosen as the subject of an old Spanish play, not of the better order of the ancient Castilian dramas: the legend, therefore, had not received the justice it deserves; and there are few more abounding in deep interest, or more fitted to furnish the ground-work of a poem.

It has been the aim of this author to be the romantic poet of modern Spain. His work is

not stamped with the insignia of that code, under the edicts and provisions of which his countrymen live and write: it is neither epic, nor didactic, nor descriptive, but claims to be considered as the only one of its kind—the founder of a family: it is, moreover, filled with humorous, and even low passages, among those of a totally contrary description;—the formal dignity of heroic poetry is not attempted to be preserved in it; like every-day life, it has its vicissitudes—its bright places and its dark passages, its gentle folk and its clowns—the style and language are sometimes highly poetical—in places even gorgeous to an excess; whilst again they are simple and plain, not rising above the level of common parlance. The author has, it would seem, purposely departed from the fastidiousness of the Spanish poets, and called familiar things by their familiar names, instead of having recourse to that circumlocution till then considered not only proper, but essential, to poetry.

The poem is written in the Italian measure of eleven syllables: its romantic character seemed to require the ballad measure of eight syllables; but this, in a long poem, would become intolerable to Castilian ears. However, by the adoption of the *asonante* (the Spanish half rhyme) in place of the *canonante* (the complete rhyme), the versification has been made to assume a Castilian guise; and the metre itself passes, among Spaniards, as being near akin to that of the ballad, and goes under the name of *Romance Endecasílabo* (ballad in eleven syllables). The story of this poem has been made deeply interesting by its author. He is successful in his delineation of character, and more so in his persons of low degree than those of a higher rank. The young Moor, and his Spanish mistress, and old Gonzalo, are indeed little more than the established gallant, and heroine, and old gentleman, of most romances; but Ruy Velasquez has a more distinct and vivid existence of his own, and the old half-crazed hag and her son have been imagined and painted with great force and spirit. Nor less individual are the Spanish handiitti, amongst whom El Zurdo (the left-handed) is a happier personification of the Spanish ruffian than has hitherto appeared in print.

But the great merit of Saavedra's poetry lies in his descriptive passages; and of these, the long poem before us affords us some brilliant specimens. His scenes in Andalusia are redolent with odours from its orange groves, and glow, as it were, beneath the intense hues of its sky. In Cordoba too the poet is at home, and he can carry his readers thither by his spell, and bid them behold the bright heavens, and taste the genial air of the banks of the Guadalquivir: the contrast is no less strikingly maintained between the gay and enlightened and luxurious Amba, who were settled in the former country, and the sterner and less civilized Castilians, who possessed the latter. Nor is Saavedra less happy in his descriptions of animated nature; the scene between Ruy Velasquez and his ruffianly associates is fearful and striking—that of the broil between the Moors and Christians full of spirit and vivacity—a picture from the life.

It may, perhaps, be said, that the style and versification of this poem will be found something inferior to those of most of the author's other works; yet it contains lines which cannot be surpassed in any of his poems, and in no preceding composition has he shown greater command of language and versification. At times, and most probably on purpose, he appears to become careless in his manner; but this was to be expected in a work of such length, and is not much to be blamed;—for the most part, Spanish poets are too constantly on their stilts, and an occasional descent may be excused if not commended, as it is likely ultimately to produce more good than evil.

Some of the minor compositions published with

this poem, are also worthy of commendation: the idea of addressing a sleeping child is not novel, but in the Spanish poet's 'Verues to his infant son fallen asleep in his mother's lap,' the ever-recurring thought of his sad estate blends itself with his paternal feelings, so as to give a certain originality, and much tenderness, to this outpouring of his affections. His lines to the Beacon Light of Malta are very spirited, and their author in them gave a specimen of the new poetical principles which he had adopted. The idea of mentioning the weather-vane (in the form of a gilded angel) which crowns the steeple of the cathedral of Cordoba, would probably have been rejected by most of the living authors of Spain, as an image unbefitting poetry of a high order; and yet it is good, because natural, and well concludes his fanciful and affecting poem.

The faults of Saavedra as a poet arise from the same source as gave birth to the beauties which his works possess. His extreme command of language and versification, and the obvious ease with which his verses are produced, lead him into an occasional laxity of style, and a constant diffuseness. He has wonderful skill in saying the same thing over and over again, and clothing one single thought in a beautiful and diversified dress; but he abuses this gift. The pruning knife might often be advantageously applied to reduce the exuberance (sometimes amounting to viciousness) of his style and language. The same richness of soil, whereby vegetation is rendered beautiful and luxuriant, nourishes in abundance weeds, which it is necessary to eradicate.

By the publication of these works, however, Saavedra has taken his station amongst the first-rate poets of Spain. A further consequence may arise from their dissemination—none other than a revolution in the literary taste of the Spanish people. A preface accompanies this last poem, in which some literary doctrines are propounded and advocated, which will possibly startle and shock the orthodox writers now presiding over Castilian literature. The language of this preface is daring and fierce, such as becomes a bold innovator, and it will doubtless be received with much angry expostulation and censure, not unminged with abuse: but as these must lead to a free examination of its truth or falsehood, the best effects may ultimately be anticipated from it. The public mind in Spain, may be likened to a stagnant pool; and the same storm which disturbs its sluggish calm, is sure also to purify its waters.

With the publication we have last mentioned, we terminate our short Survey of Spanish Literature during the Nineteenth Century. Some works which are of a later date than the above have not reached the writer of these pages. Amongst those which he has seen advertised, he has noticed a few novels, two of three of them, of the class called historical, 'El Bastardo de Castilla,' 'El Conde de Contamina,' and, 'La Conquista de Valencia,' and one, 'Las Costumbres de ogaño,' (The Manners of our own Days,) professing to portray Spanish society as existing in the present day. These productions are quite a novelty in Spanish literature, as, with the exception of that feeble production 'La Sorafina,' no original fiction has been produced in Spain, in an age so prolific in works of this description among all other European nations.

Some of our readers may perhaps find the judgments passed upon the productions of modern Spanish writers, too severe. But on this head the writer feels no scruple of conscience. The nature of the compositions which he has examined, betrays the unimportance of modern Spanish literature—for whatever may be the merits of a few good odes, or a few spirited critical and political essays, they are not sufficient to constitute a literature, likely to command the attention, or excite the interest of

foreign readers. They may complain, that too much commendation has been bestowed upon some of those works; but Spain must not be tried by the same tests which are applied to other countries, where the public mind is more free, and therefore more active. It has been already explained, why Spanish authors are precluded from engaging in works likely to gain a lasting fame for their author, and afford substantial satisfaction to the world of readers.

For the most part, the intellectual fond of Spain is of foreign growth, enjoyed either in its genuine state, or through translation. Works of the latter class are very common—and had we sufficient data, an account of the original and translated works published in the Castilian language, might be given, which would surprise the reader, by showing the immense preponderance of the latter over the former: even to those resident in Spain this excess must appear remarkable, and it would be yet more increased, if the Spanish books published in other countries are taken into the account: the Spanish exiles having been very active in this very easy branch of labour. But they have not always selected the best works for translation, nor, when they have done so, are they often entitled to praise for the versions which they have given.

As a people, the Spaniards are fond of novel-reading, and they are supplied with French novels in abundance, the worst trash which issues from the press of France having appeared in a Spanish garb, or, it might be more properly said, in a peculiar Spanish jargon, which, it is to be feared, has irretrievably corrupted the Castilian language.

But it cannot be denied, that Spain is in a state of progressive improvement. It must, however, advance very slowly, if the obstacles in its way are not at least partially removed. Among other things wanting is the blessing of a free press, which she has already enjoyed during her two last revolutions, but the present circumstances of the country afford little hope of its being granted.† But even without going to this length, (and abstaining from the troubled region of politics), we may suggest and hope for a more liberal administration of the censorship, on the part of the licensing magistracy. It is impossible that, under a rigid monarchy, any animadversions upon the existing government can be tolerated; bold theories either in politics or religion, cannot be promulgated. But the office of the censor might, we think, be restricted to the prohibiting the diffusion of objectionable doctrines, in place of extending (as it does now) to whatever does not suit his literary prejudices and partialities, nay, even his very caprices. Great, indeed, is the difficulty of setting bounds to irresponsible authority, and good regulations have but little chance of being carried into execution, where there is no power of appeal against an oppressor in office; and yet a government, acting with reasonable impartiality may do much, and we see no reason why the press should not stand, in Spain, on the same footing as the one on which it has been placed and maintained in other countries under a similar government.

The fall of the Inquisition ought to have proved favourable to the enlargement of the public mind. But the spirit of that tribunal is not yet utterly extinct: it survives in many of the departments of government: and of this, we have a striking proof in the last edition of the comedies of Moratin, the publication of which was superintended by the Royal Academy of History. The text of the author has undergone mutilation and change, and some pungent jokes, which had been tolerated on the stage, and been permitted to appear in print, in the days of Godoy and the Inquisition, when civil and religious tyranny were at their highest, have been sup-

pressed and superseded by pointless lines, which do credit to neither the independence nor the wit of the editors.‡

The tenderness of the Spanish government, with respect to the politics of former days, is truly extraordinary. A line has been drawn, on this side of which, little or no censure of the acts of departed Kings is permitted. Men, for instance, are allowed to speak of the crimes of Peter the Cruel, or of the debauchery of Henry the 4th, but no unfavourable report of the reign or person of Philip the 2nd would be tolerated; and the house of Bourbon has thrown a shield over the memory of the monarchs belonging to the House of Austria.

Unless some relaxation of this rigour can be obtained, important works must cease to appear in Spain, and history no longer exist. Much is wanting in this department of literature—a history of Spanish South America, nay, even of Spain herself, yet remains to be written: the two revolutions which she has undergone are yet unrecorded, unless the imperfect works of foreigners, filled with prejudice, and deficient in information, be accepted as containing faithful representations of these events.

But it may be said, that the lighter branches of literature might be cultivated, notwithstanding the difficulties which stand in the way of works of a higher cast; and the remark is in part true: still, the same influences which impede the development of the higher faculties of the mind are also found to operate injuriously upon the lighter aspirations and exertions of the fancy and intellect. The scarcity of readers, the want of capital in the publishing trade, the inconsiderable number of authors, and the equally small number and unimportant quality of their works, may be all traced to one and the same source.

To suggest changes without the power of bringing them to pass, is, for the most part, a fruitless, as it is almost always an ungracious, task; and a sober thinker will content himself with pointing out such remedies as can be adopted in existing circumstances. It is prudent to avail ourselves of what little may be within our reach, but it does not exclude the wishing for, and exerting ourselves to obtain, further and more important advantages; and the paths even now free to the Spanish writers are more numerous and varied than they themselves have conceived.

The poets of Spain ought to take a wider range than they have hitherto occupied: they should avoid, however, imitating the extravagancies of the writers of the modern romantic school, whose good qualities are disfigured by an excess of affectation; disregarding the shadowy distinction between classicism and romanticism, they should follow the bright and judicious examples of the illustrious poets of the later days of Britain. Their native history, their popular traditions, the face of their country, teem with the elements of poetry and romance. Let them then arise, and make their poetry that which it has been supposed to be by half-informed critics, but which assuredly it is not, national and natural. Instead of vague descriptions, let them give us characteristic pictures of their own beautiful scenery—instead of the fables of a worn-out mythology, let us hear their own popular traditions and superstitions—in place of characters copied from foreign works, let them observe human nature in their own land,

‡ In the 'Mogigata,' for instance, Perico, a servant, speaking of a sick man, says the doctors, finding that remedies were of no avail, prescribed the "Extreme Unction, which (he adds) is very good for the soul."

Lo recetaron la Uncion  
Que para el alma es muy buena.  
This has been thought irreverent, and altered into,  
Lo recetaron la Uncion  
Y tomaron las pesetas—  
(‘And took their fees.’)

and draw after it—and should they return to the past, acquaint themselves with history, and they will find no difficulty in clothing their figures rightly.

It appears, that some historical novels have been already published in Spain. Great as are the objections against compositions of this kind, they are outweighed, in the writer's opinion, by the advantages which they also possess; and they particularly deserve to be encouraged in Spain, as likely to withdraw both authors and readers from the commonplaces of their tawny, monotonous, and uncharacteristic poetry.

Nor is the production of the common novel to be discouraged, in spite of the trash which is sure to spring from the cultivation of this branch of fiction. It would be well to direct the attention of the Spaniards to their own country, and the realities of its every day life, which might, moreover, be followed by another beneficial consequence—that of rendering Spanish life, as it is, more fully known to foreigners. These, for the most part, judge of Spain as she was in the seventeenth century: the duenna is still supposed to exist, the Spanish gallant to tinkle his guitar under the window of his well-warded mistress;—‘Gil Blas,’ in some parts a very faithful, in others as totally incorrect, a representation of the manners of Old Spain, is yet looked to in England and France, as presenting a faithful picture of Spanish life and manners as they now exist. It is the fault of the Spaniards themselves, that they are not better known: if in some points degenerated from, in many they are far superior to their ancestors; retaining some national customs, but having adopted much that is foreign, their very peculiarities being widely different from those of former ages, and, for the most part, referable to the storms which it has been the lot of the existing generation to toil through and live under.

The attention of the Spanish critics might be turned with advantage to the examination and study of the sound philosophical principles upon which the science they profess is now based in other countries.

In parting, one word of counsel to the writers (and readers) of Spain may be permitted:—we would have them pay less attention to style, more to matter—to discard a taste for fine and ambitious writing, and replace it with an increased attention to the philosophical and correct use of language—to prefer, in their poetry, boldness of imagination and intensity of feeling, to sweetness of versification and smoothness of phrase. Let them lay this to heart, and they will thereby certainly attain to that excellence to which their efforts seem now principally, if not exclusively, directed. The fine language at their command, the exuberant fancy of the national character, qualify them for a career far more brilliant than any they have hitherto run. That they may enter upon this, and succeed beyond the expectations—it cannot be beyond the hopes and wishes—of the writer, is his fervent desire. He has the honour and glory of his native country strongly at heart.

It is true that, in performing his task, he has been more lavish of censure than panegyric, but he has only done (however painful) what he has conceived to be his duty; but he has never hesitated in awarding praise where he has thought it due—and if this has been done in a somewhat restricted and qualified manner, it is because he has thought judicious and discriminating eulogy preferable to blind and unmeasured commendation, especially when not bestowed upon works of undoubted and commanding excellence;—and if the view he has taken of modern Spanish Literature has not been a favourable one, it has arisen from his deep-seated conviction, that the best friend in these words sound harshest in the ears of self-esteem and prejudice; that it is less dangerous to reprove than to flatter, and that

† We need hardly observe, that these papers were written some months ago.



Spain requires a warning voice to stimulate her sons to retrieve their national character, and to raise it as high as it might and ought to be raised.

#### ENGRAVINGS IN PROGRESS IN ITALY.

Florence, 1st June.

You want to know what our engravers are about? Grumbling. Commissions from print-sellers, their best friends, and only true and serviceable patrons, are rare things now-a-days. Artaria, at Mannheim, the Mæcenæ of the hour, has only given two lately to all Italy, and one of these is for a mere trifle. As to publishing on their own account, it is next to impossible; for however extensive the subscriptions may be, the money is only forthcoming on delivery of the print, and the engraver must therefore either borrow at a ruinous disadvantage, or starve during the progress of his work. However, I will give you full particulars of what is in progress. First, let me draw your attention to a splendid work by our countryman Sanders, which will shortly be in London, as at last, after seven years' labour, it is completed. Mr. Sanders is but little known in England: he has resided chiefly in Russia, where he met with great encouragement. The subject he has selected, wherein to test his highest powers, is the masterpiece of Fra Bartolommeo, the 'Madonna della Misericordia,' in the church of St. Romano at Lucca. West, in his *Academical Discourses*, spoke of this picture in extraordinary terms of praise;—the subject, which, however, West has not described accurately, is, the Madonna interceding with her son in favour of the Lucchese, against the power of the Florentines. Many are of opinion, that the sublime in this picture is injured by the very unideal faces in the lower half of the composition. It is well known, that Fra Bartolommeo was ordered to introduce the chief magistrate of Lucca, Montecatini, together with his wife, children, and old mother: there they are, beautifully grouped, it must be confessed, but their portraits fall short of the sublime, and, no doubt, to judge from appearance, the other heads are all equally portraits, every one according to order. Imagine the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, with their wives and children, introduced into a solemn and sacred painting! Yet such anomalies, a little softened by a more picturesque costume than exists at the present day, ran, as you know, through the works of the old Italian masters,—"their stars"—that is, their paymasters—"were more in fault than they." The engraving is very large—larger, I believe, than Morghen's 'Last Supper.' The Italians themselves are warm in its praise, and call it, in its effect, less an engraving than a painting. This is the perfection of the art, and never can be achieved by trick or pettiness: there must be a boldness of the graver, the utmost delicacy of execution, and a consummate knowledge of the effect of lines, to produce, as it were, not only shade, but colour. Having dispatched this great work to England, Mr. Sanders is now occupied on another, long since begun, from N. Poussin's celebrated picture of 'Esther fainting before Ahasuerus.' He made the drawing himself, from the original in the Hermitage Gallery at St. Petersburg, by consent of the Emperor Alexander. He also intends shortly to commence an engraving, the size of Morghen's 'Transfiguration,' from the famous 'Notte di Correggio,' in the Dresden Gallery, a copy in oil having been already painted expressly for the purpose, by one of the best Dresden artists.

I now come to the Italian artists, and first of those residing here. Giovanni Garavaglia, who has succeeded Morghen as Professor of Engraving at the Academy of the Fine Arts, is considerably

advanced in a very beautiful work from the celebrated picture by Guido, representing 'The Assumption of the Madonna,' in the Jesuits' church at Genoa: the accurate and admirable drawing was made by Garavaglia himself. Girolamo Scotto has finished, and is now about publishing, a good engraving from one of the interesting pictures in fresco of Andrea del Sarto, at the SS. Annunziata, representing 'The Kissing the Reliques of Filippo Benizzi.' The drawing—an exact one—was also made by the engraver. Peretti, a native Florentine—for Garavaglia is a Pavian, and Scotto a Genoese—has recently begun a companion to Scotto's work, from another of Andrea's frescos at the same church, representing 'The Birth of the Madonna.' Each of these prints measures one foot ten inches by one foot four inches. Peretti is also engraving, on commission from Artaria, a very small 'Madonna and Child,' after Guido. G. Cantini has not yet quite finished his companion to Morghen's 'Last Supper.' It is of the same size, and the same subject, from a fresco by Andrea del Sarto, in the environs of this city. This is a commission of seven years' standing. Samuele Jesi, a Jew, an artist of acknowledged talent, is executing a large plate after 'Leo X. and his two Secretaries,' by Raphael, in the Pitti Palace. The drawing, highly finished, is by the artist.

I hear from Milan, that Pietro Anderloni has on hand a companion to his last work from the 'Lunette' of Raphael at the Vatican, representing 'Attila,'—from Parma, that Cavaliere Toschi is engraving for Artaria, at the price of 80,000 francs, a large plate (the size of *Lo Spasimo*) after Daniello di Volterra's picture at Rome, of 'The Descent from the Cross': he has also in hand a plate of moderate dimensions, from Correggio's 'Madonna della Scudella': the picture is at Parma; the drawings are by himself;—from Rome, that Pavon confines himself to copying the works of others, and is now engaged on Morghen's 'Transfiguration,'—from Bologna, that the death of Gondolfi will deprive the lovers of the Arts, for some time, of the engraving which he had nearly completed, from Raphael's 'St. Cecilia'; and to advance the work, and increase the profits, that his heirs are at law about possession of the plate.

This is all I hear of, worth reporting; but it is worthy of observation, that almost all these engravings are from drawings made by the artists themselves—this is rarely the case in England: now, it is impossible for an engraver to catch the tone, spirit, and effect of a painting, through a drawing by a third hand, so happily as from a drawing made by himself, provided he is a good draughtsman, which, strange as it may appear, is not often the case with English engravers. A direct translation ought to be far superior to one through an intermediate language.

#### THE ECCLESIASTICAL COLLEGE

PROPOSED TO BE ESTABLISHED BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

CONSIDERABLE interest having been excited by the declared wish of Archbishop Whately to found an Ecclesiastical College in Dublin, we think it right to give some particulars of the proposed Institution, especially as our attention has been directed to the subject by several correspondents.

The following brief abstract will convey to the reader a full knowledge of the nature of the Institution which his Grace is seeking to establish; and its accuracy may be relied on.

"The College is designed for the reception of such students of the Universities of Dublin, Oxford, and Cambridge, as have completed their divinity course, and have obtained the usual certificate of having so done."

A period of from two to three years—often more—intervenes in most cases between the

completion of studies in Trinity College, and actual ordination. This time is of course spent variously: many waste it altogether; some spend it less profitably than they might, in private unassisted study; a few place themselves under the direction of clergymen, but these are selected from neighbourhood and accidental circumstances, and are not always the best guides. It seems desirable to occupy the time of candidates in additional study, and also in witnessing, as performed by experienced persons, and subsequently performing themselves under the inspection of those guides, certain practical duties, such as catechizing children, &c.

When ordained and appointed to curacies, they will be thus enabled at once to enter upon their duties with more efficiency.

This cannot interfere with Trinity College, or any other University, as none are to be received till dismissed from their college.

It was thought advisable that the Church, as such, should be seen to take a part in the training of its own ministers. The Archbishops, as visitors of Trinity College, are assistants to the Provost in general instruction. When professional training is the object, each Bishop should be the prominent superintendent in his own diocese. Some dioceses in Ireland are too poor for separate institutions. In such cases, the Bishops should be permitted to avail themselves of the Metropolitan Institution, and if they do so, should be allowed to take a part in its management.

The Provost consented to be a Trustee: it was not till the measure was on the point of completion that he withdrew this consent. The Primate declared at first that he would not oppose.

The Fellows have recently acknowledged that they suspected that, because the Archbishop was an Oxford man, and an Englishman, he must hold Trinity College in contempt, and on this account form a new Institution; yet, he wished the Provost to be a Trustee, and the Professor of Divinity, Dr. Ellington, to be Principal—and he established at his own expense a Professorship in Trinity College.

The prominent objection made, was, that a distinct provision for the education of ministers would open Trinity College Fellowships to Roman Catholics: this objection equally applies to the existing state of things, as the department for the education of candidates for orders in Trinity College is wholly distinct from the rest of the College.

It is admitted that a University cannot supply the practical training which is requisite for ministers; it is also admitted by the Fellows that the design is "in itself good and desirable,"—but it should not be attempted, because the church is in danger. If this be true, it is the more necessary to adopt improvements.

Such is the account furnished us of the proposed Institution; of the policy or impolicy of such an establishment it is unnecessary for us to offer any opinion.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THIS has been a gay and busy week at Oxford: in fact, the pleasures of the Installation seem to have succeeded each other so fast, that they must have taxed the strength of some of the company severely. Among the principal features of the ceremony (or entertainment), were the recitation of the Newdigate Prize Poem, on the subject of the Hospice of St. Bernard, in presence of the Hero of Waterloo, and the Installation Ode, written by Mr. Keble, the Professor of Poetry, and set to music by Dr. Crotch, of which report speaks very highly. Madame Caradori, Madame Stockhausen, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Miss Maason, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan,

† We distrust this; but we leave our correspondents at liberty to advance their own opinions.

Phillips, and Machin, were among the singers who took part in the musical performances.

Independently of the Abbey meeting, there is much novelty in music forthcoming; among others, a Madame Filipowicz, a pupil of Spohr, is about to give a Concert, her instrument being one rarely taken up by ladies—the violin.—Crisi announces 'La Sonnambula' for her benefit. We wish she had chosen a better opera for the occasion; but we suppose she relies rather on the fashion of the singer than the love of god music.—Mr. Roeckel, the manager of the German Opera, has fixed his benefit for next Wednesday, at which we are to hear an act of Spontini's 'Ferdinand Cortez.'

We may as well remind our readers that the two splendid Correggios purchased by the nation from Lord Londonderry, are now to be seen, with the rest of the collection, in Pall Mall.

It seems at length pretty certain that the 'Nipoleone,' the French and Italian poem, which was so confidently ascribed to fraternal affection, and quoted in proof that talent of some sort or other—of some calibre or other—is at their loom in the Bonaparte family, is not the production of his ex-Majesty the ex-King of Spain, but of some unknown, or at least unnamed, Frenchman; and that the attempt to father it upon Joseph Bonaparte was neither more nor less than a piece of bibliopolist juggling quackery.

The Anniversary Festival of the Literary Fund was held on Saturday last, the Duke of Somerset in the chair, supported by the Earl of Mulgrave, the Prince of Canino (Lucien Bonaparte), and his Excellency the Greek Envoy. The Rev. Dr. Russell, the Rev. H. Stebbing, J. E. Tennant, Esq., Captains Marryat and Chamier, Messrs. Theodore Hook, Lockhart, Gleig, Jerdan, and other literary men, were present. The meeting was not numerous, but the subscriptions were liberal, and the whole went off famously.

Our readers will hear with as much delight as we feel in communicating the information, that we have just succeeded in purchasing no less than thirty-eight unpublished letters, written by England's naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times, says Southey—NELSON. They were addressed to his uncle Suckling, of whom it is said in one of these letters, "that he was not merely a near relation, but a sincere friend." They extend over a period of eighteen years, from 1786 to 1802. Some of them are most interesting, giving the particulars of his hopes and disappointments, even of his courtship and his marriage,—some are written in haste, immediately after his battles—and they form together an invaluable record of his private feelings. It is our intention, at an early period, to publish them in this Journal, connected together by such a general outline of his life, as shall seem necessary to a full understanding of the allusions made in them, and the circumstances under which they were written.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

June 7.—A general meeting was held this day, at two o'clock, the Right Hon. Charles W. Williams Wynn, M.P., President, in the chair.

A great number of donations were laid on the table, amongst which were the following: from the Rev. Dr. Wiseman, a complete collection of the works of F. Paulino, S. Bartolomeo, and his own 'Horn Syriac,' and Remarks on Lady Morgan's statement respecting St. Peter's Chair; from Sir George Staunton, Bart., a large and curious model of the Pagoda and Convent of Priests, which was assigned as the residence of the British Ambassador to China, when visiting Canton—also, an original painting by a Chinese artist, representing the Court of Inquiry held

on the 8th March, 1807, at the special requisition, and in presence of, the British authorities, by the Chinese, to inquire into a charge of murder brought against some seamen of the Hon. Company's ship *Neptune*, which terminated in their acquittal, on a verdict of accidental homicide, and a copy of a lithographic print from the preceding picture: by Major Robertson, a drawing of the Shastris game of Heaven and Hell; by Sri Bhavani Charana Sarma, Sri Lakshmi Narayana Sarma, Moonshee Ramdhun Sen, and Hukoom Moulvees Abdool Muejed, through James Atkinson, Esq., copies of various works published by them in the Oriental languages at Calcutta: from Captain Elwon, of the Bombay Marine, sixty-two specimens of minerals and lava from the islands and coasts of the Red Sea, and two ancient Cufic inscriptions on stone.

John Arrowsmith, Esq., and James Whatman, Esq., were elected Resident Members of the Society.

The paper read was a Memoir on Sind, by the late Capt. M'Murdo, communicated by Jas. Bird, Esq., M.R.A.S. This memoir commences with some speculations as to the origin of the name of Sind, which the author conceives to be derived from the river Indus: its boundaries and divisions, in ancient and modern times, are next detailed, and are succeeded by some observations on the climate, which is considered, generally speaking, unhealthy, particularly in the neighbourhood of those parts subject to the annual inundation; and among the prevalent diseases are mentioned intermittent fevers, asthma, and rheumatism.

That portion of the soil of Sind which is subject to the inundation, is sometimes of a rich clay, sometimes a fine loam, and elsewhere a loose sand; the former is extremely fertile, and produces luxurious crops of grain without tillage, when moist from recent floods. The author proceeds to describe the various grains and natural productions of the country—at which point the reading on the present occasion terminated.

The meeting was then adjourned to the 21st inst.

### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

May 28.—Col. Loake in the chair.—The following papers were read:—1, Remarks, by Mr. Wilkinson, on two figures of lions, inscribed with hieroglyphics, which were brought from Ethiopia, by Lord Prudhoe. Many historical particulars were deduced from an examination of the sculptures on these monuments, respecting the Pharaohs, Amunoph III., and his elder brother Amun-Tooth, during whose joint reign they appear to have been placed before some temple.—2, A memoir by Mr. Collimore, being a Report on Signor Jancelli's system of Hieroglyphic Interpretation, contained in a publication presented to the Society by Prince Cimitile. Mr. Collimore strenuously defended the system of interpretation established by Dr. Young and M. Champollion.

June 11.—Lord Bexley in the chair.—Two papers were likewise read at this meeting. In the first of these, the writer, Sir Thomas Phillips, pointed out the origin of the names of numerous places in England, in the Saxon period. It appeared from his researches, that the greater part of our denominations of villages, &c., are compounded of the names of Saxon kings, or other eminent persons, who conferred celebrity upon the respective spots, by some action of their lives, or, more frequently, by their burial. A long catalogue accompanied the remarks, each containing the name of some individual Saxon, terminated by one or other of the following five words—*lan*, *stan*, *deril*, *tree*, *cross*—all denoting burial-places.

The second paper consisted of Explanatory

Observations, by Mr. Beke, on a memoir of his, lately read before the Society, entitled, 'Reasons for believing that the writings attributed to Manetho are not authentic.' The opinions advanced by him on that occasion having been impugned, he re-stated the grounds of them in the present paper, candidly admitting, at the same time, the force of the arguments which his opponent had brought forward on the other side.

### ROYAL INSTITUTION.

June 6.—Dr. Grant explained the development of the Vertebral System, according to the views proposed by Geoffroy St.-Hilaire. In the lowest tribes of animals, the earliest representation of a skeleton is to be found in a few isolated aciculi of siliceous or calcareous matter, which can be discovered in their gelatinous mass. In the highest, the process of ossification commences with the appearance of similar aciculi, which, by degrees, run together, become agglutinated, and form bones. Amongst the earliest formed bones are the vertebrae; each of these may be looked on as consisting of seven different parts: the body, in the centre, bearing on its upper surface two *perivertebræ*, which unite to form a single *superior spinous process*, and on the inferior, or lateral part, two *paravertebræ*, which also unite to form one *inferior spinous process*. (This was all explained by a reference to figures.) The use assigned to the two *perivertebræ*, is to form a ring for the defence of the nervous system; the *paravertebræ* perform the same office for the sanguineous; and the superior and inferior spinous processes serve for the attachment of muscles, and the enlargement, when necessary, of the body in the vertical direction. This may be particularly observed in the wolf-fish, in which the parts forming these bones are, in place of lying side by side, actually placed the one beyond the other, constituting the bones usually termed *interapineous*, and giving such a great lateral depth to the fish, that its body strikes the water with a large surface, and thus enables it to attain a rapid and violent progressive movement.

If we take an animal very low in the scale—a guinea-worm, or an echinorhynchus, and hold it between us and the light, we shall perceive that the rings into which its body are divided contain a transparent elastic substance, like a frame-work, forming the *point d'appui* for their muscles, and, in fact, presenting the earliest traces of a skeleton. In insects, we find these rings hardened by the deposition of the carbonate and phosphate of lime into a bony consistence, and defending the nervous and sanguineous systems, the former of which, in them, is placed below, and the latter above. The same arrangement prevails in the crustacea, where not only have we the hardened rings, but a distinct aperture is formed beneath for the protection and reception of their nervous cord. Here we observe a wonderful approximation between this form and use of the external frame-work, and those which we have already assigned to the internal vertebrae in vertebrate animals. Accordingly, as soon as we commence with their lowest representatives, the fish, we find there is but a step; the ring surrounding the nervous cord still continues, but the situation of the different apparatus has totally changed: the nervous system is now above, the sanguineous below, and the *perivertebræ* have assumed their proper office of defending the former; and as, towards the anterior extremity, this swells out into a brain, so do the rings swell with it, and constitute a skull, which thus is nothing more than vertebrae considerably developed. In some inhabitants of the deep, not properly fish, such as the dolphin, and others of the whale kind, respiration is performed by lungs: they are, therefore, constantly obliged to seek the surface. To enable them to do this with facility, they

have the tail fin placed horizontally, so that its stroke enables them to rise or descend with rapidity. But, as this might endanger the great bloodvessel, which is beneath the spine, and would have nothing but the yielding intestines between it and the great shock which the water must communicate in a rapid descent, the *paravertebræ* are wisely bent downwards, and formed into a ring around the vessel, so as to give it a firm bony casing. Still advancing, we observe the same unity of purpose: in the terrestrial mammalia, as in man himself, the sanguineous system, enlarged and complicated, and connected so intimately with the respiratory, the digestive, and other apparatus, no longer admits of being isolated, but requires that a common investment should protect them all. This induces only a modification of the same plan. The *paravertebræ* no longer bend down, but stand out as *transverse processes*; the inferior spinous process no longer remains single, but resolved, as it were, into its elemental constituents, and, maintaining its position at the end of the *paravertebræ*, it now appears as *ribs*, which surround and protect all the apparatus we have mentioned.

We thus see how the consideration of the development of a vertebra may lead us to that of the entire trunk—nay, of the entire frame, the limbs themselves being nothing more than radiations from this common centre.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 21.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Murchison, V.P.G.S., 'On the Silurian, Porphyritic, and Trap Rocks in Shropshire, Montgomeryshire, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, Radnorshire, and Caermarthenshire, and on the effects which those rocks have produced on the formations in contact with them, and on the proofs which they afford in support of M. Necker's theory of the Connexion of Metallic Veins with Igneous Rocks.'

June 4.—Mr. Greenough, President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—Dr. Turner, 'On the action of Steam on Glass';—Mr. Taylor, 'On the strata penetrated in sinking a well, at Diss, in Norfolk';—Sir Philip Egerton, 'On the Bone Caves of the Harz and Franconia';—Mr. Wetherell, 'On the fossils found in sinking a well on the south side of Hampstead Heath.'

This being the last meeting of the session, the Society adjourned at the close of the business of the evening to Wednesday, November 5th.

We take this opportunity to publish the following extracts from the address of the President, Mr. Greenough, because the subject seems to us more likely than those usually discussed at the Society's meetings, to interest the general reader.

#### On the Theory of Elevation.

Among the subjects which have for some years past engaged the thoughts of geologists, none perhaps has excited so general and intense an interest as the Theory of Elevation. I shall avail myself, therefore, of the present occasion to lay before you a connected statement of the scattered facts and opinions upon which it rests.

By the term *Elevation*, I mean only the removal of any given object from a lower level to a higher level; consequently it is necessary, before I speak of an object as *elevated*, that I should be prepared to show two things: first, the level at which it has stood; secondly, the level at which it stands.

It is stated by Von Hoff, that in the year 1771 several tracts of land were upraised in Java, and that a new bank made its appearance opposite the mouth of the river Batavia. The authorities cited for the effect of this, and several other earthquakes mentioned in the same place by this author, are Sir Stamford Raffles, John

Prior's Voyage in the Indian Seas, and Hist. Gen. des Voy. tom. ii. p. 401. Mr. Lyell has cited the first of these only, but no such fact is noted in either edition of the work of Sir Stamford Raffles. The other authorities adduced by Von Hoff I have been unable to consult; but from the Appendix to the Batavian Transactions (which contains an apparently authentic account of all the recorded earthquakes that have taken place in Java during a century and a half,) it would seem, that in the year 1771, in which the uprising is said to have happened in that island, there was no earthquake at all.

The Earthquake of Chili in 1822 has been so much insisted on, that it requires detailed consideration. Of this event an account by Mrs. Graham is inserted in our Transactions. I am deeply sensible of the honour that lady conferred on the Society by her obliging compliance with the request which elicited her narrative, and it is only the importance of its contents which could induce me to subject them to the test of rigid examination.

According to this account, "it appeared on the morning after the earthquake, that the whole line of coast from north to south, to the distance of above 100 miles, had been raised above its former level." But by what standard was the former level ascertained? who on the morrow of so fearful a catastrophe could command sufficient leisure and calmness to determine and compute a series of changes, which extended 100 miles in length, and embraced (according to a statement in the Journal of Science,) an estimated area of 100,000 square miles? How could a range of country so extensive be surveyed while the ground was still rocking, which it continued to do on that day, and for several successive months? What was the average number of observations per square mile? Who made, checked, and registered them? By what means did the surveyors acquaint themselves with what had been the levels and contour before the catastrophe took place, by which, as we are told, all the landmarks were removed, and the soundings at sea completely changed?

Mrs. Graham states that by the dislodgement of snow from the mountains, and the consequent swelling of rivers and lakes, much detritus was brought to the coast; and further, that sand and mud were brought up through cracks to the surface. Amid so many agents it would not be easy to assign to each, its share in the general result.

That fishes lay dead on the shore may prove only that there had been a storm. In her published travels, Mrs. Graham represents them as lying on the beach, which may very well have been thrown up, as the Chesil bank has been, by a violent sea. Some mussels, oysters, &c., still adhered, she says, to the rocks on which they grew; but we know not the nature or dimensions of these rocks, whether fixed or drifted. The occurrence of a shelly beach above the actual sea-level is an observation which must not be lost sight of. I propose to speak of it hereafter: in the mean time he it recollected, that these beaches are said to occur along the shore at various heights, along the summit of the highest hills, and even among the Andes.

Neither in the paper of Mrs. Graham, nor in the anonymous account published about the same time in the Journal of Science, can I find any paragraph to justify the position (which, from the seductive character of the work, in which it appears, may, if not now assailed, soon be deemed unassailable,) that a district in Chili, one hundred thousand miles in area, "was uplifted to the average height of a foot or more, and the cubic contents of the *granitic mass*

added in a few hours to the land." By what means we get the average I do not know. Mr. Graham says, the alteration of level at Valparaiso was about three feet; at Quintero, about four feet; but the *granitic mass*!—has the geological surface of Chili been sufficiently examined to assure us that granite extends over one hundred thousand square miles?

In the well-known work of Molina, a Jesuit who passed the greater part of his life in Chili, and wrote a natural history of that country, I find no ground for supposing that in any earthquakes which took place there from the time the Spaniards first landed on its shores to the days of his publication, any similar phenomena had been noticed. Moreover, the statement of Mrs. Graham, and of the writer before alluded to, respecting the *Elevation of land* which occurred during the earthquake of 1822, has not been confirmed by Captain King, nor by any naval officer or naturalist who has since visited that region, though many have visited it who had heard the circumstance, and who would willingly have corroborated it if they could. But they saw no traces of any such an event; and the natives with whom they conversed neither recollected nor could be induced to believe it.

The 16th number of the *Mercuro Chileno*, a scientific Journal, contains an account of this earthquake, by Don Camilo Enriquez, which I have not been able to procure. A later number refers to this account, and to another published in the 'Abeja Argentina,' a work of considerable reputation, which, by the kindness of Mr. Woodbine Parish, I have been enabled to consult. The account there given of the earthquake of 1822, is strongly recommended to the reader, "as a sensible straight-forward description of what actually took place, without the high colouring in which ignorance and terror and exaggeration are apt to indulge."

No notice is here taken of the permanent *Elevation of the Land*, and the account concludes thus:—

"The earth certainly cracked in places that were sandy or marshy; I saw cracks too in some of the hills, but mostly in the low nook where much earth had run together; the sea was not much altered,—it retired a little, but came back to its old place. Don Onofre Bunster, who, on the night of the earthquake, was walking on the shore at Valparaiso, in front of his house, had a mind to go up on the hill, but could not, so great was the quantity of falling dust and stones: he repaired to his boat therefore, and with some difficulty got aboard; this done, he made observations on the motion of the sea; on sounding, the depth was thirteen fathoms; he heaved the lead a second time, and the depth was no more than eight fathoms: this alternate ebbing and flowing lasted the whole night, but did not the slightest harm on shore."

These are the only cases I remember to have met with, in which the testimony of eye-witnesses has been adduced to prove the rise of land by earthquakes. That such rise may have taken place, at different times, without being recorded, perhaps even without being observed, is not very improbable; but if I am to pronounce a verdict according to the evidence, I believe there is not as yet one well-authenticated instance in any part of the world, of a non-volcanic rock having been seen to rise above its natural level in consequence of an earthquake.

Before I quit this subject, it may not be amiss to mention, that on comparing the times at which the successive shocks took place in Chili, as given by Mrs. Graham, and the other authorities to which I have had occasion to refer, the discrepancy is extraordinary.

I have already intimated in a few words, my opinion as to the sense in which land can be said to be *elevated by means of volcanoes*. Of these, Vesuvius is perhaps the most constantly

† Bakewell's Geology, 4th edition, p. 56, 564. Lyell, vol. i. pp. 401, 455. De la Roche's Manual, 2nd edition, brochure on Volcanoes, p. 209.  
‡ Lyell, vol. i. p. 473.



observed; and among the innumerable authors who have described its effects, from the time of Pliny down to the present day, not one pretends that the Apennine limestone, close at hand, has been in the least raised by that volcano. We shall do well to bear this in mind, when we have occasion to consider the height at which tertiary shells are found on Etna. That those shells belong to beds thrown up by Etna, is a doctrine founded upon induction, not upon experience. As far as experience goes, we have no reason to think that Etna, in its most violent paroxysms, will ever raise those tertiary strata above their present level.

Leaving these scenes of paroxysmal violence, let us next inquire, whether there may not be going on, in the calmest seasons and in the stillest countries, a chronic and almost imperceptible impulsion of land upwards.

As early as the time of Swedenborg, who wrote in 1715, it was observed that the level of the Baltic and German Ocean was on the decline. About the middle of the last century an animated and long-continued discussion took place in Sweden, first as to the cause of this phenomenon, and then as to its reality. Hellant, of Tornea, who had been assured of the fact by his father, an old boatman, and who afterwards witnessed it himself, bequeathed all he had to the Academy of Sciences, on condition that they should proceed with the investigation: the sum was small, but the bequest answered the purpose. Some of the members of the Academy made marks on exposed cliffs and in sheltered bays, recording the day on which the marks were made, and their then height above the water. The Baltic affords great facility to those who conduct such experiments, as there is no tide, nor any other circumstance to affect its level, except unequal pressure of the atmosphere on its surface and on that of the ocean: this produces a variation which is curiously exemplified at Lake Malar near Stockholm. As the barometer rises or falls, the Baltic will flow into the lake, or the lake into the Baltic. The variation resulting from the inequality of atmospheric pressure, however, is trifling. In sheltered spots, mosses and lichens grow down to the water's edge, and thus form a natural register of its level. Upon this line of vegetation marks were fixed, which now stand in many places two feet above the surface of the water.

In the year 1820-1, Brunerona visited the old marks, measured the height of each above the line of vegetation, fixed new marks, and made a Report to the Academy. With this Report has been published an Appendix by Halextröm, containing an Account of Measurements made by himself and others along the coast of Bothnia. From these documents it would appear, 1. That along the whole coast of the Baltic the water is lower in respect to the land than it used to be. 2. That the amount of variation is not uniform. Hence it follows, that either the sea and land have both undergone a change of level, or the land only; a change of level in the sea only will not explain the phenomena.

A quarter of a century has now elapsed since Mr. Von Buch declared his conviction that the surface of Sweden was slowly rising all the way from Fredericksburg to Abo, and added that the rise might probably extend into Russia. Of the truth of that doctrine the presumption is so strong, as to demand, that similar experiments and observations should be instituted and continued for a series of years in other countries, with a view to determine whether any change of level is slowly taking place in those also. The British Association for the Advancement of Science have already obeyed the call. A committee has been appointed to procure satisfactory data to determine this question as far as relates to the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, and

I cannot but hope that similar investigations will also be set on foot along the coasts of France and Italy, and eventually be extended to many of our colonial possessions.

#### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

April 15.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Robert Davidson, civil engineer, was elected an Associate. An engraved plan of Leith Harbour, Docks, &c., from a survey by Mr. James Leslie, engineer to the Harbour, was presented by Captain Dall.

A conversation was held on the refractive quality of the atmosphere as affecting the taking of levels—an extract from the Memoir of the late Captain Joseph Huddart, relating to the subject, having been previously read. Captain Huddart had frequently remarked that low lands, and the extremities of head lands, forming an acute angle with the horizon when viewed from a distance, appeared elevated above the horizon with an open space between the land and the sea. These appearances he considered to arise from, and be in proportion to, the evaporation going on at the time, and felt convinced they were caused by evaporation; and that, instead of the refraction of the atmosphere increasing to the surface of the sea, it must decrease towards it from some elevated space; and that the principal cause which prevents the uniformity of density and refraction being continued, by the general law, down to the surface, is evaporation. He also conjectured that the difference of specific gravity in the particles of the atmosphere, may be a principal agent in evaporation; for the corpuscles of air, from their affinity with water, being combined at the surface of the fluid from expansion, form air specifically lighter than the drier atmosphere, and therefore rise, and become lighter as they ascend, until they become of the same density as the atmosphere.—A member concluded from the above statements that the maximum of refraction was at the point most elevated from the surface to which evaporation extends, and, consequently, that a person should be guarded in taking levels when elevated from the surface of a marsh or body of water during the process of evaporation.—A member had frequently observed objects across the Thames come into view on the rise of the tide which at low water were hidden by the intervening land, this he attributed entirely to refraction, and considered that levels across a body of water should be taken as near the surface as possible.—It was observed that this phenomenon was probably caused by the greater width of refractive medium; also, that long sights were to be avoided in taking levels after heavy rains; and that in levelling across a stream more accuracy would be attained by assuming the height of water equal at both sides, than by taking a sight with the spirit level.

After a few remarks on the Docks and Harbour of Leith, a portion of Mr. Temperley's MS. work on the Hull Docks, was read, in which is recorded a plan for reversing the lock gates, whereby the apron, sills, &c. may be repaired, without interrupting the business of the dock. This plan was first adopted by Mr. Walker, in the River Thames, when the gates were removed in their vertical position by barges, and placed in the reverse position. Some particulars relating to a bridge built over the above lock, in which a variable weight is used as a counterpoise, were given.—Members had seen the same adjustment (the compensating chain) applied to various purposes; but the above is the first instance of its having been applied to lifting bridges. It was mentioned that the first bridge lifted by means of an iron quadrant was that constructed by Mr. Baird, on the Forth and Clyde Canal: the first double-lifting bridge was constructed by Mr. Rennie, at Leith.

April 22.—The President in the chair.—Mr. John G. Thomson, and Mr. Samuel F. Adair, were elected Associates.

A description of Mr. Mitchell's plan for a floating dock was read, and discussion held as to the advantages to be derived from its use. The dock is proposed to be constructed of three water-tight caissons, attached by his patent screws, at low water, to twelve piles, similar to those employed in the new mooring. The vessel being floated on, and the screws loosened, the whole rises with the tide.—A member considered the common punt dock would prove equally advantageous, and more economical than Mr. Mitchell's design. He instanced one at Rye, capable of taking in a line-of-battle ship, and drawing only two feet six inches of water, the construction of which cost only 250*l*. It was remarked, that in punt docks there is a chance of swamping in rough weather, which Mr. Mitchell's plan would obviate.

A conversation was subsequently held on the new rules for measurement of vessels for register tonnage.

April 29.—The President in the chair.—An engraving of a wooden bridge of one arch, 980 feet span, proposed to be erected at St. Petersburg, was presented by the President.

A conversation was held on the various methods pursued in hardening steel; and the change which takes place in the nature of the metal by immersion in water or other fluids after being raised to a red heat. It was remarked that a collection of these methods would prove very acceptable to the scientific world, and any person undertaking such a publication would be amply remunerated by the encouragement that would be undoubtedly bestowed. Where extreme hardness is required, some use a solution of sulphuric acid and water. For small articles, mercury is used, being a rapid conductor of heat, the metal is thus quickly cooled; a composition of resin and neat's foot oil was used by the late Mr. Maudslay, for hardening circular and other saw blades; after immersion in the composition, the blades were re-heated and dipped in oil, which became ignited and was blown off; which is simply whirling the blade in the air until the whole of the oil is consumed. This operation gave great toughness and temper to the metal: but not such hardness as by simple immersion in water. A member remarked, that he had always found chill cast-iron to be the hardest—punches for piercing hot iron are of this nature. A member had tempered iron with good effect in liquid tallow, mixed with a small quantity of arsenic. In Germany he had known a solution of salt and water employed.—In tempering files, a member stated that to prevent oxidation they are coated with a mixture of salt and the sediment of ale or beer. Garlic, as also soft soap, had been used for the same purpose.—It was stated that, in cutting wood for veneers, Sheffield saws, tempered in the ordinary way, were quite adequate—so much so, that by Mr. Brunel's invention, sixteen veneers had been cut from the inch, five feet in width. Mention was made of a machine erected by Mr. Brunel, some years since, with which he could cut wood into veneers without any waste; but so strong was the prejudice against it, that the wood remained unsold after being cut, the machine was broken up and disposed of as old iron.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	{ Philological Society . . . . .	Eight, P.M.
	{ Harleian Society . . . . .	Eight, P.M.
Tues.	{ Linnean Society . . . . .	Eight, P.M.
	{ Horticultural Society . . . . .	One, P.M.
Th.	{ Royal Society . . . . .	8 P.M.
	{ Society of Antiquaries . . . . .	Eight, P.M.
Sat.	{ Royal Asiatic Society . . . . .	Two, P.M.

## FINE ARTS

Works of Art lie before us in great numbers, and of very various degrees of excellence. Here we have Painting enacting the part of handmaid to the Muse, and courting notice under the shadow of her wing: we have her also performing a more independent part, and seeking distinction as patroness alike of verse and prose: while elsewhere, she comes boldly upon us, daring our opinion, unaccompanied by one word of either description or commendation. We must endeavour to introduce our readers to a few of these rarities; though, alas! the best description can give but an imperfect idea of true art.

With the merits of Harlow the world is too slightly acquainted: his life was obscure, and he died young. His vivid colouring and force of expression are well represented in the print before us, of 'Wolsey receiving the Cardinal's Hat': it is engraved by Giller. The haughty prelate is kneeling to receive this large increase of honour; around him are England's best and noblest. The ceremony is a splendid one, and the dresses are of the kind which painters love—flowing and magnificent.

'The Princess Victoria,' painted by Westall, and engraved by Edward Finden, will find admirers, though deficient in that beautiful simplicity which belongs to her time of life, and which we have no doubt is her portion. To speak more plainly, the artist has erred in making her think with all her might; she is seated under a tree with a sketch-book in one hand, and a pencil in the other, and looking at an object as if she would look it through. This, we are sure, she never does: when will artists give nature fair play?

There is some good dramatic painting in Richter's 'Brute of a Husband.' A handsome young woman bares her bosom to a gouty and purely Justice, to show the effects of her husband's blows: the magistrate is putting forth his hand to touch the injured part: his lady, a sort of walking-skeleton, with abundance of vinegar in her face, seems on the point of interposing, while the luckless husband stands in the rear, his brows dark with wrath, and his hands a-kimbo, breathing blows and blood, for the painter has indicated modestly, yet sufficiently, that the blows have not been bestowed for nothing. Passion is here a little caricatured, yet the scene is, on the whole, effective.

'Studies from Nature,' by James Inskip—Nature never suffers at the hand of this artist: he gives the fish of the sea, the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, and man, the lord and the abuser of all, fair play. Here is the head of a cottage girl, such a one as Guineborough would have walked seven miles to see; more full of sentiment than beauty, and yet beautiful too: dashed off at a sudden heat of fancy, and yet well studied. It is the second of a series; and, if the succeeding ones are like it, we need not wish the work success, for it will command it.

Newton has produced many sweet and clever things, and 'The Gentle Student' is one of his best. Here we have a very handsome young lady musing on a book: one hand lies over the page, and the other is held up to her chin; a posture, chosen for the purpose of displaying the bracelets on her white arms, and the miniature of some favoured one suspended from a very well-formed neck. She is one of those ladies who desire a name in art, yet will not work to obtain it—a numerous class in these days of wealth and idleness.

There are many portrait painters, and yet there are few who can paint a portrait. A more likeness is easily caught, but an intellectual likeness is a more elusive matter. The 'Portrait of Robert Hall,' drawn by Branwhite, and engraved by W. Finden, is, no doubt, a likeness, yet we hold it exaggerated in the animal, and tamed down in the mental part. The mouth is as wide

as the slit of a post-office, and the whole face is radiant rather with good living than with lofty thought.

From single prints we come to periodical issues of Art: here is the first number of 'Specimens of Elizabethan Architecture,' a work conducted by Mr. Henry Shaw. It contains some rich and grotesque things, and promises to be not only useful to the student, but interesting to all who love, without travelling, to look upon the picturesque and the elegant. We are barbarous enough to think that the Gothic is not always inferior to the Grecian, and that some of the buildings of the days of Elizabeth and James are worthy of being imitated now.

Mr. Murray is a bold man: he ranges at will over subjects classic and barbarous—sacred and profane. His 'Landscape Illustrations of the Bible' have reached a fourth number, and all who look at them must desire to have them continued, for they are in many instances not only beautiful, but sublime. Callcott is the leading light of No. III. and IV.: his 'View from Mount Carmel'—his 'Fords of the Jordan'—his 'Fountain at Jericho'—and his 'Pergamus,' are all in his happiest manner. Turner, too, has exerted his pencil, nor has Stanfield fallen off.

The imagination and skill of Martin find congenial employment in illustrating the sacred volume. His pencil has the rare merit of realizing Scripture landscape; it seems touched with the mingled fire and gloom which marked Isaiah and others of the inspired: his conceptions belong to the land of prophets and miracles. 'The Walls of Jericho falling down,' and 'Moses breaking the Tables,' are each admirable in their own peculiar way, and will be found useful by the unimaginative reader of those terrific passages in Scripture.

The new number of the 'Illustrations of Modern Sculpture' contains, 'The Sleeping Children,' by Chantrey, 'The Narcissus,' by Bacon, and 'Beneficence,' by Canova. The latter is well—nay, delicately engraved; nor is the merit of Bacon ill represented. Chantrey's group, one of the most exquisitely natural and graceful creations of the English school, is not so happily given by the graver: the lips are hard and sharp, and the faces are weak in feeling.

The 'Lady Clare,' by Phillips, is the charm of the seventh number of Tilt's 'Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott.' The View of Melrose, "all under the light of the moon," is very effective.

No. XVII. of 'Turner's England and Wales,' may be charged with a fault so rare, that we rather think it is a beauty—the cities are made too poetic: they are visions rather than realities; yet we grumble, and buy, and long for the next number.

What can we say of four numbers of the fifth edition of 'Lodge's Portraits'—viz. XXIII., XXIV., XXV., and XXVI.? The great success of the work renders praise of no avail, and no one can with propriety say that its good fortune is undeserved.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

'L'Assedio di Corinto,' produced on Thursday week, for the benefit of Laporte, attracted a very crowded house. We hold a different opinion of this music from some of our contemporaries, who are more easily pleased by the brilliancy of a *scena*, or the tunefulness of a melody, than by those concerted pieces, and dramatic adaptations of sound to sense, which give us the highest delight. These we find throughout this opera, and we like it in proportion. In the first place, the introduction has a clearness, a force, and a freshness, which none of Rossini's many *diluters* could reach. The trio which follows, too, is in his best and most impassioned manner; so is the chorus of the Turks, and the

splendid aria 'Sorgete!' for the bass voice, nor must we omit to mention the simple and solemn *preghiera* in the second act, at the close of which the effect of the *forando* was nothing short of sublime. We must also find room to praise the priests' address to the Greeks, with their responses, and the spirited march in the third act; it produces one of those effects in which Rossini stands alone; in fact, by his repeating something of the same sort in 'Guillaume Tell,' it would appear to be one of Il Maestro's own favourite imaginations. So much for the music. As regards the singers, Grisi is best, and always good, when in action, and executes a song composed by Costa, (the introduction to which is particularly good,) with perfect finish of execution. Rubini, in the grand air in the third act, appears to more advantage than we have yet heard him. Signor Ivanoff, too, introduces a song in the second act, which is the only opportunity we have of hearing him; we suspect his part throughout to be transposed; in any case it does not suit his voice. We wish Laporte would give more efficient occupation to this most promising artist. Tamburini is, as usual, full of energy, and sings splendidly; and the choruses are beginning to find out that they have something else to do besides standing in a row and singing as little as possible. The band was not always perfect; the cymbals and side-drums are insufferably noisy in the *fuales*. The scenery and dresses are new; the destruction of Corinth in the last scene most effectively managed, but the *spectacle* is not to be compared to the one presented in Paris. "They order these things better in France."

The Germans gave us a version of Boieldieu's 'Dame Blanche' on Monday—we are sorry to say, with little success. Surely, we shall not deserve to be called a musical nation, till we can put up with second-rate singers, for the sake of new and most beautiful music (such as is Boieldieu's) very carefully performed. We have long been compelled so to do (dispensing with the good music and careful performance) at our own theatres. 'Die Weisse Frau' is well worth hearing; and comes with a most piquant freshness upon our ears, after all the Italian music we have been hearing.

Taglioni has appeared twice in 'La Sylphide.' When are we to have a new ballet? we are afraid that the "fairies' power" runs some risk of being worn out.

*Antient Concerts.*—These have closed for the season, with a very heavy performance, under the direction of Earl Howe. We are happy to hear, that the new regulations lately introduced have had their desired effect, and that the establishment, thus renewed, may go on and prosper. We beg to offer one word of advice to those high in office: we would recommend them not to be so profuse in their engagements of vocalists; and to give the Italian singers music better suited to their peculiar styles, than they have often done: above all, to be jealously careful of the chorus—to have old, worn-out voices replaced by fresher ones, and its strength kept up at least, if not augmented—to seek for as much novelty in this department, as their laws admit of: and finally, to be content with the absence of Dragonetti for two seasons—as the profession stands in England at present, no orchestra can be complete without him.

## THEATRICALS

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This house opened for the summer campaign on Monday evening. The performances were, 'The Housekeeper,' a new operatic comedy in two acts by Mr. Buckstone, called 'Rural Felicity,' and 'Second Thoughts.'

In the first, Mrs. Nesbitt was very favourably received as Miss Taylor's substitute.

'Rural Felicity' is a very amusing piece, but not, as a whole, quite so happy an effort as the generality of those by the same author. He has trusted more to the effect of detached scenes, than to that of a regularly developed plot. The subject is simple enough, although the characters are numerous. The music is for the most part very pretty, and not unworthy of the reputation which Mr. Bishop justly enjoys as a composer.

## MISCELLANEA

*John Martin.*—The following anecdote is from the last number of the *Booksellers' Advertiser* of New York:

"John Martin, the justly celebrated self-taught artist, has without solicitation, been elected a member of the Belgic Academy; and the government have purchased, at his own price, his noble and astonishing picture of 'The Fall of Nineveh.' By his own talents alone, Martin has risen from obscurity to an enviable distinction in his profession. We have not seen the following anecdote in print, but we have it from a friend of the parties. Some years ago, an American artist, on a visit to London, noticed in an exhibition of paintings, a small piece, of such evident merit as induced him to inquire for the painter. 'His name is John Martin, a young man in extreme poverty; he supports himself at present by making baskets.' The American found him in a miserable apartment thus employed; he gave him a small sum of money, and advised and encouraged him to pursue the study of the more congenial art. The American visited Italy; and on his return, two or three years after, found the once poor basket-maker, now independent, married, occupying a handsome dwelling, and already famed for his extraordinary powers in the 'divine art.' 'To you,' he said to the American, 'I am indebted for this prosperity. With the money you gave me I purchased materials, and executed several pictures, which met with ready sale. I persevered, in the face of many difficulties, and, as you see, I did not persevere in vain.'—The American was *Washington Allston*, now of Boston. It is remarkable that though Martin has received many honours from foreign institutions, he has never even been admitted as a member of the London Academy of Arts, founded for the encouragement of native talent. Besides the 'Fall of Nineveh,' his 'Belshazzar's Feast,' and his 'Illustrations of Milton' are universally admired."

Now the anecdote is a good anecdote, and, if true, would reflect credit on all parties. As, however, we had a strong suspicion that it was not true, and as it was likely to be copied into the English papers, and circulated all over the country, we thought it well to address a note to the painter and enclose the paper. His answer confirms our suspicions, and, as it contains much matter of interest, we shall take the liberty of making a copious extract:—

"There is not a particle of truth in the anecdote; indeed I had not the pleasure of knowing my friend Allston until I was, in some degree, known as an artist; but I will give you a slight sketch, a mere outline, of my early career, and also of my first introduction to Allston, which, as it relates to more than myself, may not be uninteresting to you. I was not seventeen when I first arrived in London, where I was to be under the protection of Boniface Muss, or Musso, a clever master, the father of Charles Muss, the celebrated enamel painter. My first resolve on leaving my parents was, never more to receive that pecuniary assistance which I knew could not be spared, and by perseverance I was enabled to keep this resolution. Some months after my arrival in London, finding I was not so comfortable as I could wish in Mr. C. Muss's family, I removed to a room in Adam Street West, Cumberland Place, and it was there that,

by the closest application till two and three o'clock in the morning, in the depth of winter, I obtained that knowledge of perspective and architecture which has since been so valuable to me. I was at this time, during the day, employed by Mr. C. Muss's firm, painting on china and glass, by which, and making water-colour drawings, and teaching, I supported myself; in fact, mine was a struggling artist's life, when I married, which, I believe you know, I did at nineteen. It was now indeed necessary for me to work, and as I was ambitious of fame, I determined on painting a large picture. I therefore, in 1812, produced my first work, 'Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion,' which was executed in a month. You may easily guess my anxiety, when I overheard the men who were to place it in the frame disputing as to which was the top of the picture! Hope almost forsook me, for much depended on this work. It was, however, sold to the late Mr. Manning, the Bank director, for fifty guineas, and well do I remember the inexpressible delight my wife and I experienced at the time. My next works were 'Paradise,' which was sold to a Mr. Spang for seventy guineas, and 'The Expulsion,' which is in my own possession. My next painting, 'Clytie,' 1814, was sent to Mr. West, the President, for his inspection, and it was on this occasion that I first met Leslie, now so deservedly celebrated. I shall never forget the urbane manner with which West introduced us, saying, 'that we must become acquainted, as young artists who, he prophesied, would reflect honour on their respective countries.' Leslie immediately informed Allston, who resided in the same house with him, that he had met me.—Allston requested to be introduced, as he had felt a strong desire to know me from the time he had seen my 'Sadak,' but a sort of reserve had prevented his introducing himself, although he had several times taken up his pen to do so. Thus, twenty years ago, commenced a friendship which caused me deeply to regret Allston's departure for his native country, for I have rarely met a man whose cultivated and refined taste, combined with a mild, yet enthusiastic temper, and honourable mind, more excited my admiration and esteem. It is somewhat singular, that my picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast,' originated in an argument with Allston. He was himself going to paint the subject, and was explaining his ideas, which appeared to me altogether wrong, and I gave him my conception; he then told me that there was a prize poem at Cambridge, written by Mr. T. S. Hughes, which exactly tallied with my notions, and advised me to read it. I did so, and determined on painting the picture. I was strongly dissuaded from this by many, among others Leslie, who so entirely differed from my notions of the treatment, that he called on purpose, and spent part of a morning, in the vain endeavour of preventing my committing myself, and so injuring the reputation I was obtaining. This opposition only confirmed my intentions, and in 1821 I exhibited my picture. Allston has never seen it, but he sent from America to say, 'that he would not mind a walk of ten miles, over a quickset hedge, before breakfast, to see it.' This is something from a bad walker and worse riser. His own 'Belshazzar' was not completed for many years, not till very lately, I think."

*Taglioni.*—We learn for the first time from M. Daumont, that this unrivalled *danceuse* is a Swede, and was born at Stockholm. Her father was formerly chief dancer, and *maître de ballet* in that city, when he married the daughter of Karsten, a Swedish singer and tragic actor of much celebrity, whom Gustavus III. had honoured with the title of Court Secretary. Endowed with taste and judgment, says M. Daumont, M. Taglioni effected a radical reform in the dresses and properties of the Stockholm theatre, laying merciless hands on hoop-petti-

coats, fardingsales, *ailes de pigeon*, and hair powder, which still reigned there in full sway. After a long residence in Sweden, he went to Germany, where, under his auspices, his daughter made her debut in 1822, on the boards of a theatre at Vienna. The French stage soon reclaimed this perfect *artiste*; every one knows her reception at Paris, and the enthusiasm which her extraordinary talents have not ceased to inspire.—The widow of M. Karsten is still living at Stockholm, as well as the two brothers of Madame Taglioni, the mother.

*Periodicals in China.*—According to the French Papers, the taste for literature is on the increase even in China. A new daily literary paper, and a monthly review, have been just established at Peking.

*Chinese Jest translated by Stanislas Julien.*—A man who was cured by taking a white potion, neglected to pay the physician, who was justly enraged at his ingratitude. Meeting the doctor some time after, he asked, "What would be the best medicine for a sick dog?"—"A white potion," replied the other.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Mean.	Winds.	Weather.
Thurs. 5	65 46	29.58	S.W. to N.W.	Cloudy.
Frid. 6	70 48	29.50	N.W. to S.E.	Ditto.
Sat. 7	75 47	29.85	N.E.	Clear.
Sun. 8	80 41	29.80	N.E.	Ditto.
Mon. 9	75 51	29.60	N.E. to S.W.	Ditto.
Tues. 10	72 46	29.45	S.W. to S.	Cloudy.
Wed. 11	68 43	29.45	S.W.	Showers.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus.

Nights and mornings fair throughout the week, excepting Wednesday.

Mean temperature of the week, 65.5°. Greatest variation, 39°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.63.

Day increased on Wednesday, 4h. 40'. No night.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

*Autobiography and Letters of Arthur Courtenay.*  
*Twenty Minutes Advice on Gout and Rheumatism.*  
*The Foreign Exchange Calculator.*  
*The Commercial Correspondent, or Mercantile Letter Writer.*  
*The Ionian Anthology.*

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*Errata.*—In the last Number, last line of col. 1, of the first page, read *Recall*;—in the notice of 'Origines Biblicæ,' for *Liber* read *Sicor*.





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No. 347.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1834.

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rate, you had better take ship at once, and doze all the way to Italy.’ Upon my word, I should not have much objection to that scheme; and, if some enchanter would but transport me in an instant to the summit of *Ætna*, anybody might slop through the Low Countries that pleased.

“Being, however, so far advanced, there is no retracting; and I am resolved to journey along with Quiet and Content for my companions. These two comfortable deities have, I believe, taken Flanders under their especial protection; every step one advances discovering some new proof of their influence. The neatness of the houses, and the universal cleanliness of the villages, show plainly that their inhabitants live in ease and good humour. All is still and peaceful in these fertile lowlands: the eye meets nothing but round unmenning faces at every door, and harmless stupidity smiling at every window. The beasts, as placid as their masters, graze on without any disturbance: and I scarcely recollect to have heard one grunting swine or snarling mastiff during my whole progress. Before every village is a wealthy dunghill, not at all offensive, because but seldom disturbed; and there sows and porkers bask in the sun, and wallow at their ease, till the hour of death and bacon arrives.”

Here is a Dutch landscape, as true as if painted in colours by a native artist:—

“Towards evening, we entered the dominions of the United Provinces, and had all their glory of canals, treck-schuyts, and windmills, before us. The minute neatness of the villages, their red roofs, and the lively green of the willows which shade them, corresponded with the ideas I had formed of Chinese prospects; a resemblance which was not diminished upon viewing on every side the level scenery of enamelled meadows, with stripes of clear water across them, and innumerable barges gliding busily along. Nothing could be finer than the weather: it improved each moment, as if propitious to my exotic fancies; and, at sunset, not one single cloud obscured the horizon. Several storks were parading by the water side, amongst flags and ozers: and, as far as the eye could reach, large herds of beautifully spotted cattle were enjoying the plenty of their pastures. I was perfectly in the environs of Canton, or Ning Po, till we reached Meerdyke. You know fumigations are always the current recipe in romance to break an enchantment; as soon, therefore, as I left my carriage and entered my inn, the clouds of tobacco which filled every one of its apartments dispersed my Chinese imaginations, and reduced me in an instant to Holland.”

Leaving Rotterdam, and Delft, “that great parent of pottery,” altogether unnoticed, Mr. Beckford proceeds to the Hague, where, “just entering the town,” he observes, “I met an unwieldy fellow, not ill-clad, airing his carcass in a one-dog chair. The poor animal puffed and panted, while Mynheer smoked, and gaped around him with the most blessed indifference.” Here is his account of the dusty pompous parterres of the *Greffier* Fagel:—

“Every flower that wealth can purchase diffuses its perfume on one side; whilst every stench a canal can exhale poisons the air on the other. These sluggish puddles defy all the power of the

United Provinces, and retain the freedom of stinking in spite of any endeavour to conquer their filthiness.

“But perhaps I am too bold in my assertion; for I have no authority to mention any attempts to purify these noxious pools. Who knows but their odour is congenial to a Dutch constitution? One should be inclined to this supposition by the numerous banquetting rooms and pleasure houses which hang directly above their surface, and seem calculated on purpose to enjoy them. After all, I am not greatly surprised at the fishiness of their site, since very slight authority would persuade me there was a period when Holland was all water, and the ancestors of the present inhabitants fish. A certain oysterishness of eye and flabbiness of complexion, are almost proofs sufficient of this aquatic descent: and pray tell me for what purpose are such galligaskins as the Dutch burthen themselves with contrived, but to tuck up a flouncing tail, and thus cloak the deformity of a dolphinlike termination?”

The ride to Amsterdam and Utrecht is thus briefly but graphically described:—

“Well, thank Heaven! Amsterdam is behind us; how I got thither signifies not one farthing; it was all along a canal, as usual. The weather was hot enough to broil an inhabitant of Bengal; and the odours, exhaling from every quarter, sufficiently powerful to regale the nose of a Hot-tentot.

“Under these pungent circumstances we entered the great city. The Stadt-huys being the only cool place it contained, I repaired thither as fast as the heat permitted, and walked in a lofty marble hall, magnificently coved, till the dinner was ready at the inn. That despatched, we set off for Utrecht. Both sides of the way are lined with the country-houses and gardens of opulent citizens, as fine as gilt statues and clipped hedges can make them. Their number is quite astonishing: from Amsterdam to Utrecht, full thirty miles, we beheld no other objects than endless avenues and stiff parterres, scrawled and flourished in patterns like the embroidery of an old maid's work-bag. Notwithstanding this formal taste, I could not help admiring the neatness and arrangement of every inclosure, enlivened by a profusion of flowers, and decked with arbours, beneath which a vast number of consequential personages were solacing themselves after the heat of the day. Each luthuys we passed contained some comfortable party dozing over their pipes, or angling in the muddy fish-ponds below. Scarce an avenue but swarmed with female josses; little squat pug-dogs waddling at their sides, the attributes, I suppose, of these fair divinities.”

To Aix-la-Chapelle still less space is allotted:—

“We arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle about ten at night, and saw the mouldering turrets of that once illustrious capital by the help of a candle and lantern. An old woman at the gate asked our names (for not a single soldier appeared); and after traversing a number of superannuated streets without perceiving the least trace of Charlemagne or his Paladins, we procured comfortable though not magnificent apartments, and slept most unheroically sound, till it was time to set forward for Dusseldorf.”

The account of the gallery at Dusseldorf, and of the three kings at Cologne, we gave



last week, and we shall now leave the Rhine and Bavaria untouched, and come at once to the Tyrol. The approach is as truly pictured in words as by any ordinary artist with a pencil—and will recall the scene delightfully to all who have travelled there:—

"The next post brought us over hill and dale, grove and meadow, to a narrow plain, watered by rivulets and surrounded by cliffs, under which lies scattered the village of Wolfrathshausen, consisting of several remarkably large cottages, built entirely of fir, with strange galleries projecting from them. Nothing can be neater than the carpentry of these complicated edifices, nor more solid than their construction; many of them looked as if they had braved the torrents which fell from the mountains a century ago; and, if one may judge from the hoary appearance of the inhabitants, here are patriarchs coeval with their mansions. Orchards of cherry-trees cover the steep above the village, which to our certain knowledge produce most admirable fruit.

"Having refreshed ourselves with their cooling juice, we struck into a grove of pines, the tallest and most flourishing we had yet beheld. There seemed no end to these forests, except where little irregular spots of herbage, fed by cattle, intervened. Whenever we gained an eminence it was only to discover more ranges of dark wood, variegated with meadows and glittering streams. White clover and a profusion of sweet-scented flowers clothed their banks; above, waves the mountain-ash, glowing with scarlet berries: and beyond, rise hills, rocks and mountains, piled upon one another, and fringed with fir to their topmost acclivities. Perhaps the Norwegian forests alone, equal these in grandeur and extent."

We shall give one or two more admirable Tyrolean pictures, and then push on for Venice. Mr. Beckford slept the first night at a cottage on the banks of the Walchen-see, of which he observes, "mountains of pine and beech rising above, close every outlet; and no village or spire peeping out of the foliage, impress an idea of more than European solitude." This is true even to the present hour. The character of this little lake and its surrounding scenery, is indeed strange and wild—a noble beech wood encircles it, above rises a belt of dark pines, from out of which the cone-topped mountains seem to shoot up as if they too sprang living from the earth, to shut it out from all the world. Proceeding onwards, the scenery becomes more and more sublime, yet softened at intervals by those little cultivated nooks, with their nests of happy human beings, which give such interest to the Tyrol. All this is admirably described, or rather depicted, by Mr. Beckford:—

"From the shore of Walchen-see, our road led us straight through arching groves, which the axe seems never to have violated, to the summit of a rock covered with daphnes of various species, and worn by the course of torrents into innumerable craggy forms. Beneath, lay extended a chaos of shattered cliffs, with tall pines springing from their crevices, and rapid streams hurrying between their intermingled trunks and branches. As yet, no hut appeared, no mill, no bridge, no trace of human existence.

"After a few hours' journey through the wilderness, we began to discover a wreath of smoke; and presently the cottage from whence it arose, composed of planks, and reared on the very brink of a precipice. Piles of cloven fir were dispersed before the entrance, on a little spot of verdure browsed by goats; near them sat an aged man with hoary whiskers, his white locks tucked under a fur cap. Two or three beautiful children with hair neatly braided, played around

him, and a young woman dressed in a short robe and Polish-looking bonnet, peeped out of a wicket window.

"I was so much struck with the appearance of this sequestered family, that, crossing a rivulet, I clambered up to their cottage and sought some refreshment. Immediately there was a contention amongst the children, who should be the first to oblige me. A little black-eyed girl succeeded, and brought me an earthen jug full of milk, with crumbled bread and a platter of strawberries, fresh picked from the bank. I reclined in the midst of my smiling hosts, and spread my repast on the turf: never could I be waited upon with more hospitable grace. The only thing I wanted was language to express my gratitude; and it was this deficiency which made me quit them so soon. The old man seemed visibly concerned at my departure; and his children followed me a long way down the rocks, talking in a dialect which passes all understanding, and waving their hands to bid me adieu.

"I had hardly lost sight of them and regained my carriage before we entered a forest of pines, to all appearance without bounds, of every age and figure; some feathered to the ground with flourishing branches; others, decayed into shapes like Lapland idols. Even at noonday, I thought we should never have found our way out.

"As last, having descended a long avenue, endless perspectives opening on either side, we emerged into a valley bounded by hills, divided into irregular inclosures, where many herds were grazing. A rivulet flows along the pastures beneath; and after winding through the village of Walgau, loses itself in a narrow pass amongst the cliffs and precipices which rise above the cultivated slopes and frame in this happy pastoral region. All the plain was in sunshine, the sky blue, the heights illuminated, except one rugged peak with spires of rock, shaped not unlike the views I have seen of Sinai, and wrapped, like that sacred mount, in clouds and darkness. At the base of this tremendous mass lies the hamlet of Mittenwald, surrounded by thickets and banks of verdure, and watered by frequent springs, whose sight and murmurs were so reviving in the midst of a sultry day, that we could not think of leaving their vicinity, but remained at Mittenwald the whole evening.

"Our inn had long airy galleries, with pleasant balconies fronting the mountain; in one of these we dined upon trout fresh from the rills, and cherries just culled from the orchards that cover the slopes above. The clouds were dispersing, and the topmost peak half visible, before we ended our repast, every moment discovering some inaccessible cliff or summit, shining through the mists, and tinted by the sun with pale golden colours. These appearances filled me with such delight and with such a train of romantic associations, that I left the table and ran to an open field beyond the huts and gardens to gaze in solitude and catch the vision before it dissolved away."

"When all was faded and lost in the blue ether, I had time to look around me and notice the mead in which I was standing. Here, clover covered its surface; there, crops of grain; further on, beds of herbs and the sweetest flowers. An amphitheatre of hills and rocks, broken into a variety of glens and precipices, open a course for several clear rivulets, which, after gurgling amidst loose stones and fragments, fall down the steep, and are concealed and quieted in the herbage of the vale.

"A cottage or two peep out of the woods that hang over the waterfalls; and on the brow of the hills above, appears a series of eleven little chapels, uniformly built. I followed the narrow path that leads to them, on the edge of the eminences, and met a troop of beautiful peasants, all of the name of Anna (for it was St. Anna's

day) going to pay their devotion, severally, at these neat white fane. There were faces that Guercino would not have disdained copying, with braids of hair the softest and most luxuriant I ever beheld. Some had wreathed it simply with flowers, others with rolls of a thin linen (manufactured in the neighbourhood), and disposed it with a degree of elegance one should not have expected on the cliffs of the Tyrol.

"Being arrived, they knelt altogether at the first chapel, on the steps, a minute or two, whispered a short prayer, and then dispersed each to her fane. Every little building had now its fair worshipper, and you may well conceive how much such figures, scattered about the landscape, increased its charms. Notwithstanding the fervour of their adorations (for at intervals they sighed, and bent their white bosoms with energy), several bewitching profane glances were cast at me as I passed by. Do not be surprised, then, if I became a convert to idolatry in so amiable a form, and worshipped Saint Anna on the score of her nemeses."

But we must hurry on and fix ourselves, for this week at least, at the Lione Bianco, on the Grand Canal at Venice; where the reader will please to imagine himself seated in a balcony, twined round with plants, forming a green festoon, springing from two large vases of orange trees placed at each end:—

"As night approached, innumerable tapers glimmered through the awnings before the windows. Every boat had its lantern, and the gondolas moving rapidly along were followed by tracks of light, which gleamed and played upon the waters. I was gazing at these dancing fires when the sounds of music were wafted along the canals, and as they grew louder and louder, an illuminated barge, filled with musicians, issued from the Rialto, and stopping under one of the palaces, began a serenade, which stifled every clamour and suspended all conversation in the galleries and porticos; till, rowing slowly away, it was heard no more. The gondoliers catching the air, imitated its cadences, and were answered by others at a distance, whose voices, echoed by the arch of the bridge, acquired a plaintive and interesting tone. I retired to rest, full of the sound; and long after I was asleep, the melody seemed to vibrate in my ear.

August 3.

"It was not five o'clock before I was aroused by a loud din of voices and splashing of water under my balcony. Looking out, I beheld the grand canal so entirely covered with fruits and vegetables, on rifts and in barges, that I could scarcely distinguish a wave. Loads of grapes, peaches and melons arrived, and disappeared in an instant, for every vessel was in motion; and the crowds of purchasers hurrying from boat to boat, formed a very lively picture. Amongst the multitudes, I remarked a good many whose dress and carriage announced something above the common rank; and upon enquiry I found they were noble Venetians, just come from their casinos, and met to refresh themselves with fruit, before they retired to sleep for the day."

Here is a day at Venice:—

"The sun began to colour the balustrades of the palaces, and the pure exhilarating air of the morning drawing me abroad, I procured a gondola, laid in my provision of bread and grapes, and was rowed under the Rialto, down the grand canal to the marble steps of S. Maria della Salute, erected by the Senate in performance of a vow to the Holy Virgin, who begged off a terrible pestilence in 1630. The great bronze portal opened whilst I was standing on the steps which lead to it, and discovered the interior of the dome, where I expatiated in solitude; no mortal appearing except an old priest who trimmed the lamps, and muttered a prayer before the high altar, still wrapt in shadows. The sun

beams began to strike against the windows of the cupola, just as I left the church and was wafted across the waves to the spacious platform in front of St. Giorgio Maggiore, one of the most celebrated works of Palladio.

"When my first transport was a little subsided, and I had examined the graceful design of each particular ornament, and united the just proportions and grand effect of the whole in my mind, I planted my umbrella on the margin of the sea, and viewed at my leisure the vast range of palaces, of porticoes, of towers, opening on every side and extending out of sight. The Doge's palace and the tall columns at the entrance of the place of St. Mark, form, together with the arcades of the public library, the lofty Campanile and the cupolas of the ducal church, one of the most striking groups of buildings that art can boast of. . . .

"I contemplated the busy scene from my peaceful platform, where nothing stirred but aged devotees creeping to their devotions, and, whilst I remained thus calm and tranquil, heard the distant buzz of the town. Fortunately some length of waves rolled between me and its tumults; so that I ate my grapes, and read *Metastasio*, undisturbed by officiousness or curiosity. When the sun became too powerful, I entered the nave.

"After I had admired the masterly structure of the roof and the lightness of its arches, my eyes naturally directed themselves to the pavement of white and ruddy marble, polished, and reflecting like a mirror the columns which rise from it. Over this I walked to a door that admitted me into the principal quadrangle of the convent, surrounded by a cloister supported on Ionic pillars, beautifully proportioned. A flight of stairs opens into the court, adorned with balustrades and pedestals, sculptured with elegance truly Grecian. This brought me to the refectory, where the chef-d'œuvre of Paul Veronese, representing the marriage of Cana in Galilee, was the first object that presented itself. I never beheld so gorgeous a group of wedding-garments before; there is every variety of fold and plait that can possibly be imagined. The attitudes and countenances are more uniform, and the guests appear a very genteel, decent sort of people, well used to the mode of their times and accustomed to miracles.

"Having examined this fictitious repast, I cast a look on a long range of tables covered with very excellent realities, which the monks were coming to devour with energy, if one might judge from their appearance. These sons of penitence and mortification possess one of the most spacious islands of the whole cluster, a princely habitation, with gardens and open porticoes, that engross every breath of air; and, what adds not a little to the charms of their abode, is the facility of making excursions from it, whenever they have a mind. . . .

"I moved slowly out of the cloisters; and, gaining my gondola, arrived, I know not how, at the flights of steps which lead to the Redentore, a structure so simple and elegant, that I thought myself entering an antique temple, and looked about for the statue of the God of Delphi, or some other graceful divinity. . . .

"The good fathers had decorated the nave with orange and citron trees, placed between the pilasters of the arcades; and on grand festivals, it seems, they turn the whole church into a bower, strew the pavement with leaves, and festoon the dome with flowers.

"I left them occupied with their plants and their devotions. It was mid-day, and I begged to be rowed to some woody island, where I might dine in shade and tranquillity. My gondoliers shot off in an instant; but, though they went at a very rapid rate, I wished to advance still faster, and getting into a bark with six oars, swept along the waters, soon left the Zecca and San

Marco behind; and, launching into the plains of shining sea, saw turret after turret, and isle after isle, fleeting before me. A pale greenish light ran along the shores of the distant continent, whose mountains seemed to catch the motion of my boat, and to fly with equal celerity.

"I had not much time to contemplate the beautiful effects on the waters—the emerald and purple hues which gleamed along their surface. Our prow struck, foaming, against the walls of the Carthusian garden, before I recollected where I was, or could look attentively around me. Permission being obtained, I entered this cool retirement, and putting aside with my hands the boughs of figs and pomegranates, got under an ancient bay-tree on the summit of a little knoll, near which several tall pines lift themselves up to the breezes. I listened to the conversation they held, with a wind just blown from Greece, and charged, as well as I could understand this airy language, with many affectionate remembrances from their relations on Mount Ida. . . .

"The rustling of the pines had the same effect as the murmurs of other old story-tellers, and I dozed undisturbed till the people without, in the boat, (who wondered not a little, I dare say, what was become of me within) began a sort of chorus in parts, full of such plaintive modulation, that I still thought myself under the influence of a dream, and, half in this world and half in the other, believed, like the heroes of Fingal, that I had caught the music of the spirits of the hill.

"When I was thoroughly convinced of the reality of these sounds, I moved towards the shore whence they proceeded: a glassy sea lay before me; no gale ruffled the expanse; every breath had subsided, and I beheld the sun go down in all its sacred calm. You have experienced the sensations this moment inspires; imagine what they must have been in such a scene, and accompanied with a melody so simple and pathetic. I stepped into my boat, and now instead of encouraging the speed of the gondoliers, begged them to abate their ardour, and row me lazily home. They complied, and we were near an hour reaching the platform in front of the ducal palace, thronged as usual with a variety of nations. I mixed a moment with the crowd; then directed my steps to the great mosque, I ought to say the church of St. Mark; but really its cupolas, slender pinnacles, and semicircular arches, have so oriental an appearance, as to excuse this appellation. I looked a moment at the four stately couriers of bronze and gold that adorn the chief portal, and then took in, at one glance, the whole extent of the piazza, with its towers and standards. A more noble assemblage was never exhibited by architecture. I envied the good fortune of Petrarch, who describes, in one of his letters, a tournament held in this princely opening. . . .

"This fit of enthusiasm was hardly subsided, when I passed into the great square, which received a faint gleam from its casinos and palaces, just beginning to be lighted up, and to become the resort of pleasure and dissipation. Numbers were walking in parties upon the pavement; some sought the convenient gloom of the porticoes with their favourites; others were earnestly engaged in conversation, and filled the gay illuminated apartments, where they resorted to drink coffee and sorbet, with laughter and merriment. A thoughtless giddy transport prevailed; for, at this hour, anything like restraint seems perfectly out of the question; and however solemn a magistrate or senator may appear in the day, at night he lays up wig and robe and gravity to sleep together, runs intriguing about in his gondola, takes the reigning sultana under his arm, and so rambles half over the town, which grows gayer and gayer as the day declines. . . .

"Many of the noble Venetians have a little

suite of apartments in some out-of-the-way corner, near the grand piazza, of which their families are totally ignorant. To these they skulk in the dusk, and revel undisturbed with the companions of their pleasures. Jealousy itself cannot discover the alleys, the winding passages, the unsuspected doors, by which these retreats are accessible. Many an unhappy lover, whose mistress disappears on a sudden with some fortunate rival, has searched for her haunts in vain. The gondoliers themselves, though the prime managers of intrigue, are often unacquainted with these interior cabinets. When a gallant has a mind to pursue his adventures with mystery, he rows to the piazza, orders his bark to wait, meets his goddess in the crowd, and vanishes from all beholders. Surely, Venice is the city in the universe best calculated for giving scope to the observations of a devil upon two sticks. What a variety of lurking-places would one stroke of his crutch uncover!

"Whilst the higher ranks were solacing themselves in their casinos, the rabble were gathered in knots round the strollers and mountebanks, singing and scaramouching in the middle of the square. I observed a great number of Orientals amongst the crowd, and heard Turkish and Arabic muttering in every corner. Here the Slavonian dialect predominated; there some Grecian jargon, almost unintelligible. Had Saint Mark's church been the wondrous tower, and its piazza the chief square of the city of Babylon, there could scarcely have been a greater confusion of languages.

"The novelty of the scene afforded me no small share of amusement, and I wandered about from group to group, and from one strange exotic to another, asking and being asked innumerable ridiculous questions, and settling the politics of London and Constantinople almost in the same breath. This instant I found myself in a circle of grave Armenian priests and jewellers; the next amongst Greeks and Dalmatians, who accosted me with the smoothest compliments, and gave proof that their reputation for pliability and address was not ill-founded.

"I was entering into a grand *harem-scenrum* discourse with some Russian counts or princes, or whatever you please, just landed with dwarfs, and footmen, and governors, and staring like me, about them, when Madame de Rosenberg arrived, to whom I had the happiness of being recommended. She presented me to some of the most distinguished of the Venetian families at their great casino which looks into the piazza, and consists of five or six rooms, fitted up in a gay flimsy taste, neither rich nor elegant, where were a great many lights, and a great many ladies negligently dressed, their hair falling very freely about them, and innumerable adventures written in their eyes. The gentlemen were loling upon the sofas, or lounging about the apartments.

"The whole assembly seemed upon the verge of gaping, till coffee was carried round. This magic beverage diffused a temporary animation; and, for a moment or two, conversation moved on with a degree of pleasing extravagance; but the flush was soon dissipated, and nothing remained save cards and stupidity.

"In the intervals of shuffling and dealing, some talked over the affairs of the grand council with less reserve than I expected; and two or three of them asked some feeble questions about the late tumults in London. It was one o'clock before all the company were assembled, and I left them at three, still dreaming over their coffee and card-tables."

This was written when Venice still slept in peace, and dreamed of freedom in the shadow of the glory of the old republic; but the tempest came and shook

All things the plant with the scythe had spared,  
To their foundations, and at once she fell.

Yet it is still true, though she now lies

prostrate and unpitied at the foot of a tramontane conqueror. But we must come to a conclusion—at least for this week.

*Thirty Years' Correspondence between John Jebb, D.D., Bishop of Limerick, &c., and A. Knox, Esq.* Edited by the Rev. C. Forster, B.D. London: Duncan.

Mr. Forster has by the publication of this correspondence, eminently served Biblical criticism, clerical education, and even religion itself. The scriptural dissertations interchanged between Bishop Jebb and his friend are not dry notices of words and syllables, questions of various readings or mere grammatical disquisitions; still less are they mystic speculations on subjects transcending the range of the human faculties; but they are the comments of the heart and the affections on the Sacred Text, the results of a desire to pourtray in the most lively colours the moral beauties of Christianity. No better guide could be found to direct the studies of a young clergyman, than Alexander Knox; his early letters are models of affectionate advice, a rare union of sound criticism and pure piety; Jebb's replies are those of one who knew the value of such a director, and who possessed every qualification for profiting by his instructions. In the many controversies that during the thirty years over which the letters spread, shook the church of Ireland from without and from within, we find the two friends preserving a dispassionate and calm spirit, never interfering except as moderators, checking as far as lay in their power that *controversie prurit*, which has so often and so fatally proved *ecclésiæ scabies*. Bishop Jebb, indeed, was the Lord Falkland of the Irish Church; his cry was, "Peace! Peace!" not a peace to be purchased by any compromise of principle, but a peace to be secured by mutual tolerance, by seeking even in differences of opinion, causes for love of all Christians, instead of an excuse for hatred. Like Falkland, the excellent Bishop never forsook the standard under which he had enlisted; but, like him, he dreaded the violence and indiscreet zeal of many that were ranged at his side. It would be easy to extend the parallel, but our readers will be more pleased with some specimens of the excellent feeling and sound sense displayed by the lamented prelate. During a visit to Cambridge, he encountered a clergyman of a very different spirit, and gives the following account of their conversation:—

"You are in a country," said Mr. —, "very much swarming with Papists." "Yes," replied I, "there are a great number of Roman Catholics in my parish: it is extensive, and I have but fifteen or sixteen Protestant families: this I believe was further drawn out, by a question relative to the comparative numbers. "Then," said Mr. —, "have you made any exertions among the Papists to bring them over?" "No," I replied: "the attempt would be altogether in vain; and, indeed, I do not feel myself called on to use exertions of that nature." "But, have you consulted with other ministers, as to the line of conduct which you should adopt?" "I have thought much upon the subject; and my mind is fully made up, that I ought not to interfere; particularly as I know the people to be under the care of a very pious and attentive parish priest." "But do you not feel it your duty to attempt the conversion of those poor people, from the damnable

errors of popery?" "I cannot think that they labour under damnable errors; they have erred, and do err, grossly and absurdly, but not, as I conceive, damnable; else how could their church produce so many pious and excellent individuals?" "That is owing to the goodness of God, who has permitted some individuals to be better than their system." "But surely their doctrine of justification, and their abominable doctrine of human merit are damnable." "I cannot think so: some crude things they do say, on the point of merit; but they firmly believe, that we can do no good thing, but by the grace of Christ." "Yes; but they give their works a share in their justification, and they should be opposed," &c. To all this, I said, in order to cut short useless discussion, "that from birth, education, and providential circumstances, and of deliberate choice, I dissented from the errors of popery; that divine Providence had made me the superintendent of a church-of-England flock; to that little flock, I endeavoured to pay attention. That the same Providence saw fit to leave the population of my parish, under the care of another pastor; that with him, I did not think it, in any degree, my duty to interfere," &c. &c. And so, after a few words more on both sides, the discussion ended."

Experience is the best test of the value of principles; and an extract from another letter will show, how beneficially the adoption of such principles operated in the parish of Abington, though situated in the very centre of disturbed districts. A meeting of the farmers and peasantry was held, the Protestant rector and Catholic priest acted in concert, and peace and good-will were preserved.

"You will, I know, be glad to hear, however little at length and in detail, that this spot, among all the horrors and atrocities which surround us, is still tranquil; almost the single tranquil spot, in the county of Limerick. Under Providence, much is due to the people themselves, whom, after more than eleven years' residence among them, I can safely pronounce to be a quiet, inoffensive, good-natured, and affectionate people. Some black sheep there may be, and doubtless are; but the general mass may be deemed happily untainted. In the next place, and in a higher degree, we are indebted to our excellent parish priest, Mr. C.; who has been instant, in season, and out of season, in admonition, exhortation, and exertion of every kind, to keep his people right. Nor have his efforts failed. . . . In the preparatory movements to our meeting, at the meeting itself, and ever since, we have found in Mr. C. an invaluable condutor. He supplied the first two resolutions; acquiesced heartily in the remaining resolutions, drawn up by me; assured me, that he would be always happy to facilitate my communication with 'our' parishioners; and, at the meeting after mass, (we came from church, and found the R. C. congregation in readiness,) introduced me to his flock, as 'the clergyman of the parish; who would address them from the altar.' A transaction, the like of which I suppose never occurred, since the Reformation. On the liberality, and honourable confidence evinced, in thus inviting a Church-of-England clergyman to preach to his popish flock, I need not enlarge: no one can appreciate it more fully than yourself. I addressed the people, I dare say, for a full half-hour; and so far as I myself, and others near me, could judge, was heard with breathless attention, and real sympathy. The people, when the resolutions were to be sanctioned by a show of hands, raised their hands to a man: and the little children, immediately in front of the altar, strained their little arms, that their hands too, might be seen. Several persons, at the same instant, cried out 'La! the very children are lifting their hands!' It was truly an

affecting sight. The farmers and peasantry then flocked within the rails of the altar, to subscribe their names: and I hardly ever witnessed a scene of such cordial unanimity. Chapel was the only place, at which we could reckon on a full, and effective meeting; and I am glad that the place was chapel, and the day, Sunday. By this arrangement, it was not a political, but a religious meeting; and the act was felt to be a solemn engagement, in the presence of God. We anticipate much good, not only here, but elsewhere, from these resolutions."

We agree with Mr. Knox, that this interesting scene deserves to be made the subject of a painting. We shall not venture to speculate upon the causes that have rendered such scenes of rare occurrence; but sure we are, that had the wise Christian maxims, which Bishop Jebb valued so highly, that he made them the motto of his scrap-books, been more universally adopted, acrimony and bitterness would not have produced the evils which we have unfortunately witnessed. The sentences deserve to be graven on the hearts of all;

Il faut mieux taire une vérité, que de la dire de mauvaise grace.  
Le silence judicieux, est toujours meilleur qu'une vérité non charitable.

It was well said by Quinet, (see *Athenæum*, p. 122,) that when Catholics and Protestants rush into the arena of controversy, and call upon reason to be their judge, they should address her as the gladiators of old did the Roman emperor—"Behold those who are come to die, salute thee."

It is unnecessary to recommend these volumes, the extracts we have made will do that sufficiently; but we cannot take leave of them without expressing the sincere delight with which we have perused them. There are honoured names mentioned in those letters, associated with our most treasured recollections, to whose merits the excellent prelate bears affectionate testimony. Of the Bishop himself, and our sorrow for his loss, we need not repeat what we have before expressed.

Revolving his mysterious lot,  
We mourn him, but we praise him not;  
Glory to God be given,  
Who sent him like the radiant bow,  
His covenant of peace to show,  
Athwart the breaking storm to glow,  
Then vanish into heaven.

*The Revolutionary Epick.* The work of Disraeli the younger. Books II. and III. London: Moxon.

We have here the continuation of the allegorical poem, the commencement of which we noticed some months ago. These two new books contain the 'Plea of Lyridon,' the 'Genius of Federalism,' and the first part of the 'Conquest of Italy.' We expressed our opinion of the plan of the work on a former occasion—and now feel, yet more strongly, that the taste of the day is not for allegory. We want realities, not symbols—the struggle of opposing principles, the great strife between good and evil, freedom and slavery, must be brought home to us by being shown in its workings among the sons of men. If we had not been convinced of this before, the conclusion of Mr. Disraeli's third canto would have satisfied us of its truth: it came upon us with almost a startling interest—after having been so long among clouds and abstractions—and we are mistaken if he did not write it under a fresher and more distinct



inspiration than prompted him at the earlier part of his labour. This makes us the more regret that the plan of his poem will prevent the whole from acquiring the popularity which detached passages deserve. The following are not the least beautiful among them—we will leave 'Lyridon,' and 'Opinion,' and 'Demogorgon,' in their world of shadows, and delight our readers with something more tangible. The following passage is exquisite:—

"He who watches

The dying of the storm will surely mark  
Within the turbid sky the mighty clouds,  
In shattered splendour sailing, like huge ships,  
After some fight that crowns an empire's fate,  
Drifting by conquered shores; while mid their wreck  
The canon of the tempest sullen boom,  
The thunder's fading peals; now loud, now deep,  
Now near, now far away, until some bolt,  
Some single bolt, that seems to crack the sky,  
Tells that the strife is o'er. And then arises  
A gentle breeze, the scene distracted clearing,  
While, through a veil of soft distilling rain,  
Like Triumph smiling through a shower of tears,  
Forth shines the conquering sun; on field and flower  
His genial radiance shedding. Voice of birds  
And lowing of glad kine that beam salute,  
And soon each rural sound d-d-lightful tells,  
Back to a freshened earth the rustic world  
Return to grateful labour.

We must give, too, part of the night scene which opens the third canto:—

'Tis Night; on Montenotte's gory hill  
The silver moon her summer radiance sheds,  
And throws a quivering light on many a sign  
That tells the bloody past; standards and arms,  
Shattered and shivered like the ghastly forms  
That shared their pride, their terror, and their doom,  
The steed and steedman both o'erthrown, and joined  
In death as life: that nostril which the mora  
Saluted with a snort more awful far  
Than fifty clarions, and its foam superb  
Flung on the heady fight, no more resounds  
That peal triumphant; and that fiery crest,  
That toiled and sparkled in the daring air,  
Upon the cold and humble earth now lies  
Pallid and stiff; and many a goodly man  
Who, as he vaulted on that bounding back,  
Felt that a saddle and a whirling sabre  
To softer seats and loftier arms might lead,  
And from the pillage of a startled world  
A throne and sceptre for his booty seize;  
With all the passions on his seared face,  
Now bites the dust he hardly deigned to tread,  
Bloody and grim.

Deep is the slumber of the sleeping babe,  
Upon the undrawn curtain of whose brain  
No phantoms sit; deep is the hunter's dream;  
The sailor, in his giddy hammock slung,  
Rocked by the ocean, revels in repose.  
The couch of Kings may envy; and the star,  
The trembling star, that from the sunset springs,  
And bids the homeward wain its course retrace,  
The peasant for his honest toil rewards  
With rest, that Chasticer alone shall rouse;  
But sleeping babe, and hunterman with his dreams,  
The careless sailor, and the wearied hind,  
Know not the traces of slumber that descends  
Upon the soldier's brain, when like a ball  
In battle spent, or stood whose course is run,  
The sanguine struggle and the fierce suspense  
All past, and wearied by the hot pursuit,  
Whose scent is human blood, upon the sod  
His sabre and himself he wildly flings.

The passage in which the march towards Milan is described, is full of glow and motion, and carries us along with it like some rich and inspiring strain of music:—

For ere the morning beam

Had tipped with sunlight all the mountain tops,  
The conqueror's march commenced, a march indeed  
As wondrous as his war! Ye royal bands,  
Hirelings of kings and emperors, vain your strife  
With these bold sons of freedom, as the note  
Of glory's trumpet on the distant wind  
Catches their eager ear. On with the march!  
No pause but combat, and the victor field  
Their only resting place: the cause his own  
Devoutly feels each warlike citizen.  
For slaves be food and rest, their own great hearts  
Alone sustain them; and their aching eyes  
Are weary only with the restless ken  
That seeks the unseen foe. A warlike march  
Warriors alone may form. No outlying crowd  
Impedes their noble course with all the lures  
That tempt the victim to the heartless strife.  
Each steed its force, on his bayonet's point  
His scanty ration each bold soldier bears;  
And trusting to his own good sword alone,

Within a hostile land adventurous flings  
His reckless form. On with the ceaseless march!  
The startled warder, on his warlike tower,  
Guards well the gates the foe dares not view;  
Passing contemptuous by those mighty walls,  
Whose awful turrets many a summer host  
Of proud invaders, prouder held at bay;  
And stopped the tide of war, like some vast mole  
Breaking the Ocean's swell; its heading wave  
Back hurling with diddala—the bulwark of the land;  
But covered fort, and towering citadel,  
Are for these novel warriors, but the guides  
That trace their road of conquest; urging on  
Their course resistless, till the rising towers  
Denote the regal city of the land,  
All manner prey despoiling. This their aim,  
Their object this, no idle fence of arms,  
Maiming some feeble member with a scratch,  
But in its very heart to stab the land,  
And so end all. On with the ceaseless march!  
The billowy rushing of the winding river,  
Than which a nobler maniment to realms,  
Nature or art ne'er gave; for these bold men  
Is but a bath to renovate their strength,  
And slake the fever of their heated frames.  
Wild in the wave they rush with eager glee,  
Flouncing and shouting in the troubled waters,  
And treading in the air the glittering drops;  
Or gay amid their travail, ever gay,  
Dash in each other's face the sparkling shower.  
On with the ceaseless march! Short respite grants  
Their ardent chief; the fisher's bark affords  
A ferry to the footmen, or they twine  
With practised skill light baskets, that the girls  
Crowned with fresh fruit, the fig and purple vine,  
Or rosy peach, that loves the radiant plain,  
Almond of glittering light, or grateful gourd,  
To morning market bear with jocund song:  
Into a lighter bark these baskets light  
The warriors twine; nor Cupid when he floats.  
On some slight flower down his Indian stream,  
More fragile craft commands, than that which bears  
These haughty foes to the awful War!

On the whole, the poet certainly grows stronger in his song as he proceeds; but we have our fears that it may be all in vain.

*Memoirs of Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri: Extinct Monsters of the Ancient Earth, with Twenty-eight Plates, copied from Specimens in the Author's Collection. By Thomas Hawkins, Esq., F.G.S., &c. &c. Imperial folio. London: Relfe & Fletcher.*

"EVERY generation of man," says our author, "is born to stare at something, which, as long as it eludes their understanding, is a very African Fetishe to the many, and a Gordian knot to the few. There are mysteries which require a thousand years for their solution; grand phenomena that oppose high barrier to the human mind; lessons which teach us our own proper littleness, better than the starry language graven on the face of the nightly heaven, or the ten thousand ponderous tomes bequeathed us by the ancient times, of which they treasure the multifarious experience. Of these—few on account of their vastness—rare, because they require a seraph of our kind for their comprehension—geology is the most wondrous and sublime." Assuredly, seraphs of Mr. Hawkins's kind are by no means common; though he may comprehend geology, we cannot comprehend him; he is something which "eludes the understanding," and, we doubt, will prove a "very African Fetishe to the many," as to us he certainly is a "Gordian knot."

Having made this unqualified profession of our ignorance and stupidity, we proceed, as in duty bound, to explain what we cannot understand, and favour our readers with some account of Mr. Hawkins's wonderful production, trusting that should we anywhere appear less lucid than usual, our readers will feel convinced that "there is a design in it," or, at most, allow us the benefit of the maxim above laid down—"there are mysteries which require a thousand years for their solution."

The first of Mr. Hawkins's geological ad-

ventures, at least the first which he records in his *Memoirs of Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri*, is sufficiently common, though the language in which he relates it is by no means so. He fell in love with his father's servant-maid.

"I began to dream of a beautiful girl—the daughter of one of the family domestics—at fourteen. P— was twelve years old, with such sky-blue eyes and chestnut hair that I can never forget, and innocent as a lamb: I was a companionless tiger which left his lair to lie at her feet: P— was the Rubicon—I dashed into her soul, lost my own in it, like Salmacis, and emerged into a new world—happy."

What a beautiful outbreak of a young and ingenuous mind! *Tiger Hawkins*, whose soul, as he informs us, "slept three summers and three winters a chrysalis,—the fourth, fifth, and sixth lived a butterfly,"—dashed into the soul of pretty little P—, and emerged happy, when, unfortunately, "a Will-o'-th'-Wisp, christened Accident—a monster—transfixed it with a Caliban bound to its back, as a boy does a caterpillar with a rusty nail." This is one of these little points at which we confess ourselves a little at fault; or rather, we perfectly understand, but cannot so easily explain it. However, it would appear from the context, that Mr. Hawkins was now bound on the back of his own soul, "like a caterpillar with a rusty nail"; and, as he afterwards informs us, that "the soul is an infinitely progressive faculty," we may presume he is in a fair way for a long journey, and wish him "good speed," or rather "fine weather," as the man in the moon did to Daniel O'Rourke. We can still less give any satisfactory information respecting little P—. We have not even ascertained whether she was an *Ichthyosaurus* or a *Plesiosaurus*, whether she had "three bones in her paddle," which would have constituted her a *Triarsostomus* in Mr. Hawkins's system, or possessed "the head and bill of a snipe, with two hundred and sixty long, sharp teeth," such as the *Chirostrongulostomus*, figured pl. 13, and of which Mr. Hawkins says, "my heart fluttered when that gem of price was placed before my flashing eyes": we know not whether she possessed what the author terms "fascinating oryctological features," or might even have been "a ptero-dactyle, with a bird-and-bat-like conformation of body and extremities, giving rise to vagaries of thought as uncertain as the sombre twilight of the ungarnished and desolate world, which echoed to the flapping of her leathern wings;" nay, it has suggested itself to us, that she might have been, as Mrs. Malaprop says, "an allegory on the banks of the Nile,"—but after a deliberate review of all the facts laid before us, we have come to the conclusion, that this is another of those mysteries that require a thousand years for their solution, and that it affords one of those cases in which a special revelation from the author, of his own meaning, would be both justifiable and necessary. But turn we to another page, in our author's strange and chequered destiny. We have seen him a tiger, a chrysalis, a butterfly, fastened with a rusty nail on the back of his own soul, and sent to roam through limitless space,—we are next to behold him metamorphosed into one of his own darling formations, and almost rivalling Quinbus Flestrin, the great man-mountain.

"I was a rock at the brink of a precipice:—

I looked down into an abyss without a bottom and in the dizziness of my brain longed to sound it, though an eternity would barely suffice it: my eyes wandered in search of some hand to tumble me over the edge—but they looked in vain. Again I looked into that gulf and again my brain twirled at the bare thought of the descent—yet no one drew near, and I had almost relapsed into that lethargy which lulls the spirit of general mankind throughout all generations, when fate—directing a poor man to a wreck of the wrecked old world, that she had stored for this end myriads of ages before the appearance of our race—hurled me over the giddy height; then commenced the cycle of my real existence.

"Deep after deep—darker and darker—meets my gaze:—faint sickly shadows that the everlasting future casts across the gulf—the Pierian stream and Avernus sacred to the infernal deities—are the only figures that confront me; behind I see nothing but a gigantic image of fate whose inexorable visage fills me with dismay, for every glance that I steal thereof consummates another woe of my chequered incomprehensible destiny, and ushers me into a new sign of that moral zodiac which I am destined to accomplish.

"I sometimes muse on the seeming accident—the chance—that cast me upon the irreversible thence—the moon—the limbo where matter and mind incessantly clash—the, in fact, literary world where the living famish upon the scant marrow of the bleached carcasses of the dead, and scoop out with Mephistophilian claws the very souls of one another for want of better garbage upon which to prey."

This last reflection we feel to be rather personal; however, as we are abundantly good-natured, and, besides, are not at present "in want of better garbage," we shall keep our Mephistophilian claws out of Mr. Hawkins, soul and body, and leave him in limbo—"a rock, casting his eyes into an abyss without a bottom," while we give his description of the discovery of the *Ichthyosaurus Chirologostinus*—a discovery which filled his heart with so much gladness, as to cause him to break forth into immortal verse, the which we subjoin for the benefit of the reader.

"At this spot was seen two or three years ago a kind of peninsular rock, which had long defied the fury of the destructive current that a south-wester invariably propelled against it from the cob. There it abutted upon the angry waves, rest of its gravelly covering by the storm, with its grey sides slowly crumbling beneath the frost and saline atmosphere; but its foundations sound and unmoved.

"Nature seems to have made this depository of the *chef-d'œuvre* of her ancient régime, for here was the *Chirologostinus*, her especial care, as had not the lim which composed it been more crystalline than in usual with that locality, it must have yielded to the tidal action, and so have sacrificed the precious charge it bore. But that venerable though tiny promontory is no more. What the warring elements failed in, curiosity achieves: the hand of man came upon it, and it departed like a shadow.

"The sun rose bright on the 26th day of July, 32, and the morning mists were hardly rolled from the hill's side ere many men busily engage with spade and pick-axe to humble the doomed summit of this cliff. Progress was also made on the following day, when people from the adjacent country flocked to witness the execution of a purpose which seemed to stagger their faith in our rationality. By next day's noon twenty thousand loads of earth, cast from the crown of the rock, constitute a good roadway to the beach from that part of it to which we had dug, and a few minutes more suffice to demonstrate the wonderful remain I tell of.

Who can describe my transport at the sight of the colossus! My eyes the first which beheld it—who shall ever see them lit up with the same unmitigated enthusiasm again! And I verily believe that the uncultivated bosoms of the working-men were seized with the same contagious feeling, for they and the surrounding spectators waved their hats to an hurra, that made hill and mossy dell echoing ring.

"And the rippling waters all sparkling and blue  
Of the hushed yet stern and mighty sea,  
The cradle of petrel and stormy curlew,  
Reflected a bright and more beautiful hue  
As with baffled old Time we made holiday.  
And the high—high heavens, green ocean and earth  
Rejoiced while of Time we made mock 'ry and mirth.  
And the dreamy shadows of things that had been  
The fondled and petted of Time when young,  
That had occupance first of this fairy terrace:—  
With the recent race of mankind they converse  
And of worshipful nature murmuring sung.  
And of Time we made sport with the spirit of yore  
Which flickered and flashed by that sun-shiny shore."

How good it was of the sun to rise bright on the 26th day of July, 32, and not to be like the "gaunt suns, unutterable," that Mr. Hawkins beheld amongst "ghosts of unfinished existencies," "moon's icy phantasies," and other strange beings that met his view, when "gliding down the stream of time into the oblivious profound, where flit the unreal shadows of extinguished generations!" How beautiful, too, it must have been, to have seen Mr. Hawkins's eyes filled with twenty thousand loads of earth—no—we beg pardon, "with unmitigated enthusiasm,"—but, in fact, the "crown of the rock," and the other rock "casting its eyes into an abyss," had some way got confused in our head. We must, however, cease our reflections, and even pass over the singular fact announced at page 31, that Mog's quarry was found in the head of a *Chirologostinus*, (!) which we are inclined to set down as another allegory, to come to the—

*Colloquy between two Quarry-men over the Triatrosostinus.*

"I wonder what tea."

"O a verry dragern a-maa-be."

"One that stinged Moses a-maa-be: hæ."

"Here's at 'un." A tremendous blow with the mallet.

"How he do zound: I wonder of the stwoone be holler." Another tremendous blow.

"Tis vire stwoone—vire stwoone is terrible hard—het 'un agean, Jack."

"Oh my Triatrosostinus! broke in half."

"There's hes baak-bwoone."

"An ther's hes ribs."

"Have her got a head?" A blow follows the question that breaks the head and neck—or rather the slab, as the skeleton was buried in the centre of the stone—to eleven pieces.

"No—noré het o' a heel—no zine o' oone o' hes iya."

"Dosten hit 'un in the right please."

"Hang the wood." Another miserable blow which separates the tail part.

"What ell Menster Hankins say?"

"Oh we can tell that we did't know what 'twere and wanted to see a bit."

"May heaven forgive me—Magna compone parvis." I have never forgiven the Goths that sacked 'the Eternal City,' the infamous caliph that destroyed the Alexandrian library, nor these men: when I came to Street so opportunely, they had thrown away nearly the whole of the two anterior paddles and the whole of the posterior right one—they had reduced the fine flagstone to nearly thirty pitiful pieces, and stabbed the bones as a Spanish mata-dore does a bull—all over. But I should congratulate myself upon such fortune as fell to my lot and thank the stars and Cholera that it was no worse as (—had

I not arrived at that very four of the clock in the afternoon, how unhappy—) Bruin had resolved to chisel away the surface of the stone, never dreaming that the process would have swept away the bone too!"

The piety with which Mr. Hawkins thanks God for sending the cholera, in time to save this precious relic, shows the truly philosophic mind, which, wrapped in the immensity of its own researches, feels itself placed above being moved by such inconsiderable circumstances as the death of some thousands of fellow creatures: perhaps we should explain that the mode in which cholera, in this instance, led to such propitious results, was by frightening Mr. Hawkins out of London in time to arrive at Street before the chiselling began.

But we must conclude our notice of this work, which, for rare humour and original thought, has seldom been equalled. It is the largest jest-book we have ever seen.

It is adorned with twenty-eight magnificent plates, and a metaphorical frontispiece, intended, we should presume, to represent the author himself,—his head hid in the clouds, one leg resting on a "sombrous sand-bank," the other on a bed of antediluvian ferns, "leathern-winged" pterodactyls flit round his lofty brow, Plesiosaurs grovel at his feet, while an ill-looking Ichthyosaurus *Chiroparamekostinos* (*Hawkins*) jumps from its "fluviatile or lacustrine bed" at some "Briarean pentacrinite, Cupid's wing, plagiostoma, ostrea, echinal remains," or other tit-bit which the author, with an encouraging air, holds out to it in his right hand.

Possibly our readers may have some difficulty in seeing all this in the frontispiece, but they may be assured it only requires to be placed in a proper light.

The title-page is graced with a quotation "from the author's unedited MSS.," conveying the important information, that he "believes in the Scriptures," and "cannot pretend to understand much of them." This is very interesting.

On the whole, a careful perusal of this unpretending volume strongly inclines us to Mr. Hawkins's sage conclusion, that—"A Daniel belongs to every age—one whose bosom nurses so heavenly a fire, that mankind acknowledge—a Titan confest!"

*European Colonies, viewed in their Social, Moral, and Physical Condition.* By John Howison, Esq., Author of 'Sketches of Upper Canada.' London: Bentley.

THE author of this work is a man of intelligence and integrity, resolved to think for himself, and to publish his opinions boldly, regardless of the prejudices they may startle, or the authority to which they may be opposed. His views of colonial policy are consequently original; and this is in itself no small merit: their correctness is another, and a very different question, and one which it would not be fair to investigate until the complete work is before us, and time afforded for its examination. In the notice of Africa,—which occupies the first volume,—we have found much interesting matter, which we shall next week present to our readers. The second volume is devoted to India: Mr. Howison's views of British policy towards Hindūstan contains much that seems erroneous, with much that is clearly excellent:

we shall hereafter endeavour to separate the grain from the chaff.

*Legends and Stories of Ireland. Second Series.*  
By S. Lover, Esq., R.H.A. London:  
Baldwin & Cradock; Dublin, Wakeman.

Samuel Lover is the genuine historian of Irish fun, and Irish eccentricity; he reports with exquisite fidelity the odd notions which his imaginative countrymen form of men and things, notions by which sober Englishmen are at once amused and puzzled. The ready retort, the mixture of cunning with apparent simplicity, and the complete thoughtlessness combined with shrewdness, so frequently found in Ireland, have never been better portrayed than in these pages. Take for instance Barny O'Reardon's introduction of himself to the skipper of an American vessel as a pilot:—

"Barny calculated the American was bound for Ireland, and as she lay, almost as directly in the way of his 'Nor-Aist coorse,' as the West Indian brig, he bore up to and spoke her.

"He was answered by a shrewd Yankee Captain.

"'Feix an its glad I am to see your honour again,' said Barny.

"The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barny so.

"'Oh troth I couldn't forget a gentleman so aisy as that,' said Barny.

"'You're pretty considerably mistaken now, I guess,' said the American.

"'Divil a taste,' said Barny, with inimitable composure and pertinacity.

"'Well, if you know me so tarnation well, tell me what's my name.' The Yankee flattered himself he had nailed Barny now.

"'Your name, is it?' said Barny, gaining time by repeating the question, 'Why what a fool you are not to know your own name.'

A still more perfect illustration of Irish character, is 'The Burial of the Tithe,' Mr. Stanley's phrase "extinction of tithe," was understood literally by the peasantry; and in many parts of Ireland, they resolved literally to honour their old enemy with a funeral. The personification of tithe in this acted joke displayed much ingenuity:—

"The interior of the house was crowded with guests, and the usual laughing and courting so often described, as common to such assemblages, were going forward amongst the young people. At the farther end of the largest room in the cottage, a knot of the older men of the party was engaged in the discussion of some subject that seemed to carry deep interest along with it, and at the opposite extremity of the same room, a coffin of very rude construction lay on a small table: and around this coffin stood all the junior part of the company, male and female, and the wildness of their mirth, and the fertility of their jests, over this tenement of mortality and its contents, might have well startled a stranger for a moment, until he saw the nature of the deposit the coffin contained.

"Enshrouded in a sheaf of wheat lay a pig, between whose open jaws a large potato was placed, and the coffin was otherwise grotesquely decorated."

Two tithe-proctors were forcibly seized, and compelled to act as mourners at this extraordinary solemnity, and the place of interment was humorously fixed at "the Devil's bit," a well known break in the mountain-range, between Tipperary and Limerick. The conclusion of the scene however, proves deeply affecting, a maniac beggar appears, who hurls some stones into the grave, and

accounts for his conduct by what may be termed, the Tithe's funeral oration:—

"'You all remember the widow Dempsey. The first choice of her bosom was long gone, but the son she loved was left to her, and her heart was not quite lonely. And at the widow's hearth there was still a welcome for the stranger—and the son of her heart made his choice, like the father before him, and the joy of the widow's house was increased, for the son of her heart was happy.—And in due time the widow welcomed the fair-haired child of her son to the world, and a dream of her youth came over her, as she saw the joy of her son and her daughter, when they kissed the fair-haired child.—But the hand of God was heavy in the land, and the fever fell hard upon the poor—and the widow was again bereft,—for the son of her heart was taken, and the wife of his bosom also—and the fair-haired child was left an orphan. And the widow would have laid down her bones and died, but for the fair-haired child that had none to look to but her. And the widow blessed God's name and bent her head to the blow—and the orphan that was left to her was the pulse of her heart, and often she looked on his pale face with a fearful eye, for health was not on the cheek of the boy—but she cherished him tenderly.

"'But the ways of the world grew crooked to the lone woman, when the son, that was the staff of her age, was gone, and one trouble followed another, but still the widow was not quite destitute.—And what was it brought the heavy stroke of distress and disgrace to the widow's door?—The tithe! The widow's cow was driven and sold to pay a few shillings; the drop of milk was no longer in the widow's house, and the tender child that needed the nourishment, wasted away before the widow's eyes, like snow from the ditch, and died: and fast the widow followed the son of her heart and his fair-haired boy.

"'And now, the home of an honest race is a heap of rubbish; and the bleak wind whistles over the hearth where the warm welcome was ever found; and the cold frog crouches under the ruins.

"'These stones are from that desolate place, and the curse of God that follows oppression is on them.—And let them be cast into the grave, and they will lie with the weight of a mountain on the monster that is buried for ever."

To turn from so painful a subject; let us see the source of consolation, proposed for Napoleon by his Irish admirers, when forced to believe in his overthrow. Forced, we say, because for a very long time, the Irish peasants disbelieved the history of his fall, and were persuaded that he would soon appear more triumphant than ever:—

"'Oh, thrue for you—think o' Bonyparty bein' a pris'nor like any other man, and him that was able to go over the whole world wherever he plazed, being obleeged to live on a rock.'

"'Aye,' said the repeater of the *spache*, 'and the villains to have him under that burnin' climax. I wonder what it is.'

"'I didn't hear Masther Frank say a word about that. Oh, what will my poor Bony do at all at all!'

"'By dad, it is hard for to say.'

"'Bygor!' said Terry Regan, who had been hitherto a silent listener, 'I dunns what the divil he'll do wid himself now, barrin' he takes to drink.'

"'Faix, an' there is great comfort in the sup, sure enough,' said one of his companions."

'The Curse of Kishogue,' 'The Fairy Finder,' and 'Little Fairly,' are characteristic tales told with infinite humour, but an extract from them would require tedious ex-

planations, and they are too long to be quoted entire. We pass them by to renew our acquaintance with 'Judy of Roundwood,' well known to every visitor of the county of Wicklow, for her skill in punch-making, and her cutting off the final syllables of her words. She used to give a very amusing account of her interview with Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth, who visited Judy as 'one of the lions' in their tour through Wicklow: we quote part of it, as faithfully reported by Lover:—

"Well, as I said, I brought in the rash an a cracked plate, and Sir Wal was indig; and, says he, How dar you bring the like to a decent man?—And what do you think I said? says I, the *necess* is my *epol*. I thought he'd split himself wid the laughin'—So with that he went to reading the po'thry on the walls; and at last he kem to one that a young rag—from the Col—the Univer—Trin. Coll. Dub, wrote an me—and I put my hand over it;—Don't read that, sir, says I—for I pertended not to know who he was, though I knew very well all the time;—don't read that, says I.—Why? says he.—Because, says I, 'twas written by a *raige*, and 'twould shock your *shusibil*, if any thing came under your *contempla* bordering on the *indel*.

"Then, says Miss Edge, that's very proper of you, Ju, says she.—Yis, ma'am, says I. I was always a *Dia*; for I have had a good *educa*.

"How could you have a good education? says Sir Wal.

"Bekase the gentlem'n o' larnin' comes to see Ju; and where would I larn *educa*, says I, if not from them?

"Why what gentlem'n o' larnin' comes here? says Sir Wal.

"More than owns to it, says I—lookin' mighty signified at him.

"Indeed! says he.—Yis, says I—and one o' the gentlem'n was no *gentleman*, he was only a *rag*: for he put me in a *wag*;—but in general they are the *rale* quality, and I know a *power* o' them.

"Name one, says he.

"T. M. says I.

"Who's T. M.? says he.

"You're mighty ignorant, says I to Sir Wal. Wasn't that a good thing to say to him? I thought Miss Edge and he would die with the laughin'.

"Well, but who is T. M.? says he.

"Tom Moore, says I, the glory of Ireland, says I, crassin' myself.

"Oh, Moore the poet, says Sir Wal.

"By dad, he's no poet at all, says I; but a *rale* gentlem'n; for he gev me half a crown."

We recommend this volume to all who love merriment, and as the number may be limited in these utilitarian days, we also recommend it to those who wish to study national characteristics.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'London at Night; and other Poems,' by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.—There is no scene fuller of poetry than the night-view of a vast and prosperous city—when the turmoil and pageantry of day is over, and silence, save when broken by the chimes of midnight, has dominion over its broad thoroughfares and most populous places. Whether we content ourselves with the mere outward appearance of the prospect, or speculate upon the fates and fortunes, the passions and the joys, comprised within the many homes it embraces—it gives us a theme for imaginations of the highest order and the sublimest of thoughts: and here it hath awakened the muse of a delicate and courtly lady—who, like ourselves, has loved to meditate upon our majestic



Thames, and our venerable Abbey, (which a sister-poetess has styled "an Architectural Epic,") when beheld at this solemn hour—and has cast aside the feelings of artificial life, for others more ennobling. She is, perhaps, in expression, too curious, and at the same time, too careless—a little too fond of long sonorous words—a little too neglectful of the pruning-knife—but her poem throughout gives token of an enthusiastic spirit, a heart overflowing with kindly affections, and a lively imagination, and we are, perhaps, something fastidious in asking for more. The passage we extract, part of her meditation upon the Thames, is a fair specimen of her style, in its strength and weakness:—

'Tis well to see heaven's glorious aspect there,  
 Ev'n in the heart of turmoil and of care,  
 Mingling upon the water's beautiful breast  
 With glimpses of palaced streets, in massive rest  
 Composed of structures of a thousand years,  
 And those of yesterday, their last compeers;  
 Of fretted spires, that as they loomening rise,  
 Glance like retorted lightnings to the skies,  
 To which they point with never-ceasing aim,  
 As though man's wandering fancy to reclaim  
 To their fair land of promise, blue and bright,  
 Stretching away to realms of living light,—  
 'Tis well to see heaven's awful reflex there  
 Softened and mellowed through the silvery air!  
 While shine its glimmering rays—its bright cloud-lakes,  
 Like gleams and glimpsings of its angels' smiles!  
 A borrowed lustre all the scenery wears,  
 And vested in enchanted guise appears;  
 An overflow of beauty from the skies  
 Seems pouring down on our bewildered eyes—  
 Those skies that glorify the gladdened earth,  
 Morn, eve, and night, with quick successive birth;  
 Of changeable splendours, prodigal of joy,  
 Lavish of brilliant wealth, without alloy—  
 Their superfluity of loveliness  
 Leading—o'erburthened with its rich excess—  
 To earth, to luxury of munificence!  
 Yet as I gaze, one painful throbbing dart  
 Through my recoiling sense doth quivering dart,  
 Chilling the trembling pulses of my heart.  
 Alas! beneath thy bright and breezeless wave  
 That doth so gloriously the proud banks lave,  
 How many victims of despair are laid!  
 Not in the folding funeral shroud arrayed—  
 Not in the monumental mound composed—  
 Not where the hallowed gates of death are closed  
 'Gainst the light stranger's footsteps! Yet they sleep  
 Well in their watery bed—the calm and deep!  
 And oh! what're the gloom spread darkling there,  
 The intruder's desecrating step can ne'er  
 Break in upon their last, their long repose,  
 The silence of their cares and maddening woes!

There is much music and elegance in the ballad of the 'Careless Lady,' at the close of the volume.

'The Vision of Heresies, and other Poems, by a Catholic Priest.'—*Truth's Triumph, a Poem on the Reformation*, by C. R. Bond.—Controversial books, like most other misfortunes, have not yet begun to falsify the old adage, by coming single. We never have the bane without the antidote—the attack without the defence; and all are triumphantly and undoubtingly right. At least the Catholic Priest, whose poem is before us, expresses his surety in his cause, in most vivacious and energetic language: while Mr. Bond, with no less self-satisfaction, though with more sobriety, maintains a contrary opinion in sonorous and smooth verse. It may be that we have for the first time, introduced these two doughty champions to each other; if so, let them finish the strife in all love and courtesy, and we shall be happy to hear from them again, when they have made peace.

*Jacobite Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745*.—This work has remained longer than usual on our table, because it was little to our taste. Enough, and more than enough, has been written about "The Forty-five," and in one half the cruelties and persecutions said to have followed, we have no faith; but here is the gossip of all the garrulous old women of the time, collected together by a credulous partizan, who had an inordinate appetite for such nonsense, and so cordial a hatred of the adverse faction, that whoever reasoned highest was sure to please best. However, this is but an individual opi-

nion, and such as are not weary of the subject, and can bear a twice or a thrice told tale—for there is "damnable iteration" in the volume—may be better satisfied.

'*Belshazzar's Feast, a Sacred Lyrical Drama*, by William Ball.'—This could only receive a detailed notice, in consideration of our saying something in general on the composition of words for music, and the adaptation of music to words. We shall defer our remarks on this matter to another time and place. The present drama was written, it appears, under the inspiration of Martin's gorgeous picture, and has been throughout set to music by Mr. J. H. Griesbach: the overture to it, as our readers will remember, was performed at the Philharmonic Concerts.

'*Minor Morals*.'—Dr. Bowring, in this little volume, designs to render the principles of Bentham's theory of morals familiar to the rising generation, and for this purpose has collected a series of anecdotes, each of which illustrates a practical moral lesson. We do not quite agree with his general theory, but we are satisfied, that the anecdotes he has collected, will convey much instruction and much amusement to those, for whom his little volume is designed. There are some capital illustrations by George Cruikshank and William Heath. The monk exhibiting the sacred crows to Dr. Bowring, is inimitable.

'*The Library of American Biography*, conducted by Jared Sparks. Vols. I. and II.'—In a simple and unaffected preface, Mr. Sparks explains the nature and object of the work which he has undertaken to edit, and which will be doubtless a valuable addition to the libraries on the other side of the Atlantic; but the lives of those who have an European interest, as Brockden Brown, Wilson the ornithologist, and Captain John Smith, were already so well known to us, that we have found the work less interesting than we might otherwise have done. The first volume contains the lives of General Starck, Brown the novelist, Major General Montgomery, and Ethan Allen (contributed by the editor); the second, memoirs of Captain Smith and Wilson the ornithologist. These last move on ungracefully, from the circumstance of the writer having incorporated Wilson's letters and expressions with the narrative, using throughout the third person, a process about as ill-advised as that of the Italian rhymesters, who contribute the *libretti* of our operas, and when the heroine or hero has fretted out his passion in some grand strophe beginning "Il mio cor," &c., &c., having nothing better or more characteristic to put into the mouths of his or her companions, repeat the same over again, "Il suo cor." Such a change of persons destroys the freshness of the original correspondence.

'*Sermons for Families*.'—These are short, plain, and scriptural discourses; but, as we observed before on a similar volume, we have our doubts whether the doctrines of Christianity, to which they direct attention, can be learned from such very brief and slightly-constructed essays. There seems to be a strange mistake in the minds of preachers on the subject of plainness and simplicity. It is only sterling, unaffected, English expression, not the absence of every thing but oft-repeated citations, and commonplace remarks, which the people and the heads of families require to make sermons intelligible. This little volume, however, contains far more sound instruction than is usually found in sermons professedly simple.

'*England and France*. 2 vols.'—This is, avowedly, a new edition of the 'Comparative View of Social Life in England and France, from the Restoration to the French Revolution,' and of the continuation of that work, which appeared a few years after, under the title of 'Social Life in England and France, from the French Revo-

lution in 1789, to the second in 1830,' written by Miss Berry, the accomplished friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole.

'STANDARD NOVELS.'—This was from the first a favourite work of ours, and has certainly been carried on with great spirit. Volumes 38 and 39 contain 'The Bravo,' and 'The Heiress of Bruges.'

'*Debrett's Peerage*. 20th edition.'—*Lodge's Peerage*. 3rd edition.—For many years Debrett's Peerage was absolutely disgraceful for its manifold blunders. This naturally suggested a rival publication, and Lodge's came forth, and was an acknowledged improvement. The proprietors of the original work then saw the necessity for exertion; Debrett's Peerage was put forth with under the careful revision of Mr. Courthope, the arms were re-engraved from admirable drawings by Harvey, and the present improved volume is the result. We will not say one word about preference, but sincerely hope, that both works may so far succeed, as to keep alive vigilance and attention, in the consciousness that there is an active rival in the field.

'*A Treatise on Singing*, by T. Williams.'—This work will hereafter be judged of by others, and its merits or demerits noticed in another department of this Paper. In the meantime, as the writer is a bit of a gossip, we shall extract a few of his scattered anecdotes.—"Webber, he observes, was a member of the Bath and Bristol companies, and one of his best characters was Paul, in 'Paul and Virginia.' For novelty sake, while the company was at Bath, a Mr. Bennett possessing not much voice, but considerable musical science, having studied under Rauzzini and some of the best masters in London—was introduced; and the consequence was that Webber, besides being superseded in a number of his characters, was at length compelled to resign his favourite part of Paul also. • • • He took it so much to heart, and made such a piteous appeal to his friends at Bristol, that one, and all resolved to take up arms in his defence, and oppose this cruel rival. 'Gentlemen!' said Webber, with tears in his little grey eyes, 'if the man could sing the music in Paul, I would not complain; but he can't, gentlemen—I'll prove to you he cannot; he can't sing "boldly" up to A in his natural voice; and how, gentlemen, is it possible that any man can do justice to Paul, unless he can sing "boldly" up to A in his natural voice—or, as Mr. Rauzzini says, *di petto*?' Many of his friends were puzzled to know what *di petto* meant, when our vocalist explained. 'Bob,' says one—a mate of a West-Indian—'if it were only for the respect we have for you, we'd go and goose this lubber what's come down to cut you out; but since you say you can prove that he can't sing the music, nor sing up to this A, this *di petto*, you talk about, if he ever has the impudence to come Master Paul over us here, we'll all of us go to the theatre, and, by Saint Paul, we'll whizz him!' • • • At length, Paul and Virginia was announced to be played in Bristol—Paul by the hated rival,—when a whole host of Webber's friends, a number of whom were sailors, repaired to the theatre, and planting themselves in various parts of the house (the sailors in the gallery), fully determined to ascertain whether this Bennett could sing 'boldly' up to A in his natural voice, which if he failed to do, was to betide him. The afterpiece commenced, the opening duet, 'See from ocean rising,' passing off quietly enough; but when the awful moment arrived—the scene with Alhambra,—lo! the attempt was a perfect failure! a child might have detected it. On the instant a simultaneous shout of exultation burst forth from various parts of the house—'Bob's right! Bob's right! he couldn't do it! Hurra! he can't sing up to A;—*di petto*—what does Bob call it?' and the

tars in the gallery gave three cheers. A considerable portion of the audience, which happened to be very numerous, could not conceive what was meant by the loud exclamation of 'Bob's right!' which, when explained, excited much mirth."

"Formerly, the copyright of a decent English opera would sell for a thousand guineas! Now, it seems, it will not fetch even a quarter of that sum. . . . The Vauxhall songs in those days would always sell for a good round sum—now they are good for nothing; and if 'Vauxhall' be put on the title-page it damages the thing at once. 'Royal Gardens' has been tried; that would not do; even the united efforts of Braham and Miss Stephens failed to make a song popular. Old Weller, formerly a music publisher in Oxford-street, and before that a milkman in the same neighbourhood, (with whom the widow B— fell so deeply in love, as she gazed upon his chubby face whilst his brawny shoulders supported the pail, that soon after they were yoked as man and wife,) made, it is said, an ample fortune by the sale of these songs alone; and old Jemmy Hook, or, as he was facetiously called in his latter days, Signior Rampini, who used to boast that he had written more than a thousand songs, said that the competition for his favourite one, the copyright of which he sold for 100*l.*, was so great, that the ex-milkman, after endeavouring to strike a hard bargain over night at Vauxhall, and leaving him (Rampo) in a great rage, vowing he would not give a single farthing more than he then offered,—fearing lest the song should be sold to some other crotchet-and-quaver dealer—absolutely got out of his bed at four o'clock in a wet morning, and was soon after heard rapping at Rampo's door. Hook, suspecting it was Weller come about the song, went to the window, and throwing up the sash, there he beheld the milkman, and the bargain was absolutely struck amid a pelting shower."

"I remember there was a dispute a few years ago about the authorship of the music of 'Auld Robin Gray,' the Editor of the *Times* gave it to Lady Lindsay, and there were others for whom claims were laid. Now the fact is, that this beautiful recitative and air was composed by the Rev. W. Leveson, of Wrington, in Somersetshire, who died at an advanced age about seven or eight years ago, and whom I had the pleasure of knowing well."

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

MRS. FLETCHER.

It is with feelings of more than common regret that we have to notice the death of Mrs. Fletcher (late Miss Jewsbury), on her way from Sholapore to Bombay—this took place on the 3rd of October last. It seems but yesterday since we offered her our best wishes for her health and happiness on the long and arduous pilgrimage she was about to undertake; and we cannot but mournfully remember the eager pleasure with which she anticipated beholding the riches of nature and antiquity in the gorgeous East, and how—she wished she could carry with her half the books in the British Museum. Alas! the eager and active spirit to which such aspirations were a second nature, is now at rest for ever!

We believe that our friend was a native of Warwickshire. We know that she was early in life deprived of her mother, and thenceforth called upon to take her place at the head of a large family, (then removed to Manchester) with the further trial of most precarious health. These circumstances are only mentioned as illustrative of the energy of her mind, which, under the pressure of so many of the grave cares of life,

could yet find time to dream dreams of literary distinction, and, in the course of a very few years, to convert those visions into realities. An extract from a private letter which has fallen into our possession, dated but a short time before she left England, gives us an opportunity of referring to the progress of her mind in her own words.

"The passion for literary distinction consumed me from nine years old. I had no advantages—great obstacles—and now, when from disgust I cannot write a line to please myself, I look back with regret to the days when facility and audacity went hand in hand. I wish in vain for the simplicity that neither dreaded criticism nor knew fear. Intense labour has, in some measure, supplied the deficiencies of early idleness and common-place instruction; intercourse with those who were once distant and bright as the stars, has become a thing of course; I have not been unsuccessful in my own career. But the period of timidity and of sadness is come now, and with my foot on the threshold of a new life and a new world,

I could lie down like a tired child,  
And weep away this life of care."

It was at an early period of her life that she ventured to address a letter to Wordsworth, full of the impatient longings of an ardent and questioning mind—it is sufficient proof of its reception to state, that this led to a correspondence, and thence to a permanent friendship. She was also materially assisted in the development of her talents, and bringing their fruits before the public, by the advice and active kindness of Mr. Alaric Watts, at that time resident in Manchester; an obligation which she was always ready gratefully to acknowledge.

Her first work, we believe, was entitled 'Phantasmagoria, or Essays on Life and Literature,' which was well received by the public. This was followed by her 'Letters to the Young,' written soon after a severe illness; her 'Lays for Leisure Hours,' and, lastly, her 'Three Histories,' all of which have been deservedly popular. But many of her best writings are, unfortunately, scattered abroad. She contributed some of her brightest articles to the *Annals* during the season of their prosperity: of these we mention at random—'The Boar of the Brocken,' in the 'Forget-Me-Not'; 'The Hero of the Coliseum,' in the 'Amulet,' and the 'Lovers' Quarrel,' in the 'Literary Souvenir.' Many of her poems, too, dispersed in different periodicals, deserve to be collected; in particular, 'The Lost Spirit,' and the 'Phantom King,' written on the death of George the Fourth. During the years 1831 and 1832 she contributed many delightful papers to our own columns, and we need not remind our readers that 'The Oceanides,' perhaps her last literary labours, appeared there.

But we think that all these, excellent as they were, are only indications of what she might and *could* have achieved, had further length of days been permitted to her; that such was her own opinion, may be gathered from further passages in the same letter from which we have already quoted.

"I can bear blame if seriously given, and accompanied by that general justice which I feel due to me; banter is that which I cannot bear, and the prevalence of which in passing criticism, and the dread of which in my own person, greatly contributes to my determination of letting many years elapse before I write another book."

"Unfortunately, I was twenty-one before I became a reader, and I became a writer almost as soon; it is the ruin of all the young talent of the day, that reading and writing are simultaneous. We do not educate ourselves for literary enterprise. Some never awake to the consciousness of the better things neglected; and if one like myself is at last seized upon by a blended passion for knowledge and for truth, he has pro-

bably committed himself by a series of jejune efforts—the standard of inferiority is erected, and the curse of mere cleverness clings to his name. I would gladly burn *almost* everything I ever wrote, if so be that I might start now with a mind that has seen, read, thought, and suffered, somewhat at least approaching to a preparation. Alas! alas! we all sacrifice the palm-tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst.

"I have done nothing to live, and what I have yet done must pass away with a thousand other blossoms, the growth, the beauty, and oblivion of a day. The powers which I feel, and of which I have given promise, may mature—may stamp themselves in act; but the spirit of despondency is strong upon the future exile, and I fear they never will—

I feel the long grass growing o'er my heart.

"My 'Three Histories' has most of myself in them, but they are fragmentary. Public report has fastened the 'Julia' upon me; the childhood, the opening years, and many of the after opinions are correct; but all else is fabulous.

"In the best of everything I have done, you will find one leading idea—*Death*: all thoughts, all images, all contrasts of thoughts and images, are derived from living much in the valley of that shadow; from having *learned* life rather in the vicissitudes of man than woman, from the mind being *Hebraic*. My poetry, except some half dozen pieces, may be consigned to oblivion; but in all you would find the sober hue, which, to my mind's eye, blends equally with the golden glow of sunset and the bright green of spring—and is seen equally in the 'temple of delight' as in the tomb of decay and separation. I am melancholy by nature, cheerful on principle."

We can add little to these interesting confessions of one whose sincerity could well be relied upon. In conversation Mrs. Fletcher was brilliant and eloquent: she was active in serving others as well as herself—and we feel, as we record her untimely death, that a friend has been taken away from us, as well as a bright ornament from the female literature of this country.

## THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Preliminary Notice.

THE recurrence, in the metropolis, of one of those splendid concentrations of musical talent, which have had so sensible an influence upon the progress of the art in England, has, in our eyes, an interest beyond the mere pleasure of the moment. Such an epoch as the present, involuntarily makes us look back at the past; it brings before our eyes the changes which time has made in the arts—and no less in the manners and habits of society. Considering the performances which are at hand in this point of view, we have thought it well to preface our report upon them, with a few words touching the Commemoration of Handel, with which the present meeting will most naturally be compared.

Doctor Burney's account of "this celebrity," (as he himself styles it) with its preliminary sketch of the life of Handel, and its curious plates of the Abbey orchestra, with the lady performers with powdered heads, and the gentlemen in tie-wigs, has become a standard work in all libraries devoted to the fine arts—and, from the circumstance of its being undertaken by royal command, and its being put forth in an imposing form, we may say, that in its day, it was considered as a work of no trifling importance. But, on turning over its leaves, we were strikingly impressed with the conviction that we have not stood still since it was written, either in the value of subjects whereon to criticize, or

: Rampo is the Italian word for crotchet or Hook.

in the closeness and intelligence of our musical criticisms. The style of the memoir is elegant and polished, but the opinions it conveys are more vague and indiscriminating than would now be allowed to pass under such high authority, and many of the minor matters of interest belonging to such an occasion, are left totally untouched. We will go over it hastily, in company with our readers.

The Commemoration Festival was planned originally by Lord Fitzwilliam and Sir W. W. Wynn; and the promoters of the Musical Fund, and the directors of the concert of Ancient Music took the matter up, and matured the scheme. The performances took place on the 26th and 29th of May, (with an intermediate concert at the Pantheon) and the delight which they gave was so great, and London so full "at that late period of the season," (as Dr. Burney remarks) that the directors gave two supplementary oratorios on the mornings of the 3rd and 5th of June.

This brings us to a comparison of the schemes of the oratorios in 1784 with those of 1834. The compendiousness of the selections for the Commemoration permits us to give the schemes entire.

#### First Morning:

**Part 1.**—The Coronation Anthem. Overture *Esther*. The Dettingen *Te Deum*.

**Part 2.**—Overture, with Dead March in *Saul*. A Selection from the Funeral Anthem; and the 'Gloria Patri' from the *Jubilate*.

**Part 3.**—'O sing unto the Lord,' Anthem, and Chorus, 'The Lord shall reign,' from *Israel in Egypt*.

**Second and Fourth Mornings.**—*The Messiah*.

**Third Morning.**—The same selection as on the first, with the change of the overture to *Tamara* for that of *Saul*, and the additions of the first grand Concerto, the fourth Hautbois Concerto, 'Jehovah crowned,' Air and Chorus from *Esther*, and 'Gird on thy Sword,' from *Saul*.

On comparing these schemes with the infinitely more various and interesting ones of the coming "celebrity," we cannot but notice how completely "Giant Handel" has maintained his ground among us, even to the present day—and yet, at the same time, what large additions and improvements music has received in the course of the last fifty years. Some, indeed, hold that the art has reached the summit of perfection, and must now descend. Dr. Burney, it is true, repeatedly alludes to several of Handel's songs being even then considered a little antiquated—but this very circumstance makes us feel the more intensely the peerless magnificence of his choruses, and their supremacy over those of all other writers, which the lapse of fifty additional years has not been able to shake. And we may notice, that on the coming occasion we shall hear many more of his best works than were performed at the meeting devised for the express purpose of doing honour to his memory: as we are promised the *rehearsal* of 'Israel in Egypt,' which stands alone even among his sublime works; selections from 'Samson,' and 'Judas Maccabeus,' besides the 'Messiah.'

But, in addition to what we have preserved, the sterling value of which is only increased by time, we have to remark on the immense accession of strength which music among us has received since the days of the Commemoration—and in so doing, it is sufficient to mention the names of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, whose works have since then been naturalized in this country. Though Handel stands alone in the dignity of his choral effects, it is to these three mighty masters that we owe all the gorgeous variety of modern orchestral music; and by the 'Creation'—the 'Requiem' (a composition of which we can hardly write or think calmly)—and the 'Mount of Olives,' each of them has enriched our store of

sacred compositions with a work of new and commanding excellence. But they have enlarged the sphere of our pleasures—not obliterated the power of enjoying those which belong to an earlier period. We do not admire Handel in his really admirable points one whit less than our forefathers did—but we can now admire many in addition to him.

We cannot speak of the engagements of the Commemoration without involuntarily glancing at the state of the musical profession amongst us at the present day. The singers in 1784 were these: *Soprano*—Madame Mari, Miss Harwood, Miss Cantelo, Miss Abrams, Miss T. Abrams, and Signor Pacchierotti, (*musico*) for the concert at the Pantheon. (Had we been bent upon precisely following the steps of our forefathers, what a splendid *fete* might we have given in the building as it now stands!) *Contralto*—The Rev. Mr. Clerk, Mr. Dyne, Mr. Knyvett. *Tenors*—Mr. Harrison, Mr. Norris, Mr. Corfe. *Bass*—Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Champness, Mr. Reinhold, Signor Tassu, Mr. Mathews. Here we see (on looking over the long list of performers engaged for our own festival) that, as formerly, we cannot avoid resorting to foreign assistance, even setting aside the operatic Italians as a superfluous luxury—and that at the head of the *Contraltos* stand Madame Caradori and Madame Stockhausen, and (we hope) Madame Malibran, whose oratorio singing we can hardly fancy surpassable even by the redoubtable Mara herself. But we are sure that there was no one of the native *artistes* who appeared at the Commemoration, comparable to Miss Stephens or Mrs. W. Knyvett; nor any of the men worthy to stand beside Phillips. Since then, Hillington, Bartleman, and Brigham have arisen, and passed (or are fast passing) away: but, on the whole, we cannot but confess that though we have still many excellent singers among us, there has not been that increase of excellence in this respect, which we think fifty years should have produced.

The orchestra, in Dr. Burney's time, consisted of upwards of five hundred performers—we should suppose that, upon the present occasion, it will perhaps reach another hundred in number. In place of Mr. Joub Bates we have Sir George Smart; Messrs. Crainer, Weichsell, Mori, Spagnoletti, and Cooke, instead of the *one* leader of the Commemoration Festival, William Crainer—and a host of sub-conductors in place of Dr. Arnold, and Messrs. Dupuis and Simpson. We are now used to the *macabuts* (trombones?)—the first introduction of which to the orchestra Dr. Burney mentions as having taken place on this occasion—we are accustomed, too, to find as much pleasure in Mozart's exquisite additions to the 'Messiah,' of parts for the wind instruments, as the memorialist (to use his daughter's language) declares he found in the pastoral symphony performed by the stringed instruments alone. The price of admission to the best seats is double what it was then, though our tickets are not garnished as those for the Commemoration appear to have been, with devices from the pencils of Smirke, Rebecca, and Cipriani.

To conclude this prefatory gossip—we have been used to hear the Abbey meeting of 1784 alluded to as *the one* performance: we are anxiously interested that the present may merit and receive the same proud distinction for many years to come. The choruses should be more compact and perfect than they were formerly: otherwise the numerous choral societies since formed have been founded in vain—the band fifty years better. We hope, and have little doubt that such will be the case—and have set the portals of our ears wide open to hear what has been done for music in England since its last jubilee in the Metropolis.

Since we wrote the above, the note of preparation has been sounded; the first rehearsal has

taken place. We have always, on such occasions, a thrilling curiosity as to the opening performance, and anticipate the first sounds of the great orchestra, the first chords of the chorus, with an eagerness which can be only understood by those as music-mad as ourselves. Doctor Burney shared it, for he particularly mentions the lively delight given by the sound of the tuning of the instruments, with the tones of the majestic organ heard above them all. Yesterday, however, the eye had nearly as much to do as the ear; and the first view of the interior arrangements, with the sumptuous box prepared for the Royal party, and the orchestra piled tier above tier against the great western window, could not fail to strike us; and when we were familiarized with the sight, it was a new pleasure to watch the effect of the first glimpse upon the company as they entered, and the performers as they poured into the orchestra. It was interesting to catch the talk of those who had been present at the Commemoration,—"how the Royal box was placed much higher then than it is now, and how the company were diverted to see the Maids of Honour in their hoops and high heels getting over the benches." Nothing that could be done to facilitate the entrance of the audience, and to make them comfortable when entered, has been left undone; the temporary decorations have a solid and rich appearance, which gives a feeling of security particularly pleasant on such an occasion; the scene, in short, was sufficiently gay, though the Abbey was by no means full. On Tuesday it will be gorgeous—almost distractingly so to those who would fain not lose a note of song or chorus, but cannot prevent their eyes from wandering. With respect to the music, we have no right minutely to report upon a rehearsal, and shall, therefore, be content with saying that it *promised well*—that the singers seem resolved to do their utmost to make the Festival what it should be; we may say at least as much for the band and chorus. The superiority in numbers of the latter over other orchestras, we have heard, as we expected, makes itself principally felt in the *mezzo-forte* and *piano* passages, which have a rich softness of effect that is positively delicious. The numbers of voices and instruments are well balanced; we are not sure that it was judicious to place the choruses so completely at the sides as has been done, though it would be hard, we confess, to find another situation for them. Our ears are so full of the beautiful harmonies of the 'Creation,' and we are so strongly tempted to write to the measure of the minuet in the overture to 'Samson,' (one of those things which will never grow old,) that we had better lay our pen aside for this week.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

The indefatigable Mr. Burford is now exhibiting another panoramic view, in Leicester-square, of the city of New York. Mounting the stairs which lead to these exhibitions, is the next thing to mounting the enchanted carpet of the Prince in the Arabian Nights—they bear us almost as easily to foreign shores and stranger cities. Now we know, from having seen it, what New York is like; truly an English town, neither more nor less—with its wide streets, and irregular rows of modern brick houses—nothing particular or characteristic struck us in building, passenger, or vehicle, save the name of Mr. Peabody, over a *book store*. We must, however, yield the splendid Hudson river, as exceeding any which our British cities possess. The execution of particular parts of this picture is feeble, but, on the whole, it was highly interesting.

Our readers are probably aware that the pleasure-hunting part of the public have been this week amused with a novel sort of exhibition, got



up for the benefit of the Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear. It was a *fête champêtre*, given at Cremorne House, situated on the banks of the Thames, at Chelsea, and the programme announced infinite entertainments, including gymnastic displays, Hungarian dances in costume, performances on the *corde volante*, equestrian sports, a tournament, and a boat race. We are happy to see that our contemporaries were well pleased and satisfied? for ourselves—but no matter, it was all for charity.

As we were the first to make the English public acquainted with the singular history of Gaspar Hauser, we naturally feel an interest in all that relates to him. The French papers now report that the Bavarian government has ordered all books and pamphlets, which contain anything relating to him, to be seized, but have directed that the legal investigation into the extraordinary circumstances of his life and death shall be continued.

We had pleasure in observing among the audience, at the Philharmonic on Monday, the Chevalier Neukomm, who, we suppose, has returned to England for the Birmingham Festival, and whom we were glad to see looking in good health and spirits.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

June 12 and 19.—On the latter evening, (—Baily, Esq., V.P., in the chair,) Mr. Faraday concluded his *Eighth Series of Experimental Researches*. This series is principally devoted to a consideration of the Electricity of the Voltaic Pile; its source, quantity, intensity, and general characters. The question, of whether its origin is in the contact of dissimilar metals, or in chemical action on one of the two metals, is considered, and decided by the author in favour of the latter; and in proof, he brings forward experiments of an exceedingly elementary and striking kind. Thus, if a plate of amalgamated zinc have a drop of diluted sulphuric acid put on any part of it, chemical action to any sensible amount will not take place; but if a piece of platinum, which touches the zinc at any distant part, be made also to touch the drop of acid, chemical action does ensue; the zinc is oxidized at the expense of the water of the dilute acid, and an electric current is occasioned, in conformity with that oxidation. Removing the platinum, let a drop of solution of iodide of potassium be put on any other part of the zinc plate, and let the platinum be applied to it and the zinc, as before was done with the dilute acid; action will then take place, and an electric current will pass from the zinc, through the solution, to the platinum, and so round back to the zinc. But if the platinum be now prevented from touching the zinc, but at the same time made to touch the two drops of fluid, then there is no metallic contact. Notwithstanding this deficiency of contact, however, there is excitation of a voltaic current, and there is also true voltaic decomposition, for the drop of acid excites a current in the same direction as it did before, and this current passing through the solution of iodide of potassium, causes its decomposition, reversing the direction which its elements would take, if subject only to their own action on the zinc and platinum, the iodine appearing against the latter metal, instead of being rendered against the former.

By these and such like experiments, Mr. Faraday shows that the first excitation of the voltaic current is due to chemical action, as well as its continuance. He further shows, that the quantity of electricity evolved, is exactly proportionate, in rightly adjusted experiments, to the zinc oxidized, or the water decomposed. He further shows, that the acid in the cells does not

evolve, by combination with the oxide formed, any sensible portion of the electric current; and he shows that the decompositions in the experimental cells and elsewhere, are merely the consequence of the chemical action in the cells of the trough, being, as it were, produced by the surplus of energy there exerted, being in conformity with the direction taken up by the elements in the cells, and constantly opposing a certain amount of force to the transmission of the electric current, which increases with the strength of the affinities concerned in resisting the decomposition, and is overcome more or less readily, in proportion as the affinities in the exciting part of the apparatus—that is, the trough, are exalted.

In the course of his paper, Mr. Faraday enters into a development and comparison of the initial intensities of the currents of electric or chemic force, which he seems to consider as the same; he then extends his views to associated voltaic circles, or the voltaic battery; to the resistance offered by a decomposing electrolyte to the passage of the current; to the peculiar use and necessity of an electrolyte in the construction of the voltaic battery, and to the general condition and nature of a voltaic battery, when used either in its usual, mixed, or in its more philosophical and accurate condition—for all of which we must refer our readers to the paper when published.

A paper was subsequently read on the *Teredo Navalis* and *Limnoria Terebrans*, by —Thompson, Esq., Secretary to the Society for promoting Natural History, at Belfast; the author stated, that the *Teredo*, supposed to have disappeared from these islands, has recently done much injury to the pier erected at Portpatrick, where it has been found of the unusual length of two feet. He combated the opinion, that it was an imported animal, stating that its shell had been found in a piece of timber, dug up in the excavation of a dock at Belfast, which, from its situation, must have been deposited before there was any intercourse with the Indian

Papers on the *Sphinx Ligustica*, by —Newport, Esq., and on the *Torpedo*, by J. Davy, Esq., were read: they were too strictly physiological to interest general readers—after which the Society adjourned to the 20th of November.

The Duke of Buccleuch, Lord Teignmouth, the Hon. Sir George Rose, and the Hon. Capt. Elliott, Secretary of the Admiralty, attended, and took their seats as Fellows.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

June 5.—H. Gurney, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The attention of the Society was occupied by a further reading of Mr. Y. Otley's paper, 'On the MS. of Anatus.'

June 12.—H. Gurney, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, exhibited to the Society a coloured drawing of a window in Long Melford Church, in Suffolk, exhibiting a kneeling full-length portrait of Sir William Howard, some time Chief Justice of England. Mr. Howard also laid before the Society lithograph prints of portraits of other ancestors of his distinguished family.

Sir Henry Ellis read part of a letter addressed by Sir Frederick Madden to Mr. Gurney, giving an account of the Seigneur Gruthuys, a Flemish nobleman, afterwards known as Louis de Bruges, who gave an asylum to Edward IV. of England at the time of his exile, during the ascendancy of the Earl of Warwick, and to whom Edward subsequently granted the title of Earl of Winchester, together with the armorial bearings of that title, and a pension of 200*l.* per annum, payable out of the revenues of the county of Hants, and the dues of the port of Southampton. These were, however, cancelled by Henry VII. on being put at his disposal by the grantee. Louis de Bruges appears to have been a great patron of literature, and Sir Frederick Madden has

collected much interesting historical matter with reference to him in connexion with the library he formed, and has traced some of the more valuable existing manuscripts of that age, and some early examples of printing, to that nobleman's influence, and the repetition of some of the former to his example.

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

June 17.—A paper by the Secretary was read, containing an account descriptive of the new ornamental plants raised in the Society's garden, from seeds received from Mr. Douglas in N.W. America. It was in continuation of a portion read a short time ago, and since printed in the Society's Transactions. The plants on which it principally treated were of the genera *Leptosiphon*, *Gilia*, *Phacelia*, *Nemophila*, &c. The exhibition was not extensive, but it contained some very beautiful flowers: the roses were especially admired, and, as each variety had its name conspicuously attached to it, the Fellows of the Society had the opportunity at a glance to witness the designation of whatever proved most attractive to them. They were almost all from the garden of the Society, which is exceedingly rich in these plants. Some excellent specimens of *Cypripedium*, *Cycnches Loddigesii*, and *Pentstemon apicatus*, were on the table, and a new scarlet variety of the latter genus, called *P. splendens*. A seedling pine-apple and some cherries, the produce of trees imported by the Society from Nassau Dietz, possessed much merit.

The names of the successful competitors at the garden exhibition on the 7th inst., were announced on this occasion. Three gold medals, nine large silver, and thirteen Banksian medals, were awarded, the fineness of the weather, the goodness of the show, and the numerous attendance of visitors (nearly 3000), contributing to make it one of the most delightful recreations of the season.

Five gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society, and Dr. Biazotto of Trieste, and J. N. Tweedy, Esq., of Port au Prince, Foreign Corresponding Members.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon.	Royal Geographical Society.....	Nine, P.M.
Tues.	Zoological Society ( <i>Scientific</i> ) ( <i>Business</i> ) .....	8, P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
Wed.	Royal Society of Literature ....	Three, P.M.

## MUSIC

## PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

We are sorry to have to record the last of these pleasant meetings for this season, as having taken place on Monday last. The symphonies were Haydn's No. 2 and Beethoven's in C minor. The former went well, and its graceful, and fresh, and slow movement, was *encored*: the latter was not so precisely given as it should have been—there is nothing in music finer than its slow movement; and its *schizzo*, with the gorgeous and triumphant *finale* which follows, never fail to excite us to the highest possible degree. The solo-players were Mrs. Anderson, who did not give its full effect to Beethoven's Concerto in E flat—the stringed instruments employed in its accompaniment were too few in number—and Madame Filipowicz, who performed a Fantasia on the violin with sufficient skill and feeling to give our ears great pleasure, while our eyes told us that the instrument is not one for ladies to attempt. Grisi, Caradori, and Brühm, gave us nothing vocal calling for any particular remark. The overtures were 'Egmont' and Weber's 'Jubilee Overture.' Mr. Neute conducted. Here, too, we must have a parting word of counsel, and we would beg of the directors to reconsider the position of the instruments in their band before another season—the violas are lost

in their present place, and the violoncellos overpowered by the double-basses. The leader's desk, too, should be nearer the conductor, and the latter placed in such a conspicuous situation as to have entire command over the whole orchestra.

### THEATRICALS

#### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

'CORIOLANUS' was represented here on Monday last, in order to re-introduce Mr. Vandenhoff to a London audience, or rather, considering the years which have elapsed since his former appearance, to introduce him to a new generation of play-goers. Mr. Vandenhoff's stay on the occasion we have mentioned, was but brief. He came out, if our memory serves, in 'Lear'—having been engaged, by the then Covent Garden management, upon the strength of his provincial reputation, for one season if not more. His performance of the part was not entitled to be stigmatized as a failure, but it was certainly not what is called "a hit," and therefore, in that spirit of total disregard of every body and every thing except self, which usually characterizes "enlightened," "liberal," and "spirited" managers, he was forthwith put down into inferior parts, in order to induce him to throw up his engagement in disgust. The desired effect was, we believe, produced, and Mr. Vandenhoff returned to the provinces, and finally to Liverpool, where he was reinstated upon the throne he had abdicated, and where, until lately, he has remained. Having been obliged to leave the theatre early in the evening, we can only speak, from personal observation, of a part of Mr. Vandenhoff's performance, and even during that part, our attention was so distracted by the injudicious and outrageous clamour of the performer's friends, that we are scarcely in a condition to offer a just opinion of his merits. Perhaps the most vivid of all our early theatrical recollections is that of the indescribable grace and grandeur of Mr. John Kemble's first entrance upon the stage, in the character of *Coriolanus*. It was an appearance never to be effaced from the memories of those who saw it. It is a remembrance which goes far to console us for the additional years with which we have purchased it. Shakespeare must have had some kind of prophetic feeling, that John Kemble would one day exist, or he would never have written the part—and Dame Nature, having created John Kemble to do this honour to the memory of her favourite poet, destroyed, as we fear, the mould. Tried by such a standard, any body must have been found wanting—but, as far as we saw, Mr. Vandenhoff was judicious and sensible. He has had great experience, and seems to understand his business thoroughly, that is to say, as far as the first grand desideratum—the art or "*ars*" of acting; but we are not yet prepared to accord him the higher praise of possessing the "*ars celare artem*." Good judges, however, who witnessed the whole performance on Monday, have spoken to us of it in terms of very high approbation, and the papers appear, with one accord, to admit that Mr. Vandenhoff had not justice done to him on his first visit to London, and that he is at all events a considerable acquisition to the stage in its present state.

If managers will persist in the system of puffing actors and plays in their own bills, why won't they puff in good English? The first paragraph inserted about Mr. Vandenhoff ran a race with some of the most absurd we ever quoted from the bills of Covent Garden or Drury Lane, and won it with ease by a length. We regret that it has escaped our memory. Somebody gave a hint about it, we suppose, for it has disappeared, but its successor was not written (we should opine) by either Sheridan, Walker or Lindley Murray. Here is its commencement—"In con-

sequence of the unanimous applause and increasing popularity of Mr. Vandenhoff in the character of *Coriolanus*," &c.—so that it would appear that Mr. Vandenhoff, while he is playing *Coriolanus*, goes on increasing in popularity and in unanimously applauding himself.

A new drama, entitled 'The Sledge-Driver,' was produced on Thursday with well-deserved success. The scene is laid in Russia, and the first act passes in the time of the Emperor Paul, of strangled memory. Being enraged against a young Lady of the Court, for daring to have attracted to herself the affections of the Grand Duke Alexander, the playful tyrant, with ferocious facetiousness, orders her to choose a husband from among her equals, and directs that the marriage shall be solemnized *sur le champ*. On her refusal, he cuts the matter short, by having her united to the first man who comes to hand. This happens to be a certain *Ivan Daniloff*, a sledge-driver, who was engaged to her own waiting-woman, and, the ceremony concluded, the "happy" pair are packed off to pass the "honey" and all other moons in Siberia. Here ends the first act. A period of five years being supposed to elapse, we find, at the commencement of the second, that Paul has been succeeded by Alexander, who, to make all possible amends for the brutality of his father, has recalled the exiles, and now proposes to dissolve the unequal match, and pension off the sledge-driver. It appears that Ivan, during the five years, has never ventured to consider himself more than the nominal husband of the young Countess; that he has toiled for her, watched over her, and, in short, been to her, as he himself says, "something less than a brother—something more than a dog." His respectful kindness to her, and her graceful gratitude to him, have laid the foundations of a mutual attachment, which takes the decided shape of declared love on both sides, the moment they find they are about to be separated for ever. Alexander sympathizes with the generous behaviour he witnesses, catches a spark of it, consents to their remaining man and wife, and, to equalize matters, makes the honest sledge-driver a Count. The piece thus terminates, as it should, with virtue rewarded. Without any first-rate talent on the part of those concerned in the representation of this pretty and interesting drama, they yet, one and all, exerted themselves so loyally, and so creditably, that it went through with uninterrupted smoothness, and so as to make one forget all about its being a first night. The performers, as far as we can recollect them, were Mrs. Neshitt, Mrs. Humby, Mr. Frederick Vining, Mr. Brindal, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Strickland, and Mr. Haines. Where all did so well, it would be unjust to select for praise; we shall, therefore, only say, that those did best who had most to do, and that, as a whole, their efforts were highly creditable to the establishment. The drama is written by Mrs. J. R. Planché, and she has executed her task with considerable force and feeling in the serious parts, and with much lady-like humour in the comic. The audience, by their applause to the one, and their laughter at the other, fully bore us out in this opinion.

### MISCELLANEA

*Exportation of Ice from Boston to Calcutta.*—The supplying of ice to the West Indies and the Southern States of the Union, has, it appears, become, within these few years, an extensive branch of trade at Boston, U.S. The originators of this scheme determined last year to extend their operations, and try how far it was practicable to transport a cargo to Calcutta. The result was most successful; and we copy from the *Journal of the Asiatic Society* the following interesting particulars as to the mode adopted, which appears to have been furnished by the American agent.—The ponds from which

the Boston ice is cut are situated within ten miles of the city. It is also procured from the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers in the State of Maine, where it is deposited in ice houses upon the banks, and shipped from thence to the Capital. A peculiar machine is used to cut it from the ponds in blocks of two feet square, and from one foot to eighteen inches thick, varying according to the intensity of the season. If the winter does not prove severe enough to freeze the water to a convenient thickness, the square slabs are laid again over the sheet ice, until consolidated, and so recut. The ice is stored in warehouses constructed for the purpose at Boston. In shipping it to the West Indies, a voyage of 10 or 15 days, little precaution is used. The whole hold of the vessel is filled with it, having a lining of tan about four inches thick upon the bottom and sides of the hold, and the top lifts covered with a layer of hay. The hatches are then closed, and are not allowed to be opened till the ice is ready to be discharged.

For the voyage to India, a much longer one than had been hitherto attempted, some additional precautions were deemed necessary for the preservation of the ice. The ice-hold, an insulated house extending from the after part of the forward hatch to the forward part of the after hatch, about 50 feet in length, was constructed as follows:—A floor of one-inch deal planks was first laid down upon the dunnage at the bottom of the vessel: over this was strewed a layer one foot thick of tan, that is, the refuse bark from the tanners' pits, thoroughly dried, which is found to be a very good and cheap non-conductor; over this was laid another deal planking, and the four sides of the ice-hold were built up in exactly the same manner, insulated from the sides of the vessel. The pump, well, and main mast were boxed round in the same manner. The cubes of ice were then packed or built together so close as to leave no space between them, and to make the whole one solid mass; about 180 tons were thus stowed. On the top was pressed down closely a foot of hay, and the whole was shut up from access of air, with a deal planking one inch thick, nailed upon the lower surface of the lower deck timbers; the space between the planks and the deck being stuffed with tan.

On the surface of the ice, at two places, was introduced a kind of float, having a gauge rod passing through a stuffing box in the cover, the object of which was to note the gradual decrease of the ice as it melted and subsided bodily.—The ice was shipped on the 6th and 7th of May, 1833, and discharged in Calcutta, on the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th September, making the voyage in four months and seven days.—The amount of wastage could not be exactly ascertained from the sinking of the gauges, because on opening the chamber it was found that the ice had melted between each block, and not from the exterior only in the manner of one solid mass as was anticipated. Calculating from the rods and from the diminished draught of the ship, Mr. Dixwell estimated the loss on arrival at Diamond Harbour to be fifty-five tons. Six or eight tons more were lost during the passage up the river, and probably twenty in landing. About one hundred tons were finally deposited in the ice house on shore, a lower room in a house at Brightman's ghaut, rapidly floored and lined with planks for the occasion.—So effectual was the non-conducting power of the ice house on board, that a thermometer placed on it did not differ perceptibly from one in the cabin. From the temperature of the water pumped out, and that of the air in the run of the vessel, Mr. Dixwell ascertained that the temperature of the hold was not sensibly affected by the ice. Upon leaving the tropic and running rapidly into the higher latitudes,

it retained its heat for some time, but after being several weeks in high latitudes, and becoming cooled to the temperature of the external air and sea, it took more than ten days in the tropics before the hold was heated again to the tropical standard.

**Consumption of Sugar in France.**—At the last sitting of the *Société Statistique Universelle* at Paris, some curious statements were made from ancient documents, relative to the consumption of sugar in France at different periods. It appears that during the reign of Henry IV. sugar was so scarce, that it was sold by the ounce at the apothecaries'. In 1700, the total consumption was not more than a million kilogrammes, but it increased so rapidly in the eighteenth century, that in 1789, the consumption was 23 million kilogrammes. The war of the Revolution, and the exorbitant duty which Napoleon imposed upon foreign productions, reduced the consumption in 1812, for the whole French empire, which was then composed of 44 million inhabitants, to 7 million kilogrammes. After the peace in 1815, the consumption again increased to 19 million kilogrammes, and progressively increased up to 1822, to 55 millions. In 1823, the war with Spain having raised the price, the consumption was for a time reduced to 40 millions, but it soon increased to 61 millions, and in 1831 amounted to no less than 80 millions of kilogrammes. There being then 32,500,000 inhabitants in France, the consumption was 2 kilogrammes and a half (five pounds) per head. In spite of this rapid progression, however, France still consumes less than the United States, where it is calculated that each person uses five kilogrammes. In England, seven are consumed; and in the island of Cuba the quantity used is so great, that France only consumes three or four times as much as that island, although the free population of the island does not exceed 140,000 inhabitants.

**Expedition into Central Africa.**—A prospectus has been issued by the South African Literary and Scientific Institution at the Cape of Good Hope, for raising a subscription to defray the expense of an expedition into Central Africa. The following is a very interesting extract:—"At a meeting of the Society, a letter from the acting Secretary to Government, inclosing, by order of his excellency the governor, a communication received from Graaff Reinet, was read, detailing the progress of a trading party, under the direction of Messrs. Hume and Muller, which had penetrated into central Africa in a northern direction from Leisakoo, and it was supposed, from an observation of the shadow cast by the sun, on the 24th of December, that this party had reached the Tropic. From the favourable description given of the country and its productions, the reading of this document excited great interest, and it was suggested that an attempt should be made to send a scientific expedition to explore those regions, with the object of elucidating their geography, the nature of their productions, and the advantages that may offer to commercial enterprise. This proposal was unanimously approved of; but in consequence of the inadequacy of the pecuniary means of the institution available for such an undertaking, it was determined to propose it generally to the public."

**Lithographic Works, stereotyping.**—M. Jules Baumgartner, a printer at Leipsic, is reported to have discovered a process, by which he is able to stereotype lithographic drawings, and copies can then be produced by means of the common printing press. The *Journal des Artistes* states, that attempts have been made in Paris to apply the invention, but with little success.

**Straw-paper.**—Some very successful attempts it is said, have lately been made at the Mills at Anderghem near Brussels, in the manufacture of

paper from straw. Experiments of this kind have been frequent in England, though we believe no article from the material in question, has yet been produced of a sufficiently fine texture, for even the ordinary purposes of printing.

**Steam-boats on the Mediterranean.**—A letter from Marseilles states, that the number of steam-boats which ply from that port, increases very rapidly. Two English boats sail regularly for Leghorn—one to Naples, and the passage is usually effected in 48 hours. One boat undertakes to reach Lisbon from Marseilles in four days, stopping at Gibraltar: another is about to start for Constantinople, where it is expected to arrive within a week, although it will stop at three intermediate places.

**Madras.**—It has been decided by the Auxiliary Society of the Royal Asiatic Society, to publish a Monthly or Quarterly Journal, similar to the *Asiatic Journal* of Calcutta.

**Discovery of an Antique Urn.**—A short time since, while some gardeners were digging in the commune of Alignan du Vent, near Pezenas, in the south of France, they discovered a funeral urn in perfect preservation, containing ashes and bones upon which the traces of fire were perceptible. The urn is of marble, two feet high, of the most exact proportions, and ornamented with a bas-relief representing four griffins, two of which have the beaks of eagles, and the other two have horns. Several artists of the town have examined the urn, which they pronounce to be of the most exquisite and tasteful workmanship: it is supposed to be of the time of Augustus. In the same field, some other antiquities were discovered; a well, evidently of Roman construction, some plate, and several medals of the same period.

**Bloomfield.**—The widow of the Poet died last week in the Bedford Lunatic Asylum, in the sixty-ninth year of her age, having survived her husband above ten years. Her son, a modest, amiable, and industrious man, was sent for from London, and arrived in time to take his last leave of her; and she was sensible of his presence, and much gratified at seeing him. We speak of the good qualities of the son from personal knowledge, as he is by trade a printer, and has been for some time regularly employed at the office of this Journal.

**Dr. Babington** retained to the latest period of his life a keen relish for the attainment of knowledge, and made considerable sacrifices to enable himself to keep up with its rapid progress. After descending from his chair [V.P. of Geological Society], he took private lessons in geology of Mr. Webster. So late as the winter of 1832-3 he enrolled his name at the University of London as a student of chemistry, and there attended with the utmost punctuality a course on that science of seven months' duration; he afterwards in the same spirit, and in his 77th year, once more applied himself seriously to geology, and went over the collection of fossils in our museum. I can scarcely imagine a more gratifying spectacle than that of a veteran in the labours of professional duty, thus returning to the pursuits which he had loved when young, and seeking relaxation, not in ease and repose, the allowable luxuries of old age, but in the indulgence of an enlightened passion for knowledge.—*Mr. Greenough's Address.*

**Economy of gilding Buttons.**—In 1818 the art of gilding buttons had arrived at such a degree of refinement in Birmingham, that three pennyworth of gold was made to cover a gross of buttons: these were sold at a price proportionably low. The experiment has been tried to produce gilt buttons without any gold; but it was found not to answer, the manufacturer losing more in the construction than he saved in the material.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of the Month.	Thermom. W. A. M. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thurs. 13	66 48	29.43	S.W.	Showers.
Frid. 13	66 51	29.39	S.W.	Cloudy.
Sat. 14	70 51	29.60	S.W.	Shr. P.M.
Sun. 15	74 49	29.61	S.W.	Clear.
Mon. 16	68 52	29.60	S.W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 17	66 48	29.53	S.W.	Ditto.
Wed. 18	60 48	29.75	S.W.	Ditto.

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Nimbus.

Nights fair, except on Thursday; mornings fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 61°. Greatest variation, 36°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.525.

Day increased on Wednesday, 5h. 50'. No night.

On Saturday afternoon a thunder cloud passed over the metropolis from the west, discharging much lightning, with heavy showers of hail and rain. The cloud, as it hovered in the distance, presented a singularly awful appearance, throwing out streams of the electric fluid, which streaked the horizon for nearly three hours without intermission.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

**Tales of the Ramadan,** by Mr. St. John.

A Treatise on Primary Geology, being an Examination, both Practical and Theoretical, of the older Formations, by Henry S. Boar, M.D. Secretary of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, &c.

Dacre, a Novel, Edited by the Countess of Morley.

The Corner Stone, by J. Abbott.

Researches of the Rev. E. Smith and Rev. H. G. O. Dwight in Armenia.

The Child at Home, by J. S. C. Abbott.

**Just published.**—Jebb and Knox's Thirty Years Correspondence, Edited by the Rev. Charles Forster, 2 vols. 8vo. 38s.—Low's Elements of Practical Agriculture, 8vo. 21s.—The Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges, 2 vols. 8vo. 34s.—Biographical Gallery, &c. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—My Daughter's Book, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland, 2nd Series, &c. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Essays on the Antediluvian Age, by the Rev. W. B. Whitting, M.A. 8vo. 6s. 6d.—The Existence of other Worlds, by Alexander Copland, Author of 'Mortal Life,' 12mo. 3s.—Percival's Foreign Exchange Calculator, 12mo. 2s.—Percival's Commercial Correspondent, 12mo. 2s.—Twenty Minutes' Advice on Gout and Rheumatism, by a Severo Sufferer, 18mo. 1s.—Catechism of Byron's System of Short Hand, &c. 1s.—Crockett's Life, by Himself, 12mo. 3s.—The Canary Finch, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—Lough's Picture of London, Plan and Map, 6s.; Plan and Views, 9s.; Busby's Costumes, 12s.; Rowland on Costumes, 15s.—The Nursery Governess, by Mrs. E. Napier, royal 18mo. 1s.—A Vision of Fair Spirits, and other Poems, by John Graham, 8vo. 3s.—Hand-Book of Agriculture, 18mo. 1s. 2d.—Spirit of Chambers's Journal, &c. 4s.—Jameson's Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad, 4 vols. 8vo. 24s.—The Revolutionary Epick, by Dismail the Younger, Books II. and III., 4to. 12s.—Spurs on the Trinity, and on Divinity of Christ, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Manual of Baronetage, 12mo. 5s.—Cunningham's Life of Burns, Vol. 6, 5s.—Scott's Bible, with Practical Observations, 2 vols. imp. 8vo. 12s. 16s.—Wheeler's Sermons on the Gospels, 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**Inadvertent Repetition of Words.**—The colonel of a regiment serving in India was greatly attached to the violoncello, and devoted his mornings to practising on that instrument. Once, whilst counting time over a difficult sonata, the adjutant entered to introduce a new officer, and announced, "Ensign Kennedy come to join;" the colonel unconsciously took up the words, and instead of "one, two, three," continued repeating, "Ensign Kennedy come to join—Ensign Kennedy come to join;" to the amusement of the adjutant and the ensign.—In the Irish House of Commons, Mr. Flood was delivering a laboured panegyric on the magistrates of Wexford, while a gentleman sitting near him repeated, *sotto voce*, "They should be whipped at the cart's tail." Flood unconsciously repeated the words, and surrounded the House by declaring, "The magistrates of Wexford deserve the highest rewards government can bestow, and—they should be whipped at the cart's tail."—Unfortunately we have to quote ourselves as a third example; while writing the article on the navigation of the Red Sea in our last Number, a friend, who was present, declared that "mouth" could not be properly applied to the entrance of a strait. "We say, the mouth of the Nile, but not the mouth of the strait of Bab-el-Mandeb," he repeated—and "mouth of the Nile" we wrote. The reader will therefore please to rectify the position of the island of Socotra, and, as a reward for his trouble, we will permit him to choose between "mouth" and "entrance," as applied to the strait.—By a like confusion of ideas, the compositor, in heading the account of the Ecclesiastical College (p. 432), inserted 'Anterbury' instead of 'Dublin,' after the word Archbishop: this was rectified in the greater part of the impression.







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# THE ATHENÆUM

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## REVIEWS

*Travels into Bokhara; being the Account of a Journey from India to Cabool, Tartary, and Persia; also, Narrative of a Voyage on the Indus, from the Sea to Lahore.* By Lieut. A. Burnes, F.R.S. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Murray.

SINCE the days when we hung with rapture over the pages of Cook's Voyages, and felt ourselves inspired by some portion of the enthusiasm that animated the adventurous navigator, we have met with no work by which we have been more interested, delighted, and instructed, than the Travels of Lieut. Burnes. He leads us over the fields where Alexander best earned the title of Great, by planning a continuous commercial communication between Europe and India, through those mountain-ranges which we can scarcely blame the Asiatics for regarding as the framework of the universe, across those deserts whence have issued the conquerors of Europe and Asia, the Scythians and Huns of remote ages, the Tartars and Turks of more modern times; finally, he conducts us into the romantic regions of Transoxiana or Mawer-al-nahar, whose ancient prosperity has been the theme of so many fables, whose modern commerce has been the subject of such anxious inquiry. This route, so replete with objects of interest to the historian, the geographer, and the merchant, has been travelled by one who happily combines in himself more than most men, the qualifications necessary for acquiring the information which these very different classes demand. Possessing a great store of learning, quick powers of observation, and strong common sense, Lieut. Burnes seems to have been predestined to the task of exploring Central Asia. He entered upon it as upon his own peculiar province, with that regulated enthusiasm which the mind experiences when it has discovered the track which nature designed it to pursue. We need not add a word of commendation on the skill and ability with which the traveller has described the countries he visited; the extracts which we are about to make, speak more powerfully for themselves than any praise we could bestow.

Leaving for future consideration the author's visits to the Punjáb and court of Runjeet Sing, we shall begin with his entrance into the country of the Afgháns, and his reception at Peshawur:—

"As we traversed the plain to Peshawur, I felt elevated and happy. Thyme and violets perfumed the air, and the green sod and clover put us in mind of a distant country. The violet has the name of '*gool i paeghumbur*,' or the rose of the Prophet, par excellence, I suppose, from its fragrance. At Peerpae, which is a march from Peshawur, we were joined by six horsemen, whom the chief sent to escort us. We saddled at sunrise, though it rained heavily, and accompanied the party to the city, sorely trying the patience of the horsemen, by declining to halt half way, that they might give timely information of our approach. We pushed on

till near the city; when their persuasion could be no longer resisted. 'The chief sent us only to welcome you, and has ordered his son to meet you outside the city,' said their commander, 'and we are now within a few hundred yards of his house.' We halted, and in a few minutes the son of the chief made his appearance, attended by an elephant and a body of horse. He was his eldest son, a handsome boy, about twelve years old, and dressed in a blue tunic, with a Cashmeer shawl as a turban. We dismounted on the high road, and embraced; when the youth immediately conducted us to the presence of his father. Never were people received with more kindness: he met us in person at the door-way, and led us inside of an apartment, studded with mirror glass and daubed over with paint in exceedingly bad taste. His house, his country, his property, his all, were ours; he was the ally of the British government, and he had shown it by his kindness to Mr. Moorcroft, which he considered as a treaty of friendship. We were not the persons who wished to infringe its articles. Sooltan Mahommed Khan is of about thirty-five years old, of rather tall stature, and dark complexion. He was dressed in a pelisse, lined with fur, and ornamented over the shoulders with the down of the peacock, which had a richer look than the furniture that surrounded him. We were glad to withdraw and change our wet clothes, and were conducted to the seraglio of Sooltan Mahommed Khan, which he had prepared, *I need not add, emptied,* for our reception. This was, indeed, a kind of welcome we had not anticipated."

The character of Sultan Mohammed Khan, of Peshawur, is perhaps best displayed in the account of the banquet which he gave to his British visitors:—

"Shortly after our arrival in Peshawur, Sooltan Mahommed Khan illuminated his palace, and invited us to an entertainment, given, as he assured us, on our account. His mansion was only separated from ours by a single wall, and he came in person to conduct us in the afternoon. The ladies had been spending the day in these apartments, but the 'krook' was given before we entered, and a solitary eunuch, who looked more like an old woman, only now remained. In the evening the party assembled, which did not exceed fifteen persons, the most distinguished in Peshawur: we sat in the hall, which was brilliantly lighted: behind it there was a large fountain in the interior of the house, shaded by a cupola about fifty feet high, and on the sides of it were different rooms, that overlooked the water. The reflection from the dome, which was painted, had a pleasing effect. About eight o'clock we sat down to dinner, which commenced with sweetmeats and confections, that had been prepared in the harem. They were far superior to anything seen in India; the dinner succeeded, and the time passed very agreeably. The chief and his courtiers talked of their wars and revolutions, and I answered their numerous queries regarding our own country. The assembly were ever ready to draw comparisons between anything stated, and the records of Asiatic history, referring familiarly to Timour, Baber, and Aurungzebe, and exhibiting at the same time much general knowledge. I gave them accounts of steam-

<sup>†</sup> A Tartar custom and word in clearing the outer apartments of the seraglio.

engines, galvanic batteries, balloons, and electrifying machines, which appeared to give universal satisfaction. If they disbelieved, they did not express their scepticism. Many of the courtiers of course flattered the chief as they commented on his remarks, but their style of address was by no means cringing, and the mild affability of Sooltan Mahommed Khan himself quite delighted me. He spoke without reserve of Runjeet Sing, and sighed for some change that might release him from the disgrace of having his son a hostage at Lahore. The subject of the Russians was introduced, and a Persian in the party declared that his country was quite independent of Russia. The chief, with much good humour, remarked, that their independence was something like his own with the Seiks, unable to resist, and glad to compromise."

Quail-fighting is as favourite a sport with the Afgháns as it was with the Greeks.

"We arrived at the season of the quails, when every one who could escape from his other vocations, was engaged in hawking, netting, or fighting these courageous little birds. Every Tuesday morning the chief had a meeting in his court yard, to encourage the sport. He used to send for us to witness it; it is by no means a drudgery of amusement, whether we regard the men or the birds; for chief, servant, and subject were here on an equality, the quails being the heroes, not the men. They are carried about in bags, and enticed to fight with each other for grain, which is sprinkled between them. When the quail once runs he is worthless, and immediately slain, but they seldom make a precipitate retreat. Nothing can exceed the passion of the Afgháns for this kind of sport; almost every boy in the street may be seen with a quail in his hand, and crowds assemble in all parts of the city to witness their game battles."

From Peshawur, Lieut. Burnes and his companion proceeded towards Cabúl, through a mountainous country, whose inhabitants, like the Scottish highlanders of yore, are remarkable for anything rather than honesty, and who claim the privilege of levying black mail. The caravan did not pass through the country of the Khybercees, a people who cannot safely be trusted, but went into the district of the Momunds, who are content with levying a tax on travellers. The account of the passage of the Cabúl river, is a specimen of the perils to be encountered in Afghanistan:—

"After a fatiguing march over mountain passes, we found ourselves on the Cabool river, which was to be crossed a second time. We had now a full insight into our mode of travelling, and the treatment which we were to expect. We never moved but in a body; and when we got to the banks of the river under a scorching sun, had no means of crossing it till our friends the Momunds could be again appeased. We laid ourselves down in the shade of some rocks, which had fallen from precipices that rose in grandeur over us to the height of about 2000 feet, and before us the Cabool river rushed with great rapidity in its course onwards. Its breadth did not exceed 120 yards. Towards afternoon, our highlanders produced eight or ten skins, and we commenced crossing; but it was night before we had all passed, and we then set fire to the grass of the mountains to illumi-

nate our neighbourhood and ensure safety to the frail raft. The passage of the river was tedious and difficult: in some places the rapidity of the stream, formed into eddies, whirled us round, and we had the agreeable satisfaction of being told that, if we went some way down, there was a whirlpool, and, if once enclosed in its circle, we might revolve in hunger and giddiness for a day. This inconvenience we all escaped, though some of the passengers were carried far down the river, and we ourselves had various revolutions in the smaller eddies. There was no village or people on either side of the river, and we spread our carpets on the ground, and heartily enjoyed a cool night after the day's fatigue. The noise of the stream soon lulled most of us to sleep, and towards midnight nothing was to be heard but the voices of the mountaineers, who had perched themselves on a rock that projected over our camp, and watched till daylight. A truly cat-throat band they appeared, and it was amusing to observe the studied respect which all of us paid them. Their chief, a ragged ruffian without a turban, was mounted on a horse: his praises were sung, and presents were given him; but we had no sooner left the country, than every one abused those whom we had been caressing. The spirit of the party might be discovered by one old man, who drove his horse into a wheat-field, on the verge of the Momund country, calling out, 'Eat away, my good animal! the Momund scoundrels have ate much of my wealth in their time.'"

One of the first persons whom our traveller met at Cabul, was Mr. Wolff, whose singular adventures, combined with his ardent zeal, have excited great interest:—

"We had not been many hours in Cabool before we heard of the misfortunes of Mr. Wolff, the missionary of the Jews, who was now detained at a neighbouring village, and lost no time in despatching assistance to him. He joined us the following day, and gave a long and singular account of his escape from death and slavery. This gentleman, it appears, had issued forth, like another Benjamin of Tudela, to enquire after the Israelites, and entered Tartary as a Jew, which is the best travelling character in a Mohammedan country. Mr. Wolff, however, is a convert to Christianity, and he published his creed to the wreck of the Hebrew people. He also gave himself out as being in search of the lost tribes; yet he made but few enquiries among the Afghans of Cabool, though they declare themselves to be their descendants. The narration of Mr. Wolff's adventures excited our sympathy and compassion; and, if we could not coincide in many of his speculations regarding the termination of the world, we made the reverend gentleman most welcome, and found him an addition to our society in Cabool. He had been in Bokhara, but had not ventured to preach in that centre of Islam. His after misfortunes had originated from his denominating himself a Hæjee, which implies a Mohammedan pilgrim, and for which he had been plundered and beaten."

In our third notice of Jacquemont, (*Athenæum*, No. 321.) we quoted Dr. Gerard's account of Dost Mohammed Khan; Lieut. Burnes amply confirms the Doctor's high character of that able chieftain, but says nothing of his republican principles. Republicanism in Asia would certainly be an exotic destined to a very brief existence. But, republican or not, Dost Mohammed is an intelligent upright ruler, who has done more to increase the prosperity of Cabul, than any that the country has had since the days of the Emperor Baber. As he is likely to have great influence over the future extension of British commerce towards Central Asia, we

shall extract the account of his conversation with Lieut. Burnes:—

"He rose on our entrance, saluted in the Persian fashion, and then desired us to be seated on a velvet carpet near himself. He assured us that we were welcome to his country; and, though he had seen few of us, he respected our nation and character. To this I replied as civilly as I could, praising the equity of his government, and the protection which he extended to the traveller and the merchant. When we sat down, we found our party consist of six or eight native gentlemen, and three sons of the chief. We occupied a small but neat apartment, which had no other furniture than the carpet. The conversation of the evening was varied, and embraced such a number of topics, that I find it difficult to detail them; such was the knowledge, intelligence, and curiosity that the chief displayed. He was anxious to know the state of Europe, the number of kings, the terms on which they lived with one another; and, since it appeared that their territories were adjacent, how they existed without destroying each other. I named the different nations, sketched out their relative power, and informed him, that our advancement in civilization did no more exempt us from war and quarrels than his own country; that we viewed each other's acts with jealousy, and endeavoured to maintain a balance of power, to prevent one king from overturning another. Of this, however, there were, I added, various instances in European history; and the chief himself had heard of Napoleon. He next requested me to inform him of the revenues of England; how they were collected; how the laws were enacted; and what were the productions of the soil. He perfectly comprehended our constitution from a brief explanation; and said there was nothing wonderful in our universal success, since the only revenue which we drew from the people was to defray the debts and expenses of the state. 'Your wealth, then,' added he, 'must come from India.' I assured him that the revenues of that country were spent in it; that the sole benefits derived from its possession consisted in its being an outlet to our commerce; and that the only wealth sent to the mother country consisted of a few hundred thousand pounds, and the fortunes taken away by the servants of the government. I never met an Asiatic who credited this fact before. Dost Mohammed Khan observed, that 'this satisfactory accounts for the subjection of India. You have left much of its wealth to the native princes; you have not had to encounter their despair, and you are just in your courts. He enquired into the state of the Mohammedan principalities in India, and as to the exact power of Runjeet Sing, for sparing whose country he gave us no credit. He wished to know if we had any designs upon Cabool. He had heard from some Russian merchants of the manner of recruiting the armies by conscription in that country, and wished to know if it were general in Europe. He had also heard of their founding hospitals, and required an explanation of their utility and advantage. He begged I would inform him about China; and if its people were warlike, and if their country could be invaded from India; if its soil were productive, and its climate salubrious; and why the inhabitants differed so much from those of other countries. The mention of Chinese manufactures led to a notice of those in England; he enquired about our machinery and steam engines, and then expressed his wonder at the cheapness of our goods. He asked about the curiosities which I had seen, and which of the cities in Hindostan I had most admired. I replied, Delhi. He then questioned me if I had seen the rhinoceros, and if the Indian animals differed from those of Cabool. He had heard of our music, and was desirous of knowing if it surpassed that of Ca-

bool. From these matters he turned to those which concerned myself; asked why I had left India, and the reasons for changing my dress. I informed him that I had a great desire to see foreign countries, and I now purposed travelling towards Europe by Bokhara; and that I had changed my dress to prevent my being pointed at in this land; but that I had no desire to conceal from him and the chiefs of every country I entered, that I was an Englishman, and that my entire adoption of the habits of the people had added to my comfort. The chief replied in very kind terms, applauded the design, and the propriety of changing our dress."

With the single exception of Runjeet Sing, Asia holds not a ruler who would display similar enlightened curiosity. In the number of the *Athenæum* to which reference has been already made, we quoted Gerard's account of Cabul, which differs little from that given by Lieutenant Burnes. We shall therefore pass over the description of the city, and proceed at once to the passage of the Hindú Kûsh. The valley and excavated city of Bamecan are wondrous objects:—

"Nothing could be more grand than the scenery which we met in this valley. Frightful precipices hung over us; and many a fragment beneath informed us of their instability. For about a mile it was impossible to proceed on horseback, and we advanced on foot, with a gulf beneath us. The dell presented a beautiful section of the mountains to the eye of the geologist; and, though a by-path, appeared to have been fortified in former years, as innumerable ruins testified. Some of these were pointed out as the remnants of the post-houses of the Mogul emperors; but by far the greater number were assigned to the age of Zohak, an ancient king of Persia.† One castle in particular, at the northern termination of the valley, and commanding the gorge, had been constructed with great labour on the summit of a precipice, and was ingeniously supplied with water. It would be useless to record all the fables of the people regarding these buildings."

"Bamecan is celebrated for its colossal idols and innumerable excavations, which are to be seen in all parts of the valley, for about eight miles, and still form the residence of the greater part of the population. They are called 'Soomuch' by the people. A detached hill, in the middle of the valley is quite honeycombed by them, and brings to our recollection the Troglodytes of Alexander's historians. It is called the city of Ghoolghoola, and consists of a continued succession of caves in every direction, which are said to have been the work of a king named Jalal. The hills at Bamecan are formed of indurated clay and pebbles, which renders their excavation a matter of little difficulty; but the great extent to which it has been carried, excites attention. Caves are dug on both sides of the valley, but the greater number lie on the northern face, where we found the idols: altogether they form an immense city. Labourers are frequently hired to dig in them; and their trouble is rewarded by rings, relics, coins, &c. They generally bear Cufic inscriptions, and are of a later date than the age of Mahommed. These excavated caves, or houses, have no pretensions to architectural ornament, being no more than squared holes in the hill. Some of them are finished in the shape of a dome, and have a carved frieze below the point from which the cupola springs. The inhabitants tell many remarkable tales of the caves of Bamecan; one in particular—that a mother had lost her child among them, and recovered it after a lapse of twelve years! The tale need not be believed; but it will convey an idea of the extent of the

† More probably the name given by the Persians to the oppressive Assyrian dynasty.—*Edit.*

works. There are excavations on all sides of the idols; and below the larger one, half a regiment might find quarters. Bameean is subject to Cabool, it would appear to be a place of high antiquity; and is, perhaps, the city which Alexander founded at the base of Paropamisus, before entering Bactria. The country, indeed, from Cabool to Balkh, is yet styled 'Bakhtur Zumeen,' or Bakhtur country. The name of Bameean is said to be derived from its elevation,—*'bam'* signifying balcony, and the affix *'eean'* country. It may be so called from the caves rising one over another in the rock."

A plate of the colossal idols found at Bameean is given, and it furnishes a theme of much interesting speculation to the Oriental antiquary. After quitting the territories of the Afghans, our travellers entered the dominions of an Uzbek chief, a perfect sample of the tyrants who, from remote antiquity, have prevented the extension of civilization in Asia:—

"At Sighan we found ourselves in the territory of Mahommed Ali Beg, an Uzbek who is alternately subject to Cabool and Koondooz, as the chiefs of these states respectively rise in power. He satisfies the chief of Cabool with a few horses, and his Koondooz lord with a few men, captured in forays by his sons and officers, who are occasionally sent out for the purpose. Such is the difference between the taste of his northern and southern neighbours. The captives are Huzaras, on whom the Uzbeks nominally wage war for their Shiah creed, that they may be converted to Soonees and good Mahomedans. A friend lately remonstrated with this chief for his gross infringement of the laws of the Prophet, in the practice of man-stealing. He admitted the crime; but as God did not forbid him in his sleep, and his conscience was easy, he said that he did not see why he should desist from so profitable a traffic. I should have liked an opportunity to administer a sleeping draught to this conscience-satisfied Uzbek. He is nowise famed for justice, or protection of the traveller; a caravan of Jews passed his town last year, on route to Bokhara, he detained some of their women, and defended the outrage, by replying to every remonstrance, that their progeny would become Mahomedan, and justify the act. So this wretch steals men, and violates the honour of a traveller's wife, because he believes it acceptable conduct before his God, and in consonance with the principles of his creed!"

At the last pass of the Hindû Kûsh, the travellers narrowly escaped the horrors of perpetual slavery:—

"On the 26th of May, we crossed the last pass of the Indian Caucasus,—the Kara Kootul, or Black Pass,—but had yet a journey of ninety-five miles before we cleared the mountains. We descended at the village of Doonab into the bed of the river of Khooloom, and followed it to that place among terrific precipices, which at night obscured all the stars but those of the zenith. On this pass we had an adventure, which illustrates the manners of the people among whom we were travelling, and might have proved serious. Our *Cafta-bashoe* had intimated to us that we had reached a dangerous neighbourhood, and consequently hired an escort, headed, as I have stated, by the son of Rhumut oollah Khan (the *Tayk* chief of Kamurd, devotedly attached to wine, and as great a robber as his Uzbek neighbours). In ascending the pass, we met a large caravan of horses, *en route* to Cabool; and, on reaching the top, descried a party of robbers advancing over a ridge of hills, and from the direction of Hudoos Koonh. The cry of 'Allaman, Allaman!' which here means a robber, soon spread; and we drew

up with our escort to meet, and, if possible, fight the party. The robbers observed our motions, and were now joined by some other men, who had lain in ambush, which increased their party to about thirty. Each of us sent on a couple of horsemen, who drew up at a distance of a hundred yards, and parleyed. The robbers were Tatar Huzaras, commanded by a notorious free-booter named Dilawur, who had come in search of the horse caravan. On discovering that it had passed, and that we were in such good company as the son of the chief of Kamurd, they gave up all intentions of attack, and we pushed on without delay; immediately we had cleared the pass, they occupied it; but the whole of their booty consisted of two laden camels of the caravan, which had loitered behind. These they seized in our view, as well as their drivers, who would now become slaves for life; and had we not hired our escort, we should have perhaps shared a similar fate, and found ourselves next day tending herds and flocks among the mountains. The party was well mounted, and composed of desperate men: disappointed of their prey, they attacked the village of Doonab at night, where we first intended to halt. We had luckily pushed on three miles further, and bivouached in the bed of a torrent in safety. The incidents of our escape furnished some room for reflection; and we had to thank the *Cafta bashoe* for his prudence, which had cleared us of the danger. The old gentleman stroked down his beard, blessed the lucky day, and thanked God for preserving his good name and person from such scoundrels."

Lieutenant Burnes had a still more narrow escape at Koondooz, where he would certainly have been detained had he not contrived to make the chief believe that he was an Armenian. He was permitted to proceed, and soon reached the ancient city of Balkh, whose inhabitants seem to be among the most civilized of Mahomedans:—

"On the morning of the 9th of June, we entered the ancient city of Balkh, which is in the dominions of the King of Bokhara; and wound among its extensive ruins for nearly three miles before reaching a caravansary in the inhabited corner of this once proud 'Mother of Cities' (Amo-ool Bulad). On the way we were met by two police officers, *Toorkmuns*, who searched us for our money, that they might tax it. I told them at once that we had twenty gold *tillas* each; and they demanded one in twenty, according to their law, since we were not Mahomedans. We complied and took a scaled receipt; but they returned in the evening, and demanded as much more, since we avowed ourselves as Europeans, and were not subject to a Mahomedan ruler. I discovered that their position was legal, and paid the sum; but I had a greater store of gold than that about my own person."

Balkh and its ancient glories have been familiar to us from childhood; they are mentioned in almost every Oriental tale, and they have been introduced by Addison into one of his most beautiful apologies. The account of its present condition is a sad contrast to the gorgeous splendour which we have been accustomed to associate with its name.

"Its present population does not amount to 2000 souls; who are chiefly natives of Cabool, and the remnant of the Kara-noukur, a description of militia established here by the Afghans. There are also a few Arabs. The Koondooz chief has marched off a great portion of its population, and constantly threatens the city; which has driven the inhabitants to the neighbouring villages. In its wide area the city appears to have enclosed innumerable gardens; which increased its size without adding to its population; and from the frail materials of

which its buildings are constructed, the foundations being only brick, I doubt if Balkh ever were a substantial city.† There are three large colleges of a handsome structure, now in a state of decay, with their cells empty. A mud wall surrounds a portion of the town; but it must be of a late age, since it excludes the ruins on every side for about two miles. The citadel, or *ark*, on the northern side has been more solidly constructed; yet it is a place of no strength. There is a stone of white marble in it, which is yet pointed out as the throne of Kai Kooos, or Cyrus. Balkh stands on a plain, about six miles from the hills, and not upon them, as is erroneously represented. There are many inequalities in the surrounding fields, which may arise from ruins and rubbish. The city itself, like Babylon, has become a perfect mine of bricks for the surrounding country. These are of an oblong shape, rather square. Most of the old gardens are now neglected and overgrown with weeds; the aqueducts are dried up; but there are clumps of trees in many directions. The people have a great veneration for the city; believing it was one of the earliest peopled portions of the earth, and that the re-occupation of it will be one of the signs of the approaching end of the world. The fruit of Balkh is most luscious; particularly the apricots, which are nearly as large as apples. They are almost below value; for 2000 of them were to be purchased for a rupee; and, with iced water, they are indeed luxuries, though dangerous ones. Snow is brought in quantities from the mountains south of Balkh, about twenty miles distant, and sold for a trifle throughout the year."

After quitting Balkh, the caravan proceeded with an escort of *Türkmen*s to the Oxus. The last day's march was truly singular:—

"We saddled at sunset; and after a journey of fifteen hours, and a distance of thirty miles, found ourselves on the banks of that great river, which I gazed on with feelings of pure delight. It now ran before us in all the grandeur of solitude, as a reward for the toil and anxiety which we had experienced in approaching it. It might not have been prudent to commit ourselves to a guard of *Toorkmuns* in such a desert; but they conducted us in safety, and made few or no enquiries about us. They spoke nothing but Turkish. They rode good horses, and were armed with a sword and long spear. They were not encumbered with shields and powder-horns, like other Asiatics; and a few only had matchlocks. They beguiled the time by singing together in a language that is harsh but sonorous. They appeared to be the very *beau idéal* of light dragoons; and their caps gave to the whole of them a becoming uniformity. They never use more than a single rein, which sets off their horses to advantage. Some of the *Toorkmun* chiefs, I afterwards observed, had *romettes* and loose pieces of leather ornamented with gold and silver, which fell behind the ear of the animal, giving his head a showy and becoming appearance. Till within a mile and a half of the river, we had traversed a peculiarly inhospitable and unpromising country, quite destitute of water; and its stunted herbage either protruded from mounds of loose drifting sand, or made its appearance through sheets of hard clay. I shall long remember our dreary advance on the Oxus, and the wild society in which it was made."

The mode of crossing the Oxus is too extraordinary to be omitted:—

"The mode in which we passed the Oxus was singular, and I believe, quite peculiar to

† Nineveh and Babylon were probably built with the same frail materials, and hence the difficulty of identifying their ruins. Were I now permitted for a thousand years, what would it be but a wilderness of brick dust? —*Ed.*



this part of the country. We were drawn by a pair of horses, who were yoked to the boat, on each bow, by a rope fixed to the hair of the mane. The bridle is then put on as if the horse were to be mounted; the boat is pushed into the stream, and, without any other assistance than the horses, is ferried directly across the most rapid channel. A man on board holds the reins of each horse, and allows them to play loosely in the mouth, urging him to swim; and, thus guided, he advances without difficulty. There is not an oar to aid in impelling the boat; and the only assistance from those on board consists in manœuvring a rude rounded pole at the stern, to prevent the vessel from wheeling in the current, and to give both horses clear water to swim. They sometimes use four horses; and in that case, two are fixed at the stern. These horses require no preparatory training, since they indiscriminately yoke all that cross the river. One of the boats was dragged over by the aid of two of our jaded ponies; and the vessel which attempted to follow us without them, was carried so far down the stream as to detain us a whole day on the banks, till it could be brought up to the camp of our caravan. By this ingenious mode, we crossed a river nearly half a mile wide, and running at the rate of three miles and a half, in fifteen minutes of actual sailing; but there was some detention from having to thread our way among the sand banks that separated the branches. I see nothing to prevent the general adoption of this expeditious mode of passing a river, and it would be an invaluable improvement below the Ghauts of India. I had never before seen the horse converted to such a use; and in my travels through India, I had always considered that noble animal as a great incumbrance in crossing a river."

The plundering propensities of the Uzbeks are notorious, but we did not know that "the ladies" joined in marauding exploits. We must not however forget, that in the reign of Edward I. noble dames were specified in the royal proclamations, as among the robbers of foreign merchants who visited England; and, humbled by such a reminiscence, we must not too severely condemn the Amazons of Lakay:—

"Near the country we now entered, there is a tribe of Uzbeks, called Lakay, who are celebrated for their plundering propensities. A saying among them curses every one who dies in his bed, since a true Lakay should lay down his life in a foray or 'chupno.'† I was told that the females sometimes accompany their husbands, on these marauding expeditions; but it is stated, with greater probability, that the young ladies plunder the caravans which pass near their home. This tribe lives near Hissar, which is a romantic neighbourhood; since, besides the Amazons of Lakay, three or four neighbouring tribes claim a descent from Alexander the Great."

Kurshee was the most remarkable place visited by our traveller between Balkh and Bokhara:—

"Our halt at Kurshee gave us some opportunity of seeing the place. It is a straggling town, a mile long, with a considerable bazar, and about 10,000 inhabitants. The houses are flat roofed, but mean. A mud fort, surrounded by a wet ditch, forms a respectable defence on the south-west side of the town. A river, which rises from Shuhar Subz, about fifty miles distant, and famous as the birthplace of Timour, passes north of Kurshee, and enables its inhabitants to form innumerable gardens, which are shaded by trees groaning under fruit, and some

lofty poplars. These trees have a tall and noble aspect; and their leaves, when rustling in the wind, assume a white silvery appearance, though actually green, which has a curious and pleasing effect on the landscape. Never were the blessings of water more apparent than in this spot, which must otherwise have been a barren waste. On the banks of the rivulet and its branches, every thing is verdant and beautiful; away from them, all is sandy and sterile. Kurshee is the largest place in the Kingdom of Bokhara, next to the capital. Its oasis is about twenty-two miles broad, but the river expends itself in the surrounding fields."

The greater part of Lieutenant Burnes's description of Bokhara has already appeared in the *Athenæum*, (No. 340); we shall, however, next week, give a few more interesting particulars.

*Philip van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance.*  
In Two Parts. By Henry Taylor, Esq.  
Part I. London: Moxon.

WE are the executive talent displayed in this work a thousand times inferior to what it is, we should think it commanded our most respectful notice, from the views of art with which it was evidently written. These are partly expounded in a preface which we earnestly recommend not only to the perusal, but to the serious attention of our readers.

It is the habit of our age and country to talk of the mind of man, and its operations and products, as so many detached and unconnected parcels—nay, rather, to antagonize or contrast them all. Thus we are always hearing reason and imagination—philosophy and art—science and poetry—religion and morality, opposed and set up as watchwords of a sect or party. Undoubtedly it is necessary to have names to distinguish, as nearly as we can distinguish, every movement and every product of this so complex machine; but till we reach that point at which we see all these radii converge and blend into one complete harmonious whole, that point whence indeed all originally emanate, we shall continue to deal with man and the world in that lame and piecemeal manner which has already produced so many bungling results. Till the indissoluble triune nature of religion, philosophy and art, is fully recognized—till the dependence of each on the other, and the absolute necessity of each and all to the perfection of either, in the mind or works of man, is appreciated, we, for ourselves, have small hope of seeing any fruit from the attempts at education, at 'diffusion of useful knowledge,' or whatever shape one-sided culture may take.

It may be objected, that the great masters of philosophy and art gave their eternal treasures to the world without putting forth any such speculations as these—probably without thinking of them. The answer is, that, even if this be true, they felt and acted upon them. The same conceptions of the high, the beautiful, and the good, which, in Plato's mind, clothed themselves in the words by which he tried to make them intelligible and desirable to his hearers, in the minds of other inspired men, clothed themselves in visible forms, or in harmonious sounds. The mode of expressing this perception of the fine link which unites the sensual with the spiritual; the kind of power of making sensible impressions minister to the purification and elevation of the soul, may differ according to

the original organization, or the accidental training of the individual; but they must exist, or, whatever be the vivacity of conception, whatever the technical skill, the highest in art will never be reached. To each man his art must be a religion—his calling a mission. It is thus that Milton, Buonarroti, and others, professedly regarded it. Many as high, or higher than they, made indeed no such profession, but their own conviction, or inspiration, is stamped legibly enough on their works.

It is because it is become little less than ridiculous now-a-days to look at the matter thus; because it requires courage in a man to avow that he cultivates art with any higher views than as a source of gain, of reputation, or of amusement, that we despair of seeing a great work,—still more a great man, arise among us.

Instead of feeling themselves a peculiar people, elevated above all necessity of seeking those small and ephemeral distinctions which raise the common herd of men out of their nothingness, you shall see them hanging on the skirts of good society,—courting its smiles and laying their glorious gifts at its feet, either with the anxious dependency of hired servants, or with an affected—perhaps still worse, a real—contempt of those gifts, as compared with the gewgaws around them.

Where shall we find the poet, the artist, that venerates his art in himself? Lord Byron obeyed the strong impulse which drove him to verse, with a haughty carelessness, as if the lord condescended in becoming a poet. He treated the muse as a man treats the frail and beautiful mistress whom he loves with a depth and passion he is ashamed to avow, though he is not sorry to have it known that he possesses her favour. She, the star-crowned goddess, was to be his plaything when others wearied and disgusted him, his drudge if he wanted money, his passport to the gaping wonderment of the idle herd of fashion. She, whom he ought to have worshipped with the deepest love and reverence; whose influences he ought to have regarded as consecrating him to something apart from, and high above, all that surrounded him; and who, had his mental vision been sufficiently purged from the coarseness of earth to see her glories, would have raised him far, far above what he was. She would have given him that deep peace which the world cannot approach to injure, and the present consciousness of an earned immortality. But nowhere, in his intercourse with his friends, do we see that he had so much as a glimpse of his high mission. It seems rather that the blood of Gordon, his place in the peerage, or in that world of fashion which he equally despised and feared, his personal advantages and defects, his successes as a man of pleasure—anything, in short, was more important in his eyes than that light within him which he suffered every dark cloud and foul stain to obscure. He, a nursling of one of the public schools of England, knew well to what ridicule a man must expose himself who worships any other gods than those which the coarse materialism and the servile conventionalism of the country have set up; and he had not strength to build up his own altar and keep his eyes steadfastly fixed on its sacred flame, whence he would have drawn not only a higher inspi-

† Plundering expedition: especially one for procuring slaves.—*Edit.*

ration than any he ever knew, but serenity and love.

We speak not of him as a singular, but as the most illustrious, victim of this kind, our age has had. The same want of earnestness, of insight into the vocation of art, of faith in its mighty and indestructible influence, characterizes nearly all our artists. The consequences are but too evident. Their works want the divine spirit—they are of the earth earthy, and they will return whence they came.

All our notions of education are tinged with the same narrow and vulgar spirit. Education, with us, means a sort of mechanical drill, which leaves entirely out of calculation the most important faculties and feelings of the human being. Talk to an Englishman of the importance of music, painting, sculpture, architecture, gardening, the drama, to the moral education of the people, and he stares or laughs in your face. These are thought luxuries, resources against ennui for the rich and the idle—means of gratifying vanity, or love of ostentation. The wisdom of Greece is thrown away upon us, no less than the religion of love.

With these notions of the importance of a poet's view of his art, of the high moral duties to which it binds him, and the singleness of mind and purpose with which he ought to follow out his noble calling, it may be imagined that we hail with unusual satisfaction the appearance of a work which contains ample evidence of this moral elevation, united to talents of a high and peculiar order. But we must let the author speak. In some remarks on modern poetry and poets, which are full of discrimination and of temperate justice, he says,

"These poets were characterized by great sensibility and fervour, by a profusion of imagery, by force and beauty of language, and by a versification peculiarly easy and adroit, and abounding in that sort of melody, which, by its very obvious cadences, makes itself most pleasing to an unpractised ear. They exhibited, therefore, many of the most attractive graces and charms of poetry—its vital warmth not less than its external embellishments; and had not the admiration which they excited, tended to produce an indifference to higher, graver, and more various endowments, no one would have said that it was, in any civil sense, excessive. But from this unbounded indulgence in the mere luxuries of poetry, has there not ensued a want of adequate appreciation for its intellectual and immortal part?"

"We sat," says he beautifully, "at a high festival of poetry, in which, as at the funeral of Arvalan, the torch-light put out the star-light."

"Either (he continues) they did not look upon mankind with observant eyes, or they did not feel it to be any part of their vocation to turn what they saw to account. It did not belong to poetry, in their apprehension, to thread the mazes of life in all its classes and under all its circumstances, common as well as romantic, and, seeing all things, to infer and to instruct: on the contrary, it was to stand aloof from every thing that is plain and true: to have little concern with what is rational or wise; it was to be, like music, a moving and enchanting art, acting upon the fancy, the affections, the passions, but scarcely connected with the exercise of the intellectual faculties."

In the two greatest poets of modern Europe, Shakespeare and Goethe, perhaps the most striking quality is the perfect, the unflinching

good sense. Take out from them all that are usually thought the peculiar characteristics of the poet, and there will remain that accurate and comprehensive knowledge of human affairs, that exquisite appreciation of motives, that unerring judgment and wide-looking wisdom, which form the reputation of the sage. It was their business to know, not flashes of character, here and there, not strange anomalies and wild exceptions,—but Man; and it is because they are always and for ever true, that they possess a hold on the minds of men, which no varieties of country, age, or fashion can shake.

"Poetry (says Mr. Taylor) of which sense is not the basis, though it may be excellent of its kind, will not long be reputed to be poetry of the highest order. It may move the feelings and charm the fancy; but failing to satisfy the understanding, it will not take permanent possession of the strong-holds of fame."

We should gladly follow our author through his whole analysis of the character of Lord Byron's poetry, but we must content ourselves with a few passages which seem to us full of truth and wisdom:—

"But whilst his ignorance of the better elements of human nature may be believed to have been in a great measure affected, it is not to be supposed that he knew of them with a large and appreciating knowledge. Yet that knowledge of human nature which is exclusive of what is good in it, is, to say the least, as shallow and imperfect as that which is exclusive of what is evil. There is no such thing as philosophical misanthropy; and if a misanthropical spirit, be it genuine or affected, be found to pervade a man's writings, that spirit may be poetical as far as it goes, but being at fault in its philosophy, it will never, in the long run of time, approve itself equal to the institution of a poetical fame of the highest and most durable order.

"These imperfections are especially observable in the portraiture of human character (if such it can be called) which are most prominent in Lord Byron's works. There is nothing in them of the mixture and modification,—nothing of the composite fabric which Nature has assigned to Man. They exhibit rather passions personified, than persons impassioned. But there is a yet worse defect in them. Lord Byron's conception of a hero is an evidence, not only of scanty materials of knowledge from which to construct the ideal of a human being, but also of a want of perception of what is great or noble in our nature. His heroes are creatures abandoned to their passions, and essentially, therefore, weak of mind. . . . When the conduct and feelings attributed to them are reduced into prose, and brought to the test of a rational consideration, they must be perceived to be beings in whom there is no strength, except that of their intensely selfish passions. . . . If such beings as these are to be regarded as heroic, where in human nature are we to look for what is low in sentiment, or infirm in character?"

"How nobly opposite to Lord Byron's, was Shakespeare's conception of a hero:—

Give me that man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core; ay, in my heart of heart."

Farther on he says—

"I would by no means wish to be understood as saying that a poet can be too imaginative, provided that his other faculties be exercised in due proportion to his imagination. I would have no man depress his imagination, but I would have him raise his reason to be its equipoise. What I would be understood to impugn, is the strange opinion which seems to prevail amongst certain of our writers and readers of poetry, that good sense stands in a species of antagonism to poetical genius, instead of being one of its most

essential constituents. The maxim that a poet should be of 'imagination all compact,' is not, I think, to be adopted thus literally. That predominance of the imaginative faculty, or of impassioned temperament, which is incompatible with the attributes of a sound understanding and a just judgment, may make a rhapsodist, a melodist, or a visionary, each of whom may produce what may be admired for the particular talent and beauty belonging to it; but imagination and passion, thus unsupported, will never make a poet, in the largest and highest sense of the appellation:—

"For Poetry is Reason's self sublimed!  
Tis Reason's sovereignty, whereunto  
All properties of sense, all dues of wit,  
All fancies, images, perceptions, passions,  
All intellectual ordinance grown up  
From accident, necessity, or custom,  
Seen to be good, and after made authentic;  
All ordinance aforethought, that from science  
Doth prescience take, and from experience law;  
All lights and institutes of digested knowledge,  
Gifts and endowments of intelligence  
From sources living, from the dead bequests,—  
Subserve and minister."

With this serious, noble, and beautiful appreciation of the qualities and ends of poetry—with this endeavour at the holy work of reuniting those whom God hath joined together, but whom one-sided fanatics on either side have striven to put asunder—Reason and Imagination, the Sensual and the Intellectual—we must close our general remarks, which nothing but the importance of the subject could excuse the length of, and go to the matter of the play.

Those who have acquired a taste for the corrupt excitement, of which we have had a good deal here, and in which the French have dealt so largely, will, of course, find any work of an author holding such opinions, flat and tame. We believe it pretty nearly as useful to expostulate with such persons, as with habitual gin-drinkers. The habit is formed, the craving excited—they must go on their way, hoping, that out of the dark records of rude and bloody times, or the blacker recesses of distorted imaginations, some wilder villany, some grosser vice, some yet unimagined horror may arise, to afford the stimulus they need.

Mr. Taylor's tragedy lies, indeed, in wild times, and among rough and bad men, but no needless pictures of horror are forced before us. The main interest of the first part, rests on the unfolding of great and unlooked for qualities, in a man suddenly called from a life of retirement and contemplation, to one of difficult and desperate action—wherein his conduct justifies the character given of him by an enemy.

*D'Arion.* The life he's led  
Seem'd rather in its transit to eclipse  
Than to show forth his nature; and, that passed,  
You'll now behold him as he truly is,  
One of a cold and of a constant mind,  
Not quickened into ardent action soon,  
Nor prompt for petty enterprise; yet bold,  
Fierce when need is, and capable of all things.

The changes produced on the same character by power and success are no less admirably delineated in the second part. But we must reserve the consideration of this for another time.

The play or plays—for like Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' it comprehends two distinct periods of the life of the hero, each furnishing matter of a long drama, are historical. The subject is the civil wars of Flanders during the fourteenth century; an important portion of the general resistance to feudalism, which grew with the growing wealth and power of the trading classes. We shall confine our-

selves here to the first part. The most prominent persons are, Philip van Artevelde, son of that Jaques van Artevelde, whose government of Flanders during the reign of our Edward III. is so much commended by Froissart, and who was slaughtered on his own threshold by the very people he had served so well: several leaders of the White-Hood or popular party of Ghent, Father John of Heda, a monk and former preceptor of Philip, the Earl of Flanders, afterwards Duke of Burgundy, Sir Walter d'Arlon, a brave and chivalrous Frenchman, in his service, Gilbert Matthew, a vile and cold-blooded tool of oppression, Adriana Van Merestyn, the beloved of Artevelde, and Clara, his sister.

There is much fine discrimination of character in all these, and even in those whom the uses of a camp would seem to confound in one common colour of coarseness and ferocity; but the great strength of the poem lies in the hero himself—his character is precisely fitted for the genius of the author, which is rather calm, lofty, earnest, and contemplative, than glancing and passionate. At the opening of the play we find the popular cause almost desperate, one of its chief leaders destroyed, and all things apparently conspiring towards the triumph of the Earl of Flanders. At this critical point, Philip van Artevelde is called upon to put himself at the head of the popular cause, and save it from ruin. Not unmindful of his father's fate, of the fickle breath of popular favour, of the sacrifice of that calm, retired, and studious life, to which his tastes, habits, and hopes had led him, he accepts the awful trust, and becomes

A man of many cares, now taken up,  
To whom there's nothing more can come in life  
But what is serious and solicitous.

The following passage, from the scene in which he at once discloses his love to the gentle and noble Adriana, and cautions her against putting her happiness out to venture with one whose fate is so dark and troubled, is full of deep and refined thought, and of high poetical and moral beauty.

*Artevelde.* All my life long  
I have beheld with most respect the man  
Who knew himself and knew the ways before him,  
And from amongst them chose considerably,  
With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage;  
And, having chosen, with a steadfast mind  
Pursued his purposes. I trained myself  
To take my place in high or low estate  
As one of that small order of monkhood.  
Wherefore, though I indige no more the dream  
Of living as I hoped I might have lived,  
A life of temperate and thoughtful joy,  
Yet I repine not, nor from this time forth  
Will cast no look behind.

*Adriana.* Oh Artevelde!  
What can have made you so mysterious?  
What change hath come since morning. Oh! how soon  
The words and looks which seem'd all confidence  
To me at least—how soon are they recalled!  
But let them be—it matters not; I, too,  
Will cast no look behind—Oh, if I should,  
My heart would never hold its wretchedness.

*Art.* My gentle Adriana, you run wild  
In false conjectures; hear me to the end.  
If hitherto we have not said we lov'd,  
Yet hath the heart of each declar'd its love  
By all the tokens when in love delights.  
We heretofore have trusted in each other,  
Too wholly have we trusted to have need  
Of words or vows, pledges or protestations.  
Let not such trust be hastily dissolved.

*Art.* I trusted not. I hoped that I was loved,  
Hoped and despair'd, doubted and hoped again,  
Till this day, when I first breathed freelier,  
Daring to trust—and now—Oh God, my heart!  
It was not made to bear this agony—  
Tell me you love me, or you love me not.

*Art.* I love thee, dearest, with as large a love  
As e'er was compass'd in the breast of man.  
Hide then those tears, beloved, where thou wilt,  
And find a resting place for that so wild

And troubled heart of thine; sustain it here,  
And be its flood of passion wept away.  
*Adr.* What was it that you said then? If you love,  
Why have you thus tormented me?

*Art.* Be calm!  
And let me warn thee, ere thy choice be fixed,  
What fate thou mayest be wedded to with me.  
Thou hast beheld me living heretofore  
As one retired in staid tranquillity.  
The dweller in the mountains, on whose ear  
The accustomed cataract thunders unobserved;  
The seaman, who sleeps sound upon the deck,  
Nor hears the loud far-reaching of the blast,  
Nor heeds the weltering of the plangent wave;  
These have not liv'd more undisturbed than I.  
But build not upon this; the swollen stream  
May shake the cottage of the mountaineer,  
And drive him forth; the seaman, roused at length,  
Leaps from his slumber on the wave-washed deck;  
And now the time comes fast, when here in Ghent,  
He who would live exempt from injuries  
Of armed men, must be himself in arms.  
This time is near for all,—nearer for me.  
I will not wait upon necessity  
And leave myself no choice of vantage ground,  
But rather meet the times where best I may,  
And mould and fashion them as best I can.  
Reflect then that I soon may be embarked  
In all the hazards of these troublous times,  
And in your own free choice take or resign me.

And again, in a later scene—

*Art.* This I forewarn, and things have fallen out  
No worse than I forewarned thee that they might.  
What must be, must. My course hath been appointed;  
For I feel that within me which accords  
With what I have to do. The world is fair,  
And I have no perplexity or cloud  
Upon my vision. Everything is clear.  
And take this with thee for thy comfort too—  
That that man is not most in tribulation  
Who walks his own way, resolute of mind,  
With answerable skill to pick his steps.  
Men in their places are the men that stand,  
And I am strong and stable on my legs;  
For though full many a care from this time forth,  
Must harbour in my head, my heart is fresh,  
And there is but this trouble touches it,  
I know not what to do with thee.

*Adr.* With me,  
Say'st thou?—Oh never vex thy heart for that;  
Nor think of me as all unworthy  
As that some chubbey merry-making boy  
Were fittest for my mate. Nay, said I not—  
And if I said it not, I say it now—  
I'll follow thee through sunshine and through storm:  
I will be with thee in thy weal and woe,  
In thy afflictions, should they fall upon thee,  
In thy temptations when bad men beset thee.  
In all the perils which must now press round thee,  
And should they crush thee, in the hour of death,  
If thy ambition, late aroused, was that  
Which pushed thee on this perilous adventure,  
Then I will be ambitious too,—if not,  
And it was thy ill fortune drove thee to it,  
Then I will be unfortunate no less.  
I will resemble thee in that and all things  
Wherein a woman may: grave will I be  
And thoughtful, for already it is gone—  
The boon that nature gave me at my birth,  
My own original gift of heart.  
All will I part with to partake thy career,  
Let but thy love be with me to the last.

How affecting, how true, and how profoundly moral, are these solitary reflections of a man whom power, and the necessity of working with bad instruments,—of accomplishing the good which allured his noble mind, through the evil which must sully its brightness, have already changed: the backward look upon a life of purity and peace—the sad and shrinking, yet certain, anticipation of a future whose shadow has already fallen upon his soul!

*Art.* To be the chief of honourable men  
Is honour; and if dangerous, yet faith  
Still binds them faster as the danger grows.  
To be the head of villains,—what is that  
But to be mind to an unwholesome body—  
To give away a noble human soul  
In sad misanthropy to the brute,  
Whose carrion, else exanimable, but gains  
A moment's life from this, then so infects  
That all together die the death of beasts. (A pause.)  
These hands are spotless yet—  
Yea, white as when in infancy they stray'd  
Unconscious o'er my mother's face, or e used  
With that small grasp which mothers love to feel.  
No stain has come upon them since that time—  
They have done nothing violent—  
Of a calm will untroubled servants they,  
And went about their offices, if here  
I must not say in purity, in peace.  
But he they served,—he is not what he was.

It will have already been seen, that Mr. Taylor is not only gifted by nature with a most delicate ear (for it would be difficult to find blank verse of more varied and harmonious cadence), but that he has, whether in prose or verse, the mastery of his language; that he unites scholar-like precision in the use of words, to that feeling of their poetical effect which is not to be learned, though it may be cultivated. The following appears to us one of the most remarkable examples of simple, complete eloquence, we have seen for a long time: there is not a single ornament or figure—no fine words—no strained effects—yet how admirably it rises from the almost prosaic style of the earlier lines to the burst at the end; and in how artist-like a manner has the poet adapted even the pauses in his lines to the production of this effect—the proper effect of oratory!

Sirs, ye have heard these knights discourse to you  
Of your ill fortunes, telling on their fingers  
The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.  
True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs;  
And ill would it become us to make light  
Of the great loss we suffer by their fall.  
They died like heroes; for no roccant step  
Had e'er dishonoured them, no stain of fear,  
No base despair, no cowardly recoil.  
They had the hearts of freemen to the last,  
And the free blood that bounded in their veins  
Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.  
But had they guess'd, or could they but have dreamed  
The great examples which they died to show  
Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here,  
That men should say "For liberty these died,  
Wherefore let us be slaves,"—had they thought this,  
Oh, then, with what an agony of shame,  
Their bleeding faces burned in the dust,  
Had their great spirits parted hence for heaven!

We must indulge in one quotation more, and then, for the present, have done. Adriana is forcibly carried off by her unworthy lover, the Lord of Oeco, and placed in confinement:—the following is her expostulation with his squire:—

*Adriana.* Master Van Aeswyn!  
*Van Aeswyn.* Madam! It is thou

That thus abusest me! *Madam!* No.  
*Van Aeswyn.* I have done nothing: if a wrong there be,  
It lies with others; I have but obeyed  
Whom I am bound to serve.

*Adr.* Alas! thy guilt  
Is but more abject, being ministrant  
Unto another's, and thyself no less  
Accountable to heaven. His lust and greed  
Whom thou abettest, thou dost make thee own,  
And nothing get'st but wages of thy service  
To pay thy sin. What, is't not shame on shame!  
Thou putt'st thine immortal soul to sale  
For profit of another, thy reward  
Being the sorry guerdon of a squire,  
With blot and stain of such additional vice  
Of countenance and favour, bred of guilt,  
As he that uses thee may please to show thee;  
Favour, that coming from so palled a source,  
And for such soil of service, if well weighed,  
Less of reward than punishment should taste,  
And less of honourable show should wear,  
Than show of reprehension. Thou to stamp  
A gentle name with stigma of such deeds!  
Oh curse of bad men's hire!

*Van Aeswyn.* Nay, madam, nay;  
'Tis not for hire, neither for countenance:  
But I have taken service with this lord,  
And by the law of arms—

*Adr.* What law is that?  
'Tis not the law of God, nor yet above it.  
*Van Aeswyn.* An honest squire is bound by plighted  
faith,

And by the law of arms, to execute  
His lord's behests.

*Adr.* Though they be base and foul!  
Oh Sin! what thread or filament so fine  
Of carnal count, of compact void,  
Slips in betwixt "God save you" and "good morrow."  
That's not a want of authority  
To bind a man to thee! to thee, glib Sin!  
But Virtue! where is that intricate chain  
Which to thy anchored iniquities eterne  
The flitting soul shall grapple! Law of arms!  
Grant I were that law's superior it is not.  
Yet dost thou break it: for all wrongs to women  
Stand in its code denounced.

*Van Aeswyn.* By all that's just  
The deed misbids me from the first; three times



I prayed his lordship to bethink himself  
What quitance he should hazard, and what blame,  
In wounding of so rich and good a lady;  
But still he said the Earl should bring him through,  
Let come what might; insisting that by law  
You were in wardship, and His Grace might grant  
Your hand to whom was fittest.

Adm. Oh blind craft!  
Oh frail inventions of humanity!  
We shall no earthly prince nor potentate  
Toss like a morsel of his broken nest  
To any supplicant. He they avise  
I am in wardship to the King of kings;  
God and my heart alone dispose of me.

We had intended to give the description of the famine which reigned in Ghent during the siege. It is most pathetic, and even fearful, without any attempts at that appeal to our physical sensibility, which is the vice and shame of modern art, and proves nothing but coarseness of imagination, poverty of resource, and feebleness of execution, in the artist;—but we have been already led too far, and must break off.

*Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal*  
*In a Series of Letters written during a*  
*Residence in those Countries.* By William  
Beckford, Author of 'Vathek.' 2 vols. 8vo.  
[Child Notices.]

ALTHOUGH there has been of late an unusual bustle in the publishing world, and we have several works, foreign as well as English, which require attention, we feel that our readers would not willingly excuse us if we broke our promise of making further extracts from these delightful volumes. Where to begin, is about as difficult to determine as where to leave off. Even in the first volume, all Italy lies untouched before us. We find references in our memoranda to the description of St. Anthony's, at Padua—the rheumatic devotees at St. Justina—the two visits to the Euganean Hills, though not one to Petrarch's villa there!—the delicious evenings at Fiesco, with the singing of the Galuzzi—the Vintage at Reggio—the Gallery at Florence—the pilgrimage to Valombrosa—the first visit to St. Peter's—but here we must stop; we will give this one extract, and then farewell to Italy.

"I met the Holy Father in all his pomp returning from vespers. Trumpets flourishing, and a troop of guards drawn out upon Ponte St. Angelo. Casting a respectful glance upon the Moles Adriani, I moved on till the full sweep of St. Peter's colonnade opened upon me. The edifice appears to have been raised within the year, such is its freshness and preservation. I could hardly take my eyes from off the beautiful symmetry of its front, contrasted with the magnificent, though irregular courts of the Vatican towering over the colonnade, till the sun sinking behind the dome, I ran up the steps and entered the grand portal, which was on the very point of being closed.

"I knew not where I was, or to what scene transported. A sacred twilight concealing the extremities of the structure, I could not distinguish any particular ornament, but enjoyed the effect of the whole. No damp air or fetid exhalation offended me. The perfume of incense was not yet entirely dissipated. No human being stirred. I heard a door close with the sound of thunder, and thought I distinguished some faint whisperings, but an ignorant whence they came. Several lamps twinkled round the high altar, quite lost in the immensity of the pile. No other light disturbed my reveries but the dying glow still visible through the western windows. Imagine how I felt upon finding myself alone in this vast temple at so late an hour. Do you think I quitted it without some revelation?

"It was almost eight o'clock before I issued forth, and, pausing a few minutes under the porticos, listened to the rush of the fountains: then traversing half the town, I believe, in my way to the Villa Medici, under which I am lodged, fell into a profound repose, which my zeal and exercise may be allowed, I think, to have merited.

October 30th.  
"Immediately after breakfast I repaired again to St. Peter's, which even exceeded the height of my expectations. I could hardly quit it. I wish his Holiness would allow me to erect a little tabernacle within this glorious temple. I should desire no other prospect during the winter; no other sky than the vast arches glowing with golden ornaments, so lofty as to lose all glitter or gaudiness. But I cannot say I should be perfectly contented, unless I could obtain another tabernacle for you. Thus established, we would take our evening walks on the field of marble; for is not the pavement vast enough for the extravagance of the appellation? Sometimes, instead of climbing a mountain, we should ascend the cupola, and look down on our little encampment below. At night I should wish for a constellation of lamps dispersed about in clusters, and so contrived as to diffuse a mild and equal light. Music should not be wanting: at one time to breathe in the subterranean chapels, at another to echo through the dome.

"The doors should be closed, and not a mortal admitted. No priests, no cardinals: God forbid! We would have all the space to ourselves, and to beings of our own visionary persuasion."

And now to the second volume; and yet to get there we must pass unnoticed the visit to the Grande Chartreuse!

The account of Portugal is written in a different spirit—five years had passed since the author visited Italy, and not without their influences. There is everywhere the same vivid picturing, the same rich colouring, the same passion and power; but instead of scenes from inanimate nature, we have them from life—and taking our tone from the work itself, and desirous that our extracts should be a faithful representation of it in miniature, we shall first give a sketch of Lisbon:—

"Never did I behold such cursed ups-and-downs, such shelving descents and sudden rises, as occur at every step one takes in going about Lisbon. I thought myself fifty times on the point of being overturned into the Tagus, or tumbled into sandy ditches, among rotten shoes, dead cats, and negro holdnances, who retire into such dens and burrows for the purpose of telling fortunes and selling charms for the ague.

"The Inquisition too often lays hold of these wretched sables, and works them confoundedly. I saw one dragging into light as I passed by the ruins of a palace thrown down by the earthquake. Whether a familiar of the Inquisition was griping her in his clutches, or whether she was taking to account by some disappointed votary, I will not pretend to answer. Be that as it may, I was happy to be driven out of sight of this hideous object, whose contortions and howlings were truly horrible.

"The more one is acquainted with Lisbon, the less it answers the expectations raised by its magnificent appearance from the river. Could a traveller be suddenly transported without preparation or prejudice to many parts of this city, he would reasonably conclude himself traversing a succession of villages awkwardly tacked together, and overpowered by massive convents. The churches in general are in a woful taste of architecture, the taste of Borromini, with crinkled pediments, furbelowed cornices and turrets, somewhat in the style of old-fashioned French clock-cases, such as Boucher designed with many

a scrawl and flourish to adorn the apartments of Madame de Pompadour. . . .

"We walked part of the way home by the serene light of the full moon rising from behind the mountains on the opposite shore of the Tagus, at this extremity of the metropolis above nine miles broad. Lisbon, which appeared to me so uninteresting a few hours ago, assumed a very different aspect by these soft gleams. The flights of steps, terraces, chapels, and porticos of several convents and palaces on the brink of the river, shone forth like edifices of white marble, whilst the rough cliffs and miserable sheds rising above them were lost in dark shadows. The great square through which we passed was filled with idlers of all sorts and sexes, staring up at the illuminated windows of the palace in hopes of catching a glimpse of her Majesty, the Prince, the Infantas, the Confessor, or Maids of Honour, whisking about from one apartment to the other, and giving ample scope to amusing conjectures.

"Beggars innumerable, blind, dumb, and scabby, followed me almost into the water. No beggars equal those of Portugal for strength of lungs, luxuriance of aores, profusion of vermin, variety and arrangement of tatters, and dauntless perseverance."

The Church and the Theatre are important objects in a view of Lisbon:—

*The Theatre.*—"I went to the theatre in the Rua d'as Condes, in order to dissipate by a little profane air the fumes of so much holiness. The play afforded me more disgust than amusement; the theatre is low and narrow, and the actors, for there are no actresses, below criticism. Her Majesty's absolute commands having swept females off the stage, their parts are acted by calvish young fellows. Judge what a pleasing effect this metamorphosis must produce, especially in the dances, where one sees a stout shepherdess in virgin white, with a soft blue beard, and a prominent collar-bone, clenching a nosegay in a fist that would almost have knocked down Goliah, and a train of milkmaids attending her enormous foot-steps, tossing their petticoats over their heads at every step. Such sprawling, jerking, and ogling I never saw before, and hope never to see again."

*The Festival of the Corpo de Deus.*—"A most sonorous peal of bells, an alarming rattle of drums, and a piercing flourish of trumpets, roused me at daybreak. You are too piously disposed to be ignorant that this day [June 7] is the festival of the Corpo de Deus. I had half a mind to have stayed at home, turning over a curious collection of Portuguese chronicles the Prior of Avis has just sent to me; but I was told such wonders of the expected procession that I could not refuse giving myself a little trouble in order to witness them.

"Everybody was gone before I set out, and the streets of the suburb I inhabit, as well as those in the city through which I passed in my way to the patriarchal cathedral, were entirely deserted. A pestilence seemed to have swept the Great Square and the busy environs of the Exchange and India House; for even vagrants, scavengers, and beggars, in the last state of decrepitude, had all hobbled away to the scene of action. A few miserable curs sniffing at offals alone remained in the deserted streets, and I saw no human being at any of the windows, except half-a-dozen children blubbering at being kept at home.

"The murmur of the crowds, assembled round the patriarchate, reached us a long while before we got into the midst of them, for we advanced with difficulty between rows of soldiers drawn up in battle array. Upon turning a dark angle, overshadowed by the high buildings of the seminary adjoining the patriarchate, we discovered houses, shops, and palaces, all metamorphosed into tents, and hung from top to bottom with

ed damask, tapestry satin coverlids, and fringed counterpanes glittering with gold. I thought myself in the midst of the Mogul's encampment, so pompously described by Bernier.

"The front of the Great Church in particular was most magnificently curtained; it rises from a vast flight of steps, which were covered to-day with the yeomen of the Queen's guard in their rich party-coloured velvet dresses, and a multitude of priests bearing a gorgeous variety of painted and silken banners; flocks of swallow monks, white, brown, and black, kept pouring in continually, like turkeys driving to market.

"This part of the holy display lasted a tiresome while, I grew weary, and left the balcony, where we were placed most advantageously, and got into the church. High mass was performing with awful pomp, incense ascending in clouds, and the light of innumerable tapers blazing on the diamonds of the ostensory, just elevated by the patriarch with trembling devout hands to receive the mysterious wafer.

"Before the close of the ceremony, I regained my window, to have a full view of the coming forth of the Sacrament. All was expectation and silence in the people. The guards had ranged them on each side of the steps before the entrance of the church. At length a shower of aromatic herbs and flowers announced the approach of the patriarch, bearing the host under a regal canopy, surrounded by grantees, and preceded by a long train of mitred figures, their hands joined in prayer, their scarlet and purple vestments sweeping the ground, their attendants bearing croziers, crosses, and other insignia of pontifical grandeur.

"The procession slowly descending the flights of stairs to the sound of choirs and the distant thunder of artillery, lost itself in a winding street decorated with embroidered hangings, and left me with my senses in a whirl, and my eyes dazzled, as if awakened from a vision of celestial splendour. . . . My head swims at this moment, and my ears tingle with a confusion of sounds, bells, voices, and the echoes of cannon prolonged by mountains and wafted over waters."

Here is a family picture at the Marquis of Marialva's:—

"As soon as I returned from my walk, Home took me to dine with him, and afterwards to the Marialva Palace to pay the Grand Prior a visit. The court-yard, filled with shabby two-wheeled chaises, put me in mind of the entrance of a French post-house; a recollection not weakened by the sight of several ample heaps of manure, between which we made the best of our way up the great staircase, and had near tumbled over a swinging sow, and her numerous progeny, which escaped from under our legs with bitter squeakings.

"This hubbub announced our arrival, so out came the Grand Prior, his nephew, the old Abade, and a troop of domestics. All great Portuguese families are infested with herds of these, in general, ill-favoured dependents; and none more than the Marialvas, who dole out every day three hundred portions, at least, of rice and other eatables to as many greedy devourers.

"The Grand Prior had shed his pontifical garments, and did the honours of the house. . . .

"Whilst we were staring with all our eyes and holding our handkerchiefs to our noses, the Count of V—, Viceroy of Algarve, made his appearance, in grand pea-green and pink and silver gala, straddling and making wry faces as if some disagreeable accident had befallen him. He was, however, in a most gracious mood, and received our eulogiums upon his relation, the new bishop, with much complacency. Our conversation was limpingly carried on in a great variety of broken languages. Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, French, and English, had each their turn in rapid succession. The subject of all this

polyglottery was the glories and piety of John the Fifth, regret for the extinction of the Jesuits and the reverse for the death of Pomal, whose memory he holds in something not distantly removed from execration. This flow of eloquence was accompanied by the strangest, most buffoonical grimaces and slobberings I ever beheld, for the Viceroy having a perennial moistness of mouth, drivels at every syllable.

"One must not, however, decide too hastily upon outward appearances. This slobbering, canting personage, is a distinguished statesman and good officer, pre-eminent amongst the few who have seen service and given proofs of prowess and capacity.

"To escape the long-winded narrations which were pouring warm into my ear, I took refuge near a harpichord, where Policarpo, one of the first tenors in the Queen's chapel, was singing and accompanying himself. The curtains of the door of an adjoining dark apartment being half drawn, gave me a transient glimpse of Donna Henriqueta de L—, Don Pedro's sister, advancing one moment and retiring the next, eager to approach and examine its exotic beings, but not venturing to enter the saloon during her mother's absence. She appeared to me a most interesting girl, with eyes full of bewitching languor,—but of what do I talk. I only saw her pale and evanescent, as one fancies one sees objects in a dream. A group of lovely children (her sisters, I believe) sat at her feet upon the ground, resembling genii partially concealed by folds of drapery in some grand allegorical picture by Rubens or Paul Veronese.

"Night approaching, lights glimmered on the turrets, terraces, and every part of the strange huddle of buildings of which this morisen-looking palace is composed; half the family were engaged in reciting the litanies of saints, the other in freaks and frolics, perhaps of no very edifying nature; the monotonous staccato of the guitar, accompanied by the low soothing murmur of female voices singing modinhas, formed altogether a strange though not unpleasant combination of sounds.

"I was listening to them with avidity, when a glare of flambeaus, and the noise of a splashing and dashing of water, called us out upon the verandas, in time to witness a procession scarcely equalled since the days of Noah. I doubt whether his ark contained a more heterogeneous collection of animals than issued from a stable with fifty ears, which had just landed the old Marquis of M. and his son Don José, attended by a swarm of musicians, poets, bull-fighters, grooms, monks, dwarfs, and children of both sexes, fantastically dressed.

"The whole party, it seems, were returned from a pilgrimage to some saint's nest or other on the opposite shore of the Tagus. First jumped out a hump-backed dwarf, blowing a little squeaking trumpet three or four inches long; then a pair of led captains, apparently commanded by a strange, old, swaggering fellow in a showy uniform, who, I was told, had acted the part of a sort of brigadier-general in some sort of an Island. Had it been Barataria, Suncho would soon have sent him about his business, for, if we believe the scandalous chronicle of Lisbon, a more impudent buffoon, parasite, and pilferer seldom existed.

"Close at his heels stalked a savage-looking monk, as tall as Sampson, and two Capuchin friars, heavily laden, but with what sort of provision I am ignorant; next came a very slim and mallow-faced apothecary, in deep robes, completely answering in gait and costume the figure one fancies to one's self of Senhor Apuntador, in Gil Blas, followed by a half-crazed improvisatore, spouting verses at us as he passed under the balustrades against which we were leaning.

"He was hardly out of hearing before a con-

fused rabble of watermen and servants with bird-cages, lanterns, baskets of fruit, and chaplets of flowers, came gambolling along to the great delight of a bevy of children; who, to look more like the inhabitants of Heaven than even Nature designed, had light fluttering wings attached to their rose-coloured shoulders. Some of these little theatrical angels were extremely beautiful, and had their hair most coquettishly arranged in ringlets. . . .

"As soon as the contents, animal and vegetable, of the principle scalera, and three or four other barges in its train, had been deposited in their respective holes, corners, and rooming-places, I received an invitation from the old Marquis to partake of a collation in his apartment. Not less, I am certain, than fifty servants were in waiting, and exclusive of half-a-dozen wax-torches, which were borne in state before us, above a hundred tapers of different sizes were lighted up in the range of rooms, intermingled with silver braziers and cassolles diffusing a very pleasant perfume."

We have not room for other scenes in full, but must give a portrait of the Grand Inquisitor:—

"We went by appointment to the archbishop confessor's, and were immediately admitted into his *sanctum sanctorum*, a snug apartment communicating by a winding staircase with that of the queen, and hung with bright, lively tapestry. A lay-brother, fat, round, buffoonical, and to the full as coarse and vulgar as any carter or mule-teen in christendom, entertained us with some very amusing, though not the most decent, palace stories, till his patron came forth.

"Those who expect to see the Grand Inquisitor of Portugal, a doleful, meagre figure, with eyes of reproof and malediction, would be disappointed. A pleasanter or more honest countenance than that kind heaven has blessed him with, one has seldom the comfort of looking upon. He received me in the most open, cordial manner, and I have reason to think I am in mighty favour.

"We talked about archbishops in England being married. 'Pray,' said the prelate, 'are not your archbishops strange fellows? consecrated in ale-houses, and good bottle companions? I have been told that mud-cap Lord Tyrwle was an archbishop at home.' You may imagine how much I laughed at this inconceivable nonsense; and though I cannot say, speaking of his right reverence, that 'truth divine came mended from his tongue,' it may be allowed, that nonsense itself became more conspicuously nonsensical, flowing from so revered a source.

"I rose up to take leave of him.

"'No, no,' said he, 'don't think of quitting me yet awhile. Let us repair to the hall of Swans, where all the court are waiting for me, and pray tell me then what you think of our great fidalgos.'

"Taking me by the tip of the fingers he led me along through a number of shady rooms and dark passages to a private door, which opened from the queen's presence-chamber, into a vast saloon, crowded, I really believe, by half the dignitaries of the kingdom; here were bishops, heads of orders, secretaries of state, generals, lords of the bedchamber, and courtiers of all denominations, as fine and as conspicuous as embroidered uniforms, stars, crosses, and gold keys could make them.

"The astonishment of this group at our sudden apparition was truly laughable, and indeed, no wonder; we must have appeared on the point of beginning a minuet—the portly archbishop in his monastic, flowing white drapery, spreading himself out like a turkey in full pride, and myself bowing and advancing in a sort of *pat-gra-vo*, blinking all the while like an owl in sunshine,

thanks to my rapid transition from darkness to the most glaring daylight.

"Down went half the party upon their knees, some with petitions and some with memorials; those begging for places and promotions, and those for benedictions, of which my revered conductor was by no means prodigal. He seemed to treat all these eager demonstrations of fawning servility with the most contemptuous composure, and pushing through the crowd which divided respectfully to give us passage, beckoned the viscount Ponte de Lima, the marquis of Lavradio, the count d'Obidos, and two or three of the lords in waiting, into a mean little room, not above twenty by fourteen.

"After a deal of adulatory complimentation in a most subdued tone from the circle of courtiers, for which they had got nothing in return but rebuffs and grunting, the Archbishop drew his chair close to mine, and said with a very distinct and audible pronunciation, 'My dear Englishman, these are all a parcel of flattering scoundrels, do not believe one word they say to you. Though they glitter like gold, mud is not meaner—I know them well. Here,' continued he, holding up the flap of my coat, 'is a proof of English prudence, this little button to secure the pocket is a precious contrivance, especially in grand company, do not leave it off, do not adopt any of our fashions, or you will repent it.'"

"Giving his garments a hearty shake, he trudged off, bawling out to me over his shoulder, 'I shall be back in half-an-hour, and you must dine with me.'—'Dine with him!' exclaimed the company in chorus: 'such an honour never befell any one of us; how fortunate! how distinguished you are!'

"We knocked at the private door, which was immediately opened, and following the same passages through which I had been before conducted, emerged into an ante-chamber, looking into a very neat little kitchen, where the lay-brother, with his sleeves tucked up to his shoulders, was making hospitable preparation. A table with three covers was prepared in the tapestry-room, and upon a sofa, in the corner of it, sat the omnipotent prelate wrapped up in an old snuff-coloured great coat, sadly patched and tattered.

"'Come,' said he, clapping his hands after the oriental fashion, 'serve up and let us be merry—oh, these women, these women, above stairs, what a plague it is to settle their differences! Who knows better than you, Marquis, what enigmas they are to unravel? I dare say the Englishman's archbishops have not half such puzzles to get over as I have: well, let us see what we have got for you.'

"Entered the lay-brother with three roasting-pigs, on a huge tray of massive silver, and an enormous pillau, as admirable in quality as in size; and so it had need to have been, for in these two dishes consisted our whole dinner. I am told the fare at the Archbishop's table never varies, and roasting-pigs succeed roasting-pigs, and pillaus pillaus, throughout all the vicissitudes of the seasons, except on certain peculiar fast days of supreme merge.

"The simplicity of this part of our entertainment was made up by the profusion and splendour of our desert, which exceeded in variety of fruits and sweetmeats any one of which I had ever partaken. As to the wines, they were admirable, the tribute of every part of the Portuguese dominions offered up at this holy shrine. The Port Company, who are just soliciting the renewal of their charter, had contributed the choicest produce of their happiest vintages, and as I happened to commend its peculiar excellence, my hospitable entertainer, whose good-humour seemed to acquire every instant a livelier glow, insisted upon my accepting several pipes of it, which were punctually sent me the next morning. The Archbishop became quite

jovial, and supposing I was not more insensible to the joys of convivial potations than many of my countrymen, plied me as often and as waggishly as if I had been one of his imaginary archbishops, or Lord Tyrawley himself, returned from those cold precincts where no dinners are given or bottle circulated.

"The lay-brother was such a fountain of anecdote, the Archbishop in such glee, and Marialva in such jubilation at being admitted to this confidential party, that it is impossible to say how long it would have lasted, had not the hour of her Majesty's evening excursion approached, and the Archbishop been called to accompany her."

#### A miniature of the Duke d'Alfains:—

"I was walking in a long arched bower of citron-trees, when M—— appeared at the end of the avenue, accompanied by the duke d'Alfains. This is the identical personage well-known in every part of Europe by the appellation of Duke of Braganza. He has no right, however, to wear that illustrious title, which is merged in the crown. Were he called Duchess Dowager, of anything you please, I think nobody would dispute the propriety of his style, he being so like an old lady of the bed-chamber, so fiddle-faddle and so coquettish. He had put on rouge and patches, and though he has seen seventy winters, contrived to turn on his heel and glide about with juvenile agility."

Here we must conclude. Our extracts, with the exception of those relating to Venice, have been taken almost at random, so rich is the work in scenes of beauty and of life.

#### *Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad; with Tales and Miscellanies, now first collected, and a new edition of the Diary of an Ennuyée. By Mrs. Jameson. London: Saunders & Otley.*

THESE graceful and delightful volumes, a luxury, in the best sense of the word, to be appreciated by the refined, the intellectual, and the imaginative alone, have a two-fold claim to be noticed as among the signs of the literary age we are living in. They afford a vivid instance of the strength and reach of the female talent of the present day—they are full of woman's keenness of observation, of her enthusiastic warmth of feeling, of the rich elegance of her imagination; but they betray little or no deficiency of the strength upon the presumed exclusive possession of which, man has been so long used to crest himself; and, we regard them with peculiar interest as illustrative of the more generous and poetical style of criticism which is now extended to art, than was thought needful by our forefathers. Too much of that spirit is yet abroad upon the earth, by which the labours of the painter, sculptor, and musician, were regarded as toys to be played with awhile and then despatched and cast aside, rather than as gifts for the improvement of the nobler part of man: but a brighter day is beginning to dawn; and we rejoice to believe that the arts will soon be received among us, with the trust and the reverence which are due to them, as manifestations of divine truth under the poetical form of beauty.

There has been such an extraordinary issue of new and valuable works within the last fortnight, that we find it impossible this week to illustrate what we have said by extract—but we could not delay announcing the publication, and heartily recommending the work to the public.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Sketches of Natural History, by Mary Howitt.'—No one of our female writers understands better than Mary Howitt how to win the attention of children. This little volume is admirably suited to their taste, and therefore pleasant to all who have a healthy appetite; for what popular child's book is not delightful? But an extract or two will give a better idea of the work than a whole column of commendation: here then is

#### *The Monkey.*

Monkey, pretty little fellow!  
Thou art nature's punchinello!  
Full of fun as Puck could be;  
Hark!—quint might learn of thee!  
Look now at his odd grimaces!  
Saw you e'er such comic faces?  
Now like learned judge, nodate;  
Now with nonsense in his pate!  
Nature, in a sunny wood,  
Must have been in merry mood,  
And with laughter fit to burst,  
Monkey, when she made thee first.  
How you leaped and frisked about,  
When your life you first found out;  
How you threw, in roguish mirth,  
Cocoa nuts on mother earth;  
How you ate and made a din  
Louder than had ever been,  
Till the Parrots, all a-riot,  
Chattered too to keep you quiet;  
Little, merry Monkey, tell  
Was there kept no chronicle?  
And have you no legends old,  
Wherein this, and more is told?  
How the world's first children ran  
Laughing from the monkey-man,  
Little Abel and his brother,  
Laughing, shouting to their mother?  
And could you keep down your mirth,  
When the floods were on the earth;  
When from all your drowning kin,  
Good old Noah took you in?  
In the very Ark, no doubt,  
You went frolicking about;  
Never keeping in your mind,  
Drowned monkeys left behind!  
No, we cannot hear of this;  
Gone are all the witnesses;  
But I'm very sure that you  
Made both mirth and mischief too!  
Have ye no traditions,—none,  
Of the court of Solomon?  
No memorial how ye went  
With Prince Huron's armament?  
Were ye given, or were ye sold  
With the peacocks and the gold?  
Is it all forgotten quite,  
'Cause ye neither read nor write?  
Look now at him! slyly peep,  
He pretends he is asleep;  
Fast asleep upon his bed,  
With his arm beneath his head.  
Now that posture is not right,  
And he is not asleep quite—  
There! that's better than before,  
And the knave pretends to more!  
Ha! he is not half asleep!  
See, he slyly takes a peep!  
Monkey, though your eyes were shut  
You could see this little out.  
You shall have it, pigmy brother!  
What, another? and another?  
Nay, your cheeks are like a sack,—  
Sit down, and begin to crack.  
There, the little ancient man  
Cracks as fast as fast he can!  
Now good bye, you merry fellow,  
Nature's primest punchinello!

And, by way of variety, we shall give

#### *The Broom Flower.*

O the Broom, the yellow Broom,  
The ancient poet sung it,  
And dear it is on summer days  
To lie at rest among it.  
I know the realms where people say  
The flowers have not their fellow;  
I know where they shine out like suns,  
The crimson and the yellow.  
I know where ladies live enchained  
In luxury's silken fetters,  
And flowers as bright as glittering gems  
Are used for written letters.  
But ne'er was flower so fair as this,  
In modern days or olden;  
It groweth on its nodding stem  
Like to a garland golden.



And all about my mother's door  
Shine out its glittering lambs,  
And down the glen, where clear as light  
The mountain-water gushes.

Take all the rest,—but give me this,  
And the bird that nestles in it;  
I love it, for it loves the broom,  
The green and yellow linnet.

Well, call the rose the queen of flowers,  
And boast of that of Sharon,  
Of lilies like to marble cups,  
And the golden rod of Aaron.

I care not how these flowers may be  
Beloved of man and woman;  
The broom it is the flower for me  
That groweth on the common.  
Oh the broom, the yellow broom,  
The ancient poet sang it,  
And dear it is on summer days  
To lie at rest among it!

'*The Bard, a Selection of Poetry.*'—"Of the making of books there is no end," says the wise man—so say we of the cutting of them open, when we light upon a collection like the present, in which are printed Pope's *Messiah*, Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, and Collins's *Ode on the Passions*! We wish, however, that this book-maker could establish as good a title to other poems in this collection.

'*Mundell's Philosophy of Legislation.*'—A very able work, but unfortunately too much mixed up with questions, which now occupy the attention of the legislature, to be examined as it merits in a journal from which politics are excluded.

'*Symons on Polition and Agency.*'—These few pages will afford "relaxation to minds afflicted with metaphysics," as the author expresses it, but, from the pleasing form in which the speculations are detailed, they may aggravate the disease.

'*Brenton's Education, Impressment, and Mendicity.*'—Captain Brenton's pamphlet contains many useful hints; his plan for educating sailors to supply the Royal Navy, is particularly valuable.

'*Rhind's Catechism of Botany.*'—These Scotch Catechisms are superior to the London Alphabets, and this is not one of the worst of them. The author means well, and would have done well, if he had learned botany before he undertook to teach it.

'*Baxter's British Flowering Plants.*' No. 22.—'*Sowerby's small edition of English Botany.*' No. 42.—'*London's Encyclopædia of Gardening.*' Part 5.—These works are all proceeding steadily and well.

'*Drury's Thucydides.*'—This volume, containing the first book of Thucydides, is designed for the use of the students in Dublin University. It has been edited with very creditable care and skill—the notes have been selected from the best commentators, the chronology arranged according to Clinton and Dodwell, and the text is more correct than Bekker's. The editor has been under great obligations to Dr. Arnold, and he scarcely does him justice, by a general acknowledgment; it should have been distinctly stated, that most, if not all, of the marginal directions, have been taken from the Doctor's edition.

'*Cookesley's Plutus of Aristophanes.*'—The editor has given a good text and well-selected notes; we think that he has been a little too fastidious in his "expurgations," but the fault is on the right side. Of what earthly use is the mass of Scholia, appended to a play for the use of junior students? The Scholia ought in all such works, to be translated and incorporated with the notes.

'*Tiark's German Exercises.*'—The selection and arrangement is excellent.

'*Guy's Eton Latin Grammar.*'—The editor has added little to the old Eton Grammar, and that little is of very inferior quality.

'*Shutford's English Grammar.*'—There is a good classification of subjects in this little book, but the language might with advantage be simplified.

'*Méthode facile pour apprendre la Langue Anglaise aux Français.*'—There is no doubt that the method recommended by M. de Porquet is the best that can be adopted for learning any language, but there is no novelty in it, and the author injures himself and his book, by claiming the invention of a plan at least as old as the days of Cicero.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

First Performance, Tuesday, June 24.

THERE are few hours of greater enjoyment in life, than those immediately succeeding any great pleasure—before excitement has quite subsided, and exhaustion succeeded. To us there is nothing more delightful than *thinking over* music after we have heard it: the strain upon our attention is then relaxed—we have ceased to be nervous lest our pleasure should be interrupted by accident or failure,—and our memory busies herself in recalling all the captivating melodies, all the dramatic effects of sound, which we had hardly time fully to enjoy at the moment—kindly passing over those periods of weariness, those short-comings in execution, which must occur in the best of musical performances. But such hours of reverie, all fascinating as they are, are not those wherein a fair and dispassionate account of any exhibition of art can be given. We have, therefore, deferred writing our notice of the two first of the Abbey Oratorios to the last moment, that it may be as little coloured by individual feeling, and contain as much of sober judgment as possible.

The scheme of Tuesday morning's performances was as follows:

Part I.—Coronation Anthem. The Creation, Part 1.

Part II.—The Creation, Parts 2 and 3.

Part III.—Overture to Samson. A selection from the same Oratorio, with the Dead March in Saul introduced.

It will be remembered that the Coronation Anthem was the opening piece of music at the Commemoration, and Dr. Burney regrets that in place of it some composition was not given in which the entire strength of band and chorus might be heard at once. In this we do not sympathize with him. There is a gradual *crescendo* in the symphony to this anthem, which works us up to a much higher point of enthusiasm than we could be *started into* by any sudden burst of sound. We are reminded by it of the gathering of countless multitudes, of the swelling of mighty waters; and the first unanimous shout of the chorus, though it does not come unexpected, seems to give vent to the pent-up feeling within us, which a few moments more of protraction would have excited almost to pain. We have been always powerfully affected by this opening symphony—particularly since it has been associated in our minds with one of the Opium-eater's magnificent visions; and, to our thinking, it worthily began the performances of the day. It is remarkable, that Handel has used precisely the same musical phrase as gives it its progressive elevation, to express, in *The Messiah*, the more gentle gathering of the heavenly host when they appeared to "shepherds abiding in the field." Furthermore, we have only to say that it went perfectly, the band and chorus giving an effect of fullness of sound, without exaggeration, which we have never heard reached on any former occasion.

The Coronation Anthem was succeeded by The Creation, performed entire—if we mistake not, for the first time in London; at all events, for the first time under such favourable circumstances as the present. It is unjust to mutilate these sublime works (though it may be expedient

to shorten those, any part of which the improvement of our taste makes us find antiquated or tedious); and it is impossible to judge of them rightly, till we have heard them often, and performed on a grand scale. To us the charm of *The Creation* increases on every subsequent hearing. Its beautiful unity and completeness as a composition, the exquisite appropriateness and freshness of its descriptive music, and the tone of cheerful thanksgiving which pervades it, cannot be fully relished till they have become familiar to us; and we like it all the more for its standing as distinct from one of Handel's great works, as a landscape of Poussin's does from one of Michael Angelo's grand paintings. Haydn had heard and studied the works of his predecessor—but borrowed little from them; in fact, the two can hardly be compared as composers of sacred music; and thus it was, we think, that when *The Creation* was first performed in England, it was by the many ranked far below *The Messiah*. There is a passage to this effect in one of Miss Seward's letters. The many always find it difficult to comprehend how they might have more than one favourite at a time; it may be, too, that the music was imperfectly rendered by the orchestras of those days.

There is certainly nothing, in descriptive music, finer than its entire opening scene, beginning with *Chaos*, and ending with the chorus, 'A new created world;' and as far as the general effect went, we cannot wish anything better than its performance on Tuesday. The contrast between the brooding solemnity of the music to the words, 'And the spirit of God moved along the face of the waters,' and the astounding burst of, 'And there was light,'—and between the rage of the spirits of Hell and the unfolding beauty of a new world, were perfectly given by the chorus—we have heard them often before, but never so well done. We must, however, say, that the solos by Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Vaughan, we have heard far surpassed. The former, indeed, had a claim on our forbearance, as being the only vocalist amongst us, who had appeared at the Commemoration—and we include the latter in our charity. But why did Miss Stephens so unkindly remind us that Time spares nothing lovely, by choosing 'The marvellous work,' as her song, and, in the third act, 'Let the bright seraphim?' She has yet enough of voice left, to have touched us as she did of old, in music of a less ambitious order than these two bravuras; as it was, we could only remember what was gone—and it is not wise to awaken such remembrances on occasions like the present. We cannot pass the chorus to 'The marvellous work,' without praise. Mr. Phillips was as happy as usual in the bass air, 'Rolling in foaming billows;' if he would not *push* his voice in particular notes, from a mistaken idea of giving point to his singing, he would leave us very little to wish. Madame Caradori gave 'With verdure clad,' exquisitely, and had the good taste to sacrifice a cadence which, at the rehearsal, had struck us as too operative—so also did Mr. Braham in his recitative which followed. He was (putting physical power out of the question) singing his *best*, and we need not tell his admirers, how much genius and legitimate expression that word implies. What shall we say of the chorus that follows, 'The heavens are telling,' with its sublime and exciting conclusion? We can give it every possible praise—not, however, including the solos—Miss Clara Novello was unfortunate in her companions all that morning, and it is hardly doing justice to so young an artist to place her thus unfavourably.

Part II. opens with the celebrated bird song, it was given to one whose voice is nearer a bird's than any we know—Madame Stockhausen. Then we have that charming trio and chorus, 'Most beautiful appear,' in which Mrs. Bishop, Mr. F. Robinson, from Dublin, and Mr. Phillips, took part.

We were delighted with Mrs. Bishop: her powers seemed to rise with the occasion, and it was no small trial to her to have had given to her such a companion as the strange tenor singer. Her intonation was perfect, and her style energetic and elevated. The antiphony of voices and chorus in this scene is delightful, and the *crecendos* towards its close most exciting. Mr. E. Beguin was heard to great advantage in 'Now Heaven in fullest glory shone,' and its introductory recitative: he has a glorious voice, which, when fully mastered, will place him at the head of our bass singers. Mr. Sapio sang 'In native worth,' in too sentimental a fashion for our liking: perhaps the song is the weakest in the entire oratorio. The two choruses, 'Achieved is the glorious work,' did not shame their predecessors.

In the trio which intervened, we had another Mr. Robinson for bass, who would not, or could not, sing in time; and the consequence was, that it just went, and no more. These things should not be at a jubilee meeting.

Part 3 of The Creation, with its introductory symphony, wherein, if music has any language, the bright and dewy sunshine of day's earliest hours is so exquisitely portrayed, was opened by Mr. Hobbs in a manner which made us wish he had been given more of the tenor parts to sing. Then came that long scene of duetto with chorus, 'By thee with bliss,' and 'Of stars the fairest,' in which Mrs. Bishop again distinguished herself, and delighted us. Mr. E. Taylor took the bass part, and was nearly inaudible. But the most beautiful thing, perhaps, of the whole morning, was the effect of the suppressed chorus, 'For ever blessed be his power.' This is not to be described in words: for fulness and dignity, it stands alone among our musical recollections. After this scene follows the duet, 'Graceful consort,' in which we had the first opportunity—and it is always a pleasure—of hearing Mrs. W. Knyvett; and, lastly, the final chorus, 'Praise the Lord, ye voices all!' which concluded The Creation, as it had begun, excellently well. One thing, however, we must remark, that we have seen many alterations of the originally foolish words to this oratorio (which are a re-translation of a translation into German of part of 'Paradise Lost'), but none so gratuitously bad as the version here presented to us.

After this came the selection from Samson. The overture was imposing: when Handel's instrumental music is performed by such a large band as the present, it has a certain antique dignity, in admiring which we can, for the moment, forget the more complex works of modern composers. Mr. Brahms's 'Total Eclipse' was sung as no one else (we believe) could sing it: we felt the hopeless sorrow of blindness with every word he uttered. Miss Turner appeared creditably in two fragments of recitative. Mr. Phillips's 'Honour and arms' was given in his usual bold style, with an exuberance of the *forzando* which we have mentioned a while since, and Miss Stephens's song we pass without further comment, to come to the Dead March. No one who heard this on Tuesday will ever forget the mournful and full grandeur of the wind instruments, broken by the absolutely appalling notes of the drum, and the mellow burst of music—and, but with the sadness of hope—with which it concludes, when we may suppose the dust of the hero to have arrived at its last glorious resting-place:—no one could be otherwise than deeply moved by it, and the breathless silence of the audience during its performance was the best testimony to its impressiveness that could be given.

We need only enumerate the grand barbaric chorus, 'Awake the trumpet's lofty sound,' the other version of 'Let there be light' in 'O first created beam,' the double chorus of the Israelites and Priests of Dagon, 'Fixed in his everlasting seat,' and the final one, 'Let their cele-

tial concerts all unite,' to give their execution unqualified praise, and to express our opinion, that this feature of the performances was the grand attraction of the morning, and fully worthy of the importance of the occasion.

We cannot conclude our notice without expressing our wonder at what we have heard, namely, that with every facility of accommodation offered on the occasion, the rush of company should be so great as to cause the doors to be opened half an hour before the time appointed. When we say that the Abbey might have been quietly and impartially filled, had the company assembled at eleven instead of half past nine, it is enough; but there is a sort of traditional love of a squeeze about John Bull and his lady, which we fear it will take another fifty years to laugh or reason away.

#### Second Performance.

On Thursday was performed a selection of sacred music, consisting of Handel's Coronation Anthem, 'The king shall rejoice in thy strength,' the 'Gloria in excelsis,' from Beethoven's Mass in C, with English words, the 'Kyrie,' the 'Qui tollis,' and the concluding fugue of the 'Credo,' from Haydn's second Mass, the 'Credo' and 'Agnus Dei,' from Mozart's first Mass, with some other single songs. To avoid useless repetition we will once again express our entire satisfaction with the chorus and band throughout, and we listened to them with keen attention, for we remember the days when the performance of the grand chorus by Beethoven would have been a perilous undertaking: it went on Thursday with unhesitating firmness, and brought us a step nearer the time (which, we fully believe, will come), when the works of this wonderful writer will be as well known and as fully felt among us as those of Handel himself. The solos were sung by Miss Clara Novello, Miss H. Chase, Mr. Vaughan, and Mr. E. Taylor. It was impossible to avoid comparing this composition with Haydn's mass-music, which followed soon after, and his light gaudy 'Kyrie' could not produce any effect upon us, though brilliant in itself, and well performed by Madame Stockhausen, Miss Mason, Signora Rubini and Zuchelli. The 'Qui tollis,' which follows, is somewhat more grave and appropriate—it was beautifully sung by Zuchelli, and as beautifully accompanied by Lindley, but we prefer Beethoven's movement on the same subject, despoiled as it was here of its original words. Mozart occupied an intermediate station between the two writers—he has neither the fresh, lively cheerfulness, which is manifest in all Haydn's sacred music (always excepting the 'Passione'), nor the imaginative conceptions of Beethoven, but he is, as some one has emphatically called him, 'the heart's own composer,' and the 'Agnus Dei,' sung by Madame Stockhausen, has a tenderness—what if we say a *religance*—of character, which never fails to affect us. The quartet, 'Et incarnatus,' was oddly made up of this lady, Signor Rubini, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. J. B. Sale,—it was fair to neither party to bring together two pairs of singers of such unequal powers.

We have purposely passed by sundry single songs, that we might bring all this Catholic music under one view. Signor Rubini sang a charming air by Mozart, from 'Davide Penitente,' which was good as far as we could hear it; but his *pianissimos* are often to be taken on trust, and on this occasion, we are sure with the laudable intention of setting his style to the place wherein he was singing, he chose to be more than usually delicate. Miss Stephens delighted us once more with 'Angels ever bright and fair,'—it is still her own. Alas! that she sang that *ad plus ultra* of a recitative, 'Sing ye unto the Lord,' from Israel in Egypt—that piece of triumphant declamation, for which Malibran's unimpaired powers

were not too much, and in which that inspired creature must for the moment have, not fancied herself, but been actually 'Miriam the prophetess,' as she has left in those few words an impression upon our minds, which no one else will ever be able to efface or exceed. Mr. Phillips is fond of that dull song, 'The Snare of Death,' by the late Sir John Stevenson, but to us it is cold, and wants character. Miss Betts made her first appearance here in a song from Joshua, 'O who can tell,' with violin and violoncello accompaniments *obligati* in the old Corelli style, and did her utmost as far as her knowledge goes. But we could not avoid thinking while we heard her, and afterwards, when we listened to the charming voices of Miss Romer and Miss Wood-yatt, how little the natural musical gifts which our countrywomen possess, are allowed fair play. They are brought forward into the orchestra or upon the stage with beautiful voices a quarter cultivated, and it thus incomplete in the mechanism of their art, what hope is there that their perceptions of its *mind* can ever have been even so much as awakened? More of this at a future time.

Signora Giani sang a 'Quoniam,' by Haydn, as well as it could be sung—but to our ears it sounded a mere display of unmeaning brilliancy—and we regret that her song was not better chosen, as it was the only one we heard from her. Luther's Hymn was performed with great effect, Brahms as usual taking the solo.

And now we come to speak of 'Israel in Egypt,' the performance of which occupied the remainder of the morning, and to which, of all the music of this festival, we looked forward with the greatest eagerness—never having heard it performed *entire* before. It is, indeed, a work for immortality: setting aside the few songs which are faded and second-rate compared with others by its mighty author—and considering the series of choruses which it contains—our admiration of this oratorio rises to a height which words are insufficient to express, and we can only rightly appreciate its excellence by remembering that it is nearly a hundred years old—written when the resources of the art were scanty and defective compared with what they are now. But poetry of mind, and grandeur of conception are of no age or century, and they are here to be found in an unparalleled manifestation. The opening chorus is profoundly pathetic and melancholy; we hear the children of Israel mourning their bondage, but we see the Almighty arm stretched forth to maintain their cause, and its wondrous doings are told in the music with a grandeur and a triumph such as are only surpassed by the descriptions themselves in holy writ. What, for instance, can—will be ever imagined to surpass the Hailstone Chorus, the chorus of 'Thick Darkness,' which we can never hear without creeping awe—and those describing the passage of the Red Sea? What picture could bring before our eyes 'the waters overwhelming the Egyptians' more forcibly than that magnificent acclaim of many voices accompanied, as it were, by the thunder of ocean's cataraets? We see the very scene, we behold the host engulfed, and join with all our hearts in that triumphant strain which follows, 'The Lord is a man of war.' Last of all, and best of all, the concluding scene, 'The Lord shall reign for ever and ever!' with its recitatives, broken again and again by a repetition of that stately strain of thanksgiving, has a dramatic force and a sublimity which are alone in music. We are carried back, as we listen to them, to the old days, when the Highest led his chosen people by the cloud and the fire, and when they came, feel as if these scenes of the past were our realities, and the things and beings around us the shadows of a comfortless dream!

We have been beguiled out of our wonted sobriety by our remembrances of this Oratorio—and yet, after all, musical criticism should be

something beyond a bald noting of evidences and discords—a dry anatomy of chords and counter-point—and, to be affected as strongly as we have been, must require excellent performance, as well as a fine composition. We have already said that the strength of this work is choral; so that our report is sufficient, and we close it in happy anticipation of what yet remains for us to hear.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

If we were to judge from the rumours at present flying about, the long agitated question of our being a musical nation or not, must be decided. We have heard the most extravagant accounts of premiums given upon tickets for the remainder of the Abbey oratorios. There is already a report, that, in consequence of their great success, one or two extra performances may be given, and, as if this was not enough, some of our readers will be surprised to hear that another Festival is in contemplation, to be held in London before the close of the season.

We hear, on something like authority, that the various amateur musical societies of the metropolis are getting up a meeting upon as large a scale as the one in the Abbey. The performers, with the exception of a general conductor, and, we presume, solo singers, are to be amateurs. It is expected to take place in Exeter Hall, and the proceeds are to be given to a charity. The committee have called a general meeting which is to be held at the Crown and Anchor, on Monday evening, at half past seven, for the purpose of completing the general arrangements.

So be it; and we rejoice to see, that our amateurs are conscious of sufficient strength to enable them to challenge all the professional talent in London. But as a close comparison between the two meetings must be made, we warn them to do nothing rashly—and to produce nothing, of the perfection of which they are not more than certain. Let them remember that they can have but only half the confidence of those who have been for many years in the habit of appearing before the public, and that a double strictness of rehearsal will therefore be necessary to them. Many eyes will be upon them—many tongues loosed against them, and as we wish well to everything that concerns the prosperity and diffusion of music amongst us, we hope that they will deserve, and enjoy success.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

May 6.—The President, Thomas Telford, Esq., in the chair.—A section of the strata of the coal formation in the Forest of Dean, was presented by Mr. Francis Wishaw.

Mr. Sims gave an account of the mural circle, just completed for the Observatory of Edinburgh, and treated on the advancement of the art of graduating instruments generally. After describing the earlier methods pursued in dividing, Mr. Sims stated, that about the middle of the last century Mr. Hindley, a clockmaker of York, introduced several important improvements, and laid the foundation for that degree of perfection which has since that period been given to the dividing engine; he gave motion to the plate by a tangent screw, invented a frame for carrying a point, in place of using a knife against the fiducial edge of a ruler, and also introduced the elliptical cutting point. The *Duc de Chaulnes* was the first who made use of double microscope micrometers in operations of this nature. Ramsden's engine, for which he was rewarded by the Board of Longitude, appeared in the year 1775. He adopted Hindley's inventions of the endless screw, the cutting frame, and elliptical point; his machine, however, abounds in beautiful and ingenious contrivances.

Many engines of great excellence have since been constructed by various English artists, among whom Dollond, John Troughton, Stancliffe, and Edward Troughton, stand the most conspicuous. The celebrated Reichenbach also constructed a large and excellent engine, and introduced the great improvement of dividing the instruments on their own centres. Gambay, of Paris, followed Reichenbach, and adopted his improvements; he, however, introduced a novelty by employing a steam-engine to move every part of the apparatus. The mural circle for Edinburgh differs in no important respect from those erected at the Royal Observatory: the diameter is six feet, the length of the axis four feet, and the focal length of the telescope equal to the diameter of the circle: the divisions are cut upon a band of gold, inlaid at the circumference, and the degrees engraved upon a band of palladium slightly alloyed with silver to give it some degree of ductility; each space upon the circle is equal to five minutes angular measure: six microscopic micrometers, with every requisite adjustment, are attached to the face of the pier, one division of the micrometer scale being equal to a single second. Four clamps and tangent screws are so arranged round the instrument, that one of them is always at a convenient distance from the observer.

Models of a mural and transit circle were exhibited. Mr. Sims proceeded to describe in detail the method pursued in dividing this instrument, which is summarily as follows:—

1st, Generating 256 nearly equidistant points round the circumference of the circle.

2dly, By continual bisection of which that number admits to ascertain the quantity, in terms of a micrometer, by which every point is in error with respect to a point assumed as the zero.

3dly, From the table of errors so constructed, and a magnified scale of equal parts, to cut the final divisions.

May 13.—The President in the chair.—A paper, 'On Wheels,' was presented by James Walker, Esq., V.P., and a paper, 'On Steam-Bottoms,' by Mr. Grahame. A model of Harris's Road-scraper, with an explanatory paper, were laid before the meeting.

Some further particulars as to the dimensions of the new steam-vessel, now plying on the river Hudson, were communicated.

In giving some account of different contrivances for lock and flood-gates, made use of in Holland and the low countries, Mr. Cubitt remarked, that the operations of opening and shutting sluices, and other large gates, which are usually performed in this country by means of wheel and pinion-gearing, capstans, &c., the Dutch, who are extremely skillful hydraulic engineers, effect by various ingenious adaptations of paddles and culverts, employing the natural pressure of water to do the work of machinery.

Some account was also given of the great sea-lock and sluicing apparatus at Lowestoffe, constructed under the direction of Mr. Cubitt, which are likewise opened and closed by the pressure of the water. This apparatus has now been in active operation for three or four years, and is found completely to answer the purpose for which it was intended, viz. that of regulating a lock, but principally for suddenly discharging a large body of water, and scouring away the quantities of sand and shingle which are liable to accumulate opposite the harbour, and obstruct the navigation.

May 20.—The President in the chair.—The Secretary read a description of a bridge of one arch of 110 fathoms span, invented by John Isidore, in 1776, proposed to be erected across the Neva at St. Petersburg.

May 27.—The President in the chair.—A paper, 'On the proposed Holborn Viaduct,' together with a drawing, was received from Mr. Francis Wishaw.

Mr. Walker's paper, on the subject of the most advantageous form for wheels of different kinds of carriages, having been read, a member considered that there were some practical objections to the use of horizontal axles, which were not alluded to in Mr. Walker's paper—one, the difficulty of making the wheel perfectly secure from coming off the axle, as a greater strain is unavoidably thrown on the linchpin. The wheels of ordinary country waggons are usually much dished, and the axles slightly inclined downwards, by which arrangement the principal strain is thrown on the shoulder of the axle-tree, and a very ordinary description of linchpin will answer the purpose. As far as regards friction, and, consequently, as easy draught for the horse, the straight axle and cylindrical wheel have the preference; but, for safety, strength, and durability, he thought the inclined axle and dished wheel superior; besides which, there exists much practical difficulty in constructing carriages with horizontal axles and cylindrical wheels. It was remarked, that one reason for the conical wheel being so much adhered to in practice, was the greater liability of the tire getting loose on the cylindrical wheel by the constant rolling of a heavy weight frequently on a small extent of surface: the tire becomes slightly elongated, and, on a cylindrical wheel, gets loose, and may occasion accidents; the conical provides against this, by its greater elasticity, and the tendency it has to become more flat in the dishing, and in a slight degree to stretch out the periphery. It was stated that, at first, the cylindrical shape was adopted in Jones's patent iron wheels, but it was found that, with upright wheels, the width of track was required to be seven feet, and some of the streets do not admit of such a vehicle passing; also, in crowded thoroughfares, the nave is exposed and liable to come in contact with other carriages.—It was stated, that a wheel of a new construction had lately been attempted, and was likely to become an improvement; the rim and nave are of cast-iron, and the spokes of wrought-iron; a wooden band is put round the cast-iron rim, which again is surrounded and fastened on by a wrought-iron tire, secured in the ordinary manner.—It was mentioned that, in Austria, cylindrical wheels are invariably used for waggons and heavy carriages, but for light vehicles the dished wheel is generally preferred.—A member stated that, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, the common stone carts belonging to the Cragleith, and other quarries, are generally made with broad cylindrical wheels.

June 3.—The President in the chair.—Mr. Thomas E. Harrison, Civil Engineer, of Fulwell Grange, Sunderland, was elected a corresponding member.

The conversation on the subject of the best form for wheels of carriages was resumed. An ingenious method was adopted by Messrs. Jones to exhibit the friction occasioned by conical wheels: a carriage was run upon the edges of loose boards, placed side by side; it was shown that, while the board under the middle part of the wheel remained stationary, that at the outside was pushed forward, and the board on the inside backward; such, however, can only occur when the whole breadth of the wheel touches the ground, which is seldom the case, a wheel of nine inches having frequently a bearing of only three inches, in consequence of the middle tire being made of larger diameter.

Mr. Manby produced a specimen of wrought-iron, two inches diameter, used for chain-cable bolts, which had been drawn into a knot while cold, without having suffered any apparent injury. This iron is not merely made from refined metal, bloomed down, but is shingled under the hammer, or rather under squeezers, made in a form similar to shears, which are thought to be equal to the hammers. Mr. Manby stated that, at this



foundry (Hartford & Co., Ebbu Vale), they make 400 tons of iron per week, and that the croppings of such a quantity of bars yields sufficient to make the bolts above alluded to. At Ebbu Vale they use cold-blast furnaces, and charred coal; the hot-blast had been tried, but time had been lost in puddling from it. Mr. Manby, however, stated, that he believed the hot-blast had not been sufficiently attended to. It was mentioned that, at this foundry, they use what are called *dandy furnaces*, and puddle on patent iron bottoms. Hartford's patent had been granted for using charcoal or other powder to cover the iron bottom, and so prevent the metal from adhering. Referring to the specimen on the table, Mr. Manby stated, that the ends of the bar had been merely turned over when hot, forming a hoop, and the ends passed through, so as to enable them to affix bolts; the bar was then allowed to cool, and subsequently drawn into its present form of a knot, by means of a hydraulic press; fifty-two tons pressure was requisite for the purpose, half-an-hour was occupied in the operation, during which time no sensible increase of temperature was observed in the metal.

A paper from Mr. Bidder, 'On the Cast-Iron Wharf lately erected at the East India Docks,' was read.

June 10.—The President in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected corresponding members: Mr. W. A. Brooks, Stockton-on-Tees, Mr. James Stirling, Dundee, Mr. George Haden, Trowbridge.

A special general meeting was held this evening, for the purpose of taking into consideration the office and duties of Secretary: on this evening also the session of the Institution terminated.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. Royal College of Physicians .... Nine, P.M.  
TH. Zoological Society ..... Three, P.M.  
SAT. Royal Asiatic Society ..... Two, P.M.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Sir Gilbert Blane.*—This veteran practitioner expired yesterday, in the 85th year of his age. His career has been rather professional than literary, yet as much of the latter as to entitle him to a slight notice from us. He commenced life as a naval surgeon, and was present at the engagement between the English and French fleets in the West Indies, on the 12th of April 1782, of which he wrote an account—we believe his first published work. He rose gradually in his profession, until he attained the rank of physician to the fleet, and was honoured with the acquaintance and friendship of his present Majesty. In 1788 we find him selected to deliver the Croonian Lecture, on muscular motion, before the Royal Society, which lecture was published in 1790. We also find in their Transactions, Vol. 80, an account by him of the *Nardus Indica*, or spikenard, in which paper he attempted to collect what was known by the ancients respecting this odoriferous herb. His ideas respecting medical education, and certain topics connected with it, he gave to the world in 1819, under the title of 'Medical Logick,' and the work has run through more than one edition.

In 1822 he published 'Select Dissertations on several subjects of Medical Science,' most of which, we believe, had before appeared as separate papers in some of the medical periodicals. For some time he had retired from public life, when we find him once more coming forward in 1831, and addressing his 'Warning to the British Public against the alarming approach of the Indian Cholera.'

These, with some pamphlets on subjects of ephemeral interest, and contributions to Medical periodicals, constitute, we believe, the whole of his literary labours.

[*The Boht Mehals.*—From a paper in the *Asiatic Researches*, by G. W. Traill.]—"The Boht Mehals, forming in extent one-third of the Kemaon province, are bounded at the north by the table-land of Tibet, on the south they extend to the base of the Himalaya range, and are irregularly defined, piercing through the barrier of the snowy range at the passes of the five principal rivers, Mana and Niti, on the feeders of the Ganges; Juwar, Darma, and Bhanse, on those of the Sarda or Gogra. These limited valleys, or gorges, are the only productive and inhabitable parts of Boht, the rest consisting of snow and barren rock. They are elevated 6000 feet above the sea, while the peaks around them tower to 20 and 25,000 feet. The Bhotias insist that the zone of snow is continually extending, and cutting off passes from one valley to another, which were formerly passable at least for a few days in the year. The only accessible roads now follow the direction of the streams, and owing to avalanches (*hain gni*) and slips (*paiva*) require constant toil for their preservation. The Niti is the most practicable pass, but at many points ponies and cattle are forced to be raised or lowered by means of slings passed round their bodies! There are but 59 villages and 1325 houses, and about 10,000 inhabitants in this mountainous district, of whom nine-tenths are Bhotias or Tibetans. For half the year the ground is covered with snow, and an interval of four months without a fall of snow forms an uncommonly favourable summer!

*The Golden Age in France.*—The *Journal des Artistes* gives the following curious Tariff of the value put upon injuries to the person, by the Tribunal of Correctional Police, in the time of Louis the Tenth. The ordonnance was granted at Vincennes in the year 1314.—For a blow with the hand, 12 deniers.—For a blow with a stone, 5 sous.—For taking a person by the throat with one hand, 5 sous, with two hands, 14 sous.—For spitting in a person's face, 5 sous.—For a blow on the nose, without blood, 5 sous if there be blood, 10 sous.—For a kick, 10 sous.—For a sword-thrust, without blood, 10 sous, and if there be blood, 20 sous.—For a wound with blood above the teeth, 36 sous, below them, 52 sous.—For a broken arm or leg, 7 francs 4 sous.—And for each broken tooth, 7 francs 4 sous.—We hear a great deal of the good old times: was this cheap estimation of the value of life and limb one of the advantages of them?

*Trigonometrical Survey of India.*—[Extract of a letter from Lieut. Macdonald, dated Camp near Chandere.]—"The inhabitants of this country view our operations with suspicion and dread: they cannot comprehend the object of burning lights upon the summits of distant hills, and they can only attribute it to some black art, or *jadu*, by which we wish to take possession of their country."

*Speaking for Posterity.*—During the delivery of one of those tedious and interminable speeches which are sometimes inflicted upon the House of Representatives in America, as well as on our own House of Commons, a member who had occupied the floor for several hours, was called to order, on the ground that his remarks were not pertinent to the question before the house. "I know it," said he, "I am not speaking for the benefit of the house, but for posterity."—"Speak a little longer," said John Randolph, in an undertone, "and you will have your audience before you."

*Mode of making Gold Leaf.*—In the preparation of gold leaf, the metal is first reduced into long thin strips or ribands by means of steel rollers: it is then cut into little pieces, which are beaten on an anvil, and afterwards annealed. • • • Two ounces and two pennyweights of gold are delivered by the master to the workman, who if very skilful, returns 2000 leaves, or eighty books of gold, together with one ounce and six penny-

weights of waste cuttings. Hence the contents of one book weigh 4·8 grains; and as the leaves measure 3·3 inches, the thickness of a leaf is 1-282000th part of an inch.—*Lardner's Cyclopaedia.*

*Christianity in China.*—Public attention has been a good deal excited by an order of the Portuguese Governor of Macao, expelling from that settlement the agents of the Foreign Roman Catholic missions which have for ages been established there, as a medium of communication with the missionaries in the interior. The agent for the celebrated Propaganda Society, a native of Italy, and three French missionaries, have taken refuge in Canton.—*Canton Register.*

*Painting on Glass.*—A Brussels paper mentions the discovery of a manuscript bearing the date of 1527, which explains the ancient method of extracting colours from metals, minerals, herbs and flowers, for the purpose of painting on glass. It also shows the manner in which these colours are to be applied, and describes the way in which the glass destined to receive the colours is to be prepared. The discovery of this process is of some interest, for after all the modern discoveries in chemistry, there are colours to be found in ancient stained glass, which we cannot approach.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W. A. M. P. M. N. M. A.	Max. Min.	Mean.		
Thur. 19	70 58	29.55	S.W.	Cloudy.
Frid. 20	82 58	Stat.	S.W. to E.	Clear.
Sat. 21	82 58	29.75	S.W.	Clear.
Sun. 22	81 50	Stat.	W. to S.W.	Cloudy.
Mon. 23	79 48	30.01	S.W. to E.	Clear.
Tues. 24	72 38	30.15	S.W.	Cloudy.
Wed. 25	75 58	Stat.	S.W.	Ditto.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Cumulostratus.

Rain on Saturday night and morning, also fair throughout the week.

Mean temperature of the week, 68.5°. Greatest variation, 41°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.85.

Day increased on Wednesday, 0°.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Mr. Campbell has concluded his *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, and the work will forthwith appear.

Dr. Southey's *Life of Cowper*, uniform with *Byron and Scott*, in monthly volumes.

The Bible Atlas, by Samuel Arrowsmith.

The *Acts of Aristophanes*, with English Notes, by H. P. Cookeley.

*Just published.*—Lord Beresford's *Refutation of Col. Napier's Justification of his Third Volume*, &c.—Philip on Sleep and Death, &c. &c.—Kocher's *Dental Surgery*, &c. &c.—Kocher on Diseases of the Jaws, &c. &c.—Smith's *View of the Last Judgment*, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Baines's *Map of the Lakes*, with an Itinerary, 3s. 6d., in a case.—Raspail's *Organic Chemistry*, from the French, by W. Henderson, 8vo. plates, 18s.—Blunt and Stephens's *Civil Engineer*, folio, 14s.—Thomas's *Anatomy of the Bones*, 12mo. &c.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, Vol. 50. *Nasutoudi's History of the Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. 1. 6s.—*Chitty's Medical Jurisprudence*, Vol. 1. royal 8vo. 21s.—*Elements of Drawing*, by J. R. Barlett, 1s. 6d.—*Volpi's History of England*, Vol. 6, 5s.—*East Indians at Seelwood*, 2s. 6d.—*Henri*, in French, 18mo. 2s.—*Sketches of Natural History*, by Mary Howitt, 16mo. 5s.—*Tridway's Statistics of the United States*, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—*Innes's Rhetorical Class-Book*, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*40abinet Illustrations of the Bible*, imp. 8vo. 10s.—*Calendar of Nature*, Designs by Catermole, em. 8vo. 4s. 6d.—*Ten Discourses on the Life and Character of Moses*, by M. Anderson, M.A. 12mo. 6s.—*The Pocket Medical Guide*, &c., by a Physician, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—*Hansard's Debates*, Vol. 22, Second of Session of 1831, 14s. 10s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G\*\*\*.—T. O. L.—A. J.—M. G.—M.: received.

The account which appeared in this paper relating to the Ecclesiastical College proposed to be erected by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, appears to have created no little stir in Trinity College; and we have received a reply from those who are of opinion that their feelings and motives, in opposing it, have been misrepresented, which it is urgently pressed on us to publish this week. With the kindest feelings towards our learned brothers, we must observe, that we cannot, at this season of the year, and at a moment's notice, find room for seven enormous folio pages; although, in the abundance of our good will, we will do our best next week, and try how far it is possible, with a few curtailments, to oblige them.







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# THE ATHENÆUM

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

## REVIEWS

*Dacre: a Novel.* Edited by the Countess of Morley. London: Longman & Co.

If we were possessed of despotic power, (and who is there that has not wished for it at one moment or other of his existence?) we should be much tempted to exercise it over the contrivers of fiction: we would give them royal encouragement, being fonder of a tale than the Sultan Schairar himself, but it should be extended to them in order, and with due regard for time and season. For instance, we would limit the publication of all goblin legends, and such thrilling matters, to mid-winter. For our reading in spring—that season so fruitful in sweet and bitter thoughts—when, above all other times, the mind is apt to

Turn from all she brought, to all she could not bring, we would have the lightest and airiest stories of the world we live in—anything to beguile us out of our bad habits of day-dreaming. Romances should be restricted to coming forth in autumn: we shall never forget first reading *Ivanhoe* in a wood, with the faded leaves lying round about us, and the brisk, invigorating wind careering along above our heads, bearing with it many a bright cloud. The mind is then up and awake to relish histories of adventure—of onslaughts and rescues; and the more stirringly these are told, the more eagerly we give ourselves up to the illusion. Faery tales should be the summer's peculiar property: what is so delicious as to dream over some legend of enchantment, in which only the imagination believes, when the temperature is such, that suspense over a story worries us into a fever, and the death of hero or heroine costs us a night's rest? We would have nothing for the dog days but seas of amber and ships of pearl—no persons to care about, more material than elves or genii—and these should be of the gamesome and beneficent order of spirits.

We see not, indeed, why your novelist is to be one of the few free creatures on this earth of ours—why Lafontaines are to be allowed to harass their wives' nerves, by making some dear gentle maiden unhappy in her love, or some generous youth pursued by a malicious destiny—why Richardsons are to arrogate to themselves the privilege of keeping worthy ladies on the tenter hooks of impatience for months together, by being undecided as to their *Clarissas*. Over such capricious people we would exercise a little wholesome authority, and at present we should be tempted to call the Countess of Morley into court, and demand of her why, when we are worn out with the excitement of the season and the heat of the weather, she should choose unadvisedly to *edit* a book which, once having begun, we could not lay down again, and which made us so restless towards the beginning of the third volume, that we could endure it no longer, but stole a peep at the

last pages, and then went on in the comfortable assurance that all came right at last. What penance we should adjudge to the courtly authoress, would be a matter for future consideration.

It is clear then that '*Dacre*' has interested us, though belonging to the vituperated class of fashionable novels; but the absence of any very striking plot is counterbalanced by an equal absence of all affectation, and the want of any decided originality of character is forgotten in the delicacy of the delineation of those which do appear. The authoress works by minute touches, and produces effects fine in proportion: we have a manoeuvring mother, and two eager and ignorant daughters, quite willing to be manoeuvred; but Mrs. Ashby has a distinct nature of her own, and the young ladies are not exactly like those whose discomfiture we have been so often doomed to witness in other novels. The hero, too, drawn by a feminine hand, and merely a gentleman of a sensitive mind, is, though familiar to us, not hackneyed—he has ways and fancies of his own. Mr. Wakefield, too, is peculiar in his imbecility, and Mrs. Shepherd in her art; nor is Lady Anne Preston's coquetry the old thing over again—in short, the story is one of modern life; but we recognize it as a picture taken in by an observant eye, and transferred to paper by a faithful, but not merely mechanical pencil. It is more a book to be read through, than to find brilliant passages in, and as such we recommend it to every one who is not too *blasé* or too staid to enjoy "the last new novel."

Of the plot we shall not say one word: ten would tell it, and yet we were kept in the dark as to its unravelling till the last moment. As regards its execution, we must make the book speak for itself, though no single passages from any novel of sustained interest can do such a work justice. We were tempted by Mrs. Ashby's letter; but perhaps a sketch of a show school will stand better by itself:—

"The school and its appurtenances were prettily situated at the extremity of a wood. Two beautiful little Alderney cows were grazing in front of the ha-ha that surrounded the buildings; and two little girls, dressed in the costume of Lady Whitby's own invention, stood on either side of the gate by which the company entered the enclosure. Though the cottage was a very successful imitation of the German Swiss, and the outhouses as closely resembled the chalet of the Alps, the necessity of introducing the family arms and crest, as often as possible, was not forgotten. The arms, surmounted by the coronet, supported the corners of the large pent roof; and on the wicket of the gate—on the locks of each door—on the handles of the drawers, and the knobs of the shutters—on the centre of the table, the backs of the chairs, and the covers of the books—sat the owl on a coronet, the picture of dignified wisdom, and the family crest of their noble possessor. The Swiss custom of writing on the outside of their habitations was not omitted; and in lieu of the moral precepts, and other sentences, with which they adorn the exterior, was here displayed in old

English letters, the interesting intelligence that 'This cottage, erected by Henry Goy, seventh Earl of Whitby, at the benevolent suggestion of his wife, Charlotte Matilda Louisa, was presented by him to her, on the seventeenth anniversary of the day of their marriage.'

"'I am so glad you had an inscription,' remarked Lady Henry, without reading it, 'it looks so natural on that style of cottage.'

"'And it is such a very nice one—so like dear Lord Whitby,' observed Miss Cecilia.

"'It is very simple,' said Lady Whitby, turning complacently towards the group, who were reading, with some difficulty, the old English character. 'Lord Whitby writes poetry remarkably well, and had rather wished to have it in verse, but I begged it might be quite plain and easy; it is so much better that the poor people should be able to understand it.'

"'Well, Mrs. Taylor, and how are you all getting on?' continued Lady Whitby, addressing the school-mistress: and immediately the door was thrown open, and exhibited four-and-twenty little girls, dressed in their best, ranged round the three sides of the school-room. Four-and-twenty little courtesies were instantly dropped in honour of Lady Whitby, and four-and-twenty more for the company. \* \* \*

"The four best scholars were then called up 'to show,' as Mrs. Taylor said, 'what the others could do;' and the writing was thought much improved; and their needle-work very good, and the sums had been proved, and were all quite right. Then followed some miscellaneous questions, out of the book Miss Pearson had written herself for the use of the school; and though one girl thought the twelve apostles were the twelve tribes of Israel, and another 'and the seven wise men were the ten plagues of Egypt, and a third that the moon was only the sun in the dark; yet considering neither teacher or pupils understood much of the contents of Miss Pearson's little work; and, that to save trouble, the answers were generally repeated without the questions being asked, it was natural there should be some confusion in fitting them right, and a great wonder that the task should have been got through without more mistakes."

A London sketch, too, is well done:—

"Nothing is easier than for a man of fashion in London to remain *inco*, by the mere study of the sights and sounds of different hours. First comes the loud shrill call of '*Sweep*;'—and badly indeed must the idle man in London sleep, who hears that call. But when the loud sonorous cries of fish and vegetables resound with unbroken noise through the street—when at each door may be seen a dirty maid in paper curls, sweeping from the hall, or twirling a mop, or washing the steps—when the emissaries of the dealers in fish and fowl, the butcher, the baker, the grocer, the cheesemonger, and the milkman, maintain their undisturbed possession of the pavement as they whistle loudly along,—when, in short, London reveals in the streets, the arcana of domestic economy, and seems turned, for the time, into the huge offices of its own vast self,—then, perhaps, may a man like Francis Dacre, engaged neither in the business or dissipation of the Metropolis, be expected to be almost ready for breakfast.

"Breakfast over—the newspaper half read, and lo! another change of scene and sound from without. The little milliner trips quickly

along with her oil-skin covered basket—troops of children with fat nurses, and young nursery maids, flock along the pavement—the hand-organs grind the popular airs of the last season, whilst the clarinet and bag-pipes screech and whine out those of the preceding century. The rumble and jingle of carts becomes frequent, whilst the rapid approach and departure of the quick driven chariot bespeaks the physician or the man of business on the move.

"This, then, is the moment for the *incognito* to rally forth—now may he walk through the squares, and places, and streets, and parks, secure of meeting none of those to whom London owes its West-end reputation for wealth, luxury, beauty, elegance, and idleness. But let him not tarry till too near the hour of luncheon—for then will be seen in motion, figures of well dressed men, with an air 'as if it was somebody one knows,'—and then, perhaps, a cab, drawn by a gigantic horse, of violent action, making scarcely any way, with the child just fresh from an infant school standing behind—two examples in life of the *parvum in multo* and the *multum in parvo*—and the roll of carriages is more constant—and Mr. Maitland is sure to be abroad—for he never lunches at home.

"Our recluse has escaped from the danger of seeing his numerous friends and acquaintance—and now in vain he tries to read—in vain he tries to think.—All London is in motion; and the din and tumult of the Metropolis echoes through his head; and the sounds of carts and omnibuses, coaches, cabs, carriages, horses, and men, are all blended together in one overpowering noise—whilst the bands of musicians—the trumpet of punch—the applause of the Fantoccini—the barking of coach-dogs—the musical monkeys—the hurdy-gurdies of white mice—the nasal twang of a French woman's voice—and the guttural grunt of the 'Buy a broom' girls, lend their never-failing aid to disturb the man who would be quiet.

"But patience! All will again be hushed.—The post bell has driven you half mad for half an hour; but then, either in spring, or in summer, the worst of the bustle is over—troops of gay parties on horseback have turned homewards—ladies without number are to be seen dismounting at their doors. Exhibitions are all closed—and their human advertisers are seen marching in single file from their posts with the advertisements on their backs again. The noise of wheels subsides, and is heard only at intervals. Every body is now busied in preparation for dinner, or enjoying the fruits of the morning's activity, and all is more quiet than since the hour when poor little 'Sweep' first gave note in the morning that occupation was resumed; till the rumble of the diners-out gives once more an occasional disturbance to the long-wished-for stillness."

The following defence of the habits of modern life, if not altogether sound, is gracefully made out, and with subtlety:—

"Scenes and manners so frivolous and cold may, to some, appear at variance with the existence of such feelings; and there is always a disposition to invest the events of past ages with a character of romance, to which they were no better entitled than the present. It is true that there is nothing in the events of other days to detract from their picturesqueness. They are free from all the details which clog and disfigure those of our own. They may stand out in bold relief. Their effect upon our imagination is unimpeded by the homely realities which confuse and embarrass those we can witness in action. But though the age of chivalry is past, the age of nature and of feeling remains. Love at a *déjeuner*, jealousy at Vauxhall, and despair in a well-furnished boudoir, may be less soul-stirring—less high-sounding—less heart-rending, than the vows of crested knights—the gal-

lantry of a tournament—the breaking of lances for damsels long pledged—the conflicts of rivals in presence of thousands—the cell of the recluse, and the walls of a convent. But ere we give preference to these more ancient demonstrations of passion, let us pause for a moment, and ask whether it is to the cause or to the effect of their emotion, that we yield our ready sympathy—whether we do not estimate by a false standard the feelings and actions of our forefathers—and whether, by thus losing the proportion they truly bore to each other, we do not give more than justice awards to the past, and less than she can claim to the present. We measure the value of their deeds and sacrifices by the habits of civilization, forgetting that the sensibility which enhances their worth is the growth of a greater refinement than could have co-existed with such manners and institutions; and forgetting that, little as the luxury of the day may seem congenial with the joys and sorrows of romance, yet in being placed above the reach of physical suffering, we are spared an interruption, rather than an aggravation, of the purer emotions of the mind. There can be no doubt but that mental cultivation, refinement of taste, and the exercise of our softer and kindlier feelings, increase the sensitiveness of our disposition, and call forth those sympathies which bind us most closely to our fellow-creatures; and, ere we waste our regrets on the imaginary loss of such sentiments, we must remember the improbability of their decay under circumstances so favourable to their culture and strength."

With this we must close our notice of a book which has given us much pleasure.

*Travels into Bokhara; being the Account of a Journey from India to Cabool, Tartary, and Persia; also, Narrative of a Voyage on the Indus, from the Sea to Lahore.*  
By Lieut. A. Burnes, F.R.S.

[Second Notice.]

We broke off last week at the arrival of Lieut. Burnes in Bokhara, and have now to fulfil our promise of adding some particulars respecting that city, to the account published in our 340th number.

"Circumstances of a peculiar nature made me acquainted with an Uzbek family of high respectability in Bokhara, and I visited it on a Friday. This family had originally come from the 'Dush-i-Kipchak,' and been settled in the country for 180 years; a member of their body had been twice deputed as an ambassador to Constantinople, for which they enjoyed the high title of Bee. They now traded to Russia, and had been considerable losers by the conflagration of Moscow, which had not, with all its horrors, I believe, been supposed to have carried distress into the centre of Tartary. I was received by these people à la Uzbek, and forced to swallow various cups of tea in the middle of a hot day. The Uzbeks have a most unsocial custom at a party, for the landlord becomes a servant, and hands up every dish in person; nor will he himself touch anything till every member of the party has finished. They are a kind people, and if bigotry is their predominant failing, it is the fault of education; I never observed them show it by an attack on the feelings of others. One may, however, discover it in every act of life, and the whole tenor of their conversation. We happened to speak of the discoveries of the Russians, who have recently hit upon some veins of gold between their country and Bokhara. One of the party remarked, that the ways of God were unsearchable, which had concealed these treasures from the true believers, and now revealed them, near the very surface of the earth, to the kaffirs,

or infidels. I smiled, but it was not said in a way that could possibly give offence, and is the manner of speaking about Europeans among themselves. When I left the party to return home, I was much struck with the solemnity with which Friday is observed in the streets: it is as rigidly kept as a Sunday in Europe, and, perhaps, more so, for the virtuous Diocesan of London found of late much to reprehend in his flock of the metropolis. Not a single shop is permitted to be open till after prayers at one o'clock, and all the inhabitants are to be seen crowding to the mosque, arrayed in their best attire. There is a gravity about the Mahomedans, and something in their dress which gives an imposing cast to a body of them proceeding to the temple of God."

The vizier of Bokhara treated the travellers with great kindness; he is one of the most interesting characters with whom Lieutenant Burnes has made us acquainted, and we share the author's regret at parting from him:—

"On the 21st of July, we made our farewell visit to the Vizier of Bokhara; and our audience of leave places the character of this good man even in a more favourable light than all his previous kindness. The Koosh Begee is a man of sixty, his eyes sparkle, though his beard is silvered by age; his countenance beams with intelligence, but it is marked with cunning, which is said to be the most striking feature in his character. He showed much curiosity regarding our language; and made me write the English numbers from one to a thousand in the Persian character, as well as the common words which expressed the necessaries of life. He spent about an hour in this lesson, and regretted that he had no better opportunity of acquiring our language: he then made me write his name in English, and, handing it over to Doctor Gerard, requested him to read it. He recurred to the subject of medicine, and was greatly pleased with the lever of an instrument for drawing teeth, which was explained to him. He fixed it on the wood of the door, and wrenched out some pieces of it. He then begged that we would return to Bokhara as 'trading ambassadors,' to establish a better understanding and a more extended commerce with the country. He now summoned the Caffa-bashee of the caravan, and a chief of the Toorkmans, who was to accompany it as a safeguard against his tribe. He wrote down their names, families, habitations, and, looking to them, said, 'I consign these Europeans to you. If any accident befall them, your wives and families are in my power, and I will root them from the face of the earth. Never return to Bokhara, but with a letter containing an assurance, under their seal, that you have served them well.' Turning to us, he continued, 'You must not produce the "firman" of the king, which I now give you, till you find it necessary. Travel without show, and make no acquaintances, for you are to pass through a dangerous country. When you finish your journey pray for me, as I am an old man, and your well-wisher.' He then gave each of us a dress, which, though far from valuable, was enhanced by the remark, 'Do not go away empty-handed—take this, but conceal it.' I thanked the minister with every sincerity in the name of my companion and myself. He rose, and, holding up his hands, gave us the 'fatha'; and we left the house of the Koosh Begee. I had not reached home till I was again sent for, and found the Vizier sitting with five or six well-dressed people, who had been evidently talking about us. 'Sikunder'† (as I was always addressed), said the Koosh Begee, 'I have sent for you to ask if any one has molested you in this city, or taken money from you in my name,

† The Eastern mode of pronouncing Alexander.—Ed.



and if you leave us contented.' I replied, that we had been treated as honoured guests; that our baggage had not even been opened, nor our property taxed, and that I should ever remember, with the deepest sense of gratitude, the many kindnesses that had been shown to us in the holy Bokhara. The reply closed all our communications with the Vizier, and the detail will speak for itself. I quitted this worthy man with a full heart and with sincere wishes, which I still feel, for the prosperity of this country.'

On his return from Bokhara, Lieutenant Burnes had several opportunities of becoming acquainted with the Türkmans, and he availed himself of them to the utmost. The character of one of Mr. Burnes's visitors may be taken as an average specimen of this extraordinary people:—

"One of the most remarkable of our Toorkmun visitors was a man of mature age and blunt address. His name was Soobhan Verdi Ghilich, which, being interpreted, means '*the sword given by God*;' and his complexion was as ruddy as that of a Bacchanal, though he declared that he had never indulged in the forbidden juice of the grape. He only spoke Toorksee; and my limited knowledge of that language required an interpreter: but, after a few visits, we almost understood each other, and no visitor was more welcome than Verdi, who described, in animated strains, his attacks on the Kuzzil-bash.† 'We have a proverb,' said he, 'that a Toorkmun on horseback knows neither father nor mother;' and, from a Toorksee couplet, which he quoted with energy, we gather the feelings of his race:—

"The Kuzzil-bashes have ten towers; in each tower there is only a Georgian slave:  
What power have the Kuzzil-bashes? Let us attack them!

Verdi was of the tribe of Salore, the noblest of the Toorkmuns; and he used to declare that his race had founded the empire of the Osmanlis in Constantinople. There is nothing improbable in the assertion; and the traditions and belief of a people are always worthy of record. The Toorkmun shook with delight as I made him detail the mode of capturing the Kuzzil-bash, and sighed that his age now prevented him from making war on such infidels. His advancing years had, in a small degree, tempered his prejudices; for he added that, if such things were contrary to the laws of God and the Koran, he did not doubt that the prescribed modicum of fasting and prayer would expiate his sins. Verdi now possessed some flocks of sheep and camels; and, since his years did not permit of his continuing his forays, he had despatched his sons on that service. He would tell me that his camels and his sheep were worth so many slaves, and that he had purchased this horse for three men and a boy, and that one for two girls; for such is the mode of valuing their property. I laughed as the robber detailed the price of his animals, and requested he would tell me my own worth, if I should become a Toorkmun captive: but we were too good people to become slaves, he said; and I did not learn his appreciation of us. 'But,' said I to him, 'you do not surely sell a Syud (one of Mohammed's family), one of the sacred descendants of your holy Prophet (on whom be peace!), if he falls among the list of captives?' 'What,' replied he, 'is the holy Koran itself not sold? and why should not I dispose of an infidel Syud, who brings its truth into contempt by his heresy?' These are desperate men; and it is a fortunate circumstance that they are divided among one another, or greater might be the evils which they inflict on their fellow-men. This great family of the human race roams from the shores of the Caspian to Balkh: changing

their place of abode as their inclination prompts them."

The Ersari Türkmans seem to be among the least savage of the tribes; and we can scarcely feel any sympathy with the merchants whose caravan was delayed in the territories of such a hospitable people, whilst arrangements were being made with the extortionate Khan of Khiva:—

"The Erzarees have most of the customs of the Toorkmuns, though their vicinity to Bokhara contributes to their partial civilization. In our caravan we had five or six Toorkmuns from the south of the Oxus, and if these children of the desert practise the virtues of hospitality at home, they do not forget that it is their due abroad; and the Erzarees had, indeed, reason to complain of the detention of our caravan. Every morning, some one of the party took his sword to the house of a Toorkmun; which passes among these people for the well-known signal that the master must kill a sheep, and that the strangers will assist him to eat it. It is impossible to refuse or evade the notice, and the feast takes place at night. We were not invited to these parties, which were purely Toorkmun; but they would frequently send to us some of the cakes of the entertainment. We had many opportunities to mark the fair treatment which was given to us by these people. They knew that we were Europeans and Christians, and, in speaking of us, they would yet use the term '*eban*;' which is the respectful address given to khwajas and holy characters. A Persian, who visits Toorkistan, must join his hands when he prays, and give in to a few other customs, some of which are not very cleanly; and for these practices he has toleration and the protection of the state. A Christian has only to speak of Mahomedanism with respect, and avoid discussions, to secure similar treatment. The Persian, by his creed, is enjoined to follow up such conduct. 'If there be seventy Shiaks and one Soonee,' says their law, 'the whole party are to veil themselves on account of that individual.' We found ourselves constrained by no such ordinances, but gladly conformed to the customs of the people; since the prejudices of a nation are always entitled to respect."

The account of the origin of the hatred with which the Türkman Sunnites regard the Persian Shiaks, is very curious; but this is not the only example of bigotry being quoted to excuse slavery:—

"The practice of enslaving the Persians is said to have been unknown before the invasion of the Uzbeks; and some even say that it has not continued for an hundred years. A few Bokhara priests visited Persia, and heard the three first caliphs publicly reviled in that country; on their return, the synod gave their '*fatwa*,' or command for licensing the sale of all such infidels. Sir John Chardin even tells us that, when a Persian shoots an arrow, he frequently exclaims, 'May this go to Omar's heart.' I myself have heard many similar expressions; and, since the report of the Bokhara priests is true, the Persians have brought their present calamities upon themselves. It is said that one of the Persian princes, in a late communication with the Khan of Orgunje, sent him the four books which Mahomedans hold sacred, the Old and New Testament, the Psalms of David, and the Koran, begging him to point out in which of these holy books the laws of slavery, as practised against the Persians, were to be found. The Khan solved the difficulty by replying, that it was a custom from which he had no intention of departing; and, as the Persians do not possess power to suppress it, it is likely to continue to the detriment and disgrace of their country."

At Charjoosee, the last inhabited spot between the frontiers of Bokhara and Persia, the caravan halted four days to make preparations for the desert. Our author had thus an opportunity of seeing Charjoosee on a market-day, and visiting its Bazaar:—

"The market day, or bazar, occurred during our stay; and I proceeded along with Ernuzzar the Toorkmun to see the assemblage, in which I passed quite unnoticed. I sauntered through the bazar, much more amused with the people than the wares they were selling, which were in every respect poor. There were knives, saddles, and bridles, cloth and horsecloths of native manufacture; but the only articles of European fabric were a few beads, and chintz skull-caps, which latter were purchased very readily. There were also lanterns, ewers, and copper pots in considerable number; and the vendors of many of these retailed their goods on horseback, and all the purchasers were mounted. No person ever attends the bazar in Toorkistan but on horseback; and on the present occasion there was not a female to be seen, veiled or unveiled. Most of the people were Toorkmuns of the Oxus, dressed in high sheepskin caps, like the natives of Orgunje. There were about 2000 or 3000 people in the bazar; but there was very little bustle and confusion, though there was much both of buying and selling. The custom of having market days is uncommon in India and Cabool, but of universal use in Toorkistan: it perhaps gives a stimulus to trade, and is most convenient; since all the people of the country, for miles round, assemble on the occasion. Every person seems to think it incumbent upon him to be present. The different articles are arranged in separate parts of the bazar with as much regularity as in Bokhara itself: here you may buy grain, there fruit: here is meat, there is cloth, &c. The streets are so narrow, that the bazar is generally held at one end of the country towns; and such was the case at Charjoosee: so that fruit, grain, or anything which requires to be displayed, is spread out on the ground. The bazar lasts from eleven to four o'clock, which is the hottest time of the day."

Our traveller gives a fearful description of the dangers to be encountered in the desert between Bokhara and Persia:—

"We had before heard of the deserts south of the Oxus; and had now the means of forming a judgment from personal observation. We saw the skeletons of camels and horses now bleaching in the sun, which had perished from thirst. The nature of the roads or pathways admits of their easy obliteration; and, if the beaten track be once forsaken, the traveller and his jaded animal generally perish. A circumstance of this very nature occurred but a few days previous to our leaving Charjoosee. A party of three persons travelling from the Orgunje camp lost the road, and their supply of water failed them. Two of their horses sank under the parching thirst; and the unfortunate men opened the vein of their surviving camel, sucked its blood, and reached Charjoosee from the nourishment which they thus derived. The camel died. These are facts of frequent occurrence. The Khan of Orgunje in his late march into the desert, lost upwards of two thousand camels that had been loaded with water and provisions for his men. He dug his wells as he advanced: but the supply of water was scanty. Camels are very patient under thirst: it is a vulgar error however to believe that they can live any length of time without water. They generally pine and die on the fourth day, and, under great heat, will even sink sooner."

Many anecdotes are related of the Persians detained in slavery among the Türkmuns—the following is one of the most characteristic:—

† Red-head; a common name for the Persians.

"A circumstance lately happened at Shurukhs, which was repeated to us by many of the people, and exhibits additional examples of the love of liberty, and the despair which is inspired by the loss of it. A Persian youth, who had been captured by the Toorkmuns, dragged out a miserable life of servitude in Shurukhs. He was resolved to be free, and chose the opportunity of his master being at an entertainment, to effect his object. He saddled the best horse of his stable, and on the very eve of departure was discovered by the daughter of his lord, who attempted to give the alarm. He drew his sword, and put the girl to death. Her cries alarmed the mother, whom he also slew; and as he was bidding his final farewell to Shurukhs, the master himself arrived. The speed of the horse, which had so often been employed in the capture of his countrymen, now availed this fugitive, who was pursued, but not overtaken; and thus, by an exertion of desperate boldness, did he regain his liberty, leaving his master to deplore the loss of his wife and his daughter, his horse and his slave."

At Meshed, Lieutenant Burnes met the son of Abbas Mirza, the presumptive heir of the Persian crown; we extract the account of a prince, on whose character, the future fortune of Asia may be said mainly to depend:—

"I was soon astir to see the city of Meshed, and first visited the ark, or citadel, where I was suddenly surprised by the presence of Khoosrou Meerza, the son of the prince, and the young man who had been deputed to St. Petersburg on the massacre of the Russian ambassador, now the acting Governor of Meshed, while his father kept the field. He appeared to have profited by his journey to Europe, and conversed with me for an hour, asking much about our travels, and then jested on my beard and dress, which he assured me would be a great curiosity in my native land. He enquired whether I was a Catholic or a Protestant, and recurred with wonder to our having reached Persia in safety. He begged I would visit him on the following day, which I did not fail to do, being favourably impressed with this, the first specimen of the royal house. I found the Prince next morning transacting business in the ark, and the ceremonial of approaching this action of royalty was as formal as if he had been sovereign of the land. He is a most talkative person, and gave me an account of his journey to Russia, speaking with the highest encomiums of the education and polished manners of the ladies in that country. One of his suite, who appeared to be a privileged person, said, that his Highness could never be excused for having returned to Persia without one of these angels. The prince declared that it was impossible, and referred it to me, who was in duty bound to tell him, that a person of his rank might have married the most illustrious. Khoosrou Meerza appeared to be about twenty-three years of age. He has had, of course, great advantages over other Persians; but I liked his capacity and his remarks. He asked me, if the ancient art of staining glass had been revived; if our progress in sculpture was yet thought to rival Greece, and if the unicorn had been found in any quarter of the world. He then enquired whether it was most difficult to introduce discipline among irregular troops, or a new system of laws and government in a country. 'With Europeans,' he said, 'every thing is based on history and experience; but in Persia there are no such guides. Persia, which held a supremacy before the age of Mahommed, has now sunk into a state of torpor and bigotry, and has no literature but the Koran. In Europe, there are those who study the Bible, as well as those who are devoted to science: but,' added he,

'there is very little religion in Russia among the higher ranks with whom I associated.' I must confess, that I was pleased to hear the youth talk so learnedly, since a knowledge of one's ignorance is the first step to improvement."

The most remarkable edifice in "Meshed the Holy," is the tomb of Nadir Shah. What a comment is the description of it, on the instability of human greatness!—

"Meshed has no buildings but its shrine. There are some colleges, and a spacious and unfinished caravansary, with twenty-one others in different parts of the city; but still it is the burial-place of the great Nadir Shah. His grave, now dishonoured and marked by the ruins of the edifice that once sheltered it from the elements, is one of the most interesting sights to a traveller. What a field for rumination in such a spot! The fountains and flowers which encircled it have disappeared; the peach-tree, which put forth its blossom on the returning spring, has fallen under the axe, and the willows and cypresses have been torn down. In their place a crop of turnips had been sown by some industrious citizen. Shade of Nadir, what a change is here! he who shook the kingdoms of the East, has been denied in death the small quadrangle of a garden, which the affection of sons had hallowed to the merit of a parent. This is the reward of him who delivered his country from a foreign usurper, and who studied his country's good: but the well-being of a state does not necessarily comprehend the well-being of all its members. Nadir aimed the blows of despotism at the family which has succeeded to his empire, and he maimed the successful individual, who seized upon his kingdom and ejected his sons. Aga Mahommed Khan Khoja was mutilated in his youth by Nadir; but he retained the feelings of a man, and dug up the bones of the conqueror, in revenge for his disgrace. Report adds, that he sent them to Tehran, and placed them under the step which leads to the audience hall, that the courtiers and every one might trample upon them. We can readily comprehend the chagrin of a monarch who was not a man; and if his wrath excites our contempt, it enlists our sympathy. A coward himself, he spared his country from those bones of a palace. There are still some of Nadir's descendants living in Meshed; but they are blind and in destitute circumstances. My informant told me that they had often applied to him for bread."

With his arrival at Meshed, Lieutenant Burnes terminates his account of Central Asia. This is consequently a convenient place to break off for the present; we shall take another opportunity of examining our author's account of Persia and Lahore.

#### TRANSLATIONS OF FAUST.

*Faust, &c., translated into English Prose.* By A. Hayward, Esq. Second edition. London: Moxon.

*Faust, &c., translated into English Verse.* By John S. Blackie. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

*Faust, a Tragedy, translated from the German.* By David Syme. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.

If the number of labourers in the rich harvest field of German letters affords any proof of the increasing thirst after this noble literature amongst our countrymen, it is assuredly a matter of no mean import to all well-wishers of a nearer and kindlier intercourse between the master minds of both nations, that the first quarter of this year brought forward three separate translations of the same matchless original. By ourselves, who have long been,

and are even now, specially busied in offering to our readers sound nourishment and rich fruits from foreign lands, all indications of this nature are watched with much interest: we take pleasure in reflecting that our own labours cannot have been wholly unsuccessful, in turning towards the fruitful land the steps of many a doubtful traveller, who would never have been persuaded, had he not himself seen the "bunch of grapes borne between two men upon a staff," and heard that "this was the fruit thereof." Thus, to guide the enthusiastic and the worthily endowed, will at once be confessed to be a very delightful task, yet not without its difficulties; but upon these we will not be tempted to enlarge, bearing in mind our limited space, and the humorous rebuke given to the eloquent poet (him of the Happy Valley), on a somewhat similar occasion. It is, however, needful to our present purpose, to dwell for a moment upon another view of our duty: we are compelled to expose the spies who bring back a false report of the distant land—not those alone who lie wilfully, saying, "This land eateth up its inhabitants," though many such calumnies have we seen; but there are other travellers, and especially amongst those visiting the high cloud-lands of poetry and imagination, who have been delighted, as well indeed they might, with the glories they have seen, and have returned with full and kindly purpose of teaching their own countrymen to know and enjoy those beauties. Alas! as regards the entering into the inmost temple of art—the reverently comprehending the spirit that inhabiteth these high regions, truly "eyes have they, yet have seen not—ears, nor have they heard!" Yet what they could see and hear, they have returned to tell in honesty of heart and with friendliness of meaning; and it is painful to say unto them that all their labour is naught, for the half have they not revealed: nevertheless, this truth must be plainly and forcibly told.

The translation which heads our list now passes through a second edition. Our readers may remember that, in reviewing the first, on the 27th of April last year, we dwelt generally upon the impossibility of any adequate prose translation of such a poem as *Faust*, avoiding all detailed criticisms upon the manner in which Mr. Hayward had executed his task. The appearance, however, of a second edition, and of two additional translations in verse, calls imperatively for some final sentence: and we shall endeavour, so far as may be, to support our summary decision upon such general grounds as may require little accessory strength of accumulated details. Nevertheless, our readers may be assured that the opinions we deliver have been carefully weighed and tested, and the acceptance of these opinions we deem of importance to all right translations, and, above all, from German poetry.

Every species of difficulty which can beset the translator is to be encountered in Goethe's *Faust*: and bold indeed must be the man who dares to grapple therewith. The truth and the paradox—the highest and the commonest—the gravest and the most humorous—the wildest mirth and the desolation of veriest anguish—guilt and innocence—all that Imagination, Feeling, Philosophy, and Poetry could bind together by a strength almost superhuman—are here, glowing from

the hand of their immortal author, with a life which shall endure until Time shall be no more? Who shall say that he hath fully conceived and understood this mighty whole, so that his eye hath revelled in all its beauty—his ear hath drunk all its deep harmony—his heart hath laughed with all its joy, and wept with all its sorrow; or his reason fully discoursed with that wisdom, which seemeth ever deeper and farther-reaching, the more nearly we approach it? Emphatically, here we find meat for strong men, and milk for the infant. Many reasoners, like the mathematician whose answer is known to every child, who deem poetry merely an idle gaud, have read Faust to find their soul's searching questions there answered. Many an imaginative artist, whose eye delighteth in bright many-coloured pictures of life, hath come here to riot in the wine cellar, and dance on the Blocksberg; though his brain never teemed with a doubt he could not solve, nor his light heart ever sorrowed for himself or another. Again, there are, and of the purest and best, for whom the mirth is all too boisterous, the reasoning too curiously refined. But where, in the whole range of things living or ideal, can they find aught speaking to all their heart's affections like the charming portraiture of Margaret; that very fondest, simplest, loveliest woman's nature? What pointed weapons cannot the satirist draw from this poem? Leaving this enumeration unexhausted, we must hastily pass to the language which displays, and clothes in the life which colours this vast and changeable magic world of thought and poetry. They who are at all conversant with almost any of Goethe's poems will readily imagine what exquisite harmony, what variety of expression, and power of description his numbers here display,—how "he runs through all modes of the lyre, and is master of all," keeping everywhere tone, time, and metre so faultlessly with the varied matter and spirit of his noble strain, that each seems woven into, and blended with the other, so as not to be separated from its true being, without rending the very soul from the body of his song. Our remarks upon the first edition of Mr. Hayward's translation will have shown our readers that, for these and other manifold reasons, we were little satisfied with any attempt to transmute the glowing warmth of this German poetry into plain English prose.

Mr. Hayward's translation, we admit, is a most useful companion for the learner, as a sort of grammatical key. But, when for this he has used it—and it will but seldom lead him astray—poorly indeed must he feel the power of the master poet, if he again opens it. Mr. Hayward has performed a useful and difficult task well and diligently; and for this he deserves our best thanks. Justice to Goethe compels us, however, clearly to explain, that within this task is hardly comprehended any bringing of the poetry of Faust home to an English poet who knows only his own language.

Two passing remarks will we make of general application to this class of translators, and then turn to the versions of Faust in metre. There is a point where the exact equivalency of words and idioms hath no certain settlement, even by the most learned, if the nearest phrases and proximate verbal correspondence, not the most identical in spirit, of the two opposed languages be

sought as the acme of accuracy. Leaving the application of this to our readers, we say, that in no one thing is the opinion of countrymen of the author translated,—aye, even of that author himself,—so fallacious, as in judging of the merits of translations, especially of those which attempt the most rigid accuracy. They look for the well known words recalling their living parallels in their own work and language; and, should they find these, can rarely see where the translation may have sunk in its own tongue, when measured with the original. Even when they may understand that tongue almost thoroughly, the masterpiece in their own language is so undividedly the object of their worship, that they can scarcely escape from the feeling, that what they see most like, they like best; though perhaps the well-loved features may be merely degraded by some mime's coarse conception of their spirit.

We have said that justice cannot be done to Faust in English prose; and the translations of Mr. Blackie and Mr. Syme have each failed, in our judgment, in attempting to catch Goethe's mantle in poetry. Comparing the original, for one instant and in one point of view, to a Titian of inestimable price, we are ill content to see this copied by a statue, which can give us none of the painter's splendid colouring. But it is true, that we may find there the grace and soul of beauty of the picture; and this is better than a copy in oils, where the tone and tint of Titian's glories are lost—the masterly handling of his subject travestied and degraded. Both of these translators in verse confess, in their prefaces, to minor changes of words, and omissions, here and there, to give increased poetical power to the whole! We reprobate all such irreverent tampering. It would never have been dreamed of by any one who *could* feel and translate Goethe. It has been remarked before, that much of the charm of Goethe's numbers lies in their exquisite unity with the thoughts they breathe. This beauty our translators could not imitate, and have not preserved. We have no space now to dwell upon minor points, either of individual merit or failure; nor to attempt any decision, which of these versions suits the most; but must sum the whole up, by honestly telling our readers that, as living impressions of Goethe's poetry, both deserve to be put at once out of court.

*Life of Mrs. Siddons.* By Thomas Campbell. 2 vols. London: Wilson.

We shall confess at starting, that we opened these volumes with no very pleasant anticipations. Of all literary drudgery, the most wearisome, speaking from experience, is to wade through the life of an actor. Cibber, it is true, has immortalized a whole company of his contemporaries—Charles Lamb too, has given us some exquisitely fine and finished pen-and-ink portraits, equal to any from the pencil of Zoffany; but these "pictures in little" are all that can be endured—even Cibber himself, the pleasantest of gossips, becomes tiresome, when he runs into details about himself and his management, and other like matters. It is with regret, we add, that not even 'The Life of Mrs. Siddons,' by Thomas Campbell, has been able to shake our strong prejudice on this subject. There are fine passages, pleasant outbreaks

of criticism, but an infinite deal of discursive and unimportant matter, as if the biographer himself was perplexed how to weave his thin web over two volumes. Yet there was no want of enthusiasm on our parts for the admirable actress, or respect for the poet—the curse of barrenness was on the subject.

Mrs. Siddons lives in our memory, as in Sir Joshua's picture, the throned queen of her art—the Tragic Muse. She so surpassed all that our young imagination had conceived, that she has not only identified herself with the characters she represented, but in our heart and mind the characters have become identified with her—we cannot separate *Volumnia*, or *Queen Katharine*, or *Lady Macbeth*, or *Constance*, from Mrs. Siddons. To us, by far the most interesting portion of these volumes, are the few pages taken from her own memoranda. They display a deep and heart-searching knowledge of human motives and feelings, and they must be invaluable to actors, as proving by what patient and intense study Mrs. Siddons attained that perfection, which was, and is, and we sincerely believe will remain, without a rival. When she had once determined to personate some character of importance, she seems never to have ceased from study, until she had wormed out "the heart of its mystery"—she considered not only how such persons were to act, according to the written law set down for her, but how they would have acted under circumstances not immediately referred to—what had been the training and disciplining of their minds and passions, and what their moral temperament, before the play brings us acquainted with them—and how they must have felt during the progress, not merely of the play, but of life itself, amidst those events, of which, perhaps, the play gives us but a brief abstract;—it was in this way that she was enabled so wonderfully to identify herself with the character. We shall here extract some remarks of hers on *Constance*, which will illustrate what we have said:—

"My idea of *Constance*," she says, 'is that of a lofty and proud spirit, associated with the most exquisite feelings of maternal tenderness, which is, in truth, the predominant feature of this interesting personage. The sentiments which she expresses, in the dialogue between herself, the *King of France*, and the *Duke of Austria*, at the commencement of the second Act of this tragedy, very strongly evince the amiable traits of a humane disposition, and of a grateful heart.

'Oh! take his mother's thanks—a widow's thanks!  
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength  
To make a more requital to your love.'

"Again, in reply to the *King's* bloody determination of subjugating the city of Angiers to the sovereignty of her son, she says,

'Stay for an answer to your embassy.  
Lest, unadvised, you stain your swords with blood.  
My Lord Chantillon may from England bring  
That right in peace; which here we urge in war;  
And then we shall regret each drop of blood  
That hot rash haste so indiscreetly shed.'

"The idea one naturally adopts of her qualities and appearance are, that she is noble in mind, and commanding in person and demeanour; that her countenance was capable of all the varieties of grand and tender expression, often agonized, though never distorted by the vehemence of her agitations. Her voice, too, must have been "propertied like the tuned spheres," obedient to all the softest inflections of maternal love, to all the pathos of the most exquisite sensibility, to the sudden burst of heart-rending sorrow, and to the terrifying imprecations of indignant majesty, when writhing under the mis-



ries inflicted on her by her dastardly oppressors and treacherous allies. The actress, whose lot it is to personate this great character, should be richly endowed by nature for its various requirements: yet, even when thus fortunately gifted, much, very much remains to be effected by herself; for in the performance of the part of *Constance* great difficulties, both mental and physical, present themselves. And perhaps the greatest of the former class is that of imperiously holding the mind reined-in to the immediate perception of those calamitous circumstances which take place during the course of her sadly eventful history. The necessity for this severe abstraction will sufficiently appear, when we remember that all those calamitous events occur whilst she herself is absent from the stage: so that this power is indispensable for that reason alone, were there no other to be assigned for it. Because, if the representative of *Constance* shall ever forget, even behind the scenes, those disastrous events which impel her to break forth into the overwhelming effusions of wounded friendship, disappointed ambition, and maternal tenderness, upon the first moment of her appearance in the third Act, when stunned with terrible surprise she exclaims—

‘Gone to be married—gone to swear a peace!  
False blood to false blood joined—gone to be friends!’

—if, I say, the mind of the actress for one moment wanders from these distressing events, she must inevitably fall short of that high and glorious colouring which is indispensable to the painting of this magnificent portrait.

‘The quality of abstraction has always appeared to me so necessary in the art of acting, that I shall probably, in the course of these remarks, be thought too frequently and pertinaciously to advert to it. I am now, however, going to give a proof of its usefulness in the character under our consideration; and I wish my opinion were of sufficient weight to impress the importance of this power on the minds of all candidates for dramatic fame. Here then is one example among many others which I could adduce. Whenever I was called upon to personate the character of *Constance*, I never, from the beginning of the play to the end of my part in it, once suffered my dressing-room door to be closed, in order that my attention might be constantly fixed on those distressing events which, by this means, I could plainly hear going on upon the stage, the terrible effects of which progress were to be represented by me. Moreover, I never omitted to place myself, with *Arthur* in my hand, to hear the march, when, upon the reconciliation of England and France, they enter the gates of Angiers to ratify the contract of marriage between the *Dauphin* and the *Lady Blanche*; because the sickening sounds of that march would usually cause the bitter tears of rage, disappointment, betrayed confidence, baffled ambition, and, above all, the agonizing feelings of maternal affection to gush into my eyes. In short, the spirit of the whole drama took possession of my mind and frame, by my attention being incessantly riveted to the passing scenes. Thus did I avail myself of every possible assistance, for there was need of all in this most arduous effort; and I have no doubt that the observance of such circumstances, however irrelevant they may appear upon a cursory view, were powerfully aidant in the representations of those expressions of passion in the remainder of this scene, which have been only in part considered, and to the conclusion of which I now proceed.

‘Goaded and stung by the treachery of her faithless friends, and almost maddened by the injuries they have heaped upon her, she becomes desperate and ferocious as a hunted tigress in defence of her young, and it seems that existence itself must nearly issue forth with the utterance of that frantic and appalling exclamation—

‘A wicked day, and not a holy day!  
What hath this day deserved? what hath it done  
That it in golden letters should be set  
Among the high tides in the calendar?  
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week—  
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child  
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day.  
Least that their hopes prodigiously be cross’d—  
But! on this day let women fear no woe!  
This day all things begun come to ill end!  
Yes, faith itself to hollow falsehood change.’

‘‘When *King Philip* says to her

‘By heaven! Lady, you shall have no cause  
To curse the fair proceedings of this day;  
Have I not pawn’d to you my majesty?’

‘‘What countenance, what voice, what gesture, shall realize the scorn and indignation of her reply to the heartless king of France?

‘You have beguild me with a counterfeit  
Resembling majesty, which being touch’d and trial  
Proves valueless: you are forsworn—  
You came in arms to spill mine enemies’ blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.’ &c.

‘‘And then the awful, trembling solemnity, the utter helplessness of that soul-subduing, scriptural, and prophetic invocation—

‘Arm, arm, ye heavens! against these perjur’d kings!  
A widow cries—Be husband to me, Heavens!  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day in peace—but ere our set  
Set armed discord ‘twixt these perjur’d kings.’

‘‘If it ever were, or ever shall be, portrayed with its appropriate and solemn energy, it must be then, and then only, when the power I have so much insisted on, co-operating also with a high degree of enthusiasm, shall have transfused the mind of the actress into the person and situation of the august and afflicted *Constance*. The difficulty, too, of representing with tempered rage and dignified contempt the biting sarcasm of the speeches to *Austria*, may be more easily imagined than explained.

‘‘But, in truth, to beget, in these whirlwinds of the soul, such temperance as, according to the lesson of our inspired master, shall give them smoothness, is a difficulty which those only can appreciate who have made the effort.

‘‘I cannot indeed conceive, in the whole range of dramatic character, a greater difficulty than that of representing this grand creature. Brought before the audience in the plenitude of her afflictions; oppression and falsehood having effected their destructive mark; the full storm of adversity, in short, having fallen upon her in the interval of their absence from her sight, the effort of pouring properly forth so much passion as past events have excited in her, without any visible previous progress towards her climax of desperation, seems almost to exceed the powers of imitation. Here is an affliction of so ‘‘sudden floodgate and o’erbearing nature,’’ that art despairs of realizing it, and the effort is almost life-exhausting. Therefore, whether the majestic, the passionate, the tender *Constance*, has ever yet been, or ever will be, personated to the entire satisfaction of sound judgment and fine taste, I believe to be doubtful; for I believe it to be nearly impossible.

‘‘I now come to the concluding scene; and I believe I shall not be thought singular, when I assert, that though she has been designated the ambitious *Constance*, she has been ambitious only for her son. It was for him, and him alone, that she aspired to, and struggled for, hereditary sovereignty. For example, you find that from that fatal moment when he is separated from her, not one regret for lost regal power or splendour ever escapes from her lips; no, not one idea, does she from that instant utter which does not unanswerably prove that all other considerations are annihilated in the grievous recollections of motherly love.’’

‘‘Her gorgeous affliction, if such an expression is allowable, is of so sublime and so intense a character, that the personation of its grandeur,

‘Lost they bring forth prodigies or monsters.  
‘But’ here means except.

with the utterance of its rapid and astonishing eloquence, almost overwhelms the mind that meditates its realization, and utterly exhausts the frame which endeavours to express its agitations.’’

Our observations have chanced to take a turn which we would willingly follow out, and thus do our best to illustrate and make plain to the reader the mind of this great actress, rather than trouble ourselves with the unimportant events of her life. Everybody knows that *Mrs. Siddons* was the daughter of *Mr. and Mrs. Kemble*, the managers of a strolling company—that she was born at the *Shoulder of Mutton* public house in *Brecon*—that she lived in a humble situation in the family of *Mr. Groathead* at *Guy’s Cliff*—married *Mr. Siddons*, an actor in her father’s company—fought through all the miseries of such a life, and eventually, by her unaided talents and irreproachable moral conduct, raised herself to eminence, both in her profession and in society, and lived and died respected;—yet all this amounts to nothing, and whatever an autobiography might have done, it is impossible that any memoir-writer could raise such incidents out of the slough of commonplace: we would therefore willingly have devoted our limited space to bringing the present generation acquainted with the genius of this admirable actress, but we find it would lead us into such general discussion as would exceed all reasonable bounds. We shall therefore, for the present, content ourselves with an account of perhaps the most important incident in her life—her second appearance in *London*: we need not, we presume, inform our readers, that her first was a failure. We do this with the more pleasure, since the facts have been recorded by herself:—

‘‘I was truly grieved,’’ she says, in her *Memoirs*, ‘‘to leave my kind friends at *Bath*, and was also fearful that the power of my voice was not equal to filling a *London* theatre. My friends, too, were also doubtful; but I soon had reason to think that the bad construction of the *Bath* theatre, and not the weakness of my voice, was the cause of our mutual fears. On the 10th of October, 1782, I made my first new appearance at *Drury Lane*, with my own dear beautiful boy, then but eight years old, in *Southerne’s* tragedy of ‘*Isabella*.’ This character was judiciously recommended to me by my kind friend *Mr. Sheridan*, the father of *Richard Brinsley Sheridan*, who had seen me in that play at *Bath*. The interest he took in my success was like that of a father.’’

‘‘For a whole fortnight before this (to me) memorable day, I suffered from nervous agitation more than can be imagined. No wonder! for my own fate, and that of my little family, hung upon it. I had quitted *Bath*, where all my efforts had been successful, and I feared lest a second failure in *London* might influence the public mind greatly to my prejudice, in the event of my return from *Drury Lane*, disgraced as I formerly had been. In due time I was summoned to the rehearsal of ‘*Isabella*.’ Who can imagine my terror? I feared to utter a sound above an audible whisper; but by degrees enthusiasm cheered me into a forgetfulness of my fears, and I unconsciously threw out my voice, which failed not to be heard in the remotest part of the house, by a friend who kindly undertook to ascertain the happy circumstance. The countenances, no less than tears and flattering encouragements of my companions, emboldened me more and more; and the second rehearsal was even more affecting than the first. *Mr. King*, who was then manager, was loud in his applause. This second rehearsal took place

on the 8th of October, 1782, and on the evening of that day I was seized with a nervous hoarseness, which made me extremely wretched; for I dreaded being obliged to defer my appearance on the 10th, longing, as I most earnestly did, at least to know the worst. I went to bed, therefore, in a state of dreadful suspense. Awakening the next morning, however, though out of rest, unrefreshing sleep, I found, upon speaking to my husband, that my voice was very much clearer. This, of course, was a great comfort to me; and, moreover, the sun, which had been completely obscured for many days, shone brightly through my curtains. I hailed it, though tearfully, yet thankfully, as a happy omen; and even now I am not ashamed of this (as it may perhaps be called) childish superstition. On the morning of the 10th, my voice was, most happily, perfectly restored; and again 'The blessed sun shone brightly on me.' On this eventful day my father arrived to comfort me, and to be a witness of my trial. He accompanied me to my dressing-room at the theatre. There he left me; and I, in one of what I call my desperate tranquillities, which usually impress me under terrific circumstances, there completed my dress, to the astonishment of my attendants, without uttering one word, though often sighing most profoundly.

"At length I was called to my fiery trial. I found my venerable father behind the scenes, little less agitated than myself. The awful consciousness that one is the sole object of attention to that immense space, lined as it were with human intellect from top to bottom, and all around, may perhaps be imagined, but can never be described, and by me can never be forgotten.

"Of the general effect of this night's performance I need not speak: it has already been publicly recorded. I reached my own quiet fire-side, on retiring from the scene of reiterated shouts and plaudits. I was half dead; and my joy and thankfulness were of too solemn and overpowering a nature to admit of words, or even tears. My father, my husband, and myself, sat down to a frugal neat supper, in a silence uninterrupted, except by exclamations of gladness from Mr. Siddons. My father enjoyed his refreshments; but occasionally stopped short, and, laying down his knife and fork, lifting up his venerable face, and throwing back his silver hair, gave way to tears of happiness. We soon parted for the night; and I, worn out with continually broken rest and laborious exertion, after an hour's retrospection, (who can conceive the intenseness of that reverie?) fell into a sweet and profound sleep, which lasted to the middle of the next day. I arose alert in mind and body."

There are some anecdotes and criticisms scattered over these volumes, which we would very willingly have extracted, and may do so hereafter: but at present we must conclude.

*Universal History.* By Alexander Fraser Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee. 6 vols. Vols. III. and IV. London: Murray.

WHEN Bishop Woodward objected to the doctrine of purgatory, his opponent, Father O'Leary, wittily replied, that "he might go farther and fare worse;" we have gone farther with Professor Tytler, and have fared worse. The third volume commences with the history of the Samnite war, and we are left to find out who the Samnites were, as best we may. The extraordinary circumstances of the *ser sacrum*, to which they owed their origin, might have required some research for their elucidation; therefore, the Professor omitted them altogether, and his

editor, perhaps wisely, has followed his example.

We are next introduced to Carthaginian history, and receive the surprising information of a naval battle having been fought between the Carthaginians and the "Phocians of Iona;" we presume that this alludes to that beautiful episode in the history of Asia Minor, the flight of the Phocians of Ionia from Persian despotism, their attempt to establish themselves in Corsica, and their foundation of Marseilles. The account of the Carthaginian commerce is meagre and defective; no notice is taken of their land trade with the tribes of the interior, not a word said of their colonial policy, nor of their supremacy over North Africa, which seems to have been very similar to the British power in India.

The Roman history is then resumed, and the authority of Livy, in every instance but one, implicitly followed. In detailing the struggles between the patricians and plebeians, the professor eagerly maintains the cause of the former. It is said that the Gracchi were ambitious: perhaps they were; but why is the fact slurred over, that their exertions were made to enforce established laws, and that they never employed any unconstitutional means to effect their object? So violent, indeed, were the Professor's prejudices that he actually praises that monster Sylla. He says—

"He was certainly a man of great strength of mind, and had some of the qualities of an heroic character; but he lived in evil times, when it was impossible at once to be great and virtuous."

Dionysius has had his Mitford, Sylla his Tytler—will nobody take up Nero or Caligula?

The history of Roman Literature is trifling and incorrect; no notice is taken of the struggle between the native literature of Latium, and the imitation of Greek models, so greatly promoted by Ennius. The Professor, indeed, seems not to have known that Ennius was a Greek by birth, being born in one of the Greek colonies in southern Italy. The Professor in this chapter acknowledges that he prefers Livy to Tacitus!

The fourth volume introduces us to the history of the Middle Ages, in which, we regret to say, that the editor has made no use of the many recent and valuable discoveries respecting this obscure period. Next follows an account of the rise of Mohammedanism, written, for the most part, on the approved plan of substituting plausible conjecture for laborious inquiry. The circumstances of the East, at the time of Mohammed's appearance, are not mentioned: by some strange blunder Syria is called a "Roman province"; when, as every one knows, it formed part of the Byzantine empire; and Mohammed is blamed for rejecting the pure morality of Christianity, at a time when every Christian church in the East was sunk in the grossest corruption. It is all but demonstrable that Mohammed never saw the Gospels: his rejection of the idle legends devised by the Syrian monks, as a substitute for the Scriptures, proves his good sense rather than his depravity. Where, we may ask, did the Professor discover the certainty of Mohammed's having made a will? It is well known that his friends refused him writing materials. The history of the early Khaliphs is meagre in the extreme;

no notice is taken of the disastrous battle in which the glory of the Sassanides was cloven down. Indeed, the whole history of that illustrious race of princes is omitted!

Next comes the history of France: the author does not keep in view the important fact, that the Merovingian and Carlovingian dynasties were Germanic, not French; and he omits to mention, that the name of France originally belonged to a portion of western Germany.

The last portion of this history, which we feel it our duty to notice, is the account given of the Anglo-Saxons. How the editor, with an admirable history of that people already published in the Family Library before him, could have permitted such an inconsistent, paltry, and absurd narrative as that of the Professor, to appear in the same collection, is to us incomprehensible. It has nearly as many errors as lines. The author asserts that the Saxons were "unlettered and uncivilized." Shades of Alcuin, Bede, and Alfred! The Saxons unlettered! and indebted for civilization to William and the Normans! Aye, just as much as the Romans were indebted for literature to Attila and the Huns.

We regret sincerely the necessity of pointing out the gross defects in these volumes; but if such a work were to pass current as "a standard" in our language, it would justly expose the historical literature of England to the ridicule and contempt of Europe.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE, Vol. XII. *The Jesuit*, from the German of C. Spindler.'—After the recent volumes of this publication, the present one comes gratefully before us, as it contains, at least, a coherent story: the events succeed one another with unflagging spirit, and the lovers, after having been separated again and again, are at last made rationally happy in love (as it should be), although much of their wealth falls into the hands of the intriguing and ambitious Jesuits. We were much interested in the weaving together and unravelling of the plot—the characters, however, did not come closely home to us, but appeared rather like beings seen through a clouded glass, with a colour, and costume, and individuality, of their own, which our eyes could not clearly make out. The best among them is the Jesuit Muntzner—he is consistent throughout, not after the fashion of many modern heroes, who are compounded of motives, and feelings, and principles, as incongruous as the wares in a pawnbroker's shop. Juliet we cannot quite understand, and, had we been permitted the disposal of her, we should certainly have given her to James White, the faithful and the melancholy, in spite of his Catholicism. On the whole, we like this volume, and are thankful for such a translation, after the desperate originals which have preceded it.

'*Crabbe's Works*, Vols. 5 and 6.'—The embellishments to these volumes are perfectly beautiful: Beccles Church seems to luxuriate in the glorious sunshine, Belvoir Castle to triumph in its aristocratic pride of place, and the vignette, 'The Lover's Journey,' almost equals Dewint's 'Waste of Cumberland,' in the illustrations of Scott's Works. But the volumes have other graces, besides those of the pencil: a new poem, 'Flirtation,' is written in that quiet, happy vein of humour, of which Crabbe left us so perfect a specimen in his 'Preceptor Husband,' and, in less stirring times than these, would have claimed from us a separate article. We learn from the notes to 'The Tales of the Hall,' that some of the exquisite portraits which are

scattered throughout them are from life. The patronized boy, who

Humbly begg'd to stay at home and paint, was the poet's own brother-in-law—his melancholy fate yet haunts us like a spectre. 'The Lover's Journey,' too, was drawn from life.

'*Peter Serrano, the Last Man of the Crew, a Poem.*'—This little pamphlet—only eight pages—a thing that the description of a Panorama, or a catalogue of furniture to be sold, would hide by its superior importance, is, however, worth reading, because the spirit of poetry may be found in its pages. From the unambitious way in which it is put forth, we should judge this ballad to be the work of one very young or very ignorant of the "wise usages" of the trade, and, in the strength of this supposition, would give the writer encouragement to do more and to do better—to remember that homeliness is not always energy, nor eccentricity imagination, and that what is called the happy darning of youthful genius is oftentimes nothing more than impertinence or idleness. Our hints do not fully apply to him, but we think he will understand them, and we are sure that our readers will admit that there is talent displayed in the following stanzas:—

When standing on the highest land,  
Around he gazed for many a mile—  
No human creature could there be scanned.  
In truth, it was a desert tale.  
He turn'd to seek for food elsewhere,  
But bush and briar alike were bare—  
There was nought for food, but a sight for despair.  
Fever thro' all his veins was spread,  
His eye-balls burned within his head,  
When that last man of the crew beheld  
A skeleton grim, and the grum its bed—  
Where never yet human being dwelled,  
How came there to be one dead?  
A thought flashed thro' his mind, and he,  
As statue still, paused sorrowfully.  
He forgot the prayer he was repeating—  
It made him chide his heart for beating.  
He thought in those bones there had never been  
Breath—  
He thought that form was his majesty DEATH;  
And he'd wandered from home to so lone a place,  
To meet the tyrant face to face.  
Backwards his steps he dared not number,  
Feeling to wake the monarch's slumber.  
His feverish fantasy dispersed,  
And fear with his spirits ceased to play—  
For that form was by mortal mother nursed,  
And the winds were blanching the bones so grey.

With a pang which refused to depart,  
And the mother restless lie;  
And he moaned from the depths of his heart—  
'I was sad in a dream to die.'

He thought that his hand was almost rust:  
And for his life's short span,  
Remained again in the skeleton—  
For it once had been a man.

He talked to the bones—the white jaws grined,  
'Till the twilight faded dim;  
And though they chattered with the wind,  
They answered not to him.

In that grave he lay down and wished he were dead,  
But death came not then with his ban;  
Yet ere morning dawned, the last breath had fled  
From the body of that lone man.

'*Poems, by C. S. B. Busby.*'—The sight of one of these little anonymous looking volumes is associated in our minds with so much of weariness, that we are in proportion pleased when we find anything in them which we can conscientiously commend, and in this collection of fugitive verses are many deserving of a kind word and a welcome: they are, perhaps, not very original, but musical, and have a certain pensiveness (not put on for the occasion), which is a sure index of a poetical mind. We extract the following as a fair specimen:—

#### A Lament.

The wassail cup of olden times  
Lies shattered in the hall:—  
The village lough, the village chimneys,  
Are silent, silent all—  
And Christmas comes without a smile  
As dimly on, as then—  
The merry heart were child'd the while  
With winter's wretched snow.

The banquet room no more resounds  
With friendship's honest shout;  
Nought breaks the stillness of its bounds,  
Save the rude wind without.  
Yet there will sudden Memory gaze,  
In solitary care,  
Dreaming the mirth of by-gone days  
Has left its echo there.

Where, where are all the happy forms  
That circled round the board?  
The voice of Nature speaks in storms—  
They ne'er shall be restored.—  
Where is the holly bough that blush'd  
As if with summer's glow?  
And the honest cheeks that warmly flush'd  
Beneath the mistletoe?

The fretted roof looks dark and cold,  
And tethers all around;  
The carved work of ages old  
Drops wither'd on the ground;  
The casement's antique tracery  
Is eaten by the dew:  
And the night-breeze, whistling mournfully,  
Creeps keen and coldly through.

Who would survive the by-gone times,  
The carols wildly troll'd,  
The village songs, the village chimneys,  
The happiness of old?  
Deep sobs the wild bird, when her nest  
Is ravish'd of its young—  
But man's once lov'd, now lonely breast  
Is far more deeply wrung.

'*Cunningham's Burns, Vol. 6.*'—An advertisement prefixed announces, "that so many new poems, new songs, new letters, and new anecdotes," have been supplied to the editor, that the work will be extended to eight volumes. The present contains the Letters, many of which are for the first time published, and, as usual, some pleasant and characteristic notes by the editor. The illustrations are views of Ayr and Nithsdale.

'*Elva's Revenge, and other Poems, by F. W. J. Morris.*'—'*The Village Muse, by C. W. Friend.*'—These two little books come before us, each protected by its subscription list, so that we have less need to measure our words in speaking of them. Time was, when we liked nothing so well to laugh over, as sickly sentiment in rhyme, all the more mirth provoking, if spiced with a horror or two. But those days are gone, and 'Elva's Revenge' now makes us angry instead of merry. The 'Village Muse' is less high flown than the companion with whom we have coupled her, and perfectly unobtrusive in every way.—We heard one day a party of naturalists speculating on what became of all the birds, a dead bird being so rarely found: in like manner we have our wonder, as to what can be the fate of all these collections of verse, which come upon us in yearly hundreds, and which we never see again. Peace to them! let us not bring them back again by this indiscreet inquiry.

'*Reminiscences of an Old Traveller.*'—'*Dyke's Tour.* 2 vols.'—'*A Summer Tour.*'—'*The Continental Traveller, being the Journal of an Economical Tourist to France, Switzerland, Italy, &c. by a Travelling Lawyer,*' to which is added, '*A Tour in Spain, by a Travelling Artist.*'—There is not one of these works worth paper and print, and yet, strange to say, we have seen them all commended. The first is written by a man of good natural sense, who has travelled far, but picked up very little information worth committing to paper: for instance, we have a chapter on France of twenty-nine pages, and twenty-three of these might have been written without crossing the channel, for they are filled with an abstract of French history! The second is mere garrulous common-place. The writer, knowing little before he started, has persuaded himself, that what was new to him was equally so to others, and accordingly favours us with the most trifling particulars, and the most absurd opinions. But, "in the lowest deep a lower still," what are we to say to the *Summer Tourist*? If 'twere our cue to laugh, we could make brave sport of this work: just fancy the writer embarked on board the steam boat at the Tower stairs, "when," as we are informed, "the watermen in boats and

wherries, evidently looked at us with alarm, and rowed away as if they were scudding for their lives." As a specimen of the valuable information to be collected from the work, we will give the whole account of Liege, one of the most interesting cities in the north of Europe.

"There are many things well worthy of being seen at Liege: and when you are here, do not neglect to visit the town-house, a fine old building, in the court-yard of which is held the fruit and vegetable market; both most abundantly supplied. From the terrace, near the Church of St. Martin, is a good view of the town and neighbourhood. There are several very agreeable promenades: one in particular, which runs along the quay, is much frequented by the inhabitants. We left our very comfortable hotel, the English Pavilion, at eleven o'clock; crossed the river," &c.

The last work is something better. The Travelling Lawyer condenses his very little information into very little space,—but what can be the object in publishing such a book? Who are to be served by it? Can any one, traveller or stay-at-home, benefit by such a notice as the following, of the route from Turin to Massa, one of the finest in the world, and passing through Genoa the superb!—"This is a fine mountain drive replete with the richest scenery, the latter part over the new road across the Bochetta. There is a good diligence from Turin to Genoa, stopping one night at Alexandria, a town in great decay, but with a tolerable Hotel. The descent into Genoa by the Bochetta is very grand. The Palaces and Churches in Genoa are among the finest in Italy, and abound with choice paintings. The Bay is second only to Naples. The hills are covered with vineyards forming an amphitheatre round the city. There is a fine Theatre, and the Hotels are upon a grand scale. Take a boat and row about the bay.—Pursuing your road to the South, you will pass Spezia with its splendid harbour, and the marble quarries of Massa."—The Travelling Artist is better than the Lawyer, but what information relating to Spain can be collected from 49 duodecimo pages, of which 13 are occupied by an account of a bull fight?

'*The Mortalities of celebrated Musicians, with Anecdotes and brief Sketches, by George Farren.*'—This is perhaps a useful little pamphlet, as containing the ages of the most celebrated musicians; but the anecdotes and brief sketches are already common property, and may be found in every musical dictionary.

'*Walker's Physiognomy founded on Physiology.*'—A set of plausible commonplaces, sufficiently amusing as magazine articles, in which form they first appeared, but sufficiently ridiculous when advanced with the gravity of scientific disquisition, in which garb they are now presented. Mr. Walker, even when most anxious to maintain his own views, should remember the respect due to truth: we need scarcely say, that we place little reliance on phrenological reveries, but we should be ashamed to be found asserting that Gall and Spurzheim were "miserably destitute" of all knowledge of the brain.

'*Moor's Oriental Fragments.*'—This volume consists of facts and fancies: the facts did not deserve to be recorded, and the fancies are baseless speculations. The author reminds us of the person who wore green spectacles so long that he never saw any object which did not appear tinged with that colour; the Hindú Pantheon has been Mr. Moor's green spectacles—he can see nothing but Hinduism in every quarter of the globe.

'*The Juvenile Spectator, by Arabella Argus.*'—'*The Value of Money,*' by Mrs. Barwell,—'*Frank and his Father; or, Conversations on the Book of Genesis,*' by Bourne Hall Draper.—Here are three books for children. The first is a reprint: it appears studied and false in taste,



as applying an idea, originally intended for the profit and amusement of the middle-aged, to little folks, who do not love the mystery, and do not comprehend the wit, of the anonymous. The second is an excellent and probable little tale, by a well-known hand. The third is graced with very pretty vignettes—how different from the queer old pictures of Master Jackies and Aunt Mortons, to be found in Mr. Newberry's gilt books!—but, as to its letter-press, a pious parent will always explain the Bible to his child in his own way, and with reference to that child's peculiar habits and dispositions; and the parent who neglects the religious instruction of his family will not buy it; therefore, though well-intentioned, we cannot but think it superfluous.

'*The Napoléon, in twelve books*, by T. H. Genin.—The days of epics, we suspect, are gone by, or if they are to be charmed back, it is not by Mr. Genin. Twelve books of blank verse, corresponding with Adam Smith's definition of blank verse—"that which has neither rhyme nor reason," are something beyond an ordinary dose: and we freely confess, that we could only swallow a small part of the same. The subject is too high and vast a one to be grasped by other hands than the strongest.

'*A few Remarks on Mr. Haywood's Translation of Faust*, by D. Boileau.—Though by no means infallibly right, Mr. Boileau's strictures have more mere grammatical interest and importance, than Mr. Haywood's hasty notice of them, in his second edition, would imply.

'*The Wager, a Parisian Anecdote*.—This book is an impertinence, but a clever one: the author tells us in *limine* that he has neither time nor industry for corrections, and his assertion is clearly borne out in the course of the poem. There is nothing easier than to fancy you can write well in the Whistcraft style—nothing harder than to do it; and, after all, the compound is but a questionable one when put together, and to be treated as a *gratulerie*, and not as a work of art;—the poet before us, moreover, aims at the freedom of Beppo rather more obviously than we like—he ought to do better, and, if he have neither time nor pains to bestow on his verses, keep them in his portfolio.

'*Moore's Stenographic Standard*.—The author's system displays much ingenuity, but we fear the contrivances for abbreviation are too complex to be reduced to practice.

'*Sullivan's Dictionary of Derivations*.—We recommend this work to the heads of schools, for it teaches how classical knowledge may be made a useful auxiliary to the acquisition of modern languages. The lovers of etymological research will also find in its pages much information respecting the structure of the English language, and the sources whence it was derived.

'*Explanatory Treatise on the Subjunctive Mood*.—The author displays some little talent, and a very extraordinary share of vanity. His egotism indeed became so offensive, that we closed the volume half read. Having since mustered patience to go through it, we are bound to say, that the author's views on this difficult part of grammar, appear sound and correct.

'*On the Effects of Minute Doses of Mercury in Chronic Diseases*, by Dr. Wilson Phillip, F.R.S. &c.—In this valuable little work, Dr. Phillip has collected, from the experience of a long life devoted to professional pursuits, a number of observations respecting the sympathy manifested between different organs, when any of them is labouring under disease. He has also given the result of his practice as referring to the combination of minute doses of mercury with other remedial means. To the student and the young practitioner, these facts and observations must be of the highest importance.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Third Performance, Saturday, June 28.

THE singers who appeared in the course of this morning, were Sig. Grisi, Mad. Caradori, Mad. Stockhausen, Miss Stephens, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Mrs. Bishop, Miss Clara Novello, Miss Bruce, Miss Wagstaff, Miss Lloyd, Miss Chambers, and Mrs. Seymour. Signors Tamburini and Ivanoff, Messrs. Brubam, Phillips, Bennett, Vaughan, Bellamy, and Sale, Terrail, Goulden, and Stretton, Masters Howe and Smith. The pieces performed, were Haydn's 'God preserve the Emperor,' with English words, a selection from Judas Maccabeus, and two acts of miscellaneous music.

There was much in this performance to give serious dissatisfaction to all who, like ourselves, wish this Festival to occupy a prominent place in the annals of music. We can understand the feeling which made the directors anxious to include in their engagements all the native talent which could be gathered together—but we cannot perceive either the wisdom or policy of extending them to talent uncultivated—or (if the expression may be permitted) to the positive want of it. One of these two things made sad havoc with much of the concerted music on Saturday. Surely, the possession of a voice, should not be sufficient passport to an orchestra on an occasion like this—if it be so, we may look in vain for any good to be done amongst us. It is idle and absurd to talk of foreign artists being employed to the prejudice of our own countrymen and countrywomen, when we have to endure such offences against time and tune, as distressed us on this occasion.

This is a matter calling for serious attention, when we bear in mind that the best of our concert and oratorio singers are fast passing away, and that, with the exception of Mrs. W. Knyvett and Mr. Phillips, and the promise of Miss Clara Novello, we can find none still in their prime or coming forward, who are qualified to keep their standing, when compared with continental artists. We have not, however, mentioned it in a captious spirit, and we shall not particularize any individual failures, though there were not a few, but proceed to the pleasant task of chronicling many things that went far to redeem the morning from the charge of being the least interesting of the four performances.

In this spirit of charity, we begin at once with 'Judas Maccabeus.' It is impossible to listen to the music of this fine oratorio, without being struck by the distinct martial spirit which pervades it. It is written in Handel's boldest manner, and perhaps we are awakened to a particular perception of its character, by having once heard it in close contrast with the smooth rich harmonies of Spohr. There is a motion and stir about it, (always on the grand scale,) which would bring scenes of the camp, the fortress, the struggle, and the victory before our eyes, even if we could not catch the words. The only exception to this vivid painting of the warlike deeds of Israel, in the selection given on Saturday last, was Mr. Bennett's air, 'O Liberty,' with Lindley's violoncello accompaniment. In this, the singer satisfied us entirely, and his perfect finish of style and delicacy of taste, made us regret that power of voice is not purchasable; the accompaniment too, was beautifully played, but we have heard the final cadence so often, in church and concert-room, that we could have for once dispensed with it. The trio and chorus, 'Disdainful of danger,' entirely executed by masculine voices, are always striking—the solo parts were doubled. The chorus, 'Hear us, O Lord,' which follows, is full of fine contrasts, and, like all which went before and succeeded it, was sung with perfect confidence and energy.

The duet, 'O never, never bow we down,' brought us Miss Clara Novello once more, and we were glad to hear her again; as a composition, it is one of Handel's older works, and sounds a little gone by. Mr. Brubam, as usual, sang 'Sound an alarm!' Alas! in it he was but the broken shadow of his former self! The chorus which follows is magnificent—it brings before us the mustering of the eager and fiery host, and breathes a confidence sure of triumph. Mrs. Bishop sang 'From mighty kings' beautifully; there is a *mind* and a vividness of conception manifest in her singing, (especially of late,) which will go far to ensure her mastery over an imperfect voice. After this, came our favourite, 'Fall'n is the foe!' one of Handel's grandest descriptive choruses; the sudden sinking of the voices upon the word 'Fall'n,' is most thrilling, and was exquisitely given. We pass by 'See the conquering hero comes,' with a feeling of shame; the march which succeeds it, with its vigorous flourishes of side drums, is full of motion and spirit; as it goes on, we see the procession of the conquerors filing off before our eyes, with their banners and trophies of victory. The chorus, 'Sing unto God,' which concluded the part, is not one of Handel's strongest.

The second and third parts contained an admirable selection of music—as on Thursday, we had many of the works of Catholic church writers, beginning with a motett by Mozart, 'Ne, pulvis et cinis,' which, particularly its opening movement, we are inclined to rank among the highest of his works. Parts of it reminded us strongly of those appalling strains given to the statue in 'Don Giovanni,' and the composer's intentions were done excellent justice to by Tamburini, who is a real artist, and as such, successful everywhere. He was assisted in the solos, by Miss Clara Novello, Miss Wagstaff, and Mr. Bennett. Sig. Grisi sang a 'Laudate,' by Mozart, with an obligato accompaniment for the organ, by Dr. Crotch. Our contemporaries, we think, have visited upon her head as a singer, their dissatisfaction, which, admitting it to be just, ought to belong to the songs allotted to her, and have forgotten that the long-drawn style of Mrs. Knyvett and Miss Stephens could not be applied to much of Mozart's sacred music, which is hardly graver in character than many of his operatic airs or scattered songs. For our own parts, her execution and taste struck us as perfect, and the 'Et incarnatus,' from Haydn's first Mass, in the third part, sung by herself, Mad. Stockhausen, Miss Clara Novello, Signors Ivanoff, Tamburini, and Mr. E. Seguin, as the choicest *morceau* of concerted music we have had during the fortnight; it had only one fault, that of being too short. Pergolesi's 'Gloria in excelsis,' was one of the happiest things of the morning; the solos were sung by Master Howe, Master Smith, Messrs. Bennett, and J. B. Sale. It is our 'Gloria' of all others, and we never hear it, without being carried, we know not why, to Rome, and, for the moment, joining in the exultation and pagantry of a Catholic Christmas. The fortunes of its composer, too, give it a particular interest; and it is in itself so original and elevated in its joyousness, that, once heard, it is never to be forgotten. But we must not tarry over it, lest we forget to mention Mad. Stockhausen's 'Jesu Domine!' and Sig. Ivanoff's 'Panis omnipotens,' (both airs by Mozart,) with express commendation; the singing of the latter grows upon us every time we hear it, though he had on Saturday hardly *got the range* of the church: it rests with himself to stand alone in the profession, in virtue of his most peculiar but most delightful voice. Leo's 'Dixit Dominus,' was superb, and Phillips sang his very best in Pergolesi's 'O Lord, have mercy upon me.' Tamburini would have done as much in the solo and quartett by Himmel, 'Inclina ad me aurem tuam,' had the *soprani* been less miser-

ably deficient:—such failures must never be allowed to happen on any future occasion.

We have, as before, purposely grouped all this Catholic music together—it is as idle to think of comparing it with Handel's more sober and majestic compositions, as it would be to speak of the poems of Ariosto and Milton in the same breath, and to quarrel with the one for not possessing the beauties of the other. We have now to mention Braham's, Miss Stephens's, and Mrs. W. Knyvett's great songs, which were also included in the selection for the morning. Braham's 'Deeper and deeper still,' remains almost unimpaired—it is long before mind grows old. In the air 'Waft her, Angela,' which has been brought from its right place in the Oratorio to follow this recitative, we felt that his voice is failing. For our own parts, heterodox as the opinion will seem to many, we cannot, nor ever could, see the propriety of introducing so calm and beautiful an air immediately to succeed the recitative which ends rather in the exhaustion of despair than the placidity of resignation. For this reason it is, that as a whole, we always preferred 'Ye sacred priests,' which Miss Stephens sang in her best manner. Our own conception of the song goes something beyond this. We would have the contrast between sorrow and devotion a little more decidedly marked—but we are perhaps fastidious in behalf of our favourite. Mrs. W. Knyvett's air, 'What though I trace,' which she is naturally fond of, as being the one which first brought her into notice, is a song of *mezzo carattere*, to which she adds something of religious fervour, which we consider to be her peculiar property—having heard many besides herself attempt it, and no one succeed. We have purposely dwelt a little on these three songs, as they will always be remembered in conjunction with the names of the artists who have thus appropriated them.

For the rest, we had two scenes from the 'Mount of Olives.' The air of the Seraph, with chorus, in which Caradori surprised us, is a most difficult composition, but she triumphed over it without any apparent labour. We had also the last scene, concluding with the 'Hallelujah.' Of the execution of the trio we can say nothing; and it is superfluous, after having so lately expressed our opinion, to repeat our conviction of the first-rate merits of Beethoven's music. This Oratorio loses much by its words being translated into English; the personages are changed (of necessity, to suit our notions of propriety), and the character of the music cannot therefore be felt in its full extent; but, after Handel's 'Hallelujah,' we know of none to compare with Beethoven's. The majesty of its opening, and the ascending dignity of the passage 'Worlds unborn shall sing his glory,' with its accompaniment, like the upward flight of myriad wings, have long taken their place among the most magnificent adaptations of sound to sense we possess. How was it, that immediately after so splendid a composition, we were—*wearied*—(the word *will* out) with that long anthem by Purcell? In all reverence to this father of English composers, we tried to admire it; but we found ourselves constantly checking a yawn; and the truth is, that it will not do to place such music so close to the works of modern composers, unless a comparison is to be drawn, the result of which is inevitable.

The march and chorus, 'Glory to God,' from 'Joshua,' with Braham's solo, accompanied by Platt and Harper, and the double chorus 'From the center,' from 'Solomon,' remain to be mentioned. In the first the chorus was all that could be wished—the last is a particular favourite with the singers, and they always give it out, as the psalm says, "lustily and with good courage."

On this day, the scene in the Abbey reached its perfection of brilliancy—in fact, the splendour of the *spectacle* has grown upon us rather

than diminished with custom; and on Saturday it was displayed to the utmost advantage by a bright sun, which came joyously streaming in upon all the gay dresses and rich decorations wherewith the place was filled, but not overcrowded, till the galleries looked like two immense sloping flower beds: the comparison is somewhat old, but we can find none nearer the truth. The weather has, throughout, been singularly favourable.

#### Fourth Performance.

We come now to speak of the Messiah, which, as on the occasion of the Commemoration, was performed by the express command of the Queen, and concluded this series of grand Oratorios. We feel, in entering on the subject, that our feet are on holy ground—that there is to us English a certain sacredness about this composition with which none other can ever be invested. We are sure that no musical work is so well known, or so reverently loved, from one end of the kingdom to the other. And yet, we cannot forget, that such were the hindrances in the way of its first being brought forward, that its first success attended it in Dublin, where it was performed for the benefit of the sufferers in the city prison. So capricious is Fortune—and yet so certain is she ultimately to award to genius its true deserts!—and as these thoughts crossed our minds while awaiting the commencement of the performance, it was impossible to forget how near we were to the tomb of the mighty master, whose very dust might have thrilled to the echoes of his own magnificent harmonies.

Many who generally refuse to countenance the performance of sacred music, will make an exception in favour of the Messiah; and this, no doubt, and the circumstances of its being commanded by royalty, and performed on a scale of such grandeur, caused the extraordinary competition for tickets which is said to have taken place. The Abbey was quite full, and the audience noiselessly attentive:—how is it that the self-same people will hardly sit ten minutes in silence at a concert, but the music ever so perfect? One want of judgment, however, we must notice, the change in the arrangement of the chorus: hitherto the voices have been more equally distributed,—on Tuesday all the *soprani* were removed to the left side of the orchestra, which gave a disagreeable predominance of one voice over the rest, to all who chanced to sit in the side galleries.

To enter into any examination of a composition so thoroughly known, and more intelligently loved by the multitude than any other with which we are acquainted, would be superfluous. The overture was taken more slowly than we are used to hear it, or than we like—and Braham, as usual, sang 'Comfort ye,' and 'Every valley.' The genius is there still—we cannot but hope, for his fame, that we may never again be so forcibly compelled to compare past with present, as we were obliged to do on this occasion. The choruses, we believe, might almost have been sung without books; the first, 'And the glory of the Lord,' is not a general favourite—but it has always struck us as an instance of fine taste, that Handel seems purposely to have kept back his entire strength till the moment when it bursts forth on the inspiring words 'Arise, shine! for the glory of the Lord hath risen upon thee.' Mr. Machin (whose name we should have mentioned as having sung in the great duet for two basses, in 'Israel in Egypt') did his best with that somewhat impracticable song, 'But who may abide,' and its fine preliminary recitative. Mr. Hawkins sang, 'O thou that tellest.' We had hoped that the fancy for male contralto voices was wearing out—to our ear the best of them has an unpleasant and unnatural effect—and is just the weakest where a low female voice is richest and most impressive. Phillips did

justice to 'For behold darkness shall cover the earth;' *here*, as in the foregoing song, we are particularly sensible of the enrichment of Mozart's additional parts. The chorus 'For unto us a child is born,' deserved a call for repetition; merely to write of it, makes our heart beat quicker. Then came the lovely Pastoral Symphony—what matter if borrowed from Corelli, as some cavillers say?—we feel the magic of its effects, and care not whence it comes—and, performed by this immense band, it had an ethereal, yet all pervading softness which seemed to fill every crevice and corner of the building. Mrs. W. Knyvett sang the recitative well, but not as it might be given; she was correct, but not poetical. The chorus which follows always comes upon us like a burst of inspiration. 'Rejoice greatly,' was given to Caradori—it is not a song which suggests much to the singer, save mere brilliancy—but Malibran gave it something more; and we dare not remember her in 'He shall feed his flock,' lest we defraud Miss Mason of her just due of praise, which is great, and it is a song in which we are not easily pleased. Stockhausen's voice was surely made for the second part of this melody—it is so perfectly pure, fresh, and pastoral. The chorus 'His yoke is easy,' concludes the part.

How beautifully are we at once introduced to new scenes and sensations, by the opening chorus of Part II. 'Behold the Lamb of God!' The composition leads us through shame, and suffering, and agony, till we come to the cheering air 'But thou didst not leave.' Of all Handel's single songs, 'He was despised' is (we believe) our favourite—we were glad to hear it restored to a female voice; it is said to have been written for Mrs. Cibber, and from her lips to have touched the hearts of many: we have never heard it sung so as to reach our ideas of what it should be. It was allotted to Miss Mason on the present occasion. We missed Braham in 'All they that see him laugh him to scorn,' and the following air, in which Mr. Vaughan was as cold as lead, a coldness felt all the more for being contrasted with the desperate mocking energy of the chorus, 'He trusted in God,' than which nothing finer can be imagined, either in science, or expression. Miss Shirrell sang, 'But thou didst not leave,' and therein strengthened our conviction, with respect to the natural gifts and acquired cultivation of our vocalists, expressed this day week; the chorus 'Lift up your heads!' left us nothing to wish. Mr. Horncastle appeared in the following recitative, Mr. Machin in that somewhat tame song, 'Thou art gone up on high.' How glorious and bold is the enunciation of 'The Lord gave the word,' in the following chorus! Miss Clara Novello sang 'How beautiful are the feet,' well; and the quartet, 'Their sound is gone out,' was perfectly executed by Master Howe, Messrs. Goulden, Horncastle, and J. B. Side. (Why have we heard this last gentleman so often?) Phillips's version of 'Why do the nations wax,' as it always is, magnificent; Mr. Horncastle's 'Thou shalt dash them' cold and feeble, and out of the range of his voice. But every thing was forgotten in the 'Hallelujah,' and we only do not expatiate upon this chorus, because we feel the inadequacy of words, and have suffered too much from having our remembrances profaned by bombastic adulation, to run the risk of inflicting the same annoyance upon those, who, like ourselves, feel the most intensely, when they are least able to express their feelings.

'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' the melody of which is appropriately graven on Handel's tombstone, was given to Miss Stephens: in this and many other songs, we want another Mara—we require elevation besides tenderness—we must behold the triumph as well as the tomb; and in the expression of such high-toned feeling, Miss Stephens, charming and touching though she be, falls short of our imaginations.

The same remark will apply to Mr. Bellamy in the succeeding song. 'The trumpet shall sound,' with its stately symphony, which almost makes our pulses stand still, as if it were indeed the note of preparation for some awful and momentous scene: the song does not stand now in its original state—it was altered and curtailed by Mozart—we are not sure as to its being improved. Mr. Goulden and Mr. Vaughan made the somewhat insipid duet, 'O Death, where is thy sting?' all the heavier by their spiritless and tuneless singing. Mrs. E. Seguin took the last song, 'If God be for us'—then came the final choruses, 'Worthy is the Lamb,' and 'Amen,' which we respect by our silence, as we have done the 'Hallelujah,'—and all was over!

We are in no mood yet, coolly to anatomize the separate parts of the performances, our report of which we now close: in some points they have failed, but those failures have been, perhaps, inevitable. It is enough: we have had all our native talent now in England fairly brought forward, and, we frankly own, to our disappointment; but those who have been long calling for this, should, we think, be charitable as to the result of the experiment. If the charge of favouritism in the employment of particular singers be correct, we honestly believe that the error has been not one of purpose. We look ere long, however, for another grand meeting on the same scale, and in the same place: and we then hope to find those only engaged, be they British or foreign, who deserve it by their talent: by that time, too, we trust that many of our own artists will have earned a right to be included among the number, by patient and intelligent study of their art, which is, after all, something more, and of a nobler order, than a means of amassing money, or exciting the wonderment of the vulgar and sensual.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We have looked into the Magazines for the month. *Blackwood* is not so interesting as some of the late numbers.—*The Dublin University Magazine* appears to be following the steps of *Maga*, in giving us more poetry than most of its contemporaries think discreet, for which we like it all the better. The opening of the 'Stray Canto,' though perhaps somewhat too obviously irregular, is excellent.—On the other hand, the *New Monthly* is taking a worldly turn, and becoming more of a court and drawing-room gossip than we like. The present number however is good; the 'Sketches of Human Folly,' curious and well put together; and *Diarmid* the younger's 'Infernal Marriage,' in his own best manner, a strange mixture of the mythology of past times, and the impertinences of the present.—*Fraser* has a good article by Sir Egerton Brydges, and in continuation of the Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters, the portrait of the author of 'Rookwood.'—The *Court Magazine* has a speaking and expressive likeness of the Right Hon. Lady Louth, and Bayly's easy and whimsical 'Loves of the Lords and Ladies.'—The *Monthly Repository* is, as usual, full of thought and talent, and might exercise twice the influence that it does, were it only half as sectarian as it is.—*Tait* has a good paper upon Campbell, and William Howitt's 'Bringing Home,'—and in the *Metropolitan*, as usual, the best, indeed the only things worth reading, are the contributions of the editor.

Two new periodicals have been sent to us—the first number of the *New Monthly Belle Assemblée*, edited by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, and the first number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland*, which we have only had time to glance over. It seems full of valuable matter, and contains Mr. Edge's description of the various classes of vessels

employed by the natives of the coasts of Coromandel, &c., for their coasting navigation.—Captain Harkness's remarks on the school system of the Hindus—an abstract of a notice of the Circassians, drawn by Tausch, a German, who resided for eight years in the country—and much besides that appears valuable and interesting.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

June 23.—John Barrow, Esq. in the chair.—The dispatches received from Captain Back were first read, with observations on them communicated by Dr. Richardson. These consisted chiefly of an analysis of the statements made by the gallant officer in question, anticipations of his future success, and encomiums on his conduct, in which Sir John Franklin, who was present, warmly joined.

Afterwards, observations were read, 'On the manners of the Inhabitants of the Southern Coast of Arabia and shores of the Red Sea; with remarks on the ancient and modern geography of that quarter, and the road through the desert from Kosir to Keneh,' communicated by James Bird, Esq. lately returned by that route from India. Mr. Bird commenced by remarking, that as steam communication between India and this country was become a subject of public inquiry, some recent notices of the country and people with which travellers by this route would be brought in contact, would probably be also interesting. He regretted, at the same time, that the observations thus offered would by no means leave a favourable impression on the minds of the hearers.

The first part of the Arabian Coast seen by Mr. Bird on his voyage from Bombay, was that to the eastward of Ras Sharwin, or Kisin point; where the mountains rise to the height of two or three thousand feet, presenting here and there the flat tabular appearance of the trap formation, with the scarp and fortified aspect also of the Dekhan Coast. Not a tree, or mark of verdure, is, however, to be seen on them; and it is difficult to imagine anything more utterly barren and arid. Proceeding thence to the westward, the steamer touched at Makullah, which, since the ruin of Aden, has become a place of some importance, and is the emporium for the trade between India and the coast of Barham. It is governed by a stern, ferocious old sheikh, named Abd-al-Rah, who is suspected of having very recently poisoned his own brother, and who maintains a considerable body of armed retainers for his protection against the neighbouring sheikhs, who divide among them this coast, and are almost always at feud with each other. These retainers are generally slaves procured from the opposite coast of Africa; and were frequently employed also in acts of piracy, until the increasing intercourse of these shores with India, and the consequent presence of the Company's cruisers on the ground, restrained their lawless acts.

Proceeding from Makullah to the north-west, the coast is characterized chiefly by perpendicular cliffs of lime and sand-stone, with occasional shelving banks of white calcareous earth, and heaps of trap-tuff, and breccia. The aspect of barrenness continues; frequently not a single blade of vegetation is seen; and even the coarse brushwood of India is wanting. The inhabitants have brown sun-burnt visages, slender active forms, and energetic manners; but their dress differs in some degree from that of the other Arabs, and resembles more that of the poorer classes of Indian Mohammedans. Instead of the blue cotton shirt with wide sleeves, a piece of striped cotton is here worn covering the loins and thighs with a kirtle of cotton or woollen cloth, over which is a leathern belt supporting the waist, and carrying also a crooked dagger, or

jambes, and sometimes pistols. The sheikh's military retainers have also swords and matchlocks.

On approaching Ras Bah-el-Mandeb, the basaltic formation appears to predominate. The Straits are two narrow entrances to the Arabian Gulph, separated by the island of Perim, a black rock on which there is no trace of vegetation. The eastern, or smaller strait, is about three miles wide, the western fifteen. The steam-boat did not touch at Mocha, but passing on, to avoid a strong north-west wind, put into Hodeida, a considerable town, with its market well supplied. The shore is here flat and sandy, chiefly producing date trees; but the interior is fertile, through means of irrigation. The houses are somewhat better than at Makullah; but the moral aspect of the people is not superior.

About seventy miles south of Hodeida, there is a river which traverses the fertile Wadi of Zobed, and is the only stream in Arabia with a sufficient quantity of water to reach the sea. Zobed itself was once a flourishing city, and when Ibn-al-Wandi wrote his Geographical Dictionary, called 'The Pearl of Wonders,' he described it as receiving merchants from Habshah, or Abyssinia, Irak (Persia), and Egypt. It has since declined; and the mouth of the river is so much obstructed by a sand-bank, that its water continues sweet almost to the sea.

The steam-boat next put into Jidda, and thence proceeded to Kosir. The old town of this name is six miles N.W. of the modern one, and is situate on the north side of an inlet of the sea, which was formerly a harbour, but is now crossed by a bar of sand which excludes the water from its former channel. Beyond it a range of rough calcareous mountains extends to the east, and shelters the town from the north winds. The ruins are considerable, and appear to have been deserted in consequence of the sea retiring from them.

The new town is placed on the south side of a sandy point of land, the base of which is shell limestone, and forms a kind of cove or anchorage, where vessels lie in five fathoms within sixty yards of the shore. About twenty miles south of the town, a range of hills rises 4000 feet in height, and, in this direction, the coast is also more abrupt than to the north.

Mr. Bird next described his journey across from Kosir to Keneh, into which, however, we shall not enter. The thanks of the Society were voted for his communication; and it was announced from the chair that the present session now closed, and the Society stood adjourned till the second Monday of November next.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

June 21.—A general meeting was held this day; the Right Hon. Sir A. Johnston, V.P., in the chair.

Lieut. George Le Grand Jacob, of the Bombay Establishment, and Dr. Holt Yates, were elected Resident Members of the Society.

A letter was read from Rameswami Modelian, Jéghirdar of Sivasamudram, acknowledging the receipt of his diploma as a corresponding Member of the Society, and expressing his gratification at the honourable manner in which the Society had thus testified its approbation of his endeavours to improve the island of Sivasamudram and the approaches leading to it.†

A further portion of Capt. McMurdo's paper on Sindh, was read, commencing with an account of the camel and other animals of Sindh, to which succeeds a description of the towns, not including, however, the ancient cities. The author then explains the nature and extent of the commerce carried on by the province, and enumerates its principal sea-ports: the mode of collecting the revenue is the next subject, which is followed by some remarks on the amount of the

† See Trans. R.A.S. Vol. III. p. 263.



population and the characteristics of the people, at which point the reading terminated for the present.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

June 19.—Hudson Gurney, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The reading of Sir Fredk. Madden's interesting historical paper was concluded, and the evening, and the Society's meetings for the season, were finished by the concluding portion of Mr. G. Otley's long and elaborate paper on the illuminated manuscripts of Aratus, for, on rising, the Vice President gave notice from the chair, that the meetings were therefrom adjourned until the third Thursday in November. The usual notice was given, too, that the Society's Library would be shut for one month, during the recess; and the Members generally may find it useful to be informed that the month of September was mentioned, instead of August as heretofore.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF DUBLIN.—May 14. Captain Portlock in the chair.—A paper was read by Archdeacon Verschoyle, containing a description of a new instrument, for ascertaining that an observer is in the straight line joining two distant points: the instrument (to which the name of the *orthoscope* has been given) was exhibited.—A paper was read by the Rev. George Sidney Smith, F.T.C.D., on a remarkable granite vein, which traverses the mica slate of Killiney Hill, County Dublin, and is itself crossed by smaller veins. Captain Portlock read an account of the geological features of the bay of Dundalk. Some valuable casts of fossils, including the *Plesiosaurus*, were presented to the Society by Thomas Hutton, Esq.

June 11.—W. Eddington, Esq., in the chair. A paper was read by Whitley Stokes, Esq. M.D. on the history and phenomena of meteoric stones. Dr. Stokes adduced some new and interesting facts, and entered into a discussion of the various theories, to account for the origin of aerolithes. The Society adjourned to Wednesday Nov. 12.

#### THEATRICALS

##### VICTORIA THEATRE.

Miss Mitford's tragedy of 'Charles the First' was produced at this suburban retreat for legitimacy, on Wednesday evening. It is too late in the week for us to notice it with the attention it deserves, and we shall therefore defer our remarks and our extracts till next Saturday. In the meantime, however, we have the pleasing duty to perform of stating that the tragedy was received with very great applause, and that it seemed to give genuine satisfaction to a very attentive audience. It will unquestionably add to the already high fame of its amiable and accomplished authoress (these epithets are used advisedly, and not as a matter of course, as in a newspaper announcement of a "marriage in high life,") and we trust, for her sake, and for the sake of Mr. Abbott, who has done himself honour in bringing it out, that it will prove attractive. If there really exists in the public mind an interest for the advancement of the drama—if the call for high and original talent to come forward in its support, is anything more than a mere newspaper cry—let the public, now that the call has been answered by Miss Mitford, come forward in their turn, and do it homage. In short, let the majority of the inhabitants of "our village" (it's a large one) see Miss Mitford's play once, and three good ends will be attained—gratification to themselves, a return of gratification in its most agreeable shape to the gifted lady in question, and profit to a manager who is honourably labouring to raise the grade of his theatre.—We should mention that a very clever and highly poetical prologue

for the occasion, was written and spoken by Mr. Serle.

#### FRENCH PLAYS—OLYMPIC THEATRE.

As far as we have had an opportunity of judging, these performances have been better attended than usual during the present season, particularly since the arrival of M. Perlet. —M. Perlet is an admirable actor, of which he gave us a new proof in his performance of *Reynolds*, in 'Le Savant,' on Monday night; but he is not, in addition, a first-rate artist; and in this opinion he confirmed us, by his representation of *Michel Perrin*, in the vaudeville so called, which we went expressly to see. (Being in the habit of pointing out to our "friends, managers and countrymen," the blunders they commit, when they let their goose's wings take flight into the regions of puff, we must not let our neighbours escape when they do likewise. A long puff about this piece, at the head of Monday's ball, commences thus—"M. Serbe's favourite vaudeville, 'Michel Perrin,' having been received," &c. Now, that 'Michel Perrin' may be a favourite vaudeville of M. Serbe, we are not prepared to deny; but it certainly is not a favourite vaudeville by M. Serbe, or, if it is, he is unjust to himself to permit two other authors to publish it with their names.) Our chief object in seeing it was to form a comparison between the acting of M. Perlet, and that of Mr. Farren in the same part, in Mr. Planché's translation at Drury Lane, entitled 'Secret Service.' We always attend, when opportunities offer, to make comparisons of this sort, between English and French actors and authors of any celebrity; and the general superiority of the French makes us approach our task with fear and trembling for the professional reputation of our countrymen. In the present instance, we are happy to say, that both English author and English actor come off victorious. We have no wish to detract from the merit justly due to the original authors of this very pretty and interesting piece; but 'Secret Service' shows distinctly that a translation may sometimes be an improvement; and it is the more curious, because it does not purport to be an alteration, an adaptation, or anything but a translation. It follows its original, scene for scene, and incident for incident; and yet Mr. Planché has somehow contrived so to raise the tone of his version, that it is justly entitled to the appellation of Comedy, while the original is only a vaudeville; nor does it owe this distinction merely to the omission of the vaudeville airs.—Another strong instance of the superiority of a translation over its original, we remember to have met with in Mr. Poole's one-act comedy, called 'A Soldier's Courtship.' There also Mr. Poole adhered strictly to the plot of the original, but turned a very dull piece into a very lively one, by the force of improved dialogue. But to return to Messrs. Perlet and Farren, and their performance of *Michel Perrin*. M. Perlet plays it with his accustomed cleverness: nobody perhaps could give the words of his author with better emphasis, better discretion, or more general point; but our complaint is, that this is all he does—he acts the part as it is written so well, as to prevent the possibility of fault being found upon that score; but the colouring of the artist—the higher attribute of the assumption of individual character—which an author can only indicate, and leave to others to bring out, is wanting. This is what Mr. Farren, in our opinion, has added: and with a degree of mingled delicacy and force which we have scarcely ever seen equalled by any comedian except M. Potier. M. Perlet plays the part with expression varied to suit the words he has to utter, no doubt; but still in the same strain of feeling, and with much the same amount of physical exertion throughout. Mr. Farren, from the moment he makes the affecting dis-

covery that he has been, and is, a burthen to his benefactress, becomes a new man. The weakness of age is still apparent underneath; but he acquires a temporary strength of body from virtuous resolution, which extends itself even to his voice. In those parts which call for a display of tenderness and feeling also, Mr. Farrea is decidedly superior. His powerful efforts are produced by the brimful-eye and the choked utterance. M. Perlet uses his pocket-handkerchief, and leaves the rest, in a great measure, to the imagination of the audience. In short, Mr. Farren acts *Michel Perrin* infinitely better than M. Perlet—who may excuse the little bit of pride we feel in saying so, and yield this one part to his brother actor. He has a reputation quite high enough to enable him to afford it; and even in this part, he plays so well as not to place such reputation in any degree of jeopardy.

#### MISCELLANEA

*The Gold Mine at Battang Moring, in the Malay Peninsula.*—We extract the following from a Paper by Lieut. J. T. Newbold, in the Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal.—Lieut. Hawkes and myself left Assahan, with a *posse comitatus* of sepoys, convicts, a guide and interpreter, with ten Malays provided with "parangs" to clear a path through the thick underwood and numerous ratans and creepers with which a Malay forest abounds. After travelling along a footpath through a dense jungle for an hour or so, we crossed the frontier into the Muar territory. Gummi is, or rather was, a small village situated close to the foot of Mount Ophir; it contained about twenty houses, almost all of which have been forsaken by the inhabitants.—About sixty yards from the deserted hut which constituted our "Serai," nearer the mountain, is a house almost concealed by the sloping ground on which it stands, inhabited by six or seven Chinese miners, and immediately in front of it is a gold mine. This place is called Battang Moring. The mine is nearly exhausted; it is situated on the flat marshy ground at the foot of the slope on which the Chinese house stands; in length it measures about ten yards, by four in breadth; and six or seven feet in depth.

It is filled with muddy water, which is drained off by simple bamboo hydraulic apparatus somewhat resembling the Indian *Pukotah*. The miners descend for the purpose of digging out the metallic earth, by means of rude ladders formed of the notched trunk of trees; a Chinese who had embraced Mohammedanism, went through the process, which is extremely simple; having dug out a quantity of the earth, which consists of coarse sand, greyish clay and white pebbles, among which crystals of quartz are found, and greenish stones, he placed it in a shallow funnel-shaped vessel of wood, and carried it to a stream of water, conducted by two narrow channels close to the mine.

The water falling from a height of about a foot washes away the lighter earthy particles and clay, assisted by the rotatory motion of the miner's hand. This done, he carefully picks out the stones and other refuse too large for the water to carry off, whilst the gold dust, in minute portions, sinks to the narrow bottom of the vessel, from which it is extracted, carefully washed, and laid by to be made up into small bags each containing one *bukkal* (1½ oz. tr.)

The gold of Ophir, though small in quantity, is as fine as that of Pahang in quality, being estimated at ninety touch. A gentleman of the Madras Medical Establishment, to whom I showed the crystals and earth, is of opinion that the latter is the debris of the granite forming the summit; the white masses appearing to be felspar in a decomposed state: the crystals are quartz, and the small grains in the earth also

Legends of the Past and Present Family History. With Notes, Illustrations and a Glossary. By H. A. Picken, Author of 'The Dominion's Legacy.' 3 vols. pp. 172, 216.





It is particularly necessary to observe, that GEORGE WEBB, who, formerly at Cornhill and Lodge-street, shared out, and paid Capital Prizes in State Lotteries amounting to several Hundred Thousand Pounds, HAS NOW ONLY ONE OFFICE, and that is next to Northumberland House, CHARING CROSS.



# THE ATHENÆUM

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(J. HOLMES, YORK'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*Sismondi's History of the Fall of the Roman Empire.* Vol. I. London: Longman & Co.

We shall not attempt to institute the comparison between Gibbon and Sismondi which the title of this volume naturally suggests; it would be fair to neither party, least of all to the learned foreigner, who was confined within strict limits, and bound to a fixed number of pages. Neither shall we imitate those reviewers compared by Jean Paul to a person who, upon being asked what sort of creature man was, producing some tufts of hair and a few nail-parings, replied, "Man is pretty much like that." Our duty to the author and the public will be best discharged by examining the general principles maintained in this volume, and the facts by which they are illustrated and supported.

Sismondi regards History as a collection of experiments in the social sciences, and the only aid we can obtain for removing the doubts, difficulties and uncertainties with which those sciences are beset. Men are dogmatic in proportion to their ignorance: there is no subject involved in greater obscurity than the Theory of Society; there is none on which men are more ready to offer their crude opinions as undeniable axioms: nay, they hold that difference of opinion can only result from moral obliquity or downright folly. History, studied aright, teaches no lesson so strongly as the duty of indulgence and mutual toleration. Sismondi says, with equal force and truth—

"But the main source of the confusion and uncertainty which hang around moral or political science is, that several causes always concur to produce one effect; that, frequently, it is even necessary to seek in another branch of political science the origin of a phenomenon which presents itself to us in the one which presently engages our attention. We are struck by the tactics of the Romans; but perhaps it is rather to the education they received from their earliest infancy, than to the perfection of military science, that we ought to ascribe their success in war. We wish to adopt the English trial by jury; perhaps it will be found to be devoid of equity or of independence, if it be not supported by the religious opinion of the country. We talk of the fidelity of the Austrians to their government; perhaps their attachment is not to the government, but to the economical laws which are in force among them. We ought not, therefore, to be surprised if the social sciences are in a backward state; if their principles are uncertain; if they do not offer a single question which has not been the subject of controversy. They are sciences of fact, and there is not a single one of the facts on which they are founded which some one is not disposed to deny. They are sciences of observation; and how few are the accurate or complete observations which have as yet been collected for the purposes of induction. We ought rather to be surprised that men should hate and insult each other for what they understand so imperfectly. There is, perhaps, not one denomination of a sect, whether

in politics, philosophy, or religion, which has not, at some time or other, become a term of reproach. There has not been one opinion, of the many held on subjects so difficult, so complicated, by men who had no other end in view than the good of their species, which has not in turn been anathematized, and the profession of it treated as evidence of dishonesty and vice. Poor apprentices as we are in the theory of social existence, how dare we to affirm that the adoption of this or that principle proves a corrupt heart, when we cannot even demonstrate that it shows an error of judgment? Let us study: thus only shall we learn the extent of our ignorance. Let us study; and by learning to appreciate the difficulties, we shall learn to conceive how they may have given birth to systems the most widely opposed."

The entire work is written in the spirit of these remarks; instead of seeking to gratify our vanity, by pointing out the defects in past political systems, he is more anxious to portray their merits, to discover something that we should admire, rather than something that we should hate or despise. He constantly directs our attention to the internal structure of society, and regards the externals of empire as simple manifestations of the principle within. This is beautifully illustrated by his remarks on Roman architecture:—

"Moral habits and impressions are sometimes perpetuated in works of art, even after they are obliterated from the soul of the artist. Even at the latest periods of the decline of the empire, the Roman artist lived surrounded by the time-hallowed witnesses of the past, which kept him in the right path; he felt himself compelled to work for eternity. He continued to impress on his creations that character of power and durability, which give them a pre-eminence over all that have succeeded them. The imposing architecture of Rome has a strength and a grandeur which remind us of that of Upper Egypt. It differs from that, however, in its object: the Egyptians laboured only for their gods—the Romans, even during the period of their enslavement, worked mainly for the people. All their great edifices were evidently intended for the enjoyment of all. In the times of the republic, the chief object was the public utility, to which the aqueducts and magnificent roads of that period were destined to contribute. In the days of the empire, it was rather the public pleasure that was consulted: the result was circuses and theatres. Even in the temples, the Egyptian architect seems to have thought only of the presence of the Deity—the Roman, of the adoration of the people."

But Sismondi is not a universal panegyrist; he never spares the guilty, though shielded by prejudice, and flattered by preceding writers. He gives the following accurate description of Constantine, whom it has pleased Dr. Croly, in his passion for eccentric theories, to describe as a saint:—

"In a palace which he had made a desert, the murderer of his father-in-law, his brothers-in-law, his sister, his wife, his son, and his nephew, must have felt the stings of remorse, if hypocritical priests and courtier bishops had not lulled his conscience to rest. We still possess the panegyric in which they represent him

as a favourite of Heaven, a saint worthy of our highest veneration; we have also several laws by which Constantine atoned for all his crimes, in the eyes of the priests, by heaping boundless favours on the church. The gifts he bestowed on it, the immunities he granted to persons and to property connected with it, soon directed ambition entirely to ecclesiastical dignities. The men who had so lately been candidates for the honours of martyrdom, now found themselves depositaries of the greatest wealth and the highest power. How was it possible that their characters should not undergo a total change? Nevertheless, Constantine himself was hardly a Christian. Up to the age of forty (A. D. 314), he had continued to make public profession of paganism, although he had long favoured the Christians. His devotion was divided between Apollo and Jesus; and he adorned the temples of the ancient gods and the altars of the new faith with equal offerings. Cardinal Baronius severely censures the edict by which (A. D. 321) he commanded that the haruspices should be consulted. But as he advanced in age, Constantine's confidence in the Christians increased: he gave up to them the undivided direction of his conscience and the education of his children. When he felt the attacks of the disease which terminated his life at the age of sixty-three, he was formally received into the bosom of the church as a catechumen, and a few days afterwards was baptized, immediately before his death."

It would be impossible for us to enter into an examination of the state of society in the declining Roman empire. Some notion of the strange mixture of ferocity and cowardice which then prevailed, may be formed from the account of the massacre of Thessalonica:—

"Thessalonica was the capital of that great Illyrian prefecture, which, for years, had been subject to the horrible ravages of the Goths. Peace, it is true, had prevailed for eight years; but the Gothic army and nation had remained masters of the country. Not four years, moreover, had elapsed since a fresh invasion, that of the Gruthungians, had struck terror into the whole province. It was under these circumstances that the people of this great city, which had never resisted either foreign conquest or domestic tyranny, revolted on account of a charioteer of the circus, and massacred the lieutenant, the officers, and soldiers of their emperor. Nay, so universal was the rage for these spectacles, that, after having irritated a monarch whose terrible violence was well known, the crowd, childish as ferocious, rushed again, with blind unsuspecting eagerness, to the circus, and expected games when vengeance awaited it."

The foundation of the Frankish monarchy, and the rise of the Italian republics, are subjects in which the author manifestly found himself at home; and he has assigned to them rather more than their fair share of the volume. There is something so revolting in the depravities of the sons of Clovis, that we should gladly see the page blotted from history; at least such scenes should be barely sketched, for the mind shrinks back in horror from the complete picture. Chlothaire, however, deserves pity rather than hatred, for



the monks whom he protected stimulated him to crime. They encouraged him to polygamy by their dispensations, and even honest Gregory, of Tours, complacently relates the king's marriage to two sisters, in the style of the Old Testament.

"Chlothaire had already espoused Ingunde," says St. Gregory, "and he loved her alone, when she proffered a request to him, and said, 'My lord hath done with his servant that which hath seemed good to him, and hath called her to his bed, but now that the kindness of my lord and king be complete, let him listen to the prayer of his handmaiden. Choose, I pray thee, for Aregunde my sister, his servant, a man wise and rich, so that I be not humbled by her alliance, but exalted on the contrary, and that I may serve my lord with greater faithfulness.' Chlothaire heard what she said, and as he was extremely sensual, he burned with love for Aregunde. He speedily repaired to the country-house where she dwelt, and took her to wife; after this he returned to Ingunde, and said, 'I have provided for that which thou hast sought of me; thou hast asked a husband for thy sister both rich and wise, and I have found no one better than myself; know then that I have married her, and that I would not have thee be displeased thereat.' Then Ingunde answered, 'Let my lord do that which is good in his sight, so that his handmaid find favour in the eyes of her king.'"

In writing the history of Justinian, Sismondi has paid little regard to that abominable libel, the *Anecdota*, ascribed to Procopius. Though by no means prepossessed in favour of the secretary of Belisarius, we are disposed to regard the work as spurious. Too little attention has been paid to the Persian history of this period by our author, and this is the more to be lamented as the rapid conquests of the Saracens were chiefly owing to the results of the contests between the Persians and Byzantines.

The last chapter is devoted to the life of Mohammed, and ample justice is done to the character of that truly great man. Sismondi justly says:—

"It would be an act of extreme injustice to persist in regarding as a mere impostor, and not as a reformer, the man who urged a whole nation onwards in the most important of all steps in the knowledge of truth; who led it from an absurd and degrading idolatry, from a priestly slavery which compromised morality and opened a market for the redemption of every vice by expiations, to the knowledge of an omnipotent, omnipresent, and supremely good Being;—of the true God, in short; for since his attributes are the same, and he is acknowledged the sole object of worship, the God of the Muslims is the God of the Christians. The profession of faith which Mohammed taught to his disciples, and which has been preserved unaltered to this day, is, that there is but one God, and that Mohammed is his prophet. Was he an impostor because he called himself a prophet?"

"Even on this head, a melancholy experience of human weakness—of that mixture of enthusiasm and artifice which in all ages has characterised leaders of sects, and which we might perhaps find in our own time, and at no great distance from us, in men whose persuasion is undoubtedly sincere, and whose zeal ardent, yet who assert or insinuate a claim to supernatural gifts which they do not possess—ought to teach us indulgence. An intense persuasion is easily confounded with an internal revelation; the dreams of an excited imagination become sensible appearances; faith in a future event seems to us like a prophecy; we

hesitate to remove an error which has arisen spontaneously within the mind of a true believer, when we think it favourable to his salvation; after sparing his illusions, the next thing is to encourage them, and thus we arrive at pious frauds, which we fancy justified by their end, and by their effect. We easily persuade ourselves of what we have persuaded others; and we believe in ourselves when those we love believe in us. Mohammed never pretended to the gift of miracles; we need not go far to find preachers of our own days, who have founded no empires and yet are not so modest."

With Mohammed's death the volume concludes. Few readers will give the author credit for the extensive researches he has made, but all must feel the wisdom of his reflections, the spirit of his narrative, and his consummate skill in moral analysis.

*A Selection of Irish Melodies.* With Symphonies and Accompaniments by Henry R. Bishop; and characteristic Words by Thomas Moore, Esq. No. 10. Supplement to the same to conclude the Work. London: Power.

We should not think the better of any one who could read the dedication of this tenth and concluding number of the Irish Melodies, without, in some measure, sharing the feeling under which it has obviously been written. Many years (we believe as many as twenty) have elapsed since the commencement of this work excited such universal delight among persons of every age, class, and character, as it would be difficult now to awaken upon any plea or pretence. The songs were sung by every one who possessed so much as an echo of a voice: they were quoted—copied—got by heart—in fact, we cannot imagine how the world of singers went on in the days when 'Tara's Hall,' and 'The young May Moon,' and 'The Meeting of the Waters,' were strains unborn. And now, after so many changes and casualties have passed over it, when the work is at last brought to a conclusion, when the last tones of the harp have died away, those must be colder-hearted than ourselves who can avoid remembering how many who welcomed the first with eager gladness, are now deaf to the sweet cuning of music for ever!

We have perhaps no right to do more here than consider these songs in a poetical point of view—but we shall take the opportunity of digressing, to offer a few general remarks upon the subject of words intended for music, as it is one which, we think, has hardly met the degree or kind of attention which it deserves. If our theory be correct, no song should come to judgment separated from its melody—and, in like manner, no air written for words, should be treated, when considered alone, as other than incomplete. It is the want of attention to this principle, on the part of both lyric and composer, which has laid so heavy a reproach on our English language, as being unfitted for music. Many of our poets have done too much—out of the fullness of their stores, they have been too prodigal of thought, too lavish of rich and suggestive epithets. They have finished their creations, down to their minutest ornament—forgetting that they were afterwards to pass into the hands of the musician, and that the dainty attire, or

armour cap-a-pie, in which they were already clad, were only incumbrances in his way, injurious to their beauty as a whole, when completed. If we look at the stanzas left by Metastasio, we shall find them (putting the musical flow of their language out of the question) only so many graceful and distinct outlines ready to receive colour. We are borne along by the flow of their numbers—without being stopped in our course by any conceit which we must pause to examine, or interrupted by any change of sentiment, which invites, if it does not compel, our fancies in a new direction. We are aware, while we read, that something is yet wanting to them; and that want is amply supplied when they are united to befitting and characteristic music.

We feel that by confining the *chansonnier* to this perfect ease and simplicity of manner—by thus considering him as only co-labourer with the musician, instead of a separate artist, whose work is in itself complete, we shall be thought to lower the standard of poetical talent required for song-writing. And yet there is a difficulty in attaining this simplicity, or in retaining it without degenerating into common-place, which some of our best poets have never fully mastered. It is this perfect facility and abandon which have made Haynes Bayly's words for music so popular, while, on the other hand, they have seduced him into such a profuseness of diluted composition as has rendered his name justly offensive in the ears of stern critics. No one, in his sober senses, would dream of comparing the Laureate of the Butterflies with the Bard of Lalla Rookh—and yet, generally speaking, the verses of the former are smoother to sing, and more adaptable to musical purposes, than those of the latter. In particular, we would point to 'O 'tis the Melody,' as one of the most perfect things of its kind which we possess. We never hear it without having to remember whether the air was written for it, or *vice versa*—and forget the original words, 'Donne l'amore,' as if they had never existed. Be it remembered, however, that we have spoken with a qualification—that Moore has shown us that when he liked he could also command praise for the merit of a secondary order, in his 'Song of the Olden Time,' his 'Oft in the still night,' his 'Those evening bells,' and many other verses, which have become so entirely part and parcel of the airs with which they have been united, as never again to be separable from them.

At the same time, too, that we take this opportunity of explaining our opinions with respect to this class of composition,—leaving out of the question those of a higher order, such as the cantatas of the German poets—we must also bear in mind how much English song-writing is indebted to him whose latest work is before us. If we look at the words for music which were current fifty years ago, in the golden times of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, and compare them with those of the present day, we shall find an amazing improvement. The tone of our verse-wrights has been improved—'Sweet Kitty,' and 'Buy my posies,' are less frequently met with than formerly—and the race of ditties ending in "la la," (so humorously alluded to by Lady Morley) bids fair to become extinct. It is true that the vein has been somewhat overworked—

that we have sometimes thought that there was a song as well as a time for everything—but the mass of these is fast passing into oblivion, and the seeds of a sound simple taste have been preserved among us—destined, we hope, to produce much fair and goodly fruit for our refreshment.

But it is high time to return from these general speculations to the consideration of the number before us: and we shall find in it, that twenty years have done nothing to quench the Poet's strong thirst for liberty—to dim one rainbow gleam of his fancy—to diminish in the least the charm of his exquisite versification. The airs selected are beautiful—one of them, *Shule Aroon*, has long been one of our choicest favourites among all national melodies. We have, however, heard a setting of it we like far better than the one given here, and we almost wish that Mr. Moore had availed himself of the original measure of the quaint and pathetic old words, which run,

I wish I were on yonder hill,  
Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,  
Until my tears would turn a mill, &c.

The want of this triple rhyme detracts from the effect of the melody. But who, besides himself, could have written 'The dream of those days,' or 'Strike the gay harp,' to the impracticable air of the 'Night-cap' or the two songs which, after much hesitating and considering, we now extract?—

Sing, sweet Harp, O sing to me  
Some song of ancient days,  
Whose sounds in this sad memory  
Long-buried dreams shall raise;—  
Some lay that tells of vanished fame  
Whose light once round us shone;  
Of noble pride now turned to shame,  
And hope for ever gone;—  
Sing, and Harp, thou sing to me;  
Alike our doom is cast,  
Both lost to all but memory,  
We live but in the past.

How mournfully the midnight air  
Among thy chords doth sigh,  
As if it sought some echo there,  
(Of voices long gone by:—  
Of chieftains now forgot, who beam'd  
The foremost then in fame;  
Of Barde who, once immortal deem'd,  
Now sleep without a name.  
In vain, sad Harp, the midnight air  
Among thy chords doth sigh;  
In vain it seeks some echo there  
Of voices long gone by.

Consider thou but call those spirits round  
Who once in tower and hall,  
Sat listening to thy magic sound,  
Now mute and mouldering all;—  
But, no; they would but wake to weep  
Their children's slavery;  
Then I ave them in their dreamless sleep,  
The dead, at least, are free!—  
O hush! and Harp, that dr dr any tone,  
That knell of Freedom's day,  
Or, listening to its death-like moan,  
Let me, too, die away.

O could we do with this world of ours  
As thou dost with thy garden bowers,  
Reject the weeds and keep the flowers,  
What a heaven on earth we'd make it!  
So bright a dwelling should be our own,  
So warranted free from sigh or frown,  
That Angels even would be coming down,  
By the week or month to take it.

Like those gay firs that wing thro' air,  
And in themselves a lustre bear,  
A stock of light, still ready there,  
Whoever they wish to use it;  
So, in this world I'd make for thee,  
Our hearts should all like firs-flies be,  
And the fash of wit or poetry  
Break forth whenever we choose it.

While every joy that glads our sphere  
Hath still some shadow hovering near,  
In this new world of ours, my dear,  
Such shadows will all be omitted—  
Unless they're like that graceful one,  
Which, when thou'rt dancing in the sun,  
Still near thee, I even a charm upon  
Each spot where it hath fitted!

There must be no leave-taking while Mr. Moore can write thus delightfully; and he may be assured that the critics will give him a timely hint when fancy begins to drop her wings.

*Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad; with Tales and Miscellanies, now first collected; and a new edition of the Diary of an Ennuyé.* By Mrs. Jameson.

We heretofore expressed a general opinion of this work—we must now descend to particulars. The first two volumes contain, under divers forms, the memoranda of the wanderings of their accomplished authoress through countries which, though familiar to us as our own homes, are always new when brought before us by one with poetry at his heart. Who could fancy, for instance, that anything pleasant remained to be said of that most ancient and dirty of cities, Cologne? And yet Mr. Beckford's account of the Three Kings was delightful; and the following is much to our taste:—

"Our first impressions of the place were exceedingly disagreeable; it appeared a huge, rambling, gloomy old city, whose endless narrow dirty streets, and dull dingy-looking edifices, were anything but inviting. Nor on a second and a third visit were we tempted to prolong our stay. Yet Cologne has since become most interesting to me from a friendship I formed with a Colonese, a descendant of one of the oldest patrician families of the place. How she loved her old city!—how she worshipped every relic with the most poetical, if not the most pious veneration!—how she looked down upon Berlin with scorn, as an upstart city, 'une ville, ma chère, qui n'a ni histoire, ni antiquité.' The cathedral she used to call 'mon Berceau,' and the three kings 'mes trois pères.' Her profound knowledge of general history, her minute acquaintance with the local antiquities, the peculiar customs, the wild legends, the solemn superstitions of her birth-place, added to the most lively imagination and admirable descriptive powers, were to me an inexhaustible source of delight and information. It appears that the people of Cologne have a distinct character, but little modified by intercourse with the surrounding country, and preserved by continual intermarriages among themselves. They have a dialect, and songs, and ballads, and music, peculiar to their city; and are remarkable for an original vein of racy humour, a 'vengeful spirit,' an exceeding superstition, a blind attachment to their native customs, a very decided contempt for other people, and a surpassing hatred of all innovations. They never admitted the jurisdiction of the electors of Cologne, and, although the most bigoted people in the world, were generally at war with their archbishops. Even Napoleon could not make them conformable. The city is now attached to Prussia, but still retains most of its ancient privileges, and all its ancient spirit of insubordination and independence. When, in 1828, the king of Prussia wished to force upon them an unpopular magistrate, the whole city rose, and obliged the obnoxious president to resign; the government, armed with all its legal and military terrors, could do nothing against the determined spirit of this half-civilized, fearless, reckless, yet merry, good-humoured populace. A history of this grotesque revolution, which had the same duration as the celebrated *trois jours de Paris*, and exhibited in its progress and issue some of the most striking, most characteristic, most farcical scenes you can imagine, were worthy of a Colonese Walter Scott. • • • The carnival is still celebrated there with a degree of splendour and fantastic humour, exceeding even the festi-

vities of Rome and Naples in the present day; but as the season of the carnival is not the season for flight with our English birds of passage, few have ever witnessed these extraordinary Saturnalia. Such is the general ignorance or indifference relative to Cologne, that I met the other day with a very accomplished man, and a lover of art, who had frequently visited the place, and yet he had never seen the Medusa."

In the same pleasant and graphic manner does Mrs. Jameson glance at Heidelberg, and other places of less renown. She gives us a characteristic anecdote of the garden at Frankfurt:—

"One of the most delightful peculiarities of Frankfurt—one that most struck my fancy—is the public garden, planted on the site of the ramparts; a girdle of verdure and shade—of trees and flowers circling the whole city; accessible to all and on every side—the promenade of the rich, the solace of the poor. Fifty men are employed to keep it in order; and it is forbidden to steal the flowers, or to kill the singing birds which haunt the shrubberies. • • •

"A short time before we arrived some mischievous wretch had shot a nightingale, and was caught in the fact. His punishment was characteristic: his hands were tied behind him, and a label setting forth his crime was fixed on his breast; in this guise, with a police officer on each side, he was marched all round the gardens, and made the circuit of the city, pursued by the hisses of the populace and the abhorrent looks of the upper classes; he was not otherwise punished; but he never again made his appearance within the walls of the city."

Nor less delightful, as illustrative of national character, is the account immediately following the above, of Das Versorgung Haus—the hospital for the infirm poor. But we hasten on to one of the lions of Frankfurt, which everybody has either seen or heard of, Dannecker's Ariadne,—the description of which is written sculpture,—and thence to the fortunes of its inspired artist:—

"Dannecker has not represented Ariadne in her more poetical and picturesque character, as, when betrayed and forsaken by Theseus, she stood alone on the wild shore of Naxos, 'her hair blown by the winds, and all about her expressing desolation.' It is Ariadne, immortal and triumphant, as the bride of Bacchus. The figure is larger than life. She is seated, or rather reclined, on the back of a panther. The right arm is carelessly extended: the left arm rests on the head of the animal, and the hand supports the drapery, which appears to have just dropped from her limbs. The head is turned a little upwards, as if she already anticipated her starry home; and her tresses are braided with the vine leaves. The grace and ease of the attitude, so firm, and yet so light; the flowing beauty of the form, and the position of the head, enchanted me."

"Dannecker was born at Stuttgart in 1758. On him descended no hereditary mantle of genius; it was the immediate gift of Heaven, and apparently heaven-directed. His father was a groom in the duke's stable, and appears to have been merely an ill-tempered, thick-headed boor. • • • He had neither paper nor pencils; but next door to his father there lived a stone-cutter, whose blocks of marble and freestone were every day crawled over with rude imitations of natural objects in chalk or charcoal—the first essays of the infant Dannecker. When he was beaten by his father for this proof of idleness, his mother interfered to protect or to encourage him. As soon as he was old enough, he assisted his father in the stable; and while running about the precincts of the palace, ragged and bare-foot, he appears to have at-

tracted, by his vivacity and alertness, the occasional notice of the duke himself.

"Duke Charles, the grandfather of the present king of Wurtemberg, had founded a military school, called the Karl Schüle, (Charles' School,) annexed to the Hunting Palace of the Solitude. At this academy, music and drawing were taught as well as military tactics. One day, when Dannecker was about thirteen, his father returned home in a very ill-humour, and informed his family that the duke intended to admit the children of his domestics into his new military school. The boy, with joyful eagerness, declared his intention of going immediately to present himself as a candidate. The father, with a stare of astonishment, desired him to remain at home, and mind his business; on his persisting, he resorted to blows, and ended by locking him up. The boy escaped by jumping out of the window; and, collecting several of his comrades, he made them a long harangue in praise of the duke's beneficence, then placing himself at their head, marched them up to the palace, where the whole court was assembled for the Easter festivities. On being asked their business, Dannecker replied as spokesman—'Tell his highness the duke we want to go to the Karl-schule.' One of the attendants, amused, perhaps, with this juvenile ardour, went and informed the duke, who had just risen from table. He came out himself and mustered the little troop before him. He first darted a rapid scrutinizing glance along the line, then selecting one from the number, placed him on his right hand; then another, and another, till only young Dannecker and two others remained on his left. Dannecker has since acknowledged that he suffered for a few moments such exquisite pain and shame at the idea of being rejected, that his first impulse was to run away and hide himself; and that his surprise and joy, when he found that he and his two companions were the accepted candidates, had nearly overpowered him. The duke ordered them to go the next morning to the Solitude, and then dismissed them. When Dannecker returned home, his father, enraged at losing the services of his son, turned him out of the house, and forbade him ever more to enter it; but his mother (mother like) packed up his little bundle of necessities, accompanied him for some distance on his road, and parted from him with blessings, and tears, and words of encouragement and love."

How he gained the friendship of Schiller at the Karl Schüle, and his miserable struggles with poverty at Paris—his marriage, and the subsequent improvement of his fortunes, will be found in the pages which follow the above extract. But we cannot pass an anecdote of another celebrated work of his, by which we are forcibly reminded of our own eccentric and heavenly-visioned Blake:

"Soon after the *Ariadne* was finished, Dannecker conceived, in a moment of pious enthusiasm, his famous statue of the Redeemer, which has caused a great deal of discussion in Germany. This was standing in his work-room when we paid our first visit to him. He told me what I had often heard, that the figure had visited him in a dream three several times: and the good old man firmly believed that he had been divinely inspired, and predestined to the work. While the visionary image was fresh in his imagination he first executed a small clay model, and placed it before a child of five or six years old;—there were none of the usual emblematical accompaniments—no cross—no crown of thorns to assist the fancy—nothing but the simple figure roughly modelled; yet the child immediately exclaimed, 'The Redeemer!' and Dannecker was confirmed in his design.

Gradually the completion of this statue became the one engrossing idea of his enthusiastic mind: for eight years it was his dream by night, his thought by day: all things else, all the affairs and duties of life, merged into this. He told me that he frequently felt as if pursued, excited by some strong, irresistible power, which would even visit him in sleep, and impel him to rise from his bed and work. He explained to me some of the difficulties he encountered, and which he was persuaded that he had perfectly overcome only through divine aid, and the constant study of the Scriptures."

We are stopped, a few pages further, by a last visit to this great man:—

"I grow old," said he, looking from his work to the bust of the late queen which stood opposite. I have carved the effigies of three generations of poets, and as many of princes. Twenty years ago I was at work upon the tomb of the Duke of Oldenburg, and now I am at work upon *her's* who gave me that order. All die away; soon I shall be left alone. Of my early friends none remain but Goethe. I shall die before him, and perhaps he will write my epitaph. He spoke with a smile, not foreseeing that he would be the survivor.

"Three years afterwards, (in September, 1833,) I again paid Dannecker a visit, but a change had come over him: his feeble, trembling hand could no longer grasp the mallet, or guide the chisel; his eyes were dim; his fine benevolent countenance wore a childish, vacant smile, now and then crossed by a gleam of awakened memory or thought—and yet he seemed so perfectly happy! He walked backwards and forwards, from his Christ to his bust of Schiller, with an unwearied self-complacency, in which there was something mournful, and yet delightful. While I sat looking at the magnificent head of Schiller, the origin of the multifarious casts and copies which are dispersed through all Germany, he sat down beside me, and taking my hands between his own, which trembled with age and nervous emotion, he began to speak of his friend. 'Nous étions amis dès l'enfance; aussi j'y ai travaillé avec amour, avec douleur—on ne peut pas plus faire.' He then went on—'When Schiller came to Louisberg, he sent to tell me that he was very ill—that he should not live very long, and that he wished me to execute his bust. It was the first wish of my own heart. I went immediately. When I entered the house, I found a lady sitting on the *couché*—it was Schiller's wife, and I did not know her; but she knew me. She said, 'Ah! you are Dannecker!—Schiller expects you;'—then she ran into the next room, where Schiller was lying down on a couch, and in a moment after he came in, exclaiming as he entered, 'Where is he? where is Dannecker?' That was the moment—the expression I caught—you see it here—the head raised, the countenance full of inspiration, and affection, and bright hope! I told him that to keep up this expression he must have some of his best friends to converse with him while I took the model, for I could not talk and work too. O if I could but remember what glorious things then fell from those lips! Sometimes I stopped in my work—I could not go on—I could only listen. And here the old man wept; then suddenly changing his mood, he said, 'But I must cut off that long hair; he never wore it so: it is not in the fashion, you know!' I begged him for heaven's sake not to touch it; he then, with a sad smile, turned up the sleeve of his coat and showed me his wrist, swelled with the continual use of his instruments—'You see I cannot!' And I could not help wishing at the moment, that while his mind was thus enfeebled, no transient return of physical strength might enable him to put his wild threat in execution. What a noble bequest to posterity is the effigy of a great

man, when executed in such a spirit as this of Schiller!"

It is impossible for us to go through a book so rich as the one before us after this minute fashion; but we shall certainly return to it at our earliest convenience.

BRIDGEWATER TREATISES—No. V.  
*Animal and Vegetable Physiology considered with reference to Natural Theology.* By Peter Mark Roget, M.D., Sec. R.S., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Pickering.

THE study of Physiology in this country has been hitherto far too exclusively confined to an acquaintance with the human frame; and this very exclusiveness has been the means of defeating its own object. Comparison and analogy are amongst our best guides to the uses of organs—contrast, and similitude, amongst the keenest stimuli to the perception of skilful contrivance and adaptation; but comparison and contrast are alike impossible, if we restrain our view to an individual point; analogy and similitude alike imperceptible, if we glance at but a single mesh of nature's mighty web, or contemplate as isolated that which exists only in the midst of countless relations. This may appear so plain, as scarce to require being told; it is plain, but it does not, therefore, appear the more likely to be acted on. In a great proportion of our medical schools, Physiology is taught as though there were scarce any other living being than man; and many a student bounds his anatomical knowledge by the subject he has dissected, and never once thinks how far a system of organs, which he has studied in one class, may be modified or altered before it becomes fitted to appear in another class,—how an internal skeleton may be transformed into an external crust, an internal lung into an external gill, an anterior extremity present a wing, a fin, a hand, a hoof, or a claw, a posterior become obliterated when of no further use, and the whole structure, still preserving a relation to certain leading principles, yet become so altered and changed, to suit the new duties to which a transition in the animal scale may have called it, as at once to afford a signal example of sameness in the midst of variety,—of unity of design adapted to change of circumstance. This can only be learned from an extended acquaintance with animated nature, and to such an acquaintance we consider Dr. Roget's book a most excellent and agreeable introduction. It is not deep; it was not its object to be deep, but it is comprehensive in its general views, and accurate in its details; its style is popular, its matter sound, and it has the strong recommendation that while the facts are clearly and plainly stated, the obvious application is ordinarily left to the common sense of the reader; and, except in the introductory and concluding chapters, we are nowhere reminded that we are perusing an *ex officio* composition.

The plan which Dr. Roget has pursued in the consideration of his extensive subject, is as follows:—

"In treating of the particular functions of the animal and vegetable economy I shall follow a different order from that in which I have presented them in the preceding sketch. As the Mechanical functions depend upon the simpler properties of matter and the well known laws of mechanism, I think it best to commence with the examination of these. Our attention will next



be directed to the highly interesting subjects which relate to the Nutritive or Vital functions both of vegetable and animal structures; for as they involve the chemical properties of organized substances, and are, therefore, of a more refined and intricate nature than the preceding, I conceive they will be best understood after the general mechanism of the frame has been explained. These studies will prepare us for the consideration of living animals as sentient and active beings, endowed by their bounteous Creator with the exalted faculties of perception and of volition, which alone give value to existence, and which raise them so far above the level of the vegetable world. I shall lastly give a very brief account of the reproductive functions, and of the phenomena of animal development, in which the discoveries of modern times have revealed to us so considerable a portion of those extensive plans which an all-wise providence has beneficently devised for the general welfare of animated beings."

For the present, we can only direct our attention to the first of these, the Mechanical function, or what is ordinarily known as Animal Mechanics, with which, as affording the most obvious and most easily appreciable proofs of design, Dr. Roget occupies his first volume. He commences with the radiated tribes, the lowest of the animal kingdom, and shows how, even amongst these (to a careless eye) scarce formed masses, wisdom and design are both evinced,—the wisdom of a Creator, whose care is over all his works.

"The *Spatangus*, a genus belonging to this order, buries itself in the sand by the action of its spines, which on its under surface are short, thick, and expanded at the ends, like the handle of a spoon, with the convexity downwards; and which have a limited rotatory motion. Those which grow from the sides are more slender, and taper towards the extremities, and when not in use they fall flat upon the body with their points directed backwards. Besides these, there are a few longer bristles, arranged in a crescent on the back, and converging till their points meet, but capable of being erected to a perpendicular position. The animal, when placed on sand, commences its operations by revolving the lower spines, thus soon creating a hollow quicksand, into which it sinks by its own weight so far as to enable the lowest of the lateral spines to co-operate with them, by scattering and throwing up the loosened particles; while these, at the same time, contribute, by their re-action, still further to depress the body. As the animal sinks, a greater number of spines are brought into action, and its progress becomes more rapid; while the sand, that had been pushed aside, flows back, and covers the body, when it has sunk below the level of the surface. In this situation the long dorsal bristles come into play, preventing the sand from closing completely, and preserving a small round hole for the admission of water to the mouth and respiratory organs."

He advances next to the *Mollusca*, and in our bivalve friends, the oysters, notices an instinct and a contrivance which shows them actually to be capable of a certain degree of education—of benefiting by experience:—

"The simple actions of opening and closing the valves are capable of being converted into a means of retreating from danger, or of removing to a more commodious situation, in the case of those bivalves which are not actually attached to rocks or other fixed bodies. Diquemare long ago observed that even the oyster has some power of locomotion, by suddenly closing its shell, and thereby expelling the contained water, with a degree of force, which, by the reaction of the fluid in the opposite direction, gives a sensible impulse to the heavy mass. He notices the

singular fact that oysters, which are attached to rocks occasionally left dry by the retreat of the tide, always retain within their shells a quantity of water sufficient for respiration, and that they keep the valves closed till the return of the tide: whereas those oysters which are taken from greater depths, where the water never leaves them, and are afterwards removed to situations where they are exposed to those vicissitudes, of which they have had no previous experience, imprudently open their shells after the sea has left them, and by allowing the water to escape, soon perish."

There is scarcely a lady possessing any approach to a collection of natural curiosities, who has not among them a beautiful, soft, brown, silky-looking substance, which she terms the *beard of the muscle*. She will, with pleasure, learn its use and mode of formation.

"The *Pinna*, or Marine Muscle, when inhabiting the shores of tempestuous seas, is furnished, in addition, with a singular apparatus for withstanding the fury of the surge, and securing itself from dangerous collisions, which might easily destroy the brittle texture of its shell. The object of this apparatus is to prepare a great number of threads, which are fastened at various points to the adjacent rocks, and then tightly drawn by the animal; just as a ship is moored in a convenient station to avoid the buffeting of the storm. The foot of this bivalve is cylindrical, and has, connected with its base, a round tendon of nearly the same length as itself, the office of which is to retain all the threads in firm adhesion with it, and concentrate their power on one point. The threads themselves are composed of a glutinous matter, prepared by a particular organ. They are not spun by being drawn out of the body like the threads of the silk-worm, or of the spider, but they are cast in a mould, where they harden, and acquire a certain consistence before they are employed. This mould is curiously constructed; there is a deep groove which passes along the foot from the root of the tendon to its other extremity; and the sides of this groove are formed so as to fold and close over it, thereby converting it into a canal. The glutinous secretion, which is poured into this canal, dries into a solid thread; and when it has acquired sufficient tenacity, the foot is protruded, and the thread it contains is applied to the object to which it is to be fixed: its extremity being carefully attached to the solid surface of that object. The canal of the foot is then opened along its whole length, and the thread, which adheres by its other extremity to the large tendon at the base of the foot, is disengaged from the canal. Lastly, the foot is retracted, and the same operation is repeated.

"Thread after thread is thus formed, and applied in different directions around the shell. Sometimes the attempt fails in consequence of some imperfection in the thread; but the animal, as if aware of the importance of ascertaining the strength of each thread, on which its safety depends, tries every one of them as soon as it has been fixed, by swinging itself round, so as to put it fully on the stretch—an action which probably also assists in elongating the thread. When once the threads have been fixed, the animal does not appear to have the power of cutting or breaking them off. The liquid matter out of which they are formed is so exceedingly glutinous as to attach itself firmly to the smoothest bodies. It is but slowly produced; for it appears that no *Pinna* is capable of forming more than four, or at most five threads in the course of a day and night. The threads that are formed in haste, when the animal is disturbed in its operations, are more slender than those that are constructed at its leisure. Renumur, to whom we are indebted for these interesting ob-

servations, states also that the marine muscles possess the art of forming these threads from the earliest periods of their existence; for he saw them practising it, when the shells in which they were enclosed were not larger than a millet seed. In Sicily, and other parts of the Mediterranean, these threads have been manufactured into gloves, and other articles, which resemble silk."

But we need not go to cabinets or distant climes in search of contrivances beautiful for their simplicity, and admirable for their utility: the *epiphragma* of the common garden snail is both.

"An *Epiphragma* is a partition of a membranous or calcareous nature, constructed merely for temporary use. It is employed for closing the aperture of the shell during certain periods only, such as the winter season, or a long continued drought.

"It is remarkable in how short a time this species of *Helix* will construct this covering, when circumstances occur to urge its completion. On the approach of winter, the animal prepares itself for passing that season in a state of torpidity, first, by choosing a safe retreat; and next by retiring completely within its shell, and then barricading its entrance by constructing the *epiphragma* just described. Having formed this first barrier, the animal afterwards constructs a second, of a membranous nature, situated more internally than the first, and at a little distance from it. If at any other season, while the snail is in full vigour, the experiment be made of surrounding it with a freezing mixture, it will immediately set about constructing a covering for its protection against the cold; and it works with such diligence, that in the course of an hour or two, it will have completed its task, and formed an entire *epiphragma*. When the genial warmth of returning spring has penetrated into the abode of the snail, the animal prepares for emerging from its prison, by secreting a small quantity of a mucous fluid, which loosens the adhesion that had taken place between the *epiphragma* and the sides of the aperture; and the former is, by the pressure of the foot of the snail, thrown off. The whole of this process of construction has to be renewed, on every occasion when another covering is required."

There are other animals, who, with bodies equally soft and liable to injury as the *Mollusca*, are yet, unlike most of them, deprived of the power of constructing a shell. Such might appear to us totally defenceless, but this is by no means the case: their skins, unable to secrete the hard matter of a shell, have the no less useful property of pouring forth an abundant glutinous matter, by the aid of which they join together small fragments of shells and sand which their tentacula enable them to seize, until, in fact, they have built up a regular tube round their bodies, from which they issue, and into which they retreat, at pleasure. Others burrow into the sand or ooze, and there use their slimy secretion to plaster up the sides of the hole they have formed, so as to prevent their falling in, and thus maintain a regular funnel, like the shaft of a mine. Both these contrivances may be seen combined in the *Terebellæ Conchilegæ*, a class of marine worms, whose manœuvres "are best observed by taking one of them out of its tube and placing it under water upon sand. It is then seen to unfold all the coils of its body, to extend its tentacula in every direction, often to a length exceeding an inch and a half, and to catch, by their means, small fragments of shells, and the larger particles of sand. These it drags towards its head, carrying them behind the scales which project from the anterior and lower part of the head, where they are immediately cemented by

the glutinous matter which exudes from that part of the surface. Bending the head alternately from side to side, while it continues to apply the materials of its tube, the terrella has very soon formed a complete collar, which it sedulously employs itself to lengthen at every part of the circumference with an activity and perseverance highly interesting. For the purpose of fixing the different fragments compactly, it presses them into their places with the erected scales, at the same time retracting the body. Hence the fragments, being raised by the scales, are generally fixed by their posterior edges, and thus overlapping each other, often give the tube an imbricated appearance.

"Having formed a tube of half an inch, or an inch in length, the terrella proceeds to burrow; for which purpose it directs its head against the sand, and contracting some of the posterior rings, effects a slight extension of the head, which thus slowly makes its way through the mass before it, availing itself of the materials which it meets with in its course, and so continues to advance till the whole tube is completed. After this has been accomplished, the animal turns itself within the tube, so that its head is next to the surface, ready to receive the water which brings it food, and is instrumental in its respiration. In summer, the whole task is completed in four or five hours; but in cold weather, when the worm is more sluggish, and the gluten is secreted more scantily, its progress is considerably slower."

Turn we next to the insect tribes—those "golden-winged inhabitants of air," whose strange metamorphoses, and beauteous forms, have ever insured them a certain degree of attention. Many of them have begun their existence as aquatic beings, and singular are the means by which their motions in that fluid are effected:—

"Some of them are destitute of feet, or other external instruments of motion, swimming only by means of the alternate inflexions of the body from side to side, in the same manner as the Nais and the Leech. Sometimes these actions are performed by abrupt strokes, giving rise to an irregular zig-zag course: this is the case with the larva of the gnat, and with many others which have no feet. In the structure of the larva of the *Libellula*, or dragon-fly, a singular artifice has been resorted to for giving an impulse to the body, without the help of external members. It is that of the alternate absorption of water into a cavity in the hinder part of the body, and its sudden ejection from that cavity, so that the animal is impelled in a contrary direction, upon the same principle that a rocket rises in the air, by the reaction of that fluid. It has at various times been proposed to apply the power of steam to the production of an effect exactly similar to that of which Nature here presents us with so perfect an example, for the purpose of propelling ships, instead of the ordinary mode of steam navigation.

"Some larvae, such as that of the *Stratiomys*, collect a bubble of air, which they retain within a tuft of hair at the extremity of the tail, evidently with a view of diminishing the specific gravity of the body, and thus giving greater efficacy to the muscular actions which they employ in their progression through the water. Another use is also made of these tufts of hair; for by repelling the water, they allow of the insect's suspending itself from the surface of the fluid in the manner already noticed in giving the history of the evolutions of the hydra."

"Insects which, like the gnat, walk much upon the surface of water, have at the ends of their feet a brush of fine hair, the dry points of which appear to repel the fluid, and prevent the leg from being wetted. If these brushes be moistened with spirit of wine, this apparent repulsion

no longer takes place; and the insect immediately sinks and is drowned."

"The feats of agility and strength exhibited by insects have often been the theme of admiration with writers on natural history; and have been considered as affording incontrovertible proofs of the enormous power with which their muscles must be endowed. We have already had occasion to notice a remarkable instance of the force and permanence of muscular contraction in those caterpillars which frequently remain for hours together in a fixed attitude, with their bodies extended from a twig, to which they cling by their hind feet alone. Ants will carry loads which are forty or fifty times heavier than their own bodies; and the distances to which many species, such as the *Elater*, the *Locust*, the *Lepisma*, and above all the *Pulex*, are capable of leaping, compared with the size of the insects themselves, appear still more astonishing. Linnaeus has computed that the *Melodantha*, or chaffer, is, in proportion to its bulk, more than six times stronger than the horse; and has asserted that if the same proportional strength as is possessed by the *Lucanus*, or stag-beetle, had been given to the elephant, that animal would have been capable of tearing up by the roots the largest trees, and of hurling huge rocks against his assailants, like the giants of ancient mythology."

Pass we now from the tiniest to the mightiest—from the veriest mote that sparkles in the sunbeam, to the ponderous elephant, beneath whose weight the earth seems to groan, and we shall find that while the model totally changes, the object is still the same: a new order of architecture is introduced—new laws of development are observed—but their final tendency is still the adaptation of the animal to the functions which it must perform, and the circumstances in which it is placed:—

"The most complete instance of a vertical arrangement of the bones of the extremities is seen in the *Elephant*; where, in order to sustain the enormous weight of the body, the limbs are shaped into four massive columns, of which the several bones are disposed nearly in perpendicular lines. By this means the body is supported with scarcely any muscular effort, and the attitude of standing is, in this animal, a state of such complete repose, that it often sleeps in that position. The elephant which was kept some years ago at the Menagerie at Paris, although much enfeebled by a lingering disorder, was never seen to lie down till the day on which he died. When he was in the last stage of debility, what seemed to give him most distress was the effort requisite to support his head; and in order to relieve the muscles of the neck which were strained in that exertion, he was in the habit of extending his trunk perpendicularly to the ground, by contracting all the muscular fibres which run transversely in that organ, and thus formed a vertical prop for the head. But in almost all other quadrupeds the mere act of standing, though a state of comparative rest, implies, for the reasons already given, a degree of muscular exertion, and they can enjoy complete repose only by letting the body recline upon the ground."

But this adaptation may be, and has been by Dr. Roget, traced much farther.

We have thus accompanied Dr. Roget in his sketch of the mechanical functions, and we feel gratified at being able to bestow sincere commendation on the mode in which he has performed his task. The wood engravings are numerous, and generally accurate: we think we detect one or two errors: thus, is not an *Operculum* substituted for an *Epiphragm* at page 253? and has not the artist improved a little on nature, by marking a row

of incisive teeth in the upper jaw of the deer figured at page 507? We merely notice these as admitting of easy correction in a second edition.

*The Disinherited, and The Ensnared.* By the Authoress of 'Flirtation.' 3 vols. London: Bentley.

At the very outset of these pages, our sympathy and respect for the authoress are bespoken in a manner at once touching and straightforward. The Dedication to Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esq. discloses a painful circumstance connected with the writer's private history, with a simplicity of manner which neither blazons the fact, nor shrinks, in any false sentiment, from its avowal; and standing, as it does, at the opening of a series of tales of what is called "fashionable life," gives good promise of the contents of the work. Born, as the authoress is known to have been, in that sphere, and having her natural inheritance in those circles, into the mysteries of which it has been so much the object of a large class of modern novelists to penetrate, we have the assurance of faithful delineation, which arises from knowing that we are about to take our reports from a child of the soil;—and, in the simple and dignified manner in which this noble lady touches upon a circumstance from the publication of which the minions of fashion would shrink with the false shame and unwholesome sensibility which are amongst the curses of their artificial lives,—we have the better assurance that adversity, which comes there as everywhere, has lifted her mind above the prejudices and exclusions of her "order," and disciplined it to look on, and make its reports, in a spirit from which we may expect instruction to mingle with our amusement.

The following is the Dedication:—

"To Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esq. Hon. M.R.I.A. F.S.A. V.P.L.S. F.G.S. Accadd. Cas. Nat. Gar. Reg. Sc. Madrid. et Soc. Bot. Ratisb. Socius.

"Dear Mr. Lambert,—Permit me to inscribe your name on these pages; a name so distinguished in botanical science, that were it not for our near relationship, I should not presume to take so great a liberty for so trifling a work.

"Under this plea, as well as in testimony of the gratitude I owe you, for having afforded me an asylum at a time of distress and destitution, I beg you to accept this Dedication from you affectionate Cousin and Friend,

"THE AUTHORESS."

Were these volumes less deserving than they are on the score of incident and style, they would be entitled to our commendation for the healthy sentiments which they inculcate, and the moral purposes which they pursue. Not confining herself to a mere painting of the manners of that social region which she has selected for her scene, the writer takes human nature, with the passions that represent it everywhere, modified only by the accidents, and covered with the exotics which grow up in that heated and highly-forced soil. In no case does she paint its vices without preserving the moral balance by the introduction of their penalty; nor exhibit an unrestrained indulgence in its follies and frivolities, without speaking of that sickness of the spirit which is their sure and final reward.

From the greater variety of character and

incident which it contains, 'The Disinherited' will, we presume, be the most popular. There are many well-sustained contrasts amongst the characters, exhibited always for the purpose of moral arbitration;—and the rich and pompous *parvenu* belongs, we doubt not (though too broadly drawn and painted), to a class of persons not uncommon on the frontiers of that fantastic region.

But 'The Ensnared' is, we doubt not, the favourite of the authoress (as it is ours), and on it she has, apparently, exerted all her powers. It belongs to a class of tales difficult of management in any hands, as reposing their interest, without the aid of incident, on the progress and development of a single passion;—and peculiarly difficult in the hands of a female, where the passion selected is, as in this case, a guilty one. There is some skilful analysis of human feeling and motive—some able searching into the hidden depths of the natural heart—much vigour of thought, running through the entire texture of the narrative, and compressed, at times, into epigrammatic sentences which might be quoted as aphorisms—a very careful attention to keep the moral prominently in view, and make the sorrow co-equal with the sin,—and, above all, a purity of sentiment and expression, never lost sight of, which at no time allows us to forget (or regret) that we are listening to the narrative of a woman, and brings the authoress safely out of a subject, on which we do not think woman ever does wisely to venture. Indeed, to the anxiety with which this latter purpose is kept in view, is to be attributed one of the great drawbacks upon the truth of the picture. A passion such, and under such circumstances, as is here painted, could not have existed without a greater degree of guilt than it has pleased the authoress to permit; and we may add, too, that the blindness which the husband is made to exhibit to that which is passing full before his own eyes, is a little out of probability, and that this part of the tale might easily have been more skilfully managed. These, however, are minor faults in a story, the purpose and issues of which are, as we have said, excellent, and whose execution exhibits the talents of its accomplished authoress in a very favourable light.

*Two Years at Sea, being the Narrative of a Voyage to the Swan River and Van Diemen's Land, during the Years 1829, 30, 31.*  
By Jane Roberts. London: Bentley.

HAVING been unavoidably prevented from noticing this book on its first appearance, we are now compelled to postpone any detailed examination, as the season is so fertile in works of interest, that we confess ourselves to be suffering at present under an *embarras de richesses*. It would, however, be no less unjust to ourselves than to the authoress, were we to let this opportunity pass without recommending the work as the product of a healthy mind and an observant eye. The first enabled the traveller to bear difficulties and trials which would have crushed an irritable or ill-disciplined spirit, the latter to enjoy and profit by all the opportunities for receiving pleasure, or acquiring information afforded to her in the course of her weary pilgrimage.

*Life of Mrs. Siddons.* By Thomas Campbell.

[Second Notice.]

As we mentioned in our former notice, there is some clever criticism scattered over these volumes—that on *Lady Macbeth* by Mrs. Siddons herself, though hardly equal to what we quoted on *Constance*, is shrewd and searching, and Mr. Campbell's commentary is still better; but they should be read together, and are far too long for extract. We have resolved, therefore, on this occasion, to confine ourselves to some few of the anecdotes.

Here is an account of Mrs. Siddons's first appearance as *Lady Macbeth*, from her own memoranda:—

"It was my custom to study my characters at night, when all the domestic cares and business of the day were over. On the night preceding that in which I was to appear in this part for the first time, I shut myself up, as usual, when all the family were retired, and commenced my study of *Lady Macbeth*. As the character is very short, I thought I should soon accomplish it. Being then only twenty years of age, I believed, as many others do believe, that little more was necessary than to get the words into my head; for the necessity of discrimination, and the development of character, at that time of my life, had scarcely entered into my imagination. But, to proceed. I went on with tolerable composure, in the silence of the night, (a night I never can forget,) till I came to the assassination scene, when the horrors of the scene rose to a degree that made it impossible for me to get farther. I snatched up my candle, and hurried out of the room, in a paroxysm of terror. My dress was of silk, and the rustling of it, as I ascended the stairs to go to bed, seemed to my panic-struck fancy like the movement of a spectre pursuing me. At last I reached my chamber, where I found my husband fast asleep. I clapt my candlestick down upon the table, without the power of putting the candle out; and I threw myself on my bed, without daring to stay even to take off my clothes. At peep of day I rose to resume my task; but so little did I know of my part when I appeared in it at night, that my shame and confusion cured me of procrastinating my business for the remainder of my life.

"About six years afterwards I was called upon to act the same character in London. By this time I had perceived the difficulty of assuming a personage with whom no one feeling of common general nature was congenial or assistant. One's own heart could prompt one to express, with some degree of truth, the sentiments of a mother, a daughter, a wife, a lover, a sister, &c.; but, to adopt this character, must be an effort of the judgment alone.

"Therefore it was with the utmost diffidence, nay terror, that I undertook it, and with the additional fear of Mrs. Pritchard's reputation in it before my eyes. The dreaded first night at length arrived, when, just as I had finished my toilette, and was pondering with fearfulness my first appearance in the grand fiendish part, comes Mr. Sheridan, knocking at my door, and insisting, in spite of all my entreaties not to be interrupted at this to me tremendous moment, to be admitted. He would not be denied admittance: for he protested he must speak to me on a circumstance which so deeply concerned my own interest, that it was of the most serious nature. Well, after much squabbling, I was compelled to admit him, that I might dismiss him the sooner, and compose myself before the play began. But, what was my distress and astonishment, when I found that he wanted me, even at this moment of anxiety and terror, to adopt another mode of acting the sleeping

scene. He told me he had heard with the greatest surprise and concern that I meant to act it without holding the candle in my hand; and, when I urged the impracticability of washing out that 'damned spot,' with the vehemence that was certainly implied by both her own words, and by those of her gentlewoman, he insisted, that if I did put the candle out of my hand, it would be thought a presumptuous innovation, as Mrs. Pritchard had always retained it in hers. My mind, however, was made up, and it was then too late to make me alter it; for I was too agitated to adopt another method. My deference for Mr. Sheridan's taste and judgment was, however, so great, that, had he proposed the alteration whilst it was possible for me to change my own plan, I should have yielded to his suggestion; though, even then, it would have been against my own opinion, and my observation of the accuracy with which somnambulists perform all the acts of waking persons. The scene, of course, was acted as I had myself conceived it; and the innovation, as Mr. Sheridan called it, was received with approbation. Mr. Sheridan himself came to me, after the play, and most ingenuously congratulated me on my obstinacy. When he was gone out of the room I began to undress; and, while standing up before my glass, and taking off my mantle, a diverting circumstance occurred, to chase away the feelings of this anxious night; for, while I was repeating, and endeavouring to call to mind the appropriate tone and action to the following words, 'Here's the smell of blood still!' my dresser innocently exclaimed, 'Dear me, ma'am, how very hysterical you are to-night; I protest and vow, ma'am, it was not blood, but rose-pink and water; for I saw the property-man mix it up with my own eyes.'

To understand the full force with which Mrs. Siddons speaks of the "tremendous moment" of her appearance, and the consequent annoyances of such an interruption, the reader must bear in mind a very just observation of Mr. Campbell's when speaking of *Constance*. "By the force of fancy and reflection she used to be so wrought up in preparing to play the *Lady Constance*, that when she set out from her own house to the theatre, she was already *Constance* herself."

*First Appearance at Edinburgh.*—"On the first night of my appearance, I must own, I was surprised, and not a little mortified, at that profound silence which was a contrast to the bursts of applause I had been accustomed to hear in London. No; not a hand moved till the end of the scene: but then, indeed, I was most amply remunerated. Yet, while I admire the fine taste and judgment of this conduct on the part of an audience, I am free to confess that it renders the task of an actor almost too laborious; because, customary interruptions are not only gratifying and cheering, but they are really necessary, in order to give one breath and voice to carry one on through some violent exertions; though, after all, it must be owned, that silence is the most flattering applause an actor can receive."

"How much more pleasantly (says Mr. Campbell,) people tell their history in social converse than in formal writing. I remember Mrs. Siddons describing to me the same scene of her probation on the Edinburgh boards with so small humour. The grave attention of my Scottish countrymen, and their canny reservation of praise till they were sure she deserved it, she said, had well-nigh worn out her patience. She had been used to speak to animated clay; but she now felt as if she had been speaking to stones. Successive flashes of her elocution, that had always been sure to electrify the South, fell in vain on those Northern flints. At last, as I well remember,



she told me she coiled up her powers to the most emphatic possible utterance of one passage, having previously vowed in her heart, that if this could not touch the Scotch, she would never again cross the Tweed. When it was finished, she paused, and looked to the audience. The deep silence was broken only by a single voice exclaiming, 'That's no bad!' This ludicrous parsimony of praise convulsed the Edinburgh audience with laughter. But the laugh was followed by such thunders of applause, that, amidst her stunned and nervous agitation, she was not without fears of the galleries coming down."

*Mrs. Pritchard.*—"Mrs. Siddons says, in her *Autograph Recollections*, 'When I begged Dr. Johnson to let me know his opinion of Mrs. Pritchard, whom I had never seen, he answered, "Madam, she was a vulgar idiot; she used to speak of her *gown*, and she never read any part in a play in which she acted, except her own." Is it possible, thought I, Mrs. Siddons continues, "that Mrs. Pritchard, the greatest of all the *Lady Macbeths*, should never have read the play? and concluded that the Doctor must have been misinformed; but I was afterwards assured by a gentleman, a friend of Mrs. Pritchard's, that he had supped with her one night after she had acted *Lady Macbeth*, and that she declared she had never perused the whole tragedy:—I cannot believe it.'"

*Shakespeare's Sir Hugh Evans.*—"He was curate of the priory of Brecon in the days of Queen Elizabeth. He died in 1581, and by a will, which is still among the records of Brecon, left a library which must have been at that time thought considerable, and which bespeaks him to have been a man of reading. In the same will, he bequeaths his swash-buckler to one of his friends, and appoints Richard Price, Esq. to be overseer of his testament. The last-named gentleman was the son of Sir John Price, of the Priory, a great patron of Sir Hugh Evans. By the younger Price, Evans was presented, in 1572, to the living of Merthyr Cynog, and was doubtless introduced also to Shakespeare. At least so says my learned Cambrian friend; who adds, that this Richard Price was a favourite at the court of Elizabeth; and on the authority of the family records, is stated to have held a correspondence with Shakespeare. It is so delightful to identify anything appertaining to the poet of poets with the birth-place of our heroine, that I am fain to indulge a pleasing belief in the probability of what my correspondent says further. He states 'that, from the intimacy which subsisted betwixt Shakespeare and the Prices of the Priory, an idea prevails that he frequently visited them at their residence in Brecon, and that he not only availed himself of the whimsicalities of old Sir Hugh, but that he was indebted to this part of the kingdom for much of the machinery of 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' This idea is confirmed by the similarity which the frolics of *Puck* and his companions bear to the goblins and fairies of this portion of the Principality: there being in Breconshire a valley which bears his name, Cwm Pwica. Here this merry sprite is said still to practise his gambols with all the energies of the sixteenth century! and certainly, if beautiful scenery have any influence in localizing these beings, they could find few better places than the deep romantic glen of the Clydach."

Here is a curious biographical sketch of the author of the well known 'Adventures of Dr. Syntax.'

"Mr. Combe's history is not less remarkable for the recklessness of his early days than for the industry of his maturer age, and the late period of life at which he attracted popularity by his talents. He was the nephew of a Mr. Alexander, an alderman of the city of London; and, as he was sent first to Eton College, and

afterwards to Oxford, it may be inferred that his parents were in good circumstances. His uncle left him sixteen thousand pounds. On the acquisition of this fortune he entered himself of the Temple, and in due time was called to the bar. On one occasion he even distinguished himself before the Lord Chancellor Nottingham. But his ambition was to shine as a man of fashion, and he paid little attention to the law. Whilst at the Temple, his courtly dress, his handsome liveries, and, it may be added, his tall stature and fine appearance, procured him the appellation of Duke Combe. Some of the most exclusive ladies of fashion had instituted a society which was called the Coterie, to which gentlemen were admitted as visitors. Among this favoured number was the Duke Combe. . . . But his Grace's diminishing finances ere long put an end to the fashionableness of his acquaintance. He paid all the penalties of a spendthrift, and was steeped in poverty to the very lips. At one time he was driven for a morsel of bread to enlist as a private in the British army; and, at another time, in a similar exigency, he went into the French service. From a more cogent motive than piety, he afterwards entered into a French monastery, and lived there till the term of his novitiate expired. He returned to Britain, and took service wherever he could get it; but in all these dips into low life, he was never in the least embarrassed when he met with his old acquaintance. A wealthy divine, who had known him in the best London society, recognized him when a waiter at Swansen, actually tripping about with the napkin under his arm, and, staring at him, exclaimed, 'You cannot be Combe?' 'Yes, indeed, but I am,' was the waiter's answer. He married the mistress of a noble lord, who promised him an annuity with her, but cheated him; and in revenge he wrote a spirited satire, entitled, 'The Diabolad.' Among its subjects were an Irish peer and his eldest son, who had a quarrel that extinguished any little natural affection that might have ever subsisted between them. The father challenged the son to fight; the son refused to go out with him, not, as he expressly stated, because the challenger was his own father, but because he was not a gentleman."

"After his first wife's death, Mr. Combe made a more creditable marriage with a sister of Mr. Cosway, the artist, and much of the distress which his imprudence entailed upon him was mitigated by the assiduities of this amiable woman. For many years he subsisted by writing for the booksellers, with a reputation that might be known to many individuals, but that certainly was not public. He wrote a work, which was generally ascribed to the good Lord Lyttleton, entitled, 'Letters from a Nobleman to his Son,' and 'Letters from an Italian Nun to an English Nobleman,' that professed to be translated from Rousseau. He published also several political tracts, that were trashy, time-serving, and scurrilous. Pecuniary difficulties brought him to a permanent residence in the King's Bench, where he continued about twenty years, and for the latter part of them a voluntary inmate. One of his friends offered to effect a compromise with his creditors, but he refused the favour. 'If I compounded with my creditors,' said Mr. Combe, 'I should be obliged to sacrifice the little substance which I possess, and on which I subsist in prison. These chambers, the best in the Bench, are mine at the rent of a few shillings a week, in right of my seniority as a prisoner. My habits are become so sedentary, that if I lived in the strictest square of London, I should not walk round it once in a month. I am contented in my cheap quarters.'"

"When he was near the age of seventy he had some literary dealings with Mr. Ackermann, the bookseller. The late caricaturist, Rowlandson, had offered to Mr. Ackermann a number of

drawings, representing an old clergyman and schoolmaster, who felt, or fancied himself, in love with the fine arts, quixotically travelling during his holidays in quest of the picturesque. As the drawings needed the explanation of letter-press, Mr. Ackermann declined to purchase them unless he should find some one who could give them a poetical illustration. He carried one or two of them to Mr. Combe, who undertook the subject. The bookseller, knowing his procrastinating temper, left him but one drawing at a time, which he illustrated in verse, without knowing the subject of the drawing that was next to come. The popularity of the 'Adventures of Dr. Syntax' induced Mr. Ackermann afterwards to employ him in two successive publications, 'The Dance of Life,' and 'The Dance of Death,' in England, which were also accompanied by Rowlandson's designs."

"It was almost half a century before the appearance of these works that Mr. Combe so narrowly missed the honour of being Mrs. Siddons's reading-master. He had exchanged the gaieties of London for quarters at a tap-room in Wolverhampton, where he was billeted as a soldier in the service of his Britannic Majesty. He had a bad foot at the time, and was humping painfully along the high street of the town, when he was met by an acquaintance who had known him in all his fashionable glory. This individual had himself seen better days, having exchanged a sub-lieutenancy of marines for a strollership in Mr. Kemble's company. 'Heavens!' said the astonished historian, 'is it possible, Combe, that you can bear this condition?' 'Fiddle-sticks!' answered the ex-duke, taking a pinch of snuff, 'a philosopher can bear anything.' The player ere long introduced him to Mr. Roger Kemble; but, by this time, Mr. Combe had become known in the place through his conversational talents. A gentleman, passing through the public-house, had observed him reading, and, looking over his shoulder, saw with surprise a copy of Horace. 'What,' said he, 'my friend, can you read that book in the original?' 'If I cannot,' replied Combe, 'a great deal of money has been thrown away on my education.' His landlord soon found the literary red-coat an attractive ornament to his tap-room, which was filled every night with the wondering auditors of the learned soldier. They treated him to gratuitous potations, and clobbered their money to procure his discharge. Roger Kemble gave him a benefit night at the theatre, and Combe promised to speak an address on the occasion. In this address, he noticed the various conjectures that had been circulated respecting his real name and character; and, after concluding the enumeration, he said, 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall tell you what I am.' While expectation was all agog, he added, 'I am—ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.' He then bowed, and left the stage."

On taking leave of this work, we feel it due to Mr. Campbell to acknowledge the skill and care with which he has worked up his slender materials into a very creditable biography.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Tales of Ireland.*'—The author of the 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' is one of our especial favourites, and we regret that he has perilled his laurels, by republishing in this volume his earliest productions. Though highly characteristic, they display an immaturity and harshness, such as might be expected from one unpractised in composition, many of the dialogues are like the galleries at Stoke-Pogis,

Long passages that lead to nothing, and the incidents are disproportioned and badly connected. A greater fault is the severity with which the Roman Catholic religion and its

ministers are treated—a severity equally unnecessary and unmerited. That many priests exact degrading submissions from their flocks is unfortunately true, but in the majority of such cases the people are more to blame than their pastors; but it is not true that the system is general, and it is not true that the priests desire to perpetuate it. The writer of *National Tales* should endeavour to pour oil into the wounds of his country: there are some who do so, but it is oil of vitriol. We must except from our censure 'Neal Malone,' the pugnacious tailor, whose history was noticed in the *Athenæum*, (No. 272,) and 'The Dream of a Broken Heart,' one of the most pathetic tales we have ever read.—The volume is illustrated with sketches by Brooke; Neal Malone fighting with his shadow is good. We are glad to close, with a word of praise, a book in which we grieve to have found much to condemn.

'*Poems*, by William Stanley Roscoe.'—We have another proof in this small volume, that talent and taste oftentimes come by inheritance. The poems, which it contains, may, from their gentle and unobtrusive tone, be lost amid the numberless verses of the day, but they deserve a better fate, for they have an elegance and music which are denied to nine out of every ten writers of rhyme, as will be seen in the two short extracts we subjoin.

Sweet is the autumnal day,  
The sabbath of the year;  
When the sun sheds a soft and farewell ray,  
And journeys slowly on his silent way,  
And wintry storms are near.

Sweet is the autumnal rose,  
That lingers late in bloom,  
And while the north wind on its bosom blows,  
Upon the chill and misty air bestows  
A cherishing perfume.

Sweet is life's setting ray,  
While Hope stands smiling near;  
When the soul muses on the future day,  
And thro' the clouds that shade her homeward way  
Heaven's azure skies appear!

The following are three verses from a poem  
'To a Deserted Country Seat:'—

On thee the sunbeams fall  
In silence all the solitary year;  
And mouldering are thy walls  
That ordered once with hospitable cheer;  
And all is past away  
That stood around thee in thy prosperous day.  
But I may seek thy shades,  
And wander in thy long-forgotten bowers,  
And haunt thy sunny glades,  
Where the mild summer leads the rosy hours,  
And mingled flowers perfume  
The noontide air,—a wilderness of bloom.  
For nature here again  
With silent steps repairs her woodland throne,  
Usurps the fair domain,  
And claims the lovely desert for her own,  
And o'er yon threshold throws  
With lavish hand the woodbine and the rose.

The whole collection bears traces of a benevolent and contemplative mind, and we wish it success.

'*The Ceylon Almanac for 1834*.'—The second volume of the Ceylon Almanac does not contain so much matter interesting to Europeans as the preceding, but it is not less valuable to the natives of the island. The miscellaneous department is devoted chiefly to the elucidation of Singhalese history, a subject not yet sufficiently investigated, and presenting obstacles enough to daunt the most ardent inquirer. A collection of rock inscriptions elucidating the history of Ceylon, has been contributed by the Hon. G. Turnour, and Captain Forbes, but though valuable to Pali scholars, they possess no interest for general readers.—Some curious information may be extracted from the return of Coroner's inquests. Out of 148 accidental deaths, we find thirty-eight by falling from trees, belonging of course to the cinnamon shippers, and thirty-seven by drowning, which we suppose must be ascribed to the penury-fishery: four persons were killed by the fall of cocoa-nuts, and six by the bite of serpents. Out

of sixty inquests in the Kandyan provinces, seventeen persons were drowned, and no less than ten killed by wild elephants.—Ceylon is rapidly improving under the enlightened government of Sir Wilmot Horton; and this publication sufficiently proves, that the subordinate officers of state spare no pains to raise the intellectual, and consequently the moral character of the people entrusted to their charge. It will gratify these gentlemen to learn, that they have fellow labourers in Europe. M. Eugene Bournouf read to the Academy of Inscriptions at Paris, at the meetings of March 21 and 26, a very extended and learned memoir on the ancient names of the island of Ceylon, which forms the first part of the Geographical and Historical Researches respecting that island, which he is preparing for publication. He designs, we are informed, to collect all the names that the island has borne at different periods, from the native histories, and to compare them with the names given it by the writers of classical antiquity.

'*Narrative of the Second Voyage of Captain Ross*.'—This little volume is avowedly compiled principally from the report of the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the circumstances of the expedition. The evidence there given, has been judiciously thrown into a narrative form, and the work is pleasant reading, although, of course, it only strengthens our desire to see the promised volumes by Captain Ross.

'*A Dictionary of Geography*, by Josiah Conder.'—A Geographical Dictionary was much wanted. The Edinburgh Gazetteer, in six ugly volumes, is a poor affair, and what the Encyclopedia of Geography will be, we are not yet able to determine. Mr. Conder's work however is merely a manual for general use, but as such we can strongly recommend it. It combines ancient with modern geography—has been compiled with care—and is beautifully printed in clear type, and on good paper—no unworthy considerations in a work of reference.

'*Bubbles from the Bruennens of Nassau*. Second Edition.'—This clever book is now known to be written by Major Sir Francis Head. We can no otherwise apologise to him, for having delayed to announce the publication of this second edition, but by acknowledging that we had hoped to have found room for a few more extracts, which we are sure would have been most welcome to our readers—another opportunity will however occur, for the sale will not stop either at a second or a third edition.

'*Copland's Other Worlds*.'—The author aspires to be the Christian Fontenelle, and though his work exhibits little of the sparkling wit, and brilliant sentiment of the 'Plurality of Worlds,' it displays a more intimate acquaintance with science, and greater skill in the management of an argument.

'*Reid's Illustrations of Social Depravity*.'—The author means well, but he discusses political questions with far more zeal than knowledge.

'*The Corner Stone*.'—This is a theological work, and as such not exactly within our critical scope; it is however entitled to our praise for the simplicity and neatness of its style, and for the tone of moderation in which it discusses controversial topics.

'*Doddridge's Family Expositor*. Vol. III.'—The work itself needs no recommendation of ours, but this reprint is one of the cheapest and best we have yet seen: here are no less than six hundred large octavo pages, beautifully printed, and on good paper, for five shillings!

'*Theological Library*, Vol. VII. *Evans's Scripture Biography*.'—This work is well written: it inculcates in affectionate language the great truths of Revelation, and ably shows the importance of moral purity. The author limits

himself strictly to the letter of the Scriptures, and scarcely ventures on a single inferential statement; still less does he trust to the traditions of the Talmud or the Acta Sanctorum, and therefore his biographies, so far as they go, are authentic. On the other hand, however, they are deficient in interest, and resemble sermons rather than sketches of human life. We have no wish to see, what may be called "the romantic literature of Judaism and Christianity" revived; the dreams and traditions of the Rabbis and Fathers may safely be allowed to slumber in their honoured dust, on the shelves of monastic and collegiate libraries; but we think, that in a work on Scripture Biography some account should have been given of the labours ascribed to them: for instance, the Talmud expressly declares, that Ezra was the first who constructed the canon of the Jewish Scriptures, and it was worth while to examine what alterations and additions he made in the execution of his task. Did he adopt the Chaldean alphabet, instead of the old Samaritan? Is it to him that we must attribute the verses appended to the Pentateuch? In the life of Gallio, we find the indifference he showed to the disputes between the Jews and Hellenists treated as a sin; it was a political crime, and has no analogy to the case of a Christian living indifferent to divine truth.

'*Tholuck's Exposition of the Sermon on the Mount*. Vol. I.'—This is the sixth volume of the Biblical Cabinet, and the first we have seen of the series. If the rest are of equal or nearly equal value, we know of no publication more likely to serve the cause of sound Biblical Criticism, and consequently of pure Christianity. Tholuck displays little of that love for theory, which distinguishes the school of German theology, which has usurped the name of Rational. His interpretations are derived from the text, and from parallel passages of Holy Writ; his illustrations range over the accumulated stores of oriental literature, both ancient and modern. His Talmudical notes especially show deep research and great discrimination.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

The public will learn with interest that a complete series of the acts of the French government, on the subject of popular instruction, has been transmitted to this country, and that the results, in a concise form, will shortly be presented to the public; the experiment, so far as it has been hitherto tried, has answered to the satisfaction of all parties.

The musical world, as was to be expected after so much excitement, is subsiding into more than ordinary quiet. We hear, however, that the performers at the Festival have entered into a subscription, which already amounts to a handsome sum, to enable them to present a piece of plate to Sir George Smart, in acknowledgment of the ability with which he conducted on that memorable occasion: and that at a general meeting of the Society of British Musicians, for the purpose of electing a Committee of Management, it was resolved, that to avoid all risk of undue influence, no person shall be considered as eligible to serve on the Committee, who is a director of any other musical society.—We may also mention, that a rehearsal takes place this day at the Hanover Square Rooms, of the new oratorio, composed by Neukomm, for the ensuing Festival at Birmingham; and that report speaks favourably of Mr. Loder's new opera, to be produced on Monday next.

We used to be of opinion, that Holland, Belgium, and all countries bordering on the Rhine, were utterly exhausted for literary purposes;—yet, Beckford and our friend of the Bubbles, contrived to awaken fresh enthusiasm

and delight.—Mrs. Jameson gracefully to interest us—and we are now expecting with eagerness, 'Belgium and Western Germany,' by Mrs. Trollope, and 'The Beguine or Belgium,' by Lady Morgan. It would be a curious, and not very difficult thing, to write an anticipatory review of these latter works. Mrs. Trollope will, of course, pass like a blight over the country, withering up everything with unholty scorn, and holding every body up to ridicule, except here and there some imbecile worshippers of the old court; and as these are to be found at Bruges rather than Brussels, the odds are, that she will say more civil things of that sepulchral place, with its society of old women, than of the gay and delightful city of the Barricades and the Revolution—ending, perhaps, the first part of her work with a full-length portrait of "the Flemish mares," or, in other words, a contemptuous display of the household virtues of the Belgian women, which she will contrive to make inimitably ridiculous; and not recovering her good humour until she has crossed the frontier into Rhenish Prussia, where she will luxuriate for a time at Bonn, under the security of layonets, among the first christian people to be met with after leaving Bruges; away then she will go with a light heart to the mountains, interspersing this part of her narrative with such visits to dungeons, &c. as would make stirring scenes in another 'Abbess.' Now, with the Irish lady, on the contrary, all will be *couleur de rose*. But as her work is not likely to appear for another month or two, we shall defer our speculations.

On Monday Messrs. Foster are to bring to the hammer the curiosities of Weeks's well-known Museum, in Coventry Street, Haymarket. It will be much the same thing, we imagine, as putting up the 'Singing Tree, the Talking Bird, and the Yellow Water,' to auction—as we find such items in the catalogue as the 'Palm-tree and Snake,' the 'Pearl Eater,' and the 'Temple of Fountains,' and we could not help wishing, while we walked about among these and many other such treasures, that we had been some years younger, that we might enjoy their wonders with proper childish admiration.—There is also exhibiting, at No. 17, Old Bond Street, previously to their being disposed of, a small collection of pictures, by the old masters. Among other fine works of art which it contains, is an 'Ecce Homo,' by Carlo Dolce; its meek, appealing, and yet resigned character appears in striking contrast with the well-known head by Guido, which hangs opposite to it, in the expression of which mortal agony predominates. There are also many other specimens of the works of celebrated masters.—It may be worth while also, too, to mention that the exhibition of *Ancient Court Costume*, is again open to the public. It is difficult to believe that *female humanity* (to use the Irishman's phrase) could ever thus disfigure itself by way of ornament—but the collection, so far as it goes, is curious, and, we think, must send home every lady who looks at it, well content with the fashions of her own attire.

The following announcement will probably interest the public, and therefore we set it forth with the publisher's display.

**"THE COMIC SCRAP-BOOK."**

Four Humorous Engravings.

Each number will contain twelve pages of letter-press

By T. Hood, Esq.

And the most popular Comic Writers of the day."

Now, would it be believed that Mr. Hood never heard of the 'Comic Scrap-Book' until he read this announcement? As, however, the work is to be published by William Marshall, Holborn, for whom Mr. Hood edited 'The Gleaner,' in the year 1828, he supposes that this "good easy man" hopes to quiet his conscience by serving up once again the old materials, and that it is on the strength of this double-dealing that

he has put Mr. Hood's name thus conspicuously forward. That gentleman, however, requests us to state these facts to the public, lest they should hereafter be of opinion that Mr. Marshall's advertisement had, in Hamlet's phrase, "marshalled them to knavery."

**SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY**

**ORIENTAL TRANSLATION COMMITTEE.**

THE annual meeting of this excellent institution was held at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society on Wednesday last, his Grace the Duke of Richmond in the chair. A very gratifying report was read by the Right Hon. Sir Gore Ouseley: having stated that the Committee had abstained from making a report last year, in consequence of the important political questions that then engrossed the public mind, it proceeded to describe the increased success of the institution. Forty-six volumes had been already published, and had been received with praise by the principal scholars of England and the continent. The most eminent orientalists in India and Europe had offered their services to the Committee, and enabled them to undertake works of greater extent and importance than any they had yet published. Copies of the following works, now in the course of publication, were laid upon the table:—*Ram Raz on Hindú Architecture*;—*'The Harivansa,' a Sanscrit epic poem*, edited and translated by M. Langlois; *'The Didascalion,' or Apostolic Constitutions of the Abbotman Church*, edited in Ethiopic, and translated by Mr. Platt;—a *Fasciculus* of the great Bibliographical Dictionary of Haji Khalifeh, on which D'Hérbelot founded his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, edited and translated into Latin by Professor Flügel;—the fifth part of the *Travels of Macarius*, translated by Mr. Belin;—a *Native History of Japan*, translated by M. Klaproth;—the *Chronicle of Tabari*, whom the judicious Ockley named the Mohammedan Livy, translated by M. Dubeuf;—and a second volume of *Miscellaneous Translations*.

It was announced that the following works were in the press:—the *History of Gazenat*, translated by Mr. Bird;—*'The Dubistan,'* translated by Mr. Shea;—the second part of the *History of the Afghans*, translated by Dr. Dorn;—*'The Divan of the Kuzellis,'* a valuable collection of ancient Arabic poetry, translated by Professor Kosegarten;—a *Chinese Treatise on Rewards and Punishments*, translated by Professor Julien;—*Rabbi Joseph's Hebrew Chronicles*, translated by Dr. Bialloblosky;—a popular *Hindustani Romance*, translated by M. Garcin de Tassy;—the continuations of *Macarius*, *Evlia Effendi*, the *Maritime Wars of the Turks*, and the *Turkish Annals of Nuima*.

Translations of the following works have been offered to the Committee:—a *Sanscrit Epic*, by Dr. Stenzler;—*'The Pavilion of the West,'* a Chinese drama, by Professor Julien;—*Martin's History of Egypt*, by M. Quatremere;—a *Turkish History of China*, by Professor Fleischer;—the *Lives of Hyder and Tippoo*, by Mr. Reed;—a *Genealogical History of the Tatars*, by Colonel Miles;—the *'Vishnu Purana,'* an original Sanscrit Grammar, and a *Hindú Mythological Dictionary*, by Professor Wilson.

The Committee had received an offer of assistance from Señor Gyan Gos, an eminent Spanish orientalist, who promises to examine for them the valuable treasures of Arabic literature contained in the libraries of the Escorial, the Spanish Academy, and other great public institutions of Spain. He has already discovered two Arabic dramas, a species of literature with which the Saracenic nations were supposed to be unacquainted.

The labours of the branch committees were then noticed with merited applause, and the great advantages to be expected from that insti-

tuted at Rome by the exertions of the Earl of Munster, were especially pointed out. Allusion was made to the establishment of a British consul at Damascus, a city scarcely second to Mecca in the rigid exclusion of Christians, and whose libraries contain the most precious relics of the golden age of Arabic literature. The spread of the English language in India was noticed as a ground for hope that the Hindús themselves would join in translating their national works, and imitate the example of the late Ram Raz.

Regret was expressed for the resignations of Sir G. C. Haughton and Professor Shakespeare, who had successively held the post of Honorary Secretary, and conferred the most important benefits on the institution. The Committee, among other donations, acknowledged the receipt of some valuable manuscripts procured by Lieutenant Burnes in Bokhara. Among the new subscribers to the institution, we noticed with peculiar pleasure the names of the Imperial Academy of Sciences and Imperial University of St. Petersburg.

The ordinary routine of motions was diversified by Sir Alexander Johnstone, who moved a vote of thanks to the *Congregatio de Propaganda Fide*, at Rome. He stated the great value of accurate information respecting the East to England at the present moment, and showed the great facilities which that institution possessed for acquiring knowledge, and the unwearied zeal and industry with which its members had laboured for its attainment. All the vast stores of oriental information acquired by them during two centuries, and accumulated in the archives of the Congregation, had been thrown open to the Royal Asiatic Society by the liberality of the present Pope and his council; nay, His Holiness was so pleased with the liberality evinced by the British parliament, in providing for the security of the Roman Catholic churches in India, that he had resolved in future to send British subjects only to perform clerical duties in that country, lest the national feelings of others should render them hostile to the British government. Five missionaries had proceeded from Stonyhurst within the last few weeks to Calcutta, and before their departure, they had, by the Pope's directions, visited the Asiatic Society, to offer their services in forwarding its objects, and had promised to send to the Society periodical reports of their investigations and discoveries, as, in the last century, the Jesuit missionaries used to do to the *Congregatio de propaganda fide*. Five more missionaries, chosen from the English College at Rome, and destined for Madras, were daily expected in London, and it was understood that they had received similar directions.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman.

**ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—July 7.**—Various donations of books and insects were announced, including a valuable series of insects preserved in amber by Dr. Berendt of Dantzic. The following papers were read: *Observations upon certain British species of Dromius*, by C. C. Babbington, Esq., M.A.;—*On a new British genus of Neuropterous Insects belonging to the family Hemorobidae*, by Mr. Westwood;—*On a new genus of Weevils from St. Helena*, by M. Chevrolat;—*Note upon the British genera Acentria, Acentropus, and Zancle*, by Mr. Westwood;—and the conclusion of Mr. Templeton's *Descriptions of the Thyasium Hibernica*.

A long discussion took place upon the ravages of the cane-fly, a minute species of the Cicada of Linnæus, which at the present time is committing incredible mischief in Grenada and other West India islands. It was stated by a gentleman present, recently arrived from the former island, that in some instances not less than two-



thirds of the entire crops have been destroyed, and that the first appearance of the insect was preceded by a violent hurricane. A Committee was appointed, with a view to discover the precise mode of the attacks of the insect, and if possible to suggest a remedy.

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

SINCE our last report, though there has been some semblance of novelty (in the ballet department), there has been little in reality. Their Majesties have visited the theatre; Taglion, and Tamburini, and the Elusiers have taken their benefits (the latter and Perrot have departed for the season); the house has been fully attended, and the performances, for the most part, excellent. In particular, we know not how the cast of 'Il Barbieri,' which included Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Giubilei, could have been strengthened; and the perfection of the performance of this opera was such as to make us forget how often we have listened to 'Piano, pianissimo,' and how long we have been tired with 'Zitti, zitti.' It afforded us a proof (if there were any wanting) that the extreme of vivacity, and the presence of refinement, were quite compatible. Grisi and Tamburini seemed to act from the inspiration of the moment, and to pour out their melodies and cadenzas, not because they were written, but as if they could not help it—and the consequence was, as might be expected, rapturous applause. Worn out as the opera is, it is worth coming any distance to see in its present cast, and we shall accept of no other *Figaro* in place of Tamburini, who seems to revel in the part from the 'Largo al factotum,' with which it begins, to the 'Felicita,' with which every Italian opera *buffa* concludes, as a matter of course.

## THEATRICALS

## VICTORIA THEATRE.

WE have the pleasure of reporting the continued success of Miss Mitford's tragedy; and we are happy to gather from the daily papers, that such success has been of the best sort for all parties concerned—the substantial. No remarks on it have been published, (that we have seen,) more reasonable, more honest, or more just than those contained in the author's own preface. It is too long for our columns, or we would insert it; but we recommend those who are near enough, to visit the Victoria—and those who are not, to purchase a printed copy of the play, and judge for themselves. Productions of this class are so much wanted from writers of Miss Mitford's original power, that the gratification with which we hail them when they appear, unfits us for reviewing them with perfect impartiality. A candid pointing out of defects, might be mistaken for a determination to find fault; and as we could not conscientiously plead guilty to such a charge, we are not inclined to expose ourselves to it. We shall, therefore, do little but repeat our testimony to the talent which this play discloses—or rather, to the well-known talent which it is calculated to make still better known,—and proceed, by extracts, to let Miss Mitford speak for herself. The subject, so dramatic in itself, and apparently (the power of good writing being pre-supposed) so easily convertible to dramatic purposes, is one which we have no doubt has proved to be full of difficulties. These will have arisen chiefly from the events which compose it being so familiar even to those least generally conversant with the history of their country, as to render any material deviation from them, or even any introduction, for the purpose of heightening dramatic effect, extremely dangerous. If we say that Miss Mitford has not succeeded in conquering all these difficulties, we shall make

the only concession we choose to make on such an occasion, to those (if such there be amongst our readers) who think that churlishness is an essential ingredient in criticism. If Shakespeare were alive, and were to write a play upon this subject, it would probably be called 'The Life and Death of King Charles the First;' the four first acts would embrace the prominent events of ten or fifteen years, at least, previously to his death, and the fifth would present those which immediately preceded and attended the trial and condemnation. Miss Mitford's is more simple in construction; that which we imagine would have been Shakespeare's fifth act, is her whole play. It is, in short, a study, and a very clever one, of the character of Cromwell, all the other characters, including Charles himself, being made, as Cromwell afterwards made them in real life, subordinate to him. The first act opens with a meeting between *Iretton*, *Harrison*, *Pride*, *Downes*, and *Maten*. To them enters Cromwell, newly returned from victory;—affected humility and hypocritical cant hang upon his first words.

*Marten*. In good time comes the general. Valiant Cromwell, thy praise was on our lips.

*Crom*. Not mine—not mine—Praise to the Lord of Hosts, whose mighty shield Bucklered us in the battle—whose right arm Strengthened us when we smote! Praise to the Lord! For his poor instruments, the meanest soldier Does his great duty—we no more. My masters, Have ye no news to tell?

'Towards the end of the scene, *Harrison* and *Pride* re-enter.

*Crom*. What make ye here again?

*Pride*. Dost thou not hear?

A mutiny among the soldiers!

*Har*. Nay,

But half a score malignants, who would fain

Stir up the soldiery.

*Crom*. And they?

*Har*. They listen,

But move not.

*Crom*. Seize the traitors—shoot them dead—

If any murmur, still them too. Let death

Follow offence as closely as the sound

Of the harquebuss the flash. Art thou not gone?

What stops thee?

*Har*. Be more merciful.

*Crom*. Why this

Is mercy. If thou saw'st one, match in hand,

Approach a mine hollowed beneath some rich

And populous town, would'st strike him down at once,

Or wait till he had fired the train?

*Har*. At once!

At once!

*Crom*. Well!

A scene follows, in which Charles is discovered at Carisbrook: *Harrison* arrives, with orders to conduct him to London for trial, and so ends the act.

The second act opens with Commissioners, Lawyers, &c., assembled in the Painted Chamber, to frame the indictment. Cromwell arrives, and objects to its length:—

*Crom*. Piling aside

These cumbering subtleties—this maze of words—

And in brief, homely phrase, such as the soldier

May con over his watch-fire, or the milkmaid

Wonderingly murmur as she tends her kine,

Or the young boy trace in his first huge scroll,

Or younger girl, sew in her sampler—say

That we arraign Charles Stuart, King of England,

For—arriving on his people: let this deed

Be clear and open, as to seems the men

On whom the Lord has set his seal.

Scene II. is a gallery leading to the King's prison. The Queen enters with *Lady Fairfax*—her approach to the King is opposed by the sentinel—Cromwell enters, and, with seeming charity, orders that she shall pass: *Lady Fairfax* remonstrates with him:—

*Lady F*. Urge not this bloody trial.

*Crom*. Whon on saith

That the trial shall be bloody? He who reads

All hearts, He only knows how my soul yearns

Toward yonder pair.

A very clever scene follows, and ends the second act, first between the King and Queen, and afterwards between them and Cromwell, wherein the Queen endeavours to win Cromwell from his purpose, by promises, in the King's name, of large rewards and honours:—

*Queen*. Choose thine office. Keep the name  
The sword hath rendered famous. Be Lord Vicar;  
Be Captain of the Guard; forbid this suit—  
Thou canst an if thou wilt—be Charles's friend,  
And second man in the kingdom.

*Crom*. Second? Speak'st thou

These tempting words to me? I nor preside  
O'er Court or Parliament; I am not, Marston,  
Lord General of the Army. Seek those great ones—  
My place is in the ranks—wouldst thou make me  
The second in the kingdom? Seek those great ones.  
The second!

*Queen*. Then, and well thou know'st it, Cromwell,  
Art the main prop of this rebellion. General,  
Lord President! what are they but thy tools—  
Thy puppets—moved by thy directing will,  
As chessmen by the skilful player? 'Tis thou  
That art the master-spirit of the time—  
Idol of people and of arms—leader  
Of the fanatic Commons—judge, sole judge  
Of this unrighteous cause.

*Crom*. And she would make me

The second man in the kingdom!

The third act is entirely occupied with the trial: it is cleverly written, but somewhat too long. The introduction of the Queen is decidedly objectionable.

The following is Charles's beautiful address to Cromwell after sentence has been passed:—

*King*. For ye,

My subject judges, I could weep; for thee

Beloved and lovely country. Thou wilt grow

Under the tyrant Many till some bold

And crafty soldier, one who in the field

Is brave as the roused lion, at the council

Watchful and gentle as the couchant pard,

The lovely spotted pard, what time she stoops

To spring upon her prey; one who sets on

To win each several soul, his several sin,

A stern fanatic, a smooth hypocrite,

A fierce republican, a coarse buffoon,

Always a great bad man; till he shall come

And climb the vacant throne, and sit him there,

A more than King. Cromwell, if such thou know'st,

Tell him the rack would prove an easier couch

Than he shall find that throne; tell him the crown

On an usurper's brow will scorch and burn

As though the diamonded and crimson round

Were framed of glowing steel.

*Crom*. Hath his dread wrath

Smitten thee with frenzy?

*King*. Tell him, for thou know'st him,

That doubt and discord, like fell harpings, wait

Around the usurper's board. By night, by day,

Beneath the palace roof, beneath that roof

More fair, the summer sky, fear shall appal,

And danger threaten, and all natural love

Wither and die; till, on his dying bed,

Old 'fore his time, the wretched traitor lies

Heart-broken; then, for well thou know'st him, Crom-

well,

Bid him to think on me, and how I fell,

Hewn in my strength and prime, like a proud oak,

The tallest of the forest, that but shivers

His glorious top and dies. Oh! thou shalt envy,

In thy long agony, my fall, that shakes

A kingdom, but not me.

In the fourth act word is brought to Cromwell

that the Lords Commissioners refuse to sign the

warrant. He hastens to them in the Painted

Chamber, and then follows the most stirring and

spirited scene in the play. The manner in which

the strength of Cromwell's mind is brought to

bear upon the weakness of his tools, in which he

conceives one—threatens another—but ends in

making them all signs, is excellent, and highly

dramatic. We regret that we have not room to

extract from it.

The first scene of the fifth act, a long one between

the King and Queen, is omitted in the repre-

sentation, and the act commences in the room in

Whitehall, through one of the windows of which

the King was conducted to execution. We should

have preferred the Abbey bell announcing that

all is over, and the conclusion of the play in this

scene, instead of its being deferred, as it is, till

the next, where we have a re-appearance of the

distracted Queen—but it is easy to be "a pro-

phet of the past;" perhaps, after the first repre-

sentation. Miss Mitford thought as we did.

The play ends thus:—

*Fairfax*. Look to the Queen. Cromwell, this bloody

work is thine.

*Crom*. This work is mine. For you and mine,

She shall away to France. This deed is mine

And I will answer it. The Commonwealth

Is firmly established, Iretton. *Harrison*,

The saints shall rule in Israel. My Lord General,  
The army is thine own; and I a soldier—  
A lowly follower in the cause. This deed  
Is mine.

The play has been produced as to scenery, and as to costume, except in some minor points, in a style very creditable to the establishment. That it was under-acted, upon the whole, cannot be conceded. The chief weight, of course, rests upon Mr. Cathcart's shoulders, as the representative of Cromwell. Never having seen him in any other character, we were not so well able to form a just opinion of his merits in this. We changed our mind about his pretensions several times during the course of his performance, but eventually came to the conclusion, that he was an actor of considerable power, and considerable thought. If we request our readers to remember, in addition to this, that he laboured under the anxiety of a first appearance, increased by the knowledge that the fate of Miss Mitford's play rested in a great measure on his success, they will at once see that more allowance was to be made for him than, in truth, he needed. We have heard, from several quarters, that the author's approbation of him is unqualified; and we have heard, from one on which we can rely, that he appears to much greater advantage now that he is more at his ease.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Horticultural Society.**—The third exhibition took place at the Society's garden on Saturday last, and was productive of as much, if not more, gratification than the two preceding. Thirty-seven medals were adjudged for some of the finest fruit and flowers in the kingdom, and the number of visitors was upwards of three thousand.

**Captain David Thompson.**—We have just received intelligence of the decease at the Mauritius, of this well-known computer and author of the Lunar and Horary Tables, and inventor of the Longitude Scale, in consequence of severe injuries received during the hurricane which recently devastated that colony. The work which has brought Captain Thompson's name into note among men of science, is his solution of the problem, of clearing the apparent distance of the moon from other celestial bodies, from the effects of parallax and refraction—one of the most useful in nautical astronomy; and he received from the late celebrated Baron de Zach, high commendation for his skill and success in this investigation, and from the late Board of Longitude, a tardy acknowledgment of the high merit of his Tables. All methods which solve this problem by approximative formulæ being in some particular cases defective, Captain Thompson undertook the arduous task of resolving the spherical triangle, for every case which can occur in practice. The correction to one of the approximative formulæ which he adopted, was thus obtained, in every individual case; and these single results were classed in a Table of triple entry, embracing all the cases which can possibly occur. The seaman takes out from the Table the number required for each case, with great ease, and adds it to the calculated numerical value of the approximative formulæ, the defect of which Captain Thompson's Table is intended to supply, and he thus obtains a perfectly correct solution. Captain T. also invented a scale adapted to the solution of the same problem, which is made use of by many mariners.

**Royal Military Academy.**—Thomas Stephens Davies, well known to the mathematical world by his geometrical investigation respecting the hour lines on antique dials, the equations of loci on the surface of a sphere, and by other researches connected with the geometry of the ancients, and the application of mathematical reasoning to the phenomena of modern science, has, we learn, just been appointed one of the Mathematical Masters in the Royal Military

Academy at Woolwich, in the place of Mr. Haver, resigned.

**Scientific Expedition on the Mediterranean.**—The French government have placed a steamboat at the disposal of Baron Taylor, with which he is to explore the coasts of the Mediterranean for a scientific object. M. Alexandre Dumas is to accompany him.

**New Athens.**—We learn, by letters from Greece in the French papers, that the plans for building the new city are very magnificent. Architects are accustomed to run a little wild on paper, and we might have inferred that, upon such an occasion, they would not rein in their beautiful fancies; but when we read that the new city is to unite all the architectural beauties to be found in all the principal cities of Europe, and see buildings after the Palaces Royal and the Tuileries at Paris, and the Piazza San Marco at Venice, specifically named as among its embellishments, we are inclined to ask, in sober seriousness, where the money is to come from? The designs are for a city to contain, in the first instance, 80,000 inhabitants, and all the streets and squares are to be named after the illustrious men of antiquity. The capital will be only an hour's ride from a capacious port, round which is to be built a commercial town, which is to form a sort of suburb to New Athens. The same letter also states, that an engineer has been sent to Syria in order to superintend the construction of various edifices rendered necessary by the increase of commerce; among them is a lighthouse, which is to be erected at the entrance to the port of Syra, an entrepôt for merchandize, and a new lazaretto. The latter has become absolutely necessary; for as every vessel which arrives, no matter its destination, has to perform quarantine either at Hydra or Syra, the lazaretto of Syra is at present always encumbered with merchandize.

**Embalming in France.**—At the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers at Paris, is to be seen a mummy prepared by Messrs. Capron and Boniface after a peculiar process of their own, by which they are enabled to preserve the body without alteration for a very considerable period. The mummy in question is the body of a person who died from consumption on the 1st of October, 1831, at the age of 42—his features are said to be perfectly recognizable by the persons who knew him: other specimens, which for ten years have resisted every change of temperature, to which they have been exposed by way of experiment, may also be seen there. Messrs. Capron and Boniface have overcome one difficulty, which was hitherto thought insurmountable—they are able to preserve the internal parts of the body, the brain, lungs, heart, entrails, &c., in a perfect state: the body is, in fact, kept exactly as at the time of decease.

**Billiard Tables.**—We have just seen what the inventor, Mr. Thurston, of Catherine Street, calls his Petrosian Table; and certainly the smoothness of surface, and the elasticity of the cushions, appeared to us very admirable, and sufficiently so to justify us in recommending it to the attention of those more skilled in such matters than we pretend to be.

**Strange Sale.**—The following advertisement is seriously said to be from a Newfoundland paper of the 10th ult:—

"Auction—To-morrow, at 12 o'clock in the forenoon, if not previously redeemed. At the house now occupied by Mrs. Traverse, the undermentioned articles, taken by distress for Rent, due from the Legislative Assembly of Newfoundland to the subscriber, viz.:—One large Desk, containing 8 drawers, filled with a variety of books and papers of every description—One small ditto, used exclusively by the Speaker, and filled also with books and papers, and a portfolio of great value—The Speaker's Chair, stuffed, and elegantly

covered with blue moreen, and mounted with brass—One large Chair, stuffed and superbly covered, and well and substantially built, used by the Usher of the Black Rod!!—A Cocked Hat, of superior quality, but now a little shabby—worn by the Sergeant at Arms!!—The Reporter's Desk—Two large Stoves, with Funnelling, and six covered Forms, with a variety of other articles, too tedious to mention.—All very valuable.—Terms made known on the day of Sale. MARY TRAVERSE."

#### [ADVERTISEMENT.]

Messrs COCHRANE and McCROCK, have just published the following important works:—I. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR EDYTON BRIDGES, BART., 2 vols. 8vo. with two fine portraits. II. THE LIFE AND WORKS OF BURNS, by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Vols. I. to VI., splendidly illustrated. III. DR LARG'S HISTORY OF NEW SOUTH WALES, 2 vols. post 8vo. with accurate map, 21s. IV. MARTIN'S HISTORY OF THE BRITISH COLONIES, Vols. I. and II., containing Possessions in the East and West Indies. V. THE LAST WORKS OF JOHN GALT, Esq., containing HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY—STORIES OF THE STUDY—and POEMS. VI. THE ROMANCE OF ANCIENT HISTORY—FIRST SERIES—EGYPT, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. VII. A SYSTEM OF NATIONAL EDUCATION, 1 vol. small 8vo., 7s. 6d.

11, Waterloo Place, July 12.

#### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

DATE of OBSERVATION.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
W.A.M. Max. Min.	Ann.		
Thurs. 3 74 56	29.05	N.E.	Clear.
Frid. 4 78 59	29.97	N.E.	Ditto.
Sat. 5 71 59	29.94	N.E.	Cloudy.
Sun. 6 71 60	29.89	N.E. to S.W.	Rain.
Mon. 7 78 61	29.85	S.W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 8 75 54	29.80	S.E.	Rain.
Wed. 9 75 55	29.86	N.W.	Cloudy.

**Prevailing Clouds.**—Cumulus, Cumulostratus, Cirrocumulus, Cirrostratus, Nimbus.

Nights fair except on Saturday. Mornings fair excepting Sunday. Much thunder on Sunday.

Mean temperature of the week, 60°. Greatest variation, 24°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.86. Day decreased on Wednesday, 14°.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART

Familiar Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott, by the Ettrick Shepherd, with an original Sketch of the Life of Mr. Hogg.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. C. D. C. H. E.—M. B.—G. D. T.—C. M. received. We cannot but feel greatly obliged to L. J. J. although the communication is not exactly suited to this paper. If the writer will send her address, the MS. shall be returned.

**Errata.**—P. 360, col. 2, line 61, for "starry language given on the face of the mighty heaven," read "mighty heaven." This mighty blunder of the printer has drawn down upon us the indignation of the author of the work on Ichthyosaurus, &c., who writes that, so much of the work, "as was made use of in the review, was grossly misquoted, as mightily heaven instead of mighty heaven, &c. &c." The "Ac. &c." we will correct when informed of them.





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*The Travels of Macarius, Patriarch of Antioch; written in Arabic by his attendant Archdeacon, Paul of Aleppo.* Translated by F. C. Belfour, A.M. 4to. London: Published for the Oriental Translation Fund, by Richard Bentley.

In the *Athenæum* (No. 304) will be found an account of the first volume of this work, and some particulars respecting the manuscript from which it has been translated. We are induced thus early to notice the first fasciculus of the second volume, because it contains some curious particulars of the condition of Russia during the reign of Alexis, the father of Peter the Great. He it was who prepared the way for the future prosperity of his successor, by recovering the provinces which the Poles had wrested from Russia, and by compelling the Russian nobles to pay something more than nominal allegiance to their sovereign. The manner in which Alexis treated his grantees is a curious proof of the complete barbarism of the Russians in the seventeenth century:—

"Last year, we were informed, he (the Emperor) set out with his nobles to visit one of the monasteries without the city; and whereas the large river Moskwa flows round the greatest part of the city, and his road lay over one of the bridges upon it, he left the bridge on one side, descended with his horse into the middle of the river where it was very deep and rapid, and arrived at the other side with his clothes all wet. Then he cried out to his nobles: 'He who does not pass over, where I have, loses his life!' His intention was merely to sport with them; for most of his courtiers were large, fat men. Fully sensible of the calamity which awaited them, and seeing no means of excuse or of flight, they descended to the river in the greatest vexation, and gave the reins to their horses. Most of them being heavy men, they sank up to their necks, and with difficulty kept their own and their horses' heads above the water; whilst the Emperor looked on, and laughed aloud at their distress. At length they waded over; and made the further bank, in the most wretched plight, with their favourite and fancy clothes dripping with wet. They immediately began to upbraid the Emperor with really intending the loss of their lives; but he answered them: 'My intention in this was to lessen your fat paunches, which you fed up, in my father's time, in rest and idleness.' Then he rode on with them, till they entered the church of the monastery; where they assisted at the mass from beginning to end, he being with them, with his wet clothes, and the water dripping from them: nor did he permit one of them to go out, till the mass was over. Then they all left the church, shivering; and they begged of him to let them go their ways, to change their clothes; but he would not part with them, till he had made them drink three cups of brandy, one after the other; saying: 'We have to-day earned great merit and a vast reward, having assisted at mass half-drowned as we were;' nor did he permit them to depart till the teeth of most of them chattered with a cold shivering. They also told us a story of him, that one Sunday he assisted, as usual, at

morning prayer. It is the custom for the Grantees to repair from their houses, and attend him on these occasions at prayers: it happened on this day, that they did not know of his going to his devotions so early, and put off their attendance on him till noon: he immediately wrote down the names of those who absented themselves, sent to fetch them from their houses with their hands tied behind their backs, had them carried down to the bank of the river Moskwa flowing near his palace, and ordered them all, with their fine clothes and gold brocade, to be thrown by the hands and feet into the water, whilst he talked to them, and said: 'This is your reward; which you have merited, by preferring sleep with your wives to the splendid lustre of this blessed day, and not coming forth to assist at morning prayers with your Emperor.'

The greatest difficulty which Peter the Great had to encounter in the commencement of his career, arose from the inordinate power usurped by the Russian clergy. Some notion of the mode in which the State was rendered subordinate to the Church, may be formed from the following anecdote:—

"But what most excited our admiration was, to see the Emperor standing with his head uncovered, whilst the Patriarch wore his crown before him; the one with his hands crossed in humility, the other displaying them with the action and boldness of an orator addressing his auditor; the one bowing his bare head in silence to the ground, the other bending his towards him with his crown upon it, speaking to him; the one guarding his senses and breathing low, the other making his voice ring like a loud bell; the one as if he were a slave, the other his lord. What a sight for us! God knows that our hearts ached for the Emperor."

When the work is completed we shall probably derive from it copious illustrations of the condition of Russia at the commencement of its career as an important political power in Europe.

*Belgium and Western Germany in 1833; including Visits to Baden-Baden, Wiesbaden, Cassel, Hanover, the Harz Mountains, &c. &c.* By Mrs. Trollope, Author of 'Domestic Manners of the Americans.' 2 vols. London: Murray.

We risked a few words last week in the way of prophecy respecting the contents of this work, not expecting to have the work itself so soon come in judgment against us; but the truth does not materially differ from the prediction, except that Mrs. Trollope writes throughout in a kindlier spirit than we had anticipated. She has, however, all becoming admiration for the Dutch, and their good king, and more than an occasional fling at '*les braves Belges*,' and their superstitions, wishing Leopold subjects more worthy of him; she does think the society at Bruges delightful! and does exult over the blessings and bayonets of Prussia so soon as she crosses the frontier; but she is, on the whole, considerate and gentle in her judgment of the Belgian nation, having discovered that "the King of Holland still reigns in the hearts of the ma-

jority," and that it is the natural fear of new disturbances which alone keeps this "powerful majority" passive—and she does not favour us with a contemptuous display of the household virtues of the Belgian women, making them inimitably ridiculous, as she was so fortunate as to meet with a French lady, who gave her, what may certainly serve the purpose, the following clever sketch of the

*Journal of a Belgian Lady,*  
(NOT OF THE CAPITAL.)

"She rises generally about seven o'clock, provided the children, who all sleep in her room, have permitted her to repose till so late an hour. Her toilet does not take long; a black petticoat being the only addition she makes to the cap and brown cotton wrapping-gown in which she sleeps. In this *equipe*, with one child in her arms, and half a dozen following her, she goes down to breakfast; which repast is often taken in the kitchen and lasts but a few moments, amidst cries and quarrellings for slices of bread and butter, and mugs of coffee.

"This trouble over, the lady commences the toilet of her little family; an operation which she always performs carefully and neatly, and the children are despatched to school.

"A general review of the mansion follows; and woe to the servants if any candle ends of the preceding night have been burned too low—if a single grain of dust be visible on the furniture, or a cup broken: for crimes of this cast ever become the subjects of most vehement reproach.

"At length the bell rings for mass; a morning dress, not peculiar for its elegance, succeeds to the first costume: a black cloak and hood is thrown over it; and, with a basket on her arm, she repairs to the church, and from thence to make bargains and execute commissions.

"This period, the happiest of her day, is prolonged till dinner. In the course of her peregrination she meets her acquaintance, and the most innocent little gossipings take place. It is now that she learns how much Mrs. Somebody is so stingy that she stands half an hour higgling about green peas;—Mrs. A. has given her maid warning; Mrs. B. has a sick baby; and the Curé has made a visit at least half an hour long to Miss C.

"And now the clock strikes twelve, and dinner leads everybody home. The children are returned from school; the tumult and the din begin again; and the young ones contrive to render the dinner as miserable as the breakfast. This dinner, however, is eaten in a handsome room, ornamented with mirrors, carpets, and so forth, but none of the thousand and one little prettinesses which constitute elegance and comfort. Everything is handsome and correct; and everything is heavy and gloomy. Its tenants know the wants of animal life, but little more: the dinner is good and abundant, but the conversation—nought.

"The meal ended and the dessert distributed among the children, peace is once more restored by their dismissal to school.

"The lady then places herself at her window with her work, which she continues without interruption till she goes to vesper; after which she gives the children their supper and puts

them to bed; then undresses herself, puts her hair into papillotes, says her prayers, and, while waiting the return of her spouse, amuses herself by chatting a little with the servants in the kitchen. A well-behaved husband is never later than nine: as soon as he appears, a substantial supper is served, and at ten the whole house is in a state of profound repose.

"This life, with very few exceptions, is that of all the ladies of —."

"If their minds do not greatly improve by it, their plumpness and fresh complexions prove at least that it agrees well with their constitutions. What can they wish for more? Of what use would mind be to them? A Fleming marries in order to have a housekeeper who will not cheat him—his dinner punctually served—his children kept clean—and his stockings mended. He asks for nothing more, and is perfectly contented with this. They are happy. What more can be desired?—nothing;—excepting, perhaps, the not being obliged to witness a happiness so insupportable."

But Mrs. Trollope, we repeat, has written in a kindlier spirit than we had anticipated; her first chapter opens the work gracefully and well, with the following pleasant picture of a Dairy Farm in the neighbourhood of Ostend:—

"The extreme cleanliness, the kindest civility, and a magnificent display of rich cream and Valenciennes lace, were among its most remarkable features. We observed also many indications of devout Catholicism. Dolls superbly dressed, with lesser dolls pinned to their stomachs, to represent the Virgin and Child, and crucifixes of various dimensions, were displayed in seven different nooks of the principal apartment."

"This room, which was very large, had a neat curtained bed. Its snow-white quilt and nicely flounced pillows looked as if it were intended only for show. We saw, however, in the kitchen, and other inferior rooms, preparations for sleeping less delicately, the beds being laid literally in cupboards ranged against the walls."

"Our lovely Swiss friend coaxed the good woman of the house to exhibit the stays she wore on great occasions. They were unquestionably of many pounds weight; and were furnished on both sides with iron bars, which, one should think, must enter, if not into her soul, at least into her heart, every time she stooped. • • •

"After a full examination of this 'foreign wonder,' we were shown many singularly-fashioned caps, bordered by the most delicate lace. Though the whole establishment had an air of comfort and plenty about it, the costly elegance of these decorations surprised me. But it was easy to perceive that a feeling of family dignity was attached to them. • • •

"The dairy at this house was really a beautiful sight, even though at one end of it we perceived a nymph skimming cream with her fingers. This, indeed, is the universal method; and if any thing could reconcile one to the strange operation, it would be the delicate rosy tips of the Rubens-like fingers we saw so employed."

"I have never in any country remarked finer crops than in the sandy plain round Ostend. The mode of husbandry is careful and laborious; but the returns are very great. The constant application of manure converts the arid soil into a fine loam; and every inch of it is as carefully weeded as the nicest garden. This fatiguing but necessary part of good husbandry is performed chiefly by women, who crawl along the ground on their hands and knees, and in this attitude appear to draw the weeds more effectually, and with less labour, than can be done by stooping."

"The ploughing of this district is, as may be supposed, peculiarly light; and is often performed by a single milch cow. No part of Flemish farming appeared to me more worthy of attention than the general management of their cows. They are constantly kept in stables, and fed twice in the day with green meat, of almost every possible variety of vegetation. The collecting this is one of the many agricultural labours constantly performed by women; and it is no inconsiderable feature in the picturesque aspect of the country, that groups of maids and matrons are perpetually seen bearing, with wonderful ease and activity of step, enormous loads of fresh-cut fodder on their heads. I have seen many a pair of bright eyes, and many a dimpled cheek, peeping out sometimes from a bundle of flowery clover, sometimes from a bush formed of the young shoots of forest-trees and not unfrequently from the thrifty gatherings of every weed, or handful of tufted grass that grows beside the road. That there is much economy of every thing but labour in this, is very evident; and, as far as I was able to judge, the cows prospered marvellously by this regular mode of furnishing their meals in the stall, instead of permitting them to be constantly browsing in the fields. I never met with either bad butter or adulterated milk; and it appeared to me that there was a greater abundance, and freer use of both, than I had been accustomed to see elsewhere."

But we cannot accompany even Mrs. Trollope through Belgium, but must rush at once to the neighbourhood of the Rhine. Here is her account of a visit to the buried monks at Kreutzberg:—

"I hardly know what we expected from this sepulchral examination; but it certainly must have been something very different from the reality; for we were jesting and laughing when the man arrived: and even when we saw the two lads, who accompanied him, raise the massy door, I believe not one of us felt any portion of the awe which the scene it opened to us was calculated to inspire. The sacristan, with a lighted candle in his hand, descended a dark and narrow flight of steps, desiring us to follow him: I was the first that did so; and I shall not soon forget the spectacle that met my eyes. On each side of us, as we entered the vault, was ranged a row of open coffins, each containing the dry and shrivelled body of a monk, in his robe and cowl. They are so placed as to be exposed to the closest examination both of touch and sight; and the remembrance of my walk through them still makes me shudder."

"The wonderful state of preservation in which these bodies remain, though constantly exposed to the atmosphere by being thus exhibited, is attributed by good Catholics to the peculiar sanctity of the place; but to those who do not receive this solution of the mystery, it is one of great difficulty. The dates of their interment vary from 1400 to 1713; and the oldest is quite as fresh as the most recent. There are twenty-six, fully exposed to view; and apparently many more beneath them. From the older ones, the coffins have either crumbled away, or the bodies were buried without them. In some of these ghastly objects the flesh is still full, and almost shapely upon the legs; in others it appears to be drying gradually away, and the bones are here and there becoming visible. The condition of the face also varies very greatly, though by no means in proportion to the antiquity of each. In many, the nose, lips, and beard remain; and in one, the features were so little disturbed, that

All unruined was his face,

We trusted his soul had gotten grace.

Round others, the dust lies where it had fallen, as it dropped, grain by grain, from the mouldering cheeks; and the head grins from beneath the cowl

nearly in the state of a skeleton. The garments are almost in the same unequal degree of preservation: for in many the white material is still firm, though discoloured; while in others it is dropping away in fragments. The shoes of all are wonderfully perfect."

"The last person buried in this vault was one who acted as gardener to the community. His head is crowned with a wreath of flowers, which still preserves its general form: nay, the larger blossoms may yet be distinguished from the smaller ones; but the withered leaves lie mixed with his fallen hair on either side."

Here is a clever sketch from on board the steam-boat: it will make a pretty companion picture to the one by Sir Francis Head, extracted into our review of the 'Bubbles from the Brunns.' †

"My first study was a newly married pair. That they were such could not admit of a doubt. They were English, and came on board at Coblenz, with a handsome carriage, a smart man and maid servant, but no companion save each other. It was evident that he wanted no other; she was very pretty, and he was decidedly very much in love. Had she possessed but two grains more intelligence, the little scenes that passed between them would have been sacred, rather than ridiculous; but who could resist a smile at seeing the frequent yawn, hid in the embroidered handkerchief, as the enamoured young man sought to raise some of the delightful sensations he felt himself, by reading in her ear from a beautiful pocket Byron? • • • But it would not do: her eyes did not follow—nay, they did not even meet his. He was so really amiable and animated in his endeavours to amuse this fair automaton, that I sat musing as to what could be passing in her mind to render her so completely callous to all he could say or do: and at last I unravelled the mystery. It was not that she had given her hand without her heart—it was not that her fancy wandered back to some one more beloved—it was simply that she was hungry."

"After a long silence on her part, she whispered something in his ear; he darted from her side, gave a look forward, as I fancied, for his servant, but not seeing him, ran down the cabin stairs himself with dangerous velocity, and, after a short interval, returned with tidings which seemed greatly to cheer his companion. Again he sought to amuse her by reading—in vain. 'To beguile the time,' he should have 'looked like the time,' which was—of luncheon. At length a waiter appeared with a tray of smoking cutlets. I could hardly wonder that the young man was anxious to please his pretty bride; for I never saw smile more bright and beautiful than the one she gave him, as he prepared her plate, and arranged her feet upon a footstool, so as to make it steady on her lap. I only wished, for his sake, that it had been born of a more sentimental cause, than the apparition of a mutton steak. Yet after all it was hardly fair to quiz her for it. She had probably breakfasted at a miserably early hour; and who, under such circumstances, but would have smiled as sweetly as they could!"

With another party met with at a public ball at Mannheim, we must conclude for this week:—

"Close to the place where we had stationed ourselves was a group of females, consisting, I think, of two families, for there were two matronly women seated together, and four young girls, who, when not dancing, constantly returned to stand near them. Three of these were certainly sisters; the other was perhaps a cousin, or a friend, or an acquaintance; but it was clear that they had joined parties for the evening."

† See No. 381, p. 162.

The three sisters might have served as models, if not for the Graces, at least for Hebe; or any other goddess or nymph that should be represented as the personification of prettiness, health, and gaiety—fresh, fair, light-haired, bright-eyed beings, who looked as if they had nothing to do but to dance through life, throwing flowers and smiles about them as they went on. The solitary girl was a little yellow creature, with an undeniable pug nose; and, if her teeth were white, she had certainly no business with so extremely wide a mouth to display them. But this yellow little creature had a pair of eyes—such eyes! I might be able to describe them better had it been possible to look at them steadily for two minutes together,—but they sparkled, and shot, and darted about their glances at such a rate, that nobody could look full at them without winking. All, therefore, that I can positively say respecting these marvellous eyes is, that they were black, with lashes which, when she was merciful enough to look down, seemed to throw her face into shade. Her hair was black, too, parted upon her forehead, and just put behind her ears without any care or skill whatever; while one large knot collected the remainder of her neglected tresses at the back of her head. Her dress, too, was far unlike that of her fair companions. They were habited in delicate white muslin; while this strange little creature chose to show off her tawny complexion by wearing a plain dark frock, of very ordinary materials, and without the slightest attempt at ornament of any kind.

"Such was the party placed next to us; and they were surrounded by the smartest-looking young men in the room;—one, two, three,—I reckoned seven; who approached in succession before the dancing began. The blue-eyed beauties knew them all, for they smiled and nodded. The yellow girl knew them too; but instead of smiling, she poked up her brown shoulder at most of them, and talked assiduously to her mother; nevertheless, every one of them asked her to dance. Having promised the first, she shook her head without speaking, in reply to all the others, and appeared to take very little notice of any of them.

"At length the waltz began. The three beauties got partners too, and all darted off into the whirling circle together. When they came back again, the same scene was repeated, nay, worse, for even the partners of the fair girls would only talk to the brown one. I never watched such witchery. It was a single word, a single syllable, perhaps, that she carelessly bestowed on each; but the gipsy had some fascination about her that seemed to be irresistible; and she knew it; for she played her tricks and threw her glances with so much wilful mischief, that her pretty companions looked vexed, and their mother enraged, at her monopolizing proceedings."

Our extracts, it will be seen, have little relation to the subject-matter of the work, but are scenes from life, which is ever fresh, and universal in the sympathy it awakens. Our next notice may be a trifle more topographical, seeing that the route is not quite so tediously familiar.

*The Angler in Wales; or, Days and Nights of Sportsmen.* By Thomas Medwin, Esq., author of the 'Conversations of Lord Byron.' 2 vols. London: Bentley.

"What's in a name?" Those who look into this book, in the hopes of finding in it the lucubrations of an Isaac Walton Redivivus, will not be slow in discovering that they look in vain: except for the wood-cut illustrative of Welsh scenery, two short legends, and a sprinkling of the language of the prin-

cipality, its scene might just as well have been laid on the Great St. Bernard, or much better in some East Indian Cantonment; for the rod and the line are merely used to connect a thousand scraps of anecdote and speculation, which it hath pleased their author thus to string together. While we confess to the amusement we have derived from some of these, (which our readers shall presently partake,) we enter our protest against the moral tone of the work, which has too much of scorn in it for our taste, too much of that bad and blighting philosophy implied, which is absurdly out of place in a book whose title leads us to think only of the natural world, where innocence, and peace, and purity of feeling should abide. The searing, sneering style may be borne, when the scene is laid in the city, among the artifices and littlenesses of mankind; but to carry it into Nature's fastnesses, and fair lonely haunts, is a mockery which we cannot endure, or pass over in silence.

Having thus relieved our consciences, we shall extract some few anecdotes, which we think may interest our readers, and shall introduce them with as few superfluous words as possible.

*An Anecdote of the late Duke of Norfolk and his King James's Spaniels.*—Our Marlborough and King James's spaniels are unrivalled in beauty.

"The latter breed, that are black and tan, with hair almost approaching to silk in fineness (such as Vandyke loved to introduce into his portraits), were solely in the possession of the late Duke of Norfolk. He never travelled without two of his favourites in the carriage. When at Worksope, he used to feed his eagles with the pups; and a stranger to his exclusive pride in the race, seeing him one day employed in thus destroying a whole litter, told his Grace how much he should be delighted to possess one of them. The old brute's reply was a characteristic one:—'Pny, sir, which of my estates should you like to have?'"

*A Swine Hunt in Tuscany.*—"I will tell you a narrow escape I had some years ago in Tuscany. R— and myself having heard of a flight of cocks, had gone down into the Maremma to shoot. You have heard of the Maremma. It possesses an almost interminable extent of morasses, 'overgrown with long, rank grasses,' and hillocks, as Shelley beautifully describes, 'heaped with moss-enwoven turf,' a wilderness of putridity and desolation. It was the month of November, before which time it is dangerous to set foot there, for, till the first frosts, even many of the fever-stricken serfs forsake it. In the eagerness of sport we had been led further than we calculated from our albergo, a solitary, wretched hovel, bordering on the marsh, the abode of the most ghostly, yellow, emaciated objects in human form I ever beheld, except some of the cayenne'd, curry-dried, liver-worm Anglo-East-Indians we left at Cheltenham. The sun was fast setting, and we had still two miles to make, and were coasting along the edge of a knoll, thickly set with huge and speckled aloes, intermingled here and there with stunted ilexes, and cheenuts, and with the strawberry-tree, then bright with its globes of deep red gold, when methought I heard a rustling among the branches, and a sound like that of the grinding of teeth. I noticed it to my companion. He suddenly turned ashy pale, and whispered hysterically, 'We are near a herd of swine!'"

"Vast numbers, I should have told you, are turned out in the full of the last, to fatten here, and become so savage and wild, that none but their keepers dare approach them, and, cased as they are in an almost impenetrable mail of

leather, even they sometimes fall victims to the ferocity of these brutes.

"It is well for us," continued my friend, "that there is a hut within a few hundred yards. Let us lose no time in making for it." As he spake, the sounds became louder, and I saw some hundred hogs emerging on all sides from the brush-wood, grunting fiercely, and gnashing their teeth in unison. They were huge, gaunt, long-legged, long-headed, and long-backed creatures, giants of their species—spectral monsters, more like starved blood-hounds than swine. • • •

"They now mustered their forces in battle array, outside the thicket, and commenced the attack in a systematic and regularly-concerted manner, the veterans of the herd directing the movements of the hostile band, and one, by a deeper grunt, not ill resembling the word of command of a certain *General de grise-pareus* of our acquaintance, giving dreadful notes of preparation, as if to spirit on the line to a charge. • • •

"The danger was to us more imminent; for you had only a single enemy to deal with. We made our way with difficulty through the rotten and yielding morass, leaping from tuft to tuft, and risking, by a false slip, to plunge into a bottomless abyss, whilst our blood-thirsty pursuers, with their long legs and lanky sides, and tucked-up bellies, advanced, a fearful phalanx, in semilunar curve, momentarily gaining ground! My friend, who was more accustomed to the bogs than myself, soon outstripped me, not daring to look behind. Once, and once only, did I, and beheld them coming on like a pack of hounds in full cry, and with the scent breast high, and, to my horror, perceived the two horns, or wings, of the troop, making an *echelon movement* in an ever-narrowing circle, like a regiment of cavalry bringing their right and left shoulders forward, to outflank, and then enclose us. I dared not risk a second glance at my foes, but the hoarse voices of the ringleaders ran through the ranks, and I heard and saw the splash of their many feet, as they turned up the mud but a few yards in my rear.

"How I reached the hut I know not, but reach it I did, when I found my friend leaning against the wall, breathless with terror. The shed was rudely constructed of peat, and appeared to have been long deserted, consisting only of bare walls and a few rafters; but, providentially, there was a door hanging by one hinge; this I contrived to shut just as the centre of the herd reached the threshold. They made a halt, retired a few paces and collected together, as if to hold a council of war. Whilst they were undecided how to act, we discharged our four barrels loaded with small shot, from the window, at the nearest, who slowly limping, with a mullen grunt of disappointment (reminding me of yon bull), the whole of their comrades at their heels, retreated into the covert."

*Glover, the Landscape Painter's fondness for Birds.*—"Glover, the celebrated landscape-painter, who has withdrawn himself to a new world, having exhausted the old, carried, perhaps, his knowledge of birds beyond that of any man who ever lived. It was his custom, in the summer-season, to visit the most romantic parts of England and Wales, and there to pitch his tent and draw and colour from nature. He chose for his retirement the vicinity of some unfrequented village, and, being very abstemious in his diet, contented himself with the humble fare that the nearest ale-house afforded. His sole companions in these excursions were birds, with whom he held colloquy, professing perfectly to understand their language, and to have made them conversant with his own. Pigeons were his favorites, as being most intelligent: of the latter species, he had one who would sit on his shoulder while he was at work, and who, when evening came, was wont, at a given signal, to fly home and



await his master's return. One day the artist made a circuitous route, and being interested with sketching some newly discovered scenes, or catching some extraordinary effect of light, forgot the hour, when he was surprised at seeing the little creature soaring above his head, and at length alighting on his accustomed perch. When seated there, it expressed, by the querulous tones of its voice and the sharpness of its beak, its displeasure, which Glover was for a while puzzled to divine the occasion of. He soon, however, threw him up in the air, and pointed towards the encampment; but his attached friend resumed his old post, and would not be driven away, nor would ever afterwards be induced to lose sight of him, being afraid, as the painter said, that it was his intention to give him the slip. Starlings, he used to say, were possessed of great genius: and being asked which of the feathered tribes were the least so, after a pause, he replied, sparrows—not that they wanted talent, but that they were vulgar fellows.

“He had made the habits of birds so much his study, that when a lark was hovering over a field, he could tell whether the songster had eggs, a callow brood, or if the young were full-fledged; in fact, Jean Jacques was a mere ignoramus compared with him. It is a pity he did not leave us, before he went to the New World, a complete grammar and dictionary of the particular language of each species, and an exact prosody for rightly comprehending the intonation of the words. Thus, perhaps, he was convinced that nightingales or thrushes (the finest songsters, by the bye, of the two) do not sing for the pleasure of singing, but of conversing with one another and conjugating the verb ‘love.’”

So much for the first volume—the second is the more interesting, but is still more discursive: it contains tales of hair-breadth ‘escapes, and sentiment for those whom it may concern—but what we have to do with, are its realities; and the following extracts from a letter relative to Lord Byron’s latter days in Greece, require no comment:—

“Forrester, afterwards surgeon on board of the Convict ship lost off Boulogne, and who went down with her, poor fellow! wrote two very interesting letters describing a visit to him at Missolunghi, a few weeks before Byron’s death.

“Missolunghi is just as wretched a collection of houses and huts as can be well imagined. It stands in the recess of a large and shallow bay, upon a morass which extends from the bay to the foot of the hills, which rise two or three miles inland. The season was very rainy and the houses were insulated among mire and water—the communication being kept up by stepping-stones and attempts at *trottoirs*, which resembled low walls, in passing over which, the least loss of equilibrium would plunge the unfortunate peripatetic in deep mud. A visit to Lord Byron was our first step on landing; his abode was a tolerable house close to the part of the beach most convenient for landing or going afloat. It had, for the place, great pretensions, and was approached by a gateway opening into a little miry court-yard, surrounded by a wall, with some small offices on one side. The principal and only tolerable room was approached by an outward stair. Three sides were furnished with sofas in the Turkish taste. A dead shelf, apparently stuck against the wall, was loaded with books; the floor was encumbered with packing-cases, some nailed down, some opened: the latter filled with books, as, I took for granted, were the former. Round the walls were appended to numerous nails and pegs, fowling-pieces and pistols of various descriptions and nations; sabres and yataghans. The corridor or antichamber, or whatever else it might be termed, swarmed with Mainotes and others, armed to the teeth.

We were ushered in by Tita, his Lordship’s chasseur, who reminded me of the French Sapeurs, as he wore a bushy beard, with his livery, which was set off by two silver epaulettes. He was an immense fellow, upwards of six feet in height, and although well-proportioned for such a herculean figure, his frame was too large and heavy, for his stature to come within the description of elegant. His page was a young Greek, dressed as an Albanian or Mainote, with very handsomely chased arms in his girdle, and his *maître-d’hôtel*, or *factotum*, an honest looking, though not remarkably elastic Northumbrian, named Fletcher, who seemed, and doubtless with reason, a great favourite with his master. . . .

“On sitting down to dinner, which, to deliver us from plague and pestilence, was set on a deal table, without the intervention of a cloth, he laughingly apologised for his table, which, from the circumstances wherein he was then placed, was not, as he said, *trop bien monté*; but he felt the less annoyed when he reflected that persons of our profession understood those things, and were of course prepared for all sorts of privations. He then bustled about, actively assisted by Fletcher, who was but poorly aided by the Greek menials in placing the dishes to the best advantage, drawing corks, and all the *et cetera* of the table. To dispose the table was rendered a service of some difficulty by its compendiousness. On opening a bottle of wine, and inspecting the complexion of its contents, his lordship questioned Fletcher as to its name and lineage. ‘I really don’t know, my lord,’ was the reply. ‘Then away with it,’ he rejoined;—‘I hate anonymous wine.’ . . .

“One observation of his I must not forget to notice. When speaking of the Ionian Islands, he observed:—‘On returning to them, I formed a very different, and a much more favourable opinion than I had before entertained, and expressed, of Sir Thomas Maitland’s administration. In short, I found them getting rich under it.’—On being asked if he had seen him when at Corfu, he said:—‘I called on him, and he was in the country.’ . . .

“On looking over the arms about the room, his lordship asked the principal of the party if he would like to try a shot with pistols? On his answering affirmatively, they walked up to the landing-place of the outside stairs, from which they fired at Murschino bottles, placed on a pilaster in the court, upward of twelve paces off. They had an equal number of shots. Byron struck each time. His antagonist missed once, although a very good shot. But one of Lord Byron’s was excellent: the upper rim of a bottle which his competitor broke, fell on the top of the pilaster, and remained there, reduced to a size not much larger than a finger ring. Instead of having another bottle placed, he took aim at this fragment, and reduced it to dust. His precision was the more surprising, because his hand shook as if under the influence of an ague fit, and the time he took to take aim would have made any other man’s hand unsteady. On trying at the same marks, placed out of everything like pistol-range, neither succeeded. As each fired, a large Labrador (*Bull*) dog, named Lion, ran and picked up the bottle, which he laid at the bottom of the stair. I remarked to Lord Byron, as we were laughing at his effrontery, ‘That is an honest tyke of yours.’—‘Oh! oh!’ he replied, ‘I find you are half a countryman of mine.’—‘I answered I was a whole Scotsman.’—‘Then we are half countrymen,’ said he; ‘my mother was Scotch.’”

There are many reminiscences of the Italian Coterie, to be found in these volumes, with a lost stanza of ‘Childe Harold,’ never before printed, as Capt. Medwin assures us.

“I will repeat a stanza of Lord Byron’s, written under the Lombardo-Venetian Arms

when he left Venice in disgust for Ravenna, and which verses, perhaps, he had some idea of one day incorporating with the fourth canto of Childe Harold, but there is reason enough why he should not have made them public during his stay in Italy:—

“Aloft the rocks of that vile Vulture rear  
The Caps which Kings once bow’d to, and thus seek,  
Lifting that headless crown in empty air,  
To mark their mockery. In each double beak  
Too well do they the insatiate ravens speak  
Of a most craven bird, that drains the blood  
Of two abandoned carcasses, that reek  
Festering in their corruption—never brood  
Gorged its rapacious maw with a more carrion food.”

We have left many fragments of interest untouched, and can only wish, in taking leave of the ‘Angler in Wales,’ that he was less a man of the world, and had more of the poet, in the legitimate and *holy* sense of the word, in his heart: the book might then have been delightful.

#### Philip Van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance.

Second Notice.

Mr. Taylor introduces us to the future heroine of the second part of his drama in a lyrical poem of great sweetness, which shows a profound knowledge of that most difficult and painful object of study, the heart of a woman for whom genius, imagination, and an intense capacity for affection, have earned no other portion than disappointment and shame, a weary and a reckless spirit. Elena, the Italian girl, with the beauty, and the passionate love of beauty, of her clime, is a fore-doomed creature: we see how quickly she will lavish the treasures of her thoughts and affections—how inevitably she will be bankrupt of all. This is not the place to moralize, or we might be tempted to say one word as to the means of preserving some of these, the world’s most precious and delicate victims, from their woful fate: for, that wisdom and christian love could devise means, it were profane to doubt;—but wide, wide, are we from that point where the weak is strengthened on his weakest side, and the strong scorned and hated for abusing his strength.

The character of Elena stands in striking contrast to the lofty purity and calmness of Adriana: spite of the faultlessness of the latter—perhaps because of it—we are compelled to acknowledge that Elena is the more interesting dramatic person. We suspect that the poet did not intend this, and that the effect is at variance with his own convictions and wishes—but thus it is, and will be. We are like weak mothers, who love their children in proportion to the care and sorrow, the watchings and the heart-aches, they have suffered for their sakes: we feel that the wholly virtuous are raised into a region where they need not our pity; that the bitterest griefs, the dreariest wants, of the human heart, they can never know; and as to death, what is it to them but the ascent into that Empyrean in which their thoughts have ever dwelt? And thus are nature and humanity in some sort avenged: we are forced to give our sympathy—our painful sympathy—to those to whom we will not give wise nurture, and timely and watchful guidance;—the one is mere obedience to an instinct—the other would require labour and self-denial.

The history of Elena’s few and evil days is traced from her childhood. She was one

of those whose very perfections "give birth to fewer hopes than fears."

For seldom smiled  
The serious child,  
And as she passed from childhood, grew  
More far between those smiles, and few,  
More sad and wild.  
And though she loved her father well,  
And though she loved her mother more,  
Upon her heart a sorrow fell,  
And sapped it to the core.  
And in her father's castle nought  
She ever found of what she sought,  
And all her pleasure was to roam  
Amongst the mountains far from home,  
And through thick woods, and whenceso'er  
She saddest felt, to sojourn there.

Amidst these woods and mountains, and on the bosom of her beautiful lake, her heart is divided between the visions of romance with which her own imagination supplied her, and the intense love of the outward beauty by which she was surrounded:—

Much dreaming these, yet was she much awake  
To portions of things earthly, for the sake  
Whereof, as with a charm, away would flit  
The phantoms, and the fever intermit.  
Whatso' of earthly things presents a face  
Of outward beauty, or a form of grace,  
Might not escape her, hidden though it were  
From courtly cognizance; 'twas not with her  
As with the tribe who see not nature's beams  
Save by the festal lights of gay saloons;  
Beauty in plain attire her heart could fill—  
Yea, though in beggary, 'twas beauty still.  
Devoted thus to what was fair to sight,  
She loved too little else, nor this aright,  
And many disappointments could not cure  
This born obliquity, or break the lure  
Which this strong passion spread: she grew not wise,  
Nor grows: experience with a world of sighs  
Purchased, and tears and heart-break have been hers,  
And taught her nothing: where she erred she errs.

All the evil that is to follow—the dark night rendered more dark by the bright gleam which precedes it—is revealed to us in anticipation in the foregoing lines. The next step is easily guessed. Truly the poet says—

The feeling which possessed her now  
Was novel in degree alone;  
Love early marked her for his own;  
Soon as the winds of Heaven had blown  
Upon her, had the seed been sown  
In soil which needed not the plough;  
And passion with her growth had grown,  
And strengthened with her strength, and how  
Could love be new, unless in name,  
Degree, and singleness of aim?  
A tenderness had filled her mind  
Pervasive, viewless, undefined;—  
As keeps the subtle fluid o'er  
Its secret, gathering in the soft  
And sultry air, till felt at length  
In all its desolating strength,  
So silent, so devoid of dread,  
Her objectless affections spread;  
Not wholly unemployed, but squandered  
At large where'er her fancy wandered;  
Till one attraction one desire  
Concentrated all the scattered fire;  
It broke, it burst, it blazed again,  
It flashed its light o'er hill and plain,  
O'er Earth below and Heaven above,—  
And then it took the name of love.

The manner in which these two early, unchecked propensities—passionate love of material beauty, and boundless indulgence of imagination—take their most dangerous form, and create the most fatal of all illusions, is sketched in two or three pages, with singular rapidity, skill, and truth: the object that first enchained the eye is quickly invested by the imagination with all it wants. The breaking of the charm is thus faithfully traced:—

The goddess, that with cruel mirth  
The daughters and the sons of earth  
Mismatches, hath a cunning eye  
In twisting of a treacherous tie;  
Nor is she backward to perceive  
That loftier minds in lower cleave  
With ampler love (as that which flows  
From a rich source) than those to those;  
For still the source, not object, gives  
The daily food whereon love lives.  
The well-spring of his love was poor  
Compared to her's; his gifts were fewer;

The total light that was in him  
Before a spark of hers grew dim;  
Too high, too grave, too large, too deep,  
Her love could neither laugh nor sleep;  
And thus it tired him; his desire  
Was for a less consuming fire:  
He wished that she should love him well,  
Not wildly; wished her passion's spell  
To charm her heart, but leave her fancy free;  
To quicken converse, not to quell:  
He granted her to sigh, for so could he;  
But when she wept, why should it be?  
'Twas irksome, for it stole away  
The joy of his love-holiday.  
Bred of such un congenial mood  
At length would some dim doubt intrude  
If what he felt, so far below  
Her passion's pitch, were love or no.  
With that the common day-light's beam  
Broke in upon his morning dream,  
And as that common day advanced  
His heart was wholly unstrained.

Then come the despair and the recklessness, with their false lights and fervid excitement:—

So meet extremes; so joy's rebound  
Is highest from the hollowest ground;  
So vessels with the storm that strive  
Pitch higher as they deeper drive.  
Well had it been if she had curbed  
These transports of a mind disturbed;  
For grief is then the worst of foes  
When, all intolerant of repose,  
It sends the heart abroad to seek  
From weak recollections exemptions weak;  
After false gods to go astray,  
Deck altars vile with garlands gay,  
And place a painted form of stone  
On Passion's abdicated throne.

Comparing her to a child, who tries to repair the ruin of its devastated garden by sticking it gaily over with gathered flowers, the poet says—

The other child, beneath whose zone  
Were passions fearfully full-grown,—  
She too essayed to deck the waste  
Where love had grown, which love had freed,  
With false adornments, flowers not fruit,  
Fast-fading flowers, that strike no root,—  
With pleasures alien to her breast,  
That bloom but briefly at the best,  
The world's sad substitute for joys  
To minds that lose their equipage.

We are thus prepared to find her a wanderer from her native home, and the inmate of a prince's palace,—admired and despised, courted and desolate, gay and wretched.

The second part of the drama shows us this beautiful creature,—who, in her despair, had sunk to be the mistress of the Duke of Bourbon,—a willing captive to Philip Van Artevelde, now the triumphant leader of the rebel Flemings, and the widowed husband of Adriana.

The effect of his successes, and of his be-  
reavement, on his mind, we first gather here:

Artevelde. Then come with me; we'll cast a casual  
eye

On them that keep the watch:—though smooth to say,  
I wish my day's work over,—to forget  
This restless world, and slumber like a babe;  
For I am very tired—yea, tired at heart.

Van Ryk. Your spirits were wont to bear you up  
more freshly.

If I might speak, my lord, my humble mind,  
You have not, since your honoured lady's death,  
In such a sovereignty possessed yourself,  
As you were wont to say that all men should.  
Your thoughts have been more inwardly directed,  
And led by fancies; should I be too bold  
And let my duty lag behind my love,  
To put you thus in mind, I crave your pardon.

Art. That was a loss, Van Ryk: that was a loss.  
The love betwixt us was not as the flash  
And momentary kindling in warm youth;  
But marriage and what term of time was given  
Brought hourly increase to our common store.

Well—I am now the sport of circumstance,  
Driven from my anchorage;—yet deem not them  
That I my soul surrender to the past,  
In chains and bondage:—that it is not so,  
Bear witness for me long and busy days,  
Which jostling and importunate affairs  
So push and elbow, they but seldom leave  
Shy midnight uninvaded. No, Van Ryk;  
At eve returning we aried to my tent,  
If sometimes I may seem to stray in thought,  
Seeking what is not there, the mood is brief,  
The operative function within call,

Nor know I that for any little hour  
The weal of Flanders (if I may presume  
To hook it on my hours) is yielded up  
To idle thought, or vacant retrospect.  
But now this body, exigent of rest,  
Will needs put in a claim. One round we'll take,  
And then to bed.

And in a scene of great beauty, which, spite of its length, we must extract nearly entire:—

Artevelde. The world declares us lovers, you have heard.

Elena. My lord?

Art. The world, when men and women meet,  
Is rich in sage remark, nor stints to strew  
With roses and with martins fields of death.  
Think you that they will grow?

Elena. My lord, your pardon;  
You speak in such enigmas, I am lost,  
And cannot comprehend you.

Art. Do I so?

That was not wont to be my fault. In truth,  
There is a season when the plainest men  
Will cease to be plain spoken; for their thoughts  
Plunge deep in labyrinths of flowers and thorns,  
And very rarely to the light break through.  
Whilst much they wander darkling. Yet for once  
Let love be marshalled by the name of love,  
To meet such entertainment as he may.

Elena. I have been such an unfortunate, my lord;  
I would not love again.

Art. And so have I;

Nor man nor woman more unfortunate,  
As none more blessed in what was taken from him!  
Dearest Elena,—of the living dearest,—  
Let my misfortunes plead, and know their weight  
By knowing of the worth of what I lost.  
She was a creature framed by love divine  
For mortal love to muse a life away  
In pondering her perfections; so unmoved  
Amidst the world's contentions, if they touched  
No vital cord nor troubled what she loved,  
Philosophy might look her in the face,  
And like a hermit stooping to the well  
That yields him sweet refreshment, might therein  
See but his own acuteness reflected  
With a more heavenly tenderness of hue!  
Yet whilst the world's ambitious empty cares,  
Its small disquietudes and insect stings  
Disturbed her never, she was one made up  
Of feminine affections, and her life  
Was one full stream of love from fount to sea.  
Such was her inward being, which to fit  
With answerable grace of outward favour,  
Nature bestowed corporeal beauty bright,  
Formed in such mood of passionate conception  
As when the Godhead, from a dream of love  
Awaking, with poetic rapture reined,  
Substantiates the vision, and the form  
His dreaming fancy feigned, creates alive.  
These are but words.

Elena. My lord, they're full of meaning.

Art. No, they mean nothing—that which they would  
speak

Sinks into silence—'tis what some can know  
That knew not her—the silence of the grave—  
Whence could I call her radiant beauty back,  
It could not come more savouring of Heaven  
Than it went hence—the tomb received her charms  
In their perfection, with no trace of time  
Nor stain of sin upon them; only death  
Had turned them pale. I would that you had seen her  
Alive or dead.

Elena. I wish I had, my lord;

I should have loved to look upon her much;  
For I can gaze on beauty all day long,  
And think the all-day-long is but too short.

Art. She was so fair that in the angelic choir  
She will not need put on another shape  
Than that she bore on earth. Well, well,—she's gone,  
And I have tamed my sorrow. Pain and grief  
Are transitory things no less than joy,  
And though they leave us not the men we were,  
Yet they do leave us. You behold me here  
A man bereaved, with something of a blight  
Upon the early blossoms of his life

And its first verdure, having not the less  
A living root, and drawing from the earth  
Its vital juices, from the air its powers:  
And surely as man's health and strength are whole  
His appetites re-germinate, his heart  
Re-opens, and his objects and desires  
Shoot up renewed. What blank I found before me  
From what is said you partly may surmise:  
How I have hoped to fill it, may I tell!

Elena. I fear, my lord, that cannot be.

Art.

Indeed!  
Then am I doubly hopeless. What is gone,  
Nor plaints, nor prayers, nor yearnings of the soul,  
Nor memory's tricks nor fancy's invocations,—  
Though tears went with them then frequent as the rain  
In dusk November, sighs more sadly breathed  
Than winter's o'er the vegetable dead,—  
Can bring again; and should this living hope,  
That like a violet fr to the other's grave  
Grew sweetly, in the tear-besprinkled soil  
Finding moist nourishment—this seedling sprung  
Where recent grief had like a ploughshare passed

Through the soft soul, and loosened its affections—  
Should this new-blossomed hope be coldly nipped,  
Then were I desolate indeed! a man  
Whom heaven would wean from earth, and nothing  
leaves

But cares and quarrels, trouble and distraction,  
The heavy burthen and the boils of life.  
Is such my doom? Nay, speak it, if it be.

*Elena.* I said I feared another could not fill  
The place of her you lost, being so fair  
And perfect as you give her out.

*Art.* 'Tis true,  
A perfect woman is not a coin,  
Which being gone, its very duplicate  
Is counted in its place. Yet woe so great  
Might you repair, such wealth you have of charms  
Luxuriant, albeit of what were best  
Rather the contrast than the counterpart.  
Colour, to wit—complexion;—her's was light  
And gladdening; a roseate tincture shone  
Transparent in its place, her skin elsewhere  
White as the foam from which in happy hour  
Sprang the Thalassid in Venice: your's is clear  
But bloodless, and though beautiful as night  
In cloudless ether clad, not frank as day;  
Such is the tint of your divinity;  
Serenely radiant she, you darkly fair.

*Elena.* Dark still has been the colour of my fortunes,  
And having not serenity of soul,  
How should I wear the aspect?

*Art.* Wear it not;  
Wear only that of love.

*Elena.* Of love! alas!  
That is its opposite. You counsel me  
To scatter this so melancholy mist  
By calling up the hurricane. Time was  
I had been prone to counsel such as yours;  
Adventurous I have been, it is true,  
And this foolhardy heart would brave—nay court,  
In other days, an enterprise of passion;  
Yea, like a witch, would whistle for a whirlwind.  
But I have been admonished: painful years  
Have tamed and taught me: I have suffered much.  
Kind Heaven but grant tranquillity! I seek  
No further boon.

*Art.* And may not love be tranquil?  
*Elena.* It may in some; but not as I have known it.

*Art.* Love, like an insect frequent in the woods,  
Will take the colour of the tree it feeds on;  
As saturnine or sanguine is the soul,  
Such is the passion. Brightly upon me,  
Like the red sunset of a stormy day,  
Love breaks anew beneath the gathering clouds  
That roll around me! Tell me, sweet Elena,  
May I not hope, or rather can I hope,  
That for such brief and bounded space of time  
As are my days on earth, you'll yield yourself  
To love me living and to mourn me dead?

What was the love, and what the mourning,  
with which this prayer was answered, we best  
see in the following true and beautiful ex-  
pression of the anxious self-distrust of deep  
affection, and in the final scene:—

*Elena.* How can I please him when I cannot speak?  
When he is absent I am full of thought,  
And fruitful in expression inwardly,  
And fresh and free and cordial is the flow  
Of my ideal and unheard discourse,  
Calling him in my heart endearing names  
Familiarly fearless. But alas!  
No woman is he present than my thoughts  
Are breathless and bewitched, and stunted so  
In force and freedom, that I ask myself  
Whether I think at all, or feel, or live,  
So senseless am I!

• • • • •  
Your grave and wise  
And melancholy men, if they have souls,  
As commonly they have, susceptible  
Of all impressions, lavish most their love  
Upon the blithe and sportive, and on such  
As yield their want, and chase their sad excess,  
With jocund salutations, nimble talk,  
And buoyant hearing. Would that I were merry!  
Mirth have I valued not before; but now  
What would I give to be the laughing fount  
Of gay imaginations ever bright,  
And sparkling fantasies! Oh, all I have,  
Which is not nothing, though I prize it not;  
My understanding soul, my brooding sense,  
My passionate fancy, and the gift of gifts  
Dearest to woman—wildly deprecating Time,  
Slow ravisher, from clenched fist fingers wrings—  
My corporal beauty would I barter now  
For such an antick and exulting spirit  
As lives in lively women.

At the end, the Italian fire which, in  
Elena's youth, shone with such a fatal and  
ominous lustre, bursts forth in one fierce  
blaze,—like lightning, short, deathful, and  
terrible,—and leaves black night behind it.  
Philip is defeated, and basely stabbed in the

back by Sir Fleureant of Heurleé, a traitor,  
whose life he had formerly spared.

*The field is strewn with the dead and wounded, and  
other wreck of the battle. In front is the body of  
VAN ARTEVELDE. ELENA is kneeling beside it.  
VAN RYK and one of VAN ARTEVELDE'S Pages are  
standing near. Trumpets are heard from time to  
time at a distance.*

*Van Ryk.* Bring her away. Hark! hark!  
*Page.* She will not stir.  
Either she does not hear me when I speak,  
Or will not seem to hear.

*Van R.* Leave her to me.  
*Fly, if thou lov'st thy life, and make for Ghent.*

[*Exit PAGE.*]  
Madam, arouse yourself; the French come fast:  
Arouse yourself, sweet lady; fly with me.  
I pray you hear: it was his last command  
That I should take you hence to Ghent by Othen.

*Elena.* I cannot go on foot.  
*Van R.* No, lady, no,  
You shall not need; horses are close at hand.  
Let me but take you hence. I pray you, come.

*Elena.* Take him then too.  
*Van R.* The enemy is near  
In hot pursuit; we cannot take the body.

*Elena.* The body! Oh!  
[*Enter DUKE OF BURGUNDY.*]  
*Duke of Burgundy.* What hideous cry was that?  
What are yet Flemings? Who art thou, old sir?  
Who she that dung that long funeral note  
Into the upper sky? Speak.

*Van R.* What I am,  
Yourself have spoken. I am, as you said,  
Old and a Fleming. Younger by a day  
I could have wished to die; but what of that?  
For death to be behind-hand but a day  
Is but a little grief.

*Duke of Burg.* Well said, old man,  
And who is she?

*Van R.* Sir, she is not a Fleming.

[*Enter the KING, the DUKE OF BOURBON, the  
EARL OF FLANDERS, SIR FLEUREANT OF HEUR-  
LEÉ, the CONSTABLE, TRISTRAM OF LEATOVY,  
the LORD OF COUCY, and many other Lords and  
Knights, with Guards and Attendants.*]  
*King.* What is your parley, uncle? who are these?  
*Duke of Burg.* Your majesty shall ask them that  
yourself;

I cannot make them tell.  
*King.* Come on, come on!  
We've sent a hundred men to search the field  
For Artevelde's dead body.

*Sir Fleur.* Sir, for that  
You shall need seek no further; there he lies.  
*King.* What, say you so? What! this Van Arte-  
velde?

God's me! how sad a sight!  
*Duke of Burg.* But are you sure?  
Lift up his head.

*Sir Olivier of Clisson.* Sir Fleureant, is it he?  
*Sir Fleur.* Sir, this is that habitation of flesh  
Which clothed the spirit of Van Artevelde  
Some half an hour ago. Between the ribs  
You'll find a wound, whereof so much of this

[*Drawing his dagger.*]  
As is imbued with blood, denotes the depth.  
*King.* Oh me! how sad and terrible he looks!  
He hath a princely countenance. Alas!  
I could he might have lived, and taken service  
Upon the better side!

*Duke of Burg.* And who is she?  
[*Elena raises her head from the body.*]  
*Duke of Burg.* That I can answer: she's a traitress  
vile.

The villain's paramour.  
*Sir Fleur.* Remorse you, sir,  
Believe it not; he was not what you think.  
She did affect him, but in no such sort  
As you impute, which she can promptly prove.

*Elena* [springing upon her feet]. 'Tis false! thou  
liest! I was his paramour.  
*Duke of Burg.* Oh, shameless harlot! dost thou  
boast thy sin!

Aye, down upon the carrion once again!  
Ho, guards! dispart her from the rebel's carcass,  
And hang it on a gibbet. Thus and thus  
I spit upon and spurn it.

*Elena* [snatching ARTEVELDE'S dagger from its  
sheath]. Miscreant foul!

Black-hearted felon!  
[*Alms a blow at the DUKE OF BOURBON,  
which SIR FLEUREANT intercepts.*]  
Aye, dost baulk me! there—

As good for thee as this.

[*Needs SIR FLEUREANT, who falls dead.*]  
*Duke of Burg.* Seize her! secure her! tie her hand  
and foot!

What! routed we a hundred thousand men  
Here to be slaughtered by a crazy wench!  
[*The guards rush upon ELENA: VAN RYK  
interposes for her defence; after some  
struggle, both are struck down and slain.*]  
*Duke of Burg.* No! curst untoward vermin! are  
they dead?

His very corpse breeds maggots of despite!  
*Duke of Burg.* I did not bid them to be killed.

*Captain of the Guard.* My lord,  
They were so sturdy and so desperate  
We could not else come near them.  
*King.* Uncle, lo!  
The knight of Heurleé, too, stabs dead.  
*Sawyers.* By Heaven,  
This is the strangest battle I have known!  
First we're to fight the foe, and then the captives.  
*Duke of Burg.* Take forth the bodies. For the  
woman's corpse,  
Let it have christian burial. As for his,  
The arch insurgent's, hang it on a tree  
Where all the host may see it.

*Duke of Burg.* Brother, no;  
It were not for our honour, nor the king's,  
To use it so. Dire rebel though he was,  
Yet with a noble nature and great gifts  
Was he endowed: courage, discretion, wit,  
An equal temper and an ample soul,  
Rock-bound and fortified against assaults  
Of transitory passion, but below  
Built on a surging subterranean fire  
That stirred and lifted him to high attempts  
So prompt and capable, and yet so calm,  
He nothing lacked in sovereignty but the right;  
Nothing in soldiery except good fortune.  
Wherefore with honour lay him in his grave,  
And thereby shall increase of honour come  
Unto their arms who vanquished one so wise,  
So valiant, so renowned! Sir, pass we on,  
And let the bodies follow us on litters.  
Wolf of the world, and yellow-footed kite,  
Enough is spread for you of meanness prey.  
Other interment than your maws afford  
Is due to these. At Courtray we shall sleep,  
And there I'll see them buried side by side.

In the foregoing extracts, we have fol-  
lowed, perhaps rather too exclusively, the  
course of Elena's fortunes. We have room  
but for one passage of a different character,  
and must then have done. The following is  
another proof of the earnest and lofty elo-  
quence which we mentioned in our former  
article as a striking characteristic of the  
author. It is Artevelde's answer to the mes-  
senger of the Duke of Bourbon:—

You speak of insurrections: bear in mind  
Against what ruler my father and myself  
Have been insurgent; whom did we supplant?—  
There was a time, so ancient records tell,  
There were communities, scarce known by name  
In these degenerate days, but once far-famed,  
Where liberty and justice, hand in hand,  
Ordered the common weal; where great men grew  
Up to their natural eminence, and none,  
Savaging the wise, just, eloquent, were great;  
Where power was of God's gift, to whom he gave  
Supremacy of merit, the sole means  
And broad highway to power, that ever then,  
Was meritoriously administered,  
Whilst all its instruments from first to last,  
The tools of state for service high or low,  
Were chosen for their aptness to those ends  
Which virtue meditates. To shake the ground  
Deep founded whereupon this structure stood,  
Was verily a crime; a treason it was,  
Conspicuous to hatch against this state  
And its free innocence. But now, I ask,  
Where is there on God's earth that polity  
Which is not, by consequence conscious,  
A treason against nature to uphold?  
Whom may we now call free? whom great? whom  
wise?

Whom innocent?—the free are only they  
Whom power makes free to execute all ill  
Their hearts imagine; they are only great  
Whose passions nurse them from their cradles up  
In luxury and lewdness,—whom to see  
Is to despise, whose aspects put to scorn  
Their station's eminence; the wise, they only  
Who wait obscurely till the bolts of heaven  
Shall break upon the land, and give them light  
Whereby to walk; the innocent, alas!  
Poor innocence lies where four roads meet,  
A stone upon her head, a stake driven through her,  
For who is innocent that cares to live?  
The hand of power doth press the very life  
Of innocence out! What then remains  
But in the cause of nature to stand forth,  
And turn this frame of things the right side up!  
For this the hour is come, the sword is drawn,  
And tell your masters vainly they resist.  
Nature, that sleepeth beneath their poisonous drugs,  
Is up and stirring, from the north and south,  
From east and west, from England and from France,  
From Germany, and Flanders, and Navarre,  
Shall stand against them like a breast at bay.  
The blood that they have shed will hide so longer  
In the black, sloken soil, but cries to heaven.  
Their cruelties and wrongs against the poor  
Shall quicken into swarms of venomous snakes,  
And hiss through all the earth, till o'er the earth,  
That ceases then from hissing and from groans,  
Rings the song—How are the mighty fallen!



And by the peasant's hand! Low lie the proud!  
 And smitten with the weapons of the poor.  
 The blacksmith's hammer and the woodman's axe.  
 Their tale is told; and for that they were rich,  
 And robbed the poor; and for that they were strong,  
 And scourged the weak; and for that they made laws  
 Which turned the sweat of labour's brow to blood,—  
 For these their sins the nations cast them out,  
 The dunghills are their death-beds, and the stretch  
 From their uncover'd carcases streaming wide,  
 Turns in the nostrils of enfranchised man  
 To a sweet savour. These things come to pass  
 From small beginnings, because God is just.

We have devoted a considerable share of our columns to this work, because it has a distinct, and, as we think, important, individual character. What that character is, our readers may partly collect. For a fuller judgment of it, we refer them to the book. We have no room for further comment. As Mr. Taylor disclaims all idea of stage merits, it would seem needless to say it is not an acting play; did we not see that no injustice is more frequent, as well as more gross, than to reproach an author for not doing that which he never pretended to do. We conclude with the earnest hope, that Mr. Taylor will go on to write. We have great and urgent need of such teachers among us, and we shall be much disappointed if his teaching is vain.

*Discoveries in Asia Minor.* By the Rev. T. V.T. Arundell, British Chaplain at Smyrna. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

Mr. Arundell has discovered the ruins of several ancient cities which escaped the researches of his predecessors, and rectified several errors committed by celebrated geographers. Possessing learning and enthusiasm, he will be found a pleasing guide to the scholar and the antiquarian, while he has provided for students of ecclesiastical history much valuable information respecting the ancient state of "the Churches in Asia." Many circumstances, however, are likely to impede the popularity of the work. When the age of certain history commences, Asia Minor was subject to the Persian yoke; no traits of heroism, no example of patriot valour consecrate a spot within its precincts; it is celebrated chiefly for its commercial wealth when ruled by Roman proconsuls; and, however delightful it may be to contemplate noble temples and palaces, we want that sort of appeal to the heart made by the naked and barren hills of Marathon.

The antiquities of Asia Minor excite more admiration than interest; even its ecclesiastical remains fail to excite sympathy, for the history of the Asiatic Churches is little more than a record of folly and of guilt. In the very first century the process of corruption was begun, and the Christian mind shrinks from tracing its rapid progress, with sorrow and disgust.

There are, however, some subjects connected with Anatolia respecting which we would gladly receive information, especially the great moral revolution now rapidly changing the aspect of the Eastern World; still we do not regret the brevity of Mr. Arundell; he sees everything through a Smyranean atmosphere,—and how distorted is that medium, the annals of the Greek war amply testify.

Our author loves to dwell on the many examples of Mohammedan charity to travellers of every creed with which the East abounds. His comments on one of these

instances are equally creditable to his liberality and piety.

"At a quarter past twelve, Milcom, whose throat seemed to sympathize with the present drought, and as if indured with that instinct by which horses are said to know that they are approaching water, though even at a considerable distance, alighted at a little shed by the road side, within which he found a large vase full of excellent water, replenished every day for the thirsty traveller, who would in vain seek it elsewhere.

"Does not the beautiful definition of genuine charity instantly occur to the mind? 'Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only unto one of these little ones, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no way lose his reward.' And yet he that placed the vase of water in the shed, and brought it from a considerable distance, and placed it there every day, was not a Christian—but a poor, despised, Mahometan!

"And what did this poor man propose to himself? It could neither be to receive money nor thanks, for having filled the vase perhaps before sunrise, he never returns to it till the following morning. Shall we deny him, though he be not a Christian, the justice of supposing that he had a benevolent heart, and what is better still, that he did it from love to God? He places not the vase for the 'disciple' only—it is not for those exclusively who hold common faith with himself,—but, like the heavenly virtue of benevolence, the refreshing draught is as free to the *giasur* as to the disciples of the prophet.

"Surely such a people, whenever the period shall arrive that they receive the water of life from Him, who invites all to come and buy water without money and without price—the living water of everlasting life—will be much more likely to be an honour to Christianity, than multitudes who now bear the name."

Nor is water alone provided for the traveller: in most of the towns visited by Mr. Arundell, he found Odas or public rooms provided for the gratuitous entertainment of strangers.

"It was not till the present journey that I was aware of the precise nature of these Odas, and of their universality throughout Asia Minor. They are not endowed or supported by the government, but are entirely private charities. One at least is to be found in every village throughout the country, and often several in a small village. The original founder charges his estate, be it great or little, with the perpetual maintenance of the Oda; and it seems in most cases to be the tenure by which the estate is held. Nor is this confined to the wealthy; it as frequently happens that even the poor man, whose little spot of ground is barely sufficient, after paying the Aga's decimes, &c. to find bread for his children, charges them to keep a chamber (perhaps the whole house has only two) as an Oda for the stranger. No questions are asked of this stranger whether he be a disciple of the prophet, a Christian, or a Jew—it is enough that he is a stranger, and needs the rights of hospitality. He is provided gratuitously with food, and fuel, and lodging, and even the liberality is extended to his beast."

Verily these Eastern nations need not shrink from a comparison with their western brethren.

We have intimated our suspicion that Mr. Arundell has been too frequently influenced by the prejudices of the factory of Smyrna, where every innovation is heartily detested; we are therefore slow to believe the crimes he attributes to Ibrahim Pacha, and by no means satisfied that Syria was happier under

the Turkish than it is likely to be under the Egyptian government. We must, however, in justice, allow him to state his case:—

"A very few weeks after we quitted Oloubourlou, the reforming committee of that town found out that *their* grievances also were unendurable, and the burden of taxation as enormous as the mountain of their Acropolis; though, besides the Aga's decimes (and the Haratch) it would not be easy to say in what it consisted—certainly had there been a tax for lighting and paving the streets, a very fair ground for resistance might have been made out.

"However, a deputation went from the worthy townspeople of Oloubourlou, and our poor friend the Aga was denounced as a tyrant, and Ibrahim sends some municipal commissioners to inquire into and reform the abuses.

"These gentlemen, on their arrival, thought it beneath their dignity to call on the Aga at his conac, but with all the importance of office, they summon him to appear before them. As there are no corporation records, or *charters by inspection* to examine in Turkey, their investigations were concise and summary. They summon the Aga, who is bold enough to decline compliance, conceiving perhaps that he owed allegiance only to one sovereign, and that his legitimate one. The commissioners cannot brook that their authority should be disputed. The guilty Aga is again summoned, and again he refuses obedience to the mandate.

"These high and mighty redressers of public wrongs, supported by a strong force, repeat their orders at the door of the Aga's conac, the *hotel de ville*, with no better effect. The Aga is ordered to open his doors, and come out. He, with his two brothers, and little garrison, adopt the contrary course, barricading every door and window, and putting themselves in the best possible state to stand a siege: and now the drama draws to its close;—assault upon assault is made upon the conac, but the little citadel is bravely defended, and the besiegers are as often compelled to retreat.

"At length, these ministers of municipal justice, the redressers of the wrongs of the 'poor innocent people, brought upon them by the bad conduct of their princes,' adopt an effectual, though not very legitimate mode of compelling the surrender of the garrison. The conac is set on fire, and being constructed wholly of wood, the fury of the flames leaves no alternative to the brave and unfortunate Aga and his brothers, but either to perish in the flames or to sell their lives dearly by suabing upon their assailants. They preferred the latter, and in a short half hour these victims of the redresser of the people's wrongs ceased to breathe."

With the fairness or unfairness of the political allusions in this extract, we have nothing to do, but they are in very bad taste. Baillie Nicol Jarvie, when visiting the Highlands, declared that he did not wish to carry "the saut market at his back;" we heartily wish that English travellers would contrive to leave Westminster behind them.

From the extracts we have given, general readers may judge of the species of entertainment to be derived from these volumes; scholars and antiquarians had better examine the work for themselves.

*A Biographical Memoir of the late Dr. John Darwall.* By J. Conolly, M.D. London: Sherwood & Co.

This is a brief but interesting narrative of the struggles of a man of slender resources, strong mental powers, and high feelings, to advance himself to an honourable independence, through the means of a profession, of which it is proverbially said, that its follow-

ers seldom gain their bread until they have lost the teeth to eat it. Dr. Darwall died young, a martyr to his ardent search after professional information; but he lived sufficiently long to feel all the bitterness of being obliged to maintain the "speciem ultra vires," to incur expenses which were only to be liquidated by a future successful career, yet which are rendered necessary at the outset of professional life, by the false bias of public opinion. There is something in this radically wrong, and which, we are afraid, can too certainly be traced to the misused influence of medical colleges: the struggle which a young physician has to maintain, is not only that of knowledge against knowledge—of industry against industry; but of poverty against wealth—of individual effort against corporate influence. Too truly has Dr. Conolly depicted the brief, eventful history of many such, in the following passage:—

"Occupied in the task of relieving human sufferings, encountering fatigue and danger, and with few of the rewards of ambitious life before them, often stimulated solely by the desire of doing good, they are too frequently a prey to cares and pains, far worse than those from which they are exerting themselves to relieve others: and whilst they carry comfort and hope into every sick chamber, feel those blessings still denied to themselves. From no store-house of illustration may the pathologist gather ampler materials of the effect of the depressing passions, than from his own profession. He may there perceive, in instances too many, how perpetual care may interrupt each healthy function, and induce disorders which no medical art can cure. Highly educated, sensitive, accustomed to some of the elegancies of life, their habits not well fitting them for worldly competitions, how many have I known who have suffered every pang which common difficulties could inflict on noble minds, and, after suffering for a time, have sunk: or, if surviving their difficulties, have done so with feelings irretrievably deadened, and a sadness of heart which no improvement of fortune could effectually remove! There is something wrong in their position when such examples are not infrequent; and as there are few physicians who, having conquered their difficulties, could endure the bare idea of going through the struggle again, it becomes a serious question how far any members of the profession are justified, if not possessed of an ample fortune, in devoting themselves to a branch of practice which holds out no promise of a competency until two-thirds of the usual term of human life have been passed in anxiety."

Surely the public act neither well nor wisely in permitting this: they deprive themselves of the services of many a noble and gifted spirit, which, like Pegasus at the plough, sinks under the unworthy burden to which it is consigned, and they help to substitute a different order of intellect, which, with less genius, has more pliability—which is less refined, but more robust—which can condescend to practise physic as a trade, and study it as an art, devoid alike of that enlarged knowledge which is requisite to comprehend it as a science, and that generous philanthropy which aims at making its application the greatest good, not the greatest gain. Dr. Darwall was a physician of a very high order, and devotedly attached to his profession. "I have known him," says Dr. Conolly, "see and prescribe for more than eighty patients in one morning, and in the

month of January, 1824, when he was only beginning to be known, he saw a hundred new cases at his own house, for none of which he received any remuneration—within five months from that time, he had prescribed for more than seven hundred." To these cases he paid the same minute attention as though his fortune had depended on each: he took notes of the most remarkable, and when they terminated fatally never neglected making himself acquainted with the morbid alterations which had caused this result. Amidst the multiplicity of employment thus entailed, he found time to make himself acquainted with every new work of merit, whether medical or generally scientific, and to write several Reports of great value on the diseases of Birmingham and its vicinity, which from time to time appeared in the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*;—but his mental exertions, stimulated by a strong conscientious feeling of his moral responsibility for the lives of his patients, proved too great for his bodily frame: he in vain tried coffee and other stimulants to excite his exhausted powers; jaded and overwrought, the vital principle proved unable to contend with what, under more favourable circumstances, it might have met with impunity—it sunk under the pernicious influence of the poison conveyed through a dissecting wound, and Dr. Darwall left the scene of his mortal trials and sufferings, just as he had overcome them by honest and persevering exertion, and might have looked to reap the reward of his labours in the enjoyment of professional character and a well-earned independence.

"I would willingly close this account of him without alluding to his cares, his difficulties, and those honourable anxieties which had too surely prepared him to fall under any severe attack of illness. Although for the last two or three years of his life his practice had greatly increased, he had endured, for full ten years, all the restlessness of hope deferred; and carefully maintaining his proper station in society, and scrupulously correct in all his payments, had found it necessary to incur extensive pecuniary engagements. There exists no reason, that I am aware of, for concealing that this circumstance preyed so heavily on his mind as to seem gradually to occupy his thoughts more and more exclusively. He knew the uncertainties of existence, and his constant hope was to live to be extricated from embarrassment, that his family might be benefited by a considerable insurance effected on his life. But man ever disquieteth himself in vain. The hopes which animated his mind were destined never to be fulfilled; the fears which made him sleepless were destined never to leave him until he became insensible to all impressions; and, although, after his decease, a just and generous public made his family its own especial care, such was the independence of his character, that, if he could have foreseen that that was to be the end of all his struggles, the prospect would have broken his heart."

*A Letter to the President and Members of the Geological Society.* By Mrs. Callcott. London: Brettell.

Mrs. Callcott (formerly Mrs. Graham) having read in the *Athenæum* of the 14th June, the Report of the Address of the President of the Geological Society, in which he offered some comments on her letter describing the Earthquake at Chili, and questioned the accuracy of her statements, immediately drew up this

vindication, with a view to its being read at one of the first meetings of the Society; but, as no meeting will be held before November, she has felt it necessary forthwith to publish it. We have been requested, as a matter of justice, to republish the whole letter in the *Athenæum*, but we trust that, on reconsideration, Mrs. Callcott will be satisfied with this announcement. Those who are interested in the subject will now know where to procure a copy, and we really cannot spare three or four columns for the discussion of a question of merely personal interest. In Mr. Greenough's Address, the subject, though put prominently forward, was in itself but incidental to a question of scientific importance.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY.—*Gallinaceous Birds*, by Sir William Jardine, Bart., with a Memoir of Aristotle, by the Rev. Andrew Crichton.—Perhaps it requires more sense to take a hint than to give one: in reviewing a former number of this little work, we suggested to Sir William Jardine, that writing biography was not his forte; he appears to have admitted the justice of our opinion, and the result has been, that the present volume is prefaced by a 'Memoir of Aristotle,' from the pen of the Rev. Andrew Crichton, which we have read with high gratification, and can safely recommend as a most interesting and well-written biographical notice. Perhaps we might have wished that, appearing as it does at the head of a volume on Natural History, the character of the great master, as a naturalist, should have been more prominently put forward, and not reserved as a matter of *post mortem* disquisition when speaking of his works; but, in truth, we are so well pleased, that we shall scarcely stop to find fault: the Memoir shows learning without pedantry, and taste without affectation. We are happy at being able to extend our commendation to the general contents of the volume, which include several beautiful figures of the peacock, or pheasant tribe, together with good descriptions of their habits, places of abode, &c., and agreeable illustrative anecdotes, selected from Audubon, Wilson, and other entertaining writers. As one of our hints has been taken, we may now, in conclusion, venture another. Mr. Crichton speaks of "a compliment paid by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Isaac Newton;" now, we are inclined to think, she could not have paid him any compliment, for the identical reason that prevented Tilburina seeing the Spanish fleet,—"because it was not yet in sight!"

'*A Birthday Gift*, by Miss M. A. Browne, Author of "The Coronet," &c.—We like this modest little volume fifty times better than the more pretending tomes in which its authoress was first brought before the public; still, we view its contents more as promises than performances, and we have a right to look for something better, and more sustained, from her pen, than she has yet given us. We do not extract the following as the best poem in the book, but as one of the most suited to our purpose:—

#### Woman's Love.

When Man is waxing frail,  
And his hand is thin and weak,  
And his lips are parched and pale,  
And wan and white his cheek;  
Oh, then doth Woman prove  
Her constancy and love!  
She sitteth by his chair,  
And holds his feeble hand;  
She watcheth ever there,  
His wants to understand;  
His yet unspoken will  
She hasteneth to fulfil.  
She leads him, when the noon  
Is bright o'er dale and hill,

And all things, save the tune  
Of the honey bees, are still,  
Into the garden bowers.  
To sit 'midst herbs and flowers.  
And when his goes not there,  
To feast on breath and bloom  
She brings the pory rare  
Into his darkened room;  
And 'neath his weary head,  
The pillow smooth doth spread,  
Until the hour when death  
His lamp of life doth dim,  
She never wearis,  
She never leaveth him;  
Still near him night and day,  
She meets his eye away.

And when his trial's o'er,  
And the turf is on his breast,  
Deep in her bosom's cove  
Lie sorrows unexpressed;  
Her tears, her sighs are weak,  
Her settled grief to speak.  
And though there may arise  
Pain for her spirit's pain,  
And though her quiet eyes  
May sometimes anile again,  
Still, still she must regret,  
She never can forget!

'*Ella, an Historical Tragedy*, in five acts, by John Morrison, A.B. T.C.D.—' *Demetrie, and other Poems*, by James Masson.—Like many dozen volumes it is our duty to read through every season, equally devoid of anything deserving blame or praise.

'*The Works of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke*.—To this edition is prefixed a biographical and critical introduction, and a very good portrait after Sir Joshua Reynolds. We have only to say, that it is printed on good paper, with clear type—that the whole of Burke's works are compressed into two handsome volumes—and it will recommend itself to such of the public as are obliged to economize in the additions made to their libraries.

'*Hora Phrenologica*, by Dr. Epps.—This is poor stuff; it is *even* bad phrenology. The author knows little of the subject about which he professes to write, else how could he adduce as an example of Inhabiteness, or attachment to place, the celebrated declaration of Ruth, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following thee: for to what place thou goest I will go; and in what place thou shalt lodge I will lodge; thy people is my people, and thy God my God." We suppose Dr. Epps derives his idea of this passage, exemplifying Inhabiteness, from the occurrence of the term *place*, which he has twice marked in italics: it is scarcely necessary to say, that the feeling exemplified is not attachment to place, but attachment to *person*—Adhesiveness, to use the orthodox jargon.

'*Spirit of Chambers's Journal*.—A very pleasant little volume, beautifully got up—but we cannot permit even the Messrs. Chambers to characterize it as containing the Spirit of their Journal. We would not hear their enemies say so. No power of abridgment or selection could condense into so small a compass, the useful information and the entertainment contained in that very excellent work. It is a most absurd opinion, set on foot by the traders in public principle and on subscriptions, to induce a belief that our opposition to their shameless selfishness, was itself selfish—that we are opposed to all cheap literature but our own. So far from this being true, we should be bound, on selfish principles alone, to wish it success. The essential character of works which appeal to the whole population, must necessarily be to diffuse knowledge; the character of the *Athenæum* is to record its advancement. Such works as *Chambers's Journal* and the *Penny and Saturday Magazines* tend to educate the people up to the *Athenæum*. They are the schools whence we anticipate, and are sure to obtain, an increase of readers. The Messrs. Chambers' Journal has been pre-eminently and deservedly successful; it has a distinct and intelligible character; its moral use-

fulness is undoubted; and we heartily wish the spirited projectors a continuance and increase of that success which they so well merit.

'*Sayings and Doings at Tremont House*.—' *Sayings and Doings in America*.—The one work is a reprint of the other. We received the American edition twelve months since, but it was so little to our taste, that it was passed by unnoticed. A republication is not, therefore, in our judgment, at all likely to succeed.

'*Journal of the Asiatic Society*. No. 1.—We have devoted so much of our space, recently, to Oriental subjects, that we can only cursorily notice the articles contained in this new and interesting periodical.—The first is a description of the native vessels used in the coast navigation of India, by J. Edge, Esq. The author is a very able naval architect, and has described the build of the different vessels very minutely.—Captain Harkness has contributed a very valuable paper on the School System of the Hindús in Southern India. The great fault of the system is, that it exercises the memory alone, and the same fault might be found in systems of education adopted nearer home. The estimated amount of the expenses of each boy, is about sixteen shillings per annum.—The late Captain McMurdo's paper on the river Indus, should be read in conjunction with the account of that noble stream by Lieutenant Burnes. The former gives a historical account of the changes that have taken place in its course; the attention of the latter has been directed principally to its present condition, and the facilities it affords for the extension of British commerce.—We pass over Hodgson on the Law of Nepal, and Thours on ancient Chinese Vases, because the subjects, though very curious, are but of limited interest, and we come to Mr. Tausch's account of the Circassians, which is of no little value to the British nation, since the opening of the Black Sea has enabled us to revive the commerce, which the Genoese had established with the Caucasian provinces in the middle ages. Indeed we are assured, that several vessels have already proceeded direct from London to Trebizond. Mr. Tausch describes the Circassians as a nation of freebooters, possessing nevertheless a high sense of honour and regard for veracity. Their religion is a strange compound of Christianity and Paganism; they were instructed in some tenets of the former, by Genoese missionaries, who did not remain long enough in the country to found a church, and when their intercourse with Europe was interrupted, they mingled the imperfect lessons they had learned, with their ancient idolatry.—Bird's analysis of a native history of Gujarát, does not call for any remark, as the history itself will soon be published by the Oriental Translation Committee.—The elementary work on Hindú Law is curious, as being the first example of an oriental work, in a catechetical form, on such an intricate subject.—The Biographical Sketches of McMurdo, Schultz and Csorna Kúrosi possess interest; and the account of the Dekkan poets, supplies some valuable information respecting Hindú literature. We extract a few particulars of the Hospital for Animals at Surat, communicated by Lieutenant Burnes:—

"The establishment occupies a court about fifty feet square; to which there is a large area attached, to admit of the cattle roving about: it is strewn with grass and straw on all parts, that the aged may want neither food nor bedding. There are cages to protect such birds as have become objects of charity, but most of them were empty: there is, however, a colony of pigeons, which are daily fed.

"By far the most remarkable object in this singular establishment is a house on the left hand on entering, about twenty-five feet long, with a boarded floor, elevated about eight feet:

between this and the ground is a depository where the deluded Banians throw in quantities of grain which gives life to and feeds a host of vermin, as dense as the sands on the sea-shore, and consisting of all the various genera usually found in the abodes of squalid misery.

"The entrance to this loft is from the outside, by a stair; which I ascended. There are several holes cut in different parts of the floor, through which the grain is thrown: I examined a handful of it which had lost all the appearance of grain: it was a moving mass, and some of the pampered creatures which fed upon it were crawling about on the floor—a circumstance which hastened my retreat from the house in which this nest of vermin is deposited. The 'Pinjra Pal' is in the very midst of houses, in one of the most populous cities in Asia; and must be a prolific source of nightly comfort to the citizens who reside in the neighbourhood; to say nothing of the strayed few who manage to make their way into the more distant domains of the inhabitants."

We have been greatly pleased with this number of the Asiatic Society's Journal, and trust that its success will increase the ties that connect Europe with Asia.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE SONG OF THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

BY CHARLES DANCE.

Poor mortals imagine they stand on the ground  
Supported by all that is solid and sound;—

'Tis a plank—and, beneath it, my work's to be found—

I gather them in,  
I gather them in.

The child, strong and healthy, careers on the heath—

Not thinking—not caring—scarce knowing of death;

In an instant he draws his last innocent breath:

I gather him in,  
I gather him in.

The youth in the vortex of folly and crime

Advised to repent—answers, "Not in my prime;"

He would, if he knew he had run out his time:

I gather him in,  
I gather him in.

Says Fifty—"Poor Sixty is breaking apace,

He must long for the health that he sees in my face;"

Self-deceiver! he dreams not he's first in the race:

I gather him in,  
I gather him in.

"Huzza"—says the Dotard—"I'm turn'd of four-score,

And now I shall live to a hundred or more;"

At night-fall his coffin is brought to the door:

I gather him in,  
I gather him in.

The Drunkard exclaims "fill my cup to the brim,

In water life sinks—but in brandy 'twill swim;"

He dies as he speaks—and I make sure of him:

I gather him in,  
I gather him in.

The rich man observes his poor neighbour look old,

And hugs himself on his resources in gold;

A lackey all lace says "a knell must be tolled."

I gather him in,  
I gather him in.

E'en while he was speaking, the moralist elf

Was digging—unthinking—a pit for himself;

His spade and his mattock are laid on the shelf:

They've gathered him in,  
They've gathered him in.



## TABLE-TALK.—No. IV.

BY THE LATE ELIA.

THE vices of some men are magnificent. Compare the amours of Henry the Eighth and Charles the Second. The Stuart had mistresses—the Tudor kept wives.

We are ashamed at sight of a monkey—somehow as we are shy of poor relations.

(—imagined a Caledonian compartment in Hades, where there should be fire without sulphur.

Aburd images are sometimes irresistible. I will mention two. An elephant in a coach-office gravely coming to have his trunk booked;—a mermaid over a fish-kettle cooking her own tail.

It is the praise of Shakspeare, with reference to the play-writers, his contemporaries, that he has so few revolting characters. Yet he has one that is singularly mean and disagreeable—the King in *Hamlet*. Neither has he characters of insignificance, unless the phantom that stalks over the stage as Julius Cæsar, in the play of that name, may be accounted one. Neither has he envious characters, excepting the short part of Don John, in *Much Ado about Nothing*. Neither has he unentertaining characters, if we except Parolles, and the little that there is of the Clown, in *All's Well that Ends Well*.

It would rattle the dispute, as to whether Shakspeare intended *Othello* for a jealous character, to consider how differently we are affected towards him, and for *Leontes* in the *Winter's Tale*. *Leontes* is that character. *Othello's* fault was simply credulity.

Is it possible that Shakspeare should never have read Homer, in Chapman's version at least? If he had read it, could he mean to *travesty* it in the parts of those big boobies, Ajax and Achilles? Ulysses, Nestor, and Agamemnon, are true to their parts in the *Iliad*: they are gentlemen at least. Thersites, though unamusing, is fairly deducible from it. *Troilus* and *Cressida* are a fine graft upon it. But those two big hulks—

It is a desideratum in works that treat *de re culinarid*, that we have no rationale of sauces, or theory of mixed flavours; as to show why cabbage is reprehensible with roast beef, laudable with bacon; why the haunch of mutton seeks the alliance of currant jelly, the shoulder civilly declineth it; why loin of veal (a pretty problem), being itself unctuous, seeketh the adventitious lubricity of melted butter; and why the same part in pork, not more oleaginous, abhorreth from it; why the French bean sympathizes with the flesh of deer; why salt fish points to parsnip, brawn makes a dead set at mustard; why cats prefer valerian to hearts-ease, old ladies vice versa—though this is rather travelling out of the road of the dietetics, and may be thought a question more curious than relevant;—why salmon (a strong sapor *per se*), fortieth its condition with the mighty lobster sauce, whose embraces are fatal to the delicate relish of the turbot; why oysters in death rise up against the contamination of brown sugar, while they are posthumously amorous of vinegar; why the sour mango and the sweet jam by turns court, and are accepted by, the compliable mutton hash—she not yet decidedly declaring for either. We are as yet but in the empirical stage of cookery. We feed ignorantly, and want to be able to give a reason of the relish that is in us; so that if Nature should furnish us with a new meat, or be prodigally pleased to restore the phoenix, upon a green flavour, we might be able to pronounce instantly, on philosophical principles, what the sauce to it should be—what the curious adjuncts.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome.

LITTLE in the publishing way here but—Sonnets on Signoras singing, Lives of the Saints, and new French Grammars. Nibby has brought out a volume on the Villa Borghese, which I suppose will get him a cardinal's hat. The chevalier's ribband has now become only the distinction of pompous impertinence; no man who has any respect for himself, would be branded with knighthood here more than in England. Really I don't know of any other important book, but the penny *Calendar*. These are as indispensable to the Romans as lottery-sheets, and about as instructive. Yet we have our Society for the Confusion of Knowledge, *Il Collegio di Propaganda Fide*; not, indeed, accomplishing its end by pamphlets of hurried smatter, overloads of measure for minds that want preparatory tillage; no setting young wits at cross and jostle by a *gatherum omnium*, thrown for a scramble like coins in the dirt; no teaching them to take time, instead of by the forelock, by the tail, and so tumbling him heels over head into their laps—but a safe, slow, and profound system of instruction in error,—that, for example, black deeds may be white, grey either black or white according to convenience, red of the finest celestial blue imaginable, &c.; all calculated too for the meridian of Mesopotamia and the time of Methusalem, as if the disciples had as much leisure for learning as so many young patriarchs. The Propaganda tree of knowledge brings forth its fruits at about the rate of an aloe; it promises a Polyglott Lexicon, which will be ready for press, I suppose, at the time of the Universal Republic. You've seen Micali's 'Ancient Peoples of Italy'—but that came out at Florence. Lud! how the steeples and high-tops of Rome would tumble together, if such a metaphysical earthquake were to burst forth in the Corso! But what can you expect from a people on which the light of Heaven only peeps, as Macbeth says, through a blanket? Many of the nobles have to make a sign of the cross for their names—a pen looking as strange between their fingers as between a pig's petticoats. I have been asked by one of the priesthood, (the teachers of the people,) if Ireland were not the capital of Scotland, and if there were not many days on which the sun never rose in England! This was a personage, however, who would puzzle your whole bench of Bishops in the Life of Saint Bridget, her miracles and remains; where her little finger is enshrined, and what church exposes her sacred petticoats on such a Sunday. But where was I myself? no matter, let us go to the Palazzo Cenci.

There, under the mournful spell of that name, while the pale face of Beatrice, with its one deep shade of melancholy under the brow, seems to look back upon you from the stair head, as she vanishes for ever—there, on tapping at a lofty door, it is opened by a slender, mild-looking, pallid figure, with narrow visage, but wide and somewhat wandering eyes, a black velvet *toque* on his black hair, divided *à la Raffael*, into two lank saintly locks that fall over his shoulders—this is Overbeck. No people carry affectation in costume to such a laughable pitch as the Germans; what with their feline character of countenance and grotesque apparel, they put one in mind of puss-in-boots. Overbeck, indeed, more resembles a monk turned layman; nothing can be simpler, meeker, than his conversation and deportment: by the bye, he is a Bavarian. I recollect some years ago, accidentally seeing at Paris a lithograph print of 'Christ with the little Children,' that was not Raffael's, but so raffaelesque as to make me curious about the imitator's name—'twas Overbeck. This is at once his merit and his defect—beautiful imitation. He is alternately Raffael, Leonardo, Luini, Masaccio, or sometimes all together—never himself—has to

personal identity. Now, though we must imitate in order to equal or excel, so much the more dangerous is imitation of great originals, if not greatly original ourselves, as comparison is sure to be against us. Raffael might imitate Perugino, Il Frate, oftentimes Leonardo, Michael himself, without fear, because he had an originality of his own fit to compete with theirs; but Overbeck is gifted either with little power of the kind, or with singular modesty to conceal it. His picture so much talked of, now in hand, 'Religion evoking the Arts,' certainly manifests a skill of design, and a beauty of sentiment, one cannot help regretting to see only employed *versus* the great masters above mentioned—only, as it were, calling to mind by imitation *their* design and *their* sentiment to overwhelm his own. It is taking up Raffael's dead hand, or Da Vinci's, to point with, fixed on the stump of his which he amputated. Did Taliacotus himself perform the operation, never could that dead hand do as well even as this which was sacrificed for it. Thus, 'Religion evoking the Arts' is a sort of olla podrida, made up from many original pictures; the 'School of Athens,' 'Dispute of the Sacrament,' and various other supreme old works are immediately suggested by that flight of steps covered with the school of Italy; the Virgin and Fathers in glory above; and this group, that face, that attitude, the very choice of antique costume, affectation of primitiveness, nay, even the large style of contour, recalling a somewhat we have seen done before, and done far better.

This want of originality about Overbeck, appears under another form in his present work: a marble fountain, with a jet as high as the Virgin's feet, stands on the platform to which the steps lead up, and at the principal point of view; the artist has no other motive for this fountain than to connect the *chiaroscuro* of his heavenly and earthly groups. This fountain, the central object of his picture, and taking up so much of the attention, has therefore no meaning! That is not the worst, for the picture itself has no meaning: the celestial and human groups are only connected by the *chiaroscuro* and the canvas; one has no more to do with the other than if the great gulf were between them; there is no "evocation"; Madonna and the Saints sit on clouds above, as idle as so many Epicurean divinities; the artists below exhibit no sign of their influence or their presence. Now with what ease the subject might have been expressed, the poetical connexion of the groups shown, by that very fountain, yet preserving its mechanic utility. Take away the stiff, straight jet, and allow the shadowy brightness of the celestial group to be reflected in the water; here would be not only the desired connexion of *chiaroscuro*, but of the groups themselves; here would be the sense of the picture, now quite indivisible, clearly concentrated, the fountain, around which those ministers of art throng, being truly their fountain of inspiration, on whose mirror are imaged those visions of splendour and saintly forms, brought down by art from Heaven. For it is a fact, that the art began with sacred pictures of the Virgin, Evangelists, &c. under the patronage of churches and holy prompting of religion. Yet Overbeck is looked upon, and with justice, as among the first living painters of the German school. His design is pure, and delicate, and noble, his drapery large and simple. His expression, weak in powerful subjects, has much quiet force in gentle—thus Michael Angelo sits with as little might of mind about his pensiveness, as a monk of Mount Athos ruminating on his abdomen, while the unassuming Raffael is made to stand apart with a *well me tangere* air, and look over his brother artists as tall as if he had three hats, like "Emperor Peter." But, on the other hand, 'Christ in the Garden,' (though here again plagiarism from Carlo Dolce, Christophano Allori,

&c.), the 'Madonna and Child,' the 'Marriage of the Virgin,' (almost *lineatim* from Raffael's at the Brera,) and the 'Death of St. Peter,' all exhibit a depth of pathos not the less drowning that it is calm. N.B. This painter should never touch a colour—the Germans are even worse colourists than the French, and if there be a worse German colourist than Overbeck, he must be the genius of a mud volcano. Nothing can be quite so preposterous: instead of his colours embellishing the beauty of his design, they blot it out.

At the tip-top of a five storied palace, the other floors of which are, as usual at Rome, a sort of stables for mankind—in a garret there fitted up as an old maid's observatory, with an interesting field of view over acres of tiles, where the diabolical courtship of cats and amorous bickerings of pigeons may be surveyed to advantage—dwelleth a Florentine Countess. But this is not the only grand piece of furniture in the garret; another ornament, vendible too, is to be seen here, and valued at 4000*l*. Nothing less will be accepted for a picture of the 'Madonna, Child, and St. John,' nor, if it were really, what it is nominally, by Michael Angelo, would La Contessa's conscience in asking such a price, be more than commonly elastic. But to me there seems little about the work, though a very good one, to counteravail the universal evidence that Michael's only two easel-paintings in existence, are those of the Tribune and the Cathedral of Burgos. Something of Del Sarto's early manner, of Del Vaga's, and perhaps more of Bronzino's modified by copying after a sketch of Michael's, is to be discerned in the work: reddish coloured, drawing by no means impeccable, and the composition distorted enough to make it a very like-looking *capriccio* of La Terribile Mano. What a pity it was you let Prussia, with your political squabbling, snap up Abate Celotti's 'Flower Girl,' last year: that was a genuine and a most gorgeous Titian. I should have written to Lord — about it, but knew he was too busy working the state vessel through the squalls of the house, to hear my whistle.

Finelli has done nothing since to equal what we baptized, on account of her cockle appearance, *Venus in the shell*. Simplicity of taste, and pure elegance of design are, we would think, among Italian artists, only felicitous blunders. The Discobolus flings his quoit with as much vulgarity and virulence, as Tom Nero would a live cat, curling his arms one within another, as if he were boxing round a corner. The 'Cupid and Psyche'—Oh lamentable! a cocknoosed couple, not a whit in higher gusto as to sentiment, costume, &c. than the sweet pair you might swallow for two-pence at a confectioner's. Yet, I believe, we are to hold Finelli a kind of phoenix: perhaps one may, as an owl, a kind of cherub. I forget, did you see the 'Milo' of Chevalier Fabria? 'Twas to be placed on the Pincian Hill—something like Pelion upon Ossa—an enormity in all senses: if Milo were such a monster in comparison with the lion, and had such a Gorgon gape, he could have more easily devoured the beast than the lion; 'twas only seizing the poor king of cats, as he lay on his thigh, and shaking him into a rug as a mastiff would a terrier. But you'll call me another *Smelfungus*, if I go on after this fashion: in the fine arts it is unavoidable; quaff chateau-margaux yourself all day, and then turn to *quassia* if you can, without making wry faces! Wyatt has done something better; chiefly portraits. Lord Anglessa in clay, with his cut five, cut six, dashing determination of countenance, subre-shaped nose, chin, eyebrows, in short a gentleman Drawansir—pretty Lady Paget Sydney, also in clay—Lords de Tabley, Beverley, &c. in marble; very like, but what could Phidias himself make noble out of our bald wax-baby chins, and iron-grained viages? More coiffure is a

vast deal: look what a fright even the Greek chisel made of Faustina with her granddam head-dress, and Domitilla with her honeycomb tower of frizzles. He has (Wyatt, not Phidias) executed a 'Cupid and Psyche,' for Lord Wenlock, the Cupid not quiet enough for stone, the Psyche *min* as need be, a little curtain-lecturer—for Sir M. Ridley, a 'Diana,' i.e. Miss Polly Sweetlips in short philtreg and buskins, no more a goddess than comes down among paper clouds at Drury Lane, inasmuch as, though all pretty girls be goddesses—goddesses are something more than mere pretty girls. Well—'A Nymph of Diana taking a thorn from the foot of her Dog—shall I ever drag my pen out of that interminable name? Let me tell you, this is a "lovely creation," as we critics are bound to say; 'tis the very phrase: no one but such Faddles would call the Venus of Melos or the Niobe, a lovely creation. But the Nymph and her Dog is, indeed, or rather promises to be, a thing to speak more of when finished in marble.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WE hear a satisfactory account of Neukomm's new Oratorio, which was tried on Saturday last at the Hanover Square Rooms. The subject (David) has been treated by him in a threefold manner. The Chevalier has given musical pictures of the shepherd boy, the warrior youth, and the Psalmist King: the composition is, throughout, more dramatic in its treatment than most oratorios, and therefore likely to prove more popular and more generally interesting. We are sorry to hear, that owing to dissensions among the *Signors* and *Signoras* of the Italian Opera company now in the provinces, there is every fear of its being broken up, and a speculation which promised to do so much good for the art in England, abruptly abandoned.

Mr. Thomas Henderson, lately Astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, has been appointed to the Professorship of Astronomy at Edinburgh, vacant by the death of Dr. Robert Blair; and he is to carry on a series of observations in the Observatory on the Calton Hill.

There is exhibiting at No. 232, Regent Street, a specimen of what the artist, Mr. Rayner, calls the Wellington Memorial. It is a black marble column; on which, after the fashion of Trajan's pillar, a series of sketches (from outlines by Catermole), displaying the brilliant achievements of the Hero of Waterloo, are arranged in a spiral form. As a work of art it is curious; but it might, we think, be improved, by the addition of some half shades in the figures, which, from the mode in which the marble is wrought, (if we rightly understand it,) though difficult, would not be impossible, and would be most desirable, as giving a finish, which is at present wanting.

According to reports from the East, the Sultan is about to establish a school of Architecture at Constantinople! We are not aware that there is such a thing yet in England. This may be taken as a hint.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

July 5.—The Right Hon. Sir Alexander Johnston, V. P. R.A.S., in the chair.—Among the donations laid upon the table were, from Major Charles Stewart, an original painting, representing the Great Mogul Emperor Jehangir, and the principal personages of his court, supposed to have been executed about the year 1625; from Capt. Seymour Burt, a small collection of Indian copper coins; some curious geological specimens, fossils, and shells, from the River Jumna; some drawings, mythological figures, costumes, &c. &c.: from Sir Alexander Johnston, an Indian matchlock and powder flask, apparently very

ancient; also, an original drawing of the crater of Merapi, a volcanic mountain in Java, and a MS. description of various classes of Elephants, translated from the Singhalese.

Part I. of Dr. Whitelaw Ainslie's *Observations on Atmospheric Influence*, in reference to climate, &c. was read.

Premising with the remarks of previous writers on the subject, Dr. Ainslie proceeds to develop the influence of climate upon physical and moral character, showing that in warm regions the intellect is more early expanded than in cold countries. From this topic, he goes on to consider the changes in national character effected by causes independent of climate, illustrating his observations by various examples taken from the ancient and modern state of different nations, as the Spanish, Italian, Roman, Greek, &c. &c. The paper terminated with some remarks on the temperature of America, as compared with that of Europe.

The reading of Capt. M'Murdo's Account of Sindh was continued. Resuming his remarks on the character of the natives, the author proceeds to observe, that they are the most bigoted, the most self-sufficient, and the most ignorant people on record. They are also accused of treachery, at least as a national vice; yet they have a high idea of the duties of hospitality, the rights of which are rarely infringed by those who have not been corrupted by ambitious temptations. The Belooches, in particular, have the highest respect for their females, who possess much influence over them, and their adherence to any agreement, to which the women are a party, may be implicitly relied on, much more so, indeed, than if the stipulation had been sworn to on the Koran. The Sindi soldier is individually brave, but is inferior to the Arab in coolness in action, and feels less hesitation in turning his back, than almost any other man who carries arms. They are generally expert marksmen, and are trained to the use of the matchlock from youth.

The conclusion of the paper was deferred to a future meeting.

##### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

July 1.—No papers were read. The exhibition, however, amply compensated for the absence of any communications. We observed very fine specimens of *Sollya heterophylla*, *Manettia cordata*, *Quisqualis Indica*, *Orantium Japonicum*, *Malope grandiflora*, and such of the roses as had withstood the extreme heat and dryness of the weather. A drawing, by Mrs. Withers, was also in the room, of two or three dozen heart-shaped, fully showing the capabilities of attainment in this pretty flower; but the chief attractions were the beautiful annual from Swan River (a specimen of *Elietraum*), and noble blossoms of *Stanhopia oculata*, from J. Bateman, Esq. The singular habits of the tribe of plants to which the last-named belongs—the richness of perfume in some of the varieties—and the wonderful structure of the flowers, combine to make them one of the greatest ornaments of our stoves. The arbour with which these plants are now cultivated, and the interest which they excite, may be guessed from the great number within these few years introduced into England, and the desire which pervades cultivators to increase their collections. To stimulate this feeling, we understand that Lord Grey of Groby has handsomely placed at the disposal of the Council a medal, to be annually competed for and awarded to that nurseryman, or gardener, who shall exhibit to the Society the most rare orchideous or parasitical plant in flower.

The Countess de Salis, Sir J. D. Broughton, Bart., and four other gentlemen, were elected Fellows of the Society.

July 15.—A paper, by Mr. Knight, was read, upon the causes of the diseases and deformities of the leaves of the peach-tree. Among the

articles exhibited were some vines from Mr. Mearns, illustrative of his ingenious method of raising them. Some very handsome cherries, bearing the name of Bigarreau Napoléon, were on the table; they were much larger, and more highly coloured than the common Bigarreau, to which variety they ripen in succession, but are scarcely so tender in their quality.

### THEATRICALS

#### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. Jerrold's three-act comedy, called, 'Benú Nash, the King of Bath,' was produced on Wednesday. We suspected that it would be very difficult to invest this semi-historical personage with a sufficient degree of interest for an audience of the present day, and it would seem that Mr. Jerrold has found it so. He has, however, gone far to compensate for the want of interest, by some well-sketched characters, and a good deal of pointed dialogue. The *Benú* himself, the old man who was made an old fool of by the old ladies of Bath, was admirably personated by Mr. Farron. The other parts were well supported by Messrs. Buckstone, Brindal, Webster, Strickland, Vining, &c., and by Mrs. Nesbitt, Mrs. Humby, and that careful, clever, and most useful actress, Mrs. W. Clifford. With the aid of a minuet from Mr. Farron, and a country dance by the characters, which was rapturously, though most unreasonably, encored, the piece went off to the expressed satisfaction of a respectably-filled house, and the play was announced for repetition with considerable applause, and without opposition. The dresses are remarkably good.

#### THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This Theatre was thrown open to the public, for the first time, on Monday last. Its size, shape, accommodations, and decorations have been so fully described in all the daily papers, that it is quite unnecessary for us to go over them again. As far as we have yet had an opportunity of judging, we are inclined to agree with all that has been said in their favour, and we have little to offer in the way of objection. Its size is well adapted to the two most important objects, of seeing and hearing; and, while the Theatre is not too large to interfere with these objects, the stage is sufficiently extensive for any scenic display which can be required. The only difference between this and the other London Theatres, consists in the introduction of a balcony, as it is called, with a row of private boxes behind it, instead of the usual dress circle; and this can scarcely be called a material difference, for it is effected simply by making the centre portion of the dress circle project rather more than usual over the pit. For this accommodation an extra shilling is charged. In these times, when there is a very prevalent feeling that the prices of admission to theatres are already too high, the prudence of this increase may be questioned; but it is a matter for the consideration of the proprietor, and if the experience of the present season shall show that the public approve of the alteration, we can, of course, have nothing to say against it. To the same test must be referred the alteration of the hour of commencement, from seven o'clock to eight. Personally speaking, we think it extremely inconvenient, because, as it is, we spend more late hours in the service of our readers than are at all consistent with a due regard to health; and we hope to see the time when all theatres will follow the admirable example which Madame Vestris set, (but which she latterly too often lost sight of) and close their doors at eleven o'clock. Still, if the public like the new arrangement, and choose to sanction it, we shall bow (though perhaps a little sulkily) to the majority, and be in that, as we trust we are in all

other matters, the public's very obedient servant. A more inconvenient theatre than the old English Opera House was never, at least in our opinion, built up or burnt down, and if no one else had cause to rejoice at the misfortune which has left this company so long without a fixed home, we think that Mr. Beazley may fairly exult at the opportunity given him to furnish so undeniable a proof of the great improvement in his taste. The interior of his new structure (we allude to the audience part) is at least equal to the corresponding part of the Victoria, and the lobbies, staircases, and general approaches, are infinitely superior. We are happy to perceive, by Mr. Beazley's letter to the papers, that he has explained away his supposed omission of a gallery staircase. The temporary wooden stairs at present seen outside the theatre, might very naturally lead people up to such a belief; but the judicious steps he has taken will set all right again, and bring people's understandings down to the real ground on which the matter rests. We do not quite understand the paragraph in the bills, which states that the box-keepers are not entitled to any remuneration beyond what the public may choose to bestow on them for extra attention and civility. We think that the proprietor would have acted wisely in doing away with this petty but grinding tax altogether. We never could understand why those who pay the established price for a seat in the boxes of any theatre should be obliged to pay the servants of the theatre another shilling before they are permitted to make use of that which they have bought and paid for. We say *obliged*, because if it is left to option, it amounts, in fact, to that. While box-keepers are permitted to receive bribes at all, it is quite clear that they will reserve the untaken seats for the best bidders.

Mr. Arnold has collected together as efficient a company as circumstances permitted, and the pieces (all, as yet, established favourites,) have gone off with their usual share of applause. Mr. Loder's opera of 'Nourjahad,' is promised for Monday next. We wish the proprietor every success, and hope that his fortunes will shortly be as much improved as his theatre is.

### MISCELLANEA

*Steam Carriages.*—The Scotch papers contain the most satisfactory accounts of the success of the steam carriages now running, under the direction of Mr. Russell, regularly between Glasgow and Paisley; and the French papers report equally well of one lately invented by M. Dietz. At the first trial, this latter drew to Vincennes an omnibus filled with people. It set off from the Rue de Charonne, and reached the wood of Vincennes in eleven minutes, being at the rate of about nine miles an hour. As this is all level road, another trial was made upon a hilly one, with a view to test the power of the engine more completely. Upon the second occasion, it drew two omnibuses containing about sixty people. It overcame the rapid acclivity at the Porte St. Denis with the greatest ease, amidst the shouts of the spectators; and before its return, the number of persons in the omnibuses was increased to seventy. This machine is of forty-horse power, and is about twenty feet long. It is upon three wheels—two behind, and one in front. The two hind wheels only receive impulsion from the machine; and the front one is used to direct it. These wheels are of peculiar construction, being so formed that there is the greatest surface upon that part of the wheel which touches the road. By this means its ascent upon a hill is said to be facilitated. More or less steam, and consequently more or less power, may be brought into action on the wheels at pleasure, by means of a chain. Steam carriages upon a similar principle are about to be employed between Paris and Versailles.—We

have only one word of comment to make on these reports. There is no doubt that any one of all the steam carriages we have heard of could accomplish these things; but the question, speaking from experience, is, how long will they continue to perform it, and at what cost?

*The Graphic Mirror.*—This is considered by Mr. Alexander, the inventor, as an improvement on the *Camera Lucida*. We could not satisfy ourselves that it possesses any very obvious superiority; but it is fully equal to it, and, we believe, much cheaper.

*The Anaconda.*—We learn from the French papers, that a large Anaconda serpent from the East Indies, lately laid, at the Menagerie at Altenbourg in Saxony, 36 eggs. Great care was taken to hatch them, but only one has yet produced a serpent. The reptile, when first hatched, was only the size of the little finger.

*Population of Geneva.*—The *Journal de Genève* gives the following account of the population of the city and canton of Geneva:—In the city, the number of souls is 27,177; of whom 12,573 are males, and 14,604 females. Of this number 10,162 are foreigners. The number of Protestants is 21,434; of Catholics, 5,688. The aggregate amount of the population for the whole canton is 56,655: 27,284 males, and 29,367 females. There has been a great increase in the number of foreigners since 1822; and the general increase of the population in the city and canton, since the same period, has been about one-tenth. Taking the whole canton, there is about an equal division of sexes; but in the city, the number of females exceeds that of the males by 2,031; the males being in the proportion of six to seven.

*Plagues.*—The following entry is found in the guide-book at Chamouni: "Victor Dumont, a merchant, travelling for his pleasure—pleasure incompatible with five daughters, and a perfect deluge of rain."

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 10	72 52	29.88	S. to S.W.	Clear.
Frid. 11	82 53	Stat.	W.	Ditto.
Sat. 12	85 58	29.65	S. to S.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 13	74 58	29.60	S.W.	Ditto.
Mon. 14	79 58	29.75	S.W.	Ditto.
Tues. 15	82 56	30.02	W.	Ditto.
Wed. 16	89 56	30.03	W.	Ditto.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Cumulus. Nights and mornings fair throughout the week. Much lightning on Saturday night. Meteors frequent. Mean temperature of the week, 70°. Greatest variation, 30°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.935. Day decreased on Wednesday, 25°.

### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS

## CANNING MONUMENT.

**THE Monumental Statue of Mr. CANNING,** by Chantrey, having been this day erected in Westminster Abbey, a GENERAL MEETING of the SUBSCRIBERS will be held at the Tatchard House Tavern, St. James's street, on Wednesday next, the 23rd inst. at half past 1 for 2 o'clock precisely, to receive the Report of the Committee on the completion of the undertaking.

Tatchard House,  
18th July, 1831.

By Order of the Committee,  
GEO. SAINTSBURY, Sec.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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(J. HOLMES, TOOE'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.* Vol. II. Part II. London: Murray.

THERE are several valuable papers in this fasciculus of the Society's Transactions. In classical literature we have Dr. Nolan's learned 'Essay on Greek Music,' and his ingenious detection of the false Anacreon, from his description of the rose. Mr. Coleridge has contributed a curious, but rather mystical, 'Essay on the Promethæus,' in which he unfortunately lays himself open to just ridicule by a strange attempt to represent opinions by algebraic formulæ. Mr. Tomlinson, in a clear and learned paper, establishes the age of the Egyptian Sarcophagus in the British Museum, and determines the name of the monarch to whom it belonged. Mr. Wilkinson has given an explanation of the vocal statue of Memnon, which, at least, seems to be satisfactory; and some Greek inscriptions are learnedly elucidated by Colonel Leake, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Wordsworth. Scottish Antiquities occupy more than their fair proportion of space, but the learning and ability of Dr. Jamieson lead us readily to excuse the length of his communications. Sharon Turner, and Professor Schlegel, have contributed two excellent Ethnographical papers; the latter is, however, still as prejudiced against the Semitic languages and literature as when he wrote his celebrated 'Letter to Sir James Macintosh.' Bibliographers will be interested by Phillips's 'Account of the Monastic Libraries in French Flanders,' and Roscoe's 'Description of the Manuscript Library at Holkham.' Finally, general literature is indebted to Archdeacon Todd for an account of the eminent services rendered by Archbishop Laud to the cause of literature; and to Mr. Prince Hoare for an 'Essay on the Moral Fame of Authors,' which, though rather perplexed and discursive, demands especial notice for the important truths it inculcates.

MR. Hoare urges the necessity of a moral purpose, or rather a high moral tone, in literature, as a necessary element of enduring fame. Earnestly have we maintained this principle in the pages of the *Athenæum*. The world has always grown weary, and never so rapidly as in our own day, of hero-worship and genius-worship, unless the hero and the genius have dedicated themselves to the moral improvement of mankind—have strengthened sympathy, enlarged feeling, and extended the dominion of moral truth. The hero and the genius, who rank not as public benefactors, possess no hold on the affections, and, consequently, easily slip from the memory, and are sure to be thrown down from their pedestals when some newer favourite engages popular homage. It has been well observed, that a moral lesson may be read in the signs at a country inn! How many are the heroes that have successively flaunted there in gold and scarlet! How unceremoniously

have they been successively deposed! Whoever devotes himself to the pursuit of truth—to the advancement of human happiness—and to that highest public good, the improvement of mind, will be rewarded by intellectual homage, permanent, because founded on the solid basis of reason; while delusive brilliancy shall be admired, applauded, and forgotten.

*Henri Quatre; or, the Days of the League.* 3 vols. London: Whittaker.

THE writer of these volumes has certainly chosen a taking title, and a stirring period. The popularity of *Henri Quatre*, among a large class of readers, is unquestionable, and the *Days of the League*, when the fierce religious enthusiasm of the Crusade era, mingled so strangely with the far-reaching views and crooked policy of an age that produced a *Macchiavelli* in politics and a *Loyola* in religion, is abundant in materials, from which the novelist may construct a tale of exciting interest. We have, indeed, often thought that the sixteenth century is, of all others, the best field for the writer of the historical novel, or the dramatist; for, never was there a period when so great a change passed over so large a portion of Europe, or when each mind, that felt within itself the eager stirrings of ambition, or the promptings of nobler principles, had so ample, so unfettered a field of action: in what bold relief does each character stand out!—what complete individuality, even among those alike in faith and in feeling, running the same course, and expecting the same reward!

THE writer of the tale now before us seems to have been, in some measure, aware of this peculiarity, which gives what we might almost term a dramatic cast to the history of the sixteenth century; and in the delineation of many of his historical characters he has been very successful. The Peter-the-Hermit-like spirit of Lincestre, the preacher of the League—the deep duplicity, cloaked beneath the garb of stupidity, of the spy Poulain—the half-insane waywardness of Alençon—and the vacillating purpose of the monarch *Henri*, now as Brother Jean, presiding in the convent of Grandmontans, and now flinging back defiance to Guise himself, are sketched with much truth; while the strange mixture of chivalric observances and modern usages, of romance and classical literature, of religion and scepticism, which the court of the Louvre at that time presented, are admirably in keeping with the period. *Henri Quatre*, however, plays but a subordinate part, and the hero and heroine of the story are quite as uninteresting as such personages usually are: we have, however, a real hero and heroine in Guise and Catherine de Medici; and this celebrated pair, so well matched in genius, in power, and in craftiness, are ably drawn. The scene, in which "Notre Dame de Louvre" is first introduced, is characteristic.

"In the centre of the cabinet stood a table of

exquisite workmanship, and by its side, in a stately chair, sat the Queen-mother of France; the page which she had summoned from the ante-room, had just departed to seek the Marshal; and there remained only two ladies of the court in attendance on its imperial mistress.

"Strangers who had known her only by the universal report of her cruelties and her subtlety, her age and the number and reputation of her children, were ever agreeably disappointed on their introduction. He who had pictured to himself a woman older in care than years, wrinkled and ill-tempered; or if, perchance, possessing a hearsay knowledge of her charms, expected a Medea—the vestiges of beauty struggling with the corroding lines of passion—was dumb-struck on finding himself in the presence of a matron with a fine Italian face; features most symmetrical, clear, and unwrinkled; a complexion unmatched, save by the fair Margaret, her daughter; and an eye which critics of female loveliness might object to, as more appropriate to a Cæsar or an Alexander, yet capable, at seasons, of expressing the softer passions. The ordinary expression of the face was grave, sedate, and majestic; but its gravity was of the true southern quality, willing to give way to mirth; and its majesty of nature, commanding homage from all.

"Had not her powers of penetration been equalled by her humour, that subtle, yet active faculty, which holds its possessor in love with the world, and presents in its magic mirror the bright side of danger or evil to the threatened victim—her charms would, indeed, have long since sunk beneath the harrowing nature of her duties. . . .

"Although surrounded by such manifold dangers she quailed not; she relied on the sincerity of her faith, and its reward—on her own transcendent genius, which had guided safely the vessel of the State during the reign of three minors. 'As it has been, so it shall be!' exclaimed the adventurous Queen. She felt proud of the contest; proud of her station and of herself—her mind and her personal charms; and as she turned half round and glanced at the mirror—though her brow was as haughty as the front of Minerva in the ranks of war, there was a smile upon her mouth which spoke of triumph and Italian cunning. . . .

"When D'Uzes and her companions had retired to the inner chamber, Catherine, after requesting De Biron to seat himself, which she did the more readily on account of his lameness, said in a careless tone—

"Have you seen the King of Navarre this morning, Marshal?"

"I was on the way to pay my respects to him when your Majesty's summons reached me," replied De Biron.

"He is planning his escape!" said the Queen.

"The Marshal started up as quickly as his lameness would allow of, and looked quite alarmed. Catherine smiled inwardly at his hurried manner; but not wishing to divulge the adventure of Candales, both on account of the Countess, and lest that the lady's opinion might even prove correct, she bade him be again seated, adding—

"I am too quick, Monseigneur! I do not mean that I have any specific idea of his plans; but he has, as you know, in his fits of activity, cast a watchful eye around his prison-home. A man in confinement is always trying to escape;

—aye, even in his sleep! But, of late, Navarre has enticed my son François into his practices; or wherefore should he court his society?—Do you know anything of this?"

"I think," replied De Biron, "it is the Duke who entices our captive."

"Ah!" exclaimed Catherine, rather piqued at this difference of opinion,—"François entice the Bourbon! Common sense and yourself sometimes differ, De Biron!"

"I congratulate myself," said the Marshal, with firmness, "that my wandering fancy has been able to do your Majesty's family some service."

"The Queen had no wish to quarrel with her servant; and in a tone which displayed neither anger nor sense of offence, she asked for proofs of his opinion. But the Prince had conducted himself so discreetly in his intercourse with Navarre, that it was difficult for the Marshal to bring forward anything tangible; he could only state that such was his impression."

"If I thought," said the Queen-mother, "that such was the case, I would place François under your surveillance as well as Henry De Bourbon."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the familiar adviser, hastily, "the office of gaoler does not at all suit me. It is bad enough already! I do not know whether I fall under the ridicule of your Majesty's friends, but it strikes me, that to see a lame man like myself, who has been used to ride at the head of a large army, hobbling up the staircase every morning to look after a prisoner, as though I were the sub-governor of the Bastille, is, at least, a fair subject for an epigram."

"And to see that same gentleman," replied the Queen in a calm tone, "entrusted by his sovereign with the safety of the royal person—admitted with the familiarity of an equal into her presence—the most important secrets, personal, and also relating to the state, submitted to his judgment—is, we think, a fair subject for envy!"

"This reproof and compliment affected the governor of the Louvre almost to tears; he had scarcely power to exclaim—

"Pardon, most gracious liege, I am a restless, dissatisfied old nun!"

"Not so old either," replied Catherine, "at least the tree still bears blossom if we may judge by the gay birds which flutter around it."

"I trust," said the overpowered Marshal, "that my eyes are not so dim, but that I can still feel happy in waiting on the fair Majesty of France. My life is at her service."

There are also some spirited scenes, in which Lincestre works upon the excited feelings of the populace. Indeed, we would recommend to this writer to keep to such descriptions, rather than to pictures of regular warfare: the scenes before the Hotel Guise, and at the Louvre, we read with pleasure; whereas, it required no little resolution to wade through the dull night-march of the German mercenaries, and the interminable battle of Coutras. The following scene, although rather long, we must extract. Guise, in defiance of the king's mandate, has returned to Paris; the populace, excited by the priests, have barricaded the streets, and threaten to force the Louvre, and take the King prisoner, when Catherine, to beguile them, and allow her son time to escape, has asked, as a last boon, that, previously to their entrance, she may go to the church of St. Paul, and offer up her prayers. This request, strange as it may appear in the present day, though perfectly in keeping with the devout character of those times, has been reluctantly granted:—

"Her chair was presently seen issuing from the gates, attended only by the usher Davila.

Le Clerc crept out of the way amidst the laughter of his friends; but La Chapelle and Lincestre, escorted her Majesty through the dense crowd of citizen-soldiers, each of whom had a remark to make, or a jest to break on the unfortunate ear of royalty."

"When she had cleared the crowd, her ushers extraordinary retired, leaving her to the care of the captains of the successive barricades, which were opened on her approach, and immediately fastened again after the passage of the sedan. So much time was spent in the operation, and so little progress made, that even the usher could not avoid an exclamation of anger."

"Tush! tush! Davila," said Catherine bending towards him, "these delays are golden moments to me. I wish the brutes were constrained to break the chains at every post. The sun of Guise is on the ascendant, but the day is not yet over—you shall see the lilies reflect its beams ere sunset."

"In this mode passed the Queen through the midst of her enemies, concealing her fears, or perhaps fearless, for her nature, though polished and refined by culture, was as hard as steel, and as elastic."

"Will your Majesty," said Davila, "have the attendance of father?—Guise? Yes, carry me to his hotel—I will pray to him alone!" exclaimed Catherine, to the astonished usher. So instead of going to the Church of St. Paul in the Rue St. Antoine, her sedan stopped at the door of the Hotel De Guise in the same street. She sent Davila to announce her arrival to the Protector of the League."

Davila at this moment returned to conduct her to the presence of Guise, who was engaged talking with his friends in a hall, lit by a window looking into a small garden. He seemed perplexed, and astonished at the unexpected visit, but Catherine, calm and unruffled in her manner, requested an interview. He would not, however, leave the hall, but led her aside near the window, where they were out of hearing of his friends."

"To the spectators, the contest that ensued between the two subtlest spirits of France, seemed not of the gentlest nature. Nor was it prudent of her to appear fawning. She reproached the Duke for bringing on the present dangerous crisis, and made use of strong invectives in her anger, which caused him to answer sometimes in explosive bursts of passion, and often by satirical laughter. She hinted that she had much to say, but that the time was so pressing, on account of the threats of the Leaguers, who could scarcely be induced to wait till her return. Guise replied, that he had no command over them; but the Queen, pointing to the piles of arms which she had noticed in the garden, asked him, for what purpose they were to be applied."

"For self-defence," replied the Duke, who was taken by surprise."

"Well," exclaimed Catherine, "at least send to the Leaguers, and request a cessation of hostilities till I return—you have certainly influence enough for that—Montpensier, your sister, I know would not do this kindness, for we women hate each other—but with your sex, we have no petty jealousies."

"The Duke, who had forgotten his garden armour, and been taken unawares by the sharp-sighted Queen, out of a feeling of chivalric honour, believing himself vanquished in his argument, acceded to her request."

"She next spoke of the Protector's ambitious and disloyal designs on her son's throne, which she did not attempt to repel with violence, but rather spoke like one who was driving a bargain, to retain as much as possible out of the forfeited regalia. While pleading hard for the Duchy of Bretagne or Burgundy, as a provision for the remaining members of her family, a gentleman rushed into the hall in great alarm. The new-

comer, looking around for the Duke, dragged him away from the Queen, and communicated something, in a suppressed but very earnest tone."

"Catherine was calm and motionless, repressing the smile which strove to move her lips."

"The effect of the news on the Duke was sudden. For a moment he turned pale, looked affrighted and aghast; but on meeting the calm gaze of Catherine, his features became convulsed with a dreadful expression of anger; his eyes flashing fire. Had his antagonist been of the other sex, that moment would have been her last! He attempted to speak, but articulation failed him, and he burst into a hysterical laugh like a madman; but on recovering a little the possession of his faculties, he said to Catherine, in a hollow voice—

"Madame! you have deceived us! The King has escaped me!"

"Escaped you, cousin?" cried the Queen softly, as though she were replying to the remark of one beloved. "Then the brave army on the Quai de Bourbon really owns your sway?"

"By my noble father's spirit!" exclaimed the enraged Duke, "which was sacrificed for the interests of your accursed family—do not tempt me too far! Be satisfied with the fruits of your Satanic subtlety—but!—may it cause you to wallow in the dust like the serpent, whose type you are! I have influence over the good Catholics of this city and of France—it is well for you, Madame, that I have!—Hear you those cries in the street? they come from the hearts of disappointed and outraged citizens! Walk forth, noble lady, into the midst of your subjects! Show yourself to their loving eyes in that plain robe of matronly sanctity—the only garment that ever sees the outside of your heretical, licentious abode—aye! bid your usher ask of the shouting crowd a passage for the Queen of France—and let him say, that the Protector of the holy League of religion does not detain her!"

"When the Duke had finished this harangue, the fruits of a bitter and baffled soul, he strode out of the hall, followed by many of his gentlemen."

"Ah, Davila!" said the Queen, addressing her usher, "how men flounder about when they have lost their footing! But learn the cause of that shouting. My poor chair will surely fall a sacrifice to the anger of those who may, in their love for the Guise, care but little for their sovereign's convenience."

To conclude, "Henri Quatre," on the whole, is a clever and characteristic novel; the "spirit of the age" is well shown—and, what in the present day, when it is believed that an historical novel, indeed, anything and everything, may be written by mere intuition, is no slight praise, the author has evidently come well prepared to his work. We lament to find occasional traces of affectation in the style, which in general is good. A graver charge may be brought against the writer—in his enthusiastic admiration of transcendent mental energy, he seems to forget that there is a moral sense, to whose dictates, the loftiest, no less than the meanest minds must bow. "The she-wolf of the Louvre," as Catherine was not inappropriately termed by the Genevan reformers, is, throughout these three volumes, held up to unmixed admiration; as if genius were a sufficient excuse for crime, and minds of a high order were privileged not merely to assume the mask of falsehood, but to put in requisition both the poison-cup and the dagger, should state policy seem to demand them. The observations on the time-serving policy of Henri Quatre too, which, be it remembered, did not after all save him from the fate he feared, are dictated in the same spirit, and force us reluctantly to conclude with words of censure.



*Flute and Sketches at Home and Abroad; with Tales and Miscellanies, now first collected; and a new edition of the Diary of an Ennuyée.* By Mrs. Jameson.

[Second Notice.]

WE return to this book with pleasure, though obliged to content ourselves with the simple mention of much that has interested us. The tone of feminine and delicate feeling, which pervades it, is not its least agreeable characteristic. Mrs. Jameson writes with genuine and justifiable enthusiasm of the gifted among her own sex, and we must beg our readers to refer to her beautiful and eloquent sketch of Goethe's daughter-in-law—the portrait of almost a perfect woman, drawn by no common nor formal hand; and to the enumeration of her literary sisters in Germany. The list of these is smaller in number than we should have expected; and it is with some pride of heart that Mrs. Jameson measures it against the catalogue of bright names boasted by our own land at this moment. A few of her remarks, in summing up, shall have a place here:—

"As to what we term accomplishments, there was certainly much less exhibition and parade of them in society; they formed less an established and necessary part of education than with us; but, of really accomplished, well-informed women, believe me I found no deficiency—far otherwise: if the inclination or the talent existed, means and opportunity were not wanting for mental culture of a very high species. I met with fewer women who drew badly, sang tolerably, or rather intolerably, scratched the harp, and quoted Metastasio; but I met with quite as many women who, without pretension, were finished musicians, painted like artists, possessed an extensive acquaintance with their own literature, and an uncommon knowledge of languages; and were, besides, very good housewives after the German fashion. More or less acquaintance with the French language was a matter of course, but English was preferred: everywhere I met with women who had cultivated with success, not our language merely, but our literature. Shakespeare, whether studied in English, or in some of their excellent translations, I found a species of household god, whose very name was breathed with reverence, as if it were that of a supernatural being. Lord Byron, and Sir Walter Scott, and Campbell, are familiar names. Wordsworth and Shelley are beginning to be known, but they are pronounced more difficult of comprehension than Shakespeare himself; and yet I met with a German lady who could repeat Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' by heart. Of our great modern poets, Crabbe appeared the least understood and appreciated in Germany, for the obvious reason, that his subjects and portraits are almost exclusively national. There are, however, several German editions of his works. The men read him as a study. The only German lady I met with who had read his works through, pronounced them 'not poetry.' Bulwer is exceedingly popular among the women; so is Moore. Some of those who most admired the latter, gave as one reason that 'his English style was so easy.'"

Directly after what we have quoted, we come to another most peremptory stoppage, in the shape of a story, which rivals, and exceeds in interest, that of the far-famed Exile of Siberia. But we must pass it by, with many other pleasant things; and yet we shall only have reached the conclusion of the first division of this delightful book. The next contains 'Memoranda in Munich.' Mrs. Jameson revels in her account of the Glyptothek, and the treasures it contains: her

criticisms upon the works of art appear to us as full of sense as they are of a taste regulated, but not under slavish fear of names and authorities. In music she is less at home; and this gives us an opportunity of asking her whether she has not mistaken, in her enumeration of the singers at Munich, Madame Sigl Vespermann, who was in London a few seasons ago, for the Vespermann, who was, if our memory serve us right, killed by the overturn of a carriage some time before. There are, we suspect, one or two other slight confusions of persons, of a similar kind, in her mention of other German artists; and had we room, we would break a lance with her, in all love and courtesy, in behalf of Paganini and Rossini, to neither of whom she does the justice we should have expected from one of her taste and talent. But let us go back to her favourite art, and quote a parallel which appears to us just:—

"Rubens is just such a painter as Dryden is a poet, and *vice versa*: his women are just like Dryden's women, gross, exaggerated, unrefined animals; his men, like Dryden's men, grand, thinking, acting animals. Like Dryden, he could clothe his genius in thunder, dip his pencil in the lightning and the sunbeams of heaven, and rush fearlessly upon a subject which others had trembled to approach. In both we see a singular and extraordinary combination of the plainest, coarsest realities of life, with the loftiest imagery, the most luxurious tints of poetry. Both had the same passion for allegory, and managed it with equal success. 'The thoughts that breathe and words that burn' of Dryden, may be compared to the living, moving forms, the glowing, melting, dazzling hues of Rubens, under whose pencil

Desires and adornings,

Winged passions and wild desires,  
Splendours, and glooms, and glimmering incarnations  
Of hopes, and fears, and twilight fancies,—  
took form and being—became palpable existences: and yet with all this inventive power, this love of allegorical fiction, it is *life*, the spirit of animal life, diffused through and over their works; it is the blending of the plain reasoning with splendid creative powers; of wonderful fertility of conception with more wonderful facility of execution: it is the combination of truth, and grandeur, and masculine vigour, with a general coarseness of taste, which may be said to characterize both these great men. Neither are, or can be, favourites of the women, for the same reasons."

The first volume concludes with a detailed account of the new palace building by the King of Bavaria, whose example in encouraging the arts, mightier monarchs might follow, to their own glory and subjects' happiness;—the second opens with the account of the Fête of the Obelisk at Munich, and the descriptions of the Pinakothek (the new grand national picture-gallery) and of the Valhalla, a temple to be raised to the national glory on the banks of the Danube near Ratisbon, which are given in the most highly finished manner of the writer. Leaving Munich, however, we must just take one peep at the ancient city of Nuremberg:—

"Nuremberg—with its long, narrow, winding, involved streets, its precipitous ascents and descents, its completely gothic physiognomy—is by far the strangest old city I ever beheld; it has retained in every part the aspect of the middle ages. No two houses resemble each other; yet, differing in form, in colour, in height, in ornament, all have a family likeness; and with their peaked and carved gables, and projecting central balconies, and painted fronts,

stand up in a row, like so many tall, gaunt, stately old maids, with the toques and stomachers of the last century. In the upper part of the town, we find here and there a new house, built, or rebuilt, in a more modern fashion; and even a gay modern theatre, and an unfinished modern church! but these, instead of being embellishments, look ill-favoured and mean, like patches of new cloth on a rich old brocade. Age is here, but it does not suggest the idea of dilapidation or decay, rather of something which has been put under a glass-case, and preserved with care from all extraneous influences. The buildings are so ancient, the fashions of society so antiquated, the people so penetrated with veneration for themselves and their city, that in the few days I spent there, I began to feel quite old too—my mind was *wrinkled up*, as it were, with a reverence for the past. I wondered that people condescended to talk of any event more recent than the thirty years' war, and the defence of Gustavus Adolphus; and all names of modern date, even of greatest mark, were forgotten in the fame of Albert Durer, Hans Sachs, and Peter Vischer: the trio of worthies, which, in the estimation or imagination of the Nurembergers, still live with the freshness of a yesterday's remembrance, and leave no room for the heroes of to-day."

The Dresden Gallery, too, and the Dresden Opera, we must leave untouched for the sake of two extracts—one illustrative of the fortunes of female artists, (a subject on which, if we guess right, Mrs. Jameson has not said her last,) and the other giving us some account of the celebrated Retsch:—

"There are some pretty stories told of women, who have excelled as professed artists. In general the conscious power of maintaining themselves, habits of attention and manual industry, the application of our feminine superfluity of sensibility and imagination to a tangible result—have produced fine characters. The daughter of Tintoretto, when invited to the courts of Maximilian and Philip II. refused to leave her father. Violante Scirea of Florence gave a similar proof of filial affection; and when the grand duke commanded her to paint her own portrait for the Florentine gallery, where it now hangs, she introduced the portrait of her father, because he had been her first instructor in art. When Henrietta Walters, the famous Dutch miniature painter, was invited by Peter the Great and Frederic, to their respective courts, with magnificent promises of favour and patronage, she steadily refused; and when Peter, who had no idea of giving way to obstacles, particularly in the female form, pressed upon her in person the most splendid offers, and demanded the reason of her refusal, she replied, that she was contented with her lot, and could not bear the idea of living out of a free country."

"Maria von Osterwyck, one of the most admirable flower painters, had a lover, to whom she was a little partial, but his idleness and dissipation distressed her. At length she promised to give him her hand on condition that during one year he would work regularly ten hours a day, observing that it was only what she had done herself from a very early age. He agreed; and took a house opposite to her that she might witness his industry; but habit was too strong, his love or his resolution failed, and he broke the compact. She refused to be his wife; and no entreaties could afterwards alter her determination never to accept the man who had shown so little strength of character, and so little real love. She was a wise woman, and, as the event showed, not a heartless one. She died unmarried, though surrounded by suitors. . . ."

"Sofonisba Anguisciola had two sisters, Lucia

and Europa, almost as gifted, though not quite so celebrated as herself: these three 'virtuous gentlewomen,' as Vasari calls them, lived together in the most delightful sisterly union. One of Sofonisba's most beautiful pictures represents her two sisters playing at chess, attended by the old durnna, who accompanied them everywhere. When Sofonisba was invited to the court of Spain, in 1560, she took her sisters with her—in short, they were inseparable. They were all accomplished women. 'We hear,' said the pope, in a complimentary letter to Sofonisba, on one of her pictures, 'that this your great talent is among the least you possess;' which letter is said by Vasari to be a sufficient proof of the genius of Sofonisba—as if the holy Father's infallibility extended to painting! Luckily we have proofs more undeniable in her own most lovely works—glowing with life like those of Titian; and in the testimony of Vandyke, who said of her in her later years, that 'he had learned more from one old blind woman in Italy than from all the masters of his art.'

Is it not strange that we cannot recal the name of one woman who has made herself eminent as a musical composer?

Now for a few fragments relative to Retzsch—what we have been compelled to omit is fully as interesting as what we extract:—

"Retzsch was born at Dresden in 1799, and has never, I believe, been far from his native place. From childhood he was a singular being, giving early indications of his imitative power by drawing or carving in wood, resemblances of the objects which struck his attention, without the slightest idea in himself or others of becoming eventually an artist; and I have even heard that, when he was quite a youth, his enthusiastic mind, labouring with a power which he felt rather than knew, his love of the wilder aspects of nature, and impatience of the restraints of artificial life, had nearly induced him to become a huntsman or forester (Jäger) in the royal service. However, at the age of twenty, his love of art became a decided vocation. . . .

"The professor received us in a room which appeared to answer many purposes, being obviously a sleeping as well as a sitting-room, but perfectly neat. I saw at once that there was every where a woman's superintending eye and thoughtful care; but did not know at the moment that he was married. He received us with open-hearted frankness, at the same time throwing on the stranger one of those quick glances which seemed to look through me: in return, I contemplated him with inexpressible interest. His figure is rather larger, and more portly than I had expected; but I admired his fine Titanic head, so large, and so sublime in its expression; his light blue eye, wild and wide, which seemed to drink in meaning and flash out light; his hair profuse, grizzled, and flowing in masses round his head; and his expanded brow full of poetry and power. In his deportment he is a mere child of nature, simple, careless, saying just what he feels and thinks at the moment, without regard to forms: yet pleasing from the benevolent earnestness of his manner, and intuitively polite without being polished.

"A few days afterwards we accepted Retzsch's invitation to visit him at his *campagna*—for whether it were farm-house, villa, or vineyard, or all together, I could not well decide. The drive was delicious. The road wound along the banks of the magnificent Elbe, the gently-swelling hills, all laid out in vineyards, rising on our right; and though it was in November, the air was soft as summer. Retzsch, who had perceived our approach from his window, came out to meet us—took me under his arm as if we had been friends of twenty years standing, and

leading me into his picturesque *domicile*, introduced me to his wife—as pretty a piece of domestic poetry as one shall see in a summer's day. She was the daughter of a vine-dresser, whom Retzsch fell in love with while she was yet almost a child, and educated for his wife—at least so runs the tale. At the first glance I detected the original of that countenance which, more or less idealized, runs through all his representations of female youth and beauty: here was the model, both in feature and expression; she smiled upon us a most cordial welcome, regaled us with delicious coffee and cakes prepared by herself, then taking up her knitting sat down beside us; and while I turned over admiringly the beautiful designs with which her husband had decorated her album, the looks of veneration and love with which she regarded him, and the expression of kindly, delighted sympathy with which she smiled upon me, I shall not easily forget. As for the album itself, queens might have envied her such homage: and what would not a dilettante collector have given for such a possession!"

Here we must take our leave of this work, though we have said nothing of the characters of Mrs. Siddons and her niece, with which it is further enriched. The third and fourth volumes contain merely a reprint of some graceful tales which have appeared in the *Annals*, and the 'Diary of an Ennuyée,' concerning which, we are still in doubt how much is fact and how much fiction.

*Siméon's Letters to his Kinsfolk and other Great People, written chiefly from France and Belgium, in the years 1832, 1833, and 1834.* By Siméon South, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Longman & Co.; Paris, English and American Library.

THE writer of this work is undoubtedly a man of talent, and his two volumes are pleasant reading; but they would have been far more so had he confined his observations to a narrower compass; his canvas is too large—his design too comprehensive: he would have written, we imagine, an excellent work on Paris, which might, of course, have included all relating to the political, the moral, and the social condition of France; but he was desirous of filling two volumes, with as little outlay of thought and trouble as possible, and he has accordingly given us a sort of tour, which, after twenty years of peace, and five hundred preceding works, was hardly necessary, and an abridged history of the Revolution of July, of which we should imagine even Frenchmen must be weary of reading, although, in justice, we must admit, that this is done fairly and skilfully.

In the few extracts we mean to give, we shall act on this judgment, and merely select such passages as are likely to interest informed persons: the following is a pleasant account of Beranger:—

"Beranger, like Burns with the Scotch, is in the mind of M. B.—, in common with most Frenchmen, at the same time the beau ideal of moral courage, and of the true genius of poetry, which boldly speaks the language of nature, and of feeling; that which all can understand and enjoy; that which bathes pleasantly mystery, and dishorns political subservience. Beranger himself has all the feeling and independency of spirit which characterise his songs. His personal appearance is plain, he wears spectacles;—his dress is carelessly put on; and his gait is rather awkward—but his face, although far from handsome, indicates the transcendent

genius of the poet of liberty. He is very modest in his manner, and never attempts to lead the conversation. He gives his opinions freely, but not obtrusively; and his whole life has been marked with undeviating disinterestedness and benevolence. He is far from rich, yet neither place nor money have been able to purchase the independence of his mind. He too is a republican, and has lodged for some time in the modern Bastille—St. Pelagie, under the Bourbons. He worships the genius of Byron, and laments the failings which tended to shade its splendour."

Here is another portrait of interest, sketched at the Ambassador's soiree:—

"Soon after ten o'clock, several diplomatists and other personages of distinction were announced. Among these I heard, 'Ministre de la Guerre.' He bowed to Lady G. and fell back some paces, when Lord G. entered into conversation with him. He was dressed in a plain suit of nearly threadbare black. His air and gait rather vulgar. His severe, unchanging countenance, differs from the iron visage of the Duke of Wellington, retaining the evident traces of early obscurity; while those of the latter indicate at once the characteristics which mark the aspect of those who have been brought up among persons of the same rank as those they afterwards associate with. Marshal Soult seldom spoke, but listened patiently to what others said. He stood at one side of the room, and did not sit down during the evening. He looks healthy, strong, and nearly seventy. 'Soult, always determined and cool in battle,' has long been a common saying. I watched his countenance when others spoke to him; it never changed, nor did its firmness relax into a smile during the evening. Baron F. remarked to me, 'had the Duke de Dalmatie been in the place of the Duke de Raguse, the days of July would have ended otherwise.'"

We shall conclude with a pretty picture of a Sunday Fête at St. Cloud, in a letter addressed to Spencer Percival:—

"Yesterday was the second Sunday of the celebrated fête. I rose early, and walked through the Park by the grand avenue to the gates near the bridge of Sevres. The shops, *guinguettes*, *roundabouts*, *booths*, *grimaçiers*, *mountebanks*, *jugglers*, and *exhibitions of wonders*, were all in full preparation. Soon after, happy groups came pouring in, from all directions. Some rolled along in diligences; others trudged on foot: a very few came by water, notwithstanding the beauty of the Seine. You would have seen, a shopkeeper with his spouse, *two petits* and a *bonne* driving up in a *cabriolet*, and calling out to the multitude to clear the way; *fleeces* filled with laughing faces; carts crowded with pretty maids; the wives of small *propriétaires*, clad in snow white dresses and black aprons; and knots of peasant girls in clean light gowns and neat coloured silk aprons; long chains of *cabriolets*, each of which probably contained a young married man and his wife, or a lover and his mistress; all coming forward eager to cross the bridge before the hour of twelve, when the passage of carriages to prevent confusion is interdicted.

"Follow them into the Park, you will find that the *guinguettes* are filling fast; the shops are surrounded; the avenues are enlivened with human beings all resolved to be happy.—Then ascend, terrace over terrace, by avenues and winding paths, until you reach the Lantern.—Go to its top by the spiral staircase; and you still observe, groups of pedestrians approaching in every direction, and the scene beneath and around you gaining every moment additional variety and numbers.—Descend and mix with the multitude: every face is cheerful; all come to be delighted; you need not dread their overstepping the bounds of decorous gaiety, or outraging the code of civility. Depend upon it

the indecencies, the brutish licentiousness of an English fair will not shock you.

"Then observe, at a little distance from you, knots of young and old, gentle and simple, delighted with a band of Savoyards, singing to a barrel organ; and well do they sing too; yes infinitely more agreeably to the ear, than the squeeling and screaming which we often hear at our theatres. Look in another direction and you may in the charity of your heart admire a bevy of smiling girls in mob caps and simple white frocks, threading arm in arm among the trees or through the crowd. Then in the full benevolence of your nature, observe the satisfied faces of those goodly country dames, with their husbands and little ones, all decently clad, who occupy the benches in yonder *galaquette*. There also in that pretty alcove sits a Parisian tradesman and his spouse: not far from them is the *bonne* or nurse walking about with the *petits*, probably a neatly dressed boy and girl, to show them the wonders of the *fête*. Mountebanks and jugglers must then attract your attention.

"Refreshments, even a good dinner, not exactly in the style of *Louistier*, may also be had. There is nothing, however, like the revelling, and feasting, the mobbing and the noise which invariably occur, amidst the eating and drinking at our English fairs.

"I myself sat down, and you might innocently have done so too, in a *trelissé galaquette*, amidst a group of pretty peasant girls, with their friends and lovers. My presence neither disturbed their delight, nor produced the least awkwardness of manner. They courteously made room for me; we chatted and laughed as if we had all been well, and long, acquainted with each other. They never for a moment considered it otherwise than '*comme il faut*':—yet they neither uttered or looked an impropriety. Seated amongst them, I enjoyed an excellent repast with a half bottle of wholesome *vin ordinaire*.

"As the evening closed in, the music of instruments resounded amongst the trees. Dances were formed—the grand avenue was most brilliantly lighted with thousands of lamps. The cascades and jets d'eau seemed as if rolling out and spouting into a thousand fantastic freaks, gold, silver and fiery fluids; kitchen maids and garçons danced quadrilles in the open air, and in a style that would not disgrace Almacks. The country maidens and their lovers; pretty brunettes, and active young fellows, danced, talked and enjoyed themselves, in the full measure of decorous pleasure, and heartfelt delight."

Once again we must express our regret that the writer has not done himself more justice: the concluding sketch is proof that he could have written a very pleasant work.

#### *Lieut. Burnes's Travels into Bokhara.*

(Third Notice.)

NEITHER Lieutenant Burnes nor ourselves felt much pleasure in exchanging the company of the Türkmans for that of the Persians. A sad change has come over the land of Cyrus and Shah Abbas. Persia has become virtually a province of Russia; and the court of Teheran is as much under the control of the cabinet of St. Petersburg, as ever was a tributary Indian government to "the lords of Leadenhall Street": like the Greeks of the lower empire, they boast most loudly in the hour of degradation and decay—they demand flattery, because truth is necessarily the announcement of their disgrace. Our traveller dwells lightly on this painful subject, but he states explicitly, that Ichabod is written on the palace of Persia, and no-

thing met his view which could inspire a rational hope of its regeneration: the Shah is surrounded by the hired retainers of Russia—his grandson Mohammed Mirza (son of the late Prince Royal, Abbas Mirza,) owes his recognition as "hereditary prince, and successor to his father and grandfather," to Russian influence—his present wars are undertaken for the promotion of Russian objects, and his troops are commanded by Russian officers. Blame is very liberally bestowed on those who manage British interests in the East, for not having prevented this accession to the influence of a power whose jealousy and hostility is more than suspected. But surely their defence is easy—they could not. To preach patriotism to the Persians, to praise the blessings of independence at Teheran, to read lessons in policy to Futteh Ali, to purchase promises of amendment, are matters of no great difficulty, and might have been effected without expensive embassies; but to make prince or people profit by instruction, has been proved by experience to be hopeless. While we write, the heir apparent of Persia has pushed forward into Afghanistan;—unaided by Russia, he has not the slightest chance of success—the Afghans are braver men and better soldiers than the Kuzzilbashes, and being Soonees, they hate their Sheah invaders with intense bitterness; but if Russia aids Mohammed Mirza, is it probable that Dost Mohammed Khan and his brother Sirdars will be left without assistance? Will Runjeet Sing permit his influence over Peshawar to be lost without a struggle? These are questions that time alone can solve, but they are questions which must suggest serious considerations to all who feel interested in the permanence of the British empire in India.

We shall not accompany Lieutenant Burnes in his tour through Persia, being more anxious to examine his account of Lahore: we shall, however, quote his description of Futteh Ali's court:—

"The '*kibleh alum*,' or attraction of the world, (so the king is styled,) sat in a hall of mirrors, and when yet beyond the light of his countenance, we drew up and saluted. We then advanced, and again saluted; and his Majesty returned it by calling aloud, '*Khoosh amudeed*,' you are welcome. We now ascended a few steps, and found ourselves in the presence of royalty. '*Damagh i shooma chak nat*, are your brains clear?' exclaimed his Majesty with a sonorous voice; on this we drew up in a corner opposite to where the Shah sat, and returned the compliment by a salute. Sir John Campbell, Captain McDonald and myself composed the party, and the ministers stood on each side of us. The Shah sat at a distance of about forty feet, and a display of crystal, arranged with as little taste as in a shop, separated us from the King of kings. The chandeliers hung so thickly from the roof, that they completed the resemblance, and before any conversation had passed we were instructed to hold our swords, lest they might fracture the mirrors let into the wall behind us."

The particulars of the interview are very interesting, but too long to be extracted;—one incident, however, must not be omitted:—

"After a little break in the conversation, the Shah, with some interest in what he said, enquired for the greatest wonder which I had seen in my travels. The opportunity was too favourable in so vain a court, and I replied in a loud voice, 'Centre of the universe, what sight has equalled that

which I now behold, the light of your Majesty's countenance, O attraction of the world!' The Shah gave a nod of applause, which was taken up in a buzz of approbation by the pillars of the state, and evinced the royal and ministerial gratification."

From Teheran Lieutenant Burnes proceeded to Bushire, where he embarked for Bombay. With his arrival in India ends the second volume of this work; the third contains the narrative of his visit to the court of Lahore. Before parting, however, with the *Travels to Bokhara*, we must quote our traveller's general summary of the countries he visited:—

"I shall not pause to reflect on the feelings with which I again set foot in India after so long and weary a journey. In the outset, I saw everything, both ancient and modern, to excite the interest and inflame the imagination.—Bactria, Transoxiana, Scythia, and Parthia, Kharasm, Khorasan, and Iran. We had now visited all these countries; we had retraced the greater part of the route of the Macedonians; trodden the kingdoms of Poros and Taxiles; sailed on the Hydaspes; crossed the Indian Caucasus, and resided in the celebrated city of Balkh, from which Greek monarchs, far removed from the academies of Corinth and Athens, had once disseminated among mankind a knowledge of the arts and sciences, of their own history and the world. We had beheld the scenes of Alexander's wars, of the rude and savage incursions of Jengis and Timour, as well as of the campaigns and revelries of Baber, as given in the delightful and glowing language of his commentaries. In the journey to the coast, we had marched on the very line of route by which Alexander had pursued Darius; while the voyage to India took us on the coast of Mekran and the track of his admiral Nearchus."

Our reviews of Jacquemont's *Letters*, (of which delightful work we are happy to announce that the translation has been completed,) have made our readers familiar with the name of Runjeet Sing, and the important station occupied by his enlightened government in the politics of Asia. The continental writers who speculated on his inheriting the dominions of Baber, and rendering the name of "The Great Sikh" as famous in our days, as that of "The Great Mogul" was in the time of our grandfathers, showed great ignorance, both of his position and his character. Runjeet's obvious policy is to strengthen his kingdom in the Punjab by developing its internal resources, to maintain strict amity with the British; and the only external conquest which would benefit his country, and which would benefit the English fully as much as the Sikhs, is Sindh, and the Delta of the Indus. The feeble and pernicious sway of the Ameers in Hyderabad must be destroyed, before a free and safe line of commercial communications can be established on the Indus; but it is doubtful whether this desirable consummation will be effected by the king of Lahore or the chief of Cabul. Having in our former notice extracted the character of Dost Mohammed Khan as a man, we must quote the description of his political position as a ruler:—

"The political state of Cabool, as a kingdom, becomes at all times an object of the deepest importance to India, from the many changes which constantly take place in that country. Of its four chiefships, one is subject to the Punjab, and another to Persia. The chief of Cabool himself is a man of enlightened views, and may secure a thorough supremacy over the country, on the death of Runjeet Sing. It would not be



difficult for him to subdue Peshawur, and he might then seize the provinces on the Indus, and very probably Cashmere. He is a man favourably disposed towards the British Government, as indeed are the whole chiefs of the kingdom. They were not in power when the British mission entered the country in 1809, but our reputation was then established, and the good opinion of all parties has been acquired by our immediate withdrawal afterwards. That circumstance, it is true, was unavoidable; but it has left impressions most favourable to our disinterestedness. In Cabool, therefore, it would not be difficult to form a connexion; and the chief is certainly worthy of notice, since his country lies on the great road by which the manufactures of Britain are imported, and which of late have been considerably increased by his equity and justice. It would require no great expenditure of the public funds to conciliate this chief; and, it is to be remembered, that he is in possession of the most important position in Asia, as regards the protection of British India. Had circumstances brought us into an alliance with Cabool instead of Persia, we might have now possessed more trusty and useful allies, nearer home, than we can boast of in that country. We also should have never incurred a tenth of the expenditure, which has been so freely lavished in Persia."

We must, for the present, quit Cabul and its politics,—subjects very likely to demand our notice again at no distant period,—and accompany Lieut. Burnes in his voyage up the Indus to Lahore. In the year 1830, Lord Ellenborough, then President of the Board of Control, sent five horses as a present from the King of Great Britain to Maharaja (supreme ruler) Runjeet Sing; and Lieut. Burnes, who held a political situation at Cutch, was selected to convey the present, and the letter by which it was accompanied. He was directed to proceed by the Indus, and to collect all the information in his power respecting the navigation of that mighty river. The jealousy of the Ameers of Sind had nearly frustrated the proposed expedition; but this was overcome by great firmness combined with great prudence; and the river Indus was examined by European navigators for the first time since the days of Alexander. The mission proceeded from Cutch in native boats; and we learn that the sailors of that province are far superior to all other Asiatics:—

"Among the timid navigators of the East, the mariner of Cutch is truly adventurous; he voyages to Arabia, the Red Sea, and the coast of Zanguebar in Africa, bravely stretching out on the ocean after quitting his native shore. The 'moullim' or pilot determines his position by an altitude at noon or by the stars at night, with a rude quadrant. Coarse charts depict to him the bearings of his destination, and, by long-tried seamanship, he weathers, in an undecked boat with a huge lateen sail, the dangers and tornadoes of the Indian Ocean. This use of the quadrant was taught by a native of Cutch, who made a voyage to Holland in the middle of last century, and returned, 'in a green old age,' to enlighten his countrymen with the arts and sciences of Europe. The most substantial advantages introduced by this improver of his country were the arts of navigation and naval architecture, in which the inhabitants of Cutch excel. For a trifling reward, a Cutch mariner will put to sea in the rainy season, and the adventurous feeling is encouraged by the Hindoo merchants of Mandivee, an enterprising and speculating body of men."

The tedious negotiations with the Ameers would not interest our readers; we therefore

omit them, and pass to the account of Tatta, which Lieut. Burnes believes, on apparently good grounds, to be the Pattala of Alexander's historians. It has undergone several revolutions, and frequently changed its name; but it is sufficiently identified by its position, "where Indus divides itself into two great branches."

"It is as an open town built on a rising ground in a low valley. In several wells I found bricks imbedded in earth, at a depth of twenty feet from the surface; but there are no remains of a prior date to the tomb, on a remarkable ridge westward of the town, which are about 200 years old. The houses are formed of wood and wicker-work, plastered over with earth; they are lofty, with flat roofs, but very confined, and resemble square towers; their colour, which is of a greyish murky hue, gives an appearance of solidity to the frail materials of which they are constructed. Some of the better sort have a base of brick-work; but stone has only been used in the foundations of one or two mosques, though it may be had in abundance. There is little in modern Tatta to remind one of its former greatness. A spacious brick mosque, built by Shah Jehan, still remains, but is crumbling to decay."

"Tatta stands on the high road from India to Hinglaj, in Mekran, a place of pilgrimage and great celebrity, situated under the barren mountains of Hala (the Ims of the ancients), and marked only by a spring of fresh water, without house or temple. The spot is believed to have been visited by Ramchunder, the Hindoo demigod, himself—an event which is chronicled on the rock, with figures of the sun and moon engraved as further testimony!"

The clumsy boats used on the Indus prove that the navigation of the river cannot be very dangerous:—

"The boats of the Indus are not unlike China junks, very capacious, but most unwieldy. They are floating houses; and with ourselves we transported the boatmen, their wives and families, kids and fowls. When there is no wind, they are pulled up against the stream, by ropes attached to the mast-head, at the rate of a mile and a half an hour; but with a breeze, they set a large square sail, and advance double the distance."

But little hope, however, can be entertained of any improvement in the countries of the Lower Indus, while they remain subject to such a government as that of the Ameers:—

"It would be difficult to conceive a more unpopular rule, with all classes of their subjects, than that of the Ameers of Sind, nor is the feeling disguised; many a ferrent hope did we hear expressed, in every part of the country, that we were the forerunners of conquest, the advance-guard of a conquering army. The persons of the Ameers are secure from danger by the number of slaves which they entertain around their persons. These people are called 'Khaskalees,' and enjoy the confidence of their masters, with a considerable share of power: they are hereditary slaves, and a distinct class of the community, who marry only among themselves."

The surprise with which the Sikhs viewed the dray-horses sent to their monarch occasioned some amusing scenes:—

"No sooner had the day broke, than the Maharaja's people evinced much anxiety to view the dray horses, and we had them landed for exhibition. Their surprise was extreme; for they were little elephants, said they, and not horses. Their manes and tails seemed to please, from their resemblance to the hair of the cow of Thibet; and their colour, a dapple grey, was considered a great beauty. It was not without difficulty that I replied to the numerous ques-

tions regarding them; for they believed that the presents of the King of England must be extraordinary in every way; and for the first time, a dray horse was expected to gallop, canter, and perform all the evolutions of the most agile animal. Their astonishment reached its height when the feet of the horses were examined; and a particular request was made of me to permit the despatch of one of the shoes to Lahore, as it was found to weigh 100 rupees, or as much as the four shoes of a horse in this country. This curiosity was forthwith despatched by express, and accompanied by the most minute measurement of each of the animals, for Runjeet Sing's special information. The manner in which this rarity was prized, will be afterwards seen, when it is gravely recorded, that the new moon turned pale with envy on seeing it!"

Lieutenant Burnes bears testimony to the great generosity of Runjeet Sing, and confirms Jacquemont's favourable account of his dispositions. The European officers have rendered the Sikh army very formidable; the description given of them is interesting to those who love to speculate on the probability of a great revolution taking place in Asia.

"On the following morning, the Maharaja intimated his wish for our presence at a military review in honour of passing events. We found his Highness on the parade ground, seated on a terrace, a short distance from the walls of Lahore. Five regiments of regular infantry were drawn up in line, three deep. Runjeet requested we would pass down the line and inspect them. They were dressed in white, with black cross belts, and bore muskets, the manufacture of Cashmere or Lahore: there was a mixture of Hindoostanes and Sikhs in every corps. After the inspection, the brigade manoeuvred under a native general officer, and went through its evolutions with an exactness and precision fully equal to our Indian troops: the words of command were given in French."

Both Burnes and Jacquemont relate many anecdotes respecting the personal bravery of the Sikhs. The following characteristic trait, related by the latter, is a good specimen of eastern heroism.

"A Sikh lord, returning from the battle of Mozufferabad, in which the Sayed fell, has interrupted me by a visit. His animated recitals having interested me much, I kept him a long time. He was an old grey-beard, reddened by the fire of many battles. 'I never had so much pleasure in a battle,' he told me; 'the Sayed's people fought like tigers; they killed us three hundred men, and wounded four hundred; but we did not leave one of them free or alive. Such sport!'"

It is singular, that though Jacquemont and Burnes were in the territories of the Maharaja nearly at the same time, yet Jacquemont's name is not mentioned in these volumes.

We have extracted largely, and yet we have left much, untouched, well worthy of consideration, especially the present commerce of the Indus, and the caravan trade between China and Cashmere. But we shall soon have a fresh opportunity of reverting to the subject, for public attention has been so strongly directed to the countries bordering on India, that all who possess information will haste to put it in print.

Before concluding, we must mention the very excellent map, constructed by J. Arrow-smith, illustrative of Lieutenant Burnes's route; it embodies not only the geographical information acquired by our traveller, but

all the rectifications of the position of places derived from the recent surveys in Northern India, and travels in Persia.

*The Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., per legem terræ Lord Chandos of Sudeley* 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

THE sudden, and somewhat unexpected, rush of new publications has delayed the appearance of this second notice so long, that we should have altogether abandoned our intention, but that the work contains a series of letters from Dr. Southey, to leave which unnoticed would justly subject us to reproach: we shall, therefore, string together some few passages, and fortunately they need no comment:—

"I hold myself greatly indebted to you, not only for the list of authors, but for the very gratifying manner in which you have introduced my name in the 'Censura Literaria.' That list, with another of equal length, for which the selections were prepared for the press, but omitted during the course of publication by the friend who undertook to superintend it, will enable me, in an additional volume, to supply the bibliographical defects of the work. It gives me great pleasure to hear that 'Bampfylde's Remains' are to be edited. The circumstances which I did not mention concerning him are these. They were related to me by Jackson of Exeter, and minutely down immediately afterwards, when the impression which they made upon me was warm.

"He was the brother of Sir Charles, as you say. At the time when Jackson became intimate with him, he was just in his prime, and had no other wish than to live in solitude, and amuse himself with poetry and music. He lodged in a farm house near Chudleigh, and would oftentimes come to Exeter in a winter morning, ungloved and open-breasted, before Jackson was up (though he was an early riser,) with a pocket full of music or poems, to know how he liked them. His relations thought this was a sad life for a man of family, and forced him to London. The tears ran down Jackson's cheeks when he told me the story. 'Poor fellow,' said he, 'there did not live a purer creature, and, if they would have let him alone, he might have been alive now.'

"When he was in London, his feelings having been forced out of their proper channel took a wrong direction, and he soon began to suffer the punishment of debauchery. The Miss Palmer, to whom he dedicated his 'Sonnets,' (afterwards, and perhaps still, Lady Inchiquin,) was niece to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Whether Sir Joshua objected to his addresses on account of his irregularities in London, or on other grounds, I know not: but this was the commencement of his madness. He was refused admittance into the house: upon this, in a fit of half anger and half derangement, he broke the windows, and was (little to Sir Joshua's honour) sent to Newgate. Some weeks after this had happened, Jackson went to London, and one of his first inquiries was for Bampfylde. Lady Bampfylde, his mother, said she knew little or nothing about him; that she had got him out of Newgate, and he was now in some beggarly place. 'Where?' 'In King Street, Holborn, she believed, but she did not know the number of the house.' Away went Jackson, and knocked at every door till he found the right. It was a truly miserable place: the woman of the house was one of the worst class of women in London. She knew that Bampfylde had no money, and that at that time he had been three days without food. When Jackson saw him, there was all the levity of madness in his manners; his

shirt was ragged, and black as a coal-heaver's, and his beard of a two months' growth. Jackson sent out for food, and said he was come to breakfast with him; and he turned aside to a harpsichord in the room, literally, he said, to let him gorge himself without being noticed. He removed him from hence, and, after giving his mother a severe lecture, obtained for him a decent allowance, and left him, when he himself quitted town, in decent lodgings, earnestly begging him to write.

"But he never wrote: the next news was that he was in a private madhouse, and Jackson never saw him more. Almost the last time they met, he showed him several poems, among others a 'Ballad on the Murder of David Rizzio.' 'Such a ballad!' said he. He came that day to dine with Jackson, and was asked for copies. I burned them, was the reply. 'I wrote them to please you; you did not seem to like them, so I threw them in the fire.' After twenty years' confinement he recovered his senses, but not till he was dying of consumption. The apothecary urged him to leave Sloane Street, (where he had always been as kindly treated as he could be,) and go into his own country, saying that his friends in Devonshire would be very glad to see him. But he hid his face, and answered, 'No, Sir; they who knew me what I was, shall never see me what I am.' Some of these facts I should have inserted in the specimen, had not Coleridge mislaid the letter in which I had written them down, and it was not found till too late. • • •

[There is a chasm here in the letter: it goes on.]

"He read the preface to me. I remember that it dwelt much upon his miraculous genius for music, and even made it intelligible to me, who am no musician. He knew nothing of the science; but would sit down to the harpsichord, and produce combinations so wild that no composer would have ventured to think of, and yet so beautiful in their effect, that Jackson (an enthusiast concerning music) spoke of them, after the lapse of twenty years, with astonishment and tears.

"You have noticed the death of Henry Kirke White of Nottingham, whose 'Remains' I have prepared for the press. Should the enclosed specimens of his poetry please you, as I think they cannot fail to do, you will perhaps give them a place in the 'Censura.' They have never been printed. Had he lived, I am persuaded that he would have placed himself in the first rank of English poets.

"There is a class of books, of which as yet you have taken no notice—the prose romances. They have had a greater effect upon our literature than has been supposed. In reading 'Amadis of Greece,' I have found Spenser's 'Mask of Cupid,' Sir Philip Sydney's 'Zelmane,' and Shakspeare's 'Florizel.' The latter, by name, going to court a shepherdess, who proves, of course, a princess at last. Was ever any single work honoured with such imitations? The French Romances which followed (those of Calprenède, the Sculery's, &c.) were the great storehouses from whence Lee, and the dramatists of that age, drew their plots. These considerations may induce you to give some attention to them in your very useful work. • • •

"From very early boyhood, when I first read the 'Arcadia' in Mrs. Stanley's modernization of it, Sydney took possession of my imagination. Not that I liked the book the better just in proportion as she had worsened it,—for his own language would have presented nothing strange or difficult to me, who had read 'Shakspeare' and 'Beaumont and Fletcher,' as soon as I could understand enough of them to follow the story of their plays; but she had thrown away the pastoral parts, and the miserable pieces of metre with which those parts are encumbered, and therefore I had nothing to interrupt my enjoy-

ment of the romance. Spenser afterwards increased my veneration for Sydney; and Penarth, when I first saw it (in 1791), was the holiest ground I had ever visited.

"Forty years have not abated my love and veneration for Sydney. I do not remember any character more nearly without reproach. His prose is full of poetry; and there are very fine passages among his poems,—distinguishing them from his metres, in which there is scarcely even a redeeming line, thought, or expression.

"I was introduced one day in St. James's Park to the Fielding (the son of the novelist) of whom you give me so lively an anecdote. He was then a fine old man, though visibly shaken by time: he received me in a manner which had much of old courtesy about it, and I looked upon him with great interest for his father's sake: this must have been in 1817."

"You mention Miss Austen: her novels are more true to nature, and have (for my sympathies) passages of finer feeling than any others of this age. She was a person of whom I have heard so well, and think so highly, that I regret not having seen her, nor ever having had an opportunity of testifying to her the respect which I felt for her. I have inquired if any papers of poor George Wither could be traced, but without success.

"There is a portrait of Richardson at Rokeby,—and with this odd story belonging to it, which Mr. Morritt told me when he pointed it out. It had been painted for one of his female admirers; and when long Sir Thomas Robinson took possession of the house, and of this portrait among others, he wondered what business a Mr. Richardson could have among them, in company with persons of high degree: so the canvass was turned over to the nearest painter, with orders to put on a blue riband and star, and thereby convert it into a portrait of—Sir Robert Walpole! You may be sure Mr. Morritt, when he restored to the picture its right name, left it in possession of these honours."

"The fact which you notice of the likeness to Sir Edward Dering (of Charles's age) in his family at this day, is very curious. Did you ever remark how remarkably old age brings out family likenesses,—which having been kept, as it were, in abeyance while the passions and the business of the world engrossed the parties, come forth again in age, (as in infancy,) the features settling into their primary characters—before dissolution? I have seen some affecting instances of this,—a brother and sister, than whom no two persons in middle life could have been more unlike in countenance or in character, becoming like as twins at last. I now see my father's lineaments in the looking-glass, where they never used to appear."

"Having no library within reach, I live upon my own stores, which are, however, more ample perhaps than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand.

My days among the dead are past;

Around me I behold

Where'er these casual eyes are cast,

The mighty minds of old;

My never-failing friends are they

With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,

And seek relief in woe;

And while I understand and feel

How much to them I owe,

My cheeks have often been be-low'd

With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them

I live in long past years;

Their virtues love; their faults condemn,

Partake their hopes and fears;

And from their lessons seek and find

Instruction with a humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead; anon

My place with them will be,

And I with them shall travel on

Thro' all futurity;

Yet leaving here a name, I trust,

That will not perish in the dust.

"The stanzas in the last page were intended for my Colloquies, in which I thought at first of interspersing poems, as Boethius has done; but, giving up that intention, this little piece was left unfinished, and so it remains."

"There is a path leading from Keynsham towards Bristol through what was formerly the park. It was very little frequented when I discovered it six-and-thirty years ago, at which time I was in the habit of walking between Bath and Bristol, from one place to the other; and I felt very strongly the picturesque and melancholy character of the scene—melancholy only because its days of grandeur were gone by. A small lodge was the only building which remained; but the grounds, though disparked, had still a parkish appearance in the old hawthorns which were standing here and there, and in their inequalities, making it look as if there ought to have been deer there. It was the only part of the walk in which I habitually and involuntarily slackened my pace."

"Lucien Buonaparte applied to me to translate his poem: the application was made in a circuitous way by Brougham, and I returned, as was fitting, a courteous answer to what was intended as a flattering proposal; not thinking it necessary to observe that an original poem might be composed at no greater expense of time, and with the certainty of satisfying one person at least, whereas in the translation I was perhaps as likely to displease the author as myself. I read the original when it was printed—which few persons did: one part of it pleased me much; and the whole was better conceived than a Frenchman could have conceived it; but I could not forgive him for writing it in French instead of Italian, nor for adapting it to the meridian of the Vatican. Butler's translation I never saw. He has restored the character of the school at Shrewsbury, which was upon a par with the best in England when Sydney and Fulk Greville were placed there on the same day; and when the boys represented plays in an open amphitheatre formed in an old quarry between the town walls and the Severn. Churchyard describes it."

"The paper upon Bunyan, in the last 'Quarterly Review,' is by Sir Walter. He has not observed, and I, when I wrote the Life had forgotten, that the 'complete design of a Pilgrim's Progress' is to be found in Lucian's 'Hermotimus.' Not that Bunyan saw it there—but the obvious allegory had presented itself to Lucian's mind, as well as to many others. My only article in the number is a short one, upon the 'Negro New Testament':—as a philological curiosity, that Testament is the most remarkable that has fallen in my way."

"Montaigne and I differ in this respect, that he liked better to forge his mind than to furnish it; and I am much more disposed to lay in knowledge than to lay it out. Mere inclination now would induce me always to read, and seldom very seldom, to write. This upon me is the effect of time."

"I was about to write to you, and apologize for a seeming neglect, which began to weigh heavily upon my conscience, when your miscellaneous sheet arrived by this day's post. The characters which you have drawn in it of Romilly, Whitbread, and Lord Liverpool, I am very well able to appreciate, and admire them accordingly. They are beautifully and most discriminately delineated. I did not like Romilly. He was more an antique Roman, or a modern American, than an Englishman in his feelings. One of the very best speeches which I remember was made by Frankland in 1810, in answer to a motion of his for altering some of the criminal laws; and Romilly was disingenuous enough to speak of it with contempt as something unintelligible. Whitbread

I liked still less. A hint was once thrown out in the 'Edinburgh Review,' that it would be proper to call me to account for the freedom with which I had commented upon some of his speeches, in defence of Buonaparte: his party took the hint, and it was proposed to bring me before the House of Commons. I was informed of this, and should have been in no want of supporters there; but upon farther consideration they deemed it better to let me alone.

"Lord Liverpool wanted nothing but courage to have been the best and wisest minister of modern times; he was always well-informed, always considerate, and always judicious, when he ventured to act upon his own sense of right. But in compromising a great principle he virtually (not intentionally) betrayed it; and more evils are likely to follow from that compromise than broke loose from Pandora's box."

In taking a final leave of this work we have only to observe, that it is got up in the best bibliographical style, and contains two good portraits of Sir Egerton, one of them, of great interest, drawn and etched by Danby.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*A Plan for the Improvement of Ireland.*—*Prize Essay on the Management of Landed Property in Ireland*, by W. Blacker, Esq.—Lieut.-Col. Colebrooke, the author of the '*Plan for the Improvement of Ireland*,' is not connected with that country by the ties of birth or property; his zeal for its welfare is as disinterested as it is enlightened, and affords a practical refutation of a strange and erroneous belief current in the sister-kingdom, that Englishmen, far from feeling interested in the prosperity of Ireland, are eager to prevent its inhabitants from using the advantages of soil and position, bestowed upon them by bounteous Providence. There is, indeed, at the present moment, a general anxiety in all classes and parties of Englishmen, to do something for Ireland, but what that something ought to be, seems an enigma of which the solution is hopeless. The very worst persons to ask for information, are the Irish themselves; every Irishman is born a partisan; with him patriotism means the support of a portion of his countrymen, and liberty the supremacy of his sect; he sees only through the medium of party; the accounts of the same transaction in opposite newspapers have no more similarity than the histories of England and Japan. Exaggerations may serve the purpose of violent partisans in Ireland, but on this side of the water, they produce unmixed evil: there is nothing more tender than credit, it shrinks before the shadow of fear, and falls as often a prey to ideal as to real dangers. Yet it has pleased many who condemn Englishmen for not carrying capital into Ireland, to describe their country as one in which there is not the slightest security for life or property. And they succeeded in exciting such horror among British capitalists, that money would sooner have been found for establishing pearl-fisheries in the horse-ponds of Paraguay, than for reclaiming the tracts of valuable land that lie waste in Ireland. Yet those who have invested money in Irish securities, have had no reason to complain; the stock of the Irish Provincial Bank, for instance, has lately risen, and is daily rising, in value and estimation. Lieut.-Col. Colebrooke proposes that a company should be formed for the agricultural improvement of Ireland, and enters at length into the details of its management. Some very useful hints on the subject, may be found in the pamphlet of Mr. Blacker; and we earnestly recommend both to the attention of the London capitalists, convinced that Irish land is one of the best investments for money now available to capitalists, and that property acquired by the proposed company, will be more

profitable, and just as secure, as if it lay on this side of the channel.

'*Autobiography and Letters of Arthur Courtenay.*—We are weary of these confessions of mysterious strangers, who come to retired watering-places—excite a strong interest in their compassionate landladies—die by inches, and leave a bundle of MSS. behind them, which always find a complaisant and sympathising editor, who weeps over, and then prints them. There is too much of deep unobtrusive tragedy in real life, for us to bear with such travesties. Nothing is easier than to contrive impossible situations, and crowd a book with monsters, either good or ill; few more difficult than to trace, without false sentiment or exaggeration, the windings of that under-current of sorrow which mingles with the fortunes of everything mortal.

'*The Countess of Essex, a Tragedy.*—This tragedy does not seem to have been intended for representation, nor is the action of it sufficiently stirring for the purpose: it is, however, very cleverly written, and has quite enough interest about it to repay a perusal; if it is without great and striking beauties, it is at least free from faults, and consequently from objection.

'*Solitude, a Poem*, by the Author of "Guidone."—"We should be sorry if our former encouragement of the writer of this poem has in any way contributed to the publication of this series of fragments (for they are nothing more); we find in them power and imagination, but this makes us the more regret to see sketches where we would have complete works—the fancies of a few hurried days, instead of matured creations. Poetry does not stand so well with the world just now, that her followers may venture to do aught which shall detract from her honour;—if they treat her without reverence, and regard the blessing of her inspiration lightly, what hope is there that a stirring utilitarian generation will be won to stand still and hearken while she sings? Let all who really love her (we do not speak merely to the turners of rhyme) lay this to heart.

'*Embassy to the Court of Ava*, by J. Crawford, Esq.—A second edition of a valuable work, which long since took its place on our library shelves.

'*Illustrations of Taxation. No. 3. The Jerseymen Meeting—No. 4. The Jerseymen Parting*, by Harriet Martineau.—Setting aside the political economy of these tales, they are pleasant reading. Miss Martineau's narratives are often graced with touches of subdued pathos—casual gleams of poetry—which bring the scenes home to us, and beautify them no little. Perhaps in the tales before us she has idealized some of her creations too much; but the sketch of Brennan, the potter's boy, is admirable, and the little cabinet picture of ponderous Mrs. Le Brocq, "who was never totally unhappy while she was eating," is full of quiet humour. The next story concludes the series, and with it, we believe, the labours of the authoress for the present: she owes it to the public, as well as herself, to let her pen take some rest.

'*Hints on Human Conduct.*—This little book contains chapters on the connexion between natural and revealed religion—on the connexion between the good and the beautiful, (always to us an interesting theme,)—on partisanship in politics—on duelling—on sympathy with inferior creatures, and other subjects of no less importance. We have been pleased with it, as taking a more comprehensive view of the subject than was to be found in similar works a dozen years ago.

'*Extracts from the Letters and Journals of George Fletcher Moore, Esq.*, now filling a *Judicial Office at the Swan River Settlement*, edited by Mr. Martin Doyle.—Who can have forgotten our friend Hood's inimitable sketch of 'Meeting a Settler,' and his no less miscably true



letter from 'Swampash Flats'? and yet, if all settlers were as frank and pleasant as Mr. Moore, and all letters as full of rational hope, without caricature or false colouring, as his, we should look forward to a sojourn in the land of promise, undismayed by the idea of lions killing their own mutton, or gutted grand-pianos converted into corner-cupboards. The book before us is a peculiarly pleasant one, and though, perhaps, not so interesting in its details as Mr. Fringle's, may stand beside it, as being a faithful and fresh picture of an emigrant's life in a strange land.

'Standard Novels, Vol. 41.'—We think this last volume cannot fail to be acceptable to the public: it contains 'Vathek,' by Mr. Beckford, 'The Castle of Otranto,' by Horace Walpole, and 'The Bravo of Venice,' by M. G. Lewis.

'Curiosities of Literature, Vol. VI.'—This cheap and beautiful edition is now complete, and we have only once again to recommend it to the public.

'Evidences of Christianity, or, Uncle Philip's Conversations with the Children about the Truth of the Christian Religion.'—*'Summer Rambles, illustrative of the Pleasures derived from the Study of Natural History, with Plates.'*—Here are two more books for children: the first is one of the many excellent volumes, which have come across to us from the other side of the Atlantic; the second, though something wanting in the life and the freshness which an out-of-doors book should have, is full of good feeling, and a sincere and healthy love of nature.

'The Nursery Governess, by Elizabeth Napier.'—A manual, written by a pious and affectionate mother for the use of her daughter, and published after her decease by her husband. It is full of good principle and good feeling.

'The Treasures of the Earth, by C. Williams.'—*'Praise and Blame, by C. Williams.'*—*'The Value of Time, by Mrs. Barwell.'*—Books for the instruction and amusement of children: the first is full of information conveyed in a pleasing and natural manner; the second a series of fables, some of which are pertinent and new, and all with the moral clearly made out, without being far-fetched; the third is amusing, and would be quite a scene of childhood, were not its purpose too constantly obtruded upon us. It is always well to leave the reader (be he clad only in a frock and trousers) something to discover—something whereon to exercise his own thought and ingenuity.

'A New Steam-boat Companion, in an Excursion to Greenhithe, Northfleet, Gravesend, the Nore, and Herne Bay, with a trip up the River Medway to Rochester Bridge.'—A *vade mecum*, for the use of citizens, and particularly welcome at this burning season, as telling where sea breezes are freshest, and accommodations most comfortable. It is adorned with eight illustrative engravings and many wood-cuts.

'Coghlan's Guide' includes the south-east coast, from Gravenend to the Isle of Wight. It is reasonably well compiled, with some useful little maps.

'A Guide to Paris, by Francis Coghlan.'—The directions are brief, and the work may be found useful.

'The Graphic and Historical Illustrator, by E. W. Brayley, Esq.'—On the publication of the first number of this periodical, we took occasion to recommend it to the public as deserving their patronage; it is not, therefore, without regret that we find it brought to a close, owing to the failure of the publisher, with this one volume, which, however, is so cheap, that it will, we hope, meet with a ready sale.

'Rules for the conjugation of French Verbs.'—A work likely to be useful to young beginners.

'Rules for French Pronunciation.'—The pronunciation of a language cannot be taught by rules.

'A new and infallible mode of ascertaining at sight the genders of French inanimate Nouns, by Professor G. J. Bertinchamp, A.B.'

(This little work was forwarded to us 'with the Author's best compliments,' and the following criticism. We give it publicity with much pleasure, although it is just both to Professor G. J. Bertinchamp, A.B. and the public, that we acknowledge whence we received it.)

"It has been truly said, that it is much more difficult to 'condense useful information, than to make a large display of multifarious learning:' the modest little volume before us is a singular illustration of the fact. We have here no attempt of book-making—no leading out of trails

For sake of filling.

To raise the volume's price a shilling.

To estimate its value by its size would be unjust: suffice it to say, that it fully redeems the novel promise of its title-page, and unfolds a hitherto inexplicable secret, the immense value of which can only be duly appreciated by the French student, who will find a difficulty that always appeared almost insurmountable, removed at once, by a few minutes' perusal of those pages."

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

TO CLARA N—

The Gods have made me most unmusical,  
With feelings that respond not to the call  
Of stringed harp, or voice—obscure and mute  
To hautboy, sackbut, dulcimer, and flute;  
King David's lyre, that made the madness flee  
From Saul, had been but a jew's-harp to me:  
Theorbo, violins, French horns, guitars,  
Leave in my wounded ears inflicted scars;  
I hate those trills, and shakes, and sounds that float

Upon the captive air; I know no note,  
Nor ever shall, whatever folks may say,  
Of the strange mysteries of *Sol* and *Fa*;  
I sit at oratorio like a fish,  
Incapable of sound, and only wish  
The thing was over. Yet do I admire,  
O tuneful daughter of a tuneful sire,  
Thy painful labours in a science, which  
To your deserts I pray may make you rich  
As much as you are loved, and add a grace  
To the most musical Novello race.  
Women lead men by the nose, some cynics say;  
You draw them by the ear—a delicate way.

C. LAMB.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Milan.

ALL the news for the season may be contained in a small space. The exclusive talk of the last month was Malibran, Malibran, and nought else: she sang five nights at La Scala. Pasta was present, so that her rival put forth all her powers, and sang and acted, indeed, like a little Pythian. Her *Deidamona* so electrified the Italian audience, that the *Impresario* was obliged by the public voice to give her an engagement. For next winter, however, she is engaged at St. Carlos, but for the two following ones she is engaged at La Scala, for the enormous sum of 450,000 francs. The Milanese papers spoke of nothing else, and each *bel esprit* came forward with a pamphlet on the occasion.

Another Milanese event has been the burning of Marchesi's studio, a very melancholy catastrophe. He is the first Lombard sculptor: this is saying nothing to English ears, since the fame of Milanese talent does not extend beyond Milan; but every visitor of that city must have seen his bust and monument of Monti. He had just completed a full-length statue of Beccaria, on which he had been a long time employed, and which he esteemed his best production, when an accidental fire burst forth in his studio, which was of wood, and situated in the public gardens, burning it to the ground, and con-

suming with it all his collections and productions. The commiseration was general, and, peculiarly at least, the loss will be more than made up to him.

Painting is not without a worthy representative at Milan—Hayez, who yields to none living in power and mastery of his profession. The late Milanese school, led by Appiani, was a poor abandonment of Italian for French taste: its dry and gaudy daubings of ceilings with Napoleons and Victorias were unworthy of the society of Leonardo; but Hayez has quitted this path, and resembles De la Roche in his style of painting. He has an immense and noble picture on his easel, of the Crusaders before Jerusalem at the moment of the great drought, and their discovery of water.

The Brera Gallery has increased its number of pictures under the care of Signor Cataneo, who has collected all the stray frescoes and paintings of the Lombard school, Luini, &c., interesting to the past history, rather than conducive to the future progress of the art. Cataneo is writing a History of the Lombard School, for which task indeed there is no one so capable: he has made certainly one of the most interesting collections of medals and coins in Europe. You remember Lady Morgan's story of his showing her an O.P. medal: another that puzzled him long, was a Turkish medal with a Christian date,—it was at last discovered to be one of three gold ones struck for the heroes of Acre, but to which of the three personages the one in the possession of Signor Cataneo belonged, remains a secret.

The literary lion of Milan is of course Manzoni. Always a retiring man, especially since his devotion assumed a deeper character; he is now more so than ever, having lost his wife in the beginning of the year: he is in the country, and invisible to strangers. There are other celebrated men, however—Romagnosi famous in jurisprudence, Smechi as a pleasing writer. The latter is a young professor of Pavia, and one from whom something may be expected. There is a fair literary paper here called the *Echo*, and also the *Annali di Statistica*, which affects whatever liberalism it can. It is the light work of the French press that chiefly supply the demand of the Milanese readers: the difficulty of getting them, and the forbidden tone of freedom respecting church and state, which animates them, make them delightful to the Milanese, who themselves can indulge in none of these meats,—nothing Italian being worth reading, owing to their timidity and the censorship. The government, however, is to be thanked for completing the Cathedral, which at last hath its thousand minarets up, carved, and surmounted with saints; it now remains merely to place the bells, and take down the temporary square tower, which supports them. The arch of the Simplon, too, is finished, though it has taken twenty years to put together the rich materials which Napoleon had provided.

Roma.

I shall now continue my syllabus of the Archaeological Transactions, begun in a former letter.

The *Torre de' Giganti*, in the isle of Gozzo, near Malta, marvellous as it has been mysterious, is now found out to consist of two similar and united edifices, containing two great saloons, entirely analogous though not equal, and probably sepulchral chambers. Is it not comic, by the way, that the finest, largest, most expensive houses, from the pyramids and mausolea down to St. Paul's and the Pantheon of Pavia, should be inhabited only by those who can make no use of them—videlicet, the dead? What is St. Peter's but a cemetery for popes? And would St. Denys, or Westminster Abbey, or any other handsome house of God, have been built, but that kings and great lords were to lie in them? Augustus lived in a city-box on the Palatine, and

after death set up the most dashing establishment about town, his mausoleum in the Campus Martius. Henry the Seventh's rotten anatomy is embalmed more royally and luxuriously than any monarch of England ever was or will be, until as rotten himself! But this is mere will-o'-the-wisp wandering. Those chambers I spoke of may be classed with the Nuraghe di Sardegna, and other barbaric monuments for a like purpose. M. Bunsen observes, with respect to these towers, that, notwithstanding their polygonal structure in some parts, we cannot believe them Pelagic, and must seek their constructors among the Phœnicii, or Iberii, or Tolaii (a Libyan race, vide Pausanias, X. 17. 4). These last were the only people in Sardinia we have any notice of, besides the Iberii, who certainly inhabited Sicily, Corsica, and the Balearic isles. Now the similarity of the Torre and the Nuraghe, (which the Phœnicians did not build), would appropriate the Torre to either the Tolaii or the Iberii. Although it be true that in Malta many facts and fables refer themselves to a Phœnician origin; M. Bunsen cites in example a tradition still popular, related to him by Canning's friend, Hookham Frere, that the first man was covered with the scales of a fish, which he looks on as a tenet decidedly Phœnician.—I do not know whether this opinion be invalidated by the fact, that, among Shetland fishermen, as well as Phœnicians, men are identified with marine animals, forasmuch as seals, according to Shetland belief, are only human creatures in a sort of shagreen disguise. Then, too, how does the Maltese legend differ from the Thalesian cosmogony of the world, and all that it inherit, having grown out of water, which system itself runs much farther back into Asiatic genesis than the foundation of Phœnicia or any of its fables?

M. Pittakys announces, from Athens, that he has discovered among other remains a bas-relief of the Parthenon frieze, and, on Mount Anchesmus, a graving in the rock—*Dios; ora*—the letters being Greek, and read from right to left.

M. Tricoupi (Minister Prov. of Public Instruction), communicates the discovery of two statues, &c., in the isle of Andros; promises more when King Otho has fixed on his capital, and foundations for new houses there shall lay open the ground. To judge from the Venus of Melos at Paris, what rubbish the Venus de' Medici, Belvedere Apollo, &c., would become in our eyes, if a few great cities of Greece were properly undermined, and the masterpieces of Greek sculpture thus, perhaps, brought to daylight! Why, the Elgin marbles have almost made a natty toy of our old dilettante's *ne plus ultra*, the Belvedere Torso!

A paper, by Colonel Della Marmora, on those singular monuments before adverted to, the Nuraghe di Sardegna, contradicts some of the positions laid down by a previous correspondent, and confirms others. These Nuraghe, it would appear, are not only similar to, but, as the Colonel rather boldly asserts, identical with, the Torre de' Giganti near Malta. They are sepulchral edifices too, bodies having been found in several; and their traditional name being *Sepulture di Giganti*—the Tombs of the Giants. Near Budusà, a mountainous and central part of the isle, stands a Nuraghe, visited by M. della Marmora, where he saw the mortuary discovered in 1819. It was at the base of a little niche, beside one of the little cells—was hewn in the rock—had been covered with a flat inscriptionless stone, and contained a body. Besides bronze *armille*, and a bodkin for the hair, (from which it is probable the wearer was a female,) in the same tomb lay two little bronze idols: that which the Colonel obtained has all the characteristics of the common Sard idol. He, however, solemnly denies that any bones of *mice* were found in his Nuraghe, or in any other he had heard of; but attributes the mistake to his having presented the Turin Museum with specimens of *braccia ossa*, (con-

taining bones of small animals,) which existed in natural grottoes, and which are judged anterior to any human edifice. Of the tombs, he observes, they are so disposed that the first rays of dawn passing through the little porch fall directly upon the feet, and thence along the whole corpse laid in the canal. Now, he says, the custom of facing interred human bodies to the east was Oriental and Phœnician; and for this and other reasons, he concludes the Nuraghe Phœnician. Perhaps the firmest buttress of his opinion, is the existence of Phœnician epigraphs in Sardinia—one found at Pula, near the site of ancient Nora (characters similar to the Phœnic-Maltese alphabet of Amalke); the second and third in the ruins of Sulci (characters Phœnic-Carthaginian). It certainly would have been odd, if the Phœnicians who made the tour of Africa had not touched at Sardinia, and taken that island as well as so many others in the Mediterranean, where there was no maritime power to oppose them.—By the bye, have you read Wilkinson's account of the singing colossus, called Memnon, which so puzzled antique philosophers? He was a ventriloquist, it appears—the music proceeding from his abdomen, not his head. How is it, that we remained so long ignorant of the sounding stone which gave Mr. W. so little trouble to reach and ring, when this very statue had been restored by Adrian?—Sir W. Gell observes on the inscription of Psammetichus at Ybanbul (Abu Simbal), that the name written *Pelephos*, or *Pelephos*, by Messrs. York and Leake, should probably be *pelekos*—the antique letter *koph* having been mistaken for *phi*. I suppose, by this time, you are as sick of excavations and sepulchral rubbish as a vestal buried alive.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE is a lull in the publishing world just now, and we are not sorry for it: more good books have been issued within the last six weeks than in the preceding six months, and we have sometimes been perplexed to find room for them; our second notices, in particular, to which so many works were justly entitled, sadly accumulated, but we hope this week will go far to sweep off arrears. The success of some of these novelties is likely to have pleasant consequences: it is not impossible that Mr. Beckford may be tempted to come again before the public; and the announcement of a second edition of 'Artevelde' has aroused some of the old poets, and Wordsworth, we hear, has actually dispatched a new volume to the printers. Here is golden promise for all who have a relish for what is pure and beautiful, which does not, we regret to find, include the writers in the *American Quarterly Review*, who, in the new number just received, have favoured us with a long, lumbering article on 'The Lakers, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey,' whose *fashionable names*, it appears—but here is the passage: "About twenty-five or thirty years ago, a school began to appear, under the protection and auspices of some men of considerable talent, and much influence on *fashionable life*." Think of the *fashionable influences* of the Pantisocracy boys—the authors of 'Joan of Arc,' 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter,' &c. &c. But we can forgive our transatlantic friends, for upon the whole the number is a good one.

Other pleasant announcements are, 'France,' by Mr. Henry Bulwer, and the Memoirs of Mrs. Hannah More, wherein we are promised letters from Mrs. Montague, Lord Orford, Dr. Langhorne, Mr. Garrick, Mrs. Boswell, Bishop Watson, Dean Tucker, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Siddons, and numberless other well-known persons.

We are sorry to announce the death of Austin the well-known painter in water-colours. His illness was the lingering malady of consumption

He was, if we mistake not, a native of Liverpool, and raised himself by his talent, from a very humble condition of life, to one of competence and regard among his fellow townsmen. So much progressive improvement has been visible in his drawings, that we cannot think he had reached the zenith of his powers as an artist. He was enthusiastically fond of his profession, and accomplished in other pursuits—and we can ill afford to lose such from among us.

A Venus, said to be by Titian, is now exhibiting at No. 151, Strand. The Queen of Love and Beauty is lying, undraped, upon a rich velvet mantle, with a solitary string of pearls round her neck, and a lap-dog at her side—parts of the picture are beautifully painted; and the whole has that rich voluptuous air peculiar to the master.

The following list of the pictures sold this season at the Exhibition in Suffolk Street, with the names of the purchasers (inserted within parentheses,) may interest our readers:—

'Sale of Farming Stock,' H. F. Gohst, (Mr. F. Phippen); 'The Gazette,' F. Corbux, (Wynne Ellis, Esq., M.P.); 'Spring Flowers,' A. Hippengill, (Wynne Ellis, Esq., M.P.); 'Portrait of a Niece,' R. B. Davis, (T. D. Esq.); 'Bargh Heath,' A. Vickers, (P. G. Moon, Esq.); 'Thoughts on Flowers,' Miss F. Corbux, (P. G. Moon, Esq.); 'Making the Will,' P. R. Poole, (R. C. Esq.); 'Diligence,' H. Wyatt, (Robert Vernon, Esq.); 'Hudson's Coach,' J. Holmes, (P. G. Moon, Esq.); 'A View of Old Church,' T. Crewick, (Sir Robert Peel, Bart., M.P.); 'The Forest Pool,' R. B. Davis, (Robert Vernon, Esq.); 'The Cobbler's Happy Moment,' A. Fraser, (Robert Vernon, Esq.); 'View near Cowen, North Wales,' T. Crewick, (James Wadmore, Esq.); 'Etna, &c.,' J. Bridges, (James Wadmore, Esq.); 'On the Marshes, near Rye,' J. Wilson, (Robert Vernon, Esq.); 'Water Mill,' J. Stark, (Robert Vernon, Esq.); 'The Happy Gardener,' A. Fraser, (J. B. Philips, Esq.); 'The Highlander,' W. Shayer, (T. W. Farmer, Esq.); 'Scene near Yarmouth,' J. Stark, (J. B. Philips, Esq.); 'Lake Scene,' T. Crewick, (J. B. Philips, Esq.); 'Marriage of St. Catherine,' Miss Holmes, (John Trevelyan, Esq.); 'Greek Girl,' K. F. Green, (Major Northcliffe); 'Near Laytonstone,' T. Crewick, (Col. Milderdon); 'Composition,' C. Steadman, (Col. Milderdon); 'Cat Sleeping,' J. M. Burbank, (H. W. Holldale, Esq.); 'Scene near St. Albans,' Miss A. G. Naamyth, (James Holmes, Esq.); 'Entry of Basingbrooke into London,' H. Martens, (J. L. Ricardo, Esq.); 'Monument of Sir R. Stapleton,' S. A. Hart, (J. Wadmore, Esq.); 'Porch of Rielms Cathedral,' H. Wilson, (J. J. Ruskin, Esq.); 'The Outcast,' G. Prentis, (G. Kirkpatrick, Esq.); 'Coast Scene,' J. Thorpe, (Mr. Withers); 'Mount Edgumbe,' C. R. Stanley, (J. Webb, Esq.); 'Sea Storm,' A. Priest, (John Webb, Esq.); 'Landscape,' N. Gill, (G. A. Smith, Esq.); 'The Fortune Teller,' W. Gill, (John Webb, Esq.); 'Scene in Devonshire,' W. Shayer, (G. A. Smith, Esq.); 'Scene in Isle of Wight,' W. Shayer, (C. D.); 'Coast of Calais,' J. B. Payne, (Col. Sheddell); 'Flowers,' V. Bartholomew, (Wynne Ellis, Esq., M.P.); 'Near Barnham,' J. W. Allen, (Robert Vernon, Esq.); 'Cabbage,' &c., T. W. Dagnall, (Sir Hyde Parker, Bart., M.P.); 'The Mother,' G. Prentis, (G. Kirkpatrick, Esq.); 'Ruins,' &c., J. Bridges, (James Wadmore, Esq.); 'Near the Neuse,' J. Wilson, (Richard Addams, Esq.); 'Coast View,' T. Crewick, (Richard Addams, Esq.); 'Boats in Sea Beach,' G. Chambers, (J. Parke, Esq.); 'A Calm,' J. Wilson, (Rev. John Hecke); 'Woodcock,' G. Stevens, (Joseph White, Esq.); 'Puppies,' S. Taylor, (Robert Ferguson, Esq., M.P.); 'Avenue near Dunchurch,' T. Crewick, (B. D.); 'Near bottom Coldfield,' T. Crewick, (J. Webb, Esq.); 'View at Lambeth,' W. N. Harwick, (J. Webb, Esq.); 'Landscape,' &c., J. W. Allen, (J. Webb, Esq.); 'The Fresh Tap,' W. Shayer, (Joseph Watts, Esq.); 'Still Life,' G. Stevens, (Joseph Watts, Esq.); 'Ired Glancora,' W. Shayer, (Joseph Watts, Esq.); 'Kitten and Mutton,' S. Taylor, (John Braham, Esq.); 'Dea's Game,' G. Stevens, (J. D. Taylor, Esq.); 'Lady Reading,' &c., J. P. Collingham, (Rev. J. P. Wood); 'Church of St. Michael's, Ghent,' A. G. Vickers, (J. Webb, Esq.); 'Woodcutters,' J. W. Allen, (J. Webb, Esq.); 'Study of Pigeons,' G. Leslie, (Miss Wigley); 'Sunset,' G. Barrett, (T. Twamley, Esq.); 'The Cottage Musicians,' W. Kidd, (G. Llewellyn, Esq.).

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

July 19.—The last general meeting for the session was held this day, at two o'clock. The Right Hon. C. W. Williams Wynn, M.P. President, in the chair.

Among the donations were, by Miss Sullivan, some curious Burmese and Kareyan female costumes; by Maharaja Kali Krishna Bahadur, his

Bengali translation of Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*, &c.; by Major Yule, a lithographed fac-simile of a magnificent gold coin or medal, struck by Shah Jehân, with translations of the inscriptions; the original coin weighed 700s. and is described in Richardson's *Persian Dictionary*; by the Right Hon. Sir A. Johnston, two portraits of a Mohammedan physician, who belonged to the Court of Kandy, and was descended from the *Chalias*, or cloth-weavers, who came to Ceylon from the peninsula of India, and were invested with peculiar privileges by the King of Kandy. These privileges, such as exemption from the poll-tax, &c. were continued to the individual above mentioned.

Two papers were read: one by R. C. Money, Esq. of the Bombay C. S., descriptive of a peculiar sect of Hindûs at Murr, called *Kapriyas*; the other by Robert Finlay, Esq. Assistant Surgeon to the Residency at Mocha, being his Journal of a visit to Senna, in the latter part of the year 1823.

The constitution of the sect described by Mr. Money is singularly analogous, in some points, to the monastic establishments of Europe: the number of its members is limited to 120 or 130, and they are bound by the strongest obligations to a life of celibacy; their domestic concerns are managed without the assistance of females, and when one of their number dies, he is replaced by a person taken from a Hindû caste; the age of the neophyte is immaterial, beyond eight or nine years. They derive their name from Kala Puri, or Kaya Puri, one of the names of Parvati, the wife of Siva, termed, in the language of Cutch, *Asapura*. Their origin is ascribed to Lalla Jus Râja, who accompanied Râma after his conquest of Ceylon, and the goddess is so highly revered that the Râos of Cutch are not considered secure in their power until they have visited this holy spot. The villages belonging to the order are stated to be the most comfortable and thriving of any in the Râo's dominions.

Mr. Finlay commences his paper by an itinerary of his route from Mocha to Senna; on his arrival there he visited the Imâm. The town, he observes, is about three miles in extent outside of the wall, which is of mud, with three gates and several turrets. The houses are partly built of hewn stone, bricks, and mud, and some of the better sort have glass windows; the *Bostân i Sultân*, or garden in which the Imâm resides, occupies considerable space, to the south-west of the city. The best land is to the north, as it there receives the water which has passed through the town; where the fields are well irrigated they will yield two crops annually, but many of the best are lying waste; they are mostly the property of the Imâm. The remainder of the paper treated of the history, constitution, manufactures, and commerce of the country, the different classes of inhabitants, natural productions, &c. Thanks were returned to the respective authors, and the Society adjourned to the 6th of December next.

#### FINE ARTS

It is well for us—poor prisoned town-birds that we are, that, at this golden season, when so many are luxuriating in the quiet and the fresh air of the country, we have something (as Pepsy says) "wherewithal to content us"—that if we cannot sit under hedge-row elm, or wander by lakes and mountain streams, we may have them brought before us, with wonderful fidelity, by the pencil and graver—and that if the world of nature is denied to us, we may take our compensation in that of art. Thus, kindly, is the balance kept even.

This *'Child with Flowers,'* by Sir Thomas Lawrence, for instance, it is a positive pleasure to look at. Her bright sparkling face, and the care with which she holds her gathered treasure, have been long familiar to us; but here we have

them rendered to perfection by Dox: and Inskipp's *'Sketches,'* where can we find anything in art more fresh and natural, although the first number is still our favourite? nor less precious for their fullness of poetry, are these exquisite *'Etchings'* by Mr. Read, of Salisbury; specimens of his second series, about to be published, and no less perfect as works of art than their predecessors. Mr. Read acknowledges that the encouragement he has received has given him courage and freedom—and we cannot imagine anything of their kind to surpass some of the plates under consideration; one in particular, of a lady in old fashioned costume is full of that artless grace so difficult to describe, but so impossible to mistake. We have, too, among other works on our table, a fine portrait of *Sir Edward Coke*, engraved by Coombs, after Cornelius Jansen—and Mr. Buss's picture, *'Soliciting a Vote,'* by Lupton, in which servility on the one part, and insolence on the other, are too coarsely portrayed to suit our taste.

But here is a work of quiet beauty, *'Retrach's Fancies,'* etched by himself, with prefatory remarks and descriptions by Mrs. Jamson. There are six subjects: the first, *'Deceived Hope,'* gives us a group of children; one of whom, flung down among the flowers, is peeping cautiously under a hat, whence, alas! his captive butterfly has just escaped. It is most poetical and beautiful.—*'The Enigma of Life'* is less to our taste—the eyes of the genius are set too far apart; perhaps, on the whole, the subject is too mighty for mortal invention. *'The Fate of the Poet,'* a youth, whilst crossing a ford, drawn from his steed, by eager, wreathing, unearthly-looking water spirits—is somewhat confused, but full of imagination, and we have returned to it more than once. The fourth design shows us one of Love's tricks: he has feigned sleep or sickness—and persuaded a compassionate maiden to carry him home with her to be nursed—she is just bending down to receive the urchin—but in spite of his o'erladen eyelids and drooping hands, we see how the matter will end. *'The Tormented Spirit'* (No. 5) is too fierce for our fancy—the Germans have certainly "an almighty notion" of the powers of darkness—the fiends here are no less grotesque than savage; and it is a relief to turn to the last plate and look at Cupid resting; the maiden has laid him down in her garden and left him; and the rogue, half drowsy, half mischievous, is meditating what he shall do next. There is exquisite taste, as well as beauty of execution, in all these outlines.

Of works coming forth periodically, we have Part II. of the *'Views of the Lakes in the North of England,'* containing *'Ullswater,'* after Holland, and the *'Head of Buttermere'* and *'Hawes Water,'* from paintings by Wilson; the descriptions are by the Rev. J. Robinson. These are all beautiful scenes, and carefully engraved, of which we cannot but be mindful when we remember certain wretched acquaintances whence our first knowledge of the Lakes of Cumberland was derived.—The *'Landscape Historical and Antiquarian Illustrations of the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott,'* are brought to a close with their eighth number. It contains Chalon's *'Margaret,'* a beautiful, expressive head—Ellen Douglas and Fitzjames, by Nixon—Cooper's *'Waterloo'*—a drawing of Ancient Furniture—and, best of all, that haunted place, the *'Hall of Abbotsford,'* by Roberts. With this number is issued an Appendix, containing an account of the engravings.—The *'Memorials of Oxford'* have reached their twentieth number, without any falling off in the execution, or diminution of interest.—*'Show's Specimens of Details of the Elizabethan Architecture,'* Part II. is also before us; and his *'Specimens of Ancient Furniture,'* Parts VI. and VII. The splendid bed at Hardwycke reminds us of a story, told by Miss Mitford, of a structure of a similar kind at

Alnwick, in which a mayor and his lady, misled by the amplitude of its accommodations (and its being made up with pillows at the feet as well as the head) were found in the morning quietly at rest at the opposite ends of the bed.—Here, too, are Parts I. and II. of the re-issue of *Fisher's Views in India, China, &c. &c.* published at a lower price, and illustrated by letter-press from the pen of Miss Emma Roberts, which is unaffected and graphic. Thanks to the research of travellers and the activity of artists, (as in the beautiful work before us,) we shall soon feel ourselves at home in "that rare land of the East," without the purgatory of the five months' voyage.—Lastly, we must mention Part V. of *'Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Bible.'* The work proceeds with unabated spirit.

Having a sort of make-believe faith in the character displayed in hand-writings, we are interested in the next publication, *'The Autograph Portfolio,'* containing specimens of the caligraphy of Luther, Handel, Washington, and Kosciusko; the work is a curious one.

#### THEATRICALS

##### THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THE opera of *'Nourjahad,'* which we had seen outside the walls until we almost fancied we had seen it within them, was really produced on Monday last. The piece itself, we understand, to be, or rather to have been, written many years ago by Mr. Arnold himself; and we are further informed by those who remember it, that when performed at Drury Lane Theatre, it was pleasant, and even interesting, as an acting drama. It must have been, unfortunately, necessary to sacrifice those portions of it which contained the interest to make room for the music, for certainly little or none remains. We must now look upon it as a mere vehicle for spectacle and music, and we are thus relieved from the task of minute criticism. In this light it is about up to general average. We fear that Mr. Arnold has intrusted the poetical part of his task to less experienced hands than his own; for, it must be confessed, that, with one or two exceptions, it is most lamely executed. There is one operation which the writers of words for operas of the present day seem rarely to perform, and yet it is one which, if they would attend to it, would save them from a great deal of the censure which it becomes the duty of reporters to give them. We allude to that of taking the words of a song after it is put into shape, and before it is put out of hand, and placing them on paper in a prose form, to see if the sense is complete. Few authors do this, though all ought; for, we willingly believe, that many who write bad English in verse, without seeming to be aware of it, are far too well educated to admit of their falling into the same error in prose. But they seem to be of opinion with a theatrical critic of sixty years ago, that

One line for a note, and one for rhyme,  
Are quite sufficient at one time.

The music of this opera is by Mr. E. J. Loder, of Bath, the present leader of the theatrical orchestra there, and the son and successor of Mr. Loder, whose talents as a musician have been long known in that city, and at the Philharmonic, and other concerts. This first effort of Mr. E. J. Loder is unquestionably entitled to be looked upon as one of considerable merit, and of considerable promise; of so much, indeed, as fairly to entitle us to expect better things from him, when he shall have had that practical experience, without which, anything like perfection can never be attained: but, to talk of it as a performance of a very high order, is to describe it as that which, in our opinion at least, it is not. The accompaniments are clever, and, for the most part, appropriate; but the vocal department is deficient in the first of all requisites—melody. The first



object of a composer should be to please; after that—but keeping it always in view—let him astonish us, and welcome. Weber could do both, for his compositions are full of melody in their wildest moments. There is always a method in his madness. Our remarks are not intended, and, we trust, they will not be considered as made with any view to discourage a clever, and evidently enthusiastic, young man. They should be taken as they are meant—for encouragement. He has much to learn, but the pains he has already taken show pretty clearly that he has not only the inclination, but the ability to learn it. We were much pleased with the song in the first act, beginning, 'There's a light in her laughing eye.' It is characteristic, and spirited, and was given with admirable effect by Mr. H. Phillips. The trance chorus, also, contains evidence of talent. A trio, in the third act, is very well spoken of; and, perhaps, if we had heard that, we should have had something to carry away in our recollection—something to haunt us and make us hum it as we walked—but, unfortunately, the heat, from the house being very full, obliged us to carry ourselves away just before it. It was, however, honoured with a double encore, which is a sufficient proof of the satisfaction of the audience.

The silly practice of calling for a favourite actor at the end of a play was, upon this occasion, for the first time, extended to a composer, and Mr. F. J. Loder was produced upon the stage to make his bow. As the chance portion of the audience could not possibly be aware that a gentleman so little known in London was present, it would have betrayed less of the secrets of the prison-house if this bit of nonsense had not been preconcerted by injudicious and over-zealous friends. The turn of successful authors will, we suppose, come next, and therefore such of them as are not actors had better take a few lessons in bowing over the lamps, and be ready. We know some half dozen whom this process would cause to shake in their shoes more vehemently than even the already accumulated anxieties of a first night. We must not omit to state that this opera has been extremely well attended to in the matters of scenery, decorations, and costume. The newness of the dresses—the properties—the scenery, and the house itself, conspired to give a general air of neatness and cleanliness which materially enhanced the effect, and was highly gratifying to the eye. A word upon the processions. If the worthy and clever stage-manager, Mr. Serle, would not have us attack him, pen in hand, upon the score of good taste, let him lose no time in laying aside the old stage twaddle of what is called making the most of the twenty or thirty men who represent an army, by marching, countermarching, extending, closing, wheeling, forming, re-forming, and, finally, making them play at needles and thread with one another, before they come to that position which it is evident, from the beginning, that they are intended eventually to take up. It is not only treating a grown-up audience like children—it is not only an insult to their common sense—but it is utterly unlike what soldiers in real life would, upon such an occasion, be made to do. They would proceed at once to the stations they were to occupy, and not, like a parcel of dogs, run three or four times round after their tails before they laid themselves down. Upon one occasion, in this opera, the folly in question was pushed to the extent of carrying the Sultan twice round the garden, in his palanquin, before they carried him up the steps of the terrace, a liberty which it might be rather dangerous to take with a real good earnest Sultan. On the French stage, soldiers are made to do what soldiers would do off it, and the effect, instead of being diminished, is increased by the truth and reality of the representation. The opera was received with unmixed applause.

## VICTORIA THEATRE.

On Tuesday evening, a new farce was produced here, called, 'Who'll lend me a Wife?' It is a free adaptation from the French by Dr. Millingen. There is a good deal of fun in it, which we should be inclined to point out more particularly, if it were not difficult to separate it from the coarseness with which it is encrusted and disfigured. The agreeable Doctor's long residence on the Continent, may be an excuse for him, but it is no consolation to us. Let our dramatic entertainments be instructive, if possible, but at least let them be harmlessly entertaining. As it is, with every good wish, we can only say, that the farce in question, though not very long, and not very deep, is far too broad.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles is to take a farewell benefit at this house on Monday next, previous to his departure for an indefinite period to America. Mr. Maerdyck acts *Virginus* to the author's *Dentatus*. Mr. Liston and Mrs. Orger also bring their talents to do homage to Mr. Knowles's talent. Most heartily do we wish him a bumper—and most earnestly do we call upon the play-going public, to pay a parting compliment to our best dramatic author, by attending to give him "one cheer more," before he goes.

## MISCELLANEA

*Sir John Herschel.*—From a letter lately received by M. Arago, we learn that this celebrated astronomer had already made several important observations.

*Arabia.*—A Mr. Burton, who has been for some time in Arabia, has just returned from that country to France. He has brought with him, and safely landed, a beautiful giraffe, a dromedary, and some gazelles and monkeys. The giraffe is understood to be a present to William IV.

*Cultivation of Indigo.*—After various experiments, with a view to the naturalization of foreign trees and plants at Algiers, a French botanist has succeeded in cultivating the indigo plant. Six ounces of indigo have been obtained from a space of four feet square, and the experiment has been so successful, that no less than three crops are expected to be obtained in the space of about a year and a half. It is said, that the plants do not grow so high as in India, but that they are more valuable, as they contain more of the colouring matter.

*Quarantine.*—It appears from documents obtained from the French Minister of the Marine, that the number of quarantines made by ships of war during the last five years, in the harbour of Toulon alone, amount to 811—the shortest being of two days length, and the longest reaching to sixty-seven days. A French writer, (M. Chervin) taking these facts as data, calculates that the expenses of such detentions have amounted to more than a million of francs annually; not taking into account either the wear and tear of vessels, or the interest of capital.

*A Mermaid.*—A fisherman at St. Valery-sur-Somme, (France,) a few days since, caught in his net, a fish exactly resembling the description given of the Mermaid. The head and breast are of the human form, and when half the body is out of water, it has the appearance of a woman. It was sent by the Prefect of the Department, to Paris, where it was hoped it would arrive alive.—*French Paper.*

*Demand and Supply.*—An observer remarks that there are in France 1,700,843 physicians, and by another no less exact calculation, he has found the sick 1,400,657 in number. Again, there are 1,900,403 advocates, and only 998,000 causes to plead; whence he concludes, that unless the 902,403 unemployed advocates fell sick for want of work, there would be 300,192 physicians obliged to sit with their arms crossed.—*Le Camellion.*

*The Miser Punished.*—[We extract the following specimen of Turkish popular tales from the *Nouveau Journal Asiatique* for May.]—Under the reign of the first khaliph, there was a merchant at Bagdad, equally rich and avaricious. One day he had bargained with a porter to carry home for him a large basket of porcelain vases for ten paras. As they went along, he said to the man, "My friend, you are young and I am old—you can still earn plenty—strike off, I entreat you, a para from your hire." "Willingly," replied the porter. "This request was repeated again and again, until, when they reached the house, the porter had only a single para to receive. As they went up the stairs, the merchant said, "If you will resign the last para, I will give you three pieces of advice." "Be it so," said the porter. "Well, then," said the merchant, "if anyone tells you it is better to be fasting than feasting, do not believe him; if anyone tells you it is better to be poor than rich, do not believe him; if anyone tells you it is better to walk than ride, do not believe him." "My good Sir," replied the astonished porter, "I knew these things before, but, if you will listen to me, I will give you advice such as you never heard." The merchant turned round, and the porter, throwing the basket down the staircase, said to him, "If anyone tells you that one of your vases remains unbroken, do not believe him." Before the miser could reply, the porter made his escape.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Hops.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 17	72 63	29.98	W. to E.	Clear.
Frid. 18	71 61	29.53	E. to S.E.	Rain.
Sat. 19	68 54	29.25	S. to S.W.	Drizzle.
Sun. 20	72 57	29.56	S.W.	Bale, r.f.
Mon. 21	62 54	29.36	S.E.	Cloudy.
Tues. 22	72 55	29.55	S.E.	Drizzle.
Wed. 23	70 56	29.74	S.W.	Drizzle.

*Prevailing Clouds.*—Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Nimbus.

Nights rainy on Friday and Sunday; mornings rainy on Saturday and Monday.

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M. P.—G. I. C.—received. Many thanks to E. W.; also to Z., but we doubt whether his paper is not better suited to a purely philosophical journal. We will, however, re-consider the subject, but, under any circumstances, we are obliged.







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# THE ATHENÆUM

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
(J. HOLMES, TOWN'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*Voyage en Suède*.—[Travels in Sweden].  
Par Alexandre Daumont. 2 vols. Paris:  
Arthur-Bertrand; London, Dulau & Co.

DURING a residence of six months in Sweden, M. Daumont travelled over the southern parts lying between Helsingborg and Stockholm, by routes different from that followed by our countryman, Mr. Barrow: he also made excursions into some other districts, principally those containing the mines in Dalecarlia; and, from having had access to official persons and papers, was able to collect much useful statistical information, with which, as well as his own observations, we are presented in these volumes. We shall pursue our usual method in noticing such works, and endeavour to present a connected view of their contents, with specimens of the entertainment, and an abstract of the information which they contain; and we shall do this the more freely in the present instance, as Sweden is a country which has not been much visited by modern travellers. Of this fact, M. Daumont's first experience in the country afforded him rather a troublesome proof. When passing over from Elsinore to Helsingborg, he had provided himself with some Napoleons for current expenses, confident that, in every country, gold would find an easy circulation; but at Helsingborg he was undeceived:—

On presenting my Napoleons to exchange them for Swedish paper, no one would take them. I had come recommended to M. Roth, a rich merchant of the town, and the consular agent of France; but he knew not a word of either French or English, and I could not make him understand what I wanted. My surprise was great: I could not conceive how, in a maritime town in such constant communication with Elsinore, I should find it impossible to change some pieces of money; and this circumstance gave me a poor idea of their commercial relations. At length I was obliged to have recourse to my friend at Elsinore, and once more request his good offices. I sent across a boat, which in the evening returned, bringing in exchange for my Napoleons a bundle of slips of paper, dirty, torn, and bearing some inscriptions quite beyond my power to decipher—these were the national currency of Sweden. Notes of this kind circulate until they are worn out; and as the peasantry of the distant provinces seldom think of sending them to Stockholm to be exchanged for new notes, the quantity thus destroyed is so much clear gain to the national bank.

It would, however, require a very considerable destruction before this item of profit would deserve notice in a financial statement, as several of these notes are for no higher a sum than eight skillings; three of which, according to Mr. Barrow, go to make one penny sterling;—a currency indicating such extremely moderate capital and transactions, as almost to reconcile us to the story which we once heard, of a bank in the kingdom of Kerry which issued threepenny notes, and failed for five-and-twenty shillings.

The system of passports is enforced with much strictness:—

On entering Sweden, though provided with an excellent French passport, I was obliged to take another in Swedish, doubtless for the accommodation of messieurs the bailiffs, who might choose to demand it; and this new passport cost me about twenty francs. As soon as a stranger arrives at Stockholm, the police call to demand his passport; and one or two days after he is waited on by one of the intendants, who presents him a printed paper containing several questions in French, English, German, and Russian, on a blank space opposite which he is obliged to write down his answers. These questions are sufficiently minute; such as, What is the object of your journey? With what persons are you acquainted? To whom do you bring introductions? What is the probable duration of your stay? &c. &c. Strangers are the object of particular attention: their actions, though not restrained, are carefully watched; and if they give the least umbrage, they soon find themselves placed under a most rigid surveillance.

It is little use for a traveller to bring his own carriage to Sweden: as soon as he lands it is seized and conveyed to the custom-house, where it must remain unless he chooses to deposit its full estimated value, for which he gets a receipt: the money is returned if he leaves the country within a year and a day, otherwise it is forfeited to the crown. On all imported carriages a duty of thirty per cent. is charged as a protection to the home manufacture, which, from being thus sheltered from foreign competition, is as clumsy and unimproved as most articles similarly circumstanced. With a carriage or a drosky of some kind, however, the traveller must provide himself, as diligences or public conveyances there are none. The mode of procuring horses, postilions, &c., together with a general idea of Swedish travelling, will be found in the *Athenæum*, No. 341.

M. Daumont's first view of the country and its inhabitants was very pleasing:—

Leaving Helsingborg, my view extended over gently undulating hills, between which wound the road, narrow, but perfectly smooth. Two small black horses, lively and full of spirit, tore rapidly along my frail vehicle; while on every side well-cultivated fields covered with green and flourishing crops, hamlets isolated or picturesquely grouped, busy-looking farm-steads, villages clean and well built, and castles surrounded by parks, met my astonished and delighted glance. It was market-day at Helsingborg: the road was covered with a fine fair-haired population, looking honest and hearty; and here, for the first time, I had an opportunity of observing Swedish politeness; not one of them passed without addressing me a kindly greeting, which I did my best to return. The mien, the expression of countenance, of those men, all announced comfort and content; almost all rode in cars harnessed to good horses: I did not see a man on foot, except those who were driving cattle. • • •

Arrived at Värnamo, I had my first experience of a country tavern: my breakfast, composed of coffee, butter, and fresh eggs, was

served in a sort of little saloon,—the floor of which, recently washed, was strewn with wild flowers and little branches of fir. This rustic luxury has in it something affecting; it recalls the days of primitive simplicity, of rural manners, and of friendly hospitality. It is a custom of extreme antiquity, and universally observed amongst the peasants: formerly it existed even in the palaces of kings, but is now almost obsolete in cities, where it is only preserved in the houses of the lower orders. • • •

The day (it was early in June) was delightful, and my road now lay through silent forests, whose deep masses of shade had thrown me into a reverie, from which I started at the unexpected sight of a camp and a Swedish regiment under arms. This sudden transition from the most perfect calm to the tumult of arms had a magical effect upon me: transported with the view, I hastened to descend from my carriage to enjoy it. The little camp, with its snow-white tents relieved against the deep green of the pine grove, in which it seemed embosomed—the troops manœuvring at the word of their leader, whose commands were heard repeated by the echoes—the rustling of their accoutrements, their measured tread, the regimental music, the rolling of the drums, and the animated looks and anxious movements of a crowd of spectators, who had assembled to witness the scene,—enlivened the solitude, and presented a spectacle at once singular and delightful.

From these glimpses of rustic scenery we must turn to the towns:—

Jönköping is situated at the southern extremity of Lake Weter,—a magnificent sheet of water thirty leagues in length, by seven to eight in breadth. Like most other Swedish towns it is well built; the streets are of a lively appearance, regular, and lined by neat houses, chiefly of timber, painted externally: nowhere do you see those Gothic gables and smoky, dusky buildings, which lend a sombre air to the German villages. But if the Swedish towns are pleasant to the view, they buy the advantage rather dearly, by the frequent fires to which they are subject, and which reduce them almost periodically to ashes. • • • Even at Stockholm fires are of frequent occurrence, though every precaution is taken to guard against them. Watchmen are placed on all the towers and belfries of the city to give the alarm by sounding a tocin in case of fire. During the night they may be heard chanting the hours through a goat's horn; and this sound, borne through the calm and stillness of night, has something mournful and solemn.

M. Daumont's first essay at conversation was not very successful:—

The kitchen of the village inn was furnished with copper utensils, bright and polished: my dinner was served in an adjoining apartment, and, seasoned by a keen appetite, appeared delicious. I wished then to enter into conversation with my entertainers. The venerable head of the family was with leisurely gravity tasting the smoke of his patriarchal pipe; two or three young and pretty girls were examining me with much curiosity; some neighbours had come to increase the circle, and I prepared myself for a *conversazione*, from which I expected much pleasure, when, unfortunately, I found that my interpreter (whom I had brought from Helsingborg) and I could not understand one another, so



that I was obliged to give it up; and after having mutually contemplated each other through the smoke of their pipes and my cigar, I saw that the best thing I could do was to go to bed,—and I did so.

But now for Stockholm, which our traveller approached from the Baltic, having taken ship at Nyköping, and coasted up:—

Towards evening we arrived amongst the immense archipelago which forms the entrance to the port of Stockholm: the sea was strewn with a multitude of isles, said to exceed four thousand in number; on every side they appeared piled, scattered, and grouped around, as in the wildest confusion: we were sailing through an apparently inextricable labyrinth. We tracked our course through a canal bordered by islands, some green and flowery, others covered with thick wood, or of which the denuded surface showed nothing but rock. All at once a chain of jagged mountains surrounded us on every side: I thought myself transported into the midst of a peaceful lake, so much did the clear and limpid waters of the Baltic add to the illusion. An outlet presented itself scarce sufficient to give passage to our boat; we could almost touch the land on either side. Soon the strait widened, and we found ourselves in the midst of strange fantastic-looking islands: here rose a serrated rock, seeming to serve as outwork to a Gothic fortress, of which you thought you could discern the battlements and turrets; there a pointed granite obelisk sprang from the bosom of the waves, and shot aloft into the clear blue sky; or an unhappy looking islet, which, bared to the quick, seemed destined merely as a resting-place for sea-birds, who were nestling around its summit. At rare intervals the eye rested on the verdant sod of some cultivated nook studded with thickets, from amidst which gleamed a happy-looking farm or country-house, which caprice or necessity had planted in this solitude.

• • • Lost in this labyrinth of isles, one would never suspect the vicinity of a great and beautiful capital; yet, as you approach it, you see from time to time houses or public buildings dispersed on the sides and at the foot of mountains, or on the crests of grey granite rocks. Woods and cliffs still abound; cultivation is rare; art seems to have lent no aid to the beauties of nature—all is wild, savage, and majestic. • • • My desire to arrive augmented in proportion as we neared the city; and my impatience had lost all bounds, when suddenly, turning a jutting promontory, my eyes were greeted with the magic view of Stockholm. Nothing can equal the effect of this sudden and almost instantaneous transition from the deep silence of the solitudes through which we had been passing, to the pomp and bustle of a splendid city. Viewed from the entrance of the harbour, the prospect is peculiarly admirable. Elegant buildings grouped or dispersed around the circuit of the port crowded with vessels, some riding at anchor, others moored along the quays: beautiful mansions, rocks, woods, pleasure grounds and gardens, in confused mass, occupying the centre of the picture; while above all towers in solitary grandeur the castle, and with its frowning battlements crowns the wonderful scene.

M. Daumont had served with Bernadotte when a simple *chef de bataillon* in the French army; he now visited him when a king—here is a full-length portrait:—

The King is now sixty-nine years of age: he was born at Pau the 26th January, 1764. Years have not affected his vigorous constitution; a profusion of hair, still as black as ebony, covers, without concealing, that lofty brow, on which neither the cares of power nor the hand of time have yet traced a wrinkle: his animated countenance kindles up in speaking, as when,

thirty years since, he related to me some of his exploits with the army of Italy. Every muscle of his energetic head, in which are developed activity of thought and a genius for great achievements, is then in action; those black, sparkling, penetrating eyes, which lend it animation, have lost none of their brilliancy; his figure has gained but little *embonpoint*; his carriage is always noble and erect, though naturally less free and pliant than in youth; and there is still the same attention to personal neatness—the same simple and unaffected elegance of manner, by which he was always distinguished.

As a *pendant* to the above, we must give the Crown-Prince:—

At this review I saw Prince Oscar, whom I had known as an infant. This young prince is distinguished as much by his external advantages as by his merit and personal qualities: his figure is noble and prepossessing—his manners elegant, graceful, and full of dignity. He is much beloved by the Swedes, who are proud of him: he is our child, say they—it is we who have formed him to reign one day in Sweden. And, in fact, he is a true Swede; he speaks their language; he has entirely adopted their manners and customs; his table is served in the Swedish style, and nothing but Swedish is spoken there; while at his father's, French is the language used. Prince Oscar has received a most brilliant education under the directions of M. Lemoine, formerly head of an institution at Paris. He is skilled in ancient and modern languages, in history, and the literature of almost all the nations in Europe; he cultivates the sciences with success, more particularly mathematics and chemistry; he understands the fine arts, paints with taste, and is enthusiastically fond of music. His usual society is that of men of learning and letters; he not unfrequently mounts his drosky in the morning, to go and spend entire days with the celebrated chemist Berzelius, or some other *savant*. He is now about thirty-four years of age, having happily passed that period at which our passions bear so much sway over our future destiny: his inclinations, his desires—all simple and modest—have gained him universal esteem; and every thing seems to forebode that he will consolidate a dynasty—the only one which, issuing from the storms of our revolution, still remains in existence.

And now, as sudden transitions seem characteristic of Swedish scenery, let us pass from the throne to the hut; and having seen the king, let us view his hardy Dalecarlian peasantry:—

The Dalecarlian unites frankness, honesty, and intelligence to that gravity which distinguishes a man of independence: he is generally strongly built; his forehead is high, his countenance open, and his gait firm and confident; his witty answers contrast strangely with his rude exterior. The peasant is usually proprietor of the soil which he tills; and however small that property, it serves to give him the free and haughty air which marks all his actions. At his death, his property is divided amongst his male children; and, in consequence, their portions frequently are so small that, unable to live by agriculture alone, they are obliged to add to it some other branch of industry: yet so great is their love for their natal soil, that they never sell, or dispose of, their inheritance, however trifling. • • • All the peasants of a village are at once labourers, shoemakers, carpenters, tailors, smiths, joiners, and masons: that is, they endeavour, by individual activity, to make up for the disadvantages of their position; and Dalecarlia, though too thickly peopled for its arid soil, would enjoy a competence, did not its cultivated fields too often fail of their expected produce.

On such occasions bread is made from the bark of trees: the government send them supplies of corn, to be sold at a cheap rate; and the young men endeavour to alleviate the distress by spreading themselves over the southern counties in search of work, with the wages of which they return to their parents and families towards the end of autumn. But let us view them on an occasion of festivity, and witness the ceremonial of a Dalecarlian marriage:—

It was Saturday at even, and the following day had been fixed for the nuptials. The guests arrived in groups, their number exceeding two hundred persons. They were received at the house of the betrothed, where they deposited remeinder and bacon hams, butter, cheese, game, beer, and brandy, which they had brought in their cars to contribute to the festivity. After having conversed a few moments with the master of the house, and taken refreshments, they were successively conducted to the neighbours, amongst whom their lodging had been prepared. In the evening, about seven o'clock, the betrothed, accompanied by her father and friends, set out for the house of the vicar, where she was to sleep, in order that she might be the earlier ready next morning. Her intended, surrounded by his family and a group of guests, repaired thither at an early hour, and the order of procession was there formed. First marched the bride, with a whip in hand, to clear the way; he was followed by three musicians, who played the Dalecarlian violin—a rude three-stringed instrument of their own manufacture; next came the bridegroom in his gayest attire, supported on either side by one of his nearest relatives, and the *rudimen* or soldier of the district; and after these eight or ten horsemen, followed by an equal number of bridesmaids clad in green petticoats, with a long jacket or vest; many rows of glass beads encircled their necks, and their fingers were adorned with a profusion of gilt rings, enriched with stones; their long tresses were fastened on the summit of their heads, whence hung an innumerable quantity of ribands of all colours, the inferior extremities of which were fringed with gold or silver. Last came the bride, conducted by her aunt, a young and beautiful woman; her robe was of black silk; her head surmounted by a coronet of gilt metal, adorned with trinkets; her hair in ringlets intermixed with ribands floated on a neck of faultless symmetry, surrounded, as in the rest, with strings of glass beads, and other ornaments; gloves embroidered with extreme care, and a neck-kerchief worked in the most fanciful manner, completed this singular but graceful costume. On arriving at the church, the priest gave them his benediction; and as soon as the ceremony was over, the whole cortege set out for the house of the bride's father, where the wedding was to be kept. They were received at the door by the mother and the cook,—the first of whom introduced the guests into the rooms prepared for their reception; while the second, laying hold of the bride, led her to the kitchen, where she made her taste all the dishes she had prepared. The bride was then placed at table between her husband and the parson, the *rudimen* being at one side opposite to the father. The table was covered with linen of remarkable fineness and whiteness; the knives and forks were of polished steel. Bunches of the most beautiful flowers covered the table; the floor was strewn with green branches of pine, birch, and wild flowers. The repast was abundant, though not elegant; and every one seemed happy and hungry. Just as the cloth was about being removed, the bride arose, and with her the *rudimen*. The musicians, who had played during the whole meal, placed themselves before them; and in this order the

little procession moved round the table. The bride held a silver cup, which a domestic filled with brandy; this she presented to each guest in succession, who emptied it; whereupon the *rudiman* presented a plate, on which each person deposited his offering, or mentioned what he would give, to assist the young people in commencing housekeeping. All these presents, according as they were made, were proclaimed by the *rudiman*, and followed by a flourish of music.

After this was all over, the tables were removed, and dancing commenced,—the bride leading off a sort of slow waltz with the parson. The festivities generally lasted several days; on the last of which the kitchen-boy made his appearance with a sad air, holding in one hand an empty stew-pan, in the other the spigot drawn from the cask. At this very intelligible hint all the guests took their departure, and the wedding was at an end. In truth, it is no easy matter to feed a party of Swedes, if we may judge from the number of meals devoured by an ordinary *bourgeois* :—

In the morning, when he awakes, a little table is placed near his bed, on which is a tray containing all the necessaries for making coffee; the cups are small, the milk, sugar, and butter generally of a superior quality. At ten or eleven o'clock breakfast, with butter tarts, ham, fish (salt or smoked), and brandy. Dinner is served at two; but previous to sitting at table a preliminary repast is taken standing at the side-board, which is covered with a white napkin, and displays Swedish brandy, cognac, and rum, in cut glass decanters; while to whet the appetite you may choose between butter, radishes, anchovies, hams, caviare, herrings, cheese, &c. The dinner in the middle ranks is almost uniformly composed of a large piece of veal, which is dressed on Sunday to serve the whole week; to this are added fish and potatoes; and for drink, beer, brandy, and sometimes, towards the end of the repast, a glass of port wine. At four o'clock coffee; at six a fresh repast, called *afterward*, which is a sort of collation composed of bread, cheese, and butter. At nine a supper of two dishes, and not unfrequently a soup made of beer, milk, and syrup, which is considered a great delicacy.

Our worthy Swede then goes to bed; and we think we may safely join in M. Daumont's conclusion, that "while awake he does not lose much of his time."

Statistical information we reserve for another article.

*Histoire Politique de l'Eglise.* [Political History of the Church]. By M. A. de Vidaillan. Vol. III. Paris: Dufey & Vizard; London, Dulau & Co.

In our review of the two preceding volumes of this very interesting work, (*Athenæum*, No. 310,) we described the plan adopted by M. Vidaillan, and showed what seemed to us the merits and the defects of his system of regarding history as a manifestation of the progress of mind—the embodying in action of the opinions that characterize an age. We at the same time expressed some anxiety for the appearance of the volume before us, curious to see the application of the author's system to the Reformation, and to find by what principle he would explain all the inconsistencies of that extraordinary period. Most of our English historians have slurred over the difficulties it was their business to explain—Francis I. persecuting the Huguenots in France, and at the same time

supporting Protestantism in Germany—Sultan Suleiman calling on his subjects to destroy all Christians as idolaters, and proclaiming himself the patron of the Catholic church in Hungary—and Pope Paul IV. denouncing the European monarchs that tolerated heresy, while he himself employed Protestant body-guards, and protected them in the free exercise of their religion: it cannot be asserted that M. Vidaillan has explained all the difficulties of such complicated policy, but he has grappled with them fairly. As in our former article, we profess to be not the defenders, but simply the interpreters of M. Vidaillan's opinions—we neither confirm nor deny his theories respecting

The giddy tempests and the foolish rage  
Of kings and people.

Their importance, however, requires that they should be made known—if true, that they may be adopted—if false, that they may be refuted—if containing a mixture of truth and error, that the chaff may be separated from the wheat. We shall give the author an opportunity of speaking for himself.

M. Vidaillan begins his third volume with an account of the state of the church immediately before the Reformation, and asserts that this great Revolution was precipitated by the perverse impolicy of the sovereign pontiffs :—

It was sufficient for the Church to cast a glance round, to discover the new position it was about to occupy in relation to princes and nations. It could not hide from itself, that there reigned everywhere a spirit of opposition, and that nothing but moderation could stem the torrent: it was necessary that it should go with the stream, that it should place itself in harmony with ideas which Rome could neither arrest nor destroy. In place of conduct so conformable to the rules of sound policy—of true morality—of religion itself, purified from fanaticism, there was the Inquisition kindling its fearful fires in Spain—there was war devastating Italy—there was discord flinging its torches in every direction; finally, there was Rome, opposing to the improved spirit of the age, ambition the most blind, cruelty the most barbarous, policy the most perfidious, lessons the most immoral, scandals the most revolting. So much provocation was not wanting to awaken generous feeling, and teach the world that Rome could no longer supply it with instruction—to engender a spirit of inquiry, of opposition, and even of hostility, whose energies daily acquired fresh strength from fresh folly and fresh crime.

M. Vidaillan regards Luther as the representative of the spirit thus produced, and describes the circumstances of his position as the chief source of his success :—

The fierce energy of this monk led those to believe in his inspiration, who have need of the marvellous, to extricate themselves from the narrow circles of their remembrances or opinions. They did not judge of the success of his preaching by the predispositions of his hearers. They did not consider the mass of knowledge, accumulated by the labours of the fifteenth century; and with men who shrunk from inquiry, the human mind counted as nothing in the balance, which Luther forced to incline to his side. Such men, whose sad similitude may be found in every age, believed that martyrdom or violence would compensate for deficiency of argument. But the new doctrine was rather the expressed opinion of the age, than the reform of the church: it was beyond the grasp of despotism. Light broke into the Vatican, which its tenants could not extinguish; public opinion attacked errors, whose influence was irretrieva-

bly destroyed; it was an insurrection of Thought, not a thesis in Theology. Luther comprehended this well, and his perseverance rather than his vehement discourses and invectives, proved that he felt the human mind itself to be his ally. He may not have calculated the effect of his first blow, but he measured its results with great sagacity.

Charles V. is portrayed as the last representative of the Middle Ages—the supporter of imperial despotism and pontifical usurpation against the common sense of mankind. As such he is thus described :—

This prince, endowed with very moderate abilities, had enjoyed almost uninterrupted success during his long reign. Victorious over his enemies, a king of France and a Pope had worn his fetters; his empire was more extensive than that of Alexander, or of Rome. He sought and obtained, by his ministers or his generals, every species of glory; he had even the merit of orthodoxy, when toleration was a crime. But civilization subdued the middle age, of which he was the last support, and the last representative; and he could not endure the anguish of defeat. The peace of Passaw warned him of the decline of his domination, and buried him in the obscurity of a cloister. Old at fifty-six, scoured by disappointment, overwhelmed by infirmities, being no longer able to appear as a hero, he wished to flourish as a sage. He became a monk and took from his head all his diadems, bequeathing to the world his son Philip II., as if to insure some regret for his loss :—Augustus had adopted Tiberius.

The reign of Philip II. is described in very vivid colours, but his connexion with our Queen Mary, and his share in her persecutions, have not been sufficiently examined by the author. He has hurried to "the wars of the league," of course more interesting to French readers, and described the follies and the crimes of that calamitous period, with great vigour and stern impartiality. He dwells with pleasure on the energetic policy of Elizabeth, and seems inclined to excuse her faults from admiration of the effective aid she afforded to Henry IV. The complicated policy of Sixtus V., who excommunicated Elizabeth in public, and was her admiring ally in private, is thus forcibly portrayed :—

Sixtus V., who had obtained the pontificate by cunning, wished to establish it on temporal force; ambitious of every kind of glory, possessing vast powers of mind, capable of conceiving and executing great designs, he aspired to nothing less than the resumption of the Neapolitan kingdom from Philip II. Already an admirer of the Bourbon, Elizabeth inspired him with the same sentiments, and the desire of forming an alliance with her. It was he who counselled her to send aid to the Low Countries; the difference of religion was to this able pontiff a mere cloak for his negotiations; the envoy of Elizabeth, banished for his orthodoxy, and apparently persecuted, zealously encouraged the Pope's hostility to Spain. Thus Philip II. was attacked with his own weapons; the Low Countries were wrested from his sway, by the aid of an heretical princess and a Roman Pontiff.

• • • In vain Philip II. (after the execution of Mary Queen of Scots) demanded a crusade against the Queen of England; the Pope, hoping that the attention of the Spaniards would be diverted from Naples, by distant expeditions, to bring the British islands again under the dominion of the Holy See, praised the Prince's zeal, but sent Elizabeth copies of his letters, and information of his projects against her. He engaged this Princess to have the house of Austria attacked by the Turks in Hungary and Sicily,

to protect the Low Countries, to push forward the war with energy, promising her immortal glory. And yet this very Queen was the ally of the Calvinists in France; but this is not the first time that a sovereign Pontiff sacrificed the interests of the Catholic religion, to secure temporal advantages for the papacy.

Though M. Vidaillan is an ardent admirer of Henry IV., he does not disguise the impolitic acts of which that monarch was guilty; especially his recall of the Jesuits, and his refusal to permit the Moors, when exiled from Spain, to settle in the *landes* of Bordeaux. There are some incidents in his account of the expulsion of the Moors, which, though very important, have been neglected by the generality of historians:—

The King of Spain (Philip III.), who exhibited on the throne a spectacle of the most degrading superstition, a puppet in the hands of the Jesuits, a slave of the Holy Office, allowed the State to perish in order to enrich the Church, and gave the last blow to the monarchy, by a sanguinary edict addressed to the Moors, ordering them to depart from his territories, or to choose between baptism and death. These unfortunate men, who could not renounce the remembrances of their language, their literature, and their civilization, turned their eyes towards the King of France, and twelve hundred thousand fugitives, carrying with them the Korn, their arts, and their industry, asked merely for an asylum in the *landes* of Bordeaux. Some even offered to change their religion, not for the Catholic faith, which they associated with the horrors of the Inquisition, but for the Protestant doctrine; others demanded liberty of conscience. . . .

Henry IV. occupied with his chimerical projects against Germany and Italy, compelled to prove his attachment to a religion which commanded inhumanity, could not accept these advantageous proposals. The Moors, driven from Europe as followers of Mahomed, and from Africa as deserters of Islam, miserably perished. Thus, Philip III., just as he had lost the Low Countries, and when America was withdrawing the population from his kingdom, inflicted on Spain a wound, of which she must ever feel the smart. But what was to be expected from a Prince, so senseless as to expiate an emotion of compassion for the victims of an *auto da fé*, by submitting to the Grand Inquisitor, who condemned the Prince to be bled upon the spot, and the blood which he lost to be publicly burned by the common hangman!

The brilliant policy of Richelieu seems to have dazzled our author, and prevented him from discovering, that many of his schemes were hazardous in the extreme. Had Buckingham fallen earlier by the hand of the assassin—had mutual confidence been established for a moment between Charles I. and his people—had the destinies of Spain been confided to a minister less able than Olivares—had Wallenstein been as faithful a subject as he was a skilful general, Richelieu's projects must have failed completely and fatally. The Cardinal knew how to take advantage of opportunities, and that, we grant, is no inconsiderable merit.

With the peace of Westphalia, the proper subject of these volumes terminates; since from the day on which that treaty was signed, the church has ceased to be a European power, and its political history is at an end. Innocent X. foresaw this consequence, and protested against the negotiations; but in vain. M. Vidaillan's remarks on this great event deserve to be extracted:—

The peace of Westphalia was a consequence, and an advancement, of civilization. It com-

menced a new era for the exertions of the human mind—it accomplished the great intellectual revolution of modern times; it is the greatest deed recorded against the Church—the consecration of its irretrievable defeat. But, the Holy See, which believes its pretensions as immutable as the duration of its power, did not witness the division of the spoils without giving utterance to bitter complaints and violent menaces. Urban VIII. had congratulated (the Emperor) Ferdinand II. on his pernicious decree for the restitution of church property; the profit demonstrated the advantage of the measure, which, nevertheless, produced a long and destructive war. A peace, which abandoned all this property, was declared an offence to God; and the apostolic nuncio described it beforehand as worse than war. But the Swede and the Lutherans did not the less obtain possession of the bishoprics and church lands; and the protest of Innocent X. in favour of the integrity of the orthodox faith—of the dignity of the church—and of ecclesiastical rights, was only the manifesto of fanaticism—the last cry of powerless indignation—similar to those thunder-claps that usher in the morning of a beautiful day, reminding us of the past evening's tempest, without reviving its terrors.

M. Vidaillan announces, that he has nearly ready for the press, a historical work on the age of Henry IV.; such a subject is worthy of his abilities, and he will appreciate our high estimate of his powers, when we declare him worthy of such a subject.

*The Kentuckian in New York; or, the Adventures of Three Southerners.* By a Virginian. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Co.; London, Rich.

As a novel, this work is not worth notice—but the sketch of the Kentuckian, now become the regular drole of American farces and novels, may, perhaps, offer some entertainment to our readers, although the amusing peculiarities of the character begin to want novelty.

"Our Kentuckian was no quiet man; but, like most of his race, bold, talkative, and exceedingly democratic in all his notions; feeling as much pride in his occupation of drover, as if he had been a senator in Congress from his own 'Kentuck,' as he emphatically called it. He was a politician, too, inasmuch as he despised *torres*, as he called the federalists, approved of the late war, and had a most venomous hatred against Indians, of whatever tribe or nation. . . .

"How did it happen," said Lamar, "that you did not join the army either of the north or south, when your heart seems to have been so entirely with them?"

"O! us to *join* the army to the north," said Damon, "I was afraid the Tories would sell me to the British, me and my messmates, like old Hull, the infernal old traitor, sold his men for so much a head, just as I sell my hogs. As to tother business, down yonder, under Old Hickory, I reckon I *did* take a hand or so against the Injins." . . .

"You were a rifleman, I suppose," said Lamar.

"Right agin, stranger. Give me a rifle for ever; they never spoils meat, though, as one may say, Injins meat ain't as good as blue-link bucks; but for all that, it's a pity to make hangin' work of a neat job; besides, your smooth bores waste a deal of powder and lead upon the outlandish creters." . . .

"But I'm told the Yankees always sing a psalm before they go to battle. . . .

"Some person must have told you that as a joke," said Lamar.

"No, no, I believe it, because we had just such a fellow once in our neighbourhood—a Yankee schoolmaster—and we took him out a deer-driving two or three times, and he was always singing a psalm at his stand. He spoilt the fun, confound him! Hang me if I didn't always think the fellow was afraid to stand in the woods by himself without it. I went to his singin' school of Saturday nights, too; but I never had a turn that way. All the master could do, he couldn't keep me on the trail—I was for ever slipping into Yankee Doodle; you see, every once in a while, the tune would take a quick turn, like one I knowed afore, so I used to blaze away at it with the best of 'em, but the same old Yankee Doodle always turned up at the end. But the worst of it was, the infernal Yankee spoiled all the music I ever had in me; when I come out of the school, I thought the gals at home would have killed themselves laughin' at me. They said I ground up Yankee Doodle and Old Hundred together, all in a hodge-podge, so I never sings to no one now but the dumb brutes in the stable, when they gits melancholy of a rainy day." . . .

"Well now," said the Kentuckian, addressing Victor, "I wish I may be contwisted if you ain't one of the queerest men, to come from the Carolinas. I have clapped eyes on this many a day. You don't chew tobacco, and you don't drink nothin'."

"I am one of those that don't believe in the happy effects of either brandy or tobacco," replied Chevillere.

"Then you are off the trail for once in your life, stranger, for I take tobacco to be one of God's mercies to the poor. Whether it came by a regular dispensation of providence (as our parson used to say), or in a natural way, I can't tell; but hang me, if when I gets a quid of the real Kentuck twist or Maryland kite-foot into my mouth, if I ain't as proud a man as the grand Turk himself. It drives away the solemn-cholies, and makes a fellow feel so good-natured and so comfortable; it turns the shillings in his pocket into dollars, and his wrath into fun and devilry. Let them talk about tobacco as they choose among the fine gals, and at their theatres, and balls, and cotillions, and all them sort of things; but let one of 'em git twenty miles deep into a Kentuck forest, and then see if a chew of the stuff ain't good for company and comfort." . . .

"Were you never in the company of fine ladies?" asked Chevillere.

"Yes! and hummock me if ever I want to be so fixed agin; for there I sat with my feet drawn straight under my knees, heads up, and hands laid close along my legs, like a new recruit, on drill, or a horse in the stocks; and, twist me, if I didn't feel as if I was about to be nicked. The whole company stared at me as if I had come without an invite; and I swear I thought my arms had grown a foot longer, for I couldn't get my hands in no sort of a comfortable fix—first I tried them on my lap; there they looked like gins to prayers, or as if I was tied in that way; then I slung 'em down by my side, and they looked like two weights to a clock; and then I wanted to cross my legs, and I tried that, but my leg stuck out like a pump handle; then my head stuck up through a glazed shirt-collar, like a pig in a yoke; then I wanted to spit, but the floor looked so fine, that I would as soon have thought of spittin on the window; and then to fix me out and out, they asked us all to sit down to dinner! Well, things went on smooth enough for a while, till we had got through one whet at it. Then an imp of a nigger come to me first with a waiter of little bowls full of something, and a parcel of towels slung over his arm; so I clapped one of the bowls to my head, and drank it down at a swallow. Now, stranger, what do you think was in it?"



"Punch, I suppose," said Lamar, laughing; "or perhaps apple toddy."

"So I thought, and so would anybody, as dry as I was, and that wanted something to wash down the fainty stuffs I had been layin in! but no! it was warm water! Yes! you may laugh! but it was clean warm water. The others dipped their fingers into the bowls, and wiped them on the towels as well as they could for gigglin; but it was all the fault of that pumpered nigger, in bringin it to me first. As soon as I caught his eye, I gin him a wink, as much as to let him know that if ever I caught him on my trail, I would wipe him down with a hickory towel."

The following is his account of a popular preacher at New York:—

"I'll tell you what it is, that's what I call a real tear-down sneezer," ejaculated he; "he's a bark-well and hold-fast too; he doesn't honey it up to 'em, and mince his words—he lets it down upon 'em hot and heavy; he knocks down and drags out; first he gives it to 'em in one eye and then in 'tother, then in the gizzard, and at last he gits your head under his arm, and then I reckon he feathers it in, between the lug and the horn; he gives a feller no more chance nor a 'coon has in a black jack."

"Then you give him more credit for sincerity than you usually do men of his cloth," said I.

"Yes, yes! there's no whippin the devil round the stump with him; he jumps right at him, tooth and toe-nail, and I'm flambegusted if I don't think he rather worsted the *Old Boy* this morning! and he's the best match I ever saw him have."

"You don't go to church often when you are at home?"

"No; but I *would* go, if we had such a Samson as this; he raises old Kentuck in me in a minute. I feel full of fight, and ready for anything now!"

Here he is at the Opera:—

"O! corn-stalks and jows-harps!" said Damon, after worrying on his seat during the performance of the overture by the orchestra; "will they tune their banjos all night, and never get to playin?"

"That is called fine Italian music," said Lamar.

"Yes! yes!" replied he, but I rather suspicion that it would puzzle some of our Kentuck gals to dance a reel to that music. O my grand-mother! what jaunty heels they would have to sling after such elbow-grease as that. But you are stuffing me with soft corn—I see you are by your laughing. They know better than to pass that for music; no, no, catch a weasel asleep!"

"The opera now commenced, and I must own that I saw more of Damon than I did of the play. He was struck dumb with astonishment; seemed scarcely to believe his own senses, but looking round the house after an unusual silence, and seeing the audience serious and apparently attentive, he burst into a cachinnation."

"Well," said he, with a long breath, "I wish I may be tetotally smashed in a cider-mill, if that don't out-Cherokee old Kentuck; why that ain't a chew-tobacco better nor Cherokee! Just wait a minute, and they'll raise the whoop, it's likely; and if they do, if I don't give them a touch of Kentuck pipes that'll make them think somebody's busted their biler."

"Smash me, if they don't think the whole cream of the ball lies in rattlin the bones of their elbows. Give me your long sweeping bow hands, that sows the music right in under your ribs, and sets your legs to dancin, whether they will or not. Do you think them fellers ever made anybody feel in the humour for a hand-round?"

"Now and then they seem to git into a fair race, and one feller's eye is poppin out of his head, and the reins on the woman's neck is

ready to burst, and the fiddlers and the pipers and the trumpeters are all puffin and blowin, like our Kentuck jockeys at a pony sweepstakes; and then all at once, just as there begins to be a little sport, to see who has the wind and the bottom, their heads begin to move first one side and then the other, all so kind, and ready to make a draw game of it, blubbering all the time; till the trumpeter sees they're pretty well blown, then he begins to come down a little with his toot! toot! toot! That's to call all hands off, you see, and they slip down as easy and as quiet as if it had all been in fun. Then they all clear out but one, and he watches his chance till they're all gone. Then he comes here to the front, and flaps his wings and crows over them, as if he had done some great things, if we hadn't been here to show fair play."

With these specimens our readers will, perhaps, be content.

*Universal History.* By A. F. Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee. Vols. V. and VI. London: Murray.

HAVING had so much to condemn in the preceding volumes of this work, it gives us sincere pleasure to find portions meriting praise in the two now before us. The History of Scotland is written with great care, and the investigation of its legal antiquities is especially valuable. England, however, has not met with similar favour: the process by which its constitution was formed, its growth as a commercial state, and its rise as a naval power, are treated with a careless flippancy, which is not likely to be tolerated in the present age. Much of the censure we have to bestow must fall on the editor rather than the author: the manuscript work was prepared many years ago, and not since revised, for assuredly no person who has written within the last quarter of a century would venture to assert that "tales of chivalry are now for ever exploded." The editor might surely have found room for an exception in favour of Sir Walter Scott.

The Albigensian wars are very carelessly written. Professor Tytler repeats the old calumny of the Albigenses having embraced the Manichean heresy: now, neither he nor their original accusers had a notion of what Manicheism means: it was just one of the *isms* which controversialists in every age strive to fix upon their adversaries, knowing that nothing is so well calculated to inspire vulgar horror as a long word, especially if it be unintelligible.

The wars of Jenghiz Khan and his descendants are very inaccurately described: indeed, the overthrow of the Khaliphate by Hulakú Khán, one of the most important events in oriental history, is wholly omitted. Timúr or Tamerlane is even worse treated; he is called a Mongol Tartar, when every body knows that he was a Jagatay Turk; the often-repeated tale of his descent from Jenghiz Khan is repeated; and finally we are assured that he did not believe in the faith of Mohammed, though his own writings prove him to have been one of the most devoted followers of Islám. The imprisonment of Bayazid in the iron cage is declared to be a western invention, though it is very circumstantially narrated by Evliya Effendi, and finally Timúr is extolled as a model of toleration, notwithstanding his ferocious massacres in Syria and India. Timúr's Institutes and Autobiography were unknown

to Lord Woodhouselee, but he might have consulted the History of Sharif-oddin Ali, translated into French by M. Petit de la Croix, and that of Arabsháh, translated by M. Vatier. The modern editor, however, is inexcusable for permitting such blunders to appear, when Timúr's own narratives are so accessible.

There are few subjects on which it is more desirable that the public should obtain accurate information, than the progress, the condition, and the resources of the Turkish empire—will it be then believed that in the present day a work appears, in which no other authority is quoted than old Rycaut? Cheerfully we bear testimony to Rycaut's merits, but can he compete with D'Ohsson or Von Hammer? Lord Woodhouselee indeed had no opportunity of consulting their works, but what are we to say to his editor?

The history of commerce could only be written well by one who had deeply studied the principles of political economy; Lord Woodhouselee devoted himself too earnestly to legal pursuits to find time for mastering this difficult science, but his editor has paid some attention to the subject, for one of his very few notes is occupied by a fierce attack on one of Macculloch's theories; why then have we no notice of the successive laws made to regulate trade? why no proofs that commerce grew and flourished, not in consequence of "the wisdom of our ancestors," but in spite of it?

The progress of the Portuguese discoveries is, on the whole, ably narrated, though the opposition they had to encounter from the Arabian traders, who monopolized the commerce of the Indian Seas before Vasco de Gama discovered the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, is very insufficiently noticed. With some little abatement, we have also to bestow our meed of praise on the account given of the discovery of America.

It would occupy more space than these volumes have a right to command, were we to point out the deficiencies in the very partial view which Lord Woodhouselee has given of the Reformation. He has wholly omitted the political causes of that great event, and scarcely noticed one of the most prominent and efficient agents in the revolution, Maurice of Saxony.

But perhaps the strangest mis-statement in the work is the assertion that the sect of the Shiáhs was founded by Sháh Ismael, the first of the Saffarian dynasty, in the beginning of the sixteenth century! The Shiáh heresy had, from about the beginning of the eighth century, rent the Saracenic empire, and produced the most calamitous wars; and yet—as if the history of the East for eight hundred years had been blotted from memory—our author tells us that Sháh Ismael was the first to pronounce Ali the true successor of Mohammed, and stigmatize Omar as a usurper. The editor refers to Sir John Malcolm's History of Persia; his acquaintance with that admirable work cannot extend beyond the title-page; and the same thing may be said of the Autobiography of Baber, which he names, but of which he has not made the slightest use.

The next subject to which our attention is directed, is the political and religious condition of the Hindús and the Indo-Chinese nations; here the author has made more blunders than lines;—naturally enough,

for he wrote at a time when the literature of Hindústan and the surrounding countries was all but wholly unknown;—need we say how efficiently it has been since investigated? Yet, the editor could not spare a few moments to consult the Asiatic Researches, or the Asiatic Society's Transactions, for a matter so important as the social state of the British Empire in India.

We do not censure the omissions and mistakes in the account of China with so much severity, because the works in which more correct information may be obtained are not very accessible. Yet a few notes from Klaproth, Rémusat, Julien, and Morrison, might surely have been expected from an editor of a Universal History in the nineteenth century.

It would be easy to extend the catalogue of errors and deficiencies in these unfortunate volumes; truly unfortunate, for had the manuscript been entrusted to a competent editor, it might have been made the foundation of a valuable and standard work, instead of being, as it now is, a disgrace to our country and our age. The editor, however, so far from exhibiting any consciousness of his indolence or incapacity, actually threatens us with a continuation upon the same plan. He had much better leave it alone.

*Scenes and Hymns of Life, with other Religious Poems.* By Felicia Hemans. Edinburgh: Blackwood; London, Cadell.

IT WAS to the poems forming this collection—the latest works of their gifted authoress—that we especially referred, when advertizing, not long since, to the changes which had passed over her mind, and conducted her to the contemplation of themes of a higher order than the graceful visions of classic Mythology, or the picturesque legends of the days of Romance. And we are confirmed in our opinion by the preface to this beautiful volume, which, as it is brief and comprehensive, we have no hesitation in giving entire.

"I trust I shall not be accused of presumption for the endeavour which I have here made to enlarge, in some degree, the sphere of Religious Poetry, by associating with its themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than may have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle.

"It has been my wish to portray the religious spirit, not alone in its meditative joys and solitary aspirations, (the poetic embodying of which seems to require from the reader a state of mind already separated and exalted,) but likewise in those active influences upon human life, so often called into victorious energy by trial and conflict, though too often also, like the upward-striving flame of a mountain watch-fire, borne down by tempest showers, or swayed by the current of opposing winds.

"I have sought to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the death-bed, bearing 'healing on its wings' to the agony of parting love—strengthening the heart of the wayfarer for 'perils in the wilderness'—gladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland—and springing to life in the son of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing perceptions of natural beauty.

"Circumstances not altogether under my own control have, for the present, interfered to prevent the fuller development of a plan which I yet hope more worthily to mature, and I lay this little volume before the public with that

deep sense of deficiency which cannot be more impressively taught to human powers, than by their reverential application to things divine."

Such have been long our own sentiments and wishes with regard to sacred poetry. The religion of daily life—of art—and of nature, has been sung, as it were, sparingly, and with timidity, while the religionism of sect has had its hundred zealous minstrels. But the day of these last is going by: we cannot but hope and believe that, with so much enlightenment and benevolence as are everywhere spreading abroad over the earth, a purer and more comprehensive faith will increase among men—a spirit of love and intelligence which shall mingle with our pleasures, as well as our devotions, and teach us to discern the intellectual from the frivolous, the spiritual from the sensual—which shall show us, not only how to endure life, but also how to enjoy it.

As contributing to so good a purpose, we are disposed to regard this volume as superior to any with which Mrs. Hemans has yet presented us. And it is paying her no empty compliment to say, that her poetical powers have risen with the subjects on which she has employed them. We know not any thing much more exquisite than her 'Flowers and Music in a room of sickness,' which we do not extract, only because it has recently appeared elsewhere. Equally beautiful is 'Easter-Day in a Mountain Church-yard.' The following passage from 'The Day of Flowers,' we do not give because it is the most beautiful in the volume, but because it is new to us:—

And, lo! before us, fair,  
Yet desolate, amidst the golden day,  
It stands, that house of silence! wended now  
To verdant nature by the o'ermanling growth  
Of leaf and tendril, which fond woman's hands  
Once loved to train. How the rich wall flower scent  
From every niche and mossy cornice floats,  
Enbalming its decay! The bee alone  
Is murmuring from its casement, whence no more  
Shall the sweet eyes of laughing children shine,  
Watching some homeward footstep. Fee! unbound  
From the old fretted stone-work, what thick wreaths  
Of jasmine, borne by waste exuberance down,  
Trail through the grass their glowing stars, and load  
The air with mournful fragrance, for it speaks  
Of life gone hence; and the faint southern breath  
Of mystic leaves from yon forgotten porch,  
Startles the soul with sweetness.

O Father, Lord!  
Thou All-beneficent! I bless thy name,  
That thou hast mantled the green earth with flowers,  
Linking our hearts to nature! By the loss  
Of their wild blossoms, our young footsteps first  
Into her deep recesses are beguiled,  
Her master cells; dark glen and forest bowers,  
Where, thrilling with its earliest sense of Thee,  
Amidst the low religious whisperings  
And shivery leaf-sounds of the solitude,  
The spirit wakes to worship, and is made  
Thy living temple. By the breath of flowers,  
Thou callest us, from city throngs and cares,  
Back to the woods, the birds, the mountain streams,  
That slog of Thee! Back to free childhood's heart,  
Fresh with the dews of tenderness!—Thou bid'st  
The lilies of the field with placid smile  
Reprove man's feverish strivings, and infuse  
Through his worn soul a more unworldly life,  
With their soft holy breath. Thou hast not left  
His purer nature, with its free desires,  
Uncared for in this universe of thine!  
The glowing rose attests it, the beloved  
Of poet hearts, touched by their fervent dreams  
With spiritual light, and made a source  
Of heaven-ascending thoughts.

We cannot take leave of this book, without wishing its authoress success in the noble path she has chosen for herself.

*History of the British Colonies.* By R. Montgomery Martin, F.S.S. Vol. II.—*The West Indies.* London: Cochrane & McCrone.

THE West Indies have found a judicious historian, and West Indian interests an able ad-

vocate, in Mr. Montgomery Martin; no study, however dry—no labour, however severe, daunted him in his investigations: his statistical facts have been derived from the immense piles of parliamentary returns and reports, printed at various times, whose extent it would be difficult to calculate, and from various manuscript documents, to which he fortunately obtained access. He has also had the advantage of travelling in the countries he describes; and, when he speaks from his own experience, we find in him every mark of a shrewd observer, and faithful narrator. To these merits we must oppose one fault; he displays too much of the feelings characteristic of Irishmen in his advocacy of opinions; he writes with the warm and passionate zeal of a partisan on every topic, and exhibits no tolerance for the doctrines that he opposes. This is a fault; for, though we are perfectly persuaded of the author's candour, such heat may inspire others with a suspicion, that he is more anxious to support his theories than to state facts.

The history of the West Indies is "short and simple;" the islands were discovered and colonized by Europeans, who murdered the natives by myriads, opened a trade of blood with Africa, obtained a monopoly for their produce by purchased fiscal regulations, and directed their attention to the markets at home instead of developing the natural resources of their own estates. Nations and societies can no more commit injustice with impunity than individuals; these colonies became a burden instead of an advantage to the parent states, and would have clung to them with as ruinous a weight as the Old Man of the Sea did to Sindbad, had not modern statesmen adopted a juster, and therefore a wiser, system of policy, and begun to retrace their steps. Mr. Martin complains that the process of amelioration is not sufficiently rapid; but he is not the only Irishman who hopes to remedy in one moment the accumulated evils of centuries—who expects that an act of parliament will, like the fiat of Omnipotence, at once cause order to rise out of chaos.

From a book containing so much, and such multifarious, information, it is difficult to make an extract that will convey a fair notion of its contents; we shall quote, however, a few passages, combining interest with novelty of information. The common opinion of the unhealthiness of Demerara is thus decisively refuted:—

"Demerara has been cited as one of the strongest instances of a deleterious atmosphere, particularly among our West India Colonies, but when we come to examine facts, it turns out otherwise; the range of mortality even among the labouring slave population, is about one in thirty-seven to forty, but in London and France it is equal as regards the whole population, rich and poor, and in other countries it is even more; thus, in Naples, one in thirty-four; Wirtemberg, one in thirty-three; Paris, one in thirty-two; Berlin, one in thirty-four; Nice, one in thirty-one; Madrid, one in twenty-nine; Rome, one in twenty-five; Amsterdam, one in twenty-four; Vienna, one in twenty-two and a half! Thus that which is termed our most unhealthy West India Colony has, even as regards its working population, a greater duration of life than the rich and poor of some of the principal parts of Europe."

The influence of the moon on animal and vegetable life, is a subject that has recently engaged the attention of naturalists; some of

the facts recorded by Mr. Martin deserve to be thoroughly investigated.

"In considering the climate of tropical countries, the influence of the moon seems to be entirely overlooked; and surely, if the tides of the vast ocean are raised from their fathomless bed by lunar power, it is not too much to assert that the tides of the atmosphere are liable to a similar influence; this much is certain, that, in the low lands of tropical countries, no attentive observer of nature will fail to witness the power exercised by the moon over the seasons, and also over animal and vegetable nature. As regards the latter, it may be stated that there are certainly thirteen springs and thirteen autumns, in Demerara, in the year; for so many times does the sap of trees ascend to the branches, and descend to the roots. For example, the *wallaba* (a resinous tree, common in the Demerara woods, somewhat resembling mahogany), if cut down in the dark, a few days before the *new moon*, it is one of the most durable woods in the world for house building, posts, &c.; in that state, attempt to split it, and, with the utmost difficulty, it will be riven in the most jagged unequal manner that can be imagined; cut down another *wallaba* (that grew within a few yards of the former), at *full moon*, and the tree can be easily split into the finest smooth shingles of any desired thickness, or into staves for making casks; but, in this state, applied to house-building purposes, it speedily decays. Again—bamboos, as thick as a man's arm, are sometimes used for paling, &c.: if cut at the dark moon, they will endure for ten or twelve years; if at full moon, they will be rotten in two or three years; thus is it with most, if not all, the forest trees. Of the effects of the moon on animal life, very many instances could be cited. I have seen, in Africa, the newly littered young perish, in a few hours, at the mother's side, if exposed to the rays of the full moon; fish become rapidly putrid, and meat, if left exposed, incurable or un preservable by salt;—the mariner, heedlessly sleeping on deck, becoming afflicted with nyctopia or night blindness, at times the face hideously swollen if exposed during sleep to the moon's rays, the maniac's paroxysms renewed with fearful vigour at the full and change, and the cold damp chill of the ague supervening on the ascendancy of this apparently mild yet powerful luminary. Let her influence over this earth be studied, it is more powerful than is generally known."

A very interesting account is given of the native Indians on the main-land, a portion of which we quote.

"The animal perceptions of the native Indians of Guyana are astonishingly acute; and their speed in their native woods, and over the most difficult ground, far outstrips that of Europeans—few of whom can keep pace with them, even for a short distance. No European march could ever come into competition with the astonishingly rapid movements of the Indian regiments in the army of Bolivar. An expedition, composed exclusively of Indians, will go over three times the ground in the same time that can be traversed by European troops; and this superiority of locomotion, renders them more than a match for double their numbers, in their native wilds. They can, moreover, live comfortably where European troops must starve, and they require no commissariat. With 10 lbs. of cassava bread, an Indian can keep the field for three weeks or a month. His gun will be always in order, and his ammunition dry and serviceable. It is impossible to surprise him; and, with a commander who can keep pace with him, and in whom he has confidence, the Indian ranger cannot be equalled by the best troops in the known world, for service in a tropical region, and under the burning sun of the line."

These men are of the same race as the original inhabitants of the islands—but where now are the latter? They have been extirpated by men, who not only called themselves civilized, but laid claim to extraordinary piety; we shall not give vent to the feelings suggested by the juxtaposition of the following orders of the Jamaica council:—

"August 14, 1656. 'An order signed Edward D'Oyley, for the distribution to the army of 1701 Bibles.'

"August 26, 1659. 'Order issued this day unto Mr. Peter Pugh, Treasurer, to pay unto John Hoy the summe of twenty pounds sterling, out of the impost-money, to pay for fifteen dogs, brought by him for the hunting of the negroes.'

The pitch supplied by the bituminous lake of Trinidad has been converted to a very extraordinary, though useful purpose.

"The pitch of the lake has been adopted for the improvement of the roads, particularly in the fertile district of Naparima, where it was brought for the purpose from La Brea. In the wet season the roads at Naparima are almost impassable in those parts where there has been no application of the pitch; but where the pitch has been applied, which is the case for several miles in North Naparima, there is a hard surface formed, which makes transport comparatively easy, both from the support afforded and from the little friction of the hardened pitch."

Montserrat supplies us with the following amusing story, which we do not remember to have heard before:—

"Montserrat had Irish colonists for its early settlers, and the negroes to this day have the Connaught brogue curiously and ludicrously engrafted on the African jargon. It is said that a Connaught man, on arriving at Montserrat, was, to his astonishment, hailed in vernacular Irish by a negro from one of the first boats that came alongside—'Thunder and turf,' exclaimed Pat, 'how long have you been here?'—'Three months,' answered Quashy—'Three months! and so black already!! *Hannum a diaoul*,' says Pat, thinking Quashy a ci-devant countryman, 'I'll not stay among ye'; and in a few hours the Connaught man was on his return, with a white skin, to the emerald isle."

Mr. Martin dwells at great length on the advantages that Honduras offers to an emigrant, and strenuously recommends its colonization. The emigration question is too important for us to omit anything by which it may be elucidated.

"I cannot conclude this Chapter without expressing my regret, that such an important settlement as Honduras should have been so long neglected at home. It is valuable not only in a political but in a commercial aspect: inasmuch as it opens to our trade new regions and countries, while its rich and fertile lands await only the skilful handicraft of the British emigrant to pour forth the abundance of life. The eloquent annalist of Jamaica, writing within the last two or three years, says, 'it is but within the last few months that the town of Peten, situated 260 miles west of Balize, at the head of its magnificent river, has been exposed to speculation, or even to our acquaintance. A road is now open, and a lively intercourse with the British merchants has risen there. Fleets of Indian pirogues repair almost weekly to Balize, and return loaded with articles of British manufacture. Peten, formerly the capital of the Itzacc Indians, was one of the last conquests of the Spaniards in the year 1679. It stands on an island in the centre of the extensive freshwater lake Itza, in lat. 16 N., long. 91.16 W. Within 50 miles of it the enterprising spirit of

the British settler has already extended the search for mahogany; and what may not be expected from a people so industrious, so judicious, and so persevering? The Itza is 26 leagues in circumference, and its pure waters, to the depth of 30 fathoms, produce the most excellent fish. The islands of *Sepet*, *Galvez*, *Lopez*, *Birit*, and *Cojn*, lie scattered over its surface, and afford a delicious retreat to 10,000 inhabitants, who form part of the new republic of central America, within the spiritual jurisdiction of the Mexican diocese of Yucatan. The fertile soil yields two harvests in the year, producing maize, chiappa pepper, balsam, vanilla, cotton, indigo, cocoa, cochineal, brazil wood, and the most exquisite fruits, in wasteful abundance. Several navigable rivers flowing thence are lost in the great Pacific, and suggest an easy communication with the British limits. Within ten leagues of the shores of the Itza lake commences the ridge of the Alabaster mountains, on whose surface glitter in vast profusion the green, the brown, and the variegated jaspers, while the forests are filled with wild and monstrous beasts, the Equus Biscalus, or Chinese horse, and with tigers and lions, of a degenerated breed. Roads diverge in all directions from this favoured spot, and afford an easy communication with a free channel for British merchandize to San Antonio, to Chichanha, San Benito, Tabasco, and even Campeachy; while throughout the whole country the most stupendous timbers are abundant. The most valuable drugs, balsams, and aromatic plants, grow wild; and the achiote, amber, copal, dragon's blood, mastic, and almacego, are everywhere to be gathered."

We shall not enter with our author into an examination of the defects, real or supposed, in our colonial policy; his principle, that "the full benefit of colonies can only be experienced when their trade approximates as closely as possible to a coasting commerce, freed from fiscal exactions and legislative decrees," is certainly correct; but its application under present circumstances seems hardly possible. Of colonial advantages, as well as of many others, it may be said to the present generation of Englishmen,

*Delicta majorum imitaberis lues.*

*Orfred; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* Canterbury: S. Prentice; London, Baldwin and Cradock.

A great deal of the pain which we are obliged at times to inflict on authors, would be spared them if they could find some judicious friend to whom they might refer their productions, and ask the question, "would you advise me to send this for review?" In the present case, such a friend would assuredly have answered, "No." But this has not been done, and the author has made the plunge. We are, therefore, placed in a sort of Scylla and Charybdis position. We may neglect to notice the author at all, and affront him that way, or we may "cut up," as the phrase is, his book, and affront him that way—but to escape from both, is impossible. There are many persons, gifted apparently with reason and common sense in all that concerns the general business of life, and capable both of talking and writing in a rational and even a superior manner, whose faculties seem to leave them the instant they attempt to write a play. The author of this tragedy may be one of those. From the censure which he has courted, we cannot now save him, but against the additional annoyance of public condemnation in a theatre, we will ensure him for a



farthing, and we trust this will be some consolation. Managers are strange people, but not one throughout England will be found to let this play be acted. A very few extracts, and those, though perhaps the most comical, certainly not the worst, will suffice to bear us out in our sweeping condemnation, and to give our readers a specimen of the extraordinary sort of delusion upon this subject, under which many persons (and some, to our knowledge, really clever in other ways) are wont to labour. The scene is laid in England, about the middle of the fifth century. We have *Ussa*, King of Britain, (we don't remember him,) *Titullus*, his Prime Minister, *Oswald* and *Orfred*, suitors of *Ussa's* daughter, *Sweyne* and *Atholric*, two noblemen, *Edmund*, an idiot son of *Ussa's*, and *Elthebra*, *Ussa's* daughter. The plot we can state briefly. *Orfred* imagines himself slighted by *Elthebra* at the King's instigation, he therefore joins *Titullus* in a plot to murder the King. They do this, and agree to accuse *Elthebra* of the murder—she appeals in court to *Orfred* to clear her, and he kills her—*Titullus*, afraid of being betrayed by *Orfred*, kills him—and so ends the play, leaving two innocent people and one guilty one murdered, and one murderer unpunished, and in possession of the vacant throne. The moral, we presume, is left for the second edition, which will never be published. Now for a few extracts.

*Ussa*. Tame down the spirits of this fretful youth, For I've in eye his father's services, Which win my milder looks—thou knowest all.  
*Titullus*. I grant rebuke in love much courteth pride, And, therefore, would entreat for an acquittal, For such a dauntless torrent of the heated heart Can never murmur by a rock of speech, But fiercely dashing 'gainst its splintering edge, Spits forth its showering wave in mazy clouds, And falls to naught; thus with this *Orfred*.

Further on, *Orfred* is inciting *Titullus* to join in the murder:—

*Titullus*. What cursed truth is it thou speakest?  
I—I will—I will not—hold a minute;  
A minute—hour—a day—say a day—  
A day, good *Orfred*—and I will decide.  
*Orfred*. Shame, shame! This staggering hesitation Shows a poor weak mind to rule a nation;  
Thou had'st better drop the affair, my lord:  
Good day to thee.

(*Orfred about to leave the room*).  
*Titullus*—(aside). What shall I do?  
On earth alone we choose for ourselves—  
And what of Heaven! of many-colour'd Heaven,  
Receptacle of still-born babes, half-witted fools,  
Pap burnes, and insipid gentlemen,  
Who, for stupidity, are thicker set.  
Hold, *Orfred*, I will swear.

Has not the author provided for himself here, under the head of "insipid gentlemen"?

#### ACT 2.—SCENE I.

A lobby in the chamber of *Ussa*.

Enter *ORFRED* AND *IDiot*.

*Idiot*. *Elthebra*—*Elthebra*!

*Orfred*. Speak not of her,  
For she hath racked my wearied heart and brains  
Into a dire mixture of despair.  
(*Aside*) Why a feverish thought to stem the harassed mind.

Give way—thou art a fool.

*Idiot* (with frantic gesture). *Elthebra*!

*Orfred*. Thou'lt strike me dumb with rage. Oh! I hate her!

For speaking of her, may thy foul jaws be locked:  
Hath not she strove to mangle me to death?  
To stir my heart to mutiny!

*Idiot*. No—no—

*She*—(seizes hold of *Orfred*).

*Orfred*. She hath shamefully maltreated me;  
Wilt thou speak that cursed name—thou shalt not,  
Thou hollow *Idiot*; go to the devil  
With thy mock-modest sister and paps.

(*ORFRED struggling, throws him off—Exit.*)  
(*Exit IDIOT, after a pause.*)

One more, and we have done:—

(*TITULLUS stabs ORFRED—great confusion.*)

*Titullus*. Die, murderer, my country's good  
Demands it.—(*Aside to ORFRED*)—

[And if this be not a good "aside" to a dying man from his murderer, then we know nothing of dramatic effects!—

Thou shook'st me the other day,  
Called me all the names thy cursed tongue could speak.  
Oh! if thou dar'st utter a word, *Orfred*,  
My near allied and valued friend; my friend—  
Thou dost love revenge—ha! ha! ha! die well—  
Shake me—I'll shake thee off, and thou shalt drop  
To hell, my cherub; hence, hence, die foul,  
Thy welcome shall be warm hereafter;  
Get thee gone, thou creature of my wise ambition.

If we quote much more, we fear we shall be suspected of inventing as we go on—we shall, therefore, conclude in the words of the author:—

*Sweyne*. I ne'er knew anything  
Half so choked up with sad catastrophe.

Sad indeed—but lest some catastrophe still more sad should befall the no-doubt-worthy-and-perhaps-in-many-other-things-though-certainly-not-in-dramatic-writing-clever author, (as the 'Rejected Addresses' would have said for the *Morning Post*.) we recommend him to give up this pursuit at once, to collect all the copies he can of his work—to proceed to Ramsgate, (he appears to live at Canterbury,) to go to the extreme end of the Pier, and to throw them over. He need not be at the expense of purchasing any lead; they will sink by their own weight.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'A Memoir of Richard Hatch, by Samuel R. Allom.'—*Memoir of Rev. Gordon Hall, by Horatio Barlowell.*—*Journal of a Residence in Scotland, with a Memoir of the Author, the late Henry M'Lellan, by J. M'Lellan, Jun.*—The first two of these books are purely religious biographies, with little to distinguish them from a thousand other similar works, whose use and value are more for particular circles than general readers. The subject of the third memoir appears to have been amiable and devout, and as we have a tenderness for the memories of such, we will not examine too curiously the Journals, of which the larger part of the volume consists. At the present moment, the following brief notices may be interesting:—

"Saturday, April 27, 1832. Walked to Highgate to call on Mr. Coleridge. I was ushered into the parlor while the girl carried up my letter to his room. She presently returned and observed that her master was very poorly, but would be happy to see me, if I would walk up to his room, which I gladly did. He is short in stature and appeared to be careless in his dress. I was impressed with the strength of his expression, his venerable locks of white, and his trembling frame. He remarked that he had for some time past suffered much bodily anguish. For many months (thirteen) seventeen hours each day had he walked up and down his chamber. I inquired whether his mental powers were affected by such intense suffering; 'Not at all,' said he, 'my body and head appear to hold no connexion; the pain of my body, blessed be God, never reaches my mind.' After some further conversation, and some inquiries respecting Dr. Chalmers, he remarked, 'The Doctor must have suffered exceedingly at the strange conduct of our once dear brother laborer in Christ, Rev. Mr. Irving. Never can I describe how much it has wrung my bosom. I had watched with astonishment and admiration the wonderful and rapid development of his powers. Never was such unexampled advance in intellect as between his first and second volume of sermons. The first full of Gallicisms and Scotchisms, and all other cisms. The second discovering all the elegance and power of the best writers of the Elizabethan age. And then so sudden a fall, when his mighty energies made him so terrible to sinners.' Of the mind of the celebrated

Puffendorf he said, 'his mind is like some mighty volcano, red with flame, and dark with towering clouds of smoke through which the lightnings play and glare most awfully.' Speaking of the state of the different classes of England, he remarked 'we are in a dreadful state; Care like a foul hag sits on us all; one class presses with iron foot upon the wounded heads beneath, and all struggle for a worthless supremacy, and all to rise to it move shackled by their expenses; happy, happy are you to hold your birth-right in a country where things are different; you, at least at present, are in a transition state; God grant it may ever be so! Sir, things have come to a dreadful pass with us, we need most deeply a reform, but I fear not the horrid reform which we shall have; things must alter, the upper classes of England have made the lower persons, things; the people in breaking from this unnatural state will break from duties also.'

"He spoke of Mr. Alston with great affection and high encomium; he thought him in imagination and color almost unrivalled."

"Of all the men whom I have ever met, the most wonderful in conversational powers is Mr. S. T. Coleridge, in whose company I spend much time. With all his talent and poetry, he is a humble and devout follower of the blessed Jesus, even as 'Christ crucified.' I wish I had room for some of his conversation. When I bade him a last farewell, he was in bed, in great bodily suffering, but with great mental vigor, and feeling a humble resignation to the will of his heavenly Father. As I sat by his side I thought he looked very much like my dear grandfather, and I almost felt as if one spoke to me from the dead. Before I left him he said, 'I wish before you go, to give you some little memento to call up the hours we have passed together.' He requested me to hand him a book from his book-case, with pen and ink, then sitting up in bed he wrote a few lines and his name, kindly and most undeservedly expressing the pleasure he had had in my company. He will not live long I fear; but his name and memory will be dearer to the ages to come than to the present."

'*Scott's Press Works*. Vols. 3 and 4.'—containing the Biographical Memoirs of Eminent Novelists. Two as delightful volumes as were ever published. The portrait of Mackenzie prefixed to the latter is a very fine one, engraved by Horsburgh from a painting by Colvin Smith.

'*The Life and Poems of the Rev. George Crabbe*. Vol. 7.—Holland House and Trowbridge are the subjects of the illustrations of this volume, in which the 'Tales of the Hall' are brought to a close, after having been enriched in their progress by many new readings, curious and interesting. An addition to the fearful story of 'Smugglers and Poachers,' is not to be passed over; the *materiel* of this tragedy was communicated to the poet by the late Sir Samuel Romilly, and this note, dated a few days after his melancholy death, is appended to the original MS.

Thus had I written, so a friend advised  
Whom as the first of counsellors I prized,  
The best of guides to my assuming pen,  
The best of fathers, husbands, judges, men.  
"This will be read," I said, "and I shall hear  
Opinion wise, instructive, mild, sincere,  
For I that mind respect, for I the man revere."

I had no boding fear; but thought to see  
Those who were there, who look'd for all to thee;  
And thus wert all! there was, when thou wert by,  
Diffused around the rare felicity  
That wisdom, worth, and kindness can impart  
To form the mind and gratify the heart.

Yes! I was proud to speak of thee, as one  
Who had approved the little I had done,  
And taught me what I should do!—Thou wouldst raise  
My doubting spirit by a smile of praise,  
And words of comfort! great was thy delight  
Fear to expel, and anxious to excite,  
To wrest th' oppressor's arm, and do the injured right.

Then hadst the tear for pity, and thy breast  
Felt for the sad, the weary, the oppress'd!  
And now, afflicting change! all join with me,  
And feel, lamented ROME, for thee.

'A Letter to his Countrymen,' by J. Fenimore Cooper.—The meaning and intent of this letter are not very obvious on this side the Atlantic. It is drawn forth, apparently, by some disgust which Mr. Cooper has taken at his reception in America, and he herein announces his intention of not again coming before the public as a writer, concluding thus:—

"So far as you have been indulgent to me—and no one feels its extent more than myself—I thank you with deep sincerity: so far as I stand opposed to that class among you which forms 'the public' of a writer, on points that, however much in error, I honestly believe to be of vital importance to the well-being and dignity of the human race, I can only lament that we are separated by so wide a barrier as to render further communion under our old relations, mutually unsatisfactory."

If we understand the ground of offence, beyond some foolish personalities in the journals, Mr. Cooper, who could only tolerate us royal and loyal people, has fallen out even with his republican countrymen, because they are not sufficiently republican—republican in thought and language, as well as in deed.

'A Guide for the Wine Cellar: or, a Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Vine, and the Management of different Wines consumed in this Country,' by P. C. Huxenbeth.—Though nine gentlemen out of ten are eloquent on the subject of wines, it does not follow that this "multiplicity of talk" (to use Bubb Doddington's phrase) proceeds from a superabundance of knowledge. It is the object of the present volume to enlighten us on this subject: it appears written advisedly—we may say temperately—and will be, we should think, a useful manual to all who are curious in their potations—who seek port and eschew logwood—and prefer the genuine sparkling champagne to extract of green gooseberries.

'The Philosophy of Sleep,' by Robert Macnish. 2nd edit.—Of this work we heretofore expressed our opinion. The present edition is enlarged, and illustrated with new facts, and the doctrines of Dr. Gall are put more prominently forward.

'Beauties of Beaumont and Fletcher,' by Horace Guildford.—To whomsoever such a work was wanting, this may be acceptable, as the selections are made with good taste.

'Wright's Scenes in Ireland.'—The engravings are creditable enough, but the accompanying descriptions very carelessly written.

'Book of Penalties,' by the Author of 'The Cabinet Lawyer.'—A very useful, but rather an alarming work. It will make the reader tremble through 550 pages, to think of the "traps and gins" of the law. It is well observed in the preface, that hardly a pursuit of civil life can be entered upon without being liable to penal visitation.

'Sonnambulism. The case of Jane C. Rider,' by L. W. Belden, M.D.—Authentic particulars of the case referred to in the article on Sonnambulism, which appeared in the *Athenæum* some months since—(see No. 325.)

'The Flower Garden, or Monthly Calendar of Practical Directions for the Culture of Flowers,' by Martin Doyle.—This is one of the best of the manuals which direct the amateur gardener when to sow, and when to reap, under what circumstances to insert new buds upon the rose tree, at what season to graft, and all the rest of the details of the gardener's craft. We can recommend it as a work full of sensible remarks, by an experienced man.

'Roberts's Geography and General History.'—The plan of this work is ingenious and original:

the general elements of geographical science are first detailed in clear and simple language—the student is then instructed in the physical aspect of the globe, the system of its mountains, rivers, declivities, &c., the effects of these on climate, and the geographical distribution of animals: the political divisions of states are combined with the history of their formation; and in order that each state might be viewed as a whole, the colonial dependencies, though in different quarters of the globe, are treated as provinces of the ruling country, and classed under its name. This departure from the natural order gives the work unity as a system of political geography, and affords great facility for the study of geography in connexion with history. The book is illustrated by several engraved maps and wood-cuts, executed in a superior style.

'Ince's Outlines of English History.'—A very useful compilation; the facts are selected from the best historical authorities, and great attention has been paid to securing accuracy in the dates.

'The Treasury of Knowledge,' by Samuel Maunders.—That this work has been found useful, we may reasonably infer, seeing that the 6th edition is now before us. It certainly contains a great deal of useful information compressed into a small compass.

'The Village Poor.'—This is one of the patent "preservatives against popery," which have been produced of late in great abundance; the writer is manifestly ignorant of the real matter of controversy, between the Churches of Rome and England, indeed he contrives to misrepresent both. The story is very ridiculous: some ladies seduce a man into attending mass by promising him their custom, he is won to their creed by this promise; the ladies subsequently forsake his shop, on which he relinquishes their chapel,—thus affording conclusive evidence, that protestantism will triumph in the long run. Can we conceive any process of reasoning more satisfactory?

'The Hobart Town Almanack for 1834.'—A useful little work, but not to be compared for the value and extent of information contained in it with the more costly Van Diemen's Land Almanack. A paper, entitled, 'Van Diemen's Land as it is in 1834,' may be worth reading by those who have thoughts of settling there, or take an interest in the progress of the colony.

'Tate's Universal Cambist.'—An excellent manual of foreign exchanges, compiled with exemplary industry, and systematized with skill and ingenuity.

'Tate's Commercial Arithmetic, and Appendix.'—There is much to praise in the arrangement of this work, but, as we have repeatedly complained of similar works, too much attention is paid to facilitating practice, and too little to establishing principles. The scientific arithmetician will easily become a good practical accountant; but the reverse is so far from being true, that the acquisition of mechanical facilities destroys the power for acquiring systematic knowledge.

'L'Erro de Paris,' by A. P. Lepage.—A selection of familiar phrases, to which is added, a vocabulary of all the words and idioms used. It is likely, we think, to be useful.

'Le Cambion, Journal non Politique,' rédigé par A. P. Barbieux. Par. I.—This is a light and pleasant *olla podrida* of literature and anecdote.

'Ford on Dropsy.'—When a physician knows nothing more of a disease than he has found in books open to the perusal of everyone, and not so much as the generality of his medical brethren, he is not entitled to publish a work on the subject. We recommend this piece of information to the attention of Dr. Ford, as one of which he appears as yet ignorant.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## METEOROLOGY.

THE daily increasing interest that is felt in Meteorological Researches, the high rank that they have of late assumed in the department of physical science, the importance of the results which may be obtained from them by a cautious system of induction, and the absolute necessity, before such results can be announced as general principles, that the observations on which they are founded, should be numerous, accurate, and authentic, have rendered us for some time more than ordinarily anxious to meet the demand for information, in a manner at once full and satisfactory; and our readers will learn with pleasure, that our exertions have been crowned with the highest success, in proof of which, we this day present them with 'The Meteorological Journal' kept by order of the President and Council of the Royal Society, at their Apartments in Somerset House, the benefits of which are thus no longer to be delayed for the period of six months, and then confined to their own members, or such other wealthy individuals as can afford to purchase their valuable but necessarily expensive 'Transactions,' but are to be given to the public, through the (authorized) medium of our columns, at the close of each successive month. It is unnecessary we should say anything as to the increased value which our paper thus acquires, in being made the record of the standard observations, with which all others, both through our own and foreign countries, are uniformly compared: it is equally unnecessary that we should insist on the intrinsic value of the observations made, with the assistance of the most finished instruments, by an observer to whose zeal and accuracy honourable testimony has been borne by such competent witnesses as Herschel, Daniell, Lubbock, and Forbes.—let us rather endeavour (as the subject has not hitherto been treated much at length in our pages) to furnish our readers with a few general explanatory observations, such as may enable them to study with more interest, and use with more advantage, the tables, which from time to time we shall present them.

"Climate," according to Humboldt's definition, "combines the simultaneous action of all physical causes; and it depends on heat, humidity, light, the electrical tension of vapours, and the variable pressure of the atmosphere." Of these, which we may term elements of climate, the three usually looked on as most important, are the weight, temperature, and humidity of the atmosphere, severally measured by the barometer, the thermometer, and the hygrometer; to which we may add, the direction of the winds, or aerial currents, indicated by the vane, and the actual quantity of precipitation, or rain fallen, on a given surface, as shown by the rain-gauge. These constitute, as it were, a body of facts, upon which all meteorological science must ultimately rest, and they will be found duly noted for intervals of a day or less in the columns of the register which we subjoin—(see p. 578—80).

On referring to this register, which embraces the first six months of the present year, our readers will observe, that after the first column, containing the date of the observation and phase of the moon, come four columns containing the states of the barometer and affixed thermometer, as observed at the hours of 9 A.M. and 3 P.M. This informs us respecting the weight of the atmosphere, which we have above designated as the first element of climate. The figures under the head Barometer, show in inches and thousandths parts of an inch, the registered observations of the instrument, individually corrected for the instrumental error of capacities, and exhibit the height to which a column of atmospheric air, reaching from the level of the cistern of the barometer to the top of the atmosphere, was able to uphold a column of mercury, at the time of

the observation. The instrument used at the Royal Society, is that termed the Standard Barometer, made by Newman, under the direction and immediate inspection of Professor Daniell, who undertook the office at the express request of a Committee of the Royal Society; and the accuracy of this instrument has been proved by intermediate comparison with the barometers at almost every Observatory of any note throughout Europe. A most interesting account of the means taken to insure success, with a description of the whole process employed, is given by Professor Daniell in his *Meteorological Essays*, page 349, &c. The peculiar advantages of the instrument, as stated by Mr. Hudson, are "a tube of great diameter, a cistern of unusual extent of surface, and an apparatus for determining the height of the mercurial column, so delicate and perfect, that, with the unaided eye, it may be determined on successive trials, with a difference only in the ten-thousandths of an inch." The benefit of the great diameter of the tube, is, that the errors arising from capillary attraction are thereby, in a great measure, got rid of; the advantage of a cistern of unusual extent of surface, is, that the rise or fall of the mercury in the tube can make the less difference in the level of that in the cistern; and this does away with another source of error in ordinary instruments, for the height of the mercury in the tube is always supposed to be measured from the surface of that in the cistern; but, if the latter rises as the former falls, of course no correct observation can be made. There is still a third source of error in all observations on barometers, which it is impossible to guard against, and for which, therefore, we must allow in our calculations. This is the effect of temperature, which will occasion an expansion of the mercury in the barometer, and so cause its column to stand at a greater height than it would attain by (what it is intended to measure) the simple weight of the atmosphere. To enable us to allow for this, a thermometer is attached to the barometer, and always read off with it at the moment of examination, by which means the observer is able, at his leisure, to calculate the exact amount of the resulting dilatation, and so make the necessary allowance; and this will be found done in the Journal at the end of each month, where the mean barometrical height of the whole month, corrected for temperature and capillarity, is given, as it would have appeared, had the instruments been perfectly free from the mechanical interference of capillary action, and the temperature of the entire month never deviated from the standard point of 32° Fahrenheit.

The hours at which the observations are uniformly made, were selected in consequence of their having been found to represent the greatest and least effects of atmospheric pressure during each day. The regularity with which the weight of the air goes through a diurnal revolution in tropical countries, being constantly greater in the morning, and less towards the afternoon, is very remarkable; and the same phenomena are found to exist, though in a considerably less degree, even in our latitude, and the diminution of the amount of variation has been found by Professor Daniell to bear an exact relation to the increased distance from the equator. In our climate this periodicity is not always observable in the returns of a single day; but it is found, on taking the average of ten days, as was done by M. Ramond, or fifteen days, as was done by Mr. Hudson, in his most laborious and praiseworthy Observations, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1832, to be both appreciable and uniform; thus, on a reference to our Journal (p. 578), though the barometer on the 1st of January stood higher at 3 p.m. than it did at 9 a.m., and the same observation may be extended to no less than fourteen or fifteen days of the month; yet, on taking the mean of the entire

month, the morning returns are uniformly higher than those of the afternoon, and this observation will be found applicable to every one of the six months of which we give the register. It is, therefore, evident that, by making our observations at those times at which the barometer is generally highest and lowest, i.e. at 9 a.m. and 3 p.m., we shall obtain the true mean, though not of each day, yet of each group of ten or fifteen days, and so the true mean of the entire month, or entire year.

The indications of the thermometer are so generally understood, that they scarce require from us any remark. The instruments used are graduated by Fahrenheit's scale, which is generally used in this country, chiefly, as it appears, from the inconvenience which would be felt in changing a standard to which we are accustomed. There can be no question that many advantages would arise from the adoption of the centigrade division, the use of which, except in the British dominions, is almost universal. The external thermometer is a fine old instrument from the hand of Surme, and has a scale of sufficient openness to allow its degrees to be divided into tenths by the eye, with great estimated accuracy; and with respect to the observations made with the thermometer generally, we need only remark here, their great value and importance, from the increased interest felt at the present day on the subject of mean temperature. The principle of the thermometer called Self-registering, is simply, that it carries, within its tube, and drawn down to the mercury by a magnet, when set, a steel index moving with slight friction, and which is deposited at the lowest point to which it had contracted, or the highest point to which it had expanded, in the absence of the observer, who has nothing to do but note the point indicated, and return the index to its position on the top of the fluid. The instrument employed in these observations, is of Six's construction, and was made with great care by the late W. Cary. Between the four columns devoted to the thermometer and those containing the indications of the barometer, will be found a single column, headed, "Dew Point at 9 a.m. in degrees of Fahrenheit." This point is ascertained by the use of that beautiful and philosophical instrument, the Hygrometer, invented by Professor Daniell, but for which, in its simplest form, we are indebted to the venerated Dalton. The object of the instrument is to ascertain the quantity of moisture present in the atmosphere; and, as the principle on which it acts is exactly the same as that employed by Dalton in his far simpler apparatus, we shall select the latter as more easily admitting of explanation without a reference to plates or models.

All air contains water in solution, and the warmer the air is, the greater the quantity of water it can contain. It is a sufficiently familiar fact, that if, into a warm room filled with company, a number of glasses containing iced water or any cold liquid be brought, their surface will instantly be covered with a copious deposition of dew. This dew is nothing more than the moisture of the atmosphere of the room, which it was by its high temperature enabled to retain in the shape of vapour; but the cold surface of the glasses instantly cooled down the portion of the atmosphere with which they came in contact; it had no longer the heat necessary to retain so much water in a state of vapour; therefore, as much of the water as exceeded the saturation point of the atmosphere at its new temperature was deposited in the liquid form. This well known fact, Mr. Dalton makes use of to measure the quantity of moisture which the air may contain, or, to speak more accurately, to ascertain how nearly the air approaches to being saturated with moisture. For this purpose, he says, "I usually take a tall cylindrical glass jar, dry on the outside, and fill it with cold spring water fresh from the well; if dew be immediately

formed on the outside, I pour the water out, let it stand awhile to increase in temperature, dry the outside of the glass with a linen cloth, and then pour the water in again: this operation is to be continued till the dew ceases to be formed, and then the temperature of the water must be observed. Spring water is generally about 50°, and will mostly answer the purpose the three hottest months of the year: in other seasons, an artificial cold mixture is required."

To understand this process, it is only necessary to bear in mind the fact before stated, that the higher the temperature, the greater the quantity of vapour required for saturation. Now, suppose that a cubic foot of air, at 60° Fahrenheit, can contain any given quantity—say twelve grains—of water in the form of vapour, and that the same cubic foot of air at 50° Fahrenheit, can contain only ten grains, it is evident, that if at the former temperature it is saturated, and then suddenly reduced to the latter, it must deposit two grains of its vapour in the form of dew or rain. But if on being reduced to 50° it gives no deposit, we then conclude, that it did not contain its full quantity of vapour, and if we continue to cool it until dew appears, we shall be able to tell how much it wanted of being saturated. This is exactly Mr. Dalton's experiment: he takes the temperature of the water exactly at the last point where dew is formed, for the water while standing or being poured from glass to glass is, of course, acquiring more nearly the temperature of the atmosphere. He also observes the temperature of the atmosphere at the same moment: the more nearly these two temperatures approach, the greater is the relative quantity of moisture contained in the air, and when they coincide, the atmosphere is actually saturated with moisture, and then the least fall of temperature or increase of pressure will produce condensation—that is, cause the moisture to come down in a shower of rain. To apply this to our tables; if we examine the report under date of January 1, we find that at 9 a.m. Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 39°.7, and that at the same moment the air required to be cooled down to 33°, before the dew-point was found—that is, before deposition of moisture took place on the glass used for the purpose. If we refer now to the direction of the wind, in the last column, we find it to be W.N.W. and as it continued in a westerly direction for several successive days, we may conclude that during the whole of January 1, the wind did not suffer much variation, but blew from the west and north. Now these are essentially dry points here, as the wind blowing from them must have traversed almost the whole of England, and so deposited any moisture, with which it had come laden from the Atlantic or Channel, before reaching the vicinity of London. Such winds, therefore, would be little likely to add to whatever moisture was already in the atmosphere; we may, consequently, conclude that the dew-point did not rise much at any part of that day, but remained tolerably steady at 33°. It then becomes a question, whether the thermometer at any part of the day fell so low as 33°; and a glance at the first column of the self-registering thermometer at once answers this in the negative, as its lowest point marked 36°.3, so that we should have no hesitation in saying that no fall of rain of any note could have taken place on this day, and on referring to the Remarks, this is borne out by the words "Cloudless—baze." It is only necessary to add, that a London haze has nothing to do with the deposition of rain, and that the small portion of rain (about the fiftieth of an inch) marked in the column for that day, probably fell on the preceding, as the register is kept from 9 o'clock one morning to 9 o'clock the next. A marked contrast with all the particulars of this day, will be found on reference to January 10, where, at 9 a.m. dew-point was at 43°, and thermometer at 42°.9; it must, therefore,



have been on the point of raining at the moment. The wind also was S., bringing constant additions of moisture, and the lowest point of the thermometer marked 40.7: now, every old soldier and mail-coach traveller knows that the coldest period would probably be for an hour or two before sunrise; therefore, supposing this to have been on January 10, about 5 or 6 a.m., it is clear that the thermometer for the whole morning was below the dew-point, consequently, that the whole morning must have been wet, and a reference to the remarks shows, "a.m. Drizzling rain."

(The Rain Gauge was newly fitted up a few years ago by Newman; and the direction of the wind is derived from the large and delicate vane, erected by the late Navy Board at Somerset House.)

We have now said as much as we can conveniently give room to for the present. There are some points on which we might perhaps wish for additional information; we might desire some indications of the electrical state of the atmosphere, which is certainly a matter of high importance; we might desire that, in addition to the rain-gauge at an elevation of 79 feet, another on the surface of the ground should be added, as it is well known that the quantity of rain is greater at the surface than at any distance above it: we might also desire to know something of the force, as well as the direction of the wind, and conceive it might not be very difficult to measure it, by some such means as those suggested by Mr. Howard or Dr. Forster—viz. the distance to which it would carry, from the perpendicular, a body of given weight and dimensions falling through a stated number of feet. The consideration of these matters, however, we postpone to another time; all that we have now obtained is valuable in the highest degree; and it is with a mixture of extreme pleasure, and (we trust) pardonable satisfaction at the result of our exertions, that we hasten to present it to our readers.

[\*.\* See the Tables, p. 574-80.]

CLAUDE GUEUX.

BY VICTOR REGO.

[This tale has just appeared in the *Revue de Paris*. We have translated it, thinking that, as one of the last works of its celebrated author, it cannot but be well come to the public.]

SEVEN or eight years ago, a man of the name of Claude Gueux, a poor artisan, was living in Paris: he had with him a girl who was his mistress, and a child by this girl. I tell things as they were, leaving the reader to gather the moral for himself, as the facts of my story bring it before him. This artisan was skilful, quick, intelligent, very ill-treated by education—very well-treated by nature—able to think, but not to read. One winter his work failed him—there was neither fire nor food in his garret—the man, the girl, and the child, were cold and hungry—he committed a theft—I know not what he stole, or whence he stole it—I know only that the consequences of this theft were, three days' food and fire to the girl and the child, and five years of imprisonment to the man.

He was sent to undergo his sentence at the House of Correction at Clairvaux—an abbey changed into a jail—a cell changed into a prison-cage—an altar changed into a pillory. When we speak of change, it is thus that certain persons understand and execute it—such a meaning do they give to the word.

To proceed. When arrived there, he was placed in a dungeon at night, and in a work-shop by day: I have no quarrel with the work-shop.

Claude Gueux, lately an honest man, now and henceforth a thief, was dignified and grave in appearance: his high forehead was already wrinkled, though he was still young—some grey lines lurked among the black and bushy tufts of his hair—his eye was soft, and buried deep be-

neath his lofty and well-turned eyebrow—his nostrils were open—his chin advancing—his lip scornful: it was a fine head—we shall see what society made of it.

He was a man of few words—more frequent gestures—somewhat imperious in his whole manner, and one to make himself obeyed—of a melancholy air—rather serious than suffering—for all that, he *had* suffered enough.

In the place where he was confined, there was a director of the work-rooms—a kind of functionary peculiar to prisons—who combined in himself the offices of turnkey and tradesman—who would at the same time issue an order to the workman and threaten the prisoner—put tools in his hands, and iron on his feet. This man was a variety of his own species—a man peremptory, tyrannical, governed by his fancies—holding tight the reins of his authority; and yet on occasion a boon companion, jovial, and condescending to a joke—rather hard than firm—reasoning with no one, not even himself—a good father, and doubtless a good husband—(a duty, by the way, and not a virtue,) in short, evil but not bad. The principal, the diagonal line of this man's character, was obstinacy—he was proud of it, and therein compared himself to Napoleon; when he had once fixed what he called *his will* upon an absurdity, he went to its farthest length, holding his head high, and despising all obstacles. Such violence of purpose without reason, is only fully tied to the tail of brute force, and serving to lengthen it. For the most part, whenever a catastrophe, whether public or private, happens amongst men, if we look beneath the rubbish with which it strews the earth, to find in what manner the fallen fabric had been propped, we shall, with rare exceptions, discover it to have been blindly put together by a weak and obstinate man, trusting and admiring himself implicitly. Many of the smaller of these strange fatalities pass in the world for providences. Such was he who was the director of the work-rooms in the central prison of Clairvaux—such was the stone with which society daily struck its prisoners to draw sparks from them. The sparks which such stones draw from such flints often kindle conflagrations.

We have said that, once having arrived at Clairvaux, Claude Gueux was classed in a work-room, and kept to hard labour. The director became acquainted with him, perceived that he worked well, and treated him accordingly: it even appeared that one day, being in a good humour, and seeing Claude Gueux very sad—for he was always thinking upon her whom he called *his wife*—he told him, by way of amusing as well as consoling him, that the unfortunate creature had become a woman of the town. Claude asked coldly what had become of the child: he did not know.

In a short time Claude found the prison air natural to him, and appeared to have forgotten everything: a certain severe serenity, which belonged to his character, had resumed its mastery.

In about the same time, he had acquired a singular ascendancy over all his companions: as if by a sort of silent agreement, and without any one knowing wherefore, not even himself, all these men consulted him, listened to him, admired, and imitated him (the last point to which admiration can mount). It was no slight glory to be obeyed by all these lawless natures—the empire had come to him without his own seeking—it was a consequence of the respect with which they beheld him. The eye of a man is a window, through which may be seen the thoughts which enter into and issue from his heart.

Place an individual who possesses ideas among those who do not,—at the end of a given time, and by a law of irresistible attraction, all their misty minds shall draw together with humility and reverence round his illuminated

one. There are men who are iron, and there are men who are loadstone—Claude was loadstone.

In less than three months, he had become the soul, the law, the order of the work-room: he was the dial, concentrating all rays—he must even himself have sometimes doubted whether he were king or prisoner—it was the captivity of a pope among his cardinals.

By as natural a reaction, accomplished step by step, as he was loved by the prisoners, so was he detested by the jailers: it is always thus—popularity cannot exist without disfavour—the love of the slaves is always exceeded one degree by the hate of their masters.

Claude Gueux was, by his particular organization, a great eater: his stomach was so formed, that food enough for two common men would hardly have sufficed for his nourishment. M. de Cotadilla had one of these large appetites, and laughed at it; but that which is a cause of guilt for a Spanish grandee with his 500,000 sheep, is a heavy charge to an artisan, and a misfortune to a prisoner.

Claude Gueux, free, in his own loft, worked all day, earned his four pounds of bread, and ate it—Claude Gueux, in prison, worked all day, and, for his pains, received invariably one pound and a half of bread and four ounces of meat: the ration admits of no change—Claude was therefore constantly hungry whilst in the prison of Clairvaux: he was hungry, and no more—he did not speak of it, because it was not his nature so to do.

One day Claude, after devouring his scanty pittance, had returned to his work, thinking to cheat his hunger by it: the rest of the prisoners were eating cheerily. A young man, pale, fair, and feeble looking, came and placed himself near him—he held in his hand his ration, as yet untouched, and a knife: he remained in that situation, with the air of one who would speak, and dares not. The sight of the man and his bread and meat annoyed Claude—"What do you want?" said he, rudely. "That you would do me a service," said the young man, timidly. "What?" replied Claude. "That you would help me to eat this—it is too much for me." A tear stood in the proud eye of Claude—he took the knife, divided the young man's ration into two equal parts, took one of them, and began eating. "Thank you," said the young man—"if you like, we will share together every day." "What is your name?" said Claude. "Albin." "Wherefore are you here?" "I have committed a theft." "And I, too," said Claude.

Henceforth they did thus share together every day. Claude Gueux was little more than thirty years old, but at times he appeared fifty, so stern were his thoughts usually: Albin was twenty—he might have been taken for seventeen, so much innocence was there in the appearance of this thief. A strict friendship was knit up between the two, rather of father to son than brother to brother, Albin being still almost a child, Claude already nearly an old man. They wrought in the same work-room—they slept under the same vault—they walked in the same airing-ground—they ate of the same bread. Each of these two friends was the universe to the other—it would seem that they were happy.

We have already spoken of the director of the work-rooms. This man, who was abhorred by the prisoners, was often obliged, in order to enforce obedience, to have recourse to Claude Gueux, who was beloved by them. On more than one occasion, when the question was, how to put down a rebellion or a tumult, the authority without title of Claude Gueux had given powerful aid to the official authority of the director: in short, to restrain the prisoners, ten words from him were as good as ten gendarmes. Claude had many times rendered this service to the

director, wherefore the latter detested him cordially. He was jealous of this thief: there was at the bottom of his heart a secret, envious, implacable hatred against Claude—the hate of a titular for a real sovereign—of a temporal against a spiritual power: these are the worst of all hatreds.

Claude loved Albin greatly, and did not trouble himself about the director: one morning, when the turnkeys were leading the prisoners two by two from their dormitory to the work-room, one of them called Albin, who was by the side of Claude, and informed him that the director asked for him. "What does he want with you?" said Claude. "I do not know," replied the other. The turnkey took Albin away.

The morning passed; Albin did not return to the work-room. When the dinner hour arrived, Claude expected that he should rejoin Albin in the airing-ground—but no Albin was there. He returned into the workroom, still Albin did not make his appearance. So passed the day. At night, when the prisoners were removed to their dormitory, Claude looked about for Albin, but could not see him. It would seem that he must have suffered much at that moment, for he addressed the turnkey—a thing which he had never done before—"Is Albin sick?" was his question—"No," replied the turnkey. "Why is it, then, that he has not again made his appearance to-day?"—"Ah!" replied the turnkey, carelessly, "they have put him in another ward." The witnesses who deposed to these facts at a later period, remarked, that, at this answer, Claude's hand, in which was a lighted candle, trembled a little. He again asked calmly, "Whose order was this?" The turnkey said, "Monsieur D—."

The name of the director of the work-rooms was D—.

The next day went by, like the last, but no Albin.

That evening, when the day's work ended, the director, Monsieur D—, came to make his usual round of inspection. As soon as Claude saw him, he took off his cap of coarse wool, buttoned his grey vest, and livery of Clairvaux (it is a principle in prisons, that a vest, respectfully buttoned, bespeaks the favour of the superior officers), and placed himself at the end of his bench, waiting till the director came by. He passed. "Sir," said Claude. The director stopped and turned half round. "Sir," said Claude, "is it true that Albin's ward has been changed?"—"Yes," returned the director—"Sir," continued Claude, "I cannot live without Albin: you know that with the ration of the house I have not enough to eat, and that Albin shared his bread with me."—"That was his business," replied the director—"Sir, is there no means of getting Albin replaced in the same ward as myself?"—"Impossible! it is so decided."—"By whom?"—"By myself."—"Monsieur D—," persisted Claude, "the question is my life and death, and it depends upon you."—"I never revoke my decisions."—"Sir, is it because I have given you any offence?"—"None."—"In that case," said Claude, "why do you separate me from Albin?"—"It is my will," said the director.

With this explanation he went his way.

Claude stooped his head, and made no answer. Poor caged lion, from whom they had taken his dog!

We are obliged to confess, that the grief of this separation in no way changed the prisoner's almost disease of voracity. Nor was he, in other respects, obviously altered. He did not speak of Albin to any of his comrades. He walked alone in the airing-ground, in the hours of recreation, and suffered hunger—nothing more.

Nevertheless, those who knew him well, remarked something of a sinister and sombre expression, which daily overspread his countenance more and more. In other respects, he was gentler than

ever. Many wished to share their ration with him; he refused with a smile.

Every evening, after the explanation which the director had given him, he committed a sort of folly, which, in so grave a man, was astonishing. At the moment when the director, in the progress of his habitual duty, passed by Claude's working-frame, he would raise his eyes, gaze steadily upon him, and then address to him, in a tone full of distress and anger, combining at once menace and supplication, these two words only—*and Albin?* The director would either appear not to hear, or pass on, shrugging his shoulders.

He was wrong. It became evident to all the lookers-on of these strange scenes, that Claude Gueux was inwardly determined on some step. All the prison awaited with anxiety the result of this strife between obstinacy and resolution.

It has been proved, that once Claude said to the director, "Listen, Sir; give me back my comrade; you will do well to do it, I assure you. Take notice that I tell you this."

Another time, one Sunday, when he had remained in the airing-ground for many hours in the same attitude, seated on a stone, his elbows on his knees, and his forehead buried in his hands, the convict Failliette approached him, and cried out, laughing, "What the devil art thou about there, Claude?"—Claude raised his stern brow slowly, and said, "I am sitting in judgment."

At last, on the evening of the 25th of Oct., 1831, at the moment when the director was making his round, Claude crushed under his foot a watch-glass, which he had that morning found in the corridor. The director inquired whence that noise proceeded: "It is nothing," said Claude, "it is I, M. le Directeur: give me back my comrade."—"Impossible!" said his master—"It must be done, though," said Claude, in a low and steady voice; and, looking the director full in the face, added, "Reflect; this is the 25th of October, I give you till the 4th of November."

A turnkey made the remark to Monsieur D—, that Claude threatened him, and that it was a case for solitary confinement. "No, nothing of the kind," said the director, with a disdainful smile, "We must be gentle with these sort of people."

On the morrow, the convict Pernot approached Claude, who walked by himself, melancholy, leaving the other prisoners to bask in a patch of sunshine at the further corner of the court: "What now, Claude? What art thinking of? thou seemest sad."—"I am afraid," said Claude, "that some misfortune will happen soon to this gentle M. D—."

There are nine full days from the 25th of October to the 4th of November. Claude did not let one pass without gravely warning the director of the state, more and more miserable, in which the disappearance of Albin placed him. The director, worn out, sentenced him to four-and-twenty hours of solitary confinement, because his prayer was too like a demand. This was all that Claude obtained.

The 4th of November arrived. On this day, Claude arose with such a serene countenance as he had not worn since the day when the decision of M. D— had separated him from his friend. When risen, he searched in a white wooden box which stood at the foot of his bed, and contained his few possessions. He drew thence a pair of sempstress's scissors. These, with an odd volume of 'Emile,' were all that remained to him of the woman he had loved—of the mother of his child—of his happy little home of other days. Two articles, totally useless to Claude; the scissors could only be of service to a woman—the book to a lettered person. Claude could neither sew nor read.

At the time when he was traversing the old cloister, desecrated and blanched, which serves as the winter walk for the prisoners, he approach-

ed the convict Ferrari, who was looking with attention at the enormous bars of a window. Claude was holding the little pair of scissors in his hands; he showed them to Ferrari, saying, "To-night I will divide those bars with these scissors."

Ferrari began to laugh incredulously; Claude joined him.

That morning he worked with more zeal than usual—faster and better than ever before. He appeared to attach a certain importance to completing that morning a straw hat, for which M. Bressier, an honest bourgeois of Troyes, had paid him beforehand.

A little past noon he went down on some pretext or other to the joiner's workshop, on the ground-floor, under the story in which was his own. Claude was beloved there, as everywhere else; but he entered it seldom. Thus it was—"Stop! here's Claude!" They got round him; it was a perfect holiday. He cast a quick glance round the room. Not one of the overlookers was there. "Who has a hatchet to lend me?" said he. "What to do?" was the inquiry. "Kill the director of the work-rooms." They offered him many to choose from. He took the smallest of those which were very sharp, hid it in his trousers, and went out. There were twenty-seven prisoners in that room. He had not desired them to keep his secret: they all kept it. They did not even talk of it among themselves. Every one separately awaited the result. The thing was straightforward—terribly simple. Claude could neither be counselled nor denounced.

An hour afterwards he approached a convict sixteen years old, who was lounging in the place of exercise, and advised him to learn to read. At this moment the prisoner Failliette spoke to Claude, and asked him what the devil he was hiding there in his trousers. "It is a hatchet," said Claude, "to kill Monsieur D— to-night;" and added, "Can you see it?"—"A little," answered Failliette.

The rest of the day was as usual. At seven o'clock at night the prisoners were shut up, each division in the work-room to which they belonged, and the overlookers went out, as it appears was the custom, not to return till after the director's visit. Claude was locked in with his companions like the rest.

Then there passed in this work-room an extraordinary scene; one not without majesty and awe, the only one of the kind which is to be told in this story. There were there, (according to the judiciary deposition afterwards made,) four-and-twenty thieves, including Claude. As soon as the overlookers had left them alone, Claude stood up upon a bench, and announced to all the room that he had something to say. There was silence.

Then Claude raised his voice, and said, "You all know that Albin was my brother. Here they do not give me enough to eat; even with the bread which I can buy with the little I earn, it is not sufficient. Albin shared his ration with me. I loved him at first, because he fed me; then, because he loved me. The director, Monsieur D—, separated us; our being together could be nothing to him, but he is a bad-hearted man, who enjoys tormenting others. I have asked him for Albin back again. You have heard me. He will not do it. I gave him till the 4th of November to restore Albin to me. He ordered me into solitary confinement for telling him so. I, during this time, have sat in judgment upon him, and condemned him to death. We are now at the 4th of November. In two hours he will come to make him round. I warn you that I am about to kill him. Have you anything to say on the matter?"

All continued silent.

He went on—he spoke (so it appears) with a peculiar eloquence which was natural to him.

He declared that he knew he was about to do a violent deed, but could not think it wrong. He appealed to the conscience of his four-and-twenty listeners. He was placed in a cruel extremity; the necessity of doing justice to himself was a strait into which every man found himself driven at one time or other: he could not, in truth, take the director's life without giving his own for it, but it was right to give his life for a just end. He had thought deeply on the matter, and that alone, for two months; he believed he was not carried away by passion, but if it were so, he trusted they would warn him. He honestly submitted his reasons to the just men whom he addressed. He was about to kill Monsieur D., but if any one had any objection to make, he was ready to hear it.

One voice alone was raised to say, that before killing the director, Claude ought to make one last attempt to soften him.

"It is fair," said Claude, "I will do so."

The great clock struck the hour—it was eight. The director would make his appearance at nine.

No sooner had this extraordinary court of appeal ratified the sentence he had submitted to it, than Claude resumed his former serenity. He placed upon the table all the linen and garments he possessed, the scanty property of a prisoner, and calling to him one after the other those of his companions, whom he loved best after Albin, he divided all amongst them. He only kept the little pair of scissors. Then he embraced them all. Some of them wept—upon these he smiled.

There were moments in this last hour, when he chatted with so much tranquillity, and even gaiety, that many of his comrades inwardly hoped, as they afterwards declared, that he might perhaps abandon his resolution. He even once amused himself with extinguishing one of the few candles which lighted the work-room, by blowing through his nostrils; for he had vulgar habits, which deranged his natural dignity oftener than they should have done. There were times when he could do nothing which did not smack of the kennels of Paris.

He perceived a young convict who was pale, who was gazing upon him with fixed eyes, and trembling, doubtless from expectation of what he was about to witness. "Come, courage, young man," said Claude to him softly; "it will be only the work of a moment."

When he had distributed all his goods, made all his adieus, pressed all their hands, he interrupted the restless whisperings which were heard here and there in the dim corners of the work-room, and commanded that they should return to their labour;—all obeyed him in silence.

The apartment in which this passed was an oblong hall, a parallelogram, lighted with windows on its two longer sides, and with two doors opposite each other at the two ends of the room. The working-frames were ranged on each side near the windows, the benches touching the wall at right angles, and the space left free between the two rows of frames formed a sort of avenue, which went straight from one door to the other, crossing the hall entirely. It was this which the director traversed in making his inspection: he was to enter at the south door, and go out by the north, after having looked at the workmen on the right and left. Commonly he passed through quickly and without stopping.

Claude had re-seated himself on his bench, and had betaken himself to his work, as James Clement betook himself to his prayers.

All were in expectation—the moment approached—on a sudden they heard the clock strike—Claude said, "It is the last quarter." Then he rose, crossed gravely a part of the hall, and placed himself leaning on his elbow on the first frame on the left hand side, close to the door of

entrance: his countenance was perfectly calm and benign.

Nine o'clock struck—the door opened—the director came in.

At that moment the silence of the work-room was as of a chamber full of statues.

The director alone was as usual: he entered with his jovial, self-satisfied, and stubborn air, without noticing Claude, who was standing at the left side of the door, his right hand hidden in his trousers, and passed rapidly by the first frames, tossing his head, mumbling his words, and casting his glance, which was law, here and there, not perceiving that the eyes of all who surrounded him were fixed upon him as upon a fearful phantom. On a sudden he turned sharply round, surprised to hear a step behind him.

It was Claude, who for some instants followed him in silence.

"What art thou about there?" said the director; "what makes thee not in thy place?"

For in prison a man is no longer a man—they speak to him as to a dog.

Claude Gueux answered respectfully, "Because I have something to say to you, M. le Directeur."

"What about?"

"Concerning Albin."

"Still Albin?" exclaimed the director.

"Always!" replied Claude.

"Be quiet," said the director, walking on again; "thou art not content then with thy four-and-twenty hours of solitary confinement."

Claude followed him—"M. le Directeur, give me back my comrade."

"Impossible."

"M. le Directeur," said Claude, in a tone which might have softened a fiend, "I entreat you, restore Albin to me. You shall see how well I will work. To you, who are free, it is no matter—you do not know what the worth of a friend is; but I have only the four walls of my prison. You can come and go—I have nothing but Albin—give him back to me. Albin fed me—you know it well. It will only cost you the trouble of saying yes: what can it be to you that there should be in the same room one man called Claude Gueux, another called Albin? for the thing is simply that. M. le Directeur, good Monsieur D., I beseech you earnestly for heaven's sake."

Claude had probably never before said so much at one time to a jailer: exhausted with the effort, he paused;—the director replied, with an impatient gesture, "Impossible—I have said it: speak to me no more about it—you wear me out."

Then, as if in a hurry, he stepped on more quickly, Claude following. Thus speaking, they had reached the door of exit; the prisoners looked after them, and listened breathlessly.

Claude gently touched the director's arm. "At least let me know why I am condemned to death—tell me why you have separated him from me."

"I have told you," answered the director, "It is my will."

He turned his back upon Claude, and was about to take hold of the latch of the door.

On this answer, Claude had retreated a step—the assembled statues who were there saw him bring out his right hand, and the hatchet with it—it was raised, and ere the victim could utter one cry, three blows, one upon the other, had cleft his skull. At the moment when he fell back, a fourth blow laid his face open;—then, as if his frenzy, once let loose, could not stop, Claude struck a fifth blow: 'twas useless—he was dead.

"Now for the other!" cried the murderer, and threw away the hatchet. That other was himself. They saw him draw from his bosom the small pair of scissors, and before any one could attempt to hinder him, bury them in his

breast. The blade was too short to penetrate. He struck them in again and again, as many as twenty times. "Accursed heart! cannot I then reach you?" and finally fell in a dead swoon, bathed in his blood.

Which of these men was the victim of the other?

When Claude returned to consciousness, he was in bed, well attended, his wounds carefully bandaged; some good Sisters of Charity were about his pillow, and more than one magistrate, who asked him with the appearance of great interest, "Are you better?"

He had lost a great quantity of blood, but the scissors with which he had wounded himself, had done their duty ill—none of the wounds were dangerous.

The examinations commenced. They asked him if it were he who had killed the director of the work-rooms at Clairvaux. He replied, "It was." They asked him why he had done it. He answered, "It was his will."

After this, the wounds festered. He was seized with a severe fever, of which he only did not die. November, December, January, and February, went over in recovering him and preparing for his trial—physicians and judges alike made him the objects of their care—the former healed his wounds, the latter made ready his scaffold. To be brief, on the 16th of March, 1832, he appeared, being perfectly cured, before the Assize Court at Troyes. All the inhabitants of the town who could attend, were present.

Claude made a good appearance before the Court; he had been carefully shaved, his head was bare—he was dressed in the sad prison livery of Clairvaux, of two shades of grey.

The King's Advocate had crowded the hall with all the bayonets of the province, "To keep in," as he informed the spectators, "the wretches who would figure as witnesses in this matter."

When the trial was entered upon, a singular difficulty presented itself. Not any of the witnesses of the events of the 4th of November, would make a deposition against Claude. The President threatened them with his discretionary power in vain. Claude then commanded them to give evidence. All their tongues were loosed. They related what they had seen.

Claude listened with profound attention. When one of them, out of forgetfulness, or affection for him, omitted some of the circumstances chargeable upon the accused, Claude supplied them. By this means, the chain of facts which we have related, was unfolded before the Court.

There was one moment when some of the females present wept. The huissier summoned the convict Albin. It was his turn to come forward. He entered, staggering with emotion, he wept. The gendarmes could not prevent his falling into the arms of Claude. Claude raised him, and said with a smile to the King's Advocate, "Here is a villain who shares his bread with those who are hungry." Then he kissed Albin's hand.

The list of witnesses having been gone through, the King's Advocate rose and spoke, in these words: "Gentlemen of the jury, society would be shaken to its foundations, if public vengeance did not overtake such great criminals as this man, who, &c. &c."

After this memorable discourse, Claude's advocate spoke. The pleader against, and the pleader for, made each, in due order, the evolutions which they are accustomed to make in the arena which is called a criminal court.

Claude did not think that all was said. He arose in his turn. He spoke in a manner which must have amazed all the intelligent persons present on the occasion. It appeared as if there were more of the orator than the murderer in this poor artisan. He spoke in an upright attitude, with a penetrating and well managed voice, with an open, sincere, and steadfast gaze,

\* C'est un chien, on le tue.



with a gesture almost always the same, but full of command. There were moments in which his genuine lofty eloquence stirred the crowd to a murmur, during which Claude took breath, casting a bold gaze upon the by-standers. Then again, this man, who could not read, was as gentle, polished, select in his language as an informed person—at other moments, modest, measured, attentive, going step by step over the irritating parts of the argument, courteous to his judges. Once only, he gave way to a burst of passion: the King's Advocate had proved in his speech, that Claude Gueux has assassinated the director, without any violence on his part, and consequently *without provocation*.

"What!" exclaimed Claude, "I have not been provoked! Ah, yes, it is the truth—I understand you. A drunken man strikes me with his dagger—I kill him, I have been provoked, you show mercy to me, you send me to the gal- lies. But a man who is not drunk, who has the perfect use of his reason, wrings my heart for four years, humbles me for four years, pierces me with a weapon every day, every hour, every minute, in some unexpected point, for four years! I had a wife, for whose sake I became a thief—he tortures me through that wife—a child, for whom I stole—he tortures me through that child—I have not bread enough to eat—a friend gives it me—he takes away my friend and my food! I ask for my friend back—he condemns me to solitary confinement—I speak to him—him the spy—respectfully; he answers me in dog's language. I tell him I am suffering—he tells me I wear him out. What would you then that I should do? I kill him. It is well; I am a monster, I have murdered this man, I have not been provoked, you take my life for it; be it so!" • • •

The debates being closed, the president made his impartial and luminous summing up. The results were these: a wicked life—a wretch in purpose—Claude Gueux had begun by living in concubinage—he had then stolen—then murdered. All this was true.

When the jury were about being conducted to their apartment, the president asked the accused if he had anything to say upon the questions before them. "Little," replied Claude. "Only this. I am a thief and an assassin—I have stolen, and have slain a man. But why have I stolen? Why have I murdered?—Add these two questions to the rest, gentlemen of the jury."

After a quarter of an hour's deliberation, on the part of the twelve countrymen whom he had addressed as *gentlemen of the jury*, Claude Gueux was condemned to death.

It is certain, that at the opening of the cause, many of them had remarked that the accused was called Gueux (*beggar*), which had made a profound impression upon them.

Their decision was read to Claude, who contented himself with saying—"It is well—but why has this man stolen? Why has this man murdered? These are questions to which they make no answer."

He was carried back to prison. He supped almost gaily.

He had no wish to make an appeal against his sentence. One of the Sisters, who had nursed him, entreated him, with tears, to do so. He complied, out of kindness to her. It would appear as if he had resisted till the very last moment, for when he signed his petition in the register, the legal delay of three days had expired some minutes before. The poor grateful Sister gave him five francs. He accepted the money and thanked her.

Whilst his appeal was pending, offers of escape were made to him by the prisoners at Troyes, who were devoted to him. They threw, one after the other, into his dungeon, through its air-hole, a nail, a bit of iron file, and the handle of a bucket. Any of these three tools would have been sufficient to so skilful a man as Claude,

to cut through his irons. He gave up the nail, the file, and the handle to the turnkey.

On the 1st of June, 1832, seven months and four days after the deed, its expiation arrived, *pæde claudé*, as we see. That day, at seven o'clock in the morning, the recorder of the tribunal entered Claude's dungeon, and announced to him that he had not more than an hour to live. His petition was rejected.

"Come," said Claude, coldly, "I have this night slept well, without troubling myself that I should sleep still better the next."

It would appear as if the words of strong men always receive a certain dignity from approaching death.

The priest arrived—then the executioner. He was humble to the one, gentle to the other.

He maintained a perfect ease of spirit. Whilst they were cutting off his hair, some one spoke in a corner of the dungeon of the cholera, which was at that moment threatening Troyes. "For my part," said Claude, with a smile, "I have no fear of the cholera."

He listened to the priest with extreme attention, accusing himself of many things, and regretting that he had not been instructed in religion.

At his request they had given him back the scissors with which he had wounded himself—one blade which had been broken in his breast was wanting. He entreated the jailor to have these scissors taken to Albin, as from himself. He said also that he was anxious they should add to this legacy, the ration of bread he should have eaten that day.

He besought those who bound his hands to place in his right hand the five franc piece which the Sister had given him—the only thing which was now remaining to him.

At a quarter to eight, he went out of his prison, with the customary mournful procession which attends the condemned. He was on foot, pale, his eyes fixed on the priest's crucifix—but he walked with a firm step.

This day had been chosen for his execution, because it was market-day, that he might be beheld on his way to the scaffold by as many as possible, for it would seem as if there were yet in France towns full of half-savage people, who, when society takes a man's life, make a public bust of it.

He ascended the scaffold gravely, his eyes always fixed on the cross of Christ. He embraced the priest first, then the executioner, thanking the one, forgiving the other. The executioner pushed him back gently, says one account. At the moment when the assistant bound him on the hideous machine, he made a sign to the priest to take the five franc piece which he had in his right hand, and said to him, "For the poor." As at that moment the clock was striking eight, the sound from the steeple drowned his voice, and the confessor answered that he could not hear him. Claude waited for an interval between two of the strokes, and repeated with gentleness, "For the poor."

The eighth stroke had not yet sounded when this noble and intelligent head had fallen.

#### B. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

We have this week to record the departure of another mighty spirit from among us—the quenching in the darkness of the grave of another of the few bright stars which yet remained to us.

We have it not in our power to offer any detailed biographical notice of Mr. Coleridge. That he was born at Bristol, educated at Christ's Hospital, studied at Jesus College, Cambridge, and accompanied the late Sir Alexander Ball to Malta as secretary, are facts which are already public. His tour to Germany, (accomplished through the liberality of the Messrs. Wedgewoods)—his residence at

Nether Stowey and at the Lakes—his marriage, and the birth of his children—his labours in the *Friend*, the *Watchman*, and the *Morning Post*—his residence, during the latter years of his life at Highgate—are things so well known to the greater number of our readers, that they call for no particular mention on this occasion. His life was one of precarious fortunes—the consequences of those singularities of character, temperament, and habits, which grew out of his original and peculiar genius. Those who have read his '*Biographia Literaria*,' will not forget his account of his journey to solicit subscriptions for his *Watchman*—nor his extraordinary harangue against periodical literature, in the house of one for whose patronage he was then soliciting. It was a type of the man—a sure token that, in the hard business of life, its strivings, and its amassings, he could not be successful. Another anecdote of him, no less characteristic, may not be so generally known. We have reason to believe, that during the earlier period of his life he enlisted as a common soldier in the dragoons; of course he did not remain long in the service; perhaps his then democratic principles made his officers willing to get rid of him—perhaps (which is a fact) because he could not be taught to ride.

The news of his death came upon us at the very moment when a complete edition of his poems (on which his fame will rest) was calling for some few remarks on our part, which we had purposely delayed, in the earnestness of our desire to do justice to the subject. These last tidings have invested them with a sacredness which would make any critical anatomy of their beauties and defects unseemly and irreverent at the present moment. Yet it may not be amiss to point out their three-fold nature—as works of passionate and exalted meditation (witness his '*Sunrise in the Valley of Chamouni*,' his '*Lines on an Autumnal Evening*,' his '*Religious Musings*,' his '*Ode to the Departing Year*,' and many other of his earlier poems)—as out-pourings of the wild inspiration of old romance (is it needful to refer to his '*Ancient Mariner*,' and his '*Genevieve*,' and his '*Christabel*?'—and his latest verses, as treasuring in a few lines, matured philosophy—mingling wisdom with retrospect, and intimations of holy truths with pleasant and simple images. Nor must we forget to allude to his version of '*Wallenstein*,' a master-translation of a master-work—or his original dramatic compositions, too full of deep thought and delicate imagery for a stage, on which, to ensure success, an author (to borrow the words of the most accomplished actress of these later days) should write "as they paint the scenes, in great splashes of black and white."

To all these several merits the world has done, and is doing, slow but sure justice. We cannot but remember the hooting of derision with which '*Christabel*' was received, on its first appearance; nor how, a year or two afterwards, when Lord Byron, in transplanting one of its images into his more popular '*Parisina*,' took occasion to call it "that singularly wild and beautiful poem," many, and those educated persons, regarded the praise as affectation, or, at best, as a condescending kindness. Since then, however, that fragment has crept up in public opinion, and been more quoted than perhaps any other poem of its length. Such has been the progress of the author's fame. It may not have spread so widely as the reputation of other writers—one half of which is, after all, but a refined species of mob-popularity; but it has risen to a dignity and an elevation, surpassing that gained by most men, in the estimation of those, in whose hearts it is the poet's highest distinction and glory to have his name embalmed.

Many have grieved over the smallness of the

; Three vols.—Pickering.

number of Coleridge's works—they would have had much gold and silver, instead of the few diamonds of perfect water he has bequeathed to them. Many have regretted that his powers were expended on conversation instead of being turned to less perishable uses. But such expenditure is not waste—discourse must have listeners; and the eloquence of such a man fulfils a purpose of no mean importance, if it encourage the timid—if it reach the apprehensions of the slow, and excite the indolent to think. The philosophers of old thus conversed in their porticoes and groves, and their works were to be found in the minds of their followers.

And now, while we record that this tongue of wisdom is mute for ever—this hand of the minstrel is cold and dead, we feel it our duty to utter a warning voice to our rising poets, and earnestly to impress on them that they are undertaking no holiday task—that if they would take up the prostrate sceptres of those who have been kings and rulers among us, it is not by a careless and affected dedication of their powers that they may hope to wield them. Like the champions of old, they must purify themselves for such high service by devotional vigils—they must bind themselves by vows of good faith as well as of daring and of diligence—and each, as much as in him lies, regard it as a sacred duty to keep the true fire upon the temple of the altar from expiring—even though the prouder lot of rekindling it to its olden brightness be reserved for others mightier than himself.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome.

SHALL I go on with my bulletin of the Archaeological Institute?—Concerning the famous Greek *Capo d'Opera* at Naples, the *Psyche* of Praxiteles, M. Wolff asserts that it is neither Greek, nor *Capo d'Opera*, nor *Psyche*, nor Praxiteles. He admits it of a grandiose style, but, from the manipulation of the hair, ears, and whole mask, and a want of firm design, judges it rather an imitation—much injured, too, by accident, and more by repairs. Professor Millingen himself gives it up as a *Psyche*, there being not even a rudiment of wings. M. Wolff seems rather to conjecture it a Venus, from its resemblance to that of Melos especially, in all but the head. What a rage we have for affiliating this and the other foundling of sculpture upon Greece and Praxiteles! while the fact is, that out of the many thousand Vatican marbles not twenty can be laid to the former, not one to the latter, or to any sculptor of his rank. Michael Angelo and Raffael are little better off: scarce a marble abortion, or fright of a Holy Family, in any little pelting Italian village, but is sworn upon one or the other. A detailed and augmented account of the sculptures noted in some of my last as found near the Parthenon by M. Pittakya, are still remaining on the temple itself. They amount to several. You will think it odd, but the greatest barbarians in Greece are English: the most selfish, remorseless, and savagely acquisitive; they will spoil a statue for sake the of a *show-bit*, dilapidate a temple which the very Turks respected. At the "glorious epoch of Navarino," M. Pittakya had to bury some of the marbles, and render others inaccessible, to secure them from the *saviours* of Greece! Ugh! how the gorge rises at this picture of rapaciousness.

Well—Excavations at Pompeii: productive, as usual, of numberless antiquarian toys, in bronze, marble, terra cotta, gold, iron, bone, but few works of rare interest or merit. Some good paintings, and a beautiful mosaic fountain.

*Egyptian Obelisks at Rome.*—Sig. Rosellini, the hieroglyphist, has undertaken a most important task, bequeathed him by his colleague, Champollion, that of deciphering these obelisks. We

shall thus, at length, find whether among Roman monoliths exists that of which the Alexandrines left us the translation taken from it by Hermapion. The decipherment will be at the expense of the State Calceographia, on tables designed and engraved by Mariani, corrected by Champollion. We shall probably also be able to come at the date of these monuments; one, that on the Monte Citorio, is supposed to be as old as Sesostris, nearly 3000 years. Apropos: I could never conceive the mighty wonder of pyramids and obelisks attaining this age. What is a pyramid but a pinnacle of stones? and who stands amazed at a hillock, though perhaps as old as the sun itself? Why should a pyramid tumble more than any peak of rocks in the mountains beside it? And to take it to pieces would be as troublesome as to build it. An obelisk is a sort of pyramid, less secure indeed by the smallness of its base, but more by the singleness of its member, which prevents dilapidation; and at all events, if it exist one thousand years, why not as well (common care being taken of it) ten thousand? All the natural shocks, from wind, thunder, &c., it is heir to, will, at a given place, have tried their force on it within a century or so, and if it sustain these without damage, some mimulous outrage alone (unless we set to with hammers ourselves, like Goths or geologists,) can destroy it for thousands of years. What, for instance, is to prevent the obelisk of Monte Citorio from standing till the year of the world 20,000? or the pyramid of Cheops till A. D. 1,000,000, if earth last so long? And even supposing the obelisk thrown down, it would break into two or three large fragments, and scarce lose a chip of its personal identity, being too difficult, from the hardness of its material, even upon the ground, for the hand of ignorance or avarice to annihilate. Lions, sphinxes, statues, again, of porphyry, granite, basalt, there is no wonder, that I can see, about their existing as long as a cliff or rock of Syenn, losing, like it, now and then, but a corner by accident. Winckelman remarks of that very obelisk, the oldest in Rome, how sharp and perfect is the outline of its sculptures. More apropos to my subject, however, the two Lions you must have observed at the fountain of *Acqua Felice*, so renowned for their execution, come out from their hieroglyphics as contemporaries of King Nectanebus, thirtieth dynasty, or about 350 years B. C. They are the last known works of art under the Pharaohs.

*Theatre of Segesta.*—The Duke of Serra di Falco reports that this interesting monument is completely laid open to view: that it exhibits nearly the whole *carrea* well preserved, and divided into several *canali*, with six accents. The entire height comprehends thirty seats, divided by one predilection alone, rising behind the nineteenth grade, which is furnished with a *back*, his Grace says, unique in such edifices. The angles of the proscenium were, it appears, decorated with *entres* cut in the stone; and the Scene with Doric and Ionic columns, left unfinished,—a circumstance which would indicate that time of national disaster never surmounted by the Egéstans. It is pleasing to see a nobleman of high rank devote his time to liberal researches, like the Duke of Serra di Falco to antiquities, his Sicilian Grace moreover having published a memoir on Selinuntum, and promised another on Segesta.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

SOME of the periodicals of the month are before us. The *Foreign Quarterly Review* is a good number, and, from the nature of its contents, will be generally interesting: we have articles on Madame de Staël—the present school of Architecture in Germany, a country of which the arts, no less than the literature, are day by day

more and more rising into notice—a valuable paper on Central Asia—an interesting Catalogue raisonné of Goethe's posthumous works, and many other treatises (the proper word) which invite perusal.—*Fraser* is highly spiced and sparkling as usual; his French and Latin versions of Moore are so happy, that we must beg him to furnish us with a Polyglott Songster without delay: fancy a Latin version of Haynes Bayly's 'This is my eldest daughter, Sir!' The Ettrick Shepherd has fallen under bitter censure: these buildings-up and pullings-down are strange and curious, as illustrative of literary life in the nineteenth century.—The *Gentleman's Magazine* is pleasantly antique, and contrives to make new books seem old, by reviewing them some three or six months after its contemporaries—sometimes concentrating the honey, sometimes the wormwood of criticism; and yet, after all, as the old woman said of White, of Selborne, "with not much harm in it."—The *Dublin University Magazine* is various in its contents, but, for once, a heavy number; and in choosing to crown itself with the title of *Dea*, has fallen into a poor imitation of a worn-out conceit.—The first number of the *Analyst* is worthy of remark, as being the commencement of a periodical for the use of, and to be principally written by persons resident in the Midland Counties. We have often stated our conviction, that a Magazine with a decided purpose and character of its own would succeed; let the editor take this counsel to heart, and remember, that he is to be the representative of the midland districts.—We have also before us the July number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, containing an interesting analysis of St. Beuve's new novel, and some *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, by George Sand, (Madame Dudevant being pertinacious in her adherence to male attire,) which are fanciful and not uninteresting.—But among things not to be passed by in silence, are the plates, 'Capt. Ross and his Keeper,' and 'Red Grouse,' to the *New Sporting Magazine*. We have often had occasion to notice the great beauty of the illustrations to this work—but those of the present number seem unrivalled even by their predecessors.

The sum of seven thousand six hundred pounds, the surplus profits of the Grand Abbey meeting, has been equally divided among the Royal Society of Musicians, the New Musical Fund, the Choral Society, and the Royal Academy of Music. The expenses, it appears, have swallowed up two-thirds of the receipts.

A recent addition to the number of the members of the Philharmonic Society, has recalled to us by contrast, the circumstance of the black-balling of Moscheles. Have the electors any standard for admission or not? or do matters go by *desmerit*? These things require revision.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.—Our reports of the sittings of the Paris Academy of Sciences have been somewhat retarded by the illness of the gentleman who usually furnishes them; but, in truth, the sittings of the month of May afforded nothing interesting, until a dispute arose between Messrs. Poisson and Poinson, concerning the respective merits of the Analytic and Synthetic methods. This dispute, which we can scarcely render clear to our readers, from its abstruseness, has been carried on with the greatest warmth for several successive meetings, almost filling up the void of parliamentary strife, that the dissolution of the Chambers interrupted.

It was in the sitting of the 20th of May, that M. Poinson commenced reading his Memoir, a 'New Theory of the Rotation of Bodies,' in which new views are presented, most interest-

ing to the study of physics. Having arrived at these by a direct consideration of the nature of rotation, M. Poinsoot launched, on the first day, into praise of this mode of discovery, and spoke, at the same time, in terms rather slightly of the analytic and algebraic modes of examining a question or seeking a solution. He spoke of this as a useful instrument when directed by intelligence, but most likely to mislead, when it was allowed itself to guide and to lead.

M. Poisson, an academicien of the analytic school, took fire at these reflections, and came down the next week with a refutation: M. Poinsoot rejoined, and instanced the mistake of D'Alembert, who, seeking to solve the question of the precession of the equinoxes, without taking into account the fact of the earth's rotation, went astray, and had his labour for nothing, an example of errors one is liable to, in following too blindly the analytic method. M. Poisson, unfortunately for his side of the argument, accepted the challenge on this ground, and sought to establish subsequently, that the course followed by D'Alembert ought to have led to true and satisfactory discovery. On this position there ensued point blank contradiction between the learned academicians, and divers allusions to one another, such as in a certain honourable house would have called for the interference of the Speaker; but, upon the whole, the synthetic method seemed to have the best of the argument, although M. Libri, the Florentine geometer, joined his anger and argument to those of M. Poisson. The most fierce part of the dispute took place in the sitting of the 9th of June.

On the 26th of May, M. Pelouze made a communication respecting *hydrocyanic ather*, of which he had made the discovery.

On the same day, M. Moreau de Jonnes reported that two persons claimed the merit of finding the means to preserve fish and leeches during a long transport, by putting powdered charcoal in the water containing them. On this subject, M. Moreau observed, that in 1817, being employed on the staff of the Marine, he proposed introducing into the French colonies of America the *gourami*, a fish that the negroes of the Isle of Bourbon eat in abundance. It had been originally brought to Bourbon from Java, by M. Poivre, and it had come to Java from Japan. The voyage being long, M. Moreau was obliged to take precautions in order to preserve the fish alive: he carbonized the inside of ten barrels, and added powdered charcoal to the water, to prevent its putrefaction. The fish arrived alive at Guyana and Martinique. M. Moreau remarked on the peculiar advantages of this discovery at a time when the commerce in leeches was increasing so rapidly: in 1817 the estimated value of the leeches imported into France, amounted to 177 francs, or about 7*l.* sterling; in 1832 it reached 1,724,610 francs, or nearly 70,000*l.* sterling.

On the 4th of June, M. Becquerel read a note on the 'Chemical changes produced in bodies by separating or disaggregating them mechanically.' He enumerated a great variety of cases, in which trituration in a mortar produces chemical change: thus, glass pounded in a mortar of agate turns syrup of violets green—small or slender masses of limestone, infused in syrup of red cabbage, turns it green, which proves that carbonate of lime can act upon vegetable colours like an alkali, without being dissolved in water, by the aid of the carbonic acid of the air. These experiments are considered by M. Becquerel most interesting to geology, as applied to the decomposition of certain rocks, and as showing how they cede their alkali to vegetation.

The rest of these sittings, as well as almost all that of the 9th, were occupied by the controversy between Messrs. Poisson and Poinsoot.

Sitting of June 16th.—M. Thilorier presented for inspection a machine for obtaining chemically, and in a short time, a quart of carbonic acid: the memoir presented a variety of experiments upon this almost intangible liquid, since it can only be procured in vessels hermetically sealed. M. T. announces, that in gases the pressures, at different degrees of temperature, do not correspond to the densities, as is generally believed. Liquid carbonic acid, says M. T., is, of all bodies, that which dilates and contracts itself the most under the influence of atmospheric variations of temperature. Its enormous power of dilatation points it out as a new principle of movement far more powerful than any hitherto applied. Can one imagine the force or number of horses that would be represented by a metallic rod a metre square, (about 3 ft. 3 in.) dilating at the rate of a metre per second? And yet this is the force produced by thirty quarts of the liquefied gas, with an expense of heat forty times less than that required to vaporize a quart of water. It is also the liquid that produces the greatest depression of temperature. Directing a jet of it on the ball of a thermometer of spirits of wine, it reduced it to 75° below zero, the greatest depression heretofore observed being 68°. M. T. intends to apply this liquid to the air-gun.

The sitting of the 23rd June presented little interest. M. Cavailler observed that animal charcoal was much more powerful than vegetable in rendering water fit to preserve fish and leeches for a long period. A long list was read of premiums offered on different subjects by the Scientific Society of Harlem. A report was read on a memoir relative to new experiments upon pictures, and upon the resistance of different media to the penetration of projectiles.

## MUSIC

### KING'S THEATRE.

GAISI has again appeared as *Amina*, in 'La Sonnambula,' with great success, (it is much to say this, with the remembrance of Malibran in the character fresh before us,) and, as the season is now near its close, she has appeared in the last new part she will sustain till she return to us. We may probably have a few words to say on parting with one who has gained herself so brilliant a reputation among us in so short a time. The sweetness of some of the melodies of Bellini's opera, makes us rejoice in the tidings we have heard, that their composer is studying the resources of his art in Paris with assiduity. Should the report be true, we shall expect much from his future labours.

It would seem as if our opinion of the merits of 'L'Ascedio di Corinto' was beginning to be universally adopted—the opera grows in favour with the public, and bears a second and third hearing with advantage.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

We wish that we could work ourselves up into the comfortable vanity of imagining that our remarks upon the comparative importance of the flute and violin had taken any effect. Certain it is that we have no music for the former instrument to complain of on the present occasion; compositions for the latter, and wise-looking theoretical works, being the chief of what we are here called upon to examine.

First, we come to 'Hamilton's Catechism on the Rudiments of Harmony and Thorough Bass,' a serviceable book so far as it goes, and founded upon the intelligent and comprehensive system of Reicha. It may inspire some with an inclination to enter upon the study of harmony—but those who wish to become fully acquainted with that beautiful science must betake themselves to some of the more elaborate treatises upon the subject, under the guidance of a sound and able master. We have, however, seen no work for

beginners preferable to it. We cannot say so much for Mr. Shea's 'Explanation of the different Characters that are used in Music, for Beginners on the Pianforte'; it contains nothing new in matter or arrangement, and only adds to the too mighty mass of instruction books, without giving us anything to account for its appearance.

Much better of its kind is 'Hack's New and Original Instructions for the Violin'—the tyro (to go back to the days of pupils in cocked hats and knee-breeches,) is not only taught how to play upon his instrument, but also how to keep it in good working order; the vocabulary of elemental terms it contains is comprehensive and new, and the information throughout the book is conveyed in simple and intelligible language.

Mr. Garnham addresses those farther advanced, by his 'Practical Rules for producing Harmonic Notes on the Violin, with a theoretical explanation of the manner in which Musical Notes, natural and harmonic, are produced by vibrating strings.' This is the work of an amateur, who states that he never heard Paganini; but, that with the assistance of a mathematical friend, he had constructed a table by which those beautiful effects, introduced to us by that wonderful artist, may be traced to unerring principles. These clear, glassy sounds, when judiciously employed, are delightful; but it requires the taste and talent of a Paganini to use them with discretion; and his legion of imitators bid fair to bring them into contempt, by over-familiarity and imperfect performance. We strongly recommend Mr. Garnham's treatise to all who take interest in the subject.

Among the very best of elementary works on the subject, we have ever met with, we should be disposed to number this unassuming little book, 'Advice to a Nobleman on the manner in which his Children should be instructed on the Pianforte, &c. &c.' which, we are happy to see, has reached a fourth edition. These hints contain much more valuable and sound instruction than is often to be found in more ambitious works; and one of the many hours wasted in unprofitable lessons—mechanical to the master, and wearisome to the pupil—might be applied to their study with good profit. We should like to see an equally sensible and compendious manual of advice upon singing.

Practice naturally succeeds to theory, and Messrs. Ghyss and Eliason here present the violinist with studies sufficient to employ him fully. The former gives us a 'Thème Original et Variations, précédé d'un Adagio, avec accompagnement de Piano,' and in it affords another proof how brilliant execution may throw a sort of halo round inferior music. We thought little of this composition when we heard it, but on looking over it we find it even more insipid and *manière* than we expected—De Beriot and water. Mr. Eliason's 'Six Capriccios, to which is added, a Farewell Capriccio by Nicolo Paganini,' are much better, and are good studies for the modern style of violin playing. No. 6 is an agreeable reminiscence of one of Paganini's Rondos, interwoven with some elegant and appropriate passages of the author's own composition.

'The Guitarist's Catechism,' by W. N. James, is curious—as fifty-four out of fifty-eight pages contain no mention whatsoever of the instrument, being merely the rudiments of music set forth in question and answer; it is altogether poor.

And now, after all this instrumental music, many of our readers will like to have their ears refreshed with a little singing. Here are two glees for them to choose between: Mr. Cooke's 'Strike, strike the lyre,' (for alto, two tenors, and bass); and Mr. Clifton's more serious 'Toss in the dark and dismal hour.' Mr. Cooke has, of course, much experience in what is effective and likely to be popular, and has more in him than opportunities and circumstances have ever brought out; but his works, particularly the



present one, will not bear comparison with genuine classical productions. Mr. Clifton's composition is more to our taste—it is full of truth of expression, and science without stiffness; the effect of the last movement must be good when well sung. This composer does not attempt impossibilities, and rarely, therefore, fails to give us pleasure.

We have many songs, &c. to report upon—but shall be as good as our word, in only selecting the best; none of them come up to our idea of what an English song ought to be. We have four compositions (two of them notturnos for two voices) by Mr. E. Neilson, 'Gather ye Rosebuds,' 'O the Voice of Woman's Love,' 'The dark Tides of Time,' (duet), and 'The Sleepers,' (duet). All these are elegant and pleasing, but rely too much on the singer for the effect to be produced; whereas, he or she ought to rely on the composer for materials with which to delight the ears and hearts of audiences. We have also, 'The Rich and the Poor,' by Beethoven, characteristic and effective; and Mr. Osborne's 'Fisherman's Return,' and Mr. Ella's 'Welcome Flower,' in both of which the composers have shown musical skill, but might have been more original in melody; and, lastly, for the little folks, we have a 'Juvenile Musical Library,' with the incomparable, though somewhat interminable, ballad of 'John Gilpin,' set to a tune that every child may catch, and made even droller than it is by illustrations from the pencil of Cruikshank.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Electrical Phenomena.**—From a correspondent in Liverpool, who has for some time been engaged in making observations on the electrical state of the atmosphere, we have received an interesting account of some phenomena, noticed by him on the day preceding the violent thunder-storm, which took place yesterday fortnight (July 18th). His paper is in rather too abstract a form, to be exactly suited to our columns, but we shall endeavour in a few words to give an idea of the nature of its contents. The instrument he employs is a slender oaken staff, erected like a lightning conductor, except that instead of terminating in a single point, numerous wires diverge like radii from its upper extremity towards the points of the compass. The electricity thus attracted from the atmosphere, is led down by means of a wire twisted spirally round the staff, and directed on a delicate magnetic needle, suspended below in a glass bottle, by means of a gold thread. The necessary measures are taken to secure insulation. When there is no electricity in the atmosphere, (which is rarely the case,) the needle remains in the magnetic meridian, pointing to the north; but, if the air be positively electrified, the needle will deflect towards the east, if negatively, towards the west. The amount and sudden variations of these deflections, constitute the singular part of the observations. The morning of July 17th broke heavy and misty—thermometer ascending gradually from 60° at 7 A.M. to 73° at 11 A.M.; it then fell a little, but was 75° again at 2 P.M., from which it slowly and gradually declined to 62° at 10 P.M. The needle of the electrometer commenced at 7 A.M. 28° west of its true position, but at 10 A.M., without any apparent reason, except that it had been taken down and cleaned, it slowly deflected to 45° east. We must say, that this causes us to fear some latent grounds of inaccuracy in the instrument. The divergence east, increased to 65° at noon, but at 1 P.M. the day brightening, and the sun coming out a little, the needle within one hour wheeled about no less than 102°, and stood at 37° west. Clouds coming on again at half-past 2 P.M., the electricity appears again to have become positive, the needle varying 38° in half an hour, and standing at 24° east. This character continued for the rest of the afternoon, the air appearing pecu-

liarily close and oppressive, when the quantity of positive electricity was greatest. It was not, however, under these circumstances, nor until the needle, which had been at 60° and 55° east, had fallen to 20° east, (10 P.M.) that lightning commenced. This continued all night, and at about 3 A.M., the following morning came on the severe thunder-storm of the 18th, which lasted eleven hours, and which our correspondent concludes, to have been connected with the above singular variations in the electric state of the atmosphere.

**Roman Marble Quarries in Africa.**—We find a notice in *Le Bulletin de la Société Géologique de France*, of the ancient marble quarries in Africa, wrought by the Romans, and discovered by M. Jules Texier. It appears, that from the nature of the rocks which form the base of the mountains in the environs of Bonn, M. Texier resolved to traverse the mountains of L'Edough, and the hills of Fort Genois, and Cape Raz-el-Amrah. Guided in this last place by information from the Moors, he discovered at last the object of his search. The quarries are three in number; the first, which is situated at the foot of a hill, on the edge of a not very deep ravine, is of limestone, and covers a space of many hundreds of toises. These stones were employed by Hypogeus for the construction of walls of inclosure, and foundations. All the other monuments, of which some shapeless ruins are still existing, are of rubbish, with a triple facing of bricks. The two other quarries, situated on the summit of the hill, are of white marble, with veins of pale grey: the grain rather coarse. Blocks of perfectly white marble may be found among them, without difficulty. In the latter may be discovered traces of columns scarcely marked out, and blocks, in which wedges to detach them from the mass are still buried.

**Mode of making Sheet Lead in China.**—The Chinese, in manufacturing the thin sheet lead in which their teas are imported into this country, conduct the operation in an exceedingly simple manner. The laminae are not rolled, as from their extreme thinness might be supposed; nor even hammered, as the appearance of the surface might indicate; but actually cast at once in the state in which we see them. Two men are employed; one of them is seated on the floor, with a large flat stone before him, and with a moveable flat stone-stand at his side. His fellow-workman stands beside him with a crucible containing the melted lead; and having poured a sufficient quantity on the slab, the other lifts the moveable stone, and placing it suddenly on the fluid lead, presses it out into a flat and thin plate, which he instantly removes from the stone. A second quantity of lead is poured on in a similar manner, and a similar plate formed; the process being carried on with singular rapidity. The rough edges of the plates are then cut off, and they are afterwards soldered together for use. Mr. Waddell, a Scotchman, who witnessed the operation in China, applied a similar method, with great success, in the formation of thin plates of zinc for galvanic purposes.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia.*

**The King Penguin.**—Mr. G. Bennett read a note at the Zoological Society, on the habits of this bird, as observed by him on various occasions when in high southern latitudes. He described particularly a colony of these birds, which covers an extent of thirty or forty acres, at the north end of Macquarie Island, in the South Pacific Ocean. The number of Penguins collected together in this spot is immense, but it would be almost impossible to guess at it with any near approach to truth, as, during the whole of the day and night, 30,000 or 40,000 of them are continually landing, and an equal number going to sea. They are arranged, when on shore, in as compact a manner and in as regular

ranks as a regiment of soldiers; and are classed with the greatest order, the young birds being in one situation, the moulting birds in another, the sitting hens in a third, the clean birds in a fourth, &c.; and so strictly do birds in similar condition congregate, that should a bird that is moulting intrude itself among those which are clean, it is immediately ejected from among them. The females hatch the eggs by keeping them close between their thighs; and, if approached during the time of incubation, move away, carrying the eggs with them. At this time the male bird goes to sea and collects food for the female, which becomes very fat. After the young is hatched, both parents go to sea, and bring home food for it; it soon becomes so fat as scarcely to be able to walk, the old birds getting very thin. They sit quite upright in their roosting-places, and walk in the erect position until they arrive at the beach, when they throw themselves on their breasts, in order to encounter the very heavy sea met with at their landing-place. Although the appearance of Penguins generally indicates the neighbourhood of land, Mr. G. Bennett cited several instances of their occurrence at a considerable distance from any known land."

At Essone, in the Seine and Oise, a discovery has lately been made of an ancient Gallic ossuary, 27 feet long by 7 broad, and 6 deep. It was covered with large calcareous unheaven stones. Two layers of skeletons, separated by a bed of long flat stones, filled up this ossuary. In the midst of these skeletons, the number of which amounted to 64, bones of animals were found as well as cut flints, which were no doubt used as ornaments, and a vase moulded by the hand, of a rude form and brown colour. It was near this place, which is called Herubé, that the Dolmen of Essone is situated, which M. Casan has described in his statistics of the arrondissement of Nantes.—*The Times.*

**Theory of the Teeth.**—In a curious Arabic work, ascribed to Belinus, probably a corruption of Apollonius, we find the following question and answer—"Why have animals the teeth in the mouth? It is the effect of heat. Teeth are a species of vegetable; they derive their origin from the substance of the bone; the bones being coagulated by the fiery principle, and having acquired form and consistency, a part of the substance destined to their support remains superfluous. This substance is of the same nature as the bones, but when they are complete, it cannot be used for its original destination. Heat continuing to act upon it, it rises to avoid this influence; and, having reached the mouth, it buds forth; the substance becomes hardened by exposure to the air, and thus the teeth are formed."

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

**Just published.**—The Angler in Wales, by Capt. Medwin, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Mculloch's Manual of English Grammar, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Sennambullam; the Case of Jane C. Rider, by Dr. W. Belden, 18mo. 2s.—Keyworth's Juvenile Philosopher, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Herbell's Brief Sketch of the Jews, 18mo. 2s.—Rev. R. C. Burton's Sermons, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Judge Not; a Poem on Christian Charity, by E. Peel, 8vo. 8s. 6d.—The Four Gospels in one continued Narrative, by the Rev. C. Currey, 4to. 12s. 6d.—Mémorial of the Life and Medical Opinions of John Armstrong, by Francis Hoott, Vol. 2, royal 8vo. 11s.—The Book of Domestic Duties, forming Vol. 2 of Kidd's Miniature Library, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Banks of Jordan, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Public Record Commission; Hunter's Rotuli Selecti, royal 8vo. 30s.—Mémorial of the Rev. W. Lowrie Lander, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Church and Home Meditations, by the Rev. T. J. Judkin, M.A. 24mo. 3s.—Portions of Information, or, the English Constitution, 12mo. 6s.—Dean Burrows's Twelve Discourses on the Liturgy, 8vo. 8s.—Murray's Encyclopedia of Geography, 8vo. 60s.—Lardner's Cyclopædia, Vol. 57, Southey's Naval History, Vol. 3, 8s.—A July up the Rhine, &c. 5s. 6d.—Poems, chiefly Religious, by the Rev. J. F. Lyte, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Autobiography and Letters of Arthur Courtenay, 12mo. 6s.—Historical Illustrations of Byron, 8vo. 6s.—Cruikshank's Sketch-Book, Part V. 2s. 6d.—Romance of History, Italy, Vol. 1, 6s.—The Economical Cookery, 1s.—Sacred Classics, Vol. 6, Butler's Analogy, 12mo. 3s. 6d.

**METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR 1834,**  
KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY,  
AT THE APARTMENTS OF  
**THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.**

1834.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.	
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.					
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.		Lowest.				Highest.
JANUARY	W 1	29.850	46.7	29.906	48.0	33	39.7	43.3	38.3	43.3	.027	WNW	Cloudless—baze.
	T 2	30.251	44.9	30.366	45.5	32	38.2	40.7	36.8	42.7		NNW	Cloudless—light haze and wind.
	F 3	30.081	44.4	29.915	46.5	40	44.1	49.3	35.3	49.7		SW	Overcast—light rain and fog.
	S 4	30.010	48.7	30.150	48.6	45	49.2	45.0	43.5	49.2		WNW	Fair—light clouds and haze.
	⊙ 5	30.058	48.3	30.012	51.1	43	47.3	49.0	41.4	49.0		WNW	Lightly cloudy.—A.M. Light fog. P.M. Light wind.
	M 6	29.814	48.9	29.642	50.2	42	46.8	48.5	45.4	48.5		SSW	Dark and overcast.—Rain at night.
	T 7	29.574	47.8	29.629	48.4	38	42.7	45.0	39.6	45.0		WSW	A.M. Lightly cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	W 8	29.210	48.3	29.237	49.6	44	45.2	46.9	40.7	46.9	.025	ESE	Overcast.—A.M. Rain, early. P.M. Light rain.
	● T 9	29.395	48.4	29.309	48.2	40	42.2	43.2	41.3	43.6	.008	E	A.M. Fog and deposition. P.M. Overcast. Night, rain.
	F 10	29.102	48.3	29.164	49.7	43	42.9	44.4	40.7	45.4		S	{ A.M. Drizzling rain. P.M. Fine and clear—light wind and clouds. Evening, rain.
	S 11	29.410	49.5	29.427	51.0	45	45.4	48.5	42.2	49.2		S	Overcast.—At 3½ p.m. heavy rain with hail.
	⊙ 12	29.120	50.8	29.067	52.0	48	48.7	49.8	44.8	49.8	.050	SSE	Overcast—light drizzling rain.
	M 13	29.635	49.7	29.677	52.5	47	47.7	51.4	42.8	51.4	.006	S	Overcast.—Rain, s.m. At night, strong, unsteady wind.
	T 14	29.663	51.7	29.627	53.3	45	47.9	50.5	47.2	50.5		SSE	{ A.M. Rain, early. P.M. Fair—light clouds and wind. Evening, clear.
	W 15	29.318	51.3	29.641	52.9	47	47.7	47.6	44.6	48.3	.033	SSE	{ A.M. Rain, early. P.M. Fine and cloudless. At night, strong, unsteady wind.
	T 16	29.609	51.6	29.639	55.2	47	48.4	52.5	43.7	52.7	.011	SSW	{ Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—light haze and deposition. P.M. Light clouds and wind.
	F 17	29.419	55.8	29.355	56.7	52	52.7	51.0	47.7	52.3	.025	SW	{ A.M. Breezy wind, with light rain. P.M. Fair—lightly cloudy.
	S 18	29.563	52.9	29.691	53.7	43	45.3	48.8	44.2	48.8	.022	WSW	{ A.M. Fine and cloudless. Noon, hail-storm. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	⊙ 19	29.687	51.8	29.574	52.3	41	43.7	45.9	41.4	48.4	.028	WSW	{ Lightly overcast.—A.M. Light fog, and deposition. Evening, light shower.
	M 20	29.980	49.3	30.035	51.4	38	39.8	47.0	37.8	47.7	.006	WSW	Fair.—A.M. Cloudless—light haze. P.M. Lightly overcast.
	T 21	29.941	51.8	29.867	53.3	48	48.7	52.0	39.3	52.0		WSW	Lightly cloudy and overcast.
	W 22	29.645	54.3	29.694	54.3	50	51.2	50.5	48.3	52.3		SSW	{ Light rain from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.—A.M. Light unsteady wind. P.M. Fair—calm—overcast.
	T 23	29.792	54.6	29.833	55.7	52	52.8	55.2	44.6	55.2	.061	W var.	Overcast.—Light rain, s.m.
	● F 24	29.999	57.3	29.870	58.3	53	54.6	55.7	52.8	55.2	.011	WSW	Lightly cloudy.—A.M. Clear. P.M. Overcast.
	○ S 25	30.136	56.3	30.196	57.0	48	48.9	49.7	47.7	50.7		NW	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—baze. P.M. Clear—light clouds.
	⊙ 26	29.878	56.3	29.879	57.3	51	51.6	54.8	45.3	54.8	.004	SW	Overcast—light unsteady air.
	M 27	29.870	55.2	29.816	55.3	48	48.5	52.2	48.3	52.3	.006	NW	Light fog.—Rain, early a.m.
	T 28	29.877	56.3	29.311	57.6	52	52.9	51.7	47.9	54.7	.005	SW	Overcast—deposition.—Light rain at 3 p.m.
	W 29	30.234	46.6	30.344	46.7	26	34.6	38.3	34.1	38.3	.017	N	Fine and cloudless—light haze.
	T 30	30.393	44.9	30.238	47.7	29	36.8	43.3	32.5	44.8		WSW	Overcast—light haze.
	F 31	30.138	48.3	30.134	50.7	42	44.8	46.8	35.9	47.7		SSE	A.M. Overcast—deposition and light fog. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
MEANS..		29.761	50.7	29.750	52.0	43.6	46.2	48.3	42.5	49.0	Sum. .345	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillary and reduced to 32° Fahr. .... { 9 A.M. 3 P.M. 29.701 29.686	
FEBRUARY	S 1	30.170	46.2	30.122	47.9	33	39.2	42.2	36.8	44.3		ESE	A.M. Overcast—light haze. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	⊙ 2	29.995	42.5	29.916	44.6	33	35.2	39.8	32.0	43.2		E	Lightly cloudy.—Fine, p.m.
	M 3	30.015	43.8	29.992	46.6	40	41.1	46.7	34.3	46.7		SE	Very fine and cloudless—light haze.—Deposition, a.m.
	T 4	29.871	45.3	29.826	47.7	39	41.7	47.2	38.4	47.2		ESE	Lightly cloudy—light haze.
	W 5	29.854	46.8	29.816	49.7	43	43.4	49.2	39.7	49.7		SSE	{ A.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. P.M. Lightly overcast. Night, light rain.
	T 6	30.024	47.2	30.038	49.7	40	40.9	46.2	38.8	46.7		WSW	Fine and cloudless—light haze.—Deposition, a.m.
	F 7	30.142	45.4	30.147	46.4	37	37.4	40.6	34.8	40.6		SW	A.M. Strong haze. P.M. Lightly cloudy. Night, strong fog.
	● S 8	30.152	42.4	30.144	43.6	31	33.2	39.8	31.0	39.8		ESE	Strong haze.
	⊙ 9	30.305	41.3	30.388	42.4	34	34.4	38.7	31.4	38.7		SSE	A.M. Fog and light deposition. P.M. Lightly cloudy.
	M 10	30.388	40.3	30.334	43.4	30	34.7	40.8	30.2	42.6		SSW	Lightly cloudy.
	T 11	30.110	43.6	30.080	45.4	34	43.7	45.3	33.6	45.3		SSW	{ A.M. Very light rain—light fog. P.M. Fine—light clouds and haze.
	W 12	29.636	45.6	29.715	47.4	42	44.3	44.8	38.1	45.7		SE	A.M. Light continued rain. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	T 13	30.020	42.7	30.107	45.0	34	37.2	44.3	33.7	44.7		WSW	Fair—lightly cloudy—baze.—Light hoar frost, a.m.
	F 14	30.302	43.7	30.288	46.4	35	39.8	45.7	36.1	45.7		NNW	Morning and evening hazy. Noon, fine. Night, light rain.
	S 15	30.288	45.4	30.275	46.7	40	42.1	45.0	38.7	45.0		W	A.M. Fog—light deposition. P.M. Lightly cloudy.
	⊙ 16	30.400	42.8	30.369	45.3	32	37.6	42.3	34.8	42.7		NNE	{ A.M. Fair—light clouds and haze. P.M. Fine and clear—light clouds.
	M 17	30.289	40.3	30.235	44.0	30	32.3	42.6	29.3	43.2		SSW	Fine and cloudless—baze.—Hoar frost, a.m.
	T 18	30.156	44.7	30.103	46.4	43	44.2	46.8	31.4	46.8		SW	Overcast—hazy.
	W 19	29.962	47.2	29.946	49.8	41	46.3	50.6	43.3	50.7		WSW	Lightly cloudy and overcast—light haze.
	T 20	30.185	47.8	30.136	50.7	42	42.7	48.3	40.5	49.2		WSW	A.M. Hazy. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	F 21	30.075	48.7	30.185	50.3	39	43.8	47.3	41.5	47.3		NNW	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—baze. P.M. Clear—light clouds.
	S 22	30.403	45.6	30.396	48.7	38	38.4	46.3	34.3	46.7		WSW	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—baze. P.M. Light clouds.
	⊙ 23	30.283	48.8	30.226	51.4	44	46.8	51.2	37.2	51.7		SSW	Lightly cloudy and overcast.
	M 24	30.114	49.8	30.045	52.6	47	48.8	53.4	46.2	54.2		SSW	{ Lightly cloudy and overcast.—A.M. Light wind. P.M. Light haze.
	T 25	30.472	48.6	30.487	50.9	35	41.3	48.0	38.5	48.0		WSW	Fine and cloudless.—A.M. Hazy. P.M. Clear.
	W 26	30.448	46.7	30.324	50.3	41	42.7	49.7	34.8	49.7		SSW	A.M. Overcast—light wind and haze. P.M. Clear and cloudless.
	T 27	30.150	49.3	30.138	52.3	47	48.6	53.8	40.2	54.7		SSW	Overcast.
	F 28	30.157	52.9	30.394	52.3	53	53.2	46.3	47.8	53.2		WSW	Fog and light rain.
MEANS..		30.156	45.6	30.149	47.8	38.5	41.2	45.8	36.7	48.6	•	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillary and reduced to 32° Fahr. .... { 9 A.M. 3 P.M. 30.115 30.107	

\* The Rain Gauge is, in every state of the weather, invariably examined every morning at 9 o'clock, and the result set down in the appropriate column; while, on the other hand, any sensible exhibition of rain is equally noticed under the Remarks on the Weather in the last column, independently of any reference to the indications of the Gauge. During the present month, the amount of rain appears to have been too small to become appreciable in the Rain Gauge employed.—J.H.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL—continued.

1834.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.		
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.						
						0 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.					
MARCH	S 1	30.468	51.7	30.414	54.2	50	50.0	54.6	44.3	54.7		S	Deposition—light clouds and fog.	
	⊙ 2	30.310	53.3	30.305	56.4	48	50.3	55.3	47.7	55.3		SSW	Lightly cloudy and overcast.	
	M 3	30.406	51.3	30.337	54.1	46	46.2	52.7	43.3	52.8		SE	Overcast—light fog.	
	T 4	30.160	53.3	30.063	55.7	46	49.3	50.0	44.7	55.6		SSW	A.M. Fine and clear. P.M. Lightly cloudy.	
	W 5	29.780	54.7	29.748	56.2	53	53.3	55.0	48.7	55.0		SSW	Lowering—light brisk wind.—At night, high wind.	
	T 6	29.994	52.8	30.041	55.2	43	45.2	52.7	40.7	52.7		W	Fine and cloudless—light haze.	
	F 7	30.209	53.6	30.229	56.3	47	49.4	55.2	44.3	57.1		WSW	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—light breeze. P.M. Light clouds.	
	S 8	30.323	53.9	30.303	57.4	49	50.4	57.6	44.8	57.8		WSW	Fine—light clouds.	
	⊙ 9	30.485	54.6	30.464	57.3	49	50.7	56.5	46.2	57.2		WSW	Fine and clear—light clouds.	
	M 10	30.369	53.3	30.330	56.1	47	47.8	56.4	43.3	56.7		W	Fine.—A.M. Lightly overcast. P.M. Clear—light clouds.	
	T 11	30.477	53.2	30.414	54.9	42	47.4	53.2	45.3	53.2		ENE	Hazy.—Light wind, p.m.	
	W 12	30.536	51.8	30.482	54.9	43	45.2	54.6	40.7	54.6		ESE	Hazy.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Strong deposition.	
	T 13	30.426	52.4	30.380	53.2	46	46.7	47.7	41.7	47.7		ESE	A.M. Light rain—fog. P.M. Haze.	
	F 14	30.386	48.7	30.380	51.6	35	41.8	50.5	35.7	50.5	.022	N	A.M. Cloudless—light haze. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.	
	S 15	30.542	48.7	30.507	51.3	38	44.5	50.0	40.8	50.0		N	Light wind.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine—light clouds.	
	⊙ 16	30.547	46.7	30.475	49.5	38	40.8	49.5	36.3	49.7		N	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless. P.M. Light clouds and wind.	
	M 17	30.485	47.6	30.483	48.4	43	44.0	46.0	39.8	46.0		NNE	Light haze.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Hazy—light wind.	
	T 18	30.562	45.3	30.542	47.4	29	40.3	43.6	37.3	43.8		ESE	A.M. Overcast and Hazy. P.M. Fine—light clouds.	
	W 19	30.561	42.2	30.509	46.5	36	37.8	44.3	30.8	44.3		E	{ Fine.—A.M. Lightly cloudy—light wind. P.M. Nearly cloudless—hazy.	
	T 20	30.476	44.2	30.434	46.8	36	41.7	45.5	36.3	46.5		NNE	Lightly overcast.—A.M. Hazy. P.M. Light wind.	
	F 21	30.427	43.8	30.360	46.0	33	40.6	43.7	35.1	43.7		NE	Overcast—hazy.	
	S 22	30.202	46.3	30.095	50.0	33	43.7	50.9	39.6	51.6		WSW	Fine—lightly cloudy.—Evening, light rain.	
	⊙ 23	30.019	47.9	29.830	51.7	40	44.8	51.8	36.8	53.4	.017	W	Lightly cloudy—light unsteady wind.	
	M 24	29.786	50.2	29.808	51.3	38	48.7	48.0	44.3	48.7	.010	NNW	{ Light brisk wind.—A.M. Fine—cloudy. P.M. Lightly overcast.	
	T 25	29.882	46.6	29.940	47.7	27	39.2	44.2	35.3	44.3	.021	NNW	{ Hail storm at 2½ h.	
	W 26	30.188	43.7	30.162	46.7	29	37.8	45.2	30.7	45.2		N	Fine and cloudless—light haze.	
	T 27	30.116	46.8	30.043	50.3	39	45.4	55.0	36.8	55.0		W	Cloudy and overcast.—Evening, light rain.	
	F 28	29.776	50.7	29.571	52.3	46	48.8	49.8	41.8	50.6	.008	SSW	Overcast—light showers and unsteady wind.	
	S 29	29.683	50.3	29.679	52.8	38	46.5	50.6	40.4	53.3	.006	W	Fine and nearly cloudless—light breeze.—Clear, p.m.	
	⊙ 30	29.923	48.8	29.898	52.3	38	43.4	53.3	35.3	53.3		W	{ Fine—light haze—light showers at intervals. A.M. Cloudless.	
	M 31	29.874	47.7	29.913	50.8	37	42.7	48.7	37.2	49.1	.222	NNW	{ P.M. Cloudy.	
	MEANS..		30.238	49.6	30.199	52.1	40.7	45.3	50.7	40.4	51.3	Sum. .306	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillarity and reduced to 32° Fahr. .... { 0 A.M. 3 P.M. 30.186 30.189	
APRIL	T 1	30.116	48.2	30.188	51.7	38	43.8	51.8	35.8	51.8	.014	N	Fine—light clouds, haze, and wind.	
	W 2	30.271	50.2	30.214	51.6	46	47.3	50.7	43.2	51.5		S	Overcast—light rain and fog.	
	T 3	30.299	53.4	30.352	55.2	50	51.6	51.6	46.7	50.3		NNW	Light wind.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine—light clouds.	
	F 4	30.489	50.7	30.391	54.7	41	46.3	54.8	39.6	54.6		NNW	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—hazy. P.M. Light clouds.	
	S 5	30.352	50.7	30.279	55.2	45	48.9	56.0	45.6	56.9		N	Fine—lightly cloudy.—Hazy, a.m.	
	⊙ 6	30.390	52.6	30.370	55.4	44	49.7	54.5	45.3	54.7		NNE	Lightly cloudy and hazy.	
	M 7	30.355	52.7	30.279	55.3	42	48.0	56.4	40.2	56.8		SSW	Fine and cloudless—hazy.—Calm, p.m.	
	T 8	30.374	52.8	30.348	53.7	37	46.3	49.0	42.3	49.2		E	Light wind.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine—light clouds.	
	W 9	30.362	48.3	30.307	50.3	31	45.2	46.2	38.9	46.2		ENE	Light wind.—A.M. Overcast—light haze. P.M. Cloudy.	
	T 10	30.305	47.2	30.237	49.6	31	42.6	46.5	32.6	47.6		N	Fine, and nearly cloudless—light wind.—Hail at 4 h. 32 m. p.m.	
	F 11	30.200	46.3	30.131	49.0	33	42.0	44.3	32.3	45.4		N	Cloudy.—Light unsteady wind, a.m.; and hail and rain at 5 p.m.	
	S 12	30.002	44.8	30.023	47.9	36	41.3	44.8	34.2	46.5		N	{ A.M. Clear—light clouds and wind. P.M. Hail and thunder storm at 2 o'clock.	
	⊙ 13	30.233	46.5	30.212	48.6	37	44.4	46.3	34.2	47.3	.011	N	Light soft clouds.—Fine, a.m.	
	M 14	30.382	45.7	30.358	48.2	36	44.7	49.5	33.2	49.5		E	Fine.—A.M. Light soft clouds. P.M. Cloudless.	
	T 15	30.416	47.2	30.374	50.2	38	46.2	53.3	35.2	53.8		E	Fine.—A.M. Light clouds. P.M. Cloudless.	
	W 16	30.360	48.8	30.307	51.6	41	46.9	52.4	37.3	52.7		ESE	A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Fine and cloudless.	
	T 17	30.268	48.5	30.204	52.4	43	46.7	55.2	38.2	55.3		NE	Fine and cloudless—hazy and light wind.	
	F 18	30.199	51.7	30.182	54.5	45	50.9	58.0	40.8	59.1		ENE	Fine—light wind.—A.M. Light clouds. P.M. Nearly cloudless.	
	S 19	30.243	53.2	30.214	56.4	46	50.8	62.3	39.7	62.8		N	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—light wind. P.M. Light clouds.	
	⊙ 20	30.295	52.3	30.245	55.8	45	47.2	57.5	42.4	58.0		N	A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine and clear.	
	M 21	30.339	51.2	30.297	55.0	43	44.2	54.8	38.8	54.8		NE	A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds.	
	T 22	30.313	51.3	30.227	54.7	40	47.2	55.9	37.7	56.7		N	Fair—light clouds and wind.	
	W 23	30.224	53.7	30.220	56.3	44	49.7	54.3	41.0	54.3		N	Lightly overcast and cloudy.—Light haze and wind, a.m.	
	T 24	30.330	53.6	30.289	54.3	37	47.8	50.2	42.0	50.3		N	Lightly overcast and cloudy.	
	F 25	30.164	50.3	30.128	53.6	37	44.6	52.5	37.0	52.6		W	Overcast—hazy.	
	S 26	30.091	53.3	30.004	56.3	35	48.7	54.2	40.2	57.2		E	Fine and clear—light clouds.	
	⊙ 27	29.697	55.8	29.516	57.4	38	52.7	62.6	39.0	63.6		ESE	Clear and cloudless.—Evening, overcast.	
	M 28	29.322	57.6	29.344	61.0	51	57.2	62.5	52.7	64.3		S	Lowering—light wind.—Light rain, early a.m.	
	T 29	29.418	60.3	29.398	61.3	53	58.3	58.1	51.4	62.0		SSW	Overcast—slightly lowering.—Occasional light rain.	
	W 30	29.519	59.3	29.582	61.3	53	54.4	58.0	52.3	58.7		WSW	Overcast—light fog.	
	MEANS..		30.178	51.3	30.143	54.0	41.2	47.8	53.6	40.3	54.4	Sum. .025	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillarity and reduced to 32° Fahr. .... { 0 A.M. 3 P.M. 30.120 30.077	

OBSERVANDA.—Height of the Churn of the Barometer above a fixed mark on Waterloo Bridge=83 feet 2½ in.—Ditto, above the mean level of the Sea, (presumed about)=95 feet.—The External Thermometer is 2 feet higher than the Barometer Churn.—Height of the Receiver of the Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House=79 feet.—The hours of observation are of Mean Time, the day beginning at Midnight.—The Thermometers are graduated by Fahrenheit's Scale.—The Barometer is divided into inches and decimals.



## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL—continued.

1834.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in de- grees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.	
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.					
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.				
MAY	T 1	29.677	58.0	29.744	62.2	55	55.4	60.3	50.9	61.2		S	Light wind.—A.M. Lowering—rain, early. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	F 2	29.924	62.2	29.875	62.8	52	58.1	62.2	46.7	63.7	.019	S	Lightly overcast.
	S 3	29.989	61.7	29.994	64.9	52	59.7	66.5	51.3	68.4		SW	Fine—light clouds.—Clear, a.m.
	⊙ 4	29.990	63.8	29.973	66.3	53	61.9	71.8	50.3	73.4		■	Fine and clear—light clouds.
	M 5	29.962	64.8	30.010	65.9	58	64.2	64.2	61.7	67.0	.017	S	A.M. Continued rain—light fog. P.M. Fair—cloudy.
	T 6	30.330	66.9	30.352	67.7	53	61.6	69.8	49.4	70.3	.080	WSW	Fine and cloudless—light cloudiness.
	W 7	30.469	68.4	30.420	69.5	53	63.2	73.2	51.5	75.0		WSW	Fine and cloudless.—Light cloudiness, a.m.
	T 8	30.340	65.6	30.204	68.9	56	60.3	72.8	54.8	74.7		WSW	Fine.—A.M. Lightly overcast. P.M. Nearly cloudless.
	F 9	29.894	68.2	29.810	70.6	52	65.6	72.7	57.3	73.3		SSW	Fine—lightly cloudy.
	S 10	29.983	68.2	29.958	68.5	46	60.6	65.6	51.8	67.7		NNE	Fine and clear—light clouds.
	⊙ 11	29.860	67.2	29.760	68.4	48	61.9	70.4	50.0	72.3		SSE	Fine and clear.—A.M. Light cloudiness. P.M. Light clouds.
	M 12	29.741	64.7	29.744	68.4	55	61.1	66.8	57.8	67.8	.083	SW	Cloudy.—A.M. Rain, early. P.M. Fine. Evening, light rain.
	T 13	29.617	63.8	29.602	65.7	51	59.8	58.5	54.6	62.7	.036	SSW	A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Light rain. Evening, clear.
	W 14	29.783	64.1	29.819	65.8	51	58.8	62.8	50.5	64.6	.011	SW	Fine—cloudy.—Clear, a.m.
	T 15	29.858	63.5	29.893	66.2	53	61.8	67.9	54.8	69.8		ESE	A.M. Fair—lightly cloudy. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
	F 16	29.950	65.6	29.869	67.5	55	60.2	68.2	53.5	70.8		NNE	A.M. Fair—lightly cloudy. P.M. Cloudy.
	S 17	29.533	68.4	29.431	66.5	53	65.4	57.3	54.7	67.3		SW	A.M. Fine—light and clouds. P.M. Light rain.
	⊙ 18	29.454	67.3	29.499	65.4	43	58.8	59.8	44.7	62.8	.103	WSW	Fine—cloudy.—Clear—light wind, p.m.
	M 19	29.808	66.4	29.889	64.9	44	60.4	63.4	46.9	65.8		WSW	Fine and clear—light clouds.—Light shower about noon.
	T 20	30.329	66.2	30.350	64.7	46	60.0	68.2	46.0	69.2	.081	WSW	Fine and cloudless.—Faint cloudiness, a.m.
	W 21	30.524	67.7	29.980	66.2	48	62.2	67.0	50.5	68.7		NNE	Fine and cloudless.—Faint cloudiness, a.m.
	⊙ 22	30.461	66.2	30.372	64.4	49	59.6	63.8	47.3	64.3		ESE	Fine—light and steady wind.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Cloudless.
	F 23	30.305	64.7	30.285	65.4	53	63.8	68.2	49.2	68.2		ENE	Fine and cloudless—light steady wind.—Light cloudiness, a.m.
	S 24	30.388	67.3	30.378	67.9	53	63.7	70.8	48.3	70.8		NNE	Fine and cloudless.—A.M. Light cloudiness. P.M. Light wind.
	⊙ 25	30.468	62.4	30.392	63.3	42	58.1	62.0	49.7	62.0		NNE var.	A.M. Fair—light clouds—light steady wind. P.M. Clear and cloudless—light wind.
	M 26	30.334	58.8	30.313	61.5	39	54.9	61.7	44.8	62.7		NE var.	Fine—light wind.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Cloudless.
	T 27	30.301	62.6	30.239	62.5	44	57.9	66.6	44.4	66.7		NNE	Fine and cloudless—light wind.—Light cloudiness, a.m.
	W 28	30.228	65.3	30.176	63.2	43	58.4	63.4	47.7	63.7		NNE	Fine and cloudless.—Light wind and cloudiness, a.m.
	T 29	30.155	64.6	30.085	63.0	40	56.3	67.0	43.0	68.5		NE	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—light cloudiness. P.M. Light clouds.
	F 30	30.134	66.7	30.156	66.3	49	60.2	64.5	53.1	66.9		NNE	Fine.—A.M. Light cloudiness. P.M. Light clouds and wind.
	S 31	30.278	67.2	30.239	65.4	45	60.2	66.3	47.3	68.3		ESE	Fine—lightly overcast.
MEANS...	30.067	65.2	30.026	65.8	49.6	60.6	65.9	50.5	67.7	Sum. .130	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- larity and reduced to 32° Fahr. ....	9 A.M. 29.967 3 P.M. 29.924	
JUNE	⊙ 1	30.360	70.7	30.296	67.7	48	67.0	71.0	51.6	75.1		W	Fine.—A.M. Lightly overcast. P.M. Cloudless—streaked cloudiness.
	M 2	30.238	71.4	30.165	69.3	50	72.7	76.2	54.3	77.6		SSW	Fine and clear.—A.M. Light clouds. P.M. Cloudless.
	T 3	30.095	71.3	30.077	70.0	54	68.7	67.5	61.2	73.6		W	Fair—lightly cloudy.—Light shower, p.m. Evening, clear.
	W 4	30.027	73.3	30.913	70.8	49	66.2	66.5	53.2	70.8		SSW	A.M. Fine—light broken clouds and cloudiness. P.M. Cloudy. Evening, rain.
	T 5	29.744	72.6	29.829	68.0	49	64.1	62.6	52.2	67.2	.069	WNW	Cloudy.—A.M. Clear. P.M. Light brisk wind. Evening, clear.
	F 6	30.124	69.6	30.128	68.5	47	61.9	65.4	48.7	67.7		N	Fine—light clouds.—(cloudiness, a.m.)
	S 7	30.174	69.3	30.081	68.2	51	62.8	67.0	50.1	70.3		N	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—light cloudiness. P.M. Light clouds.
	⊙ 8	29.967	72.3	29.889	71.0	46	64.2	69.7	48.6	71.8		N	Fine and cloudless.—A.M. Light cloudiness. P.M. Clear.
	M 9	29.796	73.3	29.739	70.8	52	68.8	61.7	54.4	76.6		SSW	Fine and cloudless—light cloudiness.—Evening, clear.
	T 10	29.707	67.7	29.651	69.3	52	65.7	64.9	56.4	71.0		SSW	A.M. Clear—cloudy. P.M. Dark and lowering—light wind. Shower at night.
	W 11	29.732	72.3	29.706	68.2	50	62.0	61.6	51.2	67.4	.025	S	Heavy showers—light wind.—Fine and lowering, alternately.
	T 12	29.816	72.4	29.764	68.0	46	63.3	65.5	47.3	68.7	.333	SW var.	A.M. Clear—cloudy. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, rain.
	F 13	29.777	68.8	29.847	67.7	50	62.0	65.2	50.7	67.7	.125	WNW	Cloudy.—A.M. Fine. P.M. Light continued rain.
	S 14	29.954	67.0	29.897	68.6	55	65.0	69.8	58.8	71.8		S	Light wind and clouds.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine. Thunder storm at night.
	⊙ 15	29.935	73.2	29.899	70.9	51	66.9	70.3	57.7	72.8	.014	W	Fine—lightly cloudy.—Clear—light fresh wind, p.m. and evening.
	M 16	29.702	69.4	29.671	69.6	49	65.1	65.2	59.4	68.7		W	A.M. Clear—cloudy. P.M. Lightly overcast. Heavy shower and brisk wind at night.
	T 17	29.766	65.1	29.823	67.3	49	60.3	65.6	52.8	67.4	.031	W	Clear—cloudy.—Light brisk wind, p.m. Evening, fine—lowering—light showers.
	W 18	30.092	72.6	30.043	68.7	51	65.7	65.0	50.9	71.2	.011	SW	A.M. Fine and clear—cloudy. P.M. Light rain. Evening, lowering—light wind—demonstration.
	T 19	30.137	67.8	30.116	70.6	61	67.3	72.8	61.2	75.2		WSW	A.M. Fair—cloudy. P.M. Fine and clear—light soft clouds—light wind.
	F 20	30.152	74.3	30.049	72.0	57	68.2	78.2	54.6	82.2		SW	Fine.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Cloudless.
	⊙ 21	29.910	80.0	29.879	76.2	61	80.4	81.4	65.3	86.7		SSW	Fine.—A.M. Clear and cloudless. P.M. Light clouds. Mid- night, heavy rain.
	⊙ 22	29.932	72.7	29.996	75.3	62	67.2	72.6	63.2	74.4	.222	SSW	Cloudy.—Fair, p.m. Evening, fine—light clouds.
	M 23	30.295	76.4	30.271	73.8	47	65.3	73.3	55.3	74.1		WSW	Fine.—A.M. Cloudiness. P.M. Clear—light clouds.
	T 24	30.364	75.3	30.330	72.0	50	68.2	70.0	53.9	73.2		WSW	Fine—light clouds.—Clear, p.m.
	W 25	30.357	67.8	30.328	71.8	58	68.2	72.5	59.8	74.2		SSW	Overcast. Evening, fine—light high clouds.
	T 26	30.241	71.6	30.164	72.9	54	66.7	72.0	60.7	75.7		W	A.M. Fine and clear—light clouds and wind. P.M. Overcast. Evening, lowering. Night, rain.
	F 27	30.119	69.8	30.192	70.4	55	64.7	62.7	58.6	68.3	.097	NW	Lightly cloudy—have.
	S 28	30.285	70.0	30.194	70.3	45	62.6	70.0	50.6	71.7		N	A.M. Fair—lightly cloudy. P.M. Fine and clear—light clouds.
	⊙ 29	30.225	71.4	30.266	70.3	50	64.2	67.2	56.3	69.3		E	A.M. Lightly cloudy—light steady wind. P.M. Fine and clear—light wind.
	M 30	30.435	73.7	30.374	70.3	45	65.1	69.9	50.7	71.7		NNE	Fine.—A.M. Clear—light clouds—light steady wind. P.M. Nearly cloudless. Evening, clear.
	MEANS...	30.049	71.4	30.019	70.3	51.5	65.9	69.1	55.0	72.5	Sum. .927	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- larity and reduced to 32° Fahr. ....	9 A.M. 29.930 3 P.M. 29.903

\*.\* The Journal for the month of JULY will be given in a succeeding Number.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

**NEWCASTLE INSTITUTION FOR THE GENERAL PROMOTION OF THE FINE ARTS.**  
**THE OPENING OF THE next Exhibition of**  
 the above Institution for the Paintings of Modern Artists  
 having been necessarily POSTPONED in consequence of other  
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T. W. KEENEYSIDE, } Secretaries.  
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Blackwell-street, July 16, 1838.

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 tween the Fifth and Twelfth Centuries, as compared with the  
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 Modern European Languages of the Germanic families."  
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 with some Motto, and accompanied with a sealed Envelope.  
 The latter is to be superscribed with the name Motto, and to contain  
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IN our former brief notice of Mr. Howison's first volume, we stated that his views of our colonial policy were at least original. Assuredly it cannot be expected of us at once to yield assent to such positions as the following: that every uncivilized community has been injured by contact with a civilized nation—that Western Africa is irrecoverably consigned to barbarism—that missionary exertions have been useless, or worse—that emigration to Southern Africa is the most hopeless of speculations—that those we please to call barbarians are much better men than ourselves—and that the colonial policy of Englishmen is about the worst that the world has ever witnessed. These are only specimens of the debatable matter contained in the first volume of Mr. Howison's work. But the author has claims on our attention, as an observant traveller, quite distinct from those that belong to the advocate of new theories, and we shall therefore extract some of his descriptions.

Surprise has been frequently expressed at the neglect of the rivers as a means of opening communication with the interior of Africa, but, unfortunately, none of the African rivers admit vessels of burthen, owing to the sand-bars which obstruct their mouths. The following account of the impediments at the entrance of the Senegal, will prove that the river is not so available as a mere glance at the map would lead us to suppose; and a general opinion may be obtained from it, of the bars of the other African rivers of a similar size:—

"During the rainy season, the mouth of the Senegal is about a league in width, and is constantly furrowed by a rapid current, which is met and opposed by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, driven towards the coast by the prevailing north-west winds, and thrown into violent agitation by the resistance offered by the sand-bar lying directly under the spot where the two hostile floods come into full contact. But the effects of their junction are apparent at short intervals only; and an inexperienced observer, happening to look towards the bar immediately after these had taken place, would suppose that there was nothing to be expected there different from what was going on in any other part of the neighbouring sea.

"The first indication of what is soon to follow, is a gathering together, as it were, and swelling of the waters, which gradually and silently rise up, and form one lofty broad-based wave extending across nearly the whole width of the river: and when it has acquired its greatest elevation, breaking into a wreath of foam along its top, after which it quickly sinks down, and all becomes quiet and smooth as before. Presently this is repeated, but with the difference

that the wave has much greater height and size the second time, and breaks more violently and tumultuously. But its third accession far exceeds in every respect the two preceding ones; for it rises eighteen or twenty feet perpendicularly upon a base of prodigious magnitude, and its crest, suddenly bursting, divides longitudinally, and, falling down with a terrific roaring, covers the adjoining sea with foam, which has hardly time to disappear before the waters show symptoms of recommencing their strife."

All hopes, however, of deriving advantage from colonies in Western Africa, have been long since resigned, and if the following assertion can be substantiated, Southern Africa must share the same fate at no distant period:

"It is very certain that in many parts of the interior of the country the springs and rivulets are drying up, and the annual rains becoming more scanty and irregular. The traveller often meets with houses and farms that have been deserted by their owners on account of a permanent failure in the supply of water which they once enjoyed: and other places are tenable only two-thirds or half of the year for a similar reason. In 1818, when it was found necessary to establish a new droosdy upon the northern frontier of the colony, government selected with that view, the present site of Beaufort, as being a fertile, well-watered, and eligible spot, and purchased the land of a boor for fourteen thousand rix dollars. It was at that time so celebrated for its luxuriant pastures as to have received a Dutch name designating those; but when I visited the place in the spring of 1830, I found the neighbourhood too dry and barren, that the cattle were dying for want of food; and the inhabitants assured me that they had enjoyed no regular rains for six years, and pointing out the unmoistened channel of the Gamka River, in corroboration of their statements. In the district of Albany, where British settlers are chiefly located, an increasing drought has of late been experienced, and many of them anticipate a period when they will be obliged to abandon their farms on that account, and seek new lands in some more favoured situation."

Our author vigorously defends the native inhabitants, from the imputations cast upon them by the Dutch and English settlers. His defence of the Hottentots from the charge of laziness, is decisive:—

"There are many Hottentots who make a profession of purchasing cattle in the interior, and who engage with any one requiring their services to proceed to the Karroo in the end of winter, and buy any number of sheep or oxen, and bring them to their employer wherever he may live. These men are often trusted with large sums of money, and they never abuse the confidence reposed in them. Having made their purchases, they proceed to drive the cattle to their place of destination, perhaps two hundred miles distant; and it is here that their dangers and hardships begin; for besides being on the watch all day to keep together a large flock travelling through an open country, they must protect it at night from wolves or lions, and from the depredations of cattle-stealers, who are common enough in most parts of the colony. On this account the Hottentot perhaps finds it necessary to sit awake all night with his gun in his hand; and the greater the darkness is, the

more constantly must he be on the alert. Neither does he enjoy the assistance of the shepherd's dog, so useful in similar situations in Europe; for though he generally keeps several animals of the kind, they have neither sufficient courage nor sagacity to be much depended upon, except to give an alarm on the approach of danger. A single Hottentot will in this manner drive several thousand sheep two or three hundred miles without losing one of them, and all for the trifling remuneration of twenty-five or thirty shillings a month."

The Boschmen, the great terror of the settlers in South Africa, are next described, and their character vindicated at great length. How indeed could savages refrain from atrocities, when those who claimed to be civilized offered such examples as are recorded in the following extract?—

"At first, the colonists had viewed the Boschmen in the light of enemies only when they stole their cattle; but at length, incensed by their retaliating system, they denounced vengeance against the whole nation, and sacrificed the guilty and the innocent without discrimination whenever they found an opportunity. If information was received that a number of Boschmen had assembled together in any particular spot, a commando was immediately called out by the Landdrost or Veldtcorneet. No one thought it necessary to inquire whether the savages had done any evil, or intended to do any. A body of armed men marched against them, and shot as many as possible; and being assailed in their turn by showers of poisoned arrows, several were most likely wounded, and being carried home by their companions, they died in agony, and a view of their sufferings served to increase and perpetuate amongst their children and relatives their natural and habitual hatred of the Boschmen."

The inland boors are among the most extraordinary inhabitants of South Africa; few pictures of desolation are more complete than the account given of their position:—

"Thus the inland boors are necessarily satisfied with the productions of their own soil, small in number as these are; and few men either civilized or savage lead a life in appearance so destitute of comfort and attraction. Surrounded by sterile and uninhabitable deserts, cut off from all regular intercourse with their fellow-beings, exposed to the incursions of Boschmen and the ravages of wild beasts, and incapable of materially improving their condition, they would feel miserable did they know anything better; but, on the contrary, they are a contented race of people, and appear not to have a wish ungratified. While travelling in the colony, I visited a boor's farm upon the Lion's River, near Beaufort, and walked over his grounds with him. He informed me that it had not rained there for four years, and that the neighbouring river had become so brackish that it was scarcely drinkable. He had tried to make a garden, but without success, owing to the alkaline nature of the soil; and he pointed out a small piece of ground which he had sowed three different times with wheat that same season, the blade upon which appeared only in small patches a few inches high. The surface of the ground near his house was beginning to exhibit a thin coat of saltpetre; and he jest-



ingly said, that he believed he must turn his attention to crops of that kind, instead of attempting to raise any more grain. A lion had recently devoured his two horses, and his cattle were dying for want of pasture. His household furniture consisted of two wooden stools, a large chest, a table, and a bedstead, and a few plates and dishes of earthenware; and he had not tasted bread for several weeks, nor could he kill any game because he was unprovided with ammunition."

But the errors in Mr. Howison's account of India cannot be passed by; they result not so much from mistaken notions of Hindú society as from false views of human nature, from ignorance of the effect produced by the progress of knowledge and the development of mind. Little did we dream that a man could be found in the present day who would not only maintain that "ignorance is bliss," but that the progress of knowledge is the sure presage of misery, and that the general cultivation of the understanding is pregnant, not merely with danger, but with destruction. Our author, however, is a bold man, and thus fearlessly states his proposition:—

"The barbarians whom civilized Europe has to dread, and who will one day ravage her, and overturn her social institutions, and reproduce over her whole extent what historians have called the 'dark ages,' exist at home, and constitute a large part of her enlightened population, and are reared and fostered by her as such, though it is evident that she is unconsciously training them up to become her destroyer.

"In the Scandinavian mythology we are informed that the gods, pleased with the beauty and apparent harmlessness of the young wolf Fenris, nursed and educated him amongst themselves; but that, after some time, he grew so fierce and dangerous that they found it necessary, for their own safety, to bind him with chains, which have up to the present time restrained the exercise of his rage, but which he will at length break, and, rushing forth with uncontrollable fury, destroy both gods and men.

"In this allegory we have a correct representation of the progress and result of the diffusion of knowledge amongst the lower orders of society in civilized countries. General education is the Fenris which we are now bringing up, charmed with its external aspect and unobservant of its real and natural character, though the monster has already begun to be formidable to his protectors, and though the hour is quickly approaching when he will break loose, and turn upon themselves, and make them his first victims.

"When the mass of the lower orders of society in Great Britain shall have become sufficiently enlightened and instructed to analyze their own condition, and to contrast it with that of their superiors—when they shall perceive that the national wealth is daily narrowing the sphere of its distribution, and will at length become almost exclusively concentrated in the hands of aristocratic, mercantile, and clerical monopolists—when they shall discover that these bodies have no community of interest with themselves, and that they wish to be regarded as privileged, authoritative, and distinct branches of human society; then will they bring into practical use the knowledge that is now being diffused amongst them, and convert it into an engine of revolution and destruction; and, assisted by it, break into pieces our complicated social machine, and throw into irremediable disorder its ill-assorted materials."

It would not be easy to find a passage more unsound in philosophy and more false in fact. The author assumes that all the

evils which ignorance has engendered will not only flourish, but increase, when that ignorance is removed. Now the exact difference between an intelligent and an ignorant people is, that the former can see the relation between cause and effect, which is beyond the ken of the latter; the instructed will therefore nip the evil in the bud, the uninstructed will disregard the growth until they taste its bitter fruits. In removing evils, the intelligent will strike at the root, while the untaught will weary themselves with the branches; one will draw the bolt, the other beat himself against the bars of his cage. Why are the Prussians, notwithstanding the arbitrary form of their government, among the happiest people in Europe? Simply because they are the best educated. If they have no security for good government in the outward forms of a constitution, no chartered protection against tyranny and usurpation, they have a sure safeguard in their own bosoms, a consciousness of knowing the bearings, on their social condition, of every administrative measure; their government has a similar consciousness, and feels that an act of oppression would be the signal for its instant destruction. "When the mass of the lower orders of society in Great Britain shall have become sufficiently enlightened and instructed to analyze their own condition," they will not take arms to prevent the unjust distribution of wealth, for such a distribution will be no longer possible; they will not have to contend against "bodies that have no community of interest with themselves," for such bodies will no longer have existence. He must indeed be blind to the signs of the times, who cannot see the evidences of social improvement becoming hourly more manifest.

In accordance with the theory that consigns to ignorance, that is, to hopeless brutality, all those whom it pleases Mr. Howison to designate as "the lower orders," we find our author absolutely enraptured with the system of caste; he declares it "the most effective engine that was ever devised for preserving the requisite union and tranquillity of civil society." It has preserved a union between degraded slaves and more degraded masters, it has preserved the tranquillity of a crafty priesthood,—but it has preserved no essential of civil society, because it has prevented the existence of civil society altogether. The Hindús have fallen before conquerors who counted fewer hundreds than they reckoned millions, and historians assure us that agriculturists carelessly pursued their work within sight of the battle field where the independence of their country was cloven down. But Mr. Howison, who probably regards patriotism as an offspring of the Fenris, tells us that this ready submission to invasion was caused by the continued peace which the Brahminical institutions procured for Hindústan. But this peace is a mere dream of his imagination; there were many insurrections against the tyranny of the Brahmins; the Buddhistic war at least is familiar to every reader of history, and traces of many others may be found in the sacerdotal poems,—disguised, to be sure, under the veil of allegory, but still too clear to be mistaken. Of the moral effects of the Hindú religion Mr. Howison is an incompetent judge; he has not read the works on which the system is based, and

he gives a bold proof of his ignorance by describing an ascetic as "a personification of the real principles of the Hindú religion." Mr. Howison is in general an accurate observer, but he should not attempt to reason.

The best account of the social condition of Hindústan that has yet appeared, is the 'Observations addressed to the Court of Directors in 1792,' by the late Mr. Grant, which we are glad to see republished in the last 'Parliamentary Report on the Affairs of India.' Without wearying ourselves or our readers by pursuing further the examination of Mr. Howison's absurdities, we shall extract an authoritative statement of the effects produced by caste:—

"The evils that flow from such an arrangement are infinite. Other modes of despotism lead in their very excess and abuse to a remedy, but here the chain of servitude is indissoluble and eternal. Though the highest orders be guilty of the most flagitious wickedness, pervert the use of power, become weak, arrogant and oppressive, the frame of society can suffer no change; that order must still continue in the enjoyment and exercise of all its vast privileges and prerogatives.

"The lowest rank, on the contrary, is doomed to perpetual abasement and unlimited subjection. It has no relief against the most oppressive and insulting tyranny, no hope of ever escaping from its sufferings. Though permitted indeed to employ its industry, the greatest success can never in the slightest degree rescue it from inherent dishonour; and if the genius of a Newton should arise in that class, it could have no room to expand, nor if it had, could all its excellence deliver its possessor from the obligation of administering to the most ignorant and vicious of the Brahmins.

"One of the heaviest grievances attending this state of degradation, is, that it discourages all liberal exertions, and consigns those who are destined to it, to ignorance, mean opinions of themselves, and consequent meanness of manners, sentiment, and conduct. Lest however, through the medium of learning they should have a chance of emerging from this low and confined state, the Brahmins (by an ordinance of the Vedas, which through their imposture have the credit of proceeding from a divine origin, and of containing all valuable science) have forbidden them, on pain of death, to read the sacred books.

"Now as this fourth tribe would naturally comprehend, at the very first, more than a fourth part of the people, and as the offspring of every subsequent, irregular commixture of the four original tribes, and all the descendants of that mixed race, fall by the law still lower than the fourth class, we may conclude that a large portion of the people is thus held down to earth. The evils inherent in this sort of distinction, (widely different it will easily be seen from mere gradation in society, because here essential superiority is entailed upon some classes, and essential inferiority upon others, for all generations,) extend in their degree to each of the intermediate classes, and the lowest feels the accumulated weight of general superiority. Those nearer the summit become a cement to this system, which by allotting to them certain prerogatives, disposes them the more easily to acquiesce in it, and to support it."

Let us next examine the account given of their social virtues. Mr. Howison says—

"The Hindoos being a mild, peaceable, and easy-tempered people, they live together in great harmony; and the streets of their towns and villages seldom present scenes of riot or social disturbance. They fulfil the relative duties of life with tolerable exactness, and are naturally kind and indulgent to each other, and always

ready to exercise the rites of hospitality, even when their poverty might exempt them from anything of the kind."

On the other hand, Mr. Grant declares—"In general a want of sensibility for others is a very eminent characteristic of this people. The apathy with which a Hindoo views all persons and interests unconnected with himself, is such as excites the indignation of Europeans. At any rate his regards extend but to a very narrow circle. Patriotism is absolutely unknown in Hindostan."

"These observations lead us to another striking proof of want of benevolence in the Hindoos; namely, their deficiency of natural affection. It is admitted that examples are not very uncommon of parents who show much tenderness to their children, especially during their infancy; but instances on the other side are so general, as clearly to mark the dispositions of the people. The following fact is one out of many, by which this assertion might be justified. In the scarcity of grain which prevailed about Calcutta in the year 1788, a gentleman then high, now still higher in office there, ordered his servants to buy any children that might be brought for sale, (for in times of dearth Hindoo parents frequently sell their offspring,) and to tell their mothers, that when the scarcity should be over, they might come again and receive their children back. Of about twenty thus humanely preserved, most of whom were females, only three were ever inquired for by their mothers. The scarcity was neither extreme nor long. The unnatural parents cannot be supposed to have perished from want, for each received money for her child, and by the liberal contribution of the inhabitants of Calcutta, and chiefly of the Europeans, rice was distributed daily to multitudes at various stations about the city. And yet notwithstanding this facility of obtaining food, a woman was at that time seen, in broad day, to throw away her infant child upon the high road. Most of the slaves in Hindostan (where they are used only for domestic services) have lost their freedom by the act of their parents. If the necessity is such at times as to lead to this expedient, is it not also an occasion to call forth the warmth of parental affection? Filial and paternal affection appear equally deficient among them; and in the conjugal relation, the characteristic indifference of the people is also discernible among those who come most within the sphere of European observation, namely, the lower orders."

"Look on this picture and on that"—of course Mr. Howison strenuously deprecates any attempt to introduce European civilization into Asia, while Mr. Grant declares that we are bound to do so, equally by our duties and our interests.

Twenty years ago Mr. Howison's book might have done mischief, but now the improvements he deprecates have been adopted, the fences he would maintain are broken down, the monopolies he would perpetuate are dashed to pieces. He is worthy to sing the requiem over departed follies, because he is, we hope, the solitary mourner for their decease.

LARDNER'S CYCLOPÆDIA, No. LVII.  
*Lives of the British Admirals, with an Introductory View of the Naval History of England.* By Robert Southey, L.L.D.  
Vol. III. London: Longman & Co.

In noticing the two former volumes of this valuable national work, we have already borne our testimony to its excellence and interest. As an English gentleman, with perhaps a stronger and more reverential feeling

for the glories of the past than is shared by any contemporary writer, its author, in virtue of this peculiar bent of his mind, no less than from the extensive stores of information which he possesses, is eminently qualified to record the proud triumphs of our naval heroes—to describe the founding and up-rearing of that edifice, whose topmost pinnacle bears the name of Nelson. It is almost superfluous to say, that he has neither grown cold nor careless in the progress of fulfilling a task to which he is so peculiarly adapted. Every succeeding volume of his *Memoirs* will be yet more interesting than the foregoing ones; and when completed the work will be essential to every British library.

This volume contains the lives of five of our naval heroes: the first is of George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, who appears not to have taken to the sea to repair broken fortunes, or to acquire a name among his countrymen, but from a restless and chivalrous spirit of adventure, which may be traced through all his exploits. His life includes the account of Sir Wm. Monson's captivity and release, and is a narrative full of daring and gallantry. Of this we have a fine specimen in his address to his commanders before Puerto Rico:—

"Gentlemen," said the earl, "a willing mind makes long steps with great ease. I have been sick, and am not now strong; you shall go no farther nor faster than I will do before you. For guides, we need no better than our eyes; the town standing by the sea-side, and we landing from the sea, see no other but fair sandy bays all the way thither. We might land much nearer, if we were sure there were anywhere to leeward such a headland as this, that maketh smooth landing within it; but that being uncertain, I mean to take this, which I do assuredly believe God hath directed us unto; for I am sure it is better than any ever told me of. And for your last argument, that if it be an island we shall not get into it, that reason is nothing; for you see our boats may row by us; and when we shall come to any water, they may set us over if it be deep; in shallow places we shall pass ourselves. So all you have said or can say being thoroughly answered, let me have no more speaking, but get your men all into your boats and follow in order as I have directed you."

The entire account of the attack deserves to be extracted, but it is too long to be given; and we must take leave of him with only a few more words touching his expeditions:—

"No other subject ever undertook so many at his own cost; and Fuller gives him the distinction of being 'the best born Englishman that ever hazarded himself in that kind;' adding, that his fleets were 'bound for no other harbour than the port of Honour, though touching at the port of Profit in passage thereunto; I say touching (says the old worthy), for his design was not to enrich himself, but impoverish the enemy.—He was as merciful as valiant, (the best metal bows beat), and left impressions of both in all places where he came."

Not a few of the finest traits of his character descended to his daughter, the celebrated Countess of Pembroke.

The next two lives are of Sir John Hawkins and Sir Francis Drake. It is impossible to trace the course of these great commanders within our present limits. That of the latter, in particular, is as delightfully told as it contains matter worth telling; and those who love tales of strange lands, and treasure, and bold achievements, must come

to the volume before us, and read of his voyages in the *Golden Hind*, and his discoveries in North and South America. Even in his own days he was considered as a man of no common mould, setting aside his naval glory;—not only was he believed by the Spaniards to have dealings with the powers of darkness, but many strange legends concerning his wondrous doings were current in his own superstitious and secluded county of Devon. It was rumoured by some that he was poisoned. There is something to us not displeasing in the thought, that one who had so long swept the sea, should find his grave beneath its waters. A quaint old couplet was written upon his burial by some rhymester of those days.

The waves became his winding-sheet, the waters were his tomb;  
But for his fame, the Ocean Sea was not sufficient room.

The extracts from his English panegyrist Fitz-Geoffrey, and Lope de Vega's *Dragontea*, given in the notes, are most curious; as also is the parallel between Hawkins and Drake extracted from Purchas.

The other biographies which this volume contains, are of Cavendish, who was of coarser metal than the three heroes we have already mentioned; and of Sir Richard Hawkins, and his voyages in the *Dainty*, (so called by Queen Elizabeth, in exchange for her former ill-omened name, the *Repentance*). This commander was one of religious, grave, and noble character, as may be seen in his "Observations," and gathered in every page of the narrative: and he deserved a better fate than to have to strike his flag to the Spaniards, and be taken captive. While amongst them he changed his religion—a step that was sure to make him unpopular among his countrymen. From the extracts from his papers, given by Dr. Southey, we have cause to regret that death prevented his finishing his narrative of the chances which had befallen him.

The last memoir in the volume is of Sir Richard Greenville, whose fortune, too, was not equal to his bravery. His character is well set before us in his own dying speech, and also a few words extracted from a note:—

"Here die I, Richard Greenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country, queen, religion, and honour. Wherefore my soul joyfully departeth out of this body, and shall always leave behind it an everlasting fame of a true soldier, who hath done his duty as he was bound to do. But the others of my company have done as traitors and dogs, for which they shall be reproached all their lives, and leave a shameful name for ever."

"Sir Richard was of a restless spirit, and greatly affected to war and violence. But he had performed many valiant acts, and was much feared in those islands, and known of every man, but very severe of nature, so that his own people hated him for his fierceness, and spake very hardly of him for his tyranny. 'He was of so hard a complexion, that often, when he had other captains for his guests, he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and then in a bravery take the glasses between his teeth and crush them in pieces, and swallow them, so that the blood sometimes ran out of his mouth, but without any farther: this (says Linschoten,) was told me by divers credible persons, who had many times seen him do it.'"

We cannot wonder that the credulous people of those times should ascribe the

storms which followed his death to the malign influence of such a fierce and fearless spirit. In leaving this volume, we must once again express our sense of the interest of its contents, and recommend it to all who take any delight in reading of "the dangers of the seas."

*Life of Ma-ka-tai-me-she-kia-kiak, or Black Hawk, embracing the Tradition of his Nation, Indian Wars in which he has been engaged, &c., with an Account of the Cause and General History of the late War, &c. Dictated by Himself. Boston, U.S. Russell & Co.; London, Kennett.*

THE North American Indian has always appeared to us dwellers on this side of the Atlantic more like a character of romance, than a real living being. The dignity of his personal appearance and bearing, the earnest and poetical eloquence of his oratory, the stern patience of his endurance, and his shadowy but not degrading faith in a great all-presiding Spirit, have combined to place him in our imaginations high above the wild man (we cannot call him *savage*) of any other clime or country, and have always possessed a fascinating attraction for us, whether we have met him in fiction or history. We have never regarded the latter condition of his race, driven out by strangers from their own beautiful heritage—degraded from free hunters of the wilds into a band of subject mercenaries, debased by the introduction of the vices of artificial life—without a certain melancholy sympathy mingled with indignation.

Here we have the whole tale before us, taken down from the mouth of an Indian chieftain, and, as displaying the structure and bent of his mind, (besides its curiosity and interest as a narrative,) a work of no ordinary nature. We assume that it is genuine: it is, indeed, received as such in a late number of the *North American Review*; and it is remarkable, as containing a plain and straightforward relation of matters, to himself the most natural—but most strange and (some of them) most shocking to civilized men, and not a few of his simple and shrewd speculations on the wisdom and policy of the *pale faces*, some of which cannot be read without a blush, by the conquerors and masters of these children of the wilderness.

After this preamble, we have only to let the chieftain tell his own tale; his preface is touching, and not to be passed by:—

#### DEDICATION.

To Brigadier Gen'l H. Atkinson.

"Sir—The changes of fortune, and vicissitudes of war, made you my conqueror. When my last resources were exhausted, my warriors worn down with long and toilsome marches, we yielded, and I became your prisoner.

"The story of my life is told in the following pages; it is intimately connected, and in some measure, identified with a part of the history of your own: I have, therefore, dedicated it to you.

"The changes of many summers, have brought old age upon me,—and I cannot expect to survive many moons. Before I set out on my journey to the land of my fathers, I have determined to give my motives and reasons for my former hostilities to the whites, and to vindicate my character from misrepresentation. The kindness I received from you whilst a prisoner of war, assures me that you will vouch

for the facts contained in my narrative, so far as they came under your observation.

"I am now an obscure member of a nation, that formerly honored and respected my opinions. The path to glory is rough, and many gloomy hours obscure it. May the Great Spirit shed light on your's—and that you may never experience the humility that the power of the American government has reduced me to, is the wish of him, who, in his native forests, was once as proud and bold as yourself.

"BLACK HAWK."

"10th Moon, 1833."

Black Hawk was born at the Sac Village, on Rock River, in the year 1767, of high descent, it appears, as his great-grandfather Thunder had, for his sagacity and daring, been intrusted with the *medicine bag* of the tribe. His excursion to the tent of the French General, with his brothers Sun-fish and Sturgeon, and his art in availing himself of a terrible thunder-storm to confirm his election to such high honours, are told at the outset of the volume—but we pass at once to our hero himself:—

"At this village [says he] I was born, being a regular descendant of the first chief, Na-nu-ma-kee, or Thunder. Few, if any, events of note, transpired within my recollection, until about my fifteenth year. I was not allowed to paint, or wear feathers; but distinguished myself, at that early age, by wounding an enemy; consequently, I was placed in the ranks of the Braves."

From this time, the spirit of daring within him appears never to have slumbered—onslaught after onslaught against the Osages succeeded, often with great disproportion of numbers, and almost always with success. It would seem as if this met with honour due, as, upon the death of his father, Black Hawk succeeded to the possession of the *medicine bag*, and with it, the chieftainship of the tribe. On his loss, he tells us, that he "blackened his face, fasted, and prayed to the Great Spirit for five years, during which time he remained in a civil capacity, hunting and fishing."

Not long after this, on a visit to St. Louis, he was told that the Americans were coming to take possession of the town and country, and that his "Spanish father" was about to leave it. This came to pass, and was the first of many incursions—the next was the appearance of a boat on the Rock River, headed by General Pike. He was well received:—

"We were all well pleased with the speech of the young chief. He gave us good advice: said our American father would treat us well. He presented us an American flag, which was hoisted. He then requested us to pull down our *British flags*—and give him our *British medals*—promising to send us others on his return to St. Louis. This we declined, as we wished to have two Fathers! . . .

"Some moons after this young chief descended the Mississippi, one of our people killed an American—and was confined, in the prison at St. Louis, for the offence. We held a council at our village to see what could be done for him,—which determined that Quash-quà-me, Pà-she-pa-ho, Oii-che-quà-ka, and Hâ-she-quar-hi-quà, should go down to St. Louis, see our American father, and do all they could to have our friend released; by paying for the person killed—thus covering the blood, and satisfying the relations of the man murdered! This being the only means with us of saving a person who had killed another—and we then thought it was the same way with the whites."

Then follows Quash-quà-me's account of their mission:—

"On their arrival at St. Louis, they met their American father, and explained to him their business, and urged the release of their friend. The American chief told them he wanted land—and they had agreed to give him some on the west side of the Mississippi, and some on the Illinois side opposite the Jefferson. When the business was all arranged, they expected to have their friend released to come home with them. But about the time they were ready to start, their friend was let out of prison, who ran a short distance, and was shot dead! This is all they could recollect of what was said and done. They had been drunk the greater part of the time they were in St. Louis."

"This is all myself or nation knew of the treaty of 1804. It has been explained to me since. I find, by that treaty, all our country, east of the Mississippi, and south of the Jefferson, was ceded to the United States for one thousand dollars a year."

Further on, is a passage containing the author's commentary on this and similar transactions:—

"My reason teaches me that land cannot be sold. The great Spirit gave it to his children to live upon, and cultivate, as far as is necessary for their subsistence; and so long as they occupy and cultivate it, they have the right to the soil—but if they voluntarily leave it, then any other people have a right to settle upon it. Nothing can be sold, but such things as can be carried away."

But, to return, we are, of necessity, obliged to pass the account of the party who encamped a short distance above the Des Moines Rapids, and built a fort, and their subsequent escape from a party of Black Hawk's Braves. This Fort Madison became an object of jealousy, and attack—a page or two further on, we have an adventure and a comment which we cannot resist:—

"The next day I took my rifle, and shot in two the cord by which they hoisted their flag, and prevented them from raising it again. We continued firing until all our ammunition was expended; and finding that we could not take the fort, returned home, having had one Winnebago killed, and one wounded, during the siege. I have since learned that the trader, who lived in the fort, wounded the Winnebago when he was *scalping* the first man that was killed! The Winnebago recovered, is now living, and is very friendly disposed towards the trader, believing him to be a *great brave*!

"Soon after our return home, news reached us that a war was going to take place between the British and the Americans. Runners continued to arrive from different tribes, all confirming the report of the expected war. The British agent, Col. Dixon, was holding *talks* with, and making presents to, the different tribes. I had not made up my mind whether to join the British or remain neutral. I had not discovered one good trait in the character of the Americans that had come to the country! They made fair promises, but never fulfilled them! Whilst the British made but few—but we could always rely upon their word!"

Nor can we pass the anecdote immediately following, as it gives us occasion to introduce another of this remarkable old man's dry speculations from another part of the volume:

"One of our people having killed a Frenchman at Prairie du Chien, the British took him prisoner, and said they would shoot him the next day! His family were encamped a short distance below the mouth of the Ouisconsin. He begged for permission to go and see them that night, as he was to die the next day! They permitted



him to go, after promising to return the next morning by sunrise. He visited his family, which consisted of a wife and six children. I cannot describe their *meeting and parting*, to be understood by the whites! as it appears that their feelings are acted upon by certain rules laid down by their *preachers*!—whilst ours are governed only by the monitor within us. He parted from his wife and children, hurried through the prairie to the fort, and arrived in time! The soldiers were ready, and immediately marched out and *shot him down*! I visited his family, and by hunting and fishing, provided for them until they reached their relations. • •

"We can only judge of what is proper and right by our standard of right and wrong, which differs widely from the whites, if I have been correctly informed. The whites *may do bad* all their lives, and then, if they are *sorry for it* when about to die, *all is well*! But with us it is different: we must continue throughout our lives to do what we conceive to be good. If we have corn and meat, and know of a family that have none, we divide with them. If we have more blankets than sufficient, and others have not enough, we must give to them that want. But I will presently explain our customs and the manner we live."

After this, comes the account of the manner in which his nation was induced to take part in the American war (or, to use Black Hawk's own words, was *forced into it by being deceived*). The events which succeed are full of interest. The account of the old man, whose son the Chief had adopted, and how, when he returned and approached his own village, he found him sitting in a lonely place, to which he had come "to humble himself before the Great Spirit, that he might take pity upon him,"—his son having been killed by the whites—is full of pathos. But more original, and therefore more suited to our purpose, is his criticism on the warfare of the British and Americans:—

"On my arrival at the village, I was met by the chiefs and braves, and conducted to a lodge that had been prepared to receive me. After eating, I gave an account of what I had seen and done. I explained to them the manner the British and Americans fought. Instead of stealing upon each other, and taking every advantage to *kill the enemy and save their own people*, as we do, (which, with us, is considered good policy in a war chief,) they march out, in open daylight, and *fight*, regardless of the number of warriors they may lose! After the battle is over, they retire to feast, and drink wine, as if nothing had happened: after which, they make a *statement in writing*, of what they have done—*each party claiming the victory*! and neither giving an account of half the number that have been killed on their own side. They all fought like braves, but would not do to lead a *war party* with us. Our maxim is, '*to kill the enemy and save our own men*.' Those chiefs would do to *paddle a canoe*, but not to *steer it*. The Americans shoot better than the British, but their *soldiers* are not so well clothed, or provided for."

About this time, the influence of a certain Ke-o-kuck in the tribe began to be acknowledged. Black Hawk ascribes many of his sorrows to his rival's ascendancy. A passage which occurs soon after, is so full of character, that, long as it is, we must make room for it.

"I immediately collected a party of thirty braves, and explained to them my object in making this war party—it being to avenge the death of my adopted son, who had been cruelly and wantonly murdered by the whites. I explained to them the pledge I had made his

father, and told them that they were the last words that he had heard spoken! All were willing to go with me, to fulfil my word. We started in canoes, and descended the Mississippi, until we arrived near the place where fort Madison had stood. It had been abandoned by the whites and burnt; nothing remained but the chimneys. We were pleased to see that the white people had retired from our country. We proceeded down the river again. I landed, with one brave, near Capo Gray; the remainder of the party went to the mouth of the Quiver. I hurried across to the trail that led from the mouth of the Quiver to a fort, and soon after heard firing at the mouth of the creek. Myself and brave concealed ourselves on the side of the road. We had not remained here long, before two men riding one horse, came in full speed from the direction of the sound of the firing. When they came sufficiently near, we fired; the horse jumped, and both men fell! We rushed towards them—one rose and ran. I followed him, and was gaining on him, when he ran over a pile of rails that had lately been made, seized a stick, and struck at me. I now had an opportunity to see his face—I knew him! He had been at Quash-quah-me's village to learn his people how to plough. We looked upon him as a good man. I did not wish to kill him, and pursued him no farther. I returned and met my brave; he said he had killed the other man, and had his *scalp* in his hand! We had not proceeded far, before we met the man, supposed to be killed, coming up the road, staggering like a drunken man, all covered with blood! This was the most terrible sight I had ever seen. I told my comrade to *kill him*, to put him out of his misery! I could not look at him. I passed on, and heard a rustling in the bushes, and distinctly saw two little boys concealing themselves! I thought of my own children, and passed on without noticing them! My comrade here joined me, and in a little while we met the balance of our party. I told them that we would be pursued, and directed them to follow me. We crossed the creek, and formed ourselves in the timber. We had not been here long, before a party of mounted men rushed at full speed upon us! I took deliberate aim, and shot the man leading the party. He fell from his horse lifeless! All my people fired, but without effect. The enemy rushed upon us without giving us time to reload. They surrounded us, and forced us to run into a deep sink-hole, at the bottom of which there were some bushes. We loaded our guns, and awaited the approach of the enemy. They rushed to the edge of the hole and fired, killing one of our men. We returned the fire instantly, and killed one of their party! We reloaded, and commenced digging holes in the side of the bank to protect ourselves whilst a party watched the movements of the enemy, expecting that their whole force would be upon us immediately. Some of my warriors commenced singing their *death-songs*. I heard the whites talking—and called to them, '*to come out and fight*!' I did not like my situation, and wished the matter settled. I soon heard chopping and knocking. I could not imagine what they were doing. Soon after they ran up wheels with a battery on it, and fired down without hurting any of us. I called to them again, and told them if they were '*brave men*, to come down and fight us.' They gave up the siege, and returned to their fort about dusk. There were eighteen in this trap with me. We all got out safe, and one white man lay dead on the edge of the sink-hole. They did not remove him, for fear of our fire. We *scalped* him, and placed our dead man upon him! We could not have left him in a better situation, than on an enemy!"

We are not yet half through this interesting book—but as it consists merely of a series of details of unequal warfare, with

numerical force and superior reason on the same side, we have less need to regret that our extracts have been almost all of them made from its earlier portion.

The account of the forcible attempt at removal of this tribe from their village, is to us very painful. One means they took to avert their fate is touching from its simplicity:—

"The council broke up, and the war chief retired to the fort. I consulted the prophet again: He said he had been dreaming, and that the Great Spirit had directed that a woman, the daughter of Mat-ta-tas, the old chief of the village, should take a stick in her hand and go before the war chief and tell him that she is the daughter of Mat-ta-tas, and that he had always been the *White man's friend*. That he had fought their battles—been wounded in their service—and had always spoke well of them—and she had never heard him say that he had sold their village. The whites are numerous, and can take it from us if they choose; but she hoped they would not be so unfriendly. If they were, she had one favour to ask; she wished her people to be allowed to remain long enough to gather the provisions now growing in their fields: that she was a woman, and had worked hard to raise something to support her children! And, if we are driven from our village without being allowed to save our corn, many of our little children must perish with hunger!"

"Accordingly, Mat-ta-tas' daughter was sent to the fort, accompanied by several of our young men. They were admitted. She went before the war chief, and told the story of the prophet! The war chief said that the president did not send him here to make treaties with the women, nor to hold council with them! That our young men must leave the fort, but she might remain if she wished!"

Black Hawk's lamentation, which breaks out long before the recital of the catastrophe, is full of poetry:—

"If another prophet had come to our village in those days, and told us what has since taken place, none of our people would have believed him! What! to be driven from our village and hunting grounds, and not even permitted to visit the graves of our forefathers, our relations and friends?"

"This hardship is not known to the whites. With us it is a custom to visit the graves of our friends, and keep them in repair for many years. The mother will go alone to weep over the grave of her child! The brave, with pleasure, visits the grave of his father, after he has been successful in war, and re-paints the post that shows where he lies! There is no place like that where the bones of our forefathers lie, to go to when in grief. Here the Great Spirit will take pity on us!"

"But, how different is our situation now, from what it was in those days! Then we were as happy as the buffalo on the plains—but now, we are as miserable as the hungry, howling wolf in the prairie! But I am digressing from my story. Bitter reflection crowds upon my mind, and must find utterance."

We have given an idea, and no more, of the nature of the contents of this book, leaving untouched its author's visits "to the Great Father," at Washington, and other American cities, and his remarks on what he saw there—from feeling them *more like* words which have been put into the mouths of similar travellers, than the rest of the volume, and therefore less interesting. But whether in the "big village where they make medals and money," (Philadelphia,) or in his own woods, Black Hawk is no common personage;—he has thought as well as acted

—observed the doings of white men, as well as struggled with them for the land of his forefathers; and the resignation without meanness, with which he concludes his narrative, makes us take leave of him with something of veneration as well as regret.

*Histoire, Topographie, Antiquités, Usages, et Dialectes des Hautes Alpes.*—[History, &c. of the High Alps.] Par J. C. F. Ladoucette. Second Edition. Paris: Fantin; London, Dulau & Co.

Few books, promising so much as the title we have just transcribed, perform their promises so thoroughly as the volume before us. That M. Ladoucette must have enjoyed many happy years in his prefecture, is obvious from the love with which he regards those over whom he had authority, and to whom he dedicates his work; and from the constant reference he makes to the improvements of their country and condition, which either were made under his direction, or which he yet earnestly hopes to see accomplished. His history bears everywhere marks of the activity of his research, as well as the benevolence of his mind; and, as giving us distinct and complete ideas of a district so remarkable as the one of which it treats, and of which we know comparatively so little, is an important addition to the topographical stores of our libraries.

The extent of the volume is such, that it will be beyond our power to do more than touch upon the various sections into which its contents are divided. M. Ladoucette begins with an elaborate and minute description of the face of the country, with its natural productions, variations of climate, remains of antiquity, &c. &c. He carries us from one valley to another, from hill to hill, and mountain torrent to its neighbour, until we feel that we know the scenes he describes, and the beauty and savageness of the High Alps rise distinct and vivid before us. The general impression is certainly one of pleasure, though it is impossible to read, without a shudder, of the winters of Dormilhouse (the scene of so many of the excellent Felix Neff's labours), or of the wretchedness of Devoluy, where that inclement season lasts from seven to eight months, and where in 1816 snow and hail frequently fell in summer, and the crops were not got in till December or January; from the climate of which district, a proverb has arisen in the High Alps, that a man tardy in business, is as long as a winter in Devoluy. In contrast, however, to these pictures of misery of nature and man, we have others more inviting. We read of the paradise created by M. Delphin, at St. Catherine, near Briançon—of the pastoral mountain of Lauteret, where Rousseau was wont to botanize, and from which 1500 species of plants and flowers may be gathered—of a thousand fertile plantations and corn-fields, protected from the devastation of the mountain torrents, and supplied with regular irrigation by means of long lines of dykes, the construction and preservation of which is constantly alluded to as of the utmost consequence. We are shown St. Veran, famous for the birth of Jacob Aymar, the first possessor of Jacob's wand, or the divining rod, by which, among its other manifold virtues, he pretended that he could discover criminals, and, in the year 1692, pursued an as-

sassin forty-five leagues by land, and thirty by sea. We are led to Embrun, with its cathedral and its shrine of our Lady—the chosen patroness of that strange compound of talent and weakness, daring and dupery, Louis the Eleventh of France. We pass Boscodon and its abbey—St. Stephen de Avançon, and its tributary hamlet, Notre-Dame de Laus, famous for its pilgrimages—Fouillouse, where, in the year 1818, in the month of May, one of those extraordinary concussions of nature took place, in which a large tract of land shifted its position; and peasants, who had lain down to sleep among their own corn-fields, before another night found their cabins thrust among their neighbours' walnut trees—the forest of Durbon—the commune of La Faurie, where we stop a moment to extract some account of a grotto called La Beaume Noire, which no one has thoroughly explored, but which M. Robin du Villard visited, and describes as follows:

Furnished with torches, I passed through many caverns, many vaults, sometimes obliged to bend double. I saw the traces of men, and many bones announcing the occasional presence of carnivorous animals. Further on, I descended a precipice, where the ground ascending again leads to a rift in the rock, which I clambered up with difficulty. A pool of water stopped me, and the foul air extinguished my torch. Near this I visited several caverns; amongst others, one which resembled the grand portal of a temple; the vault of which (about fourteen metres high and four wide) is like a vestibule to two side vaults, to which is communication through openings resembling the spaces for doors. The ground often trembled under my feet, giving me notice of cavities beneath me: many times did large holes and abysses prevent my proceeding. I brought away from this visit some stalactites in good preservation. A naturalist assured me that one day they would have united, and become very hard and perfectly compact, forming a mass of alabaster differently coloured, as the water might be more or less impregnated with oxide of iron.

It is impossible to follow the steps of M. Ladoucette minutely in his topographical ramble through this wild and interesting country, where almost every valley has a character of its own; and the sum of these united gives us some of the most striking scenery in Europe. But we recommend our readers to do what we cannot do for them—as the descriptions given are never tiresome,—perhaps because they appear written out of the fulness of information, and not because they were required to make the view complete. From the topography we come to the History of the High Alps, beginning with Hannibal, and coming down to the times of Napoleon. The account of the various and stirring events of which they were the theatre—of the foundations of rich monasteries, and the persecutions of martyr-Christians—of the land in the eleventh century being almost deserted, and in the nineteenth flourishing and protected by Napoleon, is carefully and well done. Our interest lingers still round the tomb of this hero of modern times,—so that for extract, we select a passage in which an interview between Bonaparte and the author, relative to the district of which the latter was prefect, is pleasantly told. He had come to Paris, and received the star of the Legion of Honour—in what year is not precisely mentioned:

A few days after I had received this deco-

ration from the excellent M. de Lacépède, the chamberlain on duty acquainted the prefects, that they were to be admitted to an audience on the morrow, for the presentation of their memorials. I passed the night with M. Farnaud, chief secretary of the prefecture, and prepared twelve. I presented them to Napoleon, who ran over them with an inconceivable rapidity, and said to me, "You shall have directions as to the means of putting a stop to the devastations of your torrents; an engineer to plan dykes for them—a mail courier every day—funds for your central house of confinement—others to continue your excavations at Mont Seleucus—to re-establish at Briançon the manufactory of rock crystal"—(a minister prevented the execution of this measure, which recurred to the Emperor's mind during the Hundred Days)—"I will give you an hundred thousand francs to assist you in the expenses of the canal of irrigation at Gap—I will unite again your boundary of Vitrolles—I will re-establish for your poor the ancient granaries—you must have the most beautiful scenes of your Alps drawn for the manufactory of china at Sevres—your road from Gap to Valence shall be imperial—I will give you one from Paris to Nice." The Emperor asked me, *en passant*, about the patriarch of the High Alps, Mathieu, who had written to him a letter when 106 years old, and whose great grandson he had placed at the school of Arts and Sciences at Châlons-sur-Marne, charging me to provide for the expenses of his journey and outfit. Then looking at me with kindness—"There wants one memoir," said he: "do you not understand me? Ask of me whatever you wish—I am disposed to grant you every thing."—"I have not yet," replied I, "sufficiently justified your choice; but be the Providence of the High Alps! Their good inhabitants love you, and doubly deserve your benefits. Policy, besides, counsels you to uphold those who have to fight against nature, and who keep one of the gates of Italy. They require ten years of the same administration; will you keep it for that length of time in my hands—but on one condition?"—"What?" replied he with vivacity. "That you shall refuse me nothing just which I may ask for them?"—"I consent."—(From that time, if a minister represented to me that my demands were exaggerated, I called upon the imperial promise, and every thing was done at once.)—"What have you there?" then inquired Napoleon. "Sir, this gold medal shows on one side your effigy, on the other the representation of the obelisk which the people of the High Alps have raised on the platform of Mont Genève."—"Give it to me: there is a likeness—it is good."

The week afterwards, at a party, the Emperor was announced. He entered silently, as if absorbed in deep thought; and, when opposite to me, though at a great distance, said in a loud voice, "*The Prefect of the High Alps.*" Immediately I was surrounded by courtiers prophesying favours to me, and showing great surprise that I purposed returning to my mountains. I was addressed by the Duke of Cadore, who asked me (for the Empress) for two medals of Augustus, found among the ruins of Mont Seleucus; and of which the traits were entirely like those of the modern Charlemagne: unfortunately I could not find them. I presented to Josephine a model, on a large scale, of the obelisk on Mont Genève, and a box filled with antiquities discovered in the Roman town. She, who was the protectress of the Celtic Academy, wished to charge herself entirely with the expense of the excavations, to put twenty-five thousand francs at my disposal, and to share with me what they produced. This excellent and gracious woman also promised me a copy of every pendule, candelabrum, and service in porcelain, ornamented by the Alpine views

which the Emperor had ordered—events disposed of them otherwise. With respect to the twenty-five thousand francs, the counsel of the Empress adjourned the payment of them until after that of the debts which her munificence and love of the toilette were ceaselessly accumulating; thus the promise put forth by the Institute of the continuation of our archaeological researches, was never fulfilled.

The next department of M. Ladoucette's work is devoted to the remarkable places in the High Alps, interspersed with notices of the celebrated personages whose families belonged to the district, or who made themselves notorious there. Among the former, we find the names of Condillac and Du Tencin; among the latter, (in humble contrast,) of the Pastor of Dormilhouse and the brave Lieut.-General Joseph John Baptist Albert. The last section of the volume contains an account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants—their labours in the field—their chamois huntings, and perilous invasions of eagles' nests—their sports and their superstitions, with specimens of their *patois*. In short, the work is complete; and we have attempted, though very imperfectly, to give our readers a sketch of the various interest of its contents.

*Voyage en Suède—[Travels in Sweden].*  
Par Alexandre Daumont.

[Second Notice.]

STATISTICAL information is, from the number of facts which it contains, of such a nature as not to be easily condensed;—we are therefore obliged to refer, for much that is valuable in this line, to M. Daumont's volumes, and content ourselves by briefly running over the *summa fastigia rerum*:—

Sweden may be considered as entirely formed of an immense granite rock, more or less deeply covered with a vegetable mould, which, however, the rock penetrates in all directions; and on its shores, strewed with innumerable isles, bare and craggy cliffs may also be seen rising from the bosom of the waves. The plains present the same appearance: rocks fantastically piled occur everywhere, and often in the midst of flourishing crops, one is astonished to see gigantic blocks lying with no attachment to the ground, and looking as though they had been cast there by the powerful hand of some superior being. To the philosopher these afford proof of the country having been the seat of a grand cataclysm; they point to a remote period of destruction, when some sudden and violent action changed the whole surface of the globe.

Indications of the direction of the irruption are not wanting:—

In the north of Sweden, *liguites* or subterraneous fossil forests not unfrequently occur, at a greater or less depth, in a state of high preservation. All these trees, perfect in form, though broken by an irresistible force, are felled in the same direction, and always present their summits pointing towards the south. They are strewn on the ground on which they had grown, with the exception of the oaks, many of which appeared to have been torn up by the roots; yet the oak no longer grows under the high latitudes in which these forests are found. • • •

All the coasts of Sweden, which form the shore of the Baltic, to a distance of fifteen leagues inland, have an elevation of 300 feet above the level of the sea. The countries farther in rise from 300 to 800 feet, until they reach the chain of mountains which separates Sweden from Norway, and which maintains a medium height of from 800 to 2000 feet. The

culminant point of this chain, is placed towards the borders of Dalecarlia, its western side descends steep and precipitous into Norway; from its eastern, it sends out ramifications over the entire surface of Sweden.

The population of Sweden, without including Finland, was, in 1751, 1,785,000 inhabitants: after the census of 1830 it was 2,871,252, giving an increase of 1,086,000 in a space of eighty years. From 1805 to 1810 there was an actual diminution of about 35,000 annually, owing to the destructive wars of Gustavus IV. and the calamitous events by which they were followed; but from these the country soon recovered, under the prudent sway of its present monarch, and the returns for the ten years from 1820 to 1830 show it to be in a more prosperous and flourishing state than for any similar period during the last century, while its population is increasing so rapidly, that, if it maintain the same rate, it will double itself within fifty years. In its mode of distribution, it shows a gradual decrease as we advance north:—

The government of Malmo, the most southerly of the kingdom, presents a population of 5,055 to the square mile (Swedish), while in Gothland it varies from 1,500 to 2,500 and 3000. In the central provinces, the population is from 500 to 2000 on the square mile: in Nordland from 100 to 300, and finally, in Lapland it does not exceed 38: thus the surface of Sweden being 3,370 square miles, the mean amount of population is 852 inhabitants to the square mile.

To reduce the above to English measure, we must remember that rather more than ten Swedish miles go to a degree,—each of them, therefore, is equal in round numbers to seven English miles, so that the estimate will be about 103 to the English square mile for the southern provinces, and not more than 18 for the whole kingdom. The manner in which this population is distributed between town and country, bespeaks an agricultural, much more than a manufacturing or commercial people:—

In France the cities and towns contain one third of the entire population; in England one half; and in both these countries the proportion has been constantly on the increase for the last fifty years, thus bespeaking a corresponding advance in trade and manufacture; but in Sweden the entire number of towns, even including Borgholm, with its twenty houses and one hundred inhabitants, does not exceed 86, and their inhabitants in 1830 amounted to 280,269, as nearly as possible a tenth of the whole population.

It would also appear that this proportion has not been on the increase, but respecting this point M. Daumont was unable to obtain decisive proofs.

The agricultural population being thus nine-tenths of the whole, their situation should naturally first attract attention. From the general poverty of the soil, great labour and constant manuring are requisite to ensure even moderate returns: the number of farming cattle and stock will therefore present a primary element in estimating the condition of the husbandman:—

The entire number of animals connected with agricultural purposes in Sweden is 4,720,000; of which there are 400,000 horses, 1,900,000 horned cattle, 1,350,000 sheep, 600,000 pigs, and 170,000 goats. • • • On comparing these with similar returns in France and England, we find that in the latter country, there are 2,200,000 horses for 24 millions of inhabitants,

that is 92 horses for every thousand people; in France 2,176,000 horses, or 66 per thousand; while in Sweden, the proportion is much greater, being about 130 horses per thousand, which however is unequally divided, the southern provinces having as many as 243, Nordland diminishing to 90, Bothnia, to 30, while in Lapland the breed becomes extinct, and their place is supplied by the reindeer, which, with their dogs, constitute the only domestic animals of those regions. With respect to horned cattle, the average in Sweden is 680 for every thousand inhabitants: in France it is not more than 213.

Both horses and horned cattle are generally small in Sweden: the former, however, are active and spirited—the latter afford excellent milk and beef. The sheep are generally of a bad description, though great pains have been taken to improve them by crosses on the Spanish, French, and English breeds. This has been considered so much a matter of national importance, that grants for the purpose have been made, and government pens established in different parts of the country, where are kept South Down, Merino, and other improved varieties. Towards the 63rd degree sheep disappear, and their place is supplied by goats, which are most numerous in the woodland districts of Dalecarlia and Nordland.

The extent of meadow-lands, indicates exactly the relative extent of pasture-farming to tillage. In Sweden, the surface covered with grain of different kinds, is estimated at 1,832,000 *tunlands*, (a measure about one sixth greater than the *arpent* in the vicinity of Paris), and that of meadows, grass-lands and other crops, is once or twice as great as the corn-fields, according to the different provinces.

It is only within the last twenty years that Sweden has produced enough of grain for her own consumption—she is now enabled to export; and it has been remarked that the progress in her population has kept pace with that in her agriculture:—

From 1812 to 1830, the population increased 18 per cent., and during the same period the increase in the quantity of corn produced amounted to 42 per cent. It is estimated in Sweden, that 2½ tons of grain are required for the annual subsistence of each individual; taking the entire produce at 6,499,000 tons for 2,871,000 inhabitants, there would be a deficiency of 678,000 tons, which, however, is more than compensated for by the crop of potatoes, amounting to 3,248,000 tons.

Their seed time is in May, their harvest in August, and, as their fine weather is short, but during its continuance the sun remains so long above the horizon, the labours of the farmer are then very constant and fatiguing, and a great number of hands are required to get in the crops, but for these there is no employment during the dead months of the year, when the country is all covered with snow. This will ever remain an obstacle to the introduction of many branches of agriculture, at least in the more northerly districts. Rents and wages, except in the richer provinces, are usually agreed for and paid in kind;—a share of the crops is the general stipulation, or another mode very usual is, to assign certain portions of the land to the labourers, who, in return, engage to work so many days in the week on the principal property.

The entire soil of Sweden is divided into 65,265 *hemmans*, each containing about nineteen square miles. Of these 50,000 belong to private individuals; 4046 are assigned for the



support of the army; 369 for the crown and privy purse; 374 for the academies and universities, and 27 for hospitals, and different public establishments.

This *hemman* is a very ancient division, and probably had its origin at the conquest of the Goths, when the whole country was considered and parcelled out as belonging to the crown: the agricultural population were looked on as tillers of the ground, who might be dispossessed at will; but Charles XI. changed this order of things, and the Diet of 1723 decided, that, on paying six years' rent in advance, the farmers should become proprietors of the land.

It appears that the race of theoretical agriculturists is not entirely unknown in Sweden:—

The King had purchased near Helsingborg, the estate of Engeltofta, for which he had paid 6 or 700,000 francs. It was a fine estate, but the soil, a little exhausted by frequent crops, required some improvement. A man, who doubtless had learned his agriculture from books, persuaded himself, on the faith of some English theorists, that by means of incineration, land could be restored to its primitive fertility. Unfortunately he cast his eyes on this fine property, as a proper subject for experiment, and spoke with so much confidence and plausibility that it was intrusted to his management; accordingly, at great expense, he burned the lands, together with the woods which grew on them, and of course, at the same time, all the vegetable mould and matter, upon which the fertility of the soil depended, so that the whole estate is now completely barren and desolate, and many years must elapse before a new vegetable layer can be formed, or any crops produced.

The forests of Sweden occupy more than one half its entire surface, and the abundance of wood thus supplied is of the highest utility in working their mines and smelting the ore. Their iron is superior in ductility and malleability to all other, and this superiority is in part attributed to the use of wood in place of coal or peat in their furnaces. The number of mines in all Sweden is 586, and of these no fewer than 361 are to be found collected in Nericia, Westermania, and a part of Dalecarlia, occupying, as it were, the very heart of the kingdom: Danemora is the principal iron mine, and its yearly produce is estimated at 1,600,000 francs (64,000*l.*) Copper forms, next after iron, the principal branch of the mineral riches of Sweden, and the most important mine of this metal has long been Falun, the annual produce of which, in the reign of Gustavus Adolphus, was not less than 2,732,000 kilogrammes of metal, each kilogramme being about two pounds avoirdupois English: the mine, however, appears now nearly exhausted, the returns not being more than 594,000 kilogrammes.

The ore is worked at a depth of 200 toises (fathoms) from the surface, but the boring having been originally ill-conducted, several of the pits have fallen in, and left frightful chasms round the entrance. On one side the descent is by oblique shafts furnished with ladders, sufficiently convenient as far as the last thirty toises, where they become almost perpendicular. The miners usually descend in a cask, the staves of which are four inches thick, and further in all parts encircled and protected with iron: they are often obliged to push out this cask, to prevent its dashing against the jutting out rocks. It is not unusual to see their wives standing on the edges of the same cask, with their arms

round the rope, quietly knitting as they descend the dreadful gulf. . . . It is impossible to describe the impressions one experiences in treading the paths of this subterranean world: the profound silence which reigns through its dark vaults is only broken by the creaking of engines employed to raise the ore, the dashing of torrents which precipitate themselves into the abyss, and the distant song of miners who may now and then be seen passing and re-passing with their lighted torches. Occasionally the noise caused by an explosion rolls slowly along the galleries, or, if at too great a distance to be heard, a perceptible trembling is felt through the arches which close around the traveller. At other times he hears an ominous crack in the walls behind him, as though a portion of the rock was about to detach itself from its eternal bed. Finally, everything in this immense gulf caused us to feel that a wide space separated us from the regions enlightened by the sun, and seemed to warn us that we were approaching the centre of the earth—that place where the silence of night has never been disturbed, while, on the surface, thrones, principalities, and powers, have crumbled away, and generations disappeared, like a drop in the limitless ocean. . . . In opening a gallery, which within the memory of man had not been visited, the miners found, at a depth of eighty toises, the body of a young man: the vitriolic water and the alkalies had petrified it, without in the least impairing its youthful appearance. It was borne into the air, and speedily surrounded by a number of persons attracted by curiosity, when suddenly a shriek burst from an aged woman in the crowd, who with feeble and tottering steps had approached the scene:—in the mummied corpse thus strangely brought to light, she had recognized the features of her betrothed, who more than fifty years before had disappeared in a mysterious manner, on the eve of that which was to have been their bridal day. Years had furrowed the cheek and wrinkled the brow of this old woman, while her lover, just issued from the tomb, preserved all the freshness and smoothness of youth: there was something in the contrast painfully affecting.

We scarcely expected to disinter such an incident from the midst of a chapter on mines; but though it has not much to do with statistics, we could not possibly resist giving it. We are indebted for it to M. Forsell, a Swede, from whom M. Daumont borrows it.

Manufactures are at a very low ebb in Sweden, and as almost every art and trade has its own little corporate rights and monopolies, the stranger who attempts any innovations or improvements, is sure to meet with the most strenuous and organized opposition. To give a just idea of the insignificance of their trade, let us again resort to comparison:—

The number of individuals employed in commerce and manufactures in England (not including Scotland and Ireland) was, in 1830, 7,332,765, out of 16,000,000 individuals; that is to say, it included half the population. The manufacturing and commercial population of France is estimated at five millions. In Sweden, of their 2,871,000 inhabitants, there were, in 1831, but 42,560 employed in commerce and manufactures of every description, while, to preserve the same proportion as in England, their operatives should have amounted to 1,022,560, or, to equal that of France, should have been 409,000. We may add, that the capital so invested has within 25 years been doubled in France, and quadrupled in England, while in Sweden it has remained almost stationary.

The tables given by M. Daumont respecting the nature and value of each branch of manufacture, together with the speculations regarding their capabilities of improvement, are full and interesting.

The principal exports of Sweden consist of articles in their raw, or unmanufactured, state; iron ranks first, then timber, copper, tar, and grain. England and the United States of America take between them half of the entire exports. The principal imports are sugar, coffee, tobacco, fish (salt or smoked), salt, leather, hemp, silk, cotton, and wines; chiefly, it will be observed, articles of domestic comfort or luxury. The total of their exports for 1831 amounted to twenty-seven millions of francs, the total of their imports to twenty-four millions, leaving in their favour a balance of three millions, or 120,000*l.* sterling. Gottenburg, on the western coast, is the second city of Sweden, and, after Stockholm, the principal dépôt for merchandize. During the continuance of Bonaparte's absurd continental system, Gottenburg, from being the nearest open port to England, acquired a great and sudden accession of importance, its population between 1809 and 1814 having been actually double what it is at present. This was caused by its becoming the great mart for English goods which were supplied through this port not only to Sweden, but to Prussia, Poland, and all Germany. Its fall was as sudden as its rise; the large speculations in which its merchants had embarked, of course miscarried when more convenient ports were opened, bankruptcies succeeded each other in quick succession, and the town, now desolate or half deserted, is chiefly remarkable for the immense size of its houses, and the tinge of extravagance still observable amongst its inhabitants.

For internal communication Sweden has remarkable facilities in her four great lakes, together with many lesser ones, all navigable, as well as her rivers and numerous canals. Of these the canal of Gotha, undertaken to unite the Baltic with the North Sea, by means of the lakes in the interior, is, by many degrees, the most important, and though it cost eighteen millions of francs (720,000*l.*), an immense sum for so poor a country, there can be no doubt that the advantages will be far more than commensurate.

This canal, traced across the most fertile parts of the kingdom, will open to them new sources of agricultural and commercial prosperity; it will free their vessels from the dangers and the tribute of the Sound; it will become, in case of war, a strong line of defence, and will open to Stockholm a direct communication with the North Sea. In its execution, every difficulty that could arise from inequality of surface was to be overcome: rapid streams were to be passed, and the solid granite rock pierced by blasting. These labours were executed, according to the old Roman manner, by the Swedish army, and directed according to the most approved proceedings adopted in England. The utmost care was taken in the choice of materials, and the mode of construction, to ensure solidity and durability, and give to this colossal enterprise the character of a monument dedicated to posterity. The preparatory surveys were made by Admiral Platen, who directed the execution of the works until his death, after which, they were intrusted to the Baron Sparre, General of Engineers, by whom they were finally

completed. The opening of the canal took place September 27, 1832, in presence of the King, who had just returned from a tour through his dominions, on which he had received every where the liveliest proofs of attachment and respect. Attended by a numerous and brilliant cortège, he repaired to Söderköping, on the banks of the canal, where a magnificent tent had been prepared to receive him. Here he was joined by the Queen, with the high public functionaries, the state dignitaries, and the entire *corps diplomatique*, including all the foreign ambassadors and their several suites. By a particular command of his Majesty, a deputation from each of the sixteen regiments which had furnished fatigue parties to the work, formed part of the procession. An immense crowd from all the neighbouring counties, had assembled to be witnesses of the ceremony. Soon a division of gun-boats, headed by the royal yacht, and coming from Gottenburg, passed the locks of the canal on one side, while on the other, a like flotilla which had dropped down the Baltic from Stockholm, and entered the east end of the canal, met them, and saluted under a grand salvo of artillery, in honour of this first inland junction of ships coming from the Baltic and the ocean. At Söderköping, the King embarked in the royal yacht; at the last lock the workmen on the canal seized the towing ropes, and drew her till she reached the sea amidst the shouts a thousand times repeated of the people, who lined the banks. In the evening, the King returned to Norköping, where fêtes had been prepared, as well as in all the towns along the route: two days after, he set out for Stockholm. At the news of his arrival, all the youths of the capital spontaneously set out on horseback to meet him, surrounded his carriage, and escorted him to his palace. The city was illuminated, and the joy of the people, manifested in a thousand ways, fully showed all the importance they attached to the completion of this great and truly glorious enterprise.

It was one of those rare cases in which the sovereign and the subject had equal cause to rejoice:—it was alike honourable to an enlightened ruler and a free people.

But here we have exhausted our limits, yet have not got half through our subject. We have merely touched on the sources of wealth of the country, and there still remain its army, its navy, its representative government, its nobility, its clergy, and its education; in short, our readers must by all means read M. Daumont's work if they consider the specimens we have given of its entertainment and instruction sufficiently attractive.

For ourselves, we scarce know whether we have derived from it more pleasure or instruction.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Lines suggested by the Third Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Cambridge, in June 1853, by the late William Sotheby, Esq. F.R.S., with a short Memoir of his Life.'—The opportunity of printing the poem alluded to above, has been taken, to publish also a notice of the Life of the elegant and accomplished translator of 'Oberon,' and (at an advanced period of his life) of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. It contains little beyond an enumeration of his different residences and works: it may be, that there was not much more to tell,—the life of one whose circumstances admit of his mind (and that perhaps one more gifted with the power of appreciation than of originating) being early and sufficiently cultivated—and whose years passed over for the most part, in happiness and tranquillity, cannot

contain such incidents as make us thirst for the biographies of the less fortunate or more imaginative. It is now long since the translation of Wieland's gorgeous fairy poem became known and admired by us; and when Mr. Sotheby published his 'Italy,' since eclipsed by a rival whose embellishments we have no expectation of seeing surpassed—we read with sincere pleasure the concluding verses mentioned in the memoir, in which the poet alludes to his domestic bereavements. The following lines were addressed to a dear friend, in remembrance of a time of deep suspense, and gratitude for prompt and sympathising kindness:—

Etna! with thy lone hour the Grecian muse  
Holds nightly commerce, and to Isis' shore  
Brings the fair fruits the groves of Athens bore,  
When Plato, nurtur'd with Castalian dews,  
The bloom of fancy gave to mortal truth:  
And now she leads her barbaric choir along,  
To thee, forth pouring the full tide of song;  
All, daring, Æchylus in fire of youth  
Feared not to utter! All of truer tone—  
More awful harmony—that sweetly floats  
Tempering the swell of Sophoclean notes,—  
To thee the strains where nature speaks alone  
And language breathes the echo of the heart  
When *He*, whom fancy, love, and pity crown'd,  
Drew from his chord each passion's simple sound:  
These all are thine!—These to the world impart,  
But be it mine in this sequestered bower,  
Here as I turn the page of memory o'er,  
To dwell on deeds untaught by classic lore,  
And hark recal thy kindness at that hour  
When, as the rumour reach'd thy distant way,  
That misery had sore bow'd us, thou wert seen,—  
As though thy foot had never absent been—  
Seen at our side, commission'd to allay  
That agony whose utterance had no tongue;  
And when methought o'er death we hopeless hung,  
Thy look, thy word, thy faith, forbade despair,  
And grief found language when a friend wept there.

But it is as a translator that this author's name will go down to posterity. "There is, perhaps, no instance in literary history," says the writer of this memoir, "of so immense a poetical undertaking as the translation of two great poems, containing in the original near thirty thousand lines, achieved by one who had passed his seventieth year, with so much vigour and elegance as to bear away the palm, in many instances of comparison, from the great names of Pope and Cowper."

'The White Rose of York, a Midsummer Annual,' edited by George Hogarth, Esq.—So soon as the gay race of annuals began to depart from their original habit of appearing at Christmas time, we could never see why one month could be preferable for publication to another, inasmuch as anniversaries and birthdays are occurring all the year round, and a graceful and dainty volume ought to be welcome whenever it appears, though it have only the life of a summer insect. The book before us appeals to the patronage of the inhabitants of the largest and most English county in England, and comes boldly out at Midsummer, relying solely on the merits of its contents for success. These are elegant and graceful for the most part, and have been some of them contributed by known hands:—among others, we find verses from the pens of Galt and Lady Blessington. There is, perhaps, too much poetry in the volume, from which we extract at random the following from a series of female portraits by F. W. Cronhelm.

#### The Young Mother.

'Tis not her infant's birth alone. Another  
As newly-born existence marks the day:  
The playful maiden is become a mother—  
And all is chang'd. The laughing bloom of May  
Is now a pallid rose on her pale cheek:  
The frolic hours have wing'd them far away:  
And she—the young, the bright, the ever gay—  
Sits all alone, with holy thoughts and meek  
On her fair forehead—O not all alone!  
For she with sweet companionship is blest,  
In the dear babe she treasures to her breast;  
And in its helpless being all her own  
Is sunk—her every thought a blessing, or a prayer—  
What love can match a mother's love?—What care  
A mother's care?

'The Art of Poetic Painting; or, a Practical Method whereby Authors, Speakers, Poets, Painters, and all Lovers of Composition in Thought and Language, may most readily discipline their Powers of Imagerial Invention, and discover the most original Combinations of Imagery, by Thomas Cowan, Teacher of the Art of Imagerial and Poetic Thinking.'!!!!—This valuable work carries its own review on its own title-page.

'A Popular View of Chemistry, by J. and G. Murray.'—'Popular Treatise on Chemistry, by Hugo Reid'—'Chemical Recreations, by J. J. Griffin. 7th edition.'—Three excellent little works on Chemistry, all, we perceive, from the north side of the Tweed, where this science, with its numerous practical applications, appears an especial favourite. Mr. Griffin's work has already gained a popularity which it certainly merits, as is evident by its having reached a seventh edition. Of this favour he shows a proper sense by having almost re-written the present impression, and illustrated it with numerous wood-cuts. We must say, however, that his attacks on the theories of Berzelius, Dumas, &c., are totally out of place in a work aiming at the character of popular: they must necessarily be all but unintelligible to his readers.—Mr. Reid's little treatise is appearing in the 'Library of Popular Science' in the form of numbers. It is astonishingly cheap, and written with clearness, conciseness and accuracy. But we must confess that we have derived from the work of Messrs. Murray, a pleasure of a higher kind than we usually experience, even from volumes of much greater pretensions. In a few well-digested chapters on Attraction, Heat, Light, Electricity, and the Atomic Theory, they explain the general principles of the science, in a style remarkable for its perspicuity, and even for its beauty:—we only doubt if it be not at times a little too ambitious—and then illustrate with an actual prodigality of facts, and well-chosen practical applications, which must render it an attractive and delightful volume to an intelligent boy. We shall look with interest for the promised continuation of the Messrs. Murray's labours, which is to include "the consideration of the action of the laws now laid down on inorganic and organic substances."

'The Fathers not Popists; or, Six Discourses by the most eloquent Fathers of the Church, translated by H. S. Boyd, Esq.'—Fears are entertained by some, that England may fall once again under the power of the Pope, and that the creed of the Council of Trent will, at no distant period, supersede the Thirty-nine Articles. The foundation for such fears it is not very easy to discover, but we shall not say to the respectable persons by whom they are entertained, that such fears are groundless,—for nothing is so offensive to a man as to tell him that he has been frightened without a cause—but suggest for their consideration, that to proclaim alarm, and to exaggerate danger, may tend to produce the very evil they wish to avoid. We more than doubt the utility of the "preservatives against popery," which are produced as abundantly as "specifics against cholera": in the great majority of instances, the writers know as little of that creed, and its effect on the human mind, as quacks do of the new disease, and its effects on the human body. Morison's pills recently killed a patient—polemical treatises have strengthened the ranks of infidelity. We have made these general remarks, suggested by the title and preface of this work, without any unkindly feeling to the work or its estimable author: the discourses he has selected from the neglected stores of ecclesiastical literature, have a high value, independently of controversial considerations. There is a rich vein of eloquence in Chrysostom, which might be worked with profit by modern preachers; and Basil's homilies throw light on a very important

part of church history, the progress of opinion. Gregory Nazianzen is to us less interesting than the other two; his invective against Julian shows little of the spirit of pure Christianity, and the part he took in the persecution of the Sophists was neither creditable to his honesty nor his gratitude. Gregory was a poet as well as a divine, and Mr. Boyd has translated some specimens of his composition: we wish he had chosen the moral distichs instead of the epigrams, for the sentiments in the latter frequently show an angry and revengeful spirit. The volume is valuable for its specimens of the literature of the early Christians, but, as a work of controversy, it possesses a very small portion of merit.

*Disquisitions on the Antipapal Spirit which produced the Reformation, &c., by Gabriel Rozzetti; translated from the Italian by Miss Caroline Ward.*—When the work, of which this is a version, first appeared, we entered into some examination of the singular theory on which it is grounded. We have now, therefore, only to announce its translation into English. It appears carefully rendered, and dedicated to Mr. Cary, the translator of Dante, in a modest and well written preface.

*Lays for the Dead, by Amelia Opie.*—The forte of this once favourite authoress always lay rather in prose-fiction than verse. The collection of votive poems before us, reveals much deep affection and sincere regret, and we respect the feelings which have prompted the verses it contains—while we cannot think that it will add to, or perhaps, more properly speaking, revive, the writer's popularity.

*Guide to the Giant's Causeway.*—*Guide to Killybegs and Glenariff.*—Though the directions in these guide-books are not sufficiently explicit, they will afford considerable assistance to the tourist who desires to visit the wild and wondrous scenery of Antrim, or who wishes to roam through the bold and romantic country in the opposite extremity of Ireland. The descriptions of the views are very loosely written; indeed, in some of them, we found it difficult to recognize our old acquaintances: the editor has servilely copied Wright. Small as these works are, they are disfigured by one or two political allusions—verily, there are Irishmen who could not repeat the multiplication table except to the tune of the 'Boyne Water.' The maps are tolerably correct, and Petrie's views, though somewhat tame, are accurate.

*Wakefield's Public Expenditure apart from Taxation.*—We cannot enter into a detailed examination of a work so exclusively political as this is: the author's object is to show that the British government doubly violates the principles of sound economy, by giving inadequate remuneration to its inferior servants, and by bestowing extravagant salaries on their superiors. The instances chosen are in the army, the navy, and the church. The author has bestowed great pains on the investigation of these several subjects, but we are not prepared to assent to all his conclusions.

*Enigmas, Historical and Geographical.*—These enigmas are designed not only to exercise youthful ingenuity, but to impress on the memory many important historical and geographical facts: they thus combine instruction with amusement, and we are sure that the work will be found an agreeable companion in the family circle.

*A Short Course of Reading from the Old Testament.*—The design of this work, which, by the way, is neither clearly expressed nor steadily kept in view, is to show the unity of the Old Testament, in its relation to Christianity, as a means to an end. It is rather too much to charge 10s. 6d. for this volume of selections, when a copy of the entire Bible, much better printed, may be had for less than half the sum.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## ON A LADY WHO DIED AT SEA.

From the Portuguese of Camoens.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HEMANS.

Thou, to whose power my hopes, my joys, I gave—

O fondly loved! my bosom's dearest care!  
Earth, which denied thy precious form a grave,  
Yields not one spell to soothe my lone despair.

Yes! the sea shrouds that loveliness divine;  
Dark o'er thy head th' eternal billows roll;  
But while one ray of life or thought is mine,

Thou, too, shalt live the inmate of my soul.  
And if the tones of my uncultured song  
Have skill the sad remembrance to prolong,  
Of love so fervent, and of faith so pure:

Still shall my verse thine epitaph remain,  
Thy grave be still undying in the strain,  
While Time, and Love, and Memory shall endure.

## COWPER AND BYRON.

COMPARISONS are instituted for the sake of likeness or of unlikeness; both these causes render Cowper and Byron fit parallels. There are no two incomparable poets who may be so well compared together as these. Cowper was the first, and the founder of a school, of which Byron was the last and the confounder. The first broke the fetters of formality and the swathings of exact cadence and rhythm, and the last ran riot in a licentious excess of liberty. From the publication of 'The Traveller,' and 'The Deserted Village,' till the publication of 'The Task,' poetry was altogether a thing of words; the jingle of cadence had lulled passion to sleep. Dryden, Pope, and their followers, had coined a vast mintage of poetical expression, so that any one with a moderate ear, and a tolerable memory, could write a very pretty poem—a poem bearing as much relation to poetry, as Eton verses bear to the inspiration of Virgil and Homer. The writers of poems had no temptation to think or to feel—they found a veil of precomposed words cast over every object in the natural world, and over every emotion or feeling in the moral world. The sun, the moon, and the stars—fields, groves, rocks, rivers, seas, and mountains, were stuck all over with epithets, so that even a poet's eye could not see them in their naked beauty, and the poet's heart had not passion enough to shake off these dull, cold ornaments.

The poets had paw'd the silver moon,  
Till they'd made it as dull as a pewter spoon.  
Thus also was it with all the passions and emotions of the mind—they had their established language, which had been poetical when original and the result of feeling, but which became prosaic and flat when used by heartless imitators. Melody and commonplace had smothered poetry till Cowper felt, thought, and gave his feelings and thoughts to the world, with a passion and bold sincerity, that broke up the icy smoothness of melodious and monotonous versification. That which Cowper began, Byron has completed. Before Cowper, there was none like unto him; since Byron, there has been none like unto him.

Cowper and Byron may be compared together for the similarity of their inspiration—they both wrote from their own feelings, and their personal history makes great part of the interest of their verse. Cowper's poems require for their elucidation, a knowledge of him who wrote them, they receive a light of illustration and beauty, from knowing the susceptibility of mind which gave

! We should not think it necessary to observe that the individual writer is alone responsible for the opinions advanced in this paper, if we had not received more than one letter pointing out, absurdly enough, what were called contradictions in the *Athenæum*.

them being. They are not composed of coldly artificial tears, or compacted with unfeigned smiles, but there is a sweet sincerity in their sadness, and there is a real sunshine of heart in their gayer and lighter forms. He has given voice to some of the finest and kindest thoughts that belong to humanity, and has shown what sweetness may be wrung from fancy by the pressure of sorrow. In like manner when 'Childe Harold' burst upon the world, it was as the opening of a human bosom, the living anatomy of the human heart. It waited not for the coldness of commendation, but it commanded the sympathy of awakened feeling. It was impossible for a moment to separate the poem from the poet. The poet might call his work a work of fancy; but the world felt that it must have been a work of feeling—of vivid experience—of a passion that had power to analyze itself. The work increased in interest, in proportion as the world gained knowledge of the identity of the poet and the subject, so that if Childe Harold was not Lord Byron, Lord Byron was Childe Harold, and that amounted to the same thing. The readers of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' of Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' may enjoy these poems in all the fulness of their poetical beauty, without any knowledge or thought of the personal history of the writers—but they who read 'Childe Harold' and 'The Task,' are interested in the living experience of the authors. The lives of Cowper and Byron are integral parts of their works, elucidating, illustrating, embellishing them; they are so inseparably joined together, that they cannot be contemplated apart—their lives are poetry, their poetry is life. Hence there is this resemblance also between these two writers, that the readers of their works are not merely readers of poetry, but are perforce also, students of mental philosophy, drawn, as it were, by an irresistible attraction of a living sympathy, to the study and analysis of human feelings.

Cowper and Byron may be compared together for their madness; and yet how dissimilar in this point of similarity. The madness of the one was religious—the madness of the other was irreligious. The one misapprehended God, the other misapprehended the world. The one thought himself forsaken of God, yet did all he could to please and honour that God by whom he imagined himself to have been forsaken;—the other fancied that the world hated him, yet he did all that was in the power of his fine genius to gain the applause of that world, by which he supposed himself to be despised, and the good will of which he professed to hold in sovereign contempt. When Cowper thought it would be impiety in him to pray, there was the sincerest piety in that thought;—and when Lord Byron, in Italy or Greece, spoke or wrote of himself as an exile from his native land, in thought and person too, he was at that very moment deriving his inspiration from England, the promptings of his muse from this very island. His hatred of England was but the wantonness of his love towards it. Could he in his heart despise clouds, and mists, and watery summers, who in his boyhood had roamed on the heaths of Scotland? He must have known that he was indebted to the clouds of his native clime for the poetical passion with which he could speak of the cloudless skies of Greece. Cowper's overflowing of religious feeling made him fancy himself to be an irreligious person: Byron's sympathy with humanity was so passionately strong, that he imagined that he hated the species. When Byron wrote his epitaph on a Newfoundland dog, praising the canine, at the expense of the human species, his very vituperation of humanity showed how well he loved his fellow creatures; he loved them so well that he was angry with them for not being perfect. Hatred is a transient feeling; it either dies away in the cold oblivion of contempt, or



turns round again to the passionate fondness of love. He who cherishes his hatred with much talk, shows that he wishes to love what he professes to hate.

Cowper and Byron may be compared together for the alternations of gaiety and gravity in their works. The author of 'Childe Harold' was the author of 'Beppo'; and the author of 'The Task' was the author of 'John Gilpin.' The prettiest flowers will sometimes grow upon the gloomiest precipices; and oftentimes from the lips of the greatest sufferers will fall pleasant sayings and lively turns of humour: tears and smiles may be as opposite as light and darkness; but they alternate as surely as night and day. What is so wild as the laughter of childhood, and what so furious as its passionate tears? And poets are children—children from their warmth of feeling, from their openness of heart, from their lively susceptibility. To a child, the world is not a reality—it is a poem, a romance, a fairy tale: children are poets. That rigidity which utilitarian folks call wisdom, which dries up the fountain of tears, and which monotonizes the features against the ripple of a smile, is the destruction of all poetry; for it is the destruction of all passion, substituting calculation for impulse, sneering at the folly of laughter, and despising the weakness of tears.

Cowper and Byron may be compared together for the power and fullness of their genius breaking over the bonds of sectarianism, and becoming Catholic in their acceptableness with the public. They are both read by multitudes, who admire not the rigidity of the one, or the laxity of the other. In their opinions they belonged to parties—in their genius they are independent of, and superior to party. Cowper was a religious poet; but he is not exclusively the property of what is called the religious world. Byron was not a particularly religious poet; but the religious world is not indifferent to the charms of his muse. Byron had a hatred of fanaticism, and Cowper an abhorrence of impiety; yet, had the two men met, we may suppose it possible that Byron would have revered Cowper's religion, and that Cowper would have sympathized with Byron's warmth of feeling. Byron has not merely possessed himself of readers in the religious world, but he has conquered political party spirit. He treated royalty with no reverence; yet his readers and admirers are to be found in as great abundance among Tories as amongst the other political segments of the population; and as Cowper may be read and admired by many whom he satirizes, so is Byron by many of the party whom he treats with contempt; for, after all, a good hater is better than a bad lover, as a kick from a velvet shoe is better than a kiss from leathern lips.

Cowper and Byron may be compared together for their complete poetical originality and independence. They did not write poetry merely because others had written before them. They wrote their own poetry, their own thoughts and feelings: they were not hawkers and pedlars of Brummagem epithets; they were not blowers of bubbles or spouters of second-hand froth; they wrote as they would have written had nobody ever written before them. There is nothing in which it is so difficult to play the hypocrite as in poetry. If a man hath no heart, not all the art in the world can make it appear that he has. He may puff and blow, and swagger and swell; he may foam at the mouth, and pull off his neckcloth; he may assault Olympus with high words, or storm Parnassus with ranting epithets; he may talk of gloomy and moody, and scowling and howling and growling, and dashing and crashing, and raving and roaring; but it will not do. Words are the vehicle of poetry, and so is the Lord Mayor's coach the vehicle of the Lord Mayor; but words are no more poetry than the Lord Mayor's coach is the

Lord Mayor. That Byron and Cowper may be compared as originals, is manifest from the total diversity of their style and manner of thought. What an immense difference between the gravity of Byron and the gravity of Cowper! And what an equally immense difference between their respective gaiety! Compare 'John Gilpin' to 'Don Juan';—and Cowper seriously regretted that he had ever written anything so unserious as 'John Gilpin'; but Lord Byron never regretted that he had written 'Don Juan.' In Byron's gravity, what bitterness! In Cowper's gravity, what sweetness! 'The Task' and 'Childe Harold' were both the moods of the authors' own minds, and yet what vastly different moods! Both wrote from the pressure of sorrow, and yet how different the character of their respective sorrows! If they had preconcerted to interest the world by different means, and without one thought or sentiment in common, they could not have done it more effectually. How like,—and yet how unlike! So they are compared, because they are so different in their very likenesses. They have revealed much to the world, and have left works and characters so strongly contrasted, and yet so strangely coincident, as to open, as it were, a new volume in the history of the human mind.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome.

Bunsen and Plattner's third volume of the Description of Rome has appeared: it is devoted *totaliter* to the Vatican (*Vaticaneischen Sammlungen*), chiefly by Professor Gerhard, with one masterly section on Raphael's tapestries, by Bunsen. In addition to a Catalogue Raisonné of the public museums and galleries, this volume contains details of the Vatican Library, (books, manuscripts, paintings, and illuminations,) of the private picture collections, chapels, &c. A work more needed, especially by foreigners, could scarce be thought of: we had, strange as it may seem, positively nothing to guide us through the wilderness of ten thousand statues, fragments, busts, sarcophagi, marbles of every kind, the most extensive, and interesting collection in the world, but a sorry sight-book, that gave bare names to some few dozen articles, and those often as much out as *Pasquin* and *Marforio* to a Greek warrior and a water god. You would not believe this when at Rome—instantly I was lazy or lying while when I said no Catalogue of the Vatican could be found—hid the *custodi* go to Malebolgia for bidding you go to Mrs. Starke, and cited Count de Clarac's "admirable little book" on the Louvre collection, when the many-tongued librarian, Mezzofanti, told you in his twenty-five different languages, it would take a book as big as a backgammon-board merely to name all the Vatican marbles. Shameful, isn't it? that the public should be blocked out by so many impediments from this rich treasure-house of art. No catalogue—custodes as insolent as house-dogs, and as ignorant—but *two open days per week for three hours each* (and not open at all on the innumerable holidays, fast-days, &c., of the Romish calendar,)—while the galleries of Florence and Paris, neither a fourth as large, are open six days out of the seven, and for six hours at a time! Would not you think the Vatican Gallery were another Poet's Corner, and the Pope a double of the Dean of Westminster? However, one of the impediments is removed, without the help indeed of any Italian hand, lay or clerical, by Professor Gerhard's volume. Pity it should be in German—I mean only in German—will you enter into a negotiation with the publisher, and translate the book? Our travellers are wild-geese without it. Professor Gerhard's volume has the three best qualities of a descriptive work—brevity, preciseness, and completeness: it gives every article—every needful particular on each—nothing super-

fluous. Of course, however, it must omit many collateral particulars, which, though interesting and useful, are not positively requisite, and would have swollen his book to an epic size indeed. For example, he gives two octavo pages on the Apollo Belvedere, a medium between Vasi's ten lines and Visconti's treatise, yet with all the closeness of the one, and comprehensiveness of the other. By the bye, that monastic meditator D., who is here, has started a theory on the Apollo, which yet seems to me so obvious, I can scarce think it original, though not to be met with in either Gerhard or any other author to my knowledge—tell me what you and your antiquarian *clique* think of it: he conceives the original type of this statue and its whole class to have been neither a serpent-killer, a giant-killer, nor a god-physician, nor a destroyer of Greeks, nor an assassin of Niobe's children, but the Apollo *Hecates*, the far-darting king, a personification of the Sun's radiant appearance, by which he seems to dart his arrows of light to the *flammaria incerta mundi*. This, as it is a much simpler, likewise appears to me a much sublimer allegory than any of the others: Apollo and Diana also have their symmetry carried to its utmost. *Hecates* and *Hecate*, both deities of the bow, and, for the selfsame reason, being personifications of the greater and the lesser lights. Apollo's lizard, or serpent, which on the common hypothesis somewhat preposterously appear close behind him, while he shoots straight forward, and *living* after they have been killed, would be mere symbols, the former of solar heat, the latter of templer seclusion, wisdom (i.e. mental illumination), medicine, (i.e. evil-dispelling influence of the sun), &c. The Apollo *Hecates*, an original type, as he supposes, of abstract signification, was no doubt brought down to the level of general capacity, by representing it under some more sensible form, a giant-slayer, lizard-killer, &c.; and such representations those very symbols may have suggested, being converted, however, from a lizard, &c., into some more dignified object of the god's bowmanship, a dragon or a hydra. Hence came the Belvedere expression of scorn and indignation, that of the original type being *far-sightedness* and energetic calm, a much more supra-mundane character, and precisely agreeing with the ubiquitous penetration and intense steadiness of sunlight. Now don't be stiff-necked, and disdain conversion to this creed because it is not subscribed *Hitzenblitzenhammer*, or some other prostrating German name for an archaeologist.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We have glanced over the remainder of this month's Magazines. Almost all the principal ones give us articles upon Campbell's 'Life of Mrs. Siddons.' Of these the paper in the *Monthly Repository* is decidedly the best, in our opinion: this periodical could afford to spare both thought and originality to some of its weaker contemporaries; and we wish it would give away its sectarian spirit, which alone prevents it from taking the highest possible standing.—The graceful and lady-like *Court Magazine* comes before us in striking contrast. The present is a good number: we have more of Haynes Bayly's *Vers de Société*; Mr. St. John's 'Turkish Notions of Civilization'; and a continuation of those Musical Papers, which a year or two ago excited so much attention: the present one is devoted to an anatomy of the Abbey Meeting.—The *New Monthly*, too, is amusing and varied in its contents. Mrs. Hemans's 'Records of Passing Thoughts' are beautiful; Disraeli the younger's 'Infernal Marriage' continued in his best manner. He contrives to hit the follies of the day most pleasantly in these appropriations of the fine old legends of Mythology;

the 'Incidents on the Hudson' are national and graphic; and we are glad to come to an end of the 'Debtor's Experience.'—The *British Magazine*, the *Asiatic*, and *United Service Journals*, and the *Sporting Magazine*, are all praiseworthy, as abiding steadfastly by their original purpose.—The *Asiatic* gives us a smooth and pretty song by Baboo Knaprad Gosh, a Hindû poet; and an interesting 'Memoir of Akhtal, the Christian Arab Poet.'—Mr. Loudon carries on his *Architectural and Gardener's Magazines* with unflagging spirit: the latter, we perceive, is announced to appear monthly for the future.—*Tait* does no more than justice to Mary Howitt's delightful 'Sketches of Natural History,' and to Mr. Pringle's 'African Sketches.' We have more of the 'Opium-Eater's Autobiography,' which is always amusing—not so the imitation of the *Noctes*, which is a decided blemish.—We have also received the July number of the *North American Review*: it contains valuable and carefully-written papers; among the lighter ones, articles upon Schiller, Crabbe, and Miss Edgeworth's 'Helen'; for our own parts, we should like less of European, and more of native literature.

Mr. Hernud last night delivered, at the Russett Institution, an Oration on the death of Coleridge—or, to speak more correctly, on the metaphysical spirit which pervades his works. We cannot but think that, to a general audience, something more of the man and the poet would have been acceptable; and that the discourse was pitched unwisely high. It is thus that philosophy is rendered distasteful to the many. Mr. Hernud, however, read an interesting letter from Coleridge to the Committee of the Institution, in answer to their request of him to deliver a course of lectures: and the oration itself, we are sure, would gain by being printed.

In the Arts, we do not hear of much doing.—We spent a pleasant hour or two at the Conversazione of the Architectural Society on Tuesday evening, at their New Rooms in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Some of Mr. Cottingham's Drawings of Interiors were most beautiful; as were also some sketches of Norman and Italian Buildings by Messrs. J. Nash and G. B. Moore. The President, Mr. Clarke, read a paper on the Objects and Progress of this Society, which is, as yet, only in its infancy.—The Musical World is very quiet; however, the Amateur Festival, which we announced a few weeks ago, is proceeding with its arrangements. The performances are to be deferred till October; and we see that the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria have consented to patronize them.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Aug. 4.—Lieut. Col. W. H. Sykes, F.R.S., &c. in the chair.—The report of the Committee appointed at the last meeting of the Society, for investigating the nature of the ravages of the cane-fly, in Grenada, was read, containing a variety of suggestions as to the most efficacious remedies against the attacks of the fly in its different states. It was stated, that this report had been forwarded to the Agricultural Society of Grenada, in order that the suggestions might at once be brought into action.

The nest of *Odynerus quadratus* was exhibited by Mr. Ingpen, who had found it, built in the folds of a piece of paper, which had accidentally fallen behind a book shelf. The nest was nearly six inches long, having several openings to the cells, through which the insects, on arriving at the perfect state, had made their escape. It appeared to be composed of dried mud.

Two memoirs were read.—1. Descriptions of some new species of Indian ants, with observations upon their respective habits, by Lieut.

Col. W. H. Sykes. In this memoir the author described a curious ant's nest which he had discovered upon the branches of trees, and which was composed of dried cow-dung, being as much as eight inches in diameter. The proceedings of a large black ant were detailed, which infests houses, and which has the instinct to leap to a considerable distance from the walls of rooms, upon tables upon which preserves and other sweets are placed, and which have been removed from the walls in order to prevent the ants from attacking the dessert. The history of a third species was given, which, contrary to the now prevalent opinion of naturalists, lays up considerable stores of seeds for its supply during the rainy season.—2. Description of the *Lamia Norisii*, a beautiful new species of *Cerambycidae*, from Sierra Leone, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S., &c.

#### THEATRICALS

##### THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A new farce was produced here on Monday last. We should be happy to report well of it, for the sake of the management—for the sake of the author (whoever he may be)—for the sake of good-humour towards all adventurers in a perilous and seldom profitable pursuit;—but, in all sincerity, we have little or nothing to say in favour of 'The Dragon.' There is no subject on which English dramatic authors blunder so terribly, as a military one; there is no part which English actors represent with so little fidelity, either in dress or demeanour, as that of an officer, or even of a common soldier. We have two actors, now on the stage, and only two, as far as we at present remember, who look like what they purport to be when they represent a military character.—Mr. Warde and Mr. Benson Hill. The reason is, that they have both been officers. Mr. F. Matthews's dress, as Colonel Somebody, on Monday night, presented such an extraordinary mixture of Infantry, Cavalry, Field Officer, General Officer, and Staff Officer, that to say to what regiment he belonged, would have puzzled a conjuror. If we are to look only to the laugh of the moment, without caring at what expense of either probability or possibility it is obtained, then we may fairly say that some of the situations arising out of the plot of 'The Dragon' are highly comic, but the plot itself is far too outrageously to convey any satisfaction to a person of even moderate reflection. We have a Colonel who suspects that his wife is too fond of the attentions of her cousin, an Ensign, and who therefore appoints, as duenna over her, one of his drummer boys!! The wife cares nothing about the ensign, but resolves to punish her husband, by pretending to be in love with the drummer, and causing the drummer to fall in love with her. In pursuance of this, she actually sits down to breakfast with the drummer and her own maid. Again, the ensign wanting to be left alone with the lady, tries to get rid of the drummer, who not only treats him as unceremoniously as if he were a brother knight of the stick, but, at one time, thrusts his head at him, and shakes it in his face. Now, really, is not this too absurd an infraction of military discipline, even for a farce? But enough: if authors write such things—readers (if they can read) or managers (if they can manage) should check them. We do not wish to be over particular, or to drive stage licence into too close a corner. We only say with the sailor who addressed the conjuror, when he displayed his sovereigns changed into halfpence, "As much fun as you like, but no d—d nonsense." Mr. Keeley, Mrs. Keeley, and Mrs. Waylett, played as well as their parts admitted of, and the latter lady sang two songs of Mr. A. Lee's, neither of which was effective, although both were like all that gentleman's

compositions, pretty; and the second particularly so as to the symphonies and accompaniments. The dialogue, (with the exception of one or two double-entendres, which we trust were accidental, and which should at all events be forthwith expunged,) without being particularly good, was light, pleasant, and rather above average. The farce was not received without opposition, but the applause predominated.

We had, upon this occasion, an opportunity of taking up a dropped stitch, by seeing the remainder of the opera of 'Nourjahad.' There is nothing in the third act to alter the opinion we formed of it from the first and second. We still complain of dulness in the piece itself, and of want of melody and simplicity in the music. Clever it certainly is, and therefore we the more regret that it is not all it ought to be. The trio in the third act, of which much has been said, and which is still honoured with a double encore, is perhaps the most pleasing piece in the opera, but we forget it as soon as it is over. There is one defect in the stage arrangement which really must not be passed over in silence: a carpet (Persian, we presume,) is spread over the stage, and this remains throughout the piece. In the palace-rooms, in the palace-gardens, and, finally, in the third act, to our utter astonishment, in the middle of a forest!! We know that the real carpet of nature, in such a place, is no more like a deal board than it is like the best carpet Waterloo House could produce, and we know also that we go to a theatre to be deceived, but let us have something with which it is possible for us to lend a hand at deceiving ourselves.—pray do. The opera yet wants a great deal of curtailment. Mr. H. Phillips's speeches in the third act are tedious in the extreme, and the constant sameness of his speaking voice makes us wish, if possible, more than ever, to have the gratification of hearing him sing. The house was very full.

##### VICTORIA THEATRE.

Two new pieces have lately been produced here. A melodrama called 'The Heiress of Bruges,' and a classical burlesque, entitled 'Caught Courting.' The first is founded on Mr. Grattan's novel, so called. We were never, personally speaking, any great admirers of the foundation, but it is, at all events, more solid and better than the superstructure. The situations are nearly the same as the novel, but, of course, not so novel as the same. Mr. Selby played the principal part, and the constant repetition of his urging on others to fight, and keeping out of danger himself, reminded the audience so strongly of the line of conduct which Mr. Joseph Grimaldi always held it most prudent to adopt in a pantomime, that they were constrained to indulge in laughter. We cannot say much in favour either of the dialogue or the general acting—and, under these circumstances, the reception was better than could reasonably have been expected. There was too close a return to the old "Coburg" style in the getting up. Mr. Ransford sang a good song about water-drinking; and perhaps when the performers are more at home in their parts, the piece will be more approved of.

The second novelty is built on the story of Baucis and Philemon. It is, we believe, written by Mr. à Becket, the author of some similar pieces at the Fitzroy Theatre. Instead of adhering to the usual custom in such cases, of giving us parodies on popular songs, the author has written original songs to old airs, and it must be confessed that they are very dull, although the music selected is generally good; and there is a very pretty new quartet composed by Mr. Wade. The subject is hardly made enough of, and the piece wants bustle; but here end our objections. The dialogue is neat and sprightly: some hard political hits were greatly relished

by the audience. The general execution of the piece, with the exception of the songs, is very creditable to the author; the music was well sung, and the acting throughout good, particularly by Miss P. Horton, in *Mercury*, and Mr. Mitchell, in *Philemon*. Our compliments, on the score of dress, must be confined to Miss P. Horton. The piece was very well received.

Mr. Knowles's farewell benefit, on Monday week, was attended by one of the most crowded audiences ever seen within the walls of this or any other theatre. Mr. Macready was most enthusiastically received in *Virginius*, and Mr. Liston and Mrs. Orger, who kindly gave their services in the farce, were, as usual, applauded to the echo, with "one cheer more," for the good-will they thus evinced towards the public favourite. Mr. Knowles made a speech, which coming, as usual with him, straight from the heart, made its way sufficiently to those of his hearers to make them wince a little under the consciousness of having too much neglected him. It was too late to mend matters—but he wrung from them an acknowledgment of their errors, for, in applauding him they condemned themselves. The public, in truth, have been very naughty to this warm-hearted son of Erin and of genius; but they seem to be aware of it, and that is one step towards improvement. Let us hope, if he should at no distant period return among us, that they will join us heart and hand in hailing his return, and also in making it better worth his while to stay here than go again.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Produce of Corn in France.*—We find in *Le Voleur* the following calculation respecting the produce and consumption of corn in France. Of the 54 millions of hectares of land of which France is composed, 14 millions and a half are devoted to the cultivation of farinaceous substances of different descriptions, which allows but one acre to each inhabitant. The average produce is 167,261,000 hectolitres. Deducting the quantity used as seed, for distillation, the nourishment of domestic animals, and that destroyed by insects, there remains, for the annual consumption of each inhabitant, only 182 kilogrammes, which makes about a pound of bread per day. As this calculation comprises only 62 kilogrammes of wheat, it follows that France does not produce sufficient corn for the whole of its inhabitants, but is forced to substitute other grain.

*Dromedaries in France.*—About a fortnight ago, no less than five dromedaries arrived at Mont-de-Madran, in the department of the Landes (France). They had been about two months on their way from Toulon, having performed but very short stages daily. They are accompanied by an African, who is to remain in France with the view of explaining their habits, it being the intention of the parties who have brought them from Africa to endeavour to accustom them to the climate of France. Two of these animals are males, and three females; the youngest of which is about four months old, and about the size of a horse. One of the males is a particularly beautiful animal. They all appear to have suffered considerably from the journey, and, from being accustomed only to walk upon the sand, their feet are much injured by the stones. Should it be possible to accustom these animals to the climate of the Landes, they may be very usefully employed, and it is hoped that it will be found practicable to breed them, which is the primary object in view.

*Bones of Elephants discovered in the Pays Bas.*—According to M. Morren (a notice of whose memoir on the subject will be found in the columns of *L'Institut*), neither of the two monographs published on the province of Luxembourg mention the discovery of the bones of elephants in that province. M. Cauchy makes

a similar omission with respect to the province of Namur. In the province of Liege, the bones, with the exception of those found at Cheratte, and in the neighbourhood of Chênée, are only met with in certain caverns, and very rarely. In Hainault these remains become more common. The more numerous and richest discoveries have been made in the provinces of Brabant, Antwerp, and the two Flanders. Lower down in Holland the deposit continues, M. Reinwardt mentioning bones of elephants found in the neighbourhood of Bois-le-duc, and preserved in the Cabinet of Natural History of the University of Groningen. A thigh bone and one of the dorsal vertebrae were discovered at Althasferwaard, in 1759. The bursting of the dike of Loemen, in the Over Betuwe, in Gueldres, which took place at the beginning of 1809, after the great inundations of that year, disclosed also some remains of elephants, among others, an *os ischion*. Cuvier also mentions a head, almost entire, found on the 24th of March, 1820, by Francis Vander Willigan, workman belonging to the village of Heukelam, in the country of Goreum, between the Wahal and the Leek. From these facts it would appear, that no fossil bones of elephants have been found in Belgium, or the higher districts of Ardennes, which, on an average, range about 550 mètres above the level of the sea. M. Morren further mentions, that it is only at about 160 mètres above the sea that these fossil remains begin to be found, and at about 100 mètres lower that they become common.

*The Coast of Cuba,* (observes Mr. Mac Leay incidentally, in a paper read at the Zoological Society,) in every open sandy part of it, is girt immediately above the coral reefs by a coupe belt, close and nearly impenetrable, composed of almost one species of tree, the *sea-side Grape*, *Coccoloba uvifera*, Linn. At the base of this belt grow various *Euphorbiaceae* and *Convolvuli*; and behind it the parched sand supports many sea-side shrubs, including *Palmæ*, *Casalpinia*, *Cacti*, &c., festooned with the flowers of *Convolvuli*, *Echites*, and other climbing plants: the leaves are studded with small terrestrial shells, and large sea-shells, brought from their original element by the singular *Peguri* which have usurped them, cluster round the short stunted trunks. Among the shrubs of these sands the most interesting is *Opahalea triandra*, the *cob* or *kog-nut* of Jamaica, a *Euphorbiaceae* plant, but affording a most delicious and wholesome kernel: its upper leaves are large, heart-shaped, and thick, having a leathery texture and scabrous pale green surface; the young leaves and those of young plants have the same texture and colour, but differ remarkably in form, being deeply incised, with their divisions long and narrow, particularly the middle one, and all more or less dentated on the sides.

*Chinese Jest translated by Stanislas Julien.*—There was a child whose incessant weeping disturbed the family. A physician being called in, administered a soothing potion, and spent the night in the house to prove its efficacy. At the end of some hours, hearing no cry, he said to the attendants, "What a triumph of medicine! the child is healed!"—"Ah," replied they, though we hear not the child's cries, we hear the mother's sobs."

At Eskebœuf, near St. Valéry, in the Somme, a discovery was lately made at the depth of about 12 feet in the ground, of a canoe, 28 feet in length by 23 inches in breadth, and 20 in depth. It appears to have belonged to the earliest period of navigation, or at least to the invasion of the Normans. It is formed of a single oak, and towards one of the extremities is an excavation that served to fix the mast. It is now deposited in the hall where the Société Royale d'Emulation of Abbeville holds its meetings.—*Times*.

*The Musk Duck of New Holland.*—A specimen was lately presented to the Zoological Society, by Lieut. Breton, who stated that these birds are so extremely rare, that he saw only three of them during his various excursions, which extended over twelve hundred miles of country. He has never heard of any instance in which more than two were seen together. They are met with only on the rivers, and in pools left in the otherwise dry beds of streams. It is extremely difficult to shoot them, on account of the readiness with which they dive; the instant the trigger is drawn, the bird is under water.

*The Lantern Fly, and the Razor-grinder.*—[From a Paper by Dr. Hancock read at the Zoological Society.]—The writer concurs with M. Richard and M. Sieber in regarding as erroneous the statement of Madame Merian, that the *Lantern-fly*, *Fulgora lanternaria*, Linn., exhibits at night a brilliant light, and remarks that the whole of the native tribes of Guiana agree in treating this story as fabulous; it seems to be an invention of Europeans desirous of assigning a use to the singular diaphanous projection, resembling a horn lantern, in front of the head of the insect. He also states that the *Fulgora* rarely sing.—The insect whose song is most frequently heard in Guiana is the *Cicada clarissima*, the *Aria-aria* of the Indians, and *Razor-grinder* of the Colonists: in the cool shade of the forests it may be heard at almost every hour of the day; but in Georgetown its song commences as the sun disappears below the horizon. At Georgetown this *Cicada* was never heard in 1804, when Dr. Hancock first visited the place; but it is now very common, probably in consequence of the shelter afforded by the growth of many trees and shrubs in the gardens which have since been formed there. The sound emitted by it is 'a long, continuous, shrill tone, which might be compared almost to that of a clarionet, and is little interrupted, except occasionally by some vibrating undulations.'

#### EPIGRAMS FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

On one that had become suddenly rich.  
Fortune rais'd you not from favour;  
This alone was her endeavour,  
To exhibit, by example,  
Her power on all the good to trample.

To the Painter of a Lady's Portrait.  
Much hast thou done with talents rare,  
But more is left behind;  
I see the body of the fair,  
But where's her fairer mind?

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

*Bibliopæia; or, the Art of Bookbinding, with Engravings*, By John Andrews Arnett.

*Just published.*—Hahnemann's *Fragments de Viribus Medicamentorum*, by Dr. Quin, 8vo. 7s.—*Smiles and Tears: Poems*, by M. A. Neal, 2mo. 2s. 6d.—*Bardwell's Memoirs of the Rev. Gordon Hall*, A.M. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—*Tales of Ireland*, by the Author of 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' 12mo. 7s. 6d.—*Hints on Human Conduct*, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—*Nichols's Proceedings and Ordinances of the Privy Council of England*, Vol. 3. royal 8vo. 15s.—*A Dictionary of the Holy Bible*, by Edward Robinson, D.D. 12mo. 6s. 6d.—*Sketches by Mrs. Sigourney*, 12mo. 3s.—*Biographical Sketches of Eminent Artists*, by John Gould, 12mo. 12s. 6d.—*The Book of Gentility*, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—*The Book of Elegance*, 18mo. 1s.—*Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a corner of Italy*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—*Steele's Shipmaster's Assistant*, corrected to 1834, by J. Stikeman, 8vo. 21s.—*Swan's Demonstration of the Nerves*, 4to. 31s. 6d.—*The Teacher*, by Abbott, 18mo. 3s.—*An Offering of Sympathy*, 2mo. 2s. 6d.—*Cruttwell's Atlas*, folio, 16s.—*Ten Minutes Good Advice for a Sea Voyage*, 1s.—*Coghlan's Custom House Guide*, 1s.—*Twenty Minutes Advice on Corns, Bunions, &c.* 18mo. 1s. 6d.—*Ditto on Stomach Ach, Head Ach, Tooth Ach, &c.* 18mo. 1s.—*Ditto on Diet and Regimen*, 18mo. 1s.—*Ditto on Young Mothers on Suckling their own Children*, 1s. 6d.

*Errata.*—Last number, p. 571. col. 2, in the passage—"such was the stone with which society daily struck, &c...." The sparks which such stones draw from such flints," &c. the word "steel" should be substituted for stone.





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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 355.

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
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## REVIEWS

*The Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More.* Vol. I. London: Seeley & Burnside.

In the present epoch of our literature, when the writings of our gifted countrywomen deservedly occupy so large a share of public attention, such a work as the one before us would be curious, if only viewed as an illustration of the habits and productions of the *bas bleus* of the last generation—if we only read it for the purpose of comparing the circle which boasted of a More, a Burney, a Carter, a Thrale, a Montagu, and a Delany, with the brilliant company of living authoresses we possess. The result of such a comparison, we are sure, would leave us no reason to regret that we did not live and edit our journal in the days to which this volume refers. In spite of all that it tells us of the life and wit of their literary circles, when we disengage ourselves from the *prestige* which clings to the past, we cannot but regard them as an architect must now regard Strawberry Hill, as an interesting monument of the best taste of the period in which it was built, and the forerunner of structures of a more rich and perfect architecture—but, intrinsically, by no means the miracle we are led to imagine it, from the letters of its sparkling and (on that subject) enthusiastic lord and master. We cannot but think that the repartees and epigrams which were voted brilliant at the Vesey's, might now appear to us pompous and trifling; we doubt whether we should not consider the "ancient and pleasant Jenynses," and the stately Mrs. Montagu, a little dull and artificial. Those could be no days of imagination when 'Sir Eldred' and the 'Bleeding Rock' were wept over. Since then we have advanced from monotonous twilight into varied noon-day—from regions of trim barrenness, into luxuriant fairy-lands and stirring scenes of nature; and we cannot but rejoice in such a change for the better.

But even if we avoid a comparison which it is so impossible to help making, this book is an interesting one, as adding another link to the chain of memoir and anecdote begun by the Letters of Walpole and Garrick, and by Boswell's and Madame d'Arblay's Memoirs. We have elsewhere stated it to be our conviction, that Miss More was one of the few literary persons who had enjoyed the full reward due to them in their lifetime. Her industry and thirst for knowledge were amply repaid and satisfied by the notice and friendship of such men as Garrick, and Johnson, and Walpole. Her polished and agreeable manners procured her admission into select and high society; the serious tone of some of her works, and the practical usefulness of others, caused her to be respected by learned and pious men; and her labours were crowned with considerable pecuniary

success. All these things she fairly earned and enjoyed. We are not so sure, that for any talent of which she gave evidence, her name deserves to live, though it may be long mentioned in conjunction with those of her more brilliantly gifted associates.

The events of her life are almost entirely told in a series of letters addressed to and written by not a few celebrated persons. She was the youngest but one of five daughters of Jacob More, a man descended from a respectable Norfolk family, who had removed into Gloucestershire, in which county she was born. She received a better education than was customary at that time, from the circumstance of her elder sisters having been brought up with a view of themselves becoming schoolmistresses. Her father too, we are told, "instructed his daughter in the rudiments of the Latin language and mathematics, and was frightened at his own success." Her mother, less fearful, though not so well instructed, encouraged her to cultivate her tastes in every possible way.

She was a scribbler almost from infancy; and among her first efforts were 'suppositional letters to depraved characters, to reclaim them from their errors; and letters in return, expressive of contrition and amendment.' When she was yet very young, she removed with her sisters to Bristol; and, in her sixteenth year, secured an acquaintance with the elder Sheridan, then lecturing there on eloquence, by a copy of verses she addressed to him. When seventeen she wrote the pastoral drama of the 'Search after Happiness,' lately revived in our memories by Miss Mitford's inimitable sketch of the amateur play in the boarding-school.

We come now to the correspondence. The first letters, we find, are those from Langhorne, the poet,—containing, as do most of the series, too much of the honey of compliment, and yet too good to be passed, if there were not better beyond. From these we proceed to an account of her matrimonial disappointment, which we cannot quite understand. It procured her, however, a competent income, so that henceforth she was free to devote herself to her literary pursuits,—and appears to have had the effect of making her resolve to continue for the remainder of her life in a state of single blessedness.

Very soon after this we read of her first introduction to the gay and gifted of the metropolis; and here the interest of the book begins, and with it our extracts. It is amusing to find her speaking so *encouragingly* of Sheridan's 'Rivals,' and remember the comparative success of his and her own dramatic efforts:—

"We have been to see the new comedy of young Sheridan, 'The Rivals.' It was very unfavourably received the first night, and he had the prudence to prevent a total defeat, by withdrawing it, and making great and various im-

provements; the event has been successful, for it is now *better* though not *very* much liked. For my own part, I think he ought to be treated with great indulgence: much is to be forgiven in an author of three and twenty, whose genius is likely to be his principal inheritance."

Her praise was always rather measured for one so young. A few lines further on we have another critical *morceau*.

"I wish I could convey Dr. Johnson's 'Journey to the Hebrides' to you; Cadell tells me he sold 4000 of them the first week. It is an agreeable work, though the subject is sterility itself: he knows how to avail himself of the commonest circumstances, and trifles are no longer trifles when they have passed through his hands. He makes the most entertaining and useful reflections on every occurrence; and when occurrences fail, he has a never-failing fund in his own accomplished and prolific mind."

We pass over her introductions to Garrick and the Burkes. Here is her sister's lively account of her first interview with Dr. Johnson, who met her, we are told, "with good humour on his countenance, and a macaw of Sir Joshua's in his hand."

"We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds. She had sent to engage Dr. Percy (Percy's collection—now you know him), quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected. He was no sooner gone, than the most amiable and obliging of women (Miss Reynolds) ordered the coach to take us to Dr. Johnson's *very own house*; Yes, Abyssinia's Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? The conversation turned upon a new work of his, just going to the press, (the Tour to the Hebrides,) and his old friend Richardson. Mrs. Williams, the blind poet, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners; her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said 'She was a *nilly thing*.' When our visit was ended, he called for his hat (as it mined), to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Ramelas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's, Wednesday evening. What do you think of us?"

"I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when he came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius; when he heard it, he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself when they stopt a night at the spot (as they imagined) where the Weird Sisters appeared to Macbeth: the idea so worked upon their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest; however, they learned, the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country."

There is something very sweet as well as sprightly in the pleasure her less celebrated sisters took in her success; and we admire this all the more for discerning a certain *composure* in her own letters, which in places trenches on vanity.

We must also pass over her introductions to Mrs. Montagu, and other women of note; and the elaborate compliments she received on the publication of 'Sir Eldred' and the 'Bleeding Rock'; and her strictures on the absurdity of the dresses of the times (many ladies choosing to wear on their heads a large quantity of fruit); and come to another cheerful letter of her sister's.

"If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of my much-loved Irene; nay, Mrs. Montagu says, if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things; for it is nothing but 'child'—'little fool'—'love,' and 'dearest.' After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says, 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies.' Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence, we should have done had only our own dear Dr. Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education; showing how we were born with more desires than guineas; and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house, with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so, till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *learning*—a good thing when land is gone, or rather none; and so at last, by giving a little of this little *learning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return; but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it.—'I love you both,' cried the innamorato.—'I love you all five—I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you—what! five women live happily together!—I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you; you live lives to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner."

A little further we have a curious scene from the pen of the lady herself: while we extract it, we cannot forbear remembering, by contrast, the girlish authoress of 'Evelina' dancing round the mulberry-tree, in the ecstasy of her first literary success:—

"I'll tell you the most ridiculous circumstance in the world. After dinner Garrick took up the Monthly Review (civil gentlemen, by the bye, these Monthly Reviewers), and read 'Sir Eldred' with all his pathos and all his graces. I think I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively, that I cried like a child. Only think what a scandalous thing to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! I could have beaten myself; for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which, I can truly say, is far from being the case. But the beauty of the jest lies in this: Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading, as I did for crying at my own verses. She got out of the scrape by pretending she was touched at the story, and I, by saying the same thing of the reading."

But the pleasantest parts of the volume are those wherein she forgets her desire of "studying like a dragon," and saying wise things (like Common Sense in the song), and gives us lively spontaneous accounts of the sights to which her celebrity introduced her. Here, for instance, is an amusing picture of the trial of the Duchess of Kingston:—

"I wish it were possible for me to give you the slightest idea of the scene I was present at

yesterday. Garrick would make me take his ticket to go to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston; a sight which, for beauty and magnificence, exceeded anything which those who were never present at a coronation, or a trial by peers, can have the least notion of. Mrs. Garrick and I were in full dress by seven. At eight we went to the Duke of Newcastle's, whose house adjoins Westminster Hall, in which he has a large gallery, communicating with the apartments in his house. You will imagine the bustle of five thousand people getting into one hall! yet in all this hurry, we walked in tranquilly. When they were all seated, and the King-at-arms had commanded silence on pain of imprisonment, (which, however, was very ill observed,) the gentleman of the black rod was commanded to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by black rod and Mr. la Roche, courtesying profoundly to her judges: when she bent, the lord steward called out, 'Madam, you may rise;' which, I think, was literally taking her up before she was down. The peers made her a slight bow. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning, a black hood on her head, her hair modestly dressed and powdered, a black silk aneque, with crape trimmings; black gauze deep ruffles, and black gloves. The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words; but his sense and his expression, pointed to the last degree; he made her Grace shed bitter tears. I had the pleasure of hearing several of the lords speak, though nothing more than proposals on common things. Among these were Lyttleton, Talbot, Townsend, and Camden. The fair victim had four virgins in white behind the bar. She imitated her great predecessor, Mrs. Rudd, and affected to write very often, though I plainly perceived she only wrote as they do their love epistles on the stage, without forming a letter. I must not omit one of the best things; we had only to open a door, to get at a very fine cold collation of all sorts of meats and wines, with tea, &c.—a privilege confined to those who belonged to the Duke of Newcastle. I fancy the peeresses would have been glad of our places at the trial, for I saw Lady Derby and the Duchess of Devonshire with their work-bags full of good things. Their rank and dignity did not exempt them from the 'villanous appetites' of eating and drinking.

"Foote says that the Empress of Russia, the Duchess of Kingston, and Mrs. Rudd, are the three most extraordinary women in Europe; but the duchess disdainfully, and I think unjustly, excludes Mrs. Rudd from the honour of deserving to make one in the triple alliance. The duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamoured: she looked very much like Mrs. Pritchard; she is large and ill shaped; there was nothing white but her face, and had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazee. There was a great deal of ceremony, a great deal of splendour, and a great deal of nonsense: they adjourned upon the most foolish pretences imaginable, and did nothing with such an air of business as was truly ridiculous. I forgot to tell you the duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly."

About this time she became interested in theatrical matters, and witnessed her friend Garrick's taking leave of the stage, by playing the round of his favourite characters. It appears as if this had excited her emulation in no small degree; for the next thing of any consequence we read of (though some agreeable chit-chat intervenes), is the writing and bringing forward of her maiden tragedy 'Percy,' to which Garrick wrote a prologue. Here is a fragment from one of her own

letters, touching repayment for this and the epilogue:—

"When Garrick had finished his prologue and epilogue (which are excellent), he desired I would pay him. Dryden, he said, used to have five guineas a piece; but as he was a richer man, he would be content if I would treat him with a handsome supper and a bottle of claret. We haggled sadly about the price, I insisting that I could only afford to give him a beef steak and a pot of porter; and at about twelve we sat down to some toast and honey, with which the temperate bard contented himself. Several very great ones made interest to hear Garrick read the play, which he peremptorily refused."

This tragedy had abundant success. The following tribute to it is characteristic of the *Della Cruscan* taste of the times:—

"Just returned from Percy, the theatre overflowed prodigiously, notwithstanding their Majesties and the School for Scandal at the other house. Yee: we did overflow, the twelfth night! On entering the parlour, where Hannah was sitting alone, our eyes were greeted with the sight of a wreath, composed of a Roman laurel, ingeniously interwoven, and the stems confined within an elegant ring. From whence you will ask could such a fanciful thought proceed? I answer from Mrs. Boscawen. It originated at Glanvilla, where the wreath was made. The letter which accompanied it was an elegant morceau."

It is curious to compare the entire account of the production of this now-forgotten play, with the naive and artless description of her restlessness on the first night of one of her tragedies, given by the most successful dramatic authoress of our own days. Miss More went again and again to weep at her own 'Percy.' Further on we have a short notice of Sheridan and his wife:—

"We have been here a week; Mrs. Sheridan is with us, and her husband comes down on evenings. I find I have mistaken this lady; she is unaffected and sensible; converses and reads extremely well, and writes prettily. To be sure there may be wiser parties in the world than ours, but I question if there is one more cheerful. Ought one to own it, that the great English Roscius, and the best English dramatic poet, (to say nothing of the ladies, who set up for something too,) that these great geniuses, I say, sit up till midnight, playing at cross-purposes, crooked answers, and what's my thought like? yet it is true you never heard a set of wits utter half so much nonsense!"

But this lively circle was doomed, ere long, to be broken up by the death of Garrick. We can forgive our authoress much of her over complacency, for the sake of the grateful and genuine feeling she showed on his decease. Her account of this great artist's funeral is striking:—

"We (Miss Cadogan and myself) went to Charing Cross to see the melancholy procession. Just as we got there we received a ticket from the Bishop of Rochester, to admit us into the Abbey. No admittance could be obtained but under his hand. We hurried away in a hackney coach, dreading to be too late. The bell of St. Martin's and the Abbey gave a sound that smote upon my very soul. When we got to the cloisters, we found multitudes striving for admittance. We gave our ticket, and were let in, but unluckily we ought to have kept it. We followed the man who unlocked a door of iron, and directly closed it upon us, and two or three others, and we found ourselves in a tower, with a dark winding staircase, consisting of half a hundred stone steps. When we got to the top there was no way out; we ran down again, called, and beat the door till the whole pile resounded with

our cries. Here we staid half an hour in perfect agony; we were sure it would be all over; nay, we might never be let out; we might starve; we might perish. At length our clamours brought an honest man,—a guardian angel I then thought him. We implored him to take care of us, and got us into a part of the abbey whence we might see the grave. He asked for the Bishop's ticket; we had given it away to the wrong person; and he was not obliged to believe we ever had one; yet he saw so much truth in our grief, that though we were most shabby, and a hundred fine people were soliciting the same favour, he took us under each arm—carried us safely through the crowd, and put us in a little gallery directly over the grave, where we could see and hear everything as distinctly as if the Abbey had been a parlour. Little things sometimes affect the mind strongly! We were no sooner recovered from the fresh burst of grief than I cast my eyes, the first thing, on Handel's monument, and read the scroll in his hand, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Just at three the great doors burst open with a noise that shook the roof; the organ struck up, and the whole choir in strains only less solemn than the 'archangel's trump,' began Handel's fine anthem. The whole choir advanced to the grave, in hoods and surplices, singing all the way; then Sheridan, as chief-mourner; then the body, (alas! whose body!) with ten noblemen and gentlemen, pall-bearers; then the rest of the friends and mourners; hardly a dry eye,—the very players, bred to the trade of counterfeiting, shed genuine tears.

"As soon as the body was let down, the bishop began the service, which he read in a low, but solemn and devout manner. Such an awful stillness reigned, that every word was audible. How I felt it! Judge if my heart did not assent to the wish, that the soul of our dear brother now departed was in peace. And this is all of Garrick! Yet a very little while, and he shall 'say to the worm, Thou art my brother; and to corruption, Thou art my mother and my sister.' So passes away the fashion of this world. And the very night he was buried, the playhouses were as full, and the Pantheon was as crowded, as if no such thing had happened: nay, the very mourners of the day partook of the revelries of the night;—the same night too! . . .

"She (Mrs. Garrick) bore it with great tranquillity; but what was my surprise to see her go alone into the chamber and bed, in which he had died that day fortnight. She had a delight in it beyond expression. I asked her the next day how she went through it? She told me very well; that she first prayed with great composure, then went and kissed the dear bod, and got into it with a sad pleasure."

With Garrick's death much of the life of the volume closes. Thenceforward Miss More passed most of her winters at Hampton with his widow, occasionally visiting London, and devoting herself with increasing energy to composition. She took leave of the theatre with a second tragedy, entitled 'Fatal Falsehood,' which appears only to have been partially successful: a little anecdote told concerning it is human nature all over:—

"A lady observing to one of her maid-servants, when she came in from the play, that her eyes looked red, as if she had been crying, the girl, by way of apology, said, Well, ma'am, if I did it was no harm; a great many respectable people cried too."

Of her goings to and fro among the coteries we can make no particular mention, though the detail is gossiping and curiously characteristic. She appears about this time to have made many friendships among grave

and learned men. One anecdote of Johnson, however, we must give:—

"Mrs. B. having repeatedly desired Johnson to look over her new play of the 'Siege of Sinope' before it was acted, he always found means to evade it; at last she pressed him so closely that he actually refused to do it, and told her that she herself, by carefully looking it over, would be able to see if there was anything amiss as well as he could. 'But, sir,' said she, 'I have no time. I have already so many irons in the fire.' 'Why then, madam,' said he, (quite out of patience,) 'the best thing I can advise you to do is, to put your tragedy along with your irons.'"

We have no more than a passing notice of Horace Walpole; and when we remember his half-playful, half-ironical letters to her, we are disappointed to hear so little of one whose name always comes over us like a charm. Miss More's next publication was her 'Sacred Dramas,' and 'Sensibility,' addressed to Mrs. Boscawen. A line extracted from this poem was placed over the portrait of Dr. Johnson in (his own) Pembroke College, which, she tells us, "it amused her to see there." We have after this much fetching and carrying of bays—somewhat too much of Lælius and the lady of Glanville—but such was the literary intercourse of the time; and though we may fret over the schisms and partisanships of our own day, such collision—almost any thing—is better for the cause of literature, than such a sickly state of matters as gave occasion to the satire—

Tuneless poet—England's glory—  
Mr. Hayley, that is you—  
Ma'am—you carry all before you,  
Trust me, Litchfield Swan, you do.

We have only room for a few more scattered anecdotes:—

"I have just returned from Mrs. Montagu's, where I sat close by Lord Rodney, crowned with laurel and glory. Mrs. Pepys proposed that all the women in the room should go up and salute him, and wanted me to begin; I professed that I would willingly be the second, but who would be the first? Nobody choosing to undertake it, so fine a project fell to the ground. He looks more like a delicate feeble man of quality than a hero."

The history of Mrs. Yearsley (called in the language of the coterie *Lactilla*), and her ingratitude, is too well known to render it necessary for us to do more than allude to it. The death of Johnson, too, we cannot notice, save to give a short extract characteristic of the man.

"I now recollect with melancholy pleasure two little anecdotes of this departed genius, indicating a zeal for religion which one cannot but admire, however characteristically rough. When the Abbé Raynal was introduced to him, upon the Abbé's advancing to take his hand, Doctor J. drew back and put his hands behind him, and afterwards replied to the expostulation of a friend, 'Sir, I will not shake hands with an infidel.' At another time, I remember asking him if he did not think the Dean of Derry a very agreeable man, to which he made no answer; and on my repeating my question, 'Child,' said he, 'I will not speak anything in favour of a Sabbath-breaker, to please you, nor anyone else.'"

The volume concludes with an account of Mrs. More's settlement at Cowslip Green. It has amused us much; and we look forward with pleasure to those which are to come.

*Memoirs of Spain, during the reigns of Philip IV. and Charles II., from 1621 to 1700.*

By John Dunlop, Author of the 'History of Fiction,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: T. Clark; London, Whittaker & Co.

THE volumes before us fill up a gap in our Spanish Memoirs, connecting Watson's Lives of Philip II. and III. with Coxe's Memoirs of the Bourbon Kings of Spain. To say that Mr. Dunlop's book is not very interesting, is only to say, in other words, that the reigns of Philip IV. and Charles II. formed the period of Spain's utter degradation and degeneracy,—when the monarch, upon whose dominions the sun never set, almost ceased to rank amongst the Powers of Europe. For though the history of such ruin in such an empire might abound with important instruction to the philosopher and the politician, we have no right to demand the labour requisite for such a work from the writer of memoirs; and we willingly acknowledge our obligation to Mr. Dunlop for this contribution towards Spanish History. He has not, indeed, brought any new information to light, and he relies too much, we think, upon French authorities. But he has collected matter, previously dispersed through various works, into one consecutive, and (although his style be sometimes awkward, if not incorrect,) agreeable, and often lively narrative. The chief faults of his book are, the want of an introductory sketch of the then state of Europe, and the pursuing the subject too far. Memoirs of Philip IV. and Charles II. should end with the death of the latter, or, at the latest, with the recognition of Philip V., not continue to the beginning of the Succession war.

One of the most important domestic events of these eighty years was the Catalan rebellion, and we extract the account of its origin and outbreaking, as neither uninteresting nor unimportant.

"Fifteen years had now elapsed [in 1640] since the king, by advice of Olivarez, had proceeded to Barcelona with the unpopular object of compelling the Catalans to double their annual gratuity. The measure, it is true, was abandoned; but the arrogance of Olivarez,—the tumult which arose in the assembly of the States, in consequence of one of the Catalan representatives having drawn his sword on the Duke of Cardona,—and the abrupt departure of the monarch from Barcelona, had excited those embittered feelings between the court and the people, which were ready to burst forth into open hostilities on any renewed provocation. Olivarez long smothered his resentment, and, from the apprehension of popular tumults, he refrained, during many years, from any farther invasion of the Catalonian privileges. But a long protracted war [with France and Holland] the expenses of which always increased as the resources of the monarchy declined, again turned his thoughts to this fatal object. . . .

The prosperous and unexhausted state of Catalonia, which had continued to flourish amid the misery and depopulation of the rest of Spain, presented peculiar temptations to a financier. At this time the province contained more than a million of inhabitants, and its capital, Barcelona, was accounted the wealthiest city in Spain. . . . The king imposed a tax on Catalonia proportioned to its population and wealth. He at the same time issued an order that 6000 Catalans should reinforce the army in Italy, and he commissioned the marshals of the household to mark out cantonments in the province



for a royal army which was about to act on the side of the Pyrenees. • • •

"The intelligence of the new impost excited a great sensation in Catalonia, and a determined spirit of resistance. This ferment was increased when the viceroy, instigated by Olivarez, seized on a fund which was at the disposal of the city of Barcelona, without consulting the municipal corporation, and when one of its members having remonstrated against this spoliation, was violently thrown into prison.

"The lax discipline, however, of the royal troops stationed in Catalonia, and the outrages committed by them, were the proximate causes of the insurrection. • • • The excesses of a licentious and ferocious soldiery had long created discontents; and, in order to be relieved of this burden, the Catalans had offered to defend their own towns,—hinting, that if any strangers (in which denomination they classed the Castilians as well as the French) entered their province with arms, they should be accounted and treated as enemies."

Exemption from quartering foreign troops, meaning those of other Spanish provinces, was a chief Catalonian privilege. We omit the detail of the tumults between the soldiery and peasantry.

"The Viceroy, Santa-Coloma, had from time to time informed the king of the disturbed state of the province which he governed; and at length suggested a choice of two different measures for allaying the commotions. One was to withdraw the military altogether from Catalonia; the other to augment the troops to such a number, that the inhabitants, sensible of their inferiority, would return to implicit submission and obedience. • • • Olivarez, always slow in believing disastrous intelligence, adopted neither of the measures proposed by Santa-Coloma; and by his ambiguous answer, left that unhappy Viceroy in greater perplexity than before. While in this uncertainty, he was waited on by three of the magistrates of Barcelona, as deputies of the citizens, who represented their grievances, pointed out the remedies, and hinted at the formation of a political society among the people. The Viceroy received the first mission ungraciously; and on their seeking his presence a second time, he threw the deputies into confinement.

"The Catalans had always held their native magistrates in high respect and esteem. Their imprisonment excited a great sensation, and animated all classes with hatred against the Viceroy. At length an insurrection broke out on the 12th of May, when the citizens of Barcelona, aided by some bands of peasantry who had entered the town, broke open the prison, released the deputies, and threatened an attack on the viceregal palace.

"This tumult, however, subsided, and the inhabitants of Barcelona might perhaps have remained satisfied with the release of their magistrates. But a greater danger was to be apprehended from the mountaineers of Catalonia, a hardy and temperate, but a lawless and vindictive race. • • • One of the present leaders of these freebooters, called Pedro de Santa-Cecilia-y-Paz, was reported to have slain, with his own hand, 325 persons. They used musketoons called *pedernates*, which were slung round their waists with a leather belt: they despised swords, which they deemed cumbersome, but they always carried girdle knives. They wore long woollen caps or bonnets, which hung over behind the head, and were striped [query, striped?] like Highland tartan, with various colours, to distinguish the respective troops to which they belonged. Large wide cloaks, of a coarse sort of frieze called *serge*, covered the upper parts of their bodies. Sashes, frequently of silk, were twisted round their loins, and on

their feet they had mountain sandals, made of hemp or cow's hide, laced up to their ankles. In this garb they often left their hills and fastnesses to prey on the inhabitants of the plain.

"Even among these daring mountaineers, the *Segadores* or reapers were noted as a dissolute and audacious race. • • • It was the annual custom that these lawless bands should enter Barcelona on the eve of Corpus Christi day, which happened in June, when the reaping season commenced. On the present occasion immense troops descended from the mountains, and approached the walls of Barcelona. The unusual multitude excited the utmost apprehension in the mind of the Viceroy. He informed the magistrates of his fears, and proposed that the gates should be shut to prevent the entrance of an excessive number, lest (as he alleged) the celebration of the ensuing religious festival should be in any way disturbed or interrupted. The magistracy excused themselves from compliance, on the grounds—that the reapers were mild and affable people, from whom no danger whatever was to be apprehended; that their admittance was indispensable for gathering the harvest round Barcelona, and that to shut the gates against them would create more tumult than any that could be reasonably anticipated in consequence of their reception. From the dawn of a day appropriated to the commemoration of the most sacred of all religious institutions, wild groups of peasantry, to the number of 4000, with flashing eyes, indignant hearts, and wrathful intonations of voice, poured into the city, most of them armed, and many of their number of the most desperate characters. One of the boldest attacked on the street, a person known as a follower of Monredon, the obnoxious officer who had been guilty of the recent outrages at Farnes. The reaper was wounded in the scuffle, but was quickly succoured by his own people. The soldiers who guarded the viceregal palace hastened to the scene of tumult. But they could not restrain the violence of the inhabitants, who joined the lawless strangers, and raised the usual seditious cry of Spain, a sure harbinger of disorder, *Viva el Rey y muera el mal Gobierno!* (Long live the king, and death to the bad government). • • •

"The friends and adherents of the Viceroy were of opinion that he should immediately quit the city; and two Genoese vessels, lying at the time in the harbour, afforded the hope of escape. He considered such a flight, however, as ignominious, and resolved to abide his fate, or at least to remain till he should see if the ecclesiastics, who were exerting themselves for that purpose, should succeed in appeasing the tumult. They had, in fact, partially prevailed in allaying it, when a crowd passing the palace of the Marques of Villafranca, it was supposed by his household that they meant to burn it; and some of the domestics having fired on the multitude, though without ball, the rage of the mob was anew excited; and it was reported through all the city that one of their leaders had been slain by a discharge of musketry from the palace of Villafranca. In this extremity the Viceroy, perceiving that his presence could be of no avail in restoring order, resolved, when it was too late, to save himself by flight. The insurgents had by this time occupied the arsenal and fortifications in the harbour; and before he could reach the Genoese ships he required to pass under a range of cannon directed by his adversaries. The confused din of voices, the firing of soldiers, and clash of arms resounded through the city. Some houses were on fire,—the prisons were all open,—and men of fierce aspect and atrocious crime were at large. He attempted, however, to reach the shore, and sent forward his son, a boy of twelve years of age, with some attendants. The skiff belonging to the Genoese galleys, which, with imminent

hazard, was waiting for them, took the youth on board, but was obliged to put off from shore ere the Viceroy's arrival, as it was perceived by the mariners that the populace pursued. The son was conveyed safe to one of the galleys in the roads; but the bark could not return for the unfortunate father, as a fire was directed against it from all quarters. Everywhere around he heard outcries for his life; and, now hopeless of escape by sea, he retreated with infirm and wandering steps to the rocks of St. Bertrand, on the way to the fort of Monjuich. Meanwhile his palace had been entered, and his flight having become public, he was furiously sought for in every quarter of the city. His unwieldy bulk hindered him from moving with any degree of activity or quickness, especially on the rugged path he had to tread. He was further disabled by the fatigue he had endured the whole day,—the want of nourishment, of which he had scarcely partaken,—and a hurt he had accidentally received in his rapid escape from the palace. These causes, by retarding his flight, prevented the only chance of escape which remained. Exhausted with fatigue, and tottering with dismay, he had dropped down among the rocks of St. Bertrand, where he was soon discovered by one of the parties in search of him. A single domestic, who had been an African slave, and had accompanied him in his flight, was attempting to revive him by washing his face with sea water, when his pursuers came up with him. This faithful attendant, interposing between the ill-fated Viceroy and the band of assassins, endeavoured to shield his master with his own body, and received many wounds in the generous attempt. But his efforts proved unavailing, and the unfortunate Santa-Coloma was despatched on the spot, with five mortal wounds on his breast.

"After this catastrophe, the houses of all the royal ministers and judges were sacked. Of these the richest was the palace of the Marques de Villafranca. • • • When the mob found, among other curiosities, the bronze figure of an ape or monkey, which, by means of machinery, appeared to imitate the gestures of a living animal, rolling its eyes, bending its limbs, and pressing its paws together, the multitude, blinded with ignorance and rage, believed this ingenious piece of mechanism to be some diabolical invention. Fixing it on the top of a pike, they carried it along the streets, exhibiting it to the people, and at length lodged it in the Inquisition, as the familiar demon of its master, whom they denounced as a sorcerer and magician."

To maintain the revolt thus begun, the Catalans promptly called in foreign aid, transferring their allegiance to France, and the province was for twelve years distracted and desolated with war, civil and foreign, ere, in 1652, it was reduced to submission by Don John of Austria, natural son to Philip IV., and the last distinguished man of his race.

We conclude with a much shorter extract, illustrative of the manners, and social condition of Spain, some forty years later, under Charles II.

"As soon as it was known that the choice of the King had fallen on the Duke of Medinaceli, (as prime minister,) all persons of distinction in Madrid—the officers of the crown, and the foreign ministers, crowded to pay their respects to the new favourite. On the day after his appointment, he repaired to the royal palace, accompanied by all his friends and relatives, to kiss his Majesty's hand. During the following day, on pretence of a slight indisposition, which was feigned to relieve him from the fatigue of ceremonies, he received visitors in his own

apartment, and in bed.† A Spanish grandee resting on his bed of state is a magnificent spectacle; he reclines in his collar, mantle, and feathered hat, and is generally decked out with all his diamonds. The Duke, as Grand Chamberlain of the King, reposed, on this occasion, in one of the chief royal chambers, which was splendidly furnished.

"In the course of a few days he held a public audience in what was denominated the Hall of Rubies. He subsequently gave entrance [query, audience?] there to the Pope's Nuncio and the Venetian ambassador; but these two envoys were much dissatisfied at the manner in which the arm-chairs were disposed, for they were so arranged that it was impossible to determine whether the place of honour had been assigned to them, or arrogated by the Duke to himself. And on their departure, he accompanied them only half way down the hall of audience, instead of attending them to the door. This neglect, as well as the dubious position of the seats, being reported to the French ambassador, he adopted all the necessary precautions previous to his own introduction. He sent to demand categorically from the Duke, that he should be received in conformity with the usage and precedents followed by Don Luis de Haro, in his interviews with the French ambassadors. He obtained, on this point, the most satisfactory assurances. The position of the chairs was altered, and that there might be no mistake or ambiguity in this momentous concern, they were all marked with the names of the dignitaries who were to repose in them."

*Contes Arabes du Cheykh el Mohdy*—[*Arabian Tales by the Sheikh el Mohdy*]. Livres 1—15. Translated by the Chevalier Marcel. Paris: Dupuy; London, Dulau & Co.

Who is there that remembers not with delight the time when he first read the Arabian Nights?—who that recurs not occasionally to their pages with renewed pleasure? Alas! for the days when we believed implicitly in the powers of Aladdin's lamp and ring; when we felt more interest in the voyages of the adventurous Sindbad than any other traveller has been able to excite! To us, and to many, the name of Arabian Tales will recal the memory of childhood, in the words of Gray—

The weary soul they seem to sooth,  
And redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

A brief account of the author of this work will form the most appropriate introduction to our account of the work itself. Al Mohdy held the office of secretary to the Divan when the French captured Cairo; and being universally regarded as a liberal Mohammedan, who had obtained a tincture of European civilization, he was retained in his post by the victors. A single anecdote will perhaps serve to illustrate his character. One day several of the Sheikhs were invited to dine by the French officers; and the servants, ignorant or careless of Mohammedan scruples, placed several bottles of white wine on the table. Great was the indignation of the Sheikhs: they were about to rush from the table, and proclaim through the city the insult that had been offered to their religion:—

Waking as if from a reverie, Al Mohdy tranquilly asked, "what is the matter?" The cause of the general discontent was explained. "They

† This appears to have been no uncommon practice, and its object quite as much to avoid dissensions respecting precedence and other etiquettes, as to escape fatigue.

have offered us wine to drink."—"Perhaps it is not wine," said the Sheikh, taking up his glass with great nonchalance; then looking at it, "surely this is not wine,—who ever saw wine of this colour?" The passions began to grow calm, and the Sheikhs appeared ready to follow the impulse of their chief, whose abilities and orthodoxy were well known. Al Mohdy appeared to reflect for a moment, his brethren watched him in silence. Presently he smelled the glass and then swallowed its contents, saying "let us see what it really is." He drank, and smacking his lips continued; "My brethren, it is wine, but it is delicious; and if there be any sin in drinking it, may our holy prophet cause the sin to fall upon the Franks." He demanded a second glass, the Sheikhs followed his example, shouting in chorus "upon them be the sin! upon them be the sin!" Discord fled from the table, the rest of the evening was spent in festivity, and there was no insurrection in the city.

The Chevalier Marcel had gained the favour of this clever casuist by the gift of some excellent brandy, and obtained in return the two works which the Sheikh had composed in imitation of 'The Thousand and One Nights.' These works have been translated by M. Marcel; and the Asiatic Society of Paris have twice borne public testimony to the fidelity and spirit with which he has executed his task.

The first is whimsically entitled 'The Present of a Solitary Awakener to those who love Slumber and Sleep': like its prototype, it is a series of tales loosely connected with a single story. Without exhibiting the gorgeous imagery of those narrated by Scheherazade, they display more ingenuity, the plots are more artificially constructed, and some attention is paid to historic truth. The Sheikh al Mohdy has tempered the wildness of Oriental fiction with the sober criticism derived from his knowledge of European literature. His narratives bear the same relation to those of the Vizier's daughter, that the romantic annals of a nation do to its earlier poetic records; for instance, as the account of the Messenian war does to those of the wars of Thebes and Troy.

The main story on which the tales of the first volume are engrafted is very amusing. Abd-er-rahman al Iskanderany, or the Alexandrian, was a young man who, at the death of his father, inherited a large fortune. By the advice of his friends he devoted himself to literary pursuits, and made, as he fondly believed, unexampled proficiency. Anxious that his merits should not be hidden, he became an inveterate story-teller; but each of his narratives put his auditors to sleep, and brought down upon poor Abd-er-rahman some cruel punishment.

His first essay was with his slaves and domestics, and they fell asleep, leaving all the doors and gates open. The Naib, or chief of police, while making his rounds, discovered the exposed situation of the house, nailed up the doors, and inflicted a heavy fine on the unfortunate owner.

The ignorance and bad taste of slaves are proverbial: Abd-er-rahman next invited his friends, and conciliated their favour by a splendid banquet. He recited his second story, but his friends fell asleep; and when, at the conclusion, he looked round, he found none awake but four uninvited guests. Gratified by their attention, he entered into conversation with them, and was persuaded to

go to his study for a historical work, to verify some of his facts. On his return, he found the lights extinguished, his attentive auditors gone, and the best part of his plate gone with them. One large salver remained, and on this was traced, with the point of a knife, a complimentary message from Har-rany, the greatest robber in Cairo, thanking Abd-er-rahman for his entertainment. The next morning Abd-er-rahman complained to the Aga, who, without paying much attention to his story, demanded to see the salver. No sooner had the magistrate read the first lines, than he accused the complainant of being in league with the robbers, ordered his attendants to punish him with the bastinado, and extorted from him a large bribe, by the threat of additional tortures.

His relations afforded the third audience; but they too fell asleep, and the poor story-teller, in his wrath, went to law with one of his cousins, to whom he had privately lent money—was cast in full costs of suit—punished with the bastinado as a perjurer, and once more heavily fined.

A bright idea now struck him: he resolved to marry, and have a domestic audience. He chose his wife from among the Sheriffs, or descendants of the prophet. Unfortunately, at the wedding feast, he told a story reflecting severely on family pride. His brother-in-law, deeming this a marked insult, drew his sword, struck off the narrator's ear, and would have slain him on the spot, had not some friends, awakened by the tumult, interfered. A riot ensued—the police interfered, and dragged all the parties to prison. The words of the Sheriffs had most weight, and Abd-er-rahman not only lost his ear, but had again to pay a large sum as a penalty.

His fifth attempt to relate a story set his wife to sleep; she overthrew the light, and set fire to the house, which was consumed, with all the furniture. A fifth fine was levied for the negligence that menaced the safety of the city.

Abd-er-rahman finding his first wife unwilling to listen to another story, married three others in succession, each of whom he similarly put to sleep, and on each occasion was involved in fresh misfortunes. He then purchased some female slaves, but his experiment with them had even worse success. Still undaunted, he resolved on a final effort; but this time he gave the manuscript to one of his servants. Abd-er-rahman was himself the first to fall asleep. When he awoke he was alone: on going to examine the house, he found his faithless wives and his slaves destroying his honour and his property. He rushed upon them furiously—the alarmed neighbours hurried in—the criminals in concert raised the cry, "He is mad!" His wild gestures and frantic exclamations seemed to justify the accusation, and the unfortunate Abd-er-rahman was consigned to the Lunatic Asylum in Cairo. His adventures in this abode of misery, and the histories of the companions he met there, are detailed in the second and third volumes.

We must now give our readers some specimens of the tales whose soporific tendency was found so fatal in Cairo. Their effect was different in London, for morning dawned before we could bring ourselves to lay down a work in which we were so much interested.

We are forced to select not the best, but the shortest.

The following fable is told to illustrate the folly of going to law in the hope of redressing an injury. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that it is an ingenious variation of *Æsop's* story of the weasel that ate too heartily in the barn.

A hungry fox whose long fast had reduced to mere skin and bone, dragging himself along the road with great difficulty, met one of his brethren, whose flourishing condition proved that hunger and he had long been strangers. "Brother," said the former, peace be upon thee and all thy relations, may fortune continue to heap its gifts upon thee. Thou art fat and flourishing and wantest nothing, whilst I am poor and miserable. •• In the name of heaven, have some compassion on thy wretched brother, and tell him if thou canst, how he may render comfortable the few days that remain of his miserable existence." The second fox was touched with pity. "My brother," he replied, "I can and will amend thy lot: render thanks to God who brought thee hither; he has loaded me with favours; but I will not show myself ungrateful, by refusing to share with my brethren: the poor are the guests that God sends us, and to repulse them is an insult to Him. Come with me and your wants shall be relieved."

The hope of food restored vigour to the dying fox; he followed his companion with joy, uttering a profusion of thanks for his kindness. After having travelled for some time through ruins, by paths which seemed perfectly familiar to the guide, they reached a lofty wall, above which they saw the tops of palm-trees and festoons of vines. •• They made their way through a very narrow hole, concealed by large plants within the garden, and thick brushwood outside; on entering they found an abundant harvest of the finest fruit.

The hungry fox eagerly threw himself on one of the richest heaps, and hastened to gratify his ravenous appetite: the other more prudently carried his fruit outside, in order to eat it subsequently in security. •• Unfortunately for our friends, the gardener discovered them, and seizing his sword hurried to punish their devastations. The prudent fox quickly escaped. •• The hungry fox was less fortunate; he had crammed himself beyond measure, and his limbs enfeebled by previous fasting, could scarcely support him. •• To complete his misfortune, he could not discover the hole through which he entered. •• After a thousand narrow escapes he at length saw it and sprung in. He saved his life; but stunned by the last blow of the enraged gardener, he left his tail in the garden.

When he appeared in the assembly of foxes, he was overwhelmed with insults for the loss of his tail; so insupportable were these reproaches that, in spite of danger, he resolved to return to the garden and regain the tail he had lost. This project was no sooner formed than put into execution. But the gardener, who had not relaxed his vigilance, watched the unhappy fox, and approaching him undiscovered, with a second blow of the sword cut off his ears.

The wretch, wounded and bleeding, returned in despair to the assembly. "How unfortunate am I!" he exclaimed, "I have attended to your insults rather than to the voice of prudence, and I have come back poorer than I went. At first I only lost my tail, trying to recover it I have lost my ears."

"Such too has been my fate," said Abd-er-rahman, when he finished the story—"I lost my tail when the robbers took my property, and when I sought redress from justice, I lost my ears."

Our second specimen shall be an historical anecdote: it relates to the illustrious family

of the Barmecides, whose opulence and generosity are so highly eulogized in the *Arabian Nights*; and whose unmerited calamities, when Haroun al Raschid became jealous of them, are the theme of countless tales and elegies in the East.

The celebrated poet Mohammed al Demeshky relates the following anecdote of Fadl-ebn-Yahya (one of the most beloved of the Barmecides) and his family.

"I was one day with Fadl when several poems were recited, which had been presented to him on the birth of his son. Not perfectly satisfied with any of the compositions, he asked me to write on the subject. I obeyed, and he was so pleased with my verses, that he made me a present of ten thousand *dinars*.

My benefactor afterwards incurred the displeasure of the Khaliph, and a long time after his fall, I went one day to the public bath. The master of the bath sent a handsome, well-made young man to attend me. Whilst bathing, I know not by what association, the verses I had written for Fadl came into my head; I began to recite them in a loud voice, when suddenly my young attendant fell senseless to the earth. After a few minutes he recovered and fled.

Astonished at this conduct, I quitted the bath and scolded its proprietor, for having sent me an attendant subject to epilepsy. He swore that he never saw any symptoms of the disease in his servant, and summoned him to my presence.

When the young man had recovered a little, he asked me, if I knew the author of the verses I had just recited—"I wrote them myself," I replied. "Then," said he, "you are Mohammed al Demeshky; you wrote those verses on the birth of the son of Fadl the Barmecide. I am that son; the stanzas recalled to my memory my former fortune. My heart was suddenly closed, and I fell overwhelmed with sorrow."

I was filled with grief at beholding the condition to which the son of my benefactor was reduced. "Son of Fadl," said I, "I am old and have no heirs; come with me before the judge, I will have a deed of adoption prepared, and you shall inherit all my property after my death."

The young Barmecide replied, "God forbid that I should take back the smallest portion of what you have received from my father." All my solicitations were useless, he would not accept the least mark of my gratitude to his father.

The second volume commences with a life of the Sheikh al Mohdy, founded on documents which he communicated to the author. It contains some particulars of the condition of Egypt from 1737 to 1815; but more especially during the period of the French occupation. There is a curious example of the puns upon names in which the Orientals delight: the Sheikh used to call Bonaparte *Bonnâ-Bakht* (the edifice of happiness); Kleber *Kalah-berr* (the fortress of the country); and Menou *Men-âh* (what kind of a man is he?)

The tales in the second and third volumes are entitled 'Conversations in the Moristân (Lunatic Asylum) of Cairo, collected by Abd-er-rahman al Iskanderany. They are introduced by a minute description of that institution, which was erected by the Sultan Melek el Nasser, about five hundred years ago.

The unfortunate Abd-er-rahman, whose love of story-telling had finally brought him to this horrible place, bore his misfortune with patience. He made acquaintance with three of the inmates, whom he found in per-

fect possession of their senses; to them he narrated the story of his misfortunes, and they in turn told him their adventures.

Those of Raffi are curious; and the celebrated Ahmed Pacha, better known by the name of Jassar (the butcher), who drove the French from Acre, and was the friend of Sir Sidney Smith, plays a conspicuous part in the narrative. Raffi having inherited some astronomical instruments, set up for an astrologer, though he did not know the place or name of a single star. His first great essay terminated unsuccessfully.

My reputation increased from day to day, and, unfortunately for me, spread too widely. I was summoned to attend the Governor of the city, who was about to become a father, and wished me to determine by a horoscope the sex of the child that was about to be born. •• Having drawn some unmeaning figures, I declared that the Governor would be the father of a boy. I knew not that my client had brought, at great expense, a celebrated astrologer from Antioch. He was in another part of the house, and declared that the child would be a girl. We were brought together to compare notes. •• After a scene of fierce recrimination we were about to come to blows, when some intelligence arrived which put an end to our quarrel. The midwife came, and informed the Governor that his wife was not pregnant but dropsical.

His interview with Jassar had a more tragical result:—

Ahmed Pacha arose, and ordered me to accompany him to one of the terraces of his palace. When we had ascended, he pointed out to me a brilliant star, whose name I do not know, but which was on my right hand. "There is my star," said he; "observe it carefully, and tell me what it forebodes."

I gazed at the star which had been pointed out, but soon the Pacha asserted that I was looking in a wrong direction, at a star to the left of his. Twice he warned me, twice I insisted that he was mistaken, daring to add, "I know what I see, and I would know it though I did not see it." My third warning was a dreadful blow of his scymetar, which cut off my hand, and left me mutilated as you see. •••• My host expressed the utmost astonishment at the elusiveness of the Pacha, who had graciously deigned to cut off my left hand instead of my head; he further assured me that I was the only person who could boast of having been so highly favoured as to be permitted to reply twice, and not to have been struck until the third time.

The narrative of an old slave-merchant who joins the company, is a caustic satire on the slave-trade. But the tale of Morad is that which most reminds us of our old friends Aladdin and Sindbad.

The work is illustrated by several clever vignettes, and by copies of the seals and engraved stones on which the Orientals love to display their taste in calligraphy.

We understand that a translation of this curious work is in preparation.

*Remains, in Verse and Prose, of Arthur Henry Hallam.* (Printed for private circulation only).

High mental endowments, brilliant genius, and deep thought, are not so thickly sown amongst us that we can regard their disappearance from the world with indifference; and, in proportion to the eagerness with which we look abroad for the arising of young talent, is the sadness of our regret when we have to hail its appearing, and to mourn its extinction in the same hour. With sincere



concern do we notice this interesting volume. We have elsewhere† stated ourselves to be "critics upon publications only"—and it is a feeling of melancholy pleasure, and not a sense of duty, which leads us to pause over these remains of one who shared the lot of "those whom the gods love."

Many are the testimonies heaped up by the affection of survivors—many the garlands of scattered flowers tied together by hands trembling with grief, and laid upon the tombs of the dead, which we are called upon to examine; and they are all of them hallowed to us by their purpose. Death can throw a mantle of beauty over the most weak or trite effusions of sorrow. But we are not sure that we ever read a memoir which inspired us with so great a respect for its writer and its subject, as the short, manly, but most feeling one, prefixed to the poems and essays of which this volume is composed. A tone of suppressed emotion pervades it, which must touch all into whose hands it may fall. Nor is the effect it produces destroyed by our finding, when we turn to the evidences of his gifts left us by the deceased, that partial affection has been saying to us, "Lo! here is a stately monument!" of a structure, which, to our undimmed vision, appears but a rude or faded mass of ruin.

The life of this gifted young man was unmarked by any striking events. His education,—begun at Eton, completed at Cambridge—his few months of study of the law—his occasional residences on different parts of the continent, during the last of which he was suddenly taken away, afford few incidents to be noticed. Several poems, and a few essays, are presented to us as illustrations of the extent of his talent, and the cast of his mind. In the first, besides selectness of imagery and melody of numbers, we perceive a degree of thought, which, if found in the verses of the young, is generally, as it were, set off by some extravagance of style—some brilliant conceit of language. Such is not the case here: we discern occasional and unconscious imitation of Wordsworth—but we have not to admit the claims of these poems to be ranked very high, in spite of those striking defects which some, it would appear, regard not only as pardonable, but as *proper* in youthful genius. We stumble in our path over none of the scoria, by which (to borrow Beranger's striking metaphor) the existence of precious metal is indicated. The three sonnets which we give in preference to any of the longer poems, are no more than fair specimens of their author's powers.

*Written in Edinburgh.*

Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be!  
Yea an imperial city, that might hold  
Five times a hundred noble towers in fee,  
And either with their might of Babel old,  
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery  
Might stand compare, highest in arts enrolled,  
Highest in arms; brave tokenment for the free,  
Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold.  
Thus should her towers be raised—with virginage  
Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,  
As if to vindicate 'mid choicest seats  
Of art, abiding Nature's majesty,—  
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage  
Chainless alike, and teaching Liberty!

Oh Poetry, oh rarest spirit of all  
That dwell within the compass of the mind,  
Forsake not him, whom thou of old didst call;  
Still let me seek thy face, and seeking find.  
Some years have gone about since I and thou  
Became acquainted first: we met in woo;  
Sad was my cry for help as it is now;  
Sad too thy breathed response of music slow;

† *Athenæum*, No. 285, p. 229.

But in that sadness was such essence fine,  
So keen a sense of Life's mysterious name,  
And high conceit of Nature's more divine,  
That breath and sorrow seemed no more the same.  
Oh let me hear again that sweet reply!  
More than by loss of thee I cannot die.

The garden trees are busy with the shower  
That fell ere sunset: now methinks they talk,  
Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour,  
One to another down the grassy walk.  
Hark the laburnum from his opening flower  
This cherry creeper greets in whisper light,  
While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night,  
Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore.  
What shall I dream their converse? I would they hail  
The wild grey light that fronts you massive cloud,  
Or the half bow, rising like pillared fire?  
Or are they sighing faintly for desire  
That with May dawn their leaves may be o'erflowed,  
And dew drops about their feet may never fail.

The same well-balanced mind is apparent in the graver productions which form the bulk of the volume. We find great earnestness in grappling with difficult and momentous questions, and but little of the perverse and eager one-sidedness, and none of that assumption of superiority which so often characterizes the writings of young thinkers. The Remarks upon Professor Rossetti's Interpretation of Dante, display, besides closeness of argument and clearness of style, a courtesy which disputants more advanced in years oftentimes forget to observe: and we are struck in the *Theodicaea Novissima* by an enlarged charity, joined with strong and somewhat peculiar individual opinions, which is rarely to be found in the works of such young writers upon theology.

But we must conclude. The deceased was no less amiable than he was gifted; and we cannot but wish that so fair a record of early talent and virtue, as the one before us, might be permitted to have a wider circulation. From many testimonies to his good, as well as his great qualities, we have chosen the following lines, to which we can add nothing of our own:—

"More ought perhaps to be said—but it is very difficult to proceed. From the earliest years of this extraordinary young man his premature abilities were not more conspicuous than an almost faultless disposition, sustained by a more calm self-command than has often been witnessed in that season of life. The sweetness of temper which distinguished his childhood, became with the advance of manhood an habitual benevolence, and ultimately ripened into that exalted principle of love towards God and man, which animated and almost absorbed his soul during the latter period of his life, and to which most of the following compositions bear such emphatic testimony. He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world; and in bowing to the mysterious will which has in mercy removed him, perfected by so short a trial, and passing over the bridge which separates the seen from the unseen life, in a moment, and, as we may believe, without a moment's pang, we must feel not only the bereavement of those to whom he was dear, but the loss which mankind have sustained by the withdrawing of such a light."

*Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a Corner of Italy.* 2 vols. London: Longman & Co.

HAD these volumes been presented to our notice at an earlier period of the season, we should have followed the wanderings of their authoress with more minuteness of attention than it is possible for us now to give to any series of sketches of continental travel. But we have so recently been journeying with Mr. Bulwer, Mr. Beckford, Mrs. Jameson, and Mrs. Trollope, over ground already well

trodden, that we cannot undertake a fresh tour with that leisurely determination of passing by nothing worthy of notice, with which we accompanied the former travellers. And we regret this, because the volumes before us are written in such a pleasant style, and display so much good feeling, as well as quiet observation; that we feel they deserve more special notice than it is possible to afford to the last of the Pilgrims.

The route followed by the party whose wanderings are here chronicled, was through Brussels—up the Rhine—by Baden (on the Limat) to Berne—thence *via* Zurich, Coire, Reichenau, and the Via Mala, into Italy. So far do we proceed in the first volume. The lady (as all ladies ought,) hath an eye for costume, and some of her pictures of dress are bright and graphic; a sketch in the Black Forest will afford a good specimen of her style:—

"The little town of Villengin teeming with smart modes and gay faces was all picture; such singular toilettes, and so endlessly varied. But the grotesque subduing the graceful, except where the females were handsome, and had natural taste enough to arrange their ponderous draperies advantageously. Such layers of petticoats! tenfold, I believe, with borders of all colours pending one below the other. Such velvet spencers; and gaudy vests, and straps, and collars, and morsels of embroidery stuck here and there, unfortunately proving by their tarnished costliness that the original expense of such fine things is too great to admit of their being often renewed; and then the pretty hat, and floating streamers; and the prettier than pretty scarlet stocking without a wrinkle!

"Why do not our country girls follow some country mode? no matter whether simple or fantastic, it would be at least original. It would identify them, and be always pleasing from its association with rural images and recollections; they would be a class, and a very handsome one. But the wretched long-backed, or no-backed spencer; the dragging flounce and deplorable bonnet, decorated with flowers no longer artificial, but honestly showing their wire and paper poverty, give to beauty, which in a peasant's dress would have its own fresh natural character, an air of town vulgarity that makes its very attraction offensive."

We had marked for extract an account of the girl at Zoug, who had a passion for plain sewing, but, on second thoughts, considered it only fair to show the fair *diarist* (as Madame D'Arbly would call her) in a graver scene. She is describing Pfytter's baths near Regatz:—

"Down below, in the black depths of a rocky gully, stands the melancholy convent-looking house never warmed by a sun-beam, within which are the baths and the necessary accommodations for bathers; consisting of a wild looking eating-room, and narrow cells—raw and gloomy—to sleep in. A cloistral colonnade clings to the outward wall, and extends drearily along the front of the building, affording the means of exercise to those who desire what they call here a sheltered walk. Indeed there is no choice, unless a person be as agile as a goat, which invalids rarely are; for a narrow stripe of table ground, just wide enough to give standing room to three or four horses, is all that intervenes between this bleak colonnade and the mountain through which the winding descent is traced. Behind rolls the stormy Tamina, hemmed in at one side by the dark house and the impending cliffs; while on the other, a giant wall of perpendicular rock, starting up daringly and shutting out the world—almost the light of heaven, closes up the scene."

"They say that invalids recover here; I wonder they do not go mad. Nothing is visible but the rock, the fearful gorge, the torrent, and a little sky. Nothing audible but the raving *Tamara*. We looked into the dreary room; the fair Italians were there, taking coffee. One had an English complexion, and soft eyes; the other a brilliant head of the Judith cast. Our guide proposed that we should visit the mineral springs, that boil up from the depth of an awful cavern, some hundred paces from the house. A bridge, thrown from rock to rock, crosses the flood, and a narrow ledge of planks fixed, I know not how, against the side of the rock and suspended over the fierce torrent, leads through a long dark chasm to the source. I ventured but a little way, for when I found myself on the terrifying shelf without the slightest balustrade, and felt it slippery from the continual spray, and saw nothing between us and the yawning gulf, to which darkness, thickening at every step, gave increased horror, I made a few rapid reflections on the folly of fool-hardiness; and feeling with *Falstaff* that the better part of valour is discretion, retreated more speedily than I had advanced."

The second volume contains a most graphic picture of Genoa—a return to Paris—an escape thence from the tumult of the three glorious days, and a sojourn at Lucerne. To waste no space over words, we will extract at once a scene in Genoa "the superb":—

"We unpacked ourselves grumblingly, in the middle of a lane, as full of mire and oranges as Lower Thames Street; and after dabbling through one or two passages of most forbidding aspect, reached the hotel. The first peep was highly characteristic. A saloon of handsome dimensions, with gilding and mirrors, hangings of light-blue satin damask, and a brick-floor encrusted with dirt, looking down upon a sort of terrace projecting sufficiently to shut out the street, and furnished with mutilated statues, and boxes filled with scrubby orange-trees. Beyond this terrace a narrow rampart, with idle sailors in the red cap of the Levant and jackets of all shades, from chocolate to saffron, lounging as sailors always lounge, from Blackwall to the Mole at Naples, with their hands stuck in their sides and their backs against the parapet, looking out for spots in the horizon, or commenting on the veiled women who tripped lightly along the narrow footway; and beyond all, the blue Mediterranean with its gay vessels dancing and glittering in the sunbeams, that blazed in at our windows as if the old charioteer, the special *Phœbus* of Italy, had made a crane-necked turn, and gone back from October to August. All this was good, either as characteristic or from its bright magnificence; I could scarcely tear myself away from the window, and when I did!—but the contrast was still Italian, curiously so,—I found myself obliged to order lights that I might be enabled to arrange my dress a little. The only disengaged bedchambers were two communicating with our sitting room, both looking into one of the black alleys in which Genoa revels. The one enjoys a gleam of daylight when the door of communication is open; the other a sort of ghastly dimness, something perhaps like that which fell upon Lisbon in the time of the earthquake, or the unnatural light of *Poussin's Deluge*. After having made my toilette by candle-light, I returned to our saloon, and was obliged to have the blinds shut to keep out the sunbeams."

We cannot leave this book without giving our readers a peep at a female bandit:—

"Last night we talked of crimes and punishments; of the miserable fanatic, (I think it was at Zurich) who, as the story goes, had himself crucified in some profane and horrible intention; and of Clara Wendal, the famous woman-

robber, whose fine eyes are dimming in the prison here; and heard the mysterious story of the *Avoyer*, who returning some fourteen years ago on a wild December night to his country house with his two daughters, disappeared suddenly. The night was dark and stormy, and all other sounds were lost in the uproar of the elements. Arrived at home, the daughters found themselves alone; they believed that their father followed them, but he was gone—and for ever! A day or two afterwards the body was discovered; and a cross—the most touching and impressive of all memorials,—rises from the bed of the river in one of its most beautiful windings, and marks the scene of a misfortune which calumny would have converted into a crime.

"Time passed, and no doubt arose of the *Avoyer's* death having been accidental: the river was swollen and the bank slippery, and nothing seemed more natural than that in the storm and darkness he should have missed his footing and fallen in, when the gang, of which Clara Wendal was chief, was surrounded in the woods and taken. When lodged in the prison at Zurich, Clara suddenly avowed herself deeply concerned in the murder of the *Avoyer*,—for he had been murdered, she said;—and boldly declared, that taking advantage of the darkness of the night and the tumult of the storm, she, with the help of her brothers, who added their testimony to hers, had pushed him into the river, having been hired to do so by two inhabitants of Lucerne, both gentlemen of unblemished reputation.

"At first all was astonishment and disbelief; but the wretches persisted in their story with such perverse consistency, that at length the least credulous were startled. Clara, who was then in full possession of that beauty to which her wild life and lawless profession had probably given more than its due celebrity, went into the most minute details, described the bench under which she had concealed herself while she listened for the expected footsteps, the mode in which her brothers and herself had seized the *Avoyer* and pushed him off the bank; and more, the room, even to its most inobvious features, in which the salary of murder was paid down to her, and that a room in the house of one of the accused, into which it seemed impossible that she could have introduced herself furtively.

"In short, the accusation was so dexterously dressed and so boldly persisted in, that the axe seemed to tremble over the heads of the arraigned; when the woman-fiend stopped short, and declaring that all to which she had sworn was false, denounced three other inhabitants of Lucerne as having bribed her to the perjury of which she had been guilty, averring most solemnly that she knew nothing whatever of the *Avoyer's* death, but believed it to have been accidental, and that gold and promises of protection had induced her to accuse the innocent. As it was obvious that the testimony of such a wretch could not be admitted, the proceedings were immediately quashed, and Clara with her atrocious family (a mother included) were consigned to perpetual imprisonment in the *Maison de Force*. They say she has lost her demoniacal beauty; but as she is rigorously confined it is next to impossible to see her. When she was in the river tower at Zurich, it was said that strangers offered ten, and even twenty guineas for a peep. I will not vouch for the truth of this story, though the addition of the bidders being English gives it a colouring. Other people commit follies, but none pay for them so dearly as we do."

The extracts we have chosen have been selected almost at random: the pages of these two volumes abound in graceful sentiment and lively description, and pleasanter light reading for a summer's day we could not

recommmend; as, though their authoress describes scenes which run some risk of becoming wearisomely familiar to us, she has looked upon them with unbiassed, as well as observant eyes, and, consequently, her pictures are not hackneyed copies of things we have seen before better portrayed.

#### SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

*Circular addressed to Members of the Committee, and to Members of Local Committees.* By Charles Knight, in reply to a Statement by James Rennie, M.A. London.

THOUGH neither a member of the Committee, nor of a Local Committee, this circular has fallen into our hands. There is a promise of brave sport in it, but, at present, we intend only to look on and laugh.

As to the pounds-shillings-and-pence part of the dispute, we shall not waste a word upon it. Let us, however, look to two or three things that come out incidentally. For example, we have often enough alluded to the utter impossibility of distinguishing between the Society and its publisher. Well, then, as a confirmative fact, it appears, that Mr. Rennie (whose first volume on 'Insect Architecture' was published professedly by the Society in 1829, and followed by 'Insect Transformations' in 1830—'Architecture of Birds' in 1831—'Insect Miscellanies,' and 'Habits of Birds' in 1833—and 'Faculties of Birds,' now in type,) never had "any communication from the Society except through Mr. Knight" until February 1834! when, having quarrelled with Mr. Knight, the publisher, and appealed to the Committee, he received a *coup de grace* from Mr. Coates, the secretary, who, says Mr. Rennie, "expressly disclaimed" Mr. Knight's authority to make engagements for the Society, although, as Mr. Rennie repeats, he had never received a single communication, from 1829 up to that moment, from any other person, and when the "engagements made with me by Mr. Knight in the name of the Society, and unsettled for and not completed, amounted to more than 400*l*." We offer no comment on these things—we merely report what is set down. We shall not indeed speculate on the probable causes of this change in feeling towards Mr. Rennie, who, however, admits, that "the sales had been falling off."

Further, to show the utter impossibility of disentangling the separate interests connected with the Society from the Society itself, let us advert to another fact here mentioned:—"My connection with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," says Mr. Rennie, "arose from my having written on scientific subjects for the *Verulam* newspaper." To this Mr. Knight replies in italics, "The Society had no connection direct or indirect with the *Verulam* newspaper." Now, in plain sincerity, let us ask a question here. In 1828, we believe, a paper appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which the periodicals of that day were held up to ridicule, save and except only the *Verulam* newspaper, then just started; indeed, the article was obviously and expressly written to bring the *Verulam* into notice. It is now pretty generally believed, that the professed review was written by Lord Brougham. Lord Brougham's name was, and is, thrust prominently forward

as President of the Diffusion Society. Does Mr. Knight then mean to assert by his italics that Lord Brougham "had no connexion direct or indirect with the *Verulam*?" That his Lordship was a part proprietor of that paper, in the legal sense of the term, we cannot assert; but we have been informed, on what seems to us good authority, that he was peculiarly interested in its success, and that he advanced nearly a thousand pounds to forward the speculation, which, however, notwithstanding the puff in the *Edinburgh*, and the whole weight and influence of the members of the Committee, individually, was an utter failure.

Another curious subject incidentally touched on, is the character of the works published under the name of the Society, and the literary rank and character of the writers. "Mr. Rennie's works," says the publisher, were "written in the most ungrammatical, disjointed style; the original observations by Mr. Rennie, upon the habits of insects, were not held together by any thread of reasoning; large extracts from modern writers, especially from Kirby and Spence, were unsparingly introduced, sometimes without acknowledgment."

"Out of 200 pages of the *Birds* (Faculties)," says Mr. Knight, "117 were extracts."

"I," continues the publisher, "detected the unacknowledged quotations; I re-arranged the details; I re-wrote many passages which described Mr. Rennie's observations, finding it impossible, by mere correction, to make the style tolerable; and I added entire pages."

Let us, however, in justice, hear Mr. Rennie report on these emendations and additions.

"I expressly stipulated (he says) with Mr. Knight to have 180*l.* for 'Insect Architecture,' but I received only 150*l.*, because he alleged the manuscript had required so much revision, and so many additions, though the chief of those (additions) were the insertions without consulting me, of a number of cuts previously done for the projected edition of Paley's 'Natural Theology,' since announced with Notes by the Lord Chancellor and Sir Charles Bell, which cuts were pirated from Kirby and Spence's 'Entomology.' In consequence of this, an injunction was threatened for the piracy; but though this was somehow quashed, the stigma of the piracy has been since affixed on me by the press; yet, from prudential motives (my wife having just then died, and left me with a young family to provide for), I bore this and the loss of the promised 30*l.*, knowing also at the time that Mr. Knight was very poor."

On the merit of the other works, published by the Society, Mr. Rennie's testimony may be considered impartial; and he observes, I received 200*l.* a volume for the 'Architecture of Birds,' and 'Insect Transformations,' although only 180*l.* was given to others, "because the original observations and experiments in my volumes were found to give them a different character with the public from the mere compilations out of books got up for the Society by others."

Why, then we were not, after all, so very wide of the mark when we characterized the publications of the Society as miserable compilations. Let, however, the Daniels in the Committee sit in judgment, and report on their own writers: here is their testimony to the ability and integrity of Mr. Rennie, their

"chief of men"—he who received 20*l.* the volume more than any other contributor. They hesitated, it appears, "about dealing with an author incapable of writing English with accuracy or elegance—incompetent to draw a logical conclusion from his own premises—querulous and disputatious—envious of the reputation of every man of eminence,—unhesitating about the means of attacking the characters of such men—at the best, possessing a knowledge made up of 'shreds and patches.'"

The publisher, however, bore him through in triumph by the following high and honourable report in his favour:—"I observed, he says to the Committee, that 'even in those 'shreds and patches' he had evinced a capacity for 'original observation and experiment—that he was indeed a mere butterfly observer, but he was still an observer.'"

Gentlemen of the Committee—Mr. Professor—Mr. Publisher, we take our leave of you for the present. We have great confidence in your experience, and put entire faith in your several reports each of the other; we, however, consider you but as "Chorus to the history" which is to follow—this circular but as prologue to the tragi-comedy, about to be enacted for the entertainment of the public; and we promise you to sit out the performance, even to the dropping of the curtain.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*England and the English*, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq. 3rd edition.'—To this third edition of a deservedly popular book, is added, a new chapter, containing "a view of the late events and the late changes,"—but as this is exclusively political, and relates to Reforms and Tithe Questions, and Coercion Bills, matters in which the *Athenæum* hath no part or lot, we can only point it out to the notice of those whose nature or studies lead them to such thorny matters, and say that it is written with all the usual eloquence and energy of its accomplished author. There are also a few new notes here and there, by the addition of which the work is rendered more complete.

'*Mrs. Jamieson's History of France*.'—This work is very badly proportioned, and not particularly well written. One half of it is devoted to the history of the last thirty years, which might easily be compiled from very ordinary authorities, while the preceding eighteen centuries are slurred over in vague generalities. It contains, however, an interesting memoir of the Duc de Reichstadt, and some particulars of the Bonaparte family not generally known.

'*Illustrations of the Natural History of Worcester*, by C. Hastings, M.D.'—We notice with sincere pleasure this first fruit of the Worcestershire Natural History Society, being the substance of an introductory lecture delivered to them, by Dr. Hastings, and including general views, comprehensive and interesting, of the Statistics, Geology, Botany, Zoology and Meteorology of that country. Gladly would we hail the establishment of such a society in every county in England, as nothing, we conceive, would so decidedly tend to the collection, as well as diffusion, of useful knowledge, to binding together all ranks in the pursuit of science, to promoting universal harmony and good-will, and to ameliorating the conditions, both of the upper and labouring classes, by making them better acquainted with the necessities, the interests, and the feelings of one another. The original honour of proposing the establishment of such societies, belongs, we believe, to Dr. Conolly, whose very interesting Memoir of Dr.

John Darwall we had lately occasion to notice with approbation, and the general anxiety which medical men have shown in promoting this object, is highly creditable to them as a professional body. It is true they are in an especial manner interested, as every addition to their knowledge of the air by which they are surrounded, the soil they inhabit, the plants by which it is clothed, the animals it supports, the increase or diminution of its population, the nature of the prevalent diseases, and the alterations which those have undergone consequent on known changes of the surface, such as the cutting down of woods, working of mines, draining of marshes, &c., or the difference in the mode of life of its inhabitants, the increase of the city, and diminution of the country residents, the prevalence of peculiar kinds of manufactures, the introduction of new sports, new habits, new principles of education, &c.,—all this, we say, must be to them so much downright, practical, and available information, directly applicable to the purposes of their every-day employment. But we need scarcely stop to remark, how valuable and important such information must be to all, how delightful to those who seek knowledge for its own sake. It is only necessary to add, that the Worcestershire Natural History Society, by appointing separate committees for each of the above-mentioned subjects of inquiry, and defining accurately the matters which should more particularly attract the attention of each, have done all in their power towards ensuring success in the objects for which they have united, and have entitled themselves to the ardent co-operation of their own members, and the unqualified approbation and best wishes of all who love science and desire its advancement.

'*Sacred Classics*, Vol. VIII. *Butler's Analogy*.'—There are few works more wanted than a good edition of Butler's *Analogy*, one containing a general explanation of the scope and bearing of the author's very peculiar line of argument, an analysis of his reasoning, and a fair statement of the extent of certainty possessed by his conclusions. Nothing of this sort could be expected from Dr. Croly, and nothing of the sort has he given. We have however, instead, a good Life of Bishop Butler, and a successful vindication of his memory from the charge of having changed his creed towards the close of his life.

'*Captive Vigils*, a poem, in six cantos or vigils.'—There are few subjects more likely to awaken the imagination than the lonely prisoner during the hours of darkness and temptation, whether he be self-sustained and defying, as St. Leon, in the dungeon of the dark Bethlem Gabor, or gentle, resigned and pious, as Pellico, in the fortress of Spielberg: and yet the author before us has failed in this dreary monologue to excite our sympathies. His verse is smooth, and his thoughts come without effort—but we can read page after page without being touched, without that indignant swelling of heart which makes other prison scenes so fearful, and yet so fascinating—perhaps because we feel that the poet is reasoning upon captivity, rather than writing from it. It is the presence of that intense individuality which we feel to be wanting here, that gives its charm and its interest to the exquisite but most saddening 'Prisoner of Chillon.'

'*McCulloch's English Grammar*.'—The most valuable part of this little work is the hints on the mode of teaching grammar, which merit the attention of persons engaged in the instruction of youth. We think that the general arrangement might be advantageously simplified, and that the author could, in many instances, have used plainer language, without sacrificing philosophical accuracy.

'*Geography Simplified*.'—Would that Geography were simplified! In this work it is rendered more puzzling than ever.



*'Guy's School Question Book.'*—Our curiosity was excited by reading in a pompous advertisement, that "the leading scholastic characters in the kingdom have been contributory to the success of this work;" and that "perhaps so concentrated and methodical a sketch of history, at once simple, interesting, and correct, and in size and price so exactly accommodated to the purpose of schools, has not hitherto issued from the British press." We procured a copy, and are sorry to find that these "leading scholastic characters" are void of good taste, ignorant of good grammar, and destitute of historical information: a more inaccurate and trashy compilation than this result of their joint labours, we have not met with since the commencement of our critical career; and with respect to its plan, size, and price, the book is a mere imitation of Magnall's, published many years ago by the Longmans. What do our readers think of the following question and answer, and especially of the grammatical structure of the latter?

"Name a few of the states that first arose.—In 2217 B.C. which is only thirty years after the dispersion from the tower, Nimrod or Belus is said to have built Babylon, on the banks of the Euphrates in Asia. The Chinese, founded by Fohi, 2207 B.C. The Egyptian, founded by Menes (the Misraim of the Scriptures), 2188 B.C., and Memphis, one of its first cities. The Assyrian, founded by Ashur, the second son of Shem, who built Nineveh on the Tigris, 2059 B.C. Sicyon, in Greece, founded 2089 B.C. The Medes, so called from Madi, the third son of Japheth; and the Persians, or Elamites, from the son of Shem, were also early founded; and India must have been very early peopled."

The revival of the absurd derivation of the names of nations from the names of their supposed progenitors, is rendered still more ridiculous in another passage:—

"Who were the posterity of Japheth?—Gomer, supposed to be the father of the Germans; Javan, of the Greeks; Meshech, of the Muscovites, &c."

These are the freaks of a man anxious to parade his knowledge rather than to communicate information;—a little farther on we have a more comical exhibition of learning:—

"Relate the circumstance.—Cyrus marching against Tomyris, queen of the Scythian nation, was defeated in a bloody battle, B.C. 530. The victorious queen, who had lost her son in a previous encounter, was so incensed against Cyrus, that she cut off his head, and threw it into a vessel filled with human blood, exclaiming, '*Salva te sanguine quem sitisti*.'—Cyrus, thy thirst was blood, now drink thy fill."

We have no doubt that Mr. Guy understands Latin, but we question the attainments of Tomyris in that language, as in her day the Latin language had no existence. Of course, we do not insinuate that Mr. Guy mistook Latin for Scythic.

Of the simplicity of the information, the following is a specimen:—

Who were denominated the seven wise men of Greece?—Solon of Athens, Thales of Miletus, Chilo of Lacedæmon, Pittacus of Mitylene, Periander of Corinth, Bias of Priene, and Cleobolus of Rhodes. These sages often visited each other."

Doubtless they did: we rejoice to hear that they were on visiting terms.—*Query.* Did they take tea together?

The interest may fairly be represented by the novel information that the Romans possessed some kind of fire-arms:—

"Was the subjugation of the whole of Greece the consequence?—It was. The Achaean states (noticed in the preceding chapter) insulted the Roman dignities, and this drew upon them the thunder of the Roman arms; and Greece from

that period became a Roman province, 146 B.C."

Finally, the two following passages may serve to prove the correctness of the work:—

"Is not the ancient history of Ireland involved in much uncertainty?—It is; but some antiquarians carry back its history 500 years before the Christian era.

"From whence has it been supposed that their [whose?] language was derived?—From the Phœnicians [are the Phœnicians a place?]; and that a colony of Scythians came from thence [whence?], and settled among them" [whom?].

Two chapters on Ancient and Modern Biography, written in the style of the history from which we have been quoting, follow. Next comes a system of Geography, in which we are favoured with this novel information:—

"For what are Oxford and Cambridge celebrated?—For their universities."

The aid of "measured lines,"—the author modestly avoids the name of poetry,—is brought to elucidate Astronomy: let us take the description of the Sun:—

The Sun, the source of light and vital heat,  
Appears amidst the heav'nly luminaries,  
The first, the most conspicuous, and grand;  
Round which, at certain times and distances,  
Planets revolve in silent harmony.  
The Sun 's the centre of our Solar System,  
Of such superior bulk, he 's prov'd to be  
A million times as large as is our earth;  
And distant five and ninety million miles.  
And his diurnal motion, clearly seen  
By spots that are revolving in his disc,  
Takes nearly five and twenty of our days.  
The Sun's diameter alone is known  
To make eight hundred ninety thousand miles.

To examine the questions on miscellaneous subjects, and point out a tithe of the errors in the abstracts of modern history, would require infinitely more patience than we possess. Enough has been extracted to prove, as Hood says,

That Guy is nothing but a Guy.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### CONDESCENSION.

I have heard, that when a goose passes under an arch, or through a door-way, of whatever altitude, it always stoops—this, I suppose, is condescension; and, to say truth, wherever I have seen an ostentation of condescension, it has reminded me of geese. There is a great deal of fun, and some little philosophy, in condescension. The fun of it is, that the person condescending must first lift himself up to his greatest height, in order to show how low he can stoop. I like to hear of learned men condescending to the capacities of children—just as if learned men had forgotten their A B C, and could talk nothing but Greek and Hebrew;—why, there is not one among them who does not understand Cinderella better than he does Sophocles. I am no leveller: I am a decided believer in the beauty and utility of rank. I also like courtesy, affability, and politeness; but when the word condescension is mentioned, I am always inclined to laugh. When Tony Lumpkin, as set forth in the pleasant comedy 'She Stoops to Conquer,' gives the benefit and blessing of his company to the swillers of swipes at the public house, he is very condescending; but I quite sympathize with Mrs. Hardeastle in her reprobation of such unbecoming familiarity. But when you see the party assembled, and hear their conversation, you do not think much of the condescension of Tony; moreover, unhappily for Tony's own dignity, he does not seem to be aware of it himself. The party would willingly pay him homage, but he seems hardly inclined to relish it: he wishes to be quite at his ease, which a condescending person in such circumstances never is. Condescension, in its true and most exquisitely ludicrous state, has a kind of *noli me tangere* air about it; it is like oil on water—it

never amalgamates with the baser fluid. The genuine condescender has a kind of elasticity about him, by means of which he can presently raise himself up again to the natural level of his dignity, like those monkeys who, with a kind of hook to the end of their tails, can presently spring from the ground into a tree or on to a perch. Tony Lumpkin's condescension was a thorough down-letting of his dignity—a total oblivion of his rank; he could not resume his dignity at a moment's notice; he not only forgot his own superiority, but seemed to wish that others should forget it too. This, you observe, is different from right-earnest condescension, which aims at uniting, for the time, the great and the small, the high and the low, and which would shudder, and almost die with mortification, should its greatness seem for a moment to be forgotten. Tony Lumpkin, in his condescension, if we may so call it, did not so much enjoy his greatness as he enjoyed getting rid of it; but regular condescension is one of the highest luxuries of greatness. All greatness is apprehended by comparison: we never feel how great we are till we bring our greatness into contact with another's littleness. When Gulliver dwelt in England previously to his voyage to Lilliput, he was not sensible of his greatness of body; but when he dwelt among the Lilliputians, he felt himself to be a marvellously great man indeed. Thus it is with such as condescend: they come from such a height to such a depth, that they are wholly astounded at once at their own greatness and at others' littleness.

The pleasure of condescension is so great that many seek for the enjoyment of it, whom we should not at first sight think likely to have opportunity or room for its exercise. In Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, mention is made of a funeral sermon which had been preached for the wife or widow of some cheesemonger in Tooley Street, or Bermondsey, in which, amongst other laudatory topics, it was recorded, to the honour of the deceased, that she was remarkable for her condescension to her inferiors. On which Dr. Johnson remarked, that there might be some little difficulty in ascertaining who her inferiors were. The doctor was more obtuse of perception than was the cheesemonger's wife, who had no difficulty whatever in ascertaining the point. Condescension is a luxury, the enjoyment of which is happily not confined to any one gradation of society. Every goose is tall enough to stoop. There is no condition in which a man may not have some fear of degradation and down-letting of his dignity, or in which he may not show some gracious condescension to his inferiors. And all the beauty of this arrangement is owing to what some people may think a defect, viz., the undefinedness of dignity, and that *ad libitum*, which suffers so many to place themselves as they will or can, aided by the various points of comparison, so that, though there may be inferiority in some things, there may be superiority in others. Thus no individual is the lowest; for he that is low in some respects is high in others. When I was a little boy I was at a very great school—great, I mean, in point of numbers; and when we walked to church, our arrangement was not according to literary merit or proficiency, but according to height, so that we might thereby look more uniform in the public eye. There were also two other classifications, viz., the classification according to penmanship, and the classification according to general literature or grammatical attainments. Thus there was a pleasant and amusing variety of rank; and we were sometimes as puzzled to set points of precedence and etiquette, as any little party in a country town; for it was seldom that height, writing, and grammar were in the same proportion: one was before another in measuring; and another took precedence in writing.

but wanted height; while a third might be an excellent grammar scholar, but neither a penman nor a colossus. So by these means we all of us had more or less the pleasure of looking down upon one another; and all of us could enjoy, if we wished it, the pleasure of condescension. Dr. Johnson was therefore manifestly wrong in doubting whether the wife of a cheese-monger in Tooley Street was capable of condescending, or whether there were any persons who might properly be called her inferiors.

It would be, indeed, a sad and cruel thing if a man should feel that all were condescending to him, and that he himself could be condescending to nobody, because nobody was inferior to him. To be the first in society, though attended with some inconveniences, is still rather an object of ambition; therefore the first may be safely defined, but to be the last is too painful; and the Herald's Office, in mercy to mankind, leaves that point to be settled by those whom it may concern; therefore it never is settled, and never can be settled, and so the pleasure of condescension may be enjoyed by all.

The virtue of condescension is, indeed, so exceedingly amiable and interesting, that one cannot help wishing to imitate it; and we naturally look out for our inferiors, in order to have the pleasure of gratifying them by our condescension, as much as we have been gratified by the condescension of our superiors. It is observable how very condescending and patronizing are the servants and dependents of the great. From observing the manners of their masters, and mistresses, and patrons, they gain the same air and imbibe the same feelings. In order to manifest condescension, as we have said above, there should be, of necessity, a sense or apprehension of greatness; thus those domestics and dependents generally cultivate this feeling of greatness with much diligence and success. A greater or more condescending man than a great man's porter you do not often meet withal; and many a king upon a throne grants an audience to, or receives homage from, a most devoted and most humble subject, with far less of the pomp of condescension, than a great man's porter gives audience to a man in a seedy coat. Yet, perhaps, after all, the completest condescension is that of a great boy at school to a little one. I know a man who, about thirty years ago, was first boy of our school; and he has told me more than once, and I dare say that, if we live to grow old, he will tell me a hundred times more, that his sense of greatness at that time was so absurdly strong, that he could absolutely contain no more, and that he was nearly bursting with pride. Yet he was marvellously condescending; and I do verily believe, that if his most Gracious Majesty, William IV. of Great Britain and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, &c. &c. should walk arm in arm with me in Pall Mall or St. James's Park, I should not think more highly of the condescension than I did of the condescension of the young gentleman above alluded to. We can never perhaps enjoy condescension so completely as in early life, before we have thoroughly ascertained the meaning and full force of the word "great"—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*; and before we know what greatness is, we think it a marvellously magnificent thing. After all, the game of condescension, like all other games, requires two to play at it; but, unlike all other games, it is best played at by those who understand it least; for, when it is thoroughly understood by both parties, it is rather too broad a farce, and cannot be carried on with a serious face. I very much admire the churchwarden's wife who went to church, for the first time in her life, when her husband was churchwarden, and being somewhat late, the congregation was getting up from their knees at the time she entered, and she

said, with a sweetly condescending smile, "Pray keep your seats, ladies and gentlemen, I think no more of myself now than I did before."

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome.

THANK you for my elegant nickname—a temple-haunting martlet. Like that "guest of summer," I am just about to visit your north during the heats, and in this, perchance, will consist the greatest similarity. For, alas! here are no temples to haunt, were I ever such a swallow, and a Pagan swallow into the bargain! You don't dignify it, it is to be hoped, those two little round brick-kilns in the Forum with a name so awful! Nothing here particularly templar but the Pantheon, and that is so debased by Popish triviality and tawdriness, one must have as much spare ecstasies at command as a De Stail to be often in the twitters about it. Agrippa's portico has, indeed, long been a model—the *jus et norma* of architecture. Doesn't it stare upon you all down Regent Street? See the results of a fine exemplar! St. Philip's church is a sandstone reflection of it, Mr. Nokes's haberdashery, a modest adaptation of it to the purposes of a warehouse. "Has been," I say, for the Greek temples, I believe, have done for it, what the Elgin marbles did for the Belvedere Apollo—taken it down a peg or two from the pinnacle of supremacy. After all, though the Eternal City has been to me an eternal city of disappointment, I quit her at the end of a long sojourn with regret. Her old, sun-dried Babylonian walls, towering red and ruinous from the deserts around them, her silent Forum, the mouldering mightiness of her Colosseum, her triumphal arches tottering to decay, her houseless streets winding for miles through the fallen monuments of her grandeur, through gardens as rank as funeral grounds, with here and there cypresses and pines mourning darkly over them, or the corn-muse with its wild reedy hum heard droning along their alleys at a distance,—these are her melancholy charms and enchantment, which years and acquaintanceship only improve. Memorial as they stand of a bygone world, the parent of this, to leave them, is like quitting the monument of a patriarchal mother, whom we venerated even through the weakness and infirmities of her decline. Rome and Egyptian Thebes are the two great fossils of the historic globe, handing down to us in stone, the gigantic impress of what man was so many ages ago. But while the latter seems to tell of leviathan forms different from all species now existing, the other fills us with a common interest declaring us to be of the same race with her own, though degenerate in powers and aspirations. As to the rest of imperial Rome, however—at least the greater part—I have been as much disappointed in my hopes to see nothing but the sublimities, as if I were groom of the bed-chamber to imperial Nicholas. Why, St. Peter's itself, was to me little else than a mass of disappointments. For the modern town, it looks and smells as if cut out of a mountain of manure. It really does in most quarters resemble a labyrinth of stable-lanes, and its populace a set of lazy-paced grimy outlaws biding a forest of besoma defiance to trim or render them commonly decent. "Rain," according to our proverb, "is the only besom of Rome." Nothing, however, would sweep the town thoroughly, I believe, but a second deluge—that would sweep it away. 'Tis a depository of nuisances: you'd think dirt was pickled and preserved here as a dainty to regale one at every corner. The year before last, indeed, when cholera was decimating Paris, my Romans were aroused from their lethargy by the rattling of the Great Keys, when his Holiness marched forth with a broom at the crozier head, dire menace to his children of cleanliness and chastisement! The filth was in part removed, (I apprehend only within doors, for it soon re-

appeared to the usual quantum,) but still after a heavy shower, every street flows and fumes like a common sewer. By the bye, this is the sole legislative work in which his present Ecclesiastical Majesty has distinguished himself. On this occasion, he displayed, it is said, with universal consent and infinite credit to his high function, the activity of a master-sweep; bustling about in the most sagacious manner, and like an inspired priest of Cloacina, uttering the commands of the goddess in a voice that shook the foundations of the city. I never heard that he did any thing more signal for the public benefit. His exertions are confined to his own closet, for the good of his own particular soul. What business had a monk, who avowed himself exclusively of monkish habits, to become a temporal monarch? However, what have we to do with these people? Let Mauro Capellari pope it away after his own heart, Zurlo piously devote all good Protestants to the D—, and Bernetti wage subterranean war with the Carbonari, till all Italy be undermined and sink into chaos; 'tis a mere play of marionettes to us dilettanti, in which we have no part, and but a very passing interest.

Now these Domenichinos, I assure you, give me a vast deal more trouble. Will you believe it? Domenichino is positively little better than the dull good man his contemporaries pronounced him. A few strawberry specimens shown about Europe, and his 'St. Jerome,' not to be, but openly plundered from Agostino Caracci, have gained him a name which the trash at bottom belies. You think, from the engraving, his 'Sibylla Persica' a monstrous elegant creature: I never saw a coarser hussy painted for Sultana Fatima, at a barn-house play. Then those Caracci! with their inimitable Farnese frescos. I went to the Farnese as I would to a second Sistine: if you had seen the pickle my face was in coming out! Like a patient's in the last stage of mortification. Even the 'Stanze' of Raffael; what with the defilement committed there by Time and Carlo Maratti, the Penni and Pippi and proxy look of several among them, together with, perhaps, an original want of mighty-handedness about the author himself. I should be amazed, indeed, if Reynolds ever passed through them without recognizing his divine spirit, but still more, if he had imagined it blazing there in all its glory. I am persuaded, that Raffael's fame and favour with us, after all, does not rest (contrary, I fear, to general opinion) on his fresco paintings. Graceful and elegant as these may be, full of good design and composition, there is a defect of power about them, which makes them secondary to those works of his, where such an attribute is not so essential. Perhaps, his 'Galatea' at the Farnesina, and his little panels at the Loggia, might form exceptions, but exceptions that rather prove the general case, inasmuch as the size and subject of these frescos made power, as we call it *par excellence*, no requisite. In oils there was a sweetness, a purity, a source of refinement and perpetual amelioration more congenial to the mild, pains-taking, beauty-given spirit of this painter, than in the extempore and stubborn nature of fresco. Those ineffably gracious Madonnas and Holy Families—those portraits so full of deep metaphysical expression and character—those historical pictures replete with the noble, the charming, the sweetly sublime—those Cartoons, by good chance, perhaps, never painted nor transferred from the canvas—such are, to my mind, the works upon which Raffael's highest claim to immortality rests, though his frescos may be higher ground to rest it on. His very Sibylls at the Pace, and Isiah at St. Agostino, which Lanzi asserts to "have all that Michael Angelo's want," (forgetting that Michael's too may have all that they want—as is precisely the fact—power,) these would lamentably disappoint the tourist who relied upon the common text—that Raffael's forte is in fresco. After all, of the

great masters, Michael Angelo and Paul Veronese alone fully sustain their ultramontane characters when you approach them in Italy. You expect more from Titian than even his chefs-d'œuvre at Venice fulfil; from Parmegiano, Giorgione, Tintoretto, &c.; much, much more from the Caracci and their school, including Guido himself. Correggio may be said, indeed, to better his ground, for no one can have an adequate idea of this master, without seeing his frescos at Parma. Compared with them, his very best easel-pictures are little-girlish, affected, and un-ideal. Fresco painting brought out the full breadth and grandeur of his soul. No St. Catherine kissing petioles with the side of her cheek; no dainty fingered Madonnas handling baby-linen, with the goût of Hogarth's Jean Maigre savouring roast beef; no elaborate pasting and knecding of colours till the canvas looks like a dough cake; no impotency of chiaroscuro; but a stupendous generality and might of manner, the very widest play of hand, a rapid and contemptuous prostration of the greatest difficulties before him, and a spaciousness of light and shade reminding one of that thrown by the clouds themselves, and the sunshine, upon the face of nature. Verily, I am scarce exaggerating, though you know of old I love to give full outburst to my admiration as well as to my aversion. You could, I say, hardly contract your pupils to the 'St. Jerome' itself, after contemplating those enormous shells of sunlight at the Duomo, or those magnificent panels at St. Paul's, though none of them be a yard square, and the subjects of almost all, nothing but angelic chubbs, and cupids, and bare boys turning their rotundities to you and each other. Manner is the huge thing here; and, perhaps, in Michael himself, it is seldom more overpowering. Between the sticks of Correggio's oil and fresco brush, there seems to have been about the same difference, as between the spindle and the club of Hercules: by the first, you are only put in mind of the woman, you are beaten down by the latter with its mere swooping and whirling above and about you. No hyperbole, I tell you; but, indeed, I grant that to feel these effects as a true virtuoso, one must have, like the shakers and tremblers, a tendency to the fine convulsions—a sort of epileptic facility upon all striking pictorial occasions. But really, the light from one of those shells is a sunstroke: it blinds you for the moment, and makes you a little foolish ever after.—

Rambling, you see, as usual. Where did I leave off? At Roman disappointments: well. The Vatican itself, after a gallery so select as that of Florence, where almost every marble is a miracle, has rather a refuse look about it. Among the sculptors are, to be sure, many "gems," as the newspapers would say, but the diamonds in miserable disproportion to the garnets and corals. One can easily imagine the picksome Medici to have carried off the Pitts and Regents from among them. That eternal despoiler of Rome too, bright Mammon, has ransacked this treasure-house of art over and over for its richest specimens, leaving but a very few of those which happened to be fixtures amongst the non-vendibles now accumulated from all quarters at the Vatican. A good proof of this is, that they have had to fill up with Canovas. Perseus stands cheek by jowl with the Apollo, by what is *bradant*, and the Boxers beside the Laocoon, as rival specimens of the pure Grecian sublime! Canova, it is said, wept the fall of St. Peter's well, when his 'Kneeling Pope' was lowered into it; but, I think, were he as proud of his Perseus and his Boxers, as an ape is of a belted skewer and red night-cap, he would have deplored the idolatry which thus exalted him as a golden calf beside the true divinity of Sculpture. Well: there is the 'Torsio,' and the 'Guistiniani Minerva,' enough in herself to make Rome a pilgrimage.

With regard to the Capitol: you don't forget, I dare say, the chill of disappointment which came over me on our first walking through its Museum. I became almost a marble myself; gazing like a white-eyed Despair upon its single *chef-d'œuvre*, the 'Gladiator.' I am in the same state of petrification still. But how ridiculous! I had only to bethink me *what* and *where* were the great masterpieces of sculpture, and so find them with a few exceptions at London, Paris, and Florence. Why should I have expected to find so many at Rome too? But I don't know: one has heard such an eternal thunder-roll about the miracles at Rome, that one can hardly get one's senses together till one arrives, and finds the din little more than a dumb echo in the mighty desolation. What trumpeters and trumpeters we tourists are! Well then, am I such a nulecontent as to gainsay that Rome is still a great museum of sculpture and painting? richly worth a tour of the world to see? No: I am simply inclined to go in two, and make one half of myself buffet the other, as Hotspur says, for being so foolish and forgetful, as to expect Rome could be such a city of wonders, as those liars by prescription, travellers, pronounce it.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE Benedictines of Saint Maur, just before the breaking out of the French revolution, had made arrangements for publishing a complete collection of all the contemporary chronicles of the Crusades; but the civil commotions dispersed the brethren before any steps were taken for the accomplishment of their project. It has now been revived, by the *Académie Royale des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*, under the patronage of the government, and a committee has been formed to superintend the enterprise. The collection will be divided into three parts: the first will contain the western chronicles—French, English, Italian, German, &c.; the Greek historians will be contained in the second; and the third will include the oriental writers—Arabian, Syrian, Armenian, &c. Though the collection will be limited to original testimonies, the Persian, Turkish, and Rabbinical writers of later date will be consulted, and any circumstances that they relate, which seem to have been derived from more ancient authority or authentic tradition, will be extracted. The work will be illustrated by maps, and plates of armour and costume. It is intended to add historical, geographical, and critical notes, and to prefix to each division a general view of the state of the East during the period. The conductors of the publication have already obtained from Constantinople the portion of Ebn-Al-atir's history which was wanting in the MSS. of the Royal Library at Paris, and which was the more valuable as it related to the first thirty years of Holy Wars, a period for which oriental writers afford us very limited resources.

M. Salvolini, who has been long engaged at Leyden in studying the great collection of Egyptian antiquities belonging to the King of Holland, has recently returned to Paris, bringing an account of several important discoveries. He has copied twenty-four manuscripts, twelve of which are public deeds belonging to the age of the Pharaohs; one of them, superbly illuminated, belongs to the reign of Rameses the Great. He has acquired, besides, twelve contracts in demotic writing, of the age of the Lapires or Ptolemy's; and part of a register of receipts in hieratic writing, containing the regnal year and day of the month for each item of expenditure. But, perhaps, the most interesting of his discoveries is a collection of Gnostic manuscripts, the only ones known to be in existence. One of these contains the Gnostic ritual, in demotic characters, and must elucidate the mysterious history of the great

heresy of the first century. Besides its ecclesiastical value, this MS. is important in another point of view; it contains a transcription, in Greek letters, of the names of four hundred demons mentioned in it; and M. Salvolini declares that this additional aid has enabled him to complete the grammatical analysis of the Rosetta Stone, which he is about to publish in the course of this year.

We noticed some time since, as worthy the attention of the curious in such matters, an illuminated MS., the work of Mr. Costello. We have just seen another by the same artist, now in the hands of Mr. Colnaghi of Cockspur-street, and equally beautiful. The subject is a Norman French poem of the fourteenth century, descriptive of the remarkable vows which were taken by Edward III. and his court, previous to his invasion of France. The date of the poem is about the year 1340, and it is interesting from the manner in which it illustrates the peculiar customs of chivalric times. The introduction, the notes, and appendices, contain much information on the subject of vows in general, and record many that are curious and remarkable. The style of the century to which the original MS. belongs has, we are informed, been carefully adhered to in Mr. Costello's illuminated copy, which is elaborately finished and highly ornamented.

The *Nouveau Journal Asiatique* has been placed for some time under the superintendence of M. Reinaud; and, under his administration, has contained many valuable extracts from rare oriental works, printed in their original characters, which furnish useful exercises to the students of eastern languages. The same gentleman is superintending a lithographed edition of the Geography of Abu'l'feda, about to be published at the joint expense of the French Government and the Asiatic Society of Paris.

The Abbé de la Rue, whose knowledge of the literature of the middle ages is unrivalled, announces that he is about to publish the fruits of those researches to which he has devoted a long life, in an 'Essay on the Norman and Anglo-Norman Bards, Jongleurs, et Trouvères.' His former works on Norman antiquities prove that he is well able to feel and represent the spirit, the freshness, and the originality of a school of literature almost wholly unknown to recent writers.

We have received from New York the first number of the *Literary and Theological Review*. It is designed to advocate what is usually called "the evangelical system of faith;" but, though the organ of a party, it is free from the virulence of party-feeling, all its articles being written in a moderate and conciliating spirit. The present number contains some information respecting Liberia; and an apology for slavery as it exists in the United States.

Music in France has sustained a severe loss in the death of Monsieur Choron. We regret to hear it rumoured that this was accelerated by anxiety of mind, occasioned by delay on the part of the present government in making good the sums which M. Choron had expended on the institution over which he presided, since the three glorious days. He was an accomplished master of vocal science; the author of one of the most elaborate works upon church composers now extant; and we cannot forget having heard his scholars execute Handel's oratorios with a vigour and point which our singers of sacred music might be glad to reach. It was in his school that Miss Clara Novello received much of her musical education.

It is reported that the Italian Opera-house is to re-open for a sort of after-season, at play-house prices. We hope not; there is a time for resting from music, as well as for listening to it.



Another rumour, going the round of the papers, states that Abbotsford is advertised to be let furnished for a term of years. If this be so, is it not time to come to some settlement of the subscription account?

## MUSIC

## KING'S THEATRE.

THE legitimate season of this theatre having come to an end on Tuesday last with the opera of 'Il Barbiere,' and the ballet of 'Masaniello,' we cannot record its close without taking a slight review of its performances, and making a particular mention of the two new artists, whom it has brought before us, and confirmed in popular favour.

The season has been (as far as concerns the public) a most successful one, and that, in spite of one novelty only having been produced. But the advantages of such a company as we have had being stationary for the season, and its members thus becoming perfectly familiar with the style of each other's singing, as well as the music they had to perform, and of a well-disciplined chorus, have been appreciated as they deserved, and have made us willing to overlook the tediousness of a many-times told tale. Let us hope to fare as well next year in the matter of singers (we can never do without Tamburini), but better in the chapter of novelty.

And yet, with the remembrance of 'La Gazza' and 'Il Barbiere' fresh in our minds, we cannot be extreme in finding fault; and we must thank M. Laporte for a new, and very great pleasure, which his making us acquainted with Gritti has afforded us. Always efficient, always welcome as she has been, it is our opinion that she is far from having reached the fulness of her powers. We should say that her performance of the character of *Niuetta* was her best and only faultless serious effort:—her *Rosina* left us nothing to wish. In other parts she undertook there were brilliant points (as, for instance, her splendid recitatives in 'Don Giovanni'), but a want of sustained energy. In one or two cases she was more anxious to show the perfect control she possessed over her voice, than to be *Desdemona*, or *Pamina*, or *Anna Bolena*; and became in her *solo* a mere singing machine, instead of continuing the sentiment or passion of her part. But this is a fault which time will correct: mind will rise superior to mechanism; and we look forward with confident anticipation to the day when she may challenge a Pasta or Schroeder on their own ground, without the chance of a defeat. We offer her, with our adieux, our sincerest hopes for her speedy return to us. We are sure that every month that passes over her must mature her powers; as to voice, and skill in the management of it, she has nothing to desire or to learn.

We must likewise notice with pleasure the introduction of Ivanoff to an English audience, and his success. He, too, is to attain a far higher point of excellence than he has yet reached, if we are true prophets. With such a perfect voice as he possesses, and such feeling as he has given evidence of, we have a right to look for much from this young artist. With the rest of the corps who are worthy of mention, the public is more familiar. Let the *entrepreneur* only add to their numbers Donzelli and an efficient *contralto* for the next season, and we shall be more than satisfied.

## THEATRICALS

## THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A comic legendary drama, in two acts, called 'The Dead Guest,' was brought out here on Monday last. If we remember rightly, the subject is borrowed from a book of tales by a gentleman whose name is Zschokke. Some of our readers will recollect him as 'the Swiss

Walter Scott;' and others may call him to mind, when we say that his name is pronounced *choak*;—at least, let any Englishman fill his mouth with the string of consonants of which it is composed, and then try to pronounce it, and if he does not find it *choak*, it won't be far from it. The legend runs, that a certain Gentleman in Black pays a visit to a certain German town once every hundred years, and that on each occasion he obtains a transfer of the affections of three brides from their bridegrooms to himself, and that the ladies are, each and every, found dead the next morning, their necks being so twisted that their faces are caused to change positions with the backs of their heads. An old legend is, we suppose, a matter too sacred to be attacked now-a-days, or else we should be inclined to question the correctness with which this has been handed down to us. The Gentleman in Black must surely have turned the ladies' heads over-night, or they never would have left their new mates to follow him. In the piece, the legend itself is turned round, and made comic, instead of serious. Mr. John Reeve arrives to marry a lady to whom he has been betrothed; and as he is wanted out of the way by another gentleman, whom the lady likes better, advantage is taken of his happening to be dressed in black, and of the day on which he arrives happening to be the exact hundred years from the previous murder, to create a general horror against him, by giving out that he is the actual monster. Some laughable situations and broad fun arise out of the mistake, and, assisted by some very pretty music of Mr. A. Lee's, the piece went fairly through to its conclusion. That it will go better, will be considered as almost a matter of course, when we say that its chief author is Mr. Peake. We say *chief*, because we understand that it was, in the first instance, written by a gentleman of the name of Becke, but that it has since been altered, indeed all but re-written, by Mr. Peake. All the music is pleasing, and some of it deserves considerable praise,—in particular two choruses, in one of which the "musical hurrah" is most delightfully introduced; and a song written, it would seem, for Mrs. Waylett, and very nicely, though somewhat too timidly, sung by Miss Novello. If this young lady had a little of the (we won't use a harsh term) modest assurance which distinguishes many who have not half her talent, she would soon displace them, and the change would be the better both for herself and the public. She comes from an excellent family-school for music; she possesses a very pleasing voice, and her ear is as correct as a bell—that is correct.

## MISCELLANEA

*The Duke of Buckingham's Collection of Prints.*—We omitted, from accident, last week to notice, that the sale of this very extensive cabinet of art has, after thirty days, been brought to a termination; Mr. H. Phillips having dispersed in that time no less than four thousand and fifty-eight lots of the highest order of calographic art among the amateurs of Europe. Since the great sale of Sir Mark Sykes, in 1824, no collection of prints of equal importance has been brought to public competition in England, nor, as we believe, in Europe; hence arose the great interest of the present sale, and the more than ordinary number of foreign agents by whom it was attended. The Sykes collection occupied the same portion of time in selling, and consisted of three thousand eight hundred and forty-two lots; and although the elements of the two collections were essentially different, they were equally interesting in their respective departments. Sir Mark Sykes stood unrivalled for his inestimable series of rare English portraits, and for the superb collection

of the works of Marc Antonio and the Italian masters, which he had culled with unceasing perseverance and liberality in every quarter of that classic land; and the competition which his prints invariably produce, whenever offered for sale, marks the high estimation in which the Italian specimens from his collection are held by amateurs. The Duke of Buckingham's cabinet took a wider range; less perfect in its two great classes of English portraits and Italian masters, in which its competitor stood unrivalled, though without a single specimen either of the Dutch or German schools, the Buckingham collection exhibited the rarest and finest specimens of almost every master of every school. Among the French prints we find the interesting and noted proof of Raphael's Holy Family, engraved by Edelinck, of which the Duke of Saxo Teschen's museum boasts the only other in existence. This print was always an object of great interest to the French Government, and the catalogue informs us that five thousand francs were offered for it, to enrich their museum, and declined. Their agent was the purchaser on this occasion. The Duke of Bedford obtained the unique proof of *Il Morbello*, or the *Pest*, by Marc Antonio, for 571. 10s.; and the British Museum added largely to its Lucas van Leydens. But the great interest of the collection lay in its extensive series of Rembrandt's etchings, as the Duke of Buckingham was known to possess many of the most valuable and some unique specimens of this great artist's works, from the Vinde, Dijonval, Hibbert, and other cabinets, which had been broken up, and bought by him at any prices. The whole of these, however, were purchased prior to the sale, and thus retained in England, to the disappointment of unlimited commissions, principally from France and Holland.

*Coleridge a private Soldier.*—We extract the following remarks from *The Times*, to which journal they were communicated by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, on the fact stated in our paper a fortnight ago:—

"Upon this singular fact, or what might be called in the metaphysician's own language 'psychological curiosity,' I trespass for a minute on your time and paper, as I am, perhaps, the only person now living who can explain all the circumstances from Mr. Coleridge's own mouth, with whom I became acquainted after a sonnet addressed to me in his poems; moreover, being intimate from our school days, and at Oxford, with that very officer in his regiment who alone procured his discharge, from whom also I heard the facts after Coleridge became known as a poet.

"The regiment was the 15th Elliot's Light Dragoons; the officer was Nathaniel Ogle, eldest son of Dr. Newton Ogle, Dean of Winchester, and brother of the late Mrs. Sheridan; he was a scholar, and leaving Merton College, he entered this regiment a cornet. Some years afterwards, I believe he was then Captain of Coleridge's troop, going into the stables, at Reading, he remarked written on the white wall, under one of the saddles, in large pencil characters, the following sentence, in Latin,

'Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est suum solium!'

"Being struck with the circumstance, and himself a scholar, Captain Ogle inquired of a soldier whether he knew to whom the saddle belonged. 'Please your honour, to Comberback,' answered the dragoon. 'Comberback!' said his captain, 'send him to me.' Comberback presented himself, with the inside of his hand in front of his cap. His officer mildly said, 'Comberback, did you write the Latin sentence which I have just read under your saddle?' 'Please your honour,' answered the soldier, 'I wrote it.' 'Then, my lad, you are not what you appear to be. I shall speak to the commanding officer, and you may depend on my speaking as a friend.' The commanding officer, I think, was General Churchill.

Comberback† was examined, and it was found out, that having left Jesus College, Cambridge, and being in London without resources, he had enlisted in this regiment. He was soon discharged,—not from his democratical feelings, for whatever those feelings might be, as a soldier he was remarkably orderly and obedient, though he could not rub down his own horse. He was discharged from respect to his friends and his station. His friends having been informed of his situation, a chaise was soon at the door of the Bear Inn, Reading, and the officers of the 15th cordially shaking his hands, particularly the officer who had been the means of his discharge, he drove off, not without a tear in his eye, whilst his old companions of the tap-room† gave him three hearty cheers as the wheels rapidly rolled away along the Bath road to London and Cambridge."

*Carriages propelled by Wind.*—An experiment has been made at Paris, with a coach propelled by wind. It is styled *voiture à voiles l'Eolienne*. It started from the Ecole Militaire with a south-east wind, and reached the Place Louis XV. It is stated as remarkable, that during the progress of this experiment there was a violent gust of wind, and that the carriage ascended the Pont

"When he enlisted he was asked his name. He hesitated, but saw the name Comberback over a shop door near Westminster Bridge, and instantly said his name was 'Comberback'."

"It should be mentioned, that by far the most correct, sublime, classic, and beautiful of his poems, *meo judicio*, 'Religious Musings' was written, *non inter sylvas academi*, but in the tap-room at Reading. A fine subject for a painting by Wilkie."

Louis XV. with a wind which was almost contrary. Another similar invention is, an aerial ship destined for long aerial voyages, which is capable of containing seventeen persons. This ship has been exhibited for some time at Paris. It is said to be of very ingenious construction, and the machinery is of the most curious description.

*New Division of Russia.*—We perceive by a paper devoted to agriculture published at St. Petersburg, that a new division of Russia has been made, not regulated by climate, temperature or population, but by the difference of the products of the soil. The divisions are eight in number, from there being eight different species of produce. They are as follows: 1. The district of iron; 2. the moss land; 3. forests and pastures; 4. lands and barley district, which were before uncultivated; 5. rye and flax; 6. wheat and fruit; 7. maize and wine; 8. olives, sugarcane and silk-worms.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Bancroft's History of the United States, from the discovery of the American Continent to the present time. Scenes from *Parisisse* 1840. Translated from the French of M. de Balzac, by the translator of the 'Recollections of the Marquis de Créquy.' First series: Ferragus, chief of the Deveraux.

Warleigh, or the Fatal Oak; a Legend of Devon. By Mrs. Anna Eliza Bray.

The Court of Sigismund Augustus; or, Poland in the Sixteenth Century. An Historical Novel. By Alexander Bronikowski: done into English, by a Polish Refugee.

The third part of a Dictionary of Practical Medicine, with numerous Formule of Medicines, by James Copland, M.D. F.R.S.

The Dublin Practice of Midwifery. By Henry Mason, M.D.

An Essay on the Archæology of English Phrases, and Nursery Rhymes, by J. B. Kerr, Esq.

Anatomy of the Seasons, and General Guide to the Weather, by Mr. Murphy, author of 'Elements of the primary Forces of Gravity, Magnetism, and Electricity,' &c.

The Bridgroom and the Bride, by Andrew Part, author of 'A Vision of Mankind,' &c.

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## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR JULY.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY,

AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1834.		9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
		Barom.	Atmos. Therm.	Barom.	Atmos. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
							9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
T 1	30.319	71.2	30.220	69.8	55	63.2	67.0	51.4	67.6		NE	Lightly cloudy and overcast.—Evening, lowering.	
W 2	30.080	65.3	30.033	69.2	56	61.7	71.2	55.8	71.8		NNE	{ Light wind.—A.M. Slightly lowering. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening clear.	
T 3	30.089	64.7	30.059	68.7	55	59.8	73.2	55.7	73.7		N	{ A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Light wind.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Fine and cloudless.	
P 4	30.172	65.4	30.132	69.3	56	62.7	75.8	55.4	76.4		NE	{ Evening, fine—light high clouds.	
S 5	30.107	65.9	30.030	71.0	58	62.7	74.2	56.7	77.1		N	{ A.M. Overcast—light wind.—P.M. Fair—lightly cloudy. Night, heavy rain.	
● 6	29.988	68.2	29.983	70.7	63	65.2	66.3	62.7	70.1	.389	E	{ A.M. Overcast. Noon, condensed thunder with light rain. P.M. Clear—lowering.	
M 7	29.994	71.2	29.954	72.6	61	67.8	73.3	61.8	75.7	.083	WSW	{ Clear—cloudy.—Evening, light rain.	
T 8	29.893	71.3	29.909	72.8	65	66.8	73.7	61.7	75.3	.011	SSE	{ A.M. Rain. P.M. Fine—light clouds.	
W 9	30.134	71.7	30.136	71.8	55	64.2	68.5	57.8	71.2	.111	NW	{ A.M. Lowering—light breeze. P.M. Lightly overcast. Even- ing, clear.	
T 10	30.105	75.2	30.057	72.4	56	69.1	69.5	58.2	73.4		SSE	Lightly cloudy.—Evening, fine and clear—light breeze.	
F 11	30.132	74.7	30.057	73.2	55	68.2	73.9	56.2	76.3		WSW	{ Fine—nearly cloudless.—A.M. Light clouds, and cloudless. P.M. Clear.	
S 12	29.887	77.4	29.823	73.6	60	73.9	75.8	56.7	78.2		SSW	Fine and clear—nearly cloudless.—Light wind, a.m.	
● 13	29.920	75.8	29.908	74.4	55	68.2	74.2	62.4	75.8		WSW	{ A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Fine and clear—few light clouds.	
M 14	30.045	71.8	30.071	74.3	54	68.7	75.4	60.7	77.0		WSW	{ Fine.—A.M. Clear—cloudy. P.M. Light clouds. Evening, cloudless.	
T 15	30.263	77.3	30.239	71.8	57	70.8	77.6	59.3	79.7		SSW	Clear and cloudless.	
W 16	30.282	73.6	30.220	75.4	61	71.6	80.6	62.1	81.6		WSW	Fine and cloudless.—Evening, clear.	
T 17	30.186	79.3	30.089	77.8	60	74.7	85.2	61.0	86.7		WSW	{ Fine and cloudless—breeze.—Evening, clear. Night, light ex- actly breeze.	
P 18	29.809	78.4	29.724	74.8	67	71.7	68.0	61.8	85.2		E	{ Light breeze, steadily wind.—A.M. Fine—light soft clouds. P.M. Dark—continued rain: thunder-storm at 7½ h.	
S 19	29.508	72.3	29.593	71.3	63	63.2	60.6	63.2	65.4	.944	WSW	Continued rain.	
● 20	29.747	73.5	29.748	72.7	59	62.0	66.2	56.4	68.7	.203	SW	{ Fine—slowing.—A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Clear—broken clouds —light wind.	
M 21	29.760	70.1	29.784	69.6	58	62.7	65.7	58.8	68.4	.056	SE	Lowering—light rain.—Evening, fine—cloudy: distant thunder.	
T 22	29.944	67.8	29.994	71.3	61	65.5	66.7	57.0	73.7	.014	ESE	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and haze. P.M. Cloudy and overcast. —occasional light showers: distant thunder at 3½ h.	
W 23	30.076	72.2	30.031	71.7	60	67.9	73.4	59.1	75.8		E	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—breeze. P.M. Lightly cloudy.	
T 24	30.067	70.3	30.043	72.2	61	66.8	70.3	61.3	73.7		NNE	A.M. Fair—lightly cloudy. P.M. Fine and clear—light clouds.	
F 25	30.039	68.6	30.031	71.9	60	63.8	73.8	59.8	74.7		W	A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine and clear—light clouds.	
S 26	29.936	71.4	29.816	72.9	57	65.4	70.3	58.7	74.5	.056	WSW	Lightly overcast.—Fine, a.m.	
● 27	29.677	66.3	29.791	69.8	60	60.7	65.5	55.7	69.0		E	{ A.M. Overcast.—P.M. Fair—lightly cloudy. Evening, clear.	
M 28	30.027	72.3	30.030	72.4	57	68.5	73.2	57.2	74.5		E	{ Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—strengthened cloudless. P.M. Light clouds. Midday, b. breeze.	
T 29	30.019	70.0	29.996	73.3	69	69.2	79.2	62.9	80.3	.339	E	Lowering—light wind—b. in 2 h. p.m. distant thunder.	
W 30	29.871	70.4	29.907	74.5	65	65.7	73.5	63.7	75.2	.958	E	{ A.M. Continued rain. Noon, heavy clouds. P.M. Fine and very clear—light clouds and breeze.	
T 31	29.829	69.4	29.819	70.6	63	64.4	67.0	62.0	69.6	.200	NNE	{ A.M. Broken clouds. Light rain from 7 h. to 10 h. P.M. Over- cast and foggy: rain from 12½ h. to 2 h.	
MEANS..	29.998	71.4	29.976	72.3	59.4	66.5	71.0	59.3	74.7	Sum. 3.364		Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- larity and reduced to 32° Fahr. .... { 9 A.M. 3 P.M. 29.876 29.853	

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*Illustrated by Thirty-one coloured Plates and Wood-cuts, together with Portrait and Memoir of BURTON.*

## VOL. II.

## NATURAL HISTORY OF THE FELINÆ; OR, LIONS, TIGERS, &amp;c.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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[J. HOLMES, TOWN'S CORNER.]

## REVIEWS

*A History of the United States, from the discovery of the American Continent to the present time.* By George Bancroft. Vol. I. Boston: Bowen; London, Kennett.

THE History of the United States, written by one who, in the best spirit of historical scepticism, has examined original documents and contemporary evidence, who has tested his facts by a diligent investigation of statutes, state-papers and records, both public and private, cannot fail to excite deep attention at both sides of the Atlantic. Englishmen have generally laid aside the petty jealousy with which it was once the fashion to regard America; nine-tenths of the present generation feel pride in the prosperity of the States—pride, in its free institutions, of which England furnished the sapling, while America's genial soil forwarded the growth—pride, that a race sprung from our parentage, "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh," has become the source of civilization to half a globe, and based on the foundations of successful industry and social happiness, an empire ten-fold more extensive, and a thousand-fold more prosperous than that of Alexander, or of Cæsar, or of Charlemagne. We feel interested—sincerely, fondly interested—in the history of America's progress, for it is the history of our own triumphs. The best and bravest of England's chivalry sought her woods from love of adventure; the most eminent of Britain's merchants sought her shores to extend trade; above all the Pilgrim Fathers, the stern and bold asserters of their own right of conscience, carried to her coasts the spirit of English freedom, sullied indeed by some defects of the age, but still possessing inherent energies, which only required time to develop themselves, and work away all impurities. America, indeed, cannot boast that

Her ancient though ignoble blood

Has run through ~~scoundrels~~ ever since the Flood;

but she has a Martyrology of those who died for their faith, and a Calendar of those who lived for it; a list of statesmen and of warriors whose political and military talents were guided by patriotism alone: in her brief annals of two centuries she can show a roll of names entitled to a world's reverence, which few European nations, however ancient, can parallel. We more than forgive the pride of such a boast, because we share it, regarding England as the Cybele of nations, all of whose progeny are gods.

Mr. Bancroft lingers with pleasure over the history of a period which preceding writers seemed anxious to dismiss briefly, the colonial age of America; he has zealously laboured to trace out "the early love of liberty in Virginia; the causes and nature of its loyalty; its commercial freedom; the independent spirit of Maryland; the early institutions of Rhode Island; and the stern independence of the New England Puritans." In these, he wisely remarks, must

the germs of American institutions be sought, because "the maturity of a nation is but the continuation of its youth."

The first of England's daring navigators, in the reign of Elizabeth, were little, if anything, better than pirates. Of Drake and his companions, Mr. Bancroft speaks thus honestly:—

"The lustre of the name of Drake is borrowed from his success. In itself, this part of his career was but a splendid piracy against a nation, with which his sovereign and his country professed to be at peace. Oxenham, a subordinate officer, who had ventured to imitate his master, was taken by the Spaniards and hanged; nor was his punishment either unexpected or censured in England as severe. The exploits of Drake, except so far as they nourished a love for maritime affairs, were injurious to commerce; the minds of the sailors were debauched by a passion for sudden acquisitions; and to receive regular wages seemed base and unmanly, when at the easy peril of life, there was hope of boundless plunder. Commerce and colonization rest on regular industry; the humble labour of the English fishermen, who now frequented the Grand Bank, bred mariners for the navy of their country, and prepared the way for its settlements in the New World."

We more than doubt the advantages which English navigation and English colonies are said to have derived from such adventurers. Now that the glare of military success has faded, John Smith, the celebrated captive rescued from death by Pocahontas, claims a higher place in the list of heroes, than any of those who have been whimsically designated (and not by an Irishman) "our naval chivalry." To one of them, Sir John Hawkins, we owe England's participation in the infamy of the Slave Trade; an infamy in which every European government but one participated, and this honourable exception was the Papal.

"It was never sanctioned by the see of Rome. Pope Alexander III., in the very darkness of the middle ages, had written, that, 'nature having made no slaves, all men have an equal right to liberty.' Even Leo X., though his voluptuous life, making of his pontificate a continued carnival, might have devalued the sentiments of humanity and justice, declared, that 'not the Christian religion only, but nature herself cries out against the state of slavery.' And Paul III., in two separate briefs, imprecated a curse on the Europeans who should enslave Indians or any other class of men."

The Puritans of Massachusetts rivalled the see of Rome in thus asserting the rights of humanity, and this, be it remembered, at a time when public sentiment was so depraved that Elizabeth bargained for a share in the hazards profits, and crimes of such detestable traffic; and when Hawkins, having frankly published a narrative of atrocities which cannot be read without a shudder, became the theme of universal eulogy from Berwick to the Lizard.

"A ship of one Thomas Keyser and one James Smith, the latter a member of the church of Boston, first brought upon the colonies the guilt

of participating in the traffic in African slaves. They sailed 'for Guinea to trade for negroes,' but throughout Massachusetts the cry of justice was raised against them as malefactors and murderers; Richard Saltonstall, a worthy assistant, felt himself moved by his duty as a magistrate, to denounce the act of stealing negroes as 'expressly contrary to the law of God and the law of the country;' the guilty men were committed for the offence; and, after advice with the elders, the representatives of the people, bearing 'witness against the heinous crime of man stealing,' ordered the negroes to be restored at the public charge 'to their native country, with a letter expressing the indignation of the general court' at their wrongs."

The rapid progress of Virginia, after its inhabitants had received the protection of a free constitution, is very ably described:—

"Prosperity advanced with freedom; dreams of new staples and infinite wealth were indulged; while the population of Virginia at the epoch of the restoration, may have been about thirty thousand. Many of the recent emigrants had been royalists in England, good officers in the war, men of education, of property, and of condition. But the waters of the Atlantic divided them from the political strifes of Europe; their industry was employed in making the best advantage of their plantations; the interests and liberties of Virginia, the land, which they adopted as their country, were dearer to them than the monarchical principles, which they had espoused in England; and therefore no bitterness could exist between the partisans of the Stuarts and the friends of republican liberty. Virginia had long been the home of its inhabitants. 'Among many other blessings,' said their statute book, 'God Almighty hath vouchsafed increase of children to this colony; who are now multiplied to a considerable number;' and the huts in the wilderness were as full as the birds-nests of the woods."

But we are still more interested in the history of Maryland, a state founded in the very wildest age of bigotry and intolerance, and yet one in which full liberty of conscience was, from the first, made a fundamental law:—

"But far more memorable was the character of the Maryland institutions. Every other country in the world had persecuting laws; 'I will not,' such was the oath for the governor of Maryland, 'I will not by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, trouble, molest, or discountenance, any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion.' Under the mild institutions and munificence of Baltimore, the dreary wilderness soon bloomed with the swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements; the Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbours of the Chesapeake; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against protestant intolerance."

The attempt subsequently made by the Puritans to restrict this wise and beneficent institution, was defeated by Cromwell. The anecdote is too honourable to his memory to be omitted:—

"A new assembly, convened at Patuxent, acknowledged the authority of Cromwell, but it also exasperated the whole Romish party by

their wanton disfranchisement. An act concerning religion, confirmed the freedom of conscience, provided the liberty were not extended to 'popery, prelacy, or licentiousness' of opinion. Yet Cromwell, remote from the scene of strife, was not betrayed by his religious prejudices into an approbation of the ungrateful decree. He commanded the commissioners 'not to busy themselves about religion, but to settle the civil government.'

The history of the Pilgrim Fathers is better known than that of the other emigrants. They were connected with all the dissenting congregations, and with many of the most distinguished families in England. Though driven into exile by a country, or rather a government that knew not their value, they loved to cast "a longing, lingering look behind," on the country that was still the home of their affections:—

"As the ships were bearing Higginson and his followers out of sight of their native land, they remembered it, not as the scene of their sufferings from intolerance, but as the home of their fathers and the dwelling place of their friends. They did not say 'Farewell Babylon! farewell Rome! but, FAREWELL DEAR ENGLAND.'"

We remember somewhere to have seen an account of a sermon preached to the homesick exiles, when by the banks of a strange river, they thought of their own "silver Thames." The minister took for his text, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion,"—"whereupon," continues the old chronicler, "all the congregation lifted up their voices and wept aloud." Yet theirs was a dauntless spirit; they swerved not under the most accumulated sufferings, but preferred freedom in the wilderness, to all the comforts of "dear England," when these comforts could only be obtained by compliances revolting to their consciences.

"Before December two hundred at the least had died. Yet as the brightest lightnings are kindled in the darkest clouds, the general distress did but augment the piety and confirm the fortitude of the colonists. Their enthusiasm was softened by the mildest sympathy with suffering humanity; while a sincere religious faith kept guard against despondency and weakness. Not a hurried line, not a trace of repining, appears in their records; the congregations always assembled at the stated times, whether in the open fields or under the shade of an ancient tree; in the midst of want they abounded in hope; in the solitudes of the wilderness they believed themselves in company with the Greatest, the most Benevolent of Beings. Honour is due not less to those who perished than to those who survived; to the martyrs the hour of death was an hour of triumph; such as is never witnessed in more tranquil seasons; just as there can be no gorgeous sunset, but when the vapours of evening gather in heavy masses round the west, to reflect the glories of declining day. For that placid resignation, which diffuses grace round the bed of sickness, and makes death too serene for sorrow and too beautiful for fear, no one was more remarkable than the daughter of Thomas Sharp, whose youth and sex, and as it seemed unequalled virtues, won the warmest eulogies of the austere Dudley. Even children caught the spirit of the place; and in their last hours awoke to the awful mystery of the impending change, awaited its approach in the tranquil confidence of faith, and went to the grave full of immortality. The survivors bore all things meekly, 'remembering the end of their coming hither.' 'We here enjoy God and Jesus Christ,' wrote

Winthrop to his wife, whom pregnancy had detained in England, 'and is not this enough? I thank God I like so well to be here, as I do not repent my coming. I would not have altered my course though I had foreseen all these afflictions. I never had more content of mind.'

We must not pass over the account of Roger Williams, the apostle of religious liberty in New England. An exile for conscience-sake, driven from a home he had loved, bearing to the wilderness talents and acquirements which, though they did not "waste their sweetness on the desert air," were at least restricted to a more humble sphere, he did not allow his wrongs to cloud his understanding, but boldly maintained the doctrine of enlightened toleration:—

"The magistrates insisted on the presence of every man at public worship; Williams reprobated the law; the worst statute in the English code was that which did but enforce attendance upon the parish church. To compel men to unite with those of a different creed he regarded as an open violation of their natural rights; to drag to public worship the irreligious and the unwilling, seemed only like requiring hypocrisy. 'An unbelieving soul is dead in sin,' such was his argument; and to force the indifferent from one worship to another, 'was like shifting a dead man into several changes of apparel.' 'No one should be bound to worship, or,' he added, 'to maintain a worship against his own consent.' 'What?' exclaimed his antagonists, amazed at his tenets; 'is not the labourer worthy of his hire?' 'Yes,' replied he, 'from them that hire him.'

"The magistrates were selected exclusively from the members of the church; with equal propriety, reasoned Williams, might 'a doctor of physic or a pilot' be selected according to his skill in theology and his standing in the church.

"It was objected to him, that his principles subverted all good government. The commander of the vessel of state, replied Williams, may maintain order on board the ship, and see that it pursues its course steadily, even though the dissenters of the crew are not compelled to attend the public prayers of their companions."

But Williams stood almost alone, and before his honoured head was laid in the grave, the New Englanders commenced a cruel persecution of the Quakers, which rivalled, so far as it went, the worst atrocities of the Inquisition.

The first volume of this excellent work brings the history of the colonies down only to the Restoration; we shall look earnestly for the continuation, for we are anxious to see more of an author who so happily unites great talents and great industry, and above all, who is so fearlessly honest and impartial.

*Belgium and Western Germany in 1833.* By Mrs. Trollope.

[Second Notice.]

We promised to resume our notice of this work; and the delay in doing it has been accidental; for, as we before intimated to the reader, the second volume is more interesting than the first. The country over which our journey lies, though it is long since it was trodden in our maps by those hieroglyphical monsters, which used of old to intimate that it was unknown, is somewhat less familiar than that from Ostend to Cologne. We shall glean here and there as circumstances may direct. Here is a passing observation, which we shall quote for the benefit of country gentlemen and "poor men's magistrates," an honourable distinction volun-

tarily conferred by those who are best able to appreciate its value, and which none not deeply skilled in the trading philosophy of the political diffusionists could hold up to ridicule:—

"There is one feature remarkable in all the roads of Germany which I do not remember in any other country. On every great route that we travelled, we observed benches placed by the road-side for such as journey on foot. These are generally found under the shade of a large tree; and, in many instances, they are furnished with the additional luxury of a hawery shelter of branches, carefully twisted into an alcove. This may appear to be a matter of very little consequence, and hardly worth mentioning; but it is strongly indicative of the temper of the country, if I may so express myself; and, as I know not by whose hand, or at whose cost, they are reared, I am disposed to believe the feeling, that causes their formation, as universal as the accommodation they offer."

The moral effects of that general beneficence which these sideway benches indicate, may perhaps be read in the following sketches of national manners:—

"On the 9th of August we left Baden-Baden for Mannheim, having hired a carriage to take us there in one day—a distance that I should have thought too long for one pair of horses, being seventy miles, had not the driver assured us that he had repeatedly done it without distressing them. When my son made the engagement with this man, the day before we left Baden, he was surprised by his drawing a piece of five francs from his pocket, and insisting on his taking it as a proof that it was a real bargain between them. Henry repeatedly refused; but the driver as repeatedly declared to him that it was for his own satisfaction, as then 'he was sure the gentleman would employ him, if only to give him his money back;' and so perfectly in earnest was he, that the contest ended by Henry's being positively forced to take his pledge that he would be at the door of our lodgings on the following day exactly at six o'clock.

"Another trait of one of the same class of men, I think deserves recording. On arriving at Heidelberg, we were so eager in our desire to dispatch all the business that must necessarily be got through before we could start for the castle, that while I looked at rooms, my son was engaged in seeing the luggage taken from the carriage. During the time he was thus occupied, our driver followed me, and I paid him for the day's engagement.

"It seems that the man lingered in the town, in the hope of taking us on; for a day or two afterwards, he accosted my son in the street, who, recollecting his person more rapidly than he could understand his words, pulled out his purse, knowing that he had not paid him, (as it was his custom to do,) and not having heard me mention that I had done so. From this moment, all the poor fellow's hope of a future engagement was lost in his eagerness to declare that he was paid—fully paid; and in entreaties that Henry would put up his purse again—making it very evident that he was not only honest but most feelingly alive to the pain of being thought otherwise."

"It is no wonder that this country still continues to be the nursing mother of superstition and romance: it was not always easy, even for infidels, to escape their influence at St. Goar. When every light had vanished from the dwellings on the opposite shore, the notes of some instrument at a distance, repeated again and again by the extraordinary echoes, often suggested the idea of aerial music. I heard this constantly every night; and am almost ashamed to confess the thrilling effect it produced.



"The sober truth is, that, such a sufficient knowledge of music, as enables them to play on some instrument or other, is universal among the peasants of Germany. And we need not, therefore, have recourse to any supernatural agency, to account for the fact, that music is often heard amongst them where it might be least expected."

"The boors of Germany have been represented, both by pen and pencil, as a coarse, rude, heavy race; but I suspect, that the glance, which sufficed to make this portrait, had little acuteness in it. Poor and laborious they are, and must be. Their mines lie deep in the earth—their vineyards hang on beetling rocks;—and the richness of the valley must be scattered over many a barren upland, or the wide-spread race should perish. But this brings no degradation with it;—nor can the active youth and vigorous age of their females deserve the scorn they have met; though strength, instead of softness of limb be the result. The German peasant girl, cultivating her rich flower-bed, and singing the delicious strains of her country with taste and feeling,—accompanied, perhaps, in both, by her lover,—certainly offers as refined a picture of rural life as we can hope to find any where, beyond the bounds of Arcadia. And should a tincture of romantic superstition be added to this, and the wildness of nature give birth to some wildness of fancy, I suspect the tone of moral feeling is rather raised than lowered by it."

The following refers to a peculiar custom, which must, we think, have puzzled more English travellers than Mrs. Trollope. We remember to have been a little startled ourselves at the importunate demands of some of these well-dressed beggars:—

"I think that I have not hitherto mentioned a circumstance, perfectly peculiar, as I believe, to the roads of Germany, and which, travel in what direction we might, we were sure to encounter. I allude to the *fighers*,—as they call the young mechanics, who, after serving their time in any town or city throughout Germany, are obliged to leave it for three years, before they set up for themselves; in order, as it is presumed, that they may improve by travel, and acquire some farther insight into their art, by seeing how it is practised elsewhere."

"Custom authorizes these young men to demand assistance from every one they meet on the road; and, though the donations are often exceedingly small,—the fraction of a farthing perhaps,—it very rarely happens that the application is altogether disregarded. On our return from Ingelheim, we were addressed in this manner by a young man, so perfectly well dressed, and with the air of a person so totally unused to beg,—or fight, as it is called,—for his living, that we felt embarrassed whether to treat his demand as jest, or earnest. He left us no choice, however, but ran beside the carriage with such pertinacious activity, and appeared so well inclined himself to laugh at the jest, that we resorted to the only means left to get rid of him, and received a gay and saucy bow in acknowledgment."

Of the effects of that bewildering dizziness, which all must have experienced on ascending great heights, we have a melancholy proof in an account of the ascent of the spire at Strasbourg:—

"I entered the church with the intention of climbing to the top of its spire; but gave it up on listening to the sacristan's account of the ascent. My son, however, who is not easily discouraged by threatened fatigue, persevered in his determination, and achieved the enterprise; but confessed, when it was over, that it was neither easy nor agreeable. Above half the tremendous height (500 feet) is scaled by steps

on the outside of the spire; and though these are protected by a rail, it is so slight, and its supports are so distant from each other, that it takes but little from its horrors."

"It is on record, that three females have been at different times so overpowered by the giddy eminence, which they had reached, when climbing it, that they have thrown themselves off in a momentary fit of delirium and been dashed to atoms. The latest of these awful accidents occurred within the last ten years; and the man, who recounted the tale to Henry, while he was standing on the self-same pinnacle, told him that he had himself witnessed it. He said that the unfortunate creature was quite a young girl; and the first symptom she gave of her senses wavering, was excessive mirth. She laughed and shouted, as if in ecstasy; and having reached a point where nothing intercepted her view of the abyss below, she sprang off, screaming wildly as she fell."

"The sound of the cry, as she passed down, was terrible," remarked the guide. Terrible, indeed! too much so to bear thinking of."

Little remains to be said of the German watering places after the 'Bubbles' of Sir Francis Head; but a slight sketch of Ems is in Mrs. Trollope's own admirable manner:—

"The morning after our arrival at the baths, our friends having proposed an excursion through the forest, to Brannbach, and the fortress of Marksberg, on the Rhine, we gladly set about preparing for it. In addition to the sociable hired for the occasion, our party required the assistance of two donkeys; and as it is the fashion to be very active, and do a great deal of business before breakfast at Ems, we crossed the Lahn by its little bridge of boats, which looks like a miniature imitation of those on the Rhine, and were among the first customers at the picturesque shed, where the herd of saddled donkeys stand to be hired. There is nothing more peculiarly characteristic of the place than this shed, and its accompaniments. Many of the excursions amidst the beautiful country in the neighbourhood are through roads that are better traversed by the feet of donkeys and mules, than by any less humble beast; and accordingly, the demand for them is so great, that ninety-six donkeys, and four mules, are to be seen every morning, gaily caparisoned, with a proportionate number of attendants, each eloquently, and somewhat clamorously, recommending their own particular beasts. Every individual quadruped of this numerous herd is labelled on the forehead with a number; and some of the numbers which belong to the strongest or best managed donkeys, are as well known throughout the place, as the names of the most distinguished personages."

"'Forty-seven! forty-seven!' exclaimed more than one voice among the applicants, who began to arrive. But we had already the happiness of having secured the beautiful zebra marked forty-seven."

"'Twenty-two!'—'Seventeen!'—'Fifty-six!'" bawled the eager customers; while the proposal of other numbers, backed by the assurance of their respective merits, was bawled louder still, by the drivers. Fortunately, a police-officer is always in attendance, to prevent the spirit of competition from becoming troublesome, or any exorbitant charge being made; and his occupation appeared to be no sinecure."

"This important business happily arranged, we recrossed the bridge; and in our way to the hotel Des Quatre Saisons, our friends led us to the source, at which it is the fashion for all the world to prelude their breakfast by a smoking glass of brackish water. This spring rises in, or is at least conducted to, a strange, dark chamber, supported by pillars, situated under part of the Kurhaus. It is open to the street,

and entered by many archways;—these are, nevertheless, not sufficient to prevent its having a dark and gloomy appearance. It is, however, under this sombre shelter that all the smart shops of Ems are to be found, and the scene is singular enough. On this occasion, we had not time to amuse ourselves long with its peculiarities; for the misty morning was brightening into a lovely day, and we were anxious to set out upon our expedition."

The ascent at night on the Brocken is among the best things in the work, but it is far too long to be transferred; we must therefore content ourselves with some passages from an account of the secret chambers in one of the Ducal Castles at Baden:—

"Et maintenant vous allez voir les cachots!" said our guide, as if doubting my intention: "Assurément, Mademoiselle," was our reply. "Attendez donc," said she, and left us for a few moments on the steps before the great door. Returning with a lantern and a huge key, she pronounced the words 'Suivez moi,' in a tone of much comic solemnity. We did so, to an outer door in a tower which flanks the building; on her opening which, a handsome spiral stone staircase, both ascending and descending, became visible. She went down, and we followed; but I felt something very like disappointment at this unmysterious approach to chambers that I almost dreaded to behold. These stairs led to a large vaulted room, sufficiently lighted by grated windows placed high in the wall. 'This,' said our guide, 'and the two chambers beyond, were formerly the retreat of the women in time of war.' The two other rooms were in the same style; being all vaulted, and looking very like a prison, from the strong iron bars which defended the windows. • • • Having reached another small vaulted room, our guide stopped; and told us we were here to take leave of the daylight, which a continuance of grated windows had let in upon us, through all the chambers we had hitherto passed. She then sought and found several candles, which she placed in our hands; saying, that the passages we were about to enter were such as to render it highly dangerous to run any risk of being without a light. She then unlocked a small door, and descending two steps, we entered a narrow passage, which terminated in a square vaulted room. • • • It is quite impossible that stone walls can convey a feeling of more hopeless desolation. From this square room branched more than one opening; but the utter darkness, and the irregularity of arrangement in the horrid cells they led to, prevented our being able to conceive any very correct idea of their relative position."

"On reaching the termination of one of these passages, we were stopped by a door of stone a foot thick, hewn in one piece out of the granite rock. This door stood ajar, and our guide opened it by thrusting a thick stick, that lay near, into the aperture. She then asked Henry to assist her, and between them they contrived, by using the stick as a lever, to move the heavy mass sufficiently to enable us to pass it. 'This is the first prison,' said she; and paused long enough to let us see its dismal horrors. Utterly dark, and totally without ventilation, it struck damp and cold both to body and soul."

"'This is the second,' she continued, as she passed through another massive door of rock, constructed in the same manner as the former; and again a dismal vault opened before us. In this manner she led us into ten distinct dungeons; some of these are hewn out of the solid rock, as well as the passages which lead to them, and others are constructed of immense blocks of stone."

"After passing through several passages, which I should be loath to traverse without a guide, we reached a chamber of larger dimensions, the

aspect and atmosphere of which might have chilled a lion's heart; our guide paused as she passed the threshold, and said, '*Voici la chambre de la question.*' Many massive iron rings, fastened into the walls of this room, gave indications, sufficiently intelligible, of the mode in which the questionings were wont to be carried on there: and so strongly did visions of the past rise up before me, that, with the strange clinging to horror which makes so puzzling a part of our nature, I remained gazing on these traces of vengeance and of woe, till our lively Alsatian declared she would wait no longer.

"One of the openings that led from this frightful room, terminated at a wall, along which another passage ran at right angles. Exactly at the corner where the turn was made, the footing of solid earth or rock, that we had hitherto trod, was changed for a flooring of planks, which, if not quite loose, were yet so placed as to leave considerable interstices between them. She suffered us to pass over these, and when we had entered the door-way, that stood at right angles, she stopped, saying, '*Voilà! this is the oubliette;*' and pointed, as she spoke, to the planks we had passed.

"And what is the oubliette?" was the natural question; though the untranslatable word had already conveyed the idea of eternal oblivion. • • •

"It is the fatal *baiser de la vierge*," she replied; "when a prisoner was sentenced to be forgotten, he was made to pass from the judgment-hall through this door: these planks then sunk beneath him, and he was heard of no more." • • •

"After listening to this dark history of the pit, on whose verge we stood; we followed the narrator to an iron door, of curious workmanship, which creaked most hideously upon its rusty hinges as she opened it. 'This,' said she, 'was the hall of judgment; here the members of the secret tribunal assembled to examine the prisoners before their doom; and there is the entrance by which they came to it from the castle on the hill.' As she spoke, she held up her light, to show us an opening, high up in the wall, but which was closed by stones at the distance of a few feet.

"Here are traces," she continued, pointing to stones that projected at intervals from the walls, 'of the seats that were placed round for the judges.'

"Has that passage ever been traced from one end of it to the other?" said I.

"Oh yes, very often; but not of late years. Part of the roof fell, and it was thought dangerous; so it has been closed at the two extremities, to prevent mischief." • • •

"Suddenly, our young guide stopped in one of the passages, which appeared connected with many of the chambers, and told us to look upwards. We did so; and, at a great height above, perceived the light of heaven, faintly glimmering through an opening, apparently about three feet square: this opening descended, like a huge chimney, to the spot where we stood.

"It was by this entrance," said the girl, 'that all prisoners were brought into the dungeons: that light proceeds from a chamber at the very top of the castle.'

"Can we not see it?" said I.

"You would see nothing but an ordinary chamber."

Mrs. Trollope made a second visit to this dismal place, that she might see this chamber:—

"Our guide led us to the top of the building, where we saw the whole of the extraordinary contrivance resorted to for the purpose of securing a prisoner with a degree of secrecy, which must have set even the curiosity of domestics at defiance.

"The place we were taken to certainly did

not resemble 'an ordinary chamber,' as the girl had called it; though I can easily suppose that it might have done so before the burning of the castle, and its subsequent repairs. The situation and arrangement of the secret descent to the vaults are so remarkable, that I will endeavour to describe them; but in order to do this, it will be necessary to begin from the entrance to the chateau.

"The great doorway opens into a vaulted hall or vestibule; traversed at the farther end by a wide passage, leading on the right-hand to the principal apartments of the *rez de chaussée*, and to the offices on the left. Immediately in front of the vestibule are three pairs of large folding-doors. The one on the left opens upon a flight of steps leading to the gardens; and that on the right upon an enormous spiral staircase: that in the centre our guide did not open to us. In visiting the picture gallery and the apartments of the dowager Grand Duchess, we had mounted by this spiral staircase; and it was by the same that we were now led to the top of the building. On both occasions the construction of this staircase had struck us as being very singular. It was, as I have said, spiral; but the column around which it turned was of enormous dimensions; and the stairs themselves, as if to be in proportion with it, were at least six feet in width.

"On this second occasion, we continued to mount the same flight, without any diminution of its width, for three stories; when we found ourselves in a sort of open garret: and close beside the spot where the spiral staircase ended, our guide pointed to a net-work of iron, fastened by a padlock over a hole that sunk deeper below it than the eye could reach. We immediately perceived that the monstrous staircase, we had mounted, wound round this aperture; and consequently, that the castle had been built with a view to this frightful entrance to its vaults. When we again reached the foot of the stairs, our attention was directed to the centre pair of folding-doors: which, it now appeared evident, must open upon the interior and hidden descent. Henry put his hand upon the lock; but the damsel stopped him.

"Il n'y a rien là, Monsieur, vous avez tout vu."

"We persisted, however; and at length, half laughing half scolding at our pertinacity, she permitted us to enter.

"These large and stately doors opened upon a closet, which had much the air of a butler's pantry! but upon examination, we found that it communicated both with the dungeon below and the secret entrance from above. From this arrangement it appears probable, that in some cases, when the unhappy victim, marked for oblivion, was brought into the castle, he was immediately led, by this handsome entrance, into what we may easily suppose might have had the appearance of a small ante-room; and there, without further delay, lowered to his slaughter-house and his tomb."

We now conclude. There is occasional life and spirit and truth in some of the sketches and descriptions in these volumes, but, as a whole, the subject was worn threadbare—the work is too much after the fashion of a Guide Book—such a work was not wanted.

*The Bengal Annual for 1834.* Edited by D. L. Richardson, Esq. Calcutta: S. Smith & Co.

We regret to find the fifth volume of the Bengal Annual inferior to its predecessor: it contains too great a proportion of what has been aptly termed "drawing-room verses;" and its tales are rather reminiscences of Europe than scenes and impressions of the

gorgeous East. Even 'The Lovers of Bombay,' whose title would lead us to expect something oriental, is a mere repetition of the story of Glencoe and the Pretender's wars, subjects which Scott and his imitators have so completely exhausted, that their names cannot be heard without a yawn. 'The unkindest cut of all' is inflicted by H. M. Parker, whose Oriental Tale in the preceding volume tested the strength of the sides in so many of his Majesty's liege subjects; he has forsworn his allegiance to Momus, and furnished only a wild tragic tale of a Buccaneer. The account of the giant Nuoguz Khan, and Tregear's Oriental Story, possess considerable merit, but they are too long to be extracted. The tragical history of 'Kishen Kowur' illustrates the high but mistaken notions of honour entertained by the Rajpoots. A fierce contest for her hand had devastated the country, and when the war terminated, her death was deemed necessary to secure peace:

"This horrid scheme was powerfully urged by Ameer Khan, who assured the councillors of the prince that peace could only be established by the total removal of the cause of the war, and that the hand of Kishen Kowur could never be disposed of to any other chief: to all this he cunningly added, the disgrace that would stigmatize her family, if she lived in it unmarried. And could arguments such as these, we would ask ourselves, succeed in persuading the proudest father to sanction the murder of his only and most lovely daughter? No; for the honour of human nature, let it ever be recorded, that neither fears nor threats could induce the prince to agree to her murder, or even to propose suicide to the unhappy victim; and yet, a woman—and that woman his own sister, the politic Chaud Bhye—was gained over, to become the chief instrument in promoting the much-wished-for sacrifice. She well knew the proud and high-spirited temper of her victim: she repaired to her apartment, and laid the whole case before her; she talked of impending disgrace—she entreated her to preserve the honour of her aged father, his family, and his tribe—she urged the folly of shrinking from the evil destiny which her high birth and unhappy stars had long marked out for her. So powerful an appeal was not made in vain; she quickly saw the magic effect it had produced on the mind of the youthful being before her; and she availed herself of this moment of violent excitement to offer a poisoned chalice to the princess, whose small trembling hand raised it to her lips. A second was as easily disposed of; and holding the third and last draught in her hand, (which proved instantly fatal,) she drew up her beautiful form to its full height, and fixing her almost unearthly eyes on the countenance of her fiendish relative, she exclaimed, 'This is the marriage to which I was foredoomed.' The fatal potion was swallowed, and another moment saw the poor girl lifeless on the floor."

We regret that we have found so little to praise in a periodical for whose success we have ever felt an anxious interest.

*Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More.*

[Second Notice.]

THE second volume of these memoirs comprises the years intervening between 1785 to 1802. Though it contains much less literary gossip and anecdote than the first—Mrs. More having retired from the gay world before the period to which it refers—we find it interesting if viewed as an illustration of

the spirit of a large and influential party, existing some forty years ago; if we compare, for instance, the open and undisguised horror and aversion of French principles and French politics which it displays, with our present amicable unprejudiced disposition to regard our neighbours with justice and good-will, and to examine, without reserve or false shame, whether there be anything in their customs and institutions which may be beneficially adopted by us.

In this second volume, too, Mrs. More is presented to us under a more favourable aspect than, to our thinking, she wore in the first. Her own letters, it is true, have still too much of the stilted and egotistic in composition about them, in spite of her own declaration:—

"Now to me the epistolary style is what it ought to be, when the writer, by a happy and becoming negligence, has the art of making you believe that he could write a great deal better if he would, but that he has too much judgment to use great exertions on small occasions—he will not draw Ulysses's bow to shoot at a pigeon. It is not, however, that I think letter writing trifling because it is familiar, any more than I think an epigram easy because it is short."

But while we remark the want of self-postponement visible throughout her correspondence—while we protest against many of the compliments paid to her by divines and pious men, as lessening the dignity of both givers and receiver—while we consider the flattery administered to her by one of her friends, who tells her "that the Sacred Dramas excited in her the same kind of devotional feelings as the Scriptures themselves"—as something more serious than ordinary bad taste, we cannot but do justice to the active benevolence which we find engaging her in schemes of charity and education; and if with this there was mingled something too much of over-zeal and self-complacency, we must set against them, for excuse and counterbalance, the temptations administered to her by the great and influential in the shape of praise; and the good she achieved among the rude and the unenlightened.

During the period of time comprised in this volume, Mrs. More's literary works were comparatively few—if we except the Cheap Repository Tracts—some of which, for their life and simplicity, are far more acceptable to us than her graver and more laboured productions. It is hardly possible to read of these without contrasting both their aim and execution with Miss Martineau's series of Stories for the People, and speculating under what form of authorship female activity will manifest itself forty years hence.

But we proceed with our extracts, which will require few words of our own to string them together. A little anecdote concerning Garrick places him in not an unamiable light:—

"I perfectly recollect the candid answer Garrick once made to my inquiry why Johnson was so often harsh and unkind in his speeches, both of and to him: Why, *Nine*, he replied, it is very natural; is it not to be expected that he should be angry, that I, who have so much less merit than he, should have had so much greater success?"

We have notices, too, of the Turkish Ambassador and the Swinburnes—and formally lively letters from the renowned Mrs. Montagu—and compliments upon Miss More's

'Florio,' which we beg leave to pass over—here is another anecdote, which is characteristic:—

"I have an Anti-gallican anecdote for you. Just before Sir Joseph Yorke came home from Holland, he was at dinner one day at the Prince of Orange's, where was the Duc de Chartres; this latter behaved with his usual unpoliteness, and took it into his head to ridicule the English ambassador. Finding that Sir Joseph did not laugh at any of his buffooneries, 'Quoi, Monsieur,' said he, 'est-ce que vous ne riez jamais?' 'Rarement, Monseigneur,' replied Sir Joseph, with great coolness. Just at that time, the combined French and Spanish fleets were in the British channel—a new subject for the ill-breeding of the French prince. 'Mais, Monsieur,' says he again, turning to Sir Joseph, 'si notre flotte attaquerait l'Angleterre?' 'Alors, Monseigneur, je rirois,' said Sir Joseph."

Of Mrs. More's judgment in literature we cannot think highly. We find her abusing Gibbon, not only as objectionable on the score of his philosophy, but as unreadable. Of Mrs. Siddons we have only these few dry words: "One day last week I met Mrs. Siddons at dinner. She is a very fine woman, I never saw her before."—Here is a group of the virtuosos of those days:—

"I spent a day at Lady Aylesbury's; in the evening there was a concert. It was quite *le temple des beaux arts*. Lady A. works portraits as Raphael paints them; and there was Mrs. Damer, to remind us of her famous dogs of exquisite sculpture. There was my Lord Derby, to talk about his company of Richmond House comedians—(you know Lady Aylesbury is the Duchess of Richmond's mother); Lord Abingdon, and his band of musicians; for it was he who gave us the concert, in which he was the principal performer; and there was General Conway, poet to the ducal theatre. It would have made some of the old nobility stare, to have seen so many great personages descended from them, degenerated (as their noble pride would have called), into geniuses, actors, artists, and poets. *Real talent*, however, never degenerates."

But we have many letters from Walpole in this volume, which are new to us, and though they are graver than most that flowed from his diamond pen, they are, as usual, inimitably graceful, and her answers to them appear studied and spiritless.

Here is a pleasant passage on the alleged discovery of some new letters of Madame de Sevigné's:—

"In this great discovery of a new mine of Madame de Sevigné's letters, my faith, I confess, is not quite firm. Do people sell houses wholesale without opening their cupboards? This age, too, deals so much in false coinage, that booksellers and Birmingham give equal vent to what is not sterling; with the only difference, that the shillings of the latter pretend the names are effaced, and the wares of the former pass under borrowed names. Have not we seen, besides all the *testaments politiques*, the spurious letters of Ninon de l'Enclos, of Pope Ganganelli, and the memoirs of the Princess Palatine? This is a little mortifying, while we know that there actually exists at Naples a whole library of genuine Greek and Latin authors, most of whom probably have never been in print; and where it is not unnatural to suppose the works of some classics, yet lost, may be in being, and the remainder of some of the best; yet at the rate in which they proceed to unroll, it would take as many centuries to bring them to light, as have elapsed since they were overwhelmed. Nay, another eruption of Vesuvius may return all the volumes to chaos! Omar is stigmatized for burning the library of Alex-

andria—is the king of Naples less a Turk? is not it almost as unconscientious to keep a seraglio of virgin authors under the custody of nurses, as of blooming Circassians? Consider, my dear madam, I am past seventy, or I should not be so ungallant as to make the smallest comparison between the contents of the two Harems. Your picture, which hangs near my elbow, would frown, I am sure, if I had any light meaning."

And the following two passages are almost touching, if sincere:—

"Pretensions to humility I know are generally traps for flattery; but could you know how very low my opinion is of myself, I am sure you would not have used the terms to me you did, and which I will not repeat, as they are by no means applicable to me. If I ever had tinsel parts, age has not only tarnished them, but convinced me how frippery they were."

Sweet are your Cowslips, sour my Strawberry Hill,  
My fruits are full's, your blossoms flourish still."

"As you interest yourself about a certain trumpery old person, I with infinite gratitude will add a line on him. He is very tolerably well, weak enough certainly, yet willing to be contented; he is satisfied with knowing he is at his best. Nobody grows stronger at seventy-five, nor recovers the use of limbs half lost; nor, though neither deaf nor blind, nor in the latter most material point at all impaired, nor, as far as he can find on strictly watching himself, much damaged as to common uses in his intellects,—does the gentleman expect to avoid additional decays if his life shall be farther protracted. He has been too fortunate not to be most thankful for the past, and most submissive for what is to come, be it more or less. He forgot to say that the warmth of his heart towards those he loves and esteems has not suffered the least diminution, and consequently he is as fervently as ever Saint Hannah's most sincere friend and humble servant,"

"OXFORD."

We shall pick out such few fragments of gossip as are likely to be generally interesting, and with them close our notice.

"I was over-persuaded by Lord and Lady Amherst to go to the trial, and heard Burke's famous oration of three hours and a quarter without intermission. Such a splendid and powerful oration I never heard, but it was abusive and vehement beyond all conception. Poor Hastings sitting by and looking so meek, to hear himself called *villain* and *cut-throat*, &c. The recapitulation of the dreadful cruelties in India was worked up to the highest pitch of eloquence and passion, so that the orator was seized with a spasm which made him incapable of speaking another word, and I did not know whether he might not have died in the exertion of his powers like *Chatham*. I think I never felt such indignation as when Burke, with Sheridan standing on one side, and Fox on the other, said, 'Vice incapacitates a man from all public duty, it withers the powers of his understanding, and makes his mind paralytic.' I looked at his two neighbours, and saw they were quite free from any symptoms of palsy."

"I am in trouble for Mrs. Delany, I was with her on Saturday. She was perfectly well, and gay; but that very night was taken with a fever, and has lain dangerously ill ever since. At eighty-eight, one ought to be more willing to resign her; but all her friends are in as much anxiety about her as if she had not long been preparing for a better life. I picked up some French to-day which will please Harriet Rodd. I saw for the first time in my life the renowned John Wilkes; he is very entertaining; the talk falling upon bad French, he gave us some specimens of the boarding-school French where his daughter was educated. When anybody came



to fetch them home, they used to go up to their governess and say, '*Madame Je suis venu pour.*'"

*Fashionable Entertainment in 1788.*—"Perhaps you do not know that a *Thé* is among the stupid new follies of the winter. You are to invite fifty or a hundred people to come at eight o'clock: there is to be a long table, or little parties at small ones; the cloth is to be laid as at breakfast; every one has a napkin;—tea and coffee are made by the company, as at a public breakfast; the table is covered with rolls, wafers, bread and butter; and what constitutes the very essence of a *Thé*, an immense load of hot buttered rolls and muffins, all admirably contrived to create a nausea in persons fresh from the dinner table. Now of all nations under the sun, as I take it, the English are the greatest fools:—because the Duke of Dorset in Paris, where people dine at two, thought this would be a pretty fashion to introduce; we who dine at six, must adopt this French translation of an English fashion, and fall into it, as if it were an original invention; taking up our own custom at third hand. This will be a short folly."

*A Peep at Pitt.*—"In the midst of all these cares and distractions, a friend of mine called on Pitt the other night. He found him alone, gay and cheerful, his mind totally disengaged from the scenes in which he had passed the day. He was reading Milton aloud with great emphasis, and he said his mind was so totally engaged in Paradise, that he had forgotten there were any people in the world but Adam and Eve. This seems a trifle, but it is an indication of a great mind, so entirely to discharge itself of such a load of care, and to find pleasure in so innocent and sublime an amusement."

Here is a portrait of one whose name is now well nigh forgotten, but whose strange mad doings were the subject of much talk in their day:—

"On Friday I gratified the curiosity of many years, by meeting at dinner Madame la Chevalière D'Eon: she is extremely entertaining, has universal information, wit, vivacity, and gaiety. Something too much of the latter (I have heard) when she has taken a bottle or two of Burgundy; but this being a very sober party, she was kept entirely within the limits of decorum. General Johnson was of the party, and it was ridiculous to hear her military conversation. Sometimes it was, *Quand j'étois Colonel d'un tel régiment*; then again, *Non c'étoit quand j'étois secrétaire d'Ambassade du Duc de Niernois*; or, *Quand je négociois la paix de Paris*. She is, to be sure, a phenomenon in history, and as such, a great curiosity. But one D'Eon is enough, and one slice of her quite sufficient."

*A French Anecdote.*—"Things are getting worse and worse in France. A lady of quality the other day in Paris, rung her bell, and desired the footman to send up her maid Jeannotte. In vain she rung and rung; the man told her, Jeannotte refused to come; or be any longer under any body. At last Jeannotte walked into the room with a pamphlet open in her hand, and sat down. The lady, astonished, asked her what she meant. '*C'est que je lis,*' said Jeannotte, without taking her eyes off the book. The lady insisted on an explanation of this impertinence. The maid replied with great sang froid, '*Madame, c'est que nous allons tous devenir égaux, et je me prépare pour l'égalité.*' I have conceived an utter aversion to liberty according to the present idea of it in France. What a cruel people they are! A duel was to be fought between two gentlemen a little way from Paris; it was heard of, and people went to it as to a party of pleasure, the account added, *il y avoit trente whiskeys remplis de dames.*'"

*The Countess of Albany.*—"The Bishop carried me one day to London, to hear the King make his speech in the House of Lords. As it

was quite new to me, I was very well entertained, but the thing that was most amusing, was to see, among the ladies, the Princess of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, wife to the Pretender, sitting just at the foot of that throne, which she might once have expected to have mounted; and what diverted the party when I put them in mind of it, was, that it happened to be the 10th of June, the Pretender's birth-day. I have the honour to be reckoned very much like her, and this opinion was confirmed yesterday, when we met again."

For the rest, her divers correspondences with the Bishops of London and Salisbury, and the Rev. Mr. Newton (the friend of Cowper), and the history of 'Bonner's Ghost,' and compliments thereon—and her letters to the late Duchess of Gloucester and to Mr. Wilberforce, describing her charitable undertakings at the villages round Cowslip Green, we must refer our readers to the book itself. We have yet to notice the third and fourth volumes.

*The Deity: a Poem.* By J. Ragg. London: Longman & Co.

We have here to notice the arising of another poet among the people—another of those ardent spirits in whom narrow circumstances and unceasing labour have not been able to quench utterly the spark of living fire; nor wholly to silence that voice, whose speech is not to be mistaken. The class to which he may fairly be said to belong, in virtue of the poem we have here examined, is the object of peculiar sympathy to all endowed with a generous spirit. Such can enter into the solitary musings of the shepherd upon the hills, who beholds visions in the passing clouds, and fancies voices in the winds and waters around him; and utters what he sees and hears in language he can scarcely control; or who pours out his wild spirited ballad, founded on some whisper of tradition he has listened to on the knee of his mother resting after her day's labour. Such can regard with respectful interest the pale mechanic in his lonely garret outwatching the stars, and poring over the few precious leaves, which are more to him than the most sumptuous library to the rich lettered man—and to such we commend the volume before us.

To prove the existence of a Deity—to describe his nature, and to trace the progress of his revelation, is no holiday task; nor is it one easy to accomplish thoroughly in poetry, and to accomplish well. If, therefore, the author has failed, it is because the subject has been too mighty for him—because the undertaking would be a life's labour to one possessed of extensive learning as well as natural gifts—of enlarged and sound philosophy as well as of active imagination. Where he is not didactic or argumentative, our poet is smooth and nervous in his verse, with an enthusiasm which can neither be put on or got up. There is a certain freedom in his use of language, too, which is a sign of good promise. The extract we give from the close of the eighth book, is no more than a fair specimen of his powers:—

The time is drawing on when such a storm  
As never yet has visited the earth,  
Will from the battlements of heaven be flung;  
When valiant thunders shall awake the kuell  
Of fallen empires, and departed crowns;  
And the red lightning of Almighty wrath  
Shall paralyze the bold blasphemer's arm,  
And shiver into pieces the broad sword  
Of his rebellion. Even now, in pledge,

The drifting rain of heaven's loud-utter'd curse  
Is on us beating down. Death has begun  
His work; and, preying on the outward frame,  
Gives time for meditation, ere the day  
Of everlasting destiny arrive.  
Yet there is refuge; yet a hiding place,  
A covert from the tempest; mercy's arms  
Are open to receive whoever will come,  
And shield them in her bosom. While the thread  
Of life is yet unbroken, while its flame  
Is unextinguish'd by the damps of death,  
While yet its tide is flowing, while its sun  
Appears above the horizon's western verge,  
Hope smiles delightful in the firmament;  
But loses lustre in its closing hour,  
And vanishes when that cold gripping band  
Which petrifies once warm and vigorous frames,  
Freezes the life-blood with its chilly touch.  
Wake then, O slumberer! wake! ere all is lost!  
And see for refuge from that burning wrath  
Which ever more will be 'the wrath to come.'

We cannot but wish that some of these poets would be contented to attempt less wide and momentous themes, and let their genius work upon the objects and images more immediately around them. There is spirit as well as sense in every occurrence of our daily life. Why should we not have songs for the people—of the harvest—of the loom—of the mine—of the forest? "If," says Goethe, in his criticism upon Voss, "we could picture to ourselves that a harper were present at the corn, hay, and potato harvest; if we recollected how he might make the men whom he gathered around him observant of that which seems to them as ordinary and familiar; if by his manner of regarding it, by his poetical expression, he elevated the common, and heightened every gift of nature by his dignified representation of it, we might truly say he would be a real benefactor to his country. For the first stage of a true enlightenment is, that man should reflect upon his condition and circumstances. Let the song of the potato be sung in the field, where the wondrous mode of increase, which calls even the man of science to high and curious meditation, after the long and silent working and interweaving of the vegetable powers comes to view, and a quite unintelligible blessing springs out of the earth; and then first will be felt the merit of this and similar poems, in which the poet essays to awaken the rude, reckless, unobservant man, who takes every thing for granted, to an attentive observation of the high wonders of all-nourishing nature, by which he is constantly surrounded." We wish that some of our writers would lay this excellent wisdom to heart.

*Reise nach Oesterreich im Sommer 1831—[A Journey to Austria, in the Summer of 1831].* By Wolfgang Menzel. Stuttgart und Tübingen, Cotta; London, Bach & Co.

We some time since introduced to the British public this bold and original thinker, in literature as in politics, by a brief notice of his somewhat heterodox work upon German literature, which we nevertheless thought, and think, better suited to English taste than most German productions of the kind; and we opened his Austrian journey with confident expectations of deriving therefrom both information and amusement. These expectations were confirmed by the preface, which tells us—

Austria resembles her own Danube. Although this river, in contradistinction to the other European rivers, runs backwards, its waters nevertheless reach the Atlantic Ocean, through the Euxine and Mediterranean seas.

Characteristics of Goethe, Vol. I. p. 203-4.

It will be most gratifying to me, if the following pages can help to dissipate the prejudices against the Austrians entertained throughout the rest of Germany. This right-honest and amiable people are now just what Joseph II. wished to make them. They have gradually Josephised themselves, and are far more enlightened than is usually supposed, or thought safe to assert. In the exterior and less privileged provinces, experience and necessity—in the fortunate centre, reading and scientific cultivation—have played the schoolmistress, whose lessons neither censorship nor secret police have interrupted.—[That seems odd, with respect to reading and the censorship. What else is the censorship for?—] I confess that remarks of this kind were to me more important than the sneering search after the stick-and-stagnation system, which hundreds of authors have already painted in the blackest of black colours.

If the book has not fully answered to these expectations, it is not because the author does not graphically and spiritedly delineate what he saw, but simply because he saw so little. He went straight from Stuttgart to Vienna, and appears to have sojourned in that city only for a short time during the unfashionable season, when the theatre was closed and the Prater deserted, returning straight to Würtemberg for fear of the cholera. Still the volume will afford a few extracts worth reading, and our first shall be illustrative of the remarks in the preface respecting the improvement in liberality of Austria. Our author travelled by the *postwagen*, or stage-coach, and records a conversation that occurred, as the carriage approached the Austrian frontiers, between himself and an old gentleman, who expatiated on what he would do for Germany were he only Charlemagne II.; to which our author replied:

"That is all admirable in idea, my dear sir; but you and I, as we sit here in the *postwagen*, must even let the world run the course that we cannot alter!"

A young doctor, from Leipzig, who had hitherto listened most unenviously, inasmuch as such conversation in the vicinity of the Austrian frontier appeared to him highly perilous, now suddenly assumed a friendly aspect, in the idea that my observation was designed to break off the discourse. He stammered out, "Yes; and especially just now it were best not to talk politics. You assuredly know—"

The old gentleman interrupted him with, "I know nothing, but that the world is turned topsyturvy; that, now-a-days, age is wild, and youth tame; that grey-beard Philistines\* fight duels, and the students are poltroons."

I drew him off from the doctor, by saying, "But, to return to our subject, do you then really believe, good sir, that your dreams will be fulfilled?"

"Hush! hush! Here, at least, no discussion, for God's sake!" exclaimed the young Leipzig doctor; "you will run us all. Do you not see that the customhouse officer is already in motion, with his lantern?" We had actually stopped at the barrier, and the man with the lantern was there, but he did nothing to the young doctor, who till that moment had been blowing away gigantic clouds of tobacco with the whole force of his lungs, lest he should take some contraband remnant across the dangerous frontier in his box.

For my own part, I found the Austrian customhouse like the Austrian port, as civil as any in the world; and, during my whole journey in

Austria, never was in the least annoyed in that respect; which I here gratefully note down, as a tribute to truth.

Neither did any one particularly object to discussion. At the supper table at Salzburg, and everywhere along the road, politics were talked with a careless freedom that quite spoiled the Leipzig doctor's appetite.

At Salzburg, which, it will be remembered, was assigned to Austria by the Vienna congress, the *postwagen* stopped for the night; and at daybreak Menzel went forth to admire the magnificent view, and to meditate upon the future prospects of Germany.

Whilst gazing upon the lofty Alpine ridge, I pursued such reflections. I heard the clank of chains behind me; and, looking round, saw men in irons, guarded by soldiers, coming down from the turrets of the strong castle. Zwimg-Urt was before me. The prisoners were mountaineers, in the country garb, with a haughty carriage, and fine audacious eyes; their guards, in the Imperial white uniform, looked neither less handsome nor less audacious. They were Galicians. I heard that the castle was crammed full of such prisoners, and that they were deserters and refractory soldiers, all Salzburgers and Tyrolese, who found it intolerable to serve under the Austrian cane, far away from their beautiful mountains. It was added, that their numbers had lately so increased, that in order to avoid exciting attention by frequent severe punishments, many were sent home. The Salzburg garrison consisted of two Polish regiments.

As I descended at hap-hazard on the other side of the town, a wall obstructed my view. A pretty girl pointed out a closed door at which I might ring. I bade her precede me, to which she answered, laughing, that she must not set the house on fire. I did not understand her, until a grey-bearded Capuchin opened the door, and, spying the pretty damsel, dragged me hastily in, whilst he shut the door in her face. I told the reverend porter that I wished to enjoy the prospect from his monastery; whereupon he called a Father, a tall monk, of awe-inspiring carriage, and dignified propriety of manner. This monk led me round the garden; and after he had inquired who and what I might be, it appeared that he was well acquainted with modern literature, and with my own writings. His opinions concerning the existing factions and sects in theology, as well as some striking phenomena thereunto relating, as the revival of Swedenborgianism, &c., were judicious, and showed general information.

The *Postwagen* proceeds on its way towards Vienna; and Menzel observes—

Our course was unfortunately too rapid to allow of precise observations upon the population of Austria. I thought the race handsome—indeed handsomer between Salzburg and Linz, than at the latter place, although the beauty of the Linz women is generally extolled. But one circumstance struck me disagreeably. The loveliest girls that we met as far as Vöklabrielk, (half way between Salzburg and Linz,) showed gaps in their mouths, having mostly lost their front teeth. This is ascribed to the water of the country. At Linz that was no longer the case. The men, likewise, are for the greater part handsome in Upper Austria. The country people were everywhere busy in their fields and meadows. They looked universally clean and jovial—comfort and good looks seeming to increase as we approached Vienna.

Already Austria above the Enns makes a pleasing impression; but below the Enns it appears a blessed, luxuriant country, full of wealth, life, and happiness.

\* A Swiss fortress, celebrated in the History of Switzerland, and in Schiller's tragedy of *Wilhelm Tell*.

At Vienna, even without a constitution, we find representatives of all the different races, in whose several languages the Emperor is prayed for.

The genuine Austrian, whom foreigners fancy so phlegmatic, is the liveliest fellow in the world. His *vis inertia* is wholly political; but thus qualified, it is so strong as to control the energies of all the surrounding nations. The Austrians live as on a happy island, without knowing that this island is the loadstone mountain which polarizes the lance, sabre, and dagger points of Magyars, Slavonians, Techechen, and Lombards.

All the nations subject to Austria have countenances more intellectual and impressive than the Austrians themselves. But in the giant forms sent forth from the Styrian mountains—in the muscular strength and flashing eyes of the Tyrolese—and lastly, in the eternal bloom of youth of the Lower Austrian flesh, we discover a fulness of nature, which all the passions and all the intellectual energy of their neighbours are unable to wear out, to influence, or control.

The Austrian has, in common with the Swabian, that intellectual depth which constitutes the lyric element. But herein do these two South German races differ; that the Swabian loves austere, moral earnestness, and is an enthusiast of Schiller's idealism; whilst the Austrian delights in the mirthful and comic, being moreover an Epicurean. The Swabian has a genial seriousness; the Austrian a genial drollery.

A striking contrast to the unimpassioned, serene aspect of the Austrians, is afforded by the dark and expressive faces of the Hungarians, Italians, and Bohemians, which, however, differ greatly from each other. The Hungarian has a staidness in his proud and handsome port and countenance, which, fiery as he inwardly is, reminds us of the oriental phlegm;—the Italian, like the Pole, makes more display of his fire in his look and demeanour;—the Bohemian appears completely oppressed and revengeful; and if I ever saw a right dissatisfied face in the gayest town in the world, it was sure to be a Bohemian's.

I will not here mention Turks, Greeks, Armenians, &c., although I retain a beautiful recollection of a noble Greek lady.

Most of the literary stars who usually adorn the Vienna hemisphere, were out of town for the summer during Menzel's visit; but he found there Von Hammer, the great Orientalist, and historian of the Osmanli; Count Mailath, the Hungarian historian of the Magyars; and the highly-gifted tragic poet Grillparzer. Of the literary society of Vienna, he further tells us—

It may not perhaps be known to all readers, that some years ago the greater part of the poets, artists, and actors, of distinguished talent, resident at Vienna, were united in a harmless society, bearing the name of Ludlam's Höhle, or Ludlam's cave, and in which the genuine Vienna drollery reigned in unbridled joyousness. But the very form of an exclusive society sufficed to render the Ludlam's cave suspicious in the eyes of the high police, and suddenly it was closed to all eternity with the seal of Solomonian wisdom; whilst the members were compelled to swear that they would submit to perpetual exile. Since then the merry set meet only as it happens, and at occasional evening parties; but their mirth could not be prohibited. And a glad observation was it to me, that the Viennese literati agree so much better together than the litterati of other parts of Germany. Open enmity I found none, and but very slight traces of secret jealousies—a spirit of concord that does honour to Viennese genius.

This conciliating temper of the Viennese

\* The names of the Hungarians and Bohemians, in their respective mother tongues.

\* Philistine is the slang name given by University students to the sober citizens of the University town, or rather, perhaps, to all the world except themselves.

*genus irritabile*, is further confirmed by the kindly reception which our author experienced from Grillparzer, whom he, as a professional reviewer, had cruelly, and, in our opinion, unjustly, cut up; and, indeed, Menzel himself seems to have suspected as much, after making the acquaintance of the man, for he thereupon develops a very subtle theory, proving that Grillparzer, who, born elsewhere, would have been another Schiller, could do no better under Austrian censorship, &c. But this discussion can interest only persons well acquainted with the author in question, and therefore we shall not trouble our readers with either that, or the list of Viennese poets, but lay this too short tour aside, wishing that the gifted traveller may soon take another more excursive trip into Austria, and extend it to Hungary.

*Treatise on the Progress of Literature, and its Effects on Society.* Edinburgh: Black; London, Longman & Co.

THIS very able commentary on the progress of literature is manifestly the production of one who has read much, and thought more. He regards literature as the best criterion by which we can estimate the character of an age or nation; including in the term, all those works of which man can be the subject or the object. In this sense of the word, mental and moral philosophy, the principles of government, and practical politics, are not simply included in the term literature, but form its very essence; and poetry, eloquence, and the fine arts, are rather the modes of its appearance, than literature itself. This is a distinction of which we too often lose sight; the literary spirit of an age is always the philosophy of that age, and the form of the literature is not merely accidental, but is suggested, perhaps created, by the scope and aim of the prevalent philosophy. Thus dramatic poetry flourished most in the brief and brilliant age of Grecian liberty, because it was almost the only species of literature that could reach the people at large by means of public exhibitions, and the scope of the philosophy in that age was the acquisition of the knowledge of the motives by which human actions are influenced. For the same reason, we find eloquence diligently cultivated, and political discussion almost wholly unknown; for eloquence is the address of an educated man to an unenlightened audience, whose actions he seeks to guide by inspiring them with confidence in his superior abilities, not by showing that his objects will conduce to their prosperity.

Applying these principles to British literature, the author marks, as one of its leading characteristics, the individuality with which persons of the lower ranks are invested by modern poets; a proof that modern philosophy directs its attention to the operative class, and regards it as the true strength of society. The parasite, the intriguing slave, or the harsh slave-merchant, is a mere generality in the ancient drama; he might be removed from one play to another, or from one satire to another, without any dislocation to the piece; but it needs not to say how different is the case with mine host of the Tabard, mine host of the Garter, the boasting Parolles, or his rival, the Ancient Pistol.

To the very limited number of literary

men, and their exclusive devotion to classical studies, our author attributes the slow progress of every branch of literature, when compared with the drama, in England, before the commencement of the great civil war; and to the same cause he attributes the prevalence of euphuism, or a taste for learned and ingenious conceits during the reign of Elizabeth and James I. But when a contest arose in which men's interests were deeply concerned, and their passions excited, everything artificial and trifling was felt to be an impertinence. The writers selected as instances of this great change, are Clarendon and Mrs. Hutchinson, whose characters are drawn with skill and discrimination:—

“Clarendon, though his history was written after the Restoration, must be considered in a great measure as a writer of the preceding period, because his character as a man, an author, and a statesman were formed before or during the progress of the civil war. But how free his style is from conceit and affectation! He writes with a stately grandeur and energy becoming the importance of his subject, and with the earnestness of a person who is too much occupied with his matter to descend to any prettiness of manner. His style, however, is not popular. His narrative is often prolix, and moves cumbersomely under the weight of manifestos and declarations. His work bears the marks of being addressed to scholars and statesmen, and does not aim at that lightness of narrative or facility of style which would have been necessary to catch the taste of general readers. It is probable that his habits of writing were formed in the earlier period of Charles's reign, when the general readers of such works were not numerous, and when popularity of style was therefore little cultivated, although the subjects which he discusses had then become of such practical importance, that it was necessary to treat them with business-like simplicity and seriousness. Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs may be cited as a specimen of the style of private memoirs adopted by those writers whose habits of thinking were formed during the civil wars. With almost as much fulness and discrimination as Clarendon in depicting characters, she preserves nearly the same stately gravity of style, which, like a slight veil, serves rather to heighten than conceal the frequent outbursts of that fervent and zealous affection and enthusiasm, which appear to have directed the life of this extraordinary woman. Her style, from the carelessness natural to one who was not an habitual writer, and whose works were never intended for the public, exhibits, in a striking degree, a fault which was more or less prevalent among all the writers of that period, viz. that they are apt to present a complicated series of thoughts *en masse*, as it passed through their own minds, without giving that minute analysis of it into distinct parts, which is necessary to bring the whole distinctly under the view of ordinary readers.”

Milton is described as formed by the political events of his day: we should rather say, that he was a representative of its best spirit; the problem to be solved by the civil war included man's eternal as well as his temporal interests, and though we may not rate very high the knowledge brought to the discussion, which yet was greater than the present generation seems willing to allow, we cannot deny the zeal, the earnestness, and the fearless honesty displayed by many on both sides of the question. There is a lofty consciousness of man's high destinies, a feeling of the responsibility under which

his energies are exerted, and an exhibition of a conflict between superhuman passions, in the ‘Paradise Lost,’ belonging to a contest which avowedly involved man's hopes of heaven, as well as his interests on earth.

The blighting effects of the Restoration are powerfully portrayed; but the author insinuates,—what indeed he might have broadly stated,—that much of its epicurean trifling was a natural relaxation from the excessive strain on the mind in the preceding age. The portraits of the wits in Queen Anne's reign are drawn with a free and lively pencil, but we think that the poets who flourished in the decline of the artificial school, or rather who commenced the revolution which brought writers to look at nature in her ordinary garb, divested of adventitious ornaments, have not received a full measure of justice. Young we resign without a struggle, but we cannot forget Akenside's *Salvator-Rosa*-like pictures of external nature, or Thomson's rural landscape. Akenside especially merited notice, because he was the first to show how pure a philosophy is suggested by the simple contemplation of physical objects.

The practical tendency of the human mind in the present day is at once explained and defended in the following paragraph:—

“But there is also, in these times, an incessant demand for the facts, which history or travelling disclose to us, with regard to past ages and distant nations, as affording the only sure foundation of political or philosophical reasoning. The delineations already alluded to are, after all, only plausible theories of the past course of society; the facts alone from which those theories are formed can be safely appealed to in argument. But it is evident, that the more the views of the public have been enlarged to a contemplation of the principles applicable to society in general, the keener must be their curiosity with regard to the history or actual condition of mankind in all times and situations, since no fact can be disclosed on this subject, without throwing light on the human character at one period or another of its progress. It cannot, therefore, be doubted, that the public interest is becoming every day more awake to the past history or present condition of every class or division of our species, and that, hence, the researches of historians and travellers, stimulated by public curiosity, are daily enlarging their sphere, and increasing in vigilance and accuracy. In short, in proportion as public intelligence extends, the principles of philosophy are brought more within the reach of the people, or rather the public mind is elevated to the level of philosophy: its discussions being addressed, more than they were before, to the people at large, become more useful and practical in their tendency, without becoming less subtle or profound: the immense store of practical information which is accumulated affords a wider and surer basis for general reasonings, and, at the same time, presents a greater diversity of subjects for its application; and the imagination, both of the people and their instructors, taking a higher flight, and embracing a wider range, in proportion as their intellects become more active and more diversified as to the objects on which they are exerted, all the arts which belong to the imagination become richer in their materials, and more vigorous, as well as more comprehensive, in their exertions, than in former times, when the sources of general interest were comparatively limited, and the human heart itself less open to the numberless excitements capable of acting upon it, which are now to be found within the wide range of society and nature.”



It is unnecessary to make further extracts from a work, the whole of which merits to be read with the utmost attention. Sure we are, that all who study its pages will come the wiser from their perusal.

*Mémoires de Mirabeau*—[*Memoirs of Mirabeau*]. Vols. III. & IV. Paris: Guyot; London, Dulau.

THE third volume of this work is entirely filled with an account of the differences between Mirabeau and his father. There is an extraordinary degree of originality and power in the letters of the latter—a man of fiery temperament, and tyrannical disposition—especially where he describes the failings of his son; but they show a bitterness of spirit, and of paternal hatred, which makes us turn from them with abhorrence.

The fourth volume brings us down to the period when Mirabeau first appeared as a star in the political horizon. Though still a young man, he was already old in experience: he had paid the penalty of his youthful follies, the effects of a vicious education acting on an ardent temper; and he had experienced in his own person the capricious and persecuting spirit of despotism. As a captive and an exile, he had suffered much, and imbibed a horror of absolute governments. When, therefore, the French revolution broke out, and his gigantic powers of mind were brought into full play, he had already distinguished himself by works on government—on external and internal policy—on finance—and on other subjects of political interest.

It is generally believed that Mirabeau was a man whose resources lay solely in the vigour of his mind, and in the power of his imagination—that, being constitutionally unable seriously to devote himself to study, he was obliged to rely upon others for that information which he himself wanted: this would appear to be altogether erroneous. No man, it must be admitted, better knew how to avail himself of the talents of others, or to produce in his own energetic language ideas conceived by those incapable of putting them into form; but few were more diligent in search after information, and few read with greater assiduity. As a proof of this, we need only mention his labours during the three years and a half he was confined in the Donjon of Vincennes, where, exclusive of his 'Lettres à Sophie,' he is said to have translated into French, Homer, Ovid, Catullus, Propertius, Tibullus, Johannes Secundus, Tasso's *Aminta*, and Boccaccio; in addition to which, he wrote a *Treatise on Mythology*, a general grammar, an *Essay on Literature*, a drama, a tragedy, a collection of prose elegies, a dissertation on the use of regular troops, another on the obedience due to governments, a third on religious houses, a collection of tales, his 'Lettres de cachet et des prisons d'état,' his 'Espion dévalisé,' his 'Erotica Biblion,' and 'La Conversion.'

The two latter, it is true, are a disgrace to his pen; "but," says the compiler of these *Memoirs*, "these productions did not come from the prisoner's hands such as they now appear to the fortunately few readers who see them. They have been falsified by covetous publishers, and disgusting additions made to them, as is proved by fragments of the former work, and the autograph manuscript of the latter, which we possess."

After Mirabeau's liberation, and during his exile in England and Prussia, he was constantly occupied, and the works he produced within this period, together with the variety of topics they embrace, prove not only vast information, but extreme diligence of research.

His visit to this country took place under circumstances of severe disappointment, and he was disposed as much to admire every thing he saw as to make comparisons unfavourable to France. The following account of his impressions, during his journey to London, though it perhaps savours of the prejudices of a Frenchman of the eighteenth century, is interesting:—

The approaches to London (he observes) are of extreme rural beauty, of which even Holland does not furnish any models. I should rather compare them to some of the valleys in Switzerland. It is a remarkable observation, made by every experienced eye, that this dominating people are, above all things, agriculturists in the bosom of their island; and it is this which has so long preserved them from the effects of their own delirium. I was strongly and deeply affected as I passed through these cultivated and prosperous tracts; and I asked myself why I experienced this emotion so new to me. These country seats are mere cottages compared with ours; and several parts of France, even in its worst provinces, and the whole of Normandy, through which I lately passed, are assuredly superior in natural beauty to these fertile plains. In our own country are to be found, here and there, sumptuous edifices, great public works, and traces of the most prodigious of human efforts; and yet the country I am in delights me more than all those things astonish me. It is because in England nature is improved and not forced—it is because these narrow, but excellent, roads do not remind me of forced public labour, except to grieve for those countries in which it exists—it is because this admirable cultivation announces the respect paid to property—it is because this care, and this universal order are a speaking symptom of welfare—it is because all these rural riches are in nature, near to nature, according to nature, and do not betray, like magnificent houses surrounded by hovels, the excessive inequality of fortunes, which is the source of so many evils—it is because everything tells me that here the people are something—that here every man has the development and free exercise of his faculties, and that I am living in a different order of things.

Mirabeau, shortly after, had somewhat changed his opinions, as will be seen in the following extract from one of his letters to Champfort:—

I am not an enthusiast in favour of England; and I now know sufficient to tell you, that, if its constitution is the best of known constitutions, its government is the worst possible; and that if an Englishman is the freest social man upon earth, the English people collectively are the least free of any nation. But what is freedom, since the small portion of it found in one or two laws, places in the first rank a people so little favoured by nature? What may not a constitution do, since that of England, though incomplete and defective, preserves, and will preserve for some time to come, the most corrupt nation in the world, from its own corruption? What may not be the influence of a small number of principles favourable to the human species, when this people, ignorant, superstitious, headstrong, (for they are all these,) covetous, and approaching very near to Punic faith, are superior to most nations under the sun, because they have a little civil liberty?

There is one other letter of Mirabeau's, dated 8th of March, 1785, from which we also give an extract.

The very day after your departure, I had a serious alarm, which has not diminished my sadness. The plague was thought to be in London, and you may judge whether I did not bless Providence that you were gone. But, consider also to what anguish I should have known you to have been a prey, if that dreadful scourge had really appeared here, intercepted all correspondence with the rest of the world, and left me in a theatre of death and devastation, without your having any human means, I will not say, of bringing me relief, but of ascertaining my existence or my death. The horrible fears which precipitately drove many families from the metropolis, were fortunately quieted almost as soon as conceived; but I passed a cruel day and a cruel night, not at all alleviated by the necessity of concealing my alarm from you. The cause of it was this. A woman, attacked with putrid fever, characterized by symptoms of the most alarming kind, was taken to—hospital, and in the course of the day the contagion carried off three patients, and likewise the surgeon who attended the woman. A guard was immediately stationed at the hospital; walling up the infected ward was talked of, as well as a cordon of troops round the building. Fortunately, no one died on the following day, at least in the suspected ward, and the alarm subsided. Thus, I had the pretence for immediately setting out after you; but, besides the plague not being, in my judgment, the nearest danger, how could I have abandoned a country upon which so dreadful a calamity had fallen? I am aware that, being neither a public man nor an Englishman, I was not bound to consider Great Britain as my post, although fate had led me thither at such a moment. But I fear this is more of an evasion than a reason. Though not an Englishman, I am a man; and whoever loses not his presence of mind, becomes a public man on a day of scourge. Besides, Elliot† is so thoroughly my brother, I owe him so full and tender a devotedness, and he would have found himself in so cruel an embarrassment, being the only man in his family, which is composed, with the exception of himself, of women and children, that I should not have had the courage to desert him.

The following is a spirited, though brief, account by Mirabeau of one of his interviews with Frederick the Great:—

I was with the King an hour all but a few minutes. He was seated in his arm-chair, for his morning ride had fatigued him. It had been so rapid, that two of his draft horses were killed in following him. It is impossible to imagine a clearer head, and a more delightful conversation; but I could not enjoy the latter at my ease. The extreme difficulty with which the King breathes, pained me more than it did him. A great man suffering bodily pain, is always an affecting sight! The nature of his complaint is such, and my emotion was so great, that I feared developments, and avoided even the subject of superstition, which, at any other time, would have made me very happy. You understand this feeling, and I care little whether many persons understand it or not. Be that as it may, this extraordinary man will reign to the end, and the sun will retard this end. I set out this evening after having seen numerous gardens and gildings, a few good pictures, several beautiful antiques, and some courtiers; and, amid all these things, nothing struck me so forcibly as this man, highly raised above the station in which fate has placed him, after having formed him on purpose to fill that station. But I am truly glad at having seen this living proof of what may be done in sand: perhaps some other mo-

† Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards Earl of Minto.

narch will profit by it, and have something besides lakes and statues. Tell Dohm that we had plenty of talk about the Jews and toleration. I would not advise fanatics to come in contact with this king.

We conclude with an extract, which gives a good idea of the simplicity of Mirabeau's habits, and the amiableness of his disposition.

He was prodigiously occupied at Berlin. He often went to bed at one o'clock in the morning, and was up again at five, though in the middle of winter, and in so cold a climate as that of Prussia. At this hour of the morning, without any clothing but a dressing-gown, without stockings or waistcoat, he would sit down to work, and not even call up his servant to light him a fire. Besides his correspondence in cipher, and this took up a great deal of his time, he worked assiduously at his book on the Prussian Monarchy, which appeared in 1788. In the evening, when he did not go out, he amused himself like a child with the Baron de Nolde, and his own secretary. It was who should play the other the most tricks. Mirabeau, however, was the most spared; not, indeed, from any respect towards him as master of the house, but because, being the strongest, the others were afraid of him. He had a valet-de-chambre, named Boyer, a good-tempered fellow, though somewhat of a scamp. This man had got up a species of *Ombres Chinoises*, and played comedies. The child and I did not always honour the performance with our presence; but when we did, I gave notice of it in the morning. The scenes were then prepared accordingly, and all that was too free was omitted. Boyer was always vexed at this, and complained that it destroyed the wit of his piece; but when Mirabeau said, "Take care of your ears, if the Countess is not satisfied," he was forced to obey.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Man of Honour, and The Reclaimed.*'—We cannot say much in commendation of these tales. The first is a *fade* fashionable story of a *roué*, whose inconceivable coolness, impudence, and heartlessness carry him through a variety of adventures—but wreck him at last. He dies (very fortunately) in a duel, just when every chance for retrieving his fortunes had failed him. The second tale has a more intricate though less natural plot—in fact, there is something so extraordinary in a young gentleman choosing to confide the history of his vices (comprising murder and other deadly sins), to an innocent young lady, that we cannot make up our minds to it in any way. Nor is there much delineation of character to atone for the defects of the stories—more has been attempted than is carried into effect; in fact, when we have said that we believe they have been written with good intentions, we have exhausted all that we have to say in their praise.

'*English Scenes and English Civilization, or Sketches and Traits of the Nineteenth Century.*'—This is a yet more hopeless book than the foregoing. We tried it once—twice—thrice,—but more than one volume we could not muster. "Sham upon sham," says Dr. Wheeler, in 'Mannecurring,' "is too much for any man;" and one insipid picture of a country neighbourhood after another, made us first yawn, and then fret, and lastly, run to Miss Austen's 'Emma' for sunshine and comfort. It requires a deeper knowledge of human nature than is possessed by the author of these volumes, to make the doings and habits of common-place people appear interesting when written in a book: a dull lecture upon a handful of grains of sand would put the most eager of students to sleep. We love, and are interested in every faithful picture of human life, whatever be its

aspect, and have a particular fondness for those pen and ink drawings in which some of our writers have reached such rare excellence; but we cannot like these 'English Scenes,' because we really could not read them.

'*Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters*, by the author of 'Vathek,' a New Edition.'—The success of Mr. Beckford's prose poem recently published, (a book upon the remembrance of which we yet linger with delight,) has made all former works of its accomplished author matters of interest in the eyes of the public, and led to the republication of this little volume, which abounds in delicate and vivid satire couched in choice language. The admirers of the elaborate paintings of Mieris and other artists of the Flemish school, will look rather foolish, we imagine, when they read the memoirs of the paint-taking, and patient Watersouchy. All the biographies are lively and amusing, but we hope that Mr. Beckford will allow his publisher to draw upon his stores for some new original work, and we trust not to have to hope in vain.

'*Poems*, by the Rev. W. H. Charlton, A.M.'—'*Judge Not; and other poems*, by Edmund Peel.'—Two volumes of verse, full of kindly feeling and excellent sentiments, so nearly equal in degree and class of merit, as naturally to be noticed and commended together. Mr. Charlton's preface, however, is the simpler of the two, and our feelings answer its appeal more readily, than they reply to Mr. Peel's confidence in his own good intentions. The publication of both volumes will gratify many friends, who may wish to possess the poems of their kinsman or intimate in a less perishable form than manuscript, and can give no offence to any of the world of readers.

'*Anderson's Guide to the Highlands.*'—'*The Stranger's Guide to Cheltenham*, by Henry Davis. Second Edition.'—'*A Companion to the Lakes of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire*, by E. Baines, Jun. Third Edition.'—These three books set us a-lonnging. The first, which is most copiously and praise-worthy minute, is, perhaps the most inviting, for after the wear and tear of a London season, we have no wish to go and act its gaieties over again at a watering-place, though Mr. Davies makes Cheltenham appear tempting in our eyes. The wilder the scene, the more welcome to us by contrast, and this leads us to prefer the Scotch Highlands to the Cumberland Lakes, whose beauties are described by Mr. Baines *con amore*. We must shut all the three books, lest we grow discontented.

'*Cataract: its Nature and Treatment*, by J. Stevenson, Esq. Oculist to his Majesty, &c. &c.'—'*An Essay on the Deaf and Dumb*, by J. H. Curtis, Esq. Aurist to his Majesty, &c. &c.'—We were rather at a loss to know why these two works were ever written, until we turned to the concluding pages of each, where we discovered that there was an Eye Infirmary and an Ear Infirmary—that Mr. Stevenson was "founder and superintendant" of the former, Mr. Curtis "Director and Surgeon" to the latter, and that donations, and subscriptions to each would be thankfully received, and acknowledged by the undersigned gentlemen, &c. &c. We do not know that it is necessary we should say anything further, respecting matters so entirely personal to the two gentlemen concerned; yet it may be expected that we should give some opinion as to the merits of their works. Mr. Stevenson states his object to be the diffusion of popular information on the subject of which he treats, and we think he has gone towards his end in a plain common sense manner: we doubt however, whether his end, even if gained, would be of much importance, as cataract is one of those diseases, against which it is impossible to guard by any precautions, and for which we believe there is no remedy but a surgical opera-

tion. We should perhaps add, that Mr. Stevenson is himself of the same opinion, and in reviewing a contrary statement put forward in a former publication by Mr. Curtis, (who, it appears, knows as much of the Eye as he does of the Ear,) he has satisfactorily shown that that gentleman, who asserts that he has discovered a means of curing cataract without operation, actually does not know what cataract is!—Of Mr. Curtis, we shall only say, that if he is not a quack, he takes infinite pains to appear such; and that had the governors and friends of his society, in place of the gold medal which they gave him, and which we find duly represented at the head of his dedication, presented him with a neatly bound copy of Lindley Murray's interesting little work on English Grammar, they would have shown their own high discrimination, and afforded him the means, if duly seconded by his own exertions, of attaining within a very few years the enviable distinction of being able to write a work, which should appear worthy of being criticized in the *Athenæum*.

'*Light the Essence of Matter*, by Samuel James.'—Mr. James should know, that the "philosophic world" to which he presents what he calls "his new theory concerning light" cannot possibly afford time to notice a few crude ideas thrown together at random, and unsupported, even by an attempt at demonstration. He certainly apologizes for not having made experiments on the subject, and alleges want of time, of health, and of opportunity: we would suggest to him in all kindness, that he should rather consider these as reasons for not publishing, and that facts, not theories, are required by the "philosophic world" in the present day.

'*Outline of the Geology of the neighbourhood of Cheltenham*, by Roderick Impey Murchison, F.R.S. &c.'—This is a brief but accurate sketch of the geological formations to be found in the vicinity of Cheltenham; it is from the pen of the vice-president of the Geological Society of London.

'*The Pocket Medical Guide.*'—We never knew books of family medicine of use to any one but the family apothecary.

'*Dublin Penny Journal*, Vol. II.'—We rejoice in the success of this very interesting periodical; it is a strictly national work, and its elucidations of Irish antiquities are replete with entertainment and information. It contains several legends illustrative of popular superstitions, and tales of Irish life, which display great graphic skill, and an accurate knowledge of the feelings and character of the peasantry in the sister kingdom.

'*Pollack's New Guide to Edinburgh.*'—A useful little work, prettily illustrated.

'*Visit to London.*'—Young folks in the country, who wish to know something of the wonders of the metropolis, cannot have a more entertaining work on the subject than this neat little volume.

'*Rodwell's Geography of the British Isles.*'—This work, written in the form of a dialogue between a mother and her children, not only contains a good geographical account of the British Islands, but a varied and valuable collection of historical and biographical anecdotes, from which both young and old may derive amusement and instruction.

'*Tablets of Useful Knowledge.*'—These tablets are lithographed, and their price is three shillings: they ought to have been printed and sold for three pence.

'*A Pre-existing State proved.*'—The author has proved nothing in this pamphlet except his own incompetency to write upon such a subject.

'*Samuel, or, First Religious Lessons.*'—The design of this work is infinitely superior to its execution; but the mysteries of religion which the author tries to explain, are far above the comprehension of children.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## A BYRONIAN RAMBLE.—PART I.

ANNESLEY HALL AND HUCKNALL.

EARLY in the spring of 1834, we walked over from Nottingham to see Annesley Hall, the birth-place and patrimony of Mary Chaworth, a place made of immortal interest by the early attachment of Lord Byron to this lady, and by the graphic strength and deep passion with which he has recorded, in his poems, this most influential circumstance of his youth.

Annesley lies about nine miles north of Nottingham, itself the scene of his first and most lasting attachment—Newstead his patrimonial abode, and Hucknall his burial-place forming the three points of a triangle, each of whose sides may be about two miles in length. Yet, although Newstead and Hucknall have been visited by shoals of admirers, this place, perhaps altogether the most interesting of the three, has been wholly neglected. Few, or none of them have thought it worth while to go so little out of their way to see it; perhaps not one in a hundred has known that it was so near; probably to those who inquired about it, it might be replied, "You see that wooded ridge, there lies Annesley—you see all that is worth seeing—it is a poor tumble-down place;" and so they have been satisfied, and have returned in their wisdom to their own place, at a hundred or a thousand miles distance. But what is still more remarkable, while Mr. Murray has sent down an artist into this neighbourhood to make drawings of Hucknall Church and Newstead, for his *Life and Poems of Lord Byron*—and while others have compassed sea and land to give us thrice-reiterated landscapes illustrative of his biography and writings, and have even presented us with fictitious portraits of the most interesting characters connected with his fortunes, they have totally passed over Annesley as altogether unworthy of their notice, though it is a spot at once full of a melancholy charm, of a sad, yet old English beauty; a spot where every sod, and stone, and tree, and hearth, is rife with the most strange and touching memories in human existence, and where the genuine likeness of Mary Chaworth, in the most lovely and happy moments of her life, is to be found.

Need I pause a moment to account for this? Does not the discerning public always tread in one track? As sheep follow one leader, and traverse the heath in a long extended line, so does the public follow the first trumpeter of the praises of one place. It has been fashionable to visit Newstead, and it has been visited;—but, as Annesley was not at first thought of, it has not been visited at all. Well! we have visited it;—and if there be any power in the most melancholy of mortal fortunes—in the retreating day-dreams of an illustrious spirit—in the gathering of all English feelings round the strongest combination of the glory of nature with the aspect of decay in the fortunes and habitations of an ancient race, we shall visit it again and again.

That wooded ridge was our landmark from the first step of our journey, and we soon reached Hucknall. The approach to Hucknall is pleasant; the place itself is a long, unpicturesque village. Count Gamha is said to have been struck with its resemblance to Missolonghi. Nine years have now passed since the funeral of Lord Byron took place here, and yet it seems to me as but yesterday. His admirers, in after ages, will naturally picture to themselves the church, on that occasion, overflowing with the intelligent and poetical part of the population of the neighbourhood. A poet who had spent a good deal of his boyhood and youth in it—whose patrimonial estate lay here—who had gone hence and won so splendid a renown—whose life had

been a series of circumstances and events as striking and romantic as his poetry—who had finally been cut down in his prime, in so brilliant an attempt to restore the freedom and ancient glory of Greece—would naturally be supposed to have come back to the tomb of his ancestors amidst the confluence of a thousand strongly-excited hearts. But it was not so. There was a considerable number of persons present, but the church was by no means crowded, and the spectators were, with very few exceptions, of that class which is collected by idle curiosity on the approach of any not very wonderful procession—who would have collected to gaze as much at the funeral of his lordship's grandfather, or his own, though he had not written a line of poetry, or lifted the sword of freedom;—probably with threefold eagerness at that of a wealthy cit; because there would have been more of bustle and assuming blazonry about it. With the exception of the undertaker's hired company, of John Cam Hobhouse, and his lordship's attorney, Mr. Hanson, his Greek servant Tita, and his old follower Fletcher, the rest of the attendants were the villagers, and a certain quantity of people from Nottingham, of a similar class, and led by similar motives. There was not a score of those who are called "the respectable," from Nottingham; scarcely one of the gentry of the county. This strange fact can only be accounted for by the circumstance, that Nottingham and its vicinity are famous for the manufacture of lace and stockings, but, like many other manufacturing districts, possess no such decided attachment to literature. Many readers there are undoubtedly in both town and country, but readers chiefly for pastime—for the filling up certain hours between and after business—and a laudable way too of so filling it; but not readers from any unconquerable passion for, or attachment to, literature, for its own sake. A few literary persons have lived in or about the neighbourhood, but these are the exception;—the character of the district is manufacturing and political, but by no means literary—nor ever was; therefore, the strongest feeling with which Lord Byron was regarded there, was a political one. Though an aristocrat in birth and bearing, he was a very thorough radical in principle. Hence he had only the sympathy of the radicals with him, these consisting chiefly of the working class. The whigs of the town, and the gentry of the country, chiefly Tories, regarded him only in a political light, and paid him not the respect of their presence.

The religious world had a high prejudice against him for his manifold sins of speech, opinion, and life: they of course were not there. No party had so much more admiration of genius,—conception of the lofty intellectual achievements of the noble poet,—discernment of the abundant, qualifying, and, in fact, overbalancing greatness and beauty, and even religious sentiment, which breathed through many of his writings—(for no man had more ennobling and truly religious feelings rooted in his soul by the contemplation of the magnificence of God's handiwork in creation; or felt, occasionally, more deeply the spiritualizing influence that pervades nature;)—no party had so much more of this tone of mind than of their political or sectarian bias, as to forget all those minor things in his wonderful talent—his early death—his redeeming qualities, and last deeds—and the honour he had conferred, as an everlasting heritage, on this country.

In the evening, after the people who had attended the funeral were dispersed, I went down to the church and entered the vault. There was a reporter from one of the London newspapers copying the inscriptions on the coffins, by the light of a lamp; and a great hobble-de-hoy of a farmer's lad was kneeling on the case that contained the poet's heart, andolling with his

elbows on the coffin, as he watched the reporter, in a manner that indicated the most perfect absence of all thought of the place where he was, or the person on whose remains he was perched.

In the churchyard, a group of the villagers were eagerly discussing the particulars of the funeral, and the character of the deceased. One man attempted to account for the apparently indifferent manner in which the clergyman performed the burial service, by his having understood that he felt himself disgraced by having to bury an atheist. "An atheist!" exclaims an old woman, "tell me that he was an atheist? D'ye think an atheist would be beloved by his servants as this man was? Why, they fret themselves almost to death about him. And d'ye think they would have made so much of him in foreign parts? Why, they almost worshipped him as a God in Greece!"—giving the final *a* a sound as long as one's finger. This was conclusive—the wondering auditors had nothing to reply—they quietly withdrew their several ways, and I mine.

The church was broken into soon after the funeral, and the black cloth with which the pulpit was hung on this occasion, carried away; and this is not the only forcible entry that has been made through Lord Byron's being buried here; for the clerk told me, that, when Moore came to see it with Colonel Wildman, being impatient of the clerk's arrival, who lives at some distance, the poet had contrived to climb up to a window, open it, and get in, where the worthy bearer of the keys found him, to his great astonishment.

The indifference shown by the people of Nottingham towards the great poet would not seem to have abated, if we are to judge by the entries in an album kept by the clerk, and which was presented for that purpose about eight years ago by Dr. Bowring. The signatures of visitors now amount to upwards of eight hundred, amongst which appear the names of people from North and South America, Russia, the Indies, and various other distant places and countries, but few from Nottingham or its shire, who might be supposed to be among the best read and best informed portion of its population: this, however, must be allowed, that the names entered in the clerk's book afford no just criterion of the numbers or quality of the visitors to the poet's tomb, as many of the most poetical and refined minds might naturally feel reluctant to place their signatures in such a medley of mawkish sentiment as is always found in such albums. A few clergymen, we, however, were pleased to see, had there placed their names, and some dissenting ministers had ventured so far as to do likewise, and to preach some pretty little sermons over him in the book.

To the  
Immortal and illustrious fame  
of  
LORD BYRON,  
The first Poet of the age in which he lived,  
These Tributes,  
Weak, and unworthy of Him, but  
In themselves sincere,  
are inscribed  
With the deepest reverence.  
July, 1825.

At this period no monument—not even so simple a slab as records the death of the humblest villager in the neighbourhood—had been erected to mark the spot in which all that is mortal of the greatest man of our day reposes; and he has been buried more than twelve months—July 1823.

So should it be: let o'er this grave  
No monumental banners wave;  
Let no word speak—no trophy tell  
Aught that may break the charming spell  
By which, as on this sacred ground  
He kneels, the pilgrim's heart is bound.  
A still, rustless influence,  
Unseen, but felt, binds up the sense;  
While every whisper seems to breathe  
Of the mighty dead who rests beneath.  
—And though the master hand is cold,  
And though the lyre it once controlled  
Rests mute in death;—yet, from the gloom  
Which dwells about this holy tomb



Silence breathes out more eloquent  
Than epitaph or monument.  
One laurel wreath—the poet's crown—  
Is here by hand unworthy thrown;  
(Oe tear, that so much worth should die,  
Falls, as I kneel, my sorrowing eye:—  
This the simple offering  
(Poor, but earnest,) which I bring.  
—The tear has dried, the wreath shall fade,  
The hand that twined it soon be laid  
In cold obstruction—but the fame  
Of him who tears and wreath shall claim  
From most remote posterity,  
While Britain lives, can never die!  
J. B.

The following list contains almost all the names that are known to the public, or are distinguished by rank or peculiarity of circumstance:—

- The Count Pietro Gamba. Jan. 31st, 1823.  
The Duke of Sussex visited Lord Byron's tomb, October 1824.  
Lieut.-Colonel Wildman.  
Lieut.-General Charles Lallemand.  
The Count de Bismarck, Chamberlain to the King of Prussia. Sept. 7th, 1825.  
1825. Sept. 23. William Fletcher visited his ever-to-be-lamented lord and master's tomb.  
16 month. Jeremiah Wiffen, Woburn Abbey, Bedfordshire.  
1826. July 30. C. H. Pemberton (a wanderer).  
1829. Jan. 21. Thomas Moore.  
Sept. 12. Sir Francis S. Darwin and party.  
Nov. 21. Lieut.-Colonel D'Aguiar.  
— Eliza D'Aguiar.  
Dec. 1. Lieut.-Colonel James Hughes, of Llandudley.  
1829. Sept. 3. Lord Byron's sister, the Honourable Augusta Mary Leigh, visited this church.  
1831. May 17. Rev. Joseph Gilbert, Nottingham.  
— Ann Gilbert (formerly Ann Taylor, of Ongar).  
Aug. 22. Lieut.-Gen. and Mrs. Need, Fountain Dale.  
1832. Jan. 6. M. Van Buren, Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States.  
— Washington Irving.  
— John Van Buren, New York, U. S. America.  
Dec. 27. Lady Lamington, Salendale.  
1834. Feb. 15. Domingo Maria Ruiz de la Vega. Ex-Deputy of the Spanish Cortes from Granada.  
Feb. 23. J. Bellairs, Esq. visited Newstead Abbey and Lord Byron's tomb, such as it is:—one of his greatest admirers of the day.  
— W. Arundale, of London, accompanied the said J. B.  
March 5. J. Murray, jun., Albemarle-street, London. (815 Names.)

Although we did not, at this time, enter even the church-yard, thoughts and feelings which had presented themselves in this very spot on the day of Lord Byron's funeral, again returned.

His birth, his death, dark fortunes, and brief life,

Wondrous and wild as his impetuous lay,  
Pass'd through my mind; his wanderings, loves,  
and strife:

I saw him marching on from day to day:—  
The kilted boy, roaming 'midst mountains  
grey:

The noble youth, whose life-blood was a flame,  
In the bright land of demi-gods astray:  
The monarch of the lyre, whose haughty name  
Spread on from shore to shore, the watchword  
of all fame:—

And then—a lifeless form! The spell was  
broke;

The wizard's wild enchantment was destroyed;  
He who at will did dreadful forms invoke,  
And call'd up beautiful spirits from the void  
Back to the scenes in which he early joy'd,  
He came, but knew it not. In vain earth's  
bloom—

In vain the sky's clear beauty, which oft  
buoy'd

His spirit to delight; an early doom  
Brought him in Glory's arms to th' awaiting  
tomb.

He lies—how quietly that heart, which yet  
Never could slumber, slumbers now for aye!  
He lies—where first-love, fame, his young  
soul set

With passionate power on flame—where gleam  
the grey

Turrets of Newstead, through the solemn way

Of verdurous woods; and where that hoary  
crown  
Of lofty "trees in circular array"  
Shrouds Mary's hall, who thither may look  
down  
And think how he lov'd her, aye, more than his  
renown.

H.

## THE BARLEY-MOWER'S SONG.

BY MARY HOWITT.

BARLEY-MOWERS, here we stand,  
One, two, three, a steady hand;  
True of heart and strong of limb,  
Ready in our harvest trim;  
All a-row, with spirits blithe,  
Now we whet the bended scythe,

Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

Side by side now, bending low,  
Down the swaths of barley go,  
Stroke by stroke, as true 's the chime  
Of the bell, we keep in time;  
Then we whet the ringing scythe,  
Standing 'mong the barley lithe,

Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

After labour cometh ease,  
Sitting now beneath the trees,  
Round we send the barley wine,  
Life-infusing, clear and fine;  
Then refresh'd, alert, and blithe,  
Rise we all and whet the scythe,

Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

Barley-mowers must be true,  
Keeping still the end in view,  
One with all, and all with one,  
Working on till set of sun,  
Bending all with spirits blithe,  
Whetting all at once the scythe,

Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

Day and night, and night and day,  
Time, the mower, will not stay;  
We may hear him in our path,  
By the falling barley swath:  
While we sing with voices blithe,  
We may hear his ringing scythe,

Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

Time, the mower, cuts down all,  
High and low and great and small;  
Fear him not, for we will grow  
Ready like the field we mow,  
Like the bending barley lithe,  
Ready for the whetted scythe,

Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink-a-tink!

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome.

Let me give you a portrait—a miniature of my Romans. First, you are to observe, that my Romans are no Romans at all, that is to say, real original Romans. Lucan himself, who wrote nearly eighteen hundred years ago, says of them—

Nullogue frequentem  
Cive suo Roman, sed mundi face repletam.

The "refuse of the world" does not seem, though corruption be a kind of regeneration, to have worked off its impurity, but to wallow in it still. Even after so many ages left it to settle and re-embodiment, there it lies fermenting in its own foulness, and throwing off each year its vermin swarms to rot themselves again to death on that wharf of Lethe, Tiber's muddy shore. This rank amalgamation of slaves, freedmen, and gladiators, Africans, Asiatics, Byzantine and other barbarian Greeks, of Goths, Vandals, and Huns, choked long ago all that was truly Roman in the people, and left nothing of the city itself, but ruins, to tell the passenger—*Rome was!* Although denizens of her who civilized the western world, who long drew into her circuit the riches, the learning, the genius, the mechanical

and elegant arts of Europe, still is that population barbaric, sanguinary, ignorant, awfully gross and slothful, semi-brutal. Of all Italian peoples, it has the least notion of freedom, the least notion of a wish to be free. It is always primed for explosion indeed, because explosion brings destruction, and destruction of any kind it dearly loves. It would be, perhaps, one of the first states to revolutionize itself, if rapine were the object, and not reform; but, unless that lure be held out, you might as well preach the march of enlightenment to a nation of Calibans. "Let me kiss thy foot," is its motto, political no less than spiritual. Even if forced by external states into freedom, 'twill enslave itself again to one of them from pure sluggishness and incapacity for self-rule—or to some turbulent demagogue, who will revive there in bloody caricature French Mob Law and the Reign of Terror. For, remember, that cowards always love carnage. This is a sad picture, but I fear a true one: the most fallen thing in Rome is the national character. Though rubbing skirts perpetually with the statues of heroes and demigods, my Romans have caught no more the contagion of courage, than if there were something in their clay antiseptic to such an infection. Nay, so lost are they to shame on matters of courage, that they avow in open terms their want of it—they post their own poltroonery. A Roman—mark you what a huge mouth one must make, to pronounce the magnificent name!—A Roman citizen will candidly tell you, that the sight of a firearm in his own hand for the defence, not of his hearth and altars, his goods and chattels, wife and children, but of *himself*, throws him into a sweat of agony dangerous to his life! He is ready, at all times, to make an affidavit of cowardice, if it will save him from enlistment as a National Guard, a defender of his own existence and means of existence. The most daring night-stabber to be sure in the world: nay, he is so manful, as to assault you at broad noon-day—behind your back. A Roman has just this moment triumphantly butchered a woman in the public streets, and that is but one of the few similar heroic achievements performed since my residence here, by this blood-boulted people. Ferocity, at least, if not valour, is their most distinctive characteristic. When a Roman speaks to you, it is generally with the air of a tame wolf. He has a black liquorish muzzle, a shaggy head, and a truculent eye; but a latent slipperiness in the gaze he fixes upon you, tells that his heart is unsteady. He has a powerful, square, low-built frame, but so covered with the soft brown of idleness and inertia, that he might be overset like a woolpack, by the slightest application of the foot to his centre of percussion. Most Italians, indeed, may be knocked down with a hard look: the Roman, perhaps, will stand it as stoutly as another, if he thinks his own stiletto the only one between you.

Nothing strikes more evidently, than the change of demeanor on passing from Radicofani, or any other Tuscan frontier town, into the papal state. It is like passing from brightness into darkness. The smile of peace, contented industry, simplicity, native good humour, which gladdens like a second sun the face of Tuscany, gives way to a savage and sullen frown, contracted by gloominess of spirit, envious sloth, and ever-needy cunning—a frown that seems to eclipse the glorious orb itself, and cover the Roman land with shadow. At the Holy Excise Office, you find yourself at once in the jurisdiction of robber-law. Those blood-hounds of despotism, *gendarmes*, become still more insolent than is usual with dogs in office; the excisemen, helpers, &c., twice as rapacious as such vultures elsewhere. Douanier soldiers beg from you all through Italy, but in the Ecclesiastical States alone, have I ever found them licensed to assault for alms, footpads in uniform, which is the case particularly at Ferrara. There you are robbed by the police of *four paulas* if you merely

pass one night in the town, and, by the police-soldier who brings your passport, of a *paol* more if you be simple enough not to resist his look of *fee-fa-fum* authority. Guess what the Papal States must be, when on getting into the Austrian, you feel yourself at ease!

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

With respect to novelties in literature and art, we find ourselves this week very much in the condition of the venerable Olaus Magnus, when he treated of the Snakes of Iceland thus laconically—"Snakes in Iceland there be none." Artists are escaping from town in every direction—Singers carrying into the country the echoes of those songs which have charmed us during the season. Tamburini and Ivanoff are gone to Manchester—Mr. Braham, whom some of our contemporaries chose to kill last week, is peacefully on his way to the Eisteddod—and the inhabitants of Birmingham and Newcastle anticipating those musical carnivals which give such life and motion to provincial towns as cannot be understood by those who have not witnessed them.

But though matters are at present in a state of stillness, if not of stagnation, we are not without promise of good things to come. Mr. Murray, we perceive, is announcing a *Life of General Wolfe*, edited by Mr. Dawson Turner, assisted by Dr. Southey; he promises us also, two volumes of *Select Sermons and Essays*, from the pen of Crabbe; and from Mrs. Butler (alas, Miss Fanny Kemble no more!) a *Journal of her residence in America*. Surely, from this lady and Miss Martineau (who has just set sail for the land of promise), we shall receive a more gentle judgment of the United States than we found in the shrewd, severe, and sparkling pages of the authoress of the '*Domestic Manners*.'

The new number of the *Quarterly Review* is before us, and appears varied in its contents. The only paper we have read, upon Coleridge, has pleased us much. It is written by an enthusiastic, but not an extravagant admirer of his wonderful genius. Mr. Campbell's *Life of Mrs. Siddons* is dissected in the searching manner in which this periodical delights to treat certain books. There are articles, too, upon Crabbe's poems, upon Conolly's *Overland Journey to India*, and Dunlop's *Roman Literature*.

While we were talking of musical matters, we might as well have said that Mr. Parry has been appointed to write the history of the Abbey Meeting—to fill the post which, on the occasion of the Commemoration, was occupied by Doctor Burney—the friend of Garrick, and Burke, and Johnson. We cannot help thinking—but comparisons are odious; and we shall look for a full, true, and particular account of the "*Celebrity*" of 1834, without prepossession or prejudice.

#### THEATRICALS

##### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Wednesday, Aug. 20.

'*Married Life*,' an original comedy, in three acts.—We have announced the production of this new effort of Mr. Buckstone's very amusing pen, in the words of the play-bill. Had the description been left to us, we certainly should not have called it a comedy; and even as it is, we, as legitimate conservators of theatrical boundaries, feel it our duty to protest against a farce, merely because it happens to be a very large one, being permitted to assume the style and title of its superior. A commoner might as well claim to sit in the House of Peers on the score of his being fat. The papers generally have spoken strongly in favour of the piece in question; we rejoice that they have done so, while we regret that we can only echo them in parts, and even

then but faintly. The merit of originality must be put first and foremost. We may next say, that the idea is a capital one; indeed, the very excellence of the idea made us expect so much that the disappointment we experienced was, perhaps, as much caused by over anticipation, as by failure in execution, on the part of the author. Be that as it may, we were disappointed, and must not, as we value our character for impartiality, shrink from owning it. We have had occasion so often, and so heartily, to praise Mr. Buckstone, in his double capacity of actor and author, that he must almost want a little censure from us, to prove the sincerity of our previous observations. There is little or no plot in '*Married Life*;' but there is a great deal of character; and there are some highly comical situations. These combined would have formed a good and sufficient substitute for a plot, if the characters had been more naturally and powerfully drawn, and the situations strengthened and sustained by a better and higher style of dialogue. In both these particulars, with partial exceptions, it appears to us, that Mr. Buckstone has comparatively failed. The opening dialogue between the first of the numerous couples to whom we are introduced, Mr. and Mrs. *Lionel Lyne*, (Mr. F. Vining and Mrs. Faucit,) held out a more goodly promise than was afterwards realized. It was easy, natural, and even sprightly—but in this first scene, the author seemed not only to have out-written himself, but to have written himself out. The dialogue was never again so good; and we are sorry to add, that far too much of the subsequent laughter was obtained from the thoughtless and ill-bred portion of the audience at the expense of propriety—nay, more, of common decency. Mr. and Mrs. *Lyne* are a jealous couple, and quarrel upon that score. Mr. Vining and Mrs. Faucit both played extremely well, but the abruptness with which both of them, but the lady in particular, are every now and then made to break from farce into tragedy, is objectionable. No acting could smooth off such sharp corners as they had to turn. Mr. and Mrs. *Coddle* (Mr. Farren and Mrs. Glover,) quarrel about air, and other "trifles light as air." Mr. *Coddle* is a thin nervous chilly East Indian, afraid of every open door and window, and Mrs. *Coddle* walks about like a house on fire, requesting everybody to put her out. Mrs. Glover did the utmost that could be done with (for her, at all events,) an indifferent part. If we were to say, that Mr. Farren acted otherwise than cleverly, our readers would most likely shut up the *Athenæum* for a lunatic paper; but we must say, that we never remember to have seen him to so little advantage; his character does not, as we think, amount even to farce—it is little higher than that of an old man in a pantomime. It is strange, with our admiration of this great artist, that we should have to offer even this one exception, for the purpose of proving the rule; but we liked neither his part—nor his acting—nor his dress—and (as Mr. Yates used to say in his imitation of Terry,) "that's the plain fact." His chief situation is made to arise out of his fright, because he thinks he has committed bigamy, and subjected himself to transportation. Being at length relieved from this, by discovering that his first wife married him under a false name, he talks about "the pride of conscious innocence." Now, in the first place, we very much question whether one of the parties having assumed a false name, would affect the legality of a marriage; and in the next, if Mr. *Coddle* has not committed bigamy, he clearly intended to do it; and, therefore, his claim to congratulation upon conscious innocence must needs be slender. It reminds us of a gentleman, once well known in the musical world, who being congratulated by a friend on having obtained his certificate under a bankruptcy, answered—"Yes, I have obtained it, and now

I can lay my hand upon my heart and say—thank God, I don't owe a shilling in the world." But we grow lengthy, and must cast off the remaining couples as quickly as possible. Mr. and Mrs. *Dove* (Mr. Buckstone and Mrs. Clifford) quarrel because the wife, who has been a schoolmistress, is uneasy at the bad English of the husband, who has been her footman. Mrs. Clifford was clever, and so was Mr. Buckstone, but both parts were not only overcharged but overpaid. Mr. *Dove* has been a footman, it is true; but a footman, if put into the situation of a gentleman, would know what to do if told to give his arm to a lady and take her down to dinner, though he might not do it like a gentleman. It is out of the nature of things that he should inquire of his wife—"What does that mean, and how am I to do it?" having, in his capacity of footman, witnessed the operation every day of his life. Mr. and Mrs. *Dismal* (Mr. Strickland and Mrs. Taylour) have married late in life, and quarrel because they hardly know how else to occupy their time. Both parts were remarkably well sustained. Finally, Mr. and Mrs. *Younghusband* (Mr. Brindal and Mrs. Humby), who have been only a short time married, quarrel—not because they dislike each other, but because they are both fond of contradiction. We have, like children, kept the best for the last. This couple pleased us more than all the others together. The ease and self-possession of Mr. Brindal, and yet his perfect abstraction from every outward circumstance which did not mix itself with the business of his part, gave his acting an air of reality which was, and is, deserving of the highest praise. He seemed like a gentleman borrowed from real life to show that others were only acting. In justice, we must own that Mrs. Humby was but little way behind him. When the husbands and wives are tired of quarrelling, they make it up, and the piece concludes with a long matrimonial lecture from Mr. Farren. To say that there is no merit in it, would be to say that which is neither just nor true. There is a great deal in the idea, and not a little in the execution; but, upon the whole, with every good wish towards one who is a very quaint and original actor, and a most industrious and amusing author, we feel bound to say, that (in our opinion) Mr. Buckstone's flight has been a little too high this time. Had he tried less, he would have achieved more. Nay, this play might very likely have been better if he had bestowed more time upon it, but the further it advances from the commencement, the more conspicuous are the signs of haste. It was well received upon the whole, and much applauded at the conclusion.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Chemical Analysis of the Brain*.—M. Couerbe, who has been engaged for some time in a chemical and physiological examination of the brain, has ascertained the singular and interesting fact, that its composition varies in a remarkable degree according to its different states of health or disease. The element, which occurs in different quantities, is phosphorus, of which he reports that the brain in its normal state contains from 2 to 2½ per cent., while the brains of idiots contain but 1 to 1½, and those of madmen 3, 4, or even 4½. "Thus," says M. Couerbe, in conclusion, "it would follow, that the absence of phosphorus from the brain would reduce man to the sad state of a brute; that a great excess of this substance would irritate the nervous system, exalt the individual, and drive him into that furious excitement which we call madness or mental alienation; and, finally, that a mean proportion re-establishes the equilibrium, gives birth to the most sublime thoughts, and produces that admirable harmony which, in fact, is the soul of the spiritualists." From all which it clearly follows, that the soul, "that very fiery particle,"

is nothing more or less than a couple of grains of phosphorus! M. Couerbe's memoir has been read before the *Académie des Sciences*, and is to be published in one of the forthcoming numbers of the *Annales de Chimie*: we recommend it to the attention of all who wish to learn the meaning of the poet's expression, "*cum ratione insanire*."

**The Church of La Madeleine at Paris.**—The ornamental work to this beautiful church is now nearly completed, no less than 300 sculptors being employed in the interior. The twelve pendentives, which are to represent the twelve apostles, are nearly finished; they are of colossal magnitude, and will have a most imposing and beautiful effect. Three cupolas crown the nave of the church, which also is just finished. The decorations will be commenced as soon as possible. This church is expected to be one of the most elegant and beautiful in the metropolis.

**Improved Method of tuning Pianos.**—Among the recent new inventions announced in Paris, is an improved method of tuning pianos, which is so simple that a person with a tolerable ear may tune the instrument himself. This is effected by means of a piece of mechanism formed of pressure screws, so that the large tuning key will be no longer wanted, and be superseded by one small enough to go into a lady's work-box; and it is formed on such a principle, that the tone may be ascertained with the greatest nicety, and no risk of breaking the strings is incurred.

**Serpents.**—Mr. Andrew Smith published, in the *London Zoological Journal*, vol. 4. p. 443, an account of a Serpent of Southern Africa, (the *Coleber scaber* of Linnaeus,) which he described as entirely devoid of teeth, and proposed therefore to consider it as the type of a distinct genus and family, to be called *Anodon* and *Anodontidae*. M. Jourdan, however, a French naturalist, being doubtful of the fact, procured a specimen, and has not only discovered that Mr. Smith was in error, having found in this serpent seven teeth on each palatine bone, and five upon each of the upper maxillary bones, but has further ascertained, that in the first division of the digestive canal, a sort of secondary dental apparatus exists, consisting of thirty bony protuberances, with their points enamelled—some of them formed like our cutting teeth, and projecting at least two lines. These thirty protuberances are connected with the thirty vertebrae of the spine, succeeding the atlas and axis (the two first vertebrae).

**Surprising Accuracy of our Coinage.**—The extreme exactness required and attained in the weight of coins at the Royal Mint, by means of the sizing machinery, has already been mentioned. On a recent examination, when sovereigns were put to the test as to their weight, it was found that out of 1000, 500 were quite correct, 200 varied only by half a grain, 100 more three quarters of a grain, and the remaining 100 varied altogether a grain! This is an instance of surprising accuracy; especially when the various processes through which every single coin passes are taken into consideration.—*Lardner's Cyclopædia*.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Select Sermons and Essays, from the MSS. of the Rev. George Crabbe.

Journal of a Residence in America, by Mrs. Butler, (late Miss Fanny Kemble.)

The Life and Correspondence of General Wolfe. Edited by Dawson Turner, Esq., assisted by communications from Robert Southey, Esq.

A complete Latin-English Dictionary, compiled from the best sources, chiefly German, and adapted to the Use of Colleges and Schools, by the Rev. Isaac Hiddle, M.A.

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Art, and Literature of the Hindoos, by Observations made during a Residence in the East of nearly Fourteen Years, by the Rev. Joseph Roberts.

Lexique, or, Helps to the Kaplanations of numerous Greek Words and Passages, particularly in Homer and Hesiod. By the late Philip Buttmann, Doctor and Foreign Professor in Berlin. Translated and edited by the Rev. J. R. Fishlake, A.M.

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Tales for the British People, from the pen of a Lady already favourably known to the literary world.

A second edition of Black Gowns and Red Coats, or Oxford in 1834, in two parts, is announced.

Miriam Coffin, or the Whale Fishermen, a tale, in three volumes.

The Right Use of Freedom, a tale, taken from facts, and written expressly for the instruction and amusement of the working population of the West Indies, by Mrs. Carmichael, author of the 'Domestic Manners of the West Indies.'

The Gun; or, a Treatise on the Manufacture, Nature, and Principle of the various descriptions of small Fire Arms; with Suggestions for Improvements which might easily be effected. By William Greeney.

Mr. Howtham has in the press, a New Guide to the French Language, in Conversations, Dialogues, &c., for the use of schools and travellers.

The Oriental Annual for 1835 is announced for publication on the 1st of October.

The Geographical Annual for 1835 will comprise, in addition to its Engravings, a compendious Universal Gazetteer.

The Life of Prince Talleyrand will be published in a few days.

New Editions.—Pope's Works, with Notes, uniform with Byron and Scott.—Coleridge's Introduction to the Greek Poets, improved and augmented.—Johnson's and Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides, with notes by Scott, Lockhart, and Wilson Croker.—Dr. Elliotson's Human Physiology—incorporating much of Blumenbach's Institutions Physiologie.

Just published.—Bancroft's History of the United States, Vol. 1. 8vo. 14s.—The Man of Honour, and The Reclaimed, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Ransom's History of France, 12mo. 3s.—Miller's Description of Ely Cathedral, with Engravings, 2ds.—Gentia's Manuel du Voyageur, three Languages, 10th Edition, 6s. 6d.—

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We should like to see a specimen of the papers referred to by 'A Reader and Friend of the Athenæum.' Erskine Tyrell.—G.—A. P.—S. received.

We suspect that 'Crab-Tree Row' is not the row whence G. G. should have dated his letter. His professions, however, are proved false by the simple fact, that the book has been reviewed.

A correspondent from Edinburgh has called our attention to some errors in 'Roberts's Geography,' especially in the account given of the interior of Africa and Eastern Persia. Our notice of the work was merely a description of its plan, which we thought and still think, very good.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

##### BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL MAIL.

THE Gallery, with a Selection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS, from the Collections of His Most Gracious Majesty, The Most Noble the Marquess of Westminster, and The Right Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B., is OPEN DAILY, from Ten to the Morning until Six in the Evening. Admissions, 1s.; Catalogues, 1s.

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##### WILL CLOSE EARLY NEXT MONTH.

—THE PANDORA, or EXHIBITION of the MAN-CHINTER and LIVERPOOL RAILWAY, at the Bazaar, Baker-street, Portman square, will close early next Month, preparatory to its removal from London. This amusing and scientific exhibition gives a most correct idea of the great work it represents. It has been viewed by thousands of the Nobility and Gentry, all of whom express the highest appreciation of the mechanical and pictorial display it affords. It occupies nearly half an hour to view, but as it is in constant operation it does not matter at what time a person enters, for if he waits that period he sees it all.—Admission, One Shilling.

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The House will terminate on the 30th Instant. All Pupils will be expected to join their Classes on MONDAY the 1st of SEPTEMBER.

AN EXHIBITION, to TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, of FIFTY POUNDS per annum, for Three Years of the Undergraduate Course, commencing in October 1835, will be given to the successful Candidate at the July Examination of that year, who shall have attained the age of Eighteen, and kept at the HIGH SCHOOL five of the six School Terms of the two Sessions commencing from September.

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Messrs. THOMAS WINSTANLEY and SONS (of Liverpool) have the pleasure to announce that they have received directions to SELL, by AUCTION, on FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, at 11 o'clock precisely, at their Rooms, in CHURCH-STREET, LIVERPOOL,

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No. 357.

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"What is there in a name?" says Juliet. "Much," would Sir Walter's old woman have answered, when, of all the hour-long sermon, nought remained fixed on her mind except "that sweet word Mesopotamia," and "much," we answered, when we saw on a volume replete with rich and varied antiquarian stores, the forbidding title of '*Rotuli Litterarum Clausarum*.' In truth, had it not been for the very intelligent introduction of Mr. Hardy, which prepared us to expect entertainment and information, we should have closed the ponderous folio, despairing to obtain aught more important than lists of fines paid by nobody cares who, to justices and barons of the Exchequer, long since gathered to their fathers, instead of a collection of amusing, and, in many instances, important letters, on every subject, public or domestic, which could possibly come within the range of a monarch's correspondence.

A few months since, we introduced these *Close Rolls* to the notice of our readers, in a review of Mr. Hardy's dissertation, which had been printed for private distribution,† and from that work, which forms the introductory essay to the volume now before us, we selected several precepts, calculated to throw light on the state of society during the earlier half of the thirteenth century. We have now looked over the volume itself, and most willingly do we add our testimony to that of Mr. Hardy, as to its historical importance, especially as affording incontrovertible tests of the accuracy of the contemporary monkish historians, a class of men whom it has pleased some modern writers to overwhelm with unmerited obloquy. It is, therefore, with a view to induce a more extended acquaintance with that mass of historical information which the diligence of the Record Commission has collected, that we would endeavour to make the readers of the *Athenæum* acquainted with a work which, from the obsolete Latin in which the precepts are written, its magnitude, and the numerous contractions with which it abounds, must remain, except through the medium of selection and translation, an absolutely sealed book to the many.

The *Close Rolls* are copies of letters written by direction of the King, to various persons, on various subjects, and are thus termed from the circumstance of the letters having been *folded*, and sealed with the great seal, instead of being sent open, with the seal depending, as is the case in the *Patent Rolls*. Those contained in the volume before us, commence with the sixth year of John, and, with the exception of an interval of about four years, during the in-

terdict, continue, in an unbroken series, to the eighth year of Henry the Third. We have before remarked, that this collection is of very varied character; there are precepts for apparel, for jewels, for wines, for game, for repairing and beautifying the King's houses, for building the King's ships, for guarding the King's forests; there are directions for the diet of "Blakeman," the King's favourite falcon, and for the diet of the King's cousin, Alianor—for a new gallows to be set up at the Elms (close beside Smithfield), and for a new chapel to be built at Westminster—a special notification to Hugh de Neville, that Robert Gresley has licence to kill six deer in the forest of Cliffe, followed by the more important notice sent to the Earl of Salisbury, that on the plain of Ruinmede "peace after this manner hath been renewed between us and our barons." In selecting from this very curious volume some of the more interesting and amusing entries, we shall begin with, what some one sarcastically says Englishmen always begin with, good eating; and we shall lay before our readers the precepts both for a Christmas and a coronation feast, doubting not that they will from henceforth be convinced of the propriety of that term so commonly used by our forefathers, "right royal feasting."

The first is John's Christmas feast, in 1213, while the interdict still hung over the land, and when although by the resignation of his crown to the Papal See, he had reconciled himself to Innocent, John had yet cause to tremble at the power and determination of his confederated nobles, who, in the autumn of this year had sworn, at the suggestion of Langton, never to desist from demanding "the good old laws of the kingdom." But although everything bore the appearance of an armed neutrality, and John, after paying 15,000 marks, as compensation in part for the damage occasioned by his mercenaries to the property of his exiled nobles, refused to pay more, alleging that his Exchequer was empty, we yet find him, with characteristic recklessness, making preparations for a mighty feast, to be held at his castle of "Wyndlesore." The first "note of preparation" is the following:—

"The King to Reginald de Cornhill.—We command that you cause Galfrid the suter to receive for us 40lb of pepper, 6lb of cloves, half lb of *garo fill*. [what this was we cannot discover; that it was very valuable appears from the circumstance that 20s. per lb was paid for it, and that in no entry does it ever appear to have been obtained in a larger quantity than half a pound.] "half lb of nutmegs, 3lb of cinnamon, 3lb of ginger, to be used for us, and that it be placed to our account." Dated from the New Temple, London, Oct. 2.

The next precept is addressed to the Treasurer and Chamberlain, directing them to "give from our Treasury to Reginald de Cornhill, 500 marks, to buy our robes." This is dated Dec. 9, at Reading, and is followed by a precept dated the 12th, addressed to the Keepers of the Royal Wines at Southampton,

directing them "to cause John, the son of Hugh, to have three hogsheads of wine."

The next precept shall be given at full length:—

"The King to Reginald de Cornhill.—We command you immediately on sight of these letters, that you send to Windsor twenty hogsheads of wine, costly, good, and new, both Gascony wines and French wine, and four hogsheads of best wine for our own drinking (*ad os nostrum*) both two of white wine and two of red wine, and that it be sent without delay, that it may be received before the day of the Nativity. And we require, for our use, against that day, 200 head of pork, and 1000 hens, and 500lb of wax, and 50lb of pepper, and 2lb of saffron, and 100lb of almonds, good and new, and two dozen napkins, and 100 ells of linen cloth, to make table cloths, and 50 ells of delicate cloth of Ramein, and of spices to make *salsas* [probably this word rather signifies pickles] as much as ye shall judge necessary, and that all these be sent thither by Saturday or Sunday nearest Christmas. And ye shall send thither 15,000 herrings and other fish, and other victual, as Ph. de Lungeburgh shall tell you. And all these ye shall buy at the accustomed market, as you may deserve our thanks, and according to custom you shall give in your accounts at the Exchequer. Concerning pheasants (*fasianis*), or partridges, and other birds, which you shall seek for our use, you shall have them from the manor."—Dated at Guildford, 17th Dec.

It would appear from this curious precept, that the formidable appearance of his barons had produced some beneficial effects on John, since we perceive how emphatically Reginald de Cornhill is commanded to *purchase* the various articles, and *purchase* them, too, at the accustomed time and place; for among the most crying grievances of the middle classes at this period, was the rapacity and insolence of the royal purveyors, who never paid above half the price, and in many instances did not pay at all.

The next precept is addressed to the Sheriff of Bucks, and was therefore most probably sent by the hands of the purveyor, as a voucher for the articles thus purchased; it directs that 500 hens and 20 swine be bought in the accustomed market, and also, that pheasants, partridges, and other birds be sent from the manor (probably the honor of Wallingford). Then follows a precept to Matthew Mantell, to purchase 200 head of pork and 1000 hens, then another "to John, the son of Hugh," apparently a keeper in one of the forests, to send to Windsor, brushwood, charcoal, torches, and *cyphes*, a sufficiency; also 500 hens, with pheasants and other birds; and lastly, a precept addressed to the Sheriff of Canterbury, to send 10,000 salt eels! (p. 157.)

Such are the precepts for John's Christmas feast in 1213. Now among the many charges brought against the monkish historians, has been that of exaggeration; and their descriptions of the royal feasts have been repeatedly adduced as affording proof of the little reliance which can be placed on their statements. Much argument has been ex-

† See No. 324, p. 25.



pended to prove that provisions could not be obtained in the quantities which the chronicler mentions, and a late writer, shocked at the wholesale falsehood of Matthew Paris, who records that on one occasion a repast, consisting of 30,000 dishes, was served up in Westminster Hall, gravely informs us, that unless the ancient hall had been much larger than the present, it could not, setting the guests and their attendants out of the question, even have contained the dishes,—forgetful that dinners usually consist of three or four courses, and ignorant that among the luxurious Normans, their feasts consisted of so many courses, that the guests were detained for hours at the table, while a constant succession of delicacies was placed before them. Now we find from the foregoing precepts, that no less than 3000 fowls, with a proportionate number of pheasants and partridges, 420 head of pork, with sheep and oxen, we must suppose, in proportion, 15,000 herrings, and 10,000 eels, and twenty-seven hog-heads of wine, were ordered for this Christmas feast; truly then we may be allowed to believe, that thousands of dishes were employed to serve up this immense mass of provision.

The next series of entries to which we shall direct the attention of the reader, are those relating to the coronation feast of Henry the Third. Immediately on the decease of his father, this young prince had been crowned by the legate Gualo, at Gloucester, who placed on his childish brow a plain circlet of gold, for the crown, with the rest of the royal jewels, had been lost in that disastrous flood which had nearly overwhelmed John and his army. As doubts had however arisen respecting the validity of the former coronation, it was decided that the ceremony should again be performed, and Henry, now more than fourteen, having been declared of age, he was solemnly crowned by Archbishop Langton, that great champion of liberty, in Westminster Abbey, on Whit Sunday, May 17th, 1220. The first notice we find of this coronation is a precept addressed to the Chamberlain, directing 30*l.* to be given to Odo, the goldsmith, and William Pont de Eya, "towards repairing our houses at Westminster, against the feast of Pentecost, that our coronation may be celebrated there." This is followed by a precept directing the Sheriffs of London to provide John Wallrand with carts sufficient to carry "our shingles and lathes† from the park at Enfield to Westminster, for the houses." The Treasurer and Chamberlain are next directed "to give William de Cantilupe, the seneschal, six score pounds, to buy those things that are necessary against our coronation." These were most probably the fruits and spices, since we find no specific entry relating to them. Then follows, "The King to John Mareschall, greeting. We command that you procure for us forty beasts of our forest, that we may have them at Westminster on the Friday nearest to Pentecost, at the feast of our coronation." This is signed, as are most of the

others, by Hubert de Burgh, the high justiciary and guardian (together with Peter de Rupibus,) of the young king. Subjoined is a note, "and in the same manner was it written to William de Cantilupe, for thirty beasts—William Earl of Salisbury, for thirty beasts—William Earl of Albemarle, for forty beasts—Fulke de Breant, for thirty beasts—Engel de Cygeinge, for thirty beasts."

The next is "The King to the Sheriff of Wilts. We direct that you buy for our use, and without delay send to London, 2000 ells of linen cloth, of which each ell shall cost 4*d.* at the most, to make table-cloths." Then, "The King to the Sheriff of Kent. We direct that you buy for our use 1000 hens, 500 lambs and kids, and 1000 pitchers, of which each shall contain one gallon, and 40 oxen." "To the Sheriff of Surrey. We direct that ye shall cause to be obtained for us, 1000 hens." The Sheriff of Middlesex is directed also to send 1000 hens, and the Sheriff of Essex 2000!

Here, then, are preparations for a feast—a mighty one! 40 oxen, 500 lambs, 200 deer, 5000 fowls, and 2000 ells of linen for table-cloths! Who, after reading these precepts, will impugn the testimony of the much abused monk of St. Alban's? Who will now accuse the old romance writers of mere romancing, when they tell of the marvellous feasting at Arthur's coronation?

From numerous other entries, although none of them are so full and so specific as those we have selected, we find that the royal feasts were not unfrequently on an almost equal scale of magnitude; we find further, that in regard to some articles, the same quantity was always ordered. Towards the close of almost every year, an order was given for 100*lb.* of almonds, 50*lb.* of pepper, and 2*lb.* of saffron; these were therefore the accustomed quantities to be used in the royal kitchen. In a precept towards the commencement of the volume, directing Reginald de Cornhill to deliver his accounts at the Exchequer, we find the prices affixed to the various articles. Ginger was 2*s.* 6*d.* per pound, cinnamon the same, nutmegs 10*s.*, and mace, of which this is the only entry, also 10*s.*; the price of almonds varies from 25*s.* to 30*s.* the 100*lb.*, and saffron, the produce of our own fields, is, most singularly, charged as high as cinnamon. To many a reader the distinction in one of the foregoing precepts, of French wines and Gascony wines, will appear very puzzling, and had it been found in a monkish chronicle, we might have heard lamentations over the ignorance of geography in those dark ages. But the case really is, that no part of modern France was at this period, or indeed long after, termed France, except that which owned the sway of the French monarch. Thus Edward the Third summons his nobles to meet him in Normandy, that they may march into France, and thus, it was not the possession of Normandy, Anjou, or the seven important provinces of Aquitaine, that induced Edward to quarter the French lilies on his shield; it was not his undoubted

hereditary right to all these,—but his claim to the actual possessions of the royal house of France, that led him to adopt its peculiar bearing. We must, however, conclude; we may probably again return to the subject, and lay before the reader some interesting details relating to the English navy and the patronage of the arts in the 13th century.

*The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott.* By James Hogg. Glasgow: Reid & Co.; London, Whitaker & Co.

We are perplexed as to what we ought to say of this strange egotistical gossiping volume: not less than two-thirds of it are taken up with talk about Mr. Hogg, in what is called 'A Memoir of the Author,' and talk by Mr. Hogg on the same subject. This might have been excused, had there been any novelty in the subject, or manner of treating it—but the anecdotes are literally worn threadbare. Yet, with this just ground of complaint, we are in no humour to quarrel with the writer. He is one of the few persons in whom egotism and vanity are not offensive—he leaves himself so trustingly and so obviously at the mercy of the critic, that it seems a want of sympathy and humanity, to say an unkind word to him; he carries his heart in his hand, and critics may peck at it if they will—we cannot. Besides, his literary fortunes entitle him to consideration and kindness. They have been so shifting and various, that we cannot but rejoice that he finds consolation in anything, whether internal or external; and if he be sincerely of opinion that Moore took the idea of 'Lalla Rookh' from the 'Queen's Wake,' Scott, his 'Castle Dangerous,' from 'The Three Perils of Man,' and 'Old Mortality' from the 'Brownie of Bodysbeck,' why let him enjoy it—the world has no right to deprive him of so innocent a source of self-satisfaction, seeing that they have given him little else to console him. We almost love the man, that in straight-forward simplicity could say, "Dear Sir Walter, ye can never suppose that I belong to your school o' chivalry! Ye are the king o' that school, but I'm the king o' the mountain and fairy school, which is a far higher ane nor yours." We shall, therefore, following Mr. Hogg's example, trust ourselves to the kind consideration of the reader, and select here and there a few anecdotes, without offering any opinion as to the general merit or demerit of the work. We have a strong suspicion that the following anecdote has been heretofore published; but a like suspicion has so often crossed our minds in the perusal of the volume, that we must not therefore hesitate to quote it. Scott, Hogg, and others, it appears, went off upon one occasion to the wilds of Rinkleburn, to see whether, on the farms of Buccleuch and Mount Comyn, the original possession of the Scotts, any relics could be found. Their search was fruitless, says Hogg, except so far as the discovery of an old chapel and the remnant of a kiln-mill and mill-dam where corn never grew, and which must have been used for grinding the chief's black mails, which were all paid to him in kind.

"There was, however, a remaining tradition in the country, that there was a foot-stone of blue marble, out of which the ancient heirs of Buccleuch

† The roofing with shingles is generally considered a Norman fashion or custom—but it must probably prevailed in all countries where wood was abundant: shingles are much lighter than tiles, and very durable. White mentions that a part of the church of Selborne was, in his time (1788), covered with rotten shingles, which were known to have endured for more than a century; and we can add, that it so continues at the present day.

It is necessary for the general reader to know, that the Anglo-Norman shilling was, in weight and value, just equal to three modern ones. The pound weight of silver being divided into twenty parts, and each part denominated a shilling. This will therefore raise each article to three times the stated value. To bring that value to the modern standard, Mr. Hardy considers it should be multiplied by five.

cleuch were baptised, covered up among the ruins of the old church. Mr. Scott was curious to see if we could discover it, but on going among the ruins where the altar was known to have been, we found the rubbish at that spot dug out to the foundation, we knew not by whom, but it was manifest that the font had either been taken away, or that there was none there. I never heard since that it had ever been discovered by any one.

"As there appeared, however, to have been a sort of rocom in the eastern gable, we fell a-turning over some loose stones, to see if the baptismal font was not there, when we came to one-half of a small pot encrusted thick with rust. Mr. Scott's eyes brightened, and he swore it was part of an ancient consecrated helmet. Laidlaw, however, fell a picking and scratching with great patience until at last he came to a layer of pitch inside, and then, with a malicious sneer, he said, 'The truth is, Mr. Scott, it's nouthier mair nor less than an auld tar-pot, that some of the farmers have been busting their sheep out o' i' the kirk lang syne.'"

They afterwards visited some old castles together, and Mr. Hogg observes:—

"Sir Walter was all the while in the highest good humour, and seemed to enjoy the range of mountain solitude which we traversed, exceedingly. Indeed, I never saw him otherwise in the fields. On the rugged mountains, and even toiling in the Tweed to the waist, I have seen his gloe surpass that of all other men. His memory, or, perhaps I should say, his recollection, was so capacious, so sterling, and minute, that a description of what I have witnessed regarding it would not gain credit. . . . I saw a pleasant instance of this retentiveness of memory recorded lately of him, regarding Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope,' but I think I can relate a more extraordinary one.

"He, and Skene of Rubislaw, and I were out one night about midnight, leistering kippers in Tweed,† about the end of January, not long after the opening of the river for fishing, which was then on the tenth, and Scott having a great range of the river himself, we went up to the side of the Rough haugh of Elbank; but when we came to kindle our light, beheld our peat was gone out. This was a terrible disappointment, but to think of giving up our sport was out of the question, so we had no other shift save to send Rob Fletcher all the way through the darkness, the distance of two miles, for another fiery peat.

"The night was mild, calm, and as dark as pitch, and while Fletcher was absent we three sat down on the brink of the river, on a little green sward which I never will forget, and Scott desired me to sing them my ballad of 'Gilman's-cleuch.' Now, be it remembered, that this ballad had never been printed, I had merely composed it by rote, and, on finishing it three years before, had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began it, at his request, but at the eighth or ninth stanza I stuck in it, and could not get on with another verse, on which he began it again and recited it every word from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment, knowing that he had never heard it but once, and even then did not appear to be paying particular attention. He said he had been out with a pleasure party as far as the opening of the Frith of Forth, and, to amuse the company, he had recited both that ballad and one of Southey's (The Abbot of Aberbrothock,) both of which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he recited them both without misplacing a word.

"Rob Fletcher came at last, and old Mr.

Laidlaw of the Peel with him, carrying a lantern, and into the river we plunged in a frail bark which had suffered some deadly damage in bringing up. We had a fine blazing light, and the salmon began to appear in plenty, 'turning up sides like swine;' but woe be to us, our boat began instantly to manifest a disposition to sink, and in a few minutes we reached Gleddie's Weal, the deepest pool in all that part of Tweed. When Scott saw the terror that his neighbour old Peel was in, he laughed till the tears blinded his eyes. Always the more mischief the better sport for him. 'For God's sake, push her to the side!' roared Peel. 'Oh, she goes fine,' said Scott.

An' gin the boat war bottomless,  
An' seven miles to row.

A verse of an old song; and during the very time he was reciting these lines, down went the boat to the bottom, plunging us all into Tweed, over head and ears. It was no sport to me, at all, for I had no change of raiment at Ashiesteel, but that was a glorious night for Scott, and the next day was no worse."

We shall now string together such anecdotes as seem to us most likely to interest the reader, and as we shall follow pretty closely the order in which they present themselves in the volume, we need hardly say it will be without reference to methodical arrangement.

"Sir Walter was a most extraordinary being. How or when he composed his voluminous works, no man could tell. When in Edinburgh, he was bound to the Parliament-house all the forenoon. He never was denied to any living, neither lady nor gentleman, poor nor rich, and he never seemed discomposed when intruded on, but always good-humoured and kind. Many a time have I been sorry for him, for I have remained in his study, in Castle-street, in hopes to get a quiet word of him, and witnessed the admission of ten intruders, forby myself. Noblemen, gentlemen, painters, poets, and players, all crowded to Sir Walter, not to mention book-sellers and printers, who were never absent, but these spoke to him privately. When at Abbotsford, for a number of years his house was almost constantly filled with company, for there was a correspondence carried on, and always as one freight went away, another came. It was impossible not to be sorry for the time of such a man thus broken in upon. I felt it exceedingly, and once, when I went down by particular invitation to stay a fortnight, I had not the heart to stay any longer than three days, and that space was generally the length of my visits. But Sir Walter never was discomposed. He was ready, as soon as breakfast was over, to accompany his guests wherever they chose to go, to stroll in the wood, or take a drive up to Yarrow, or down to Melrose or Dryburgh, where his revered ashes now repose. He was never out of humour when well, but when ill he was very cross, he being subject to a bilious complaint of the most dreadful and severe nature, accompanied by pangs the most excruciating, and when under the influence of that malady it was not easy to speak to him, and I found it always the best plan to keep a due distance. But then his sufferings had been most intense, for he told me one day, when he was sitting as yellow as a primrose, that roasted salt had been prescribed to lay on the pit of his stomach, which was applied, and the next day it was discovered that his breast was all in a blister, and the bottom of his shirt burnt to an izel, and yet he never felt it! . . .

"Sir Walter's conversation was always amusing, always interesting. There was a conciseness, a candour and judiciousness in it which never was equalled. His anecdotes were without end, and I am almost certain they were all made off-hand, for I never heard one of them either before or after. His were no Joe

Miller's jokes. The only time ever his conversation was to me perfectly uninteresting was with Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle-street, London. Their whole conversation was about noblemen, parliamenters, and literary men of all grades, none of which I had ever heard of or cared about; but every one of which Mr. Murray seemed to know, with all their characters, society, and propensities. This information Sir Walter seemed to drink in with as much zest as I did his whiskey toddy, and this conversation was carried on for two days and nights, with the exception of a few sleeping hours; and there I sat beside them, all the while, like a perfect stump; a sheep who never got in a word, not even a bleat. I wish I had the same opportunity again. . . .

"Although so shy of his name and literary assistance, which, indeed, he would not grant to any one, on any account, save to Lockhart, yet to poor men of literary merit, his purse-strings were always open, as far as it was in his power to assist them. I actually knew several unsuccessful authors who for years depended on his bounty for their daily bread. And then there was a delicacy in his way of doing it, which was quite admirable. He gave them some old papers or old ballads to copy for him, pretended to be greatly interested in them, for which he sent them a supply every week, making them believe that they were reaping the genuine fruit of their own labours.

"There was one day, when I was chatting with Ballantyne in his office, where I was generally a daily visitor, as well as my illustrious friend, I chanced to say, that I never in my life knew a man like Scott, for that I knew to a certainty he was at that time, feeling himself a successful author, lending pecuniary assistance to very many unsuccessful ones, and the best thing of all, he never let his left hand know what his right hand was doing.

"Ballantyne's face glowed with delight, and the tear stood in his eye. 'You never were more right in your life,' said he, 'you never were more right in your life! and I am glad that you know and so duly appreciate the merits of our noble, our invaluable friend. Look here,' and with that he turned up his day-book, and added, 'some word it seems had reached Scott, that Maturin, the Irish poet, was lying in prison for a small debt, and here have I, by Mr. Scott's orders, been obliged to transmit him a bill of exchange for sixty pounds, and Maturin is never to know from whom or whence it came.' I have said it oft, and now say it again for the last time, that those who knew Scott only from the few hundreds, or I might say, hundreds of thousands of volumes to which he has given birth and circulation through the world, knew only one-half of the man, and that not the best half either. As a friend, he was sometimes stern, but always candid and sincere, and I always found his counsels of the highest value, if I could have followed them. . . .

"He was no great favourer of sects, and seldom or never went to church. He was a complete and finished aristocrat, and the prosperity of the state was his great concern, which prosperity he deemed lost, unless both example and precept flowed by regular gradation from the highest to the lowest. He drenched religion as a machine by which the good government of the country might be deranged, if not uprooted. There was one evening when he and Marrit of Rokeby, some of the Fergusons, and I, were sitting over our wine, that he said, 'There is no thing that I dread so much as a very religious woman; she is not only a dangerous person, but a perfect shower-bath on all social conviviality. The enthusiasm of our Scottish ladies has now grown to such a height that I am almost certain it will lead to some dangerous revolution in the state. And then, to try to check it would only

† Sir Walter alludes in the notes to his collected work by Cadell, to his "fire hunting" expeditions. Hogg enables us to fill up the outline of one of them.

make the evil worse. If you ever choose a wife, Hogg, for goodness' sake, as you value your own happiness, don't choose a very religious one."

"The Whig ascendancy in the British Cabinet killed Sir Walter. Yes, I say and aver, it was that which broke his heart, deranged his whole constitution, and murdered him. As I have shown before, a dread of revolution had long preyed on his mind; he withstood it to the last; he fled from it, but it affected his brain, and killed him. From the moment he perceived the veto of a democracy prevailing, he lost all hope of the prosperity and ascendancy of the British empire. He not only lost hope of the realm, but of every individual pertaining to it, as my last anecdote of him will show, for though I could multiply these anecdotes and remarks to volumes, yet I must draw them to a conclusion. They are trivial in the last degree, did they not relate to so great and so good a man. I have depicted him exactly as he was, as he always appeared to me, and was reported by others, and I revere his memory as that of an elder brother."

"The last time that I saw his loved and honoured face, was at the little inn on my own farm, in the autumn of 1830. He sent me word that he was to pass on such a day, on his way from Dumlanrig Castle to Abbotsford, but he was sorry he could not call at Altrive, to see Mrs. Hogg and the bairns, it being so far off the way. I accordingly waited at the inn, and handed him out of the carriage. His daughter was with him, but we left her at the inn, and walked slowly down the way as far as Mountbenger-Burn. He then walked very ill indeed, for the weak limb had become almost completely useless, but he leaned on my shoulder all the way, and did me the honour of saying that he never leaned on a firmer or a surer."

"We talked of many things, past, present, and to come, but both his memory and onward calculation appeared to me then to be considerably decayed. I cannot tell what it was, but there was something in his manner that distressed me. He often changed the subject very abruptly, and never laughed. He expressed the deepest concern for my welfare and success in life, more than I had ever heard him do before, and all mixed with sorrow for my worldly misfortunes. There is little doubt, that his own were then preying on his vitals."

The fine honest enthusiasm of the following passage would, with us, redeem a whole volume of equally honest, and, therefore, inoffensive egotism, "my ruling passion," as Hogg himself confesses.

"He had a clear head, as well as a benevolent heart; was a good man; an anxiously kind husband; an indulgent parent; and a sincere, forgiving friend; a just judge, and a punctual correspondent. I believe that he answered every letter sent to him, either from rich or poor, and generally not very shortly. Such is the man we have lost, and such a man we shall never see again. He was truly an extraordinary man;—the greatest man in the world. What are kings or emperors compared with him? Dust and sand! And, unless when connected with literary men, the greater part of their names either not remembered at all, or only remembered with detestation. But here is a name, which, next to that of William Shakespeare, will descend with rapt admiration to all the ages of futurity. And is it not a proud boast for an old shepherd, that, for thirty years, he could call this man friend, and associate with him every day and hour that he chose?"

"Yes, it is my proudest boast. Sir Walter sought me out in the wilderness, and attached himself to me before I had ever seen him, and, although I took cross fits with him, his interest in me never subsided for one day or one moment."

Mr. Hogg contrives to introduce his wife to us on this occasion, and in a very graceful and touching manner:—

"Mrs. Hogg was a favourite of his. He always paid the greatest deference and attention to her. When we were married, I, of course, took her down to Abbotsford, and introduced her, and though the company was numerous, he did her the honour of leading her into the dining-room and placing her by his side. When the ladies retired, he, before all our mutual friends present, testified himself highly pleased with my choice, and added, that he wondered how I had the good sense and prudence to make such a one, 'I dinna thank ye at a' for the compliment, Sir Walter,' said I."

"As for her, poor woman, she perfectly adored him. There was one day, when he was dining with us at Mount Benger, on going away, he snatched up my little daughter, Margaret Laidlaw, and kissed her, and then laying his hand on her head, said, 'God Almighty bless you, my dear child!' on which my wife burst into tears. On my coming back from seeing him into the carriage that stood at the base of the hill, I said, 'What ailed you, Margaret?'"

"'O,' said she, 'I thought if he had but just done the same to them all, I do not know what in the world I would not have given!'"

"The last time Margaret saw him, was at his own house in Maitland-street, a very short time before he finally left it. We were passing from Charlotte-square to make a call in Laurieston, when I said, 'See, yon is Sir Walter's house, at yon red lamp.' 'O let me go in and see him once more!' said she."

"'No, no, Margaret,' said I, 'you know how little time we have, and it would be too bad to intrude on his hours of quiet and study at this time of the day.' 'O, but I must go in,' said she, 'and get a shake of his kind, honest hand once more. I cannot go by.' So I, knowing that

Nought's to be won at woman's hand  
Unless ye gie her a' the plea,  
was obliged to comply. In we went, and were received with all the affection of old friends."

We have also some pleasant sketches of Sir Walter's family:—

"Lady Scott is cradled in my remembrance, and ever shall be, as a sweet, kind, and affectionate creature. When any of the cottagers or retainers about Abbotsford grew ill, they durst not tell her, as it generally made her worse than the sufferers, and I have heard of her groanings, and occasionally weeping for a whole day, and a good part of the night, for an old tailor who was dying, and leaving a small helpless family behind him. Her daughter Anne, was very like her, in the contour and expression of her countenance."

With regard to his family:—

"I have not much to say, for I know but little. Sophia was a baby, when I first visited him, about two or three months old, and I have watched her progress ever since. By the time she had passed beyond the years of infancy, I perceived that she was formed to be the darling of such a father's heart, and so it proved. She was a pure child of nature, without the smallest particle of sophistication in her whole composition. And then, she loved her father so. O! how dearly she loved him! I shall never forget the looks of affection that she would throw up to him as he stood leaning on his crutch, and hanging over her at the harp, as she chaunted to him his favourite old Border Ballads, or his own wild Highland gatherings. Whenever he came into a room where she was, her countenance altered, and she often could not refrain from involuntary laughter. She is long ago a wife and a mother herself, but I am certain she will always cherish the memory of the most affectionate of fathers."

"Walter is a fine manly, gentlemanly fellow,

without pride or affectation, but without the least spark of his father's genius that I ever could discern, and for all the literary company that he mixed with daily in his youth, he seemed always to hold literature, and poetry in particular, in very low estimation. He was terribly cast down at his father's death. I never saw a face of such misery and dejection, and though I liked to see it, yet I could not help shedding tears on contemplating his features, thinking of the jewel that had fallen from his crown."

"I always considered Anne as the cleverest of the family: shrewd, sensible, and discerning, but I believe a little of a satirist, for I know that when a mere girl, her associates were terrified for her. Charles is a queer chap, and will either make a spoon, or spoil a good horn."

"Of Lockhart's genius and capabilities, Sir Walter always spoke with the greatest enthusiasm, more than I thought he deserved, for I knew him a great deal better than Sir Walter did, and whatever Lockhart may pretend, I knew Sir Walter a thousand times better than he did."

Bless the vanity of the man! It puts us in good humour by its sheer extravagance; and lest, therefore, we should be tempted to become critical, we will here close our extracts."

*The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Crabbe. Vol. VIII. London: Murray.*

WITH the volume before us, this beautiful edition of Crabbe's Poetical Works is brought to a close. Its editor, who was so fortunate in the delightful biography with which he commenced his undertaking, concludes it no less happily, by presenting us with a collection of tales hitherto unpublished—a cabinet of gems, which, indeed, have not received the last polish from the master-hand,—but which, for our own parts, we admire none the less because, in examining them, we not only perceive how patiently and exquisitely such polish was applied by their skilful artist to his other works,—but also, how sterling was the native material upon which he wrought.

While, therefore, we sympathise with the jealousy for the poet's fame which his son and biographer manifests in his preface to these Posthumous Tales, we cannot but think any apology uncalled for; and proceed with sincere pleasure to examine the legacy bequeathed to us—to study the faithful, though often severe painter of nature, in his sketches and incomplete pictures, as well as in his rich and exquisitely finished groups of figures and landscapes.

The volume, the principal part of whose contents consists of a series of sketches, the nature of which, their title, 'The Farewell and Return,' sufficiently explains, is opened by five longer tales. In all of them their author's peculiar genius shines out conspicuously. Who could for an instant doubt the paternity of these lines, which we find at the beginning of 'Silford Hall,' whither the industrious, gentle schoolmaster's son was about to wend his way:

His good and anxious mother, in his best,  
Her darling child for the occasion dress'd;  
All in his coat of green she clothed her boy,  
And stood admiring with a mother's joy:  
Large was it made, and long, as meant to do  
For Sunday service, when he older grew—  
Not brought in daily use in one year's wear, or two.  
White was his waistcoat, and what else he wore  
Had clothed the lamb or parent ere before.  
In all the mother showed her care or skill;  
A riband black she tied beneath his frill;  
Gave him his stockings, white as driven snow,  
And bid him bend the airy way below;  
On the black varnish of the comely shoe  
Shone the large buckle of a silvery bow.



Boots he had worn, had he such things possess—  
But, bootless grief!—he was full proudly dressed;  
Full proudly look'd, and light he was of heart;  
When thus for Siford Hall prepared to start.  
Nathaniel's self with joy the stripling eyed,  
And gave a shilling with a father's pride;  
Rules of politeness too with pomp he gave,  
And show'd the lad how scholars should behave.

Beautifully told, throughout, is the boy's  
awe and wonder at the gay and gorgeous  
things he beholds in that lordly mansion.  
The poet has identified himself with it  
completely, as witness his description of the  
chapel, which is a perfect picture:

Then to the Chapel moved the friendly pair,  
And well for Peter that his guide was there!  
Dim, silent, solemn was the scene—he felt  
The ordar's power, that so unearthly smelt;  
And then the stain'd, dark, narrow windows threw  
Strange, partial beams on pulpit, desk, and pew:  
Upon the altar, glorious to behold,  
Stood a vast pair of candlesticks in gold!  
With candles tall, and large, and firm, and white,  
Such as the halls of giant-kings would light.  
There was an organ too, but now unseen;  
A long black curtain served it for a screen;  
Not so the clock, that both by night and day  
Click'd the short moments as they pass'd away.

Nor less delightful is the description of  
Peter in the library; his fears at being  
locked in among that world of books, some  
of which it was awful to look into; his  
speculations among the sculptures; his most  
natural soliloquy—

I am so happy, and have such delight,  
I cannot bear to see another sight:  
It wearies me like work.

And how, when he got home,

He told of park and wood, of sun and shade,  
And how the lake below the lawn was made:  
He spoke of feasting, such as never boy,  
Taught in his school, was fated to enjoy—  
Of ladies' maids no ladies selves who dress'd,  
And her, his friend, distinguish'd from the rest,  
By grandeur in her look, and state that she possess'd.  
He pass'd not one; his grateful mind o'erflow'd  
With sense of all he felt, and they bestow'd.

He spoke of every office, great or small,  
Within, without, and spoke with praise of all—  
So pass'd the happy boy that day at Siford Hall.

The second story, 'The Family of Love,'  
is written in the author's more caustic man-  
ner. None knew better than himself how  
to pluck down the screens with which poor  
human nature thinks to hide its pettinesses—  
how to strip the stage-clothing off the real  
motive. The idea of the uncle coming  
*incognito*, to make trial of his relations'  
dispositions, may not be new, but it is capiti-  
ally wrought out, and the characters of  
'The Family of Love' carefully distinguished.  
A portrait of one of its members is too good  
to be passed by:

Sorrows like showers descend; and, as the heart  
For them prepares, they good or ill impart.  
Some on the mind, as on the ocean rife,  
Fall and disturb, but soon are lost again;  
Some, as to fertile lands, a boon bestow,  
And seed, that else had perish'd, live and grow;  
Some fall on barren soil, and thence proceed  
The idle blossom and the useless weed;  
But how her griefs the Widow's heart impress'd,  
Must from the tenor of her life be guess'd.

Rigid she was, persisting in her grief,  
Fond of complaint, and adverse to relief.  
In her religion she was all severe,  
And as she was, was anxious to appear.  
When sorrow died, restraint usurp'd the place,  
And ate in solemn state upon her face.  
Reading she loved not, nor would deign to waste  
Her precious time on trifling works of taste;  
Though what she did with all that precious time  
We know not; but to waste it was a crime—  
As oft she said, when with a serious friend  
She spent the hours as duty bids us spend.  
To read a novel was a kind of sin;  
Albert once Charles took her in;  
And now of late she heard with much surprise,  
Novels there were that made a compromise  
Betwixt amusement and religion: these  
Might charm the worldly, whom the stories please,  
And please the serious, whom the sense would charm,  
And thus indulging, be secured from harm—  
A happy thought, when from the foe we take  
His arms, and use them for religion's sake.

We had marked for extract Miss Fanny  
Dyson's most subtle interview with the  
supposed Captain Elliot, and the neglected  
lad's petition, but we cannot give them.  
The tale ends as it should do; the artful  
relations are dismissed with dry, wholesome  
counsel; the unbefriended drudge adopted  
by the uncle. Throughout this volume we  
perceive a happier style of termination to  
the stories than Crabbe often indulged him-  
self in. We may also remark in it, more fre-  
quent allusion to the writings and names of  
other authors than is to be found in any other  
of the poet's works,—a more varied style of  
illustration, as if his genius was disposed to  
try a somewhat wider range than it had  
permitted itself at an earlier period.

We pass the 'Equal Marriage,' and 'Ra-  
chel,' with the exception of a few lines,  
which we must extract. Here is a picture  
of her dwelling—fit abode for one whose  
reason was already shaken:

Even in this state, she loved the winds that sweep  
O'er the wild heath, and curl the restless deep;  
A turf-built hut beneath a hill she chose,  
And oft at night in winter storms arose,  
Hearing, or dreaming, the distracted cry  
Of drowning seamen on the breakers by:  
For there were rocks, that when the tides were low  
Appear'd, and vanish'd when the waters flow;  
And there she stood, all patient to behold  
Some seaman's body on the billows roll'd.

One calm, cold evening, when the moon was high,  
And rode sublime within the cloudless sky,  
She sat within her hut, nor seem'd to feel  
Or cold or want, but turn'd her idle wheel,  
And with sad song its melancholy tone  
Mix'd, all unconscious that she dwelt alone.

But none will harm her—Or who, willing, can?  
She is too wretched to have fear of man—  
Not man! but something—if it should appear,  
That once was man—that something did she fear.

'Villars' we like the least of any of the  
tales in the volume.

We are now come to the 'Farewell and  
Return,' a series of sketches of the changes  
wrought in a small town and its inhabitants,  
by the lapse of twenty years. Who, that  
has had any experience of parting and meet-  
ing, will not feel the lines which follow?

The very place is alter'd. What I left  
Seems of its space and dignity bereft:  
The streets are narrow, and the buildings mean;  
Did I, or Fancy, leave them broad and clean?  
The ancient church, in which I felt a pride,  
As struck by magic, is but half as wide;  
The tower is shorter, the sonorous bell  
Tells not the hour as it was wont to tell;  
The market dwindles, every shop and stall  
Sinks in my view; there's littleness in all.  
Mine is the error; prepossess'd I see;  
And all the change I murmur in me.

One object only is the same; the sight  
Of the wide Ocean by the moon's pale light,  
With her long ray of glory, that we mark  
On the wild waves, when all beside is dark:  
This is the work of Nature, and the eye  
In vain the boundless prospect would decry:  
What mocks our view cannot contract be;  
We cannot lessen what we cannot see.

All these short sketches are good—full  
of character well portrayed. We see shown  
the fate of one who was to turn out a genius  
—failed, somehow or other—and, when dead,  
was only spoken of as "a decent lad;"—and  
the strivings of frugal Barnaby, the shopman.  
The 'Ancient Mansion,' both in its former  
state of serene beauty, and of its pre-  
sent desecration, makes a touching picture.  
There is something very sweet and simple  
in the stanzas with which it concludes; and  
the effect of the sudden change of measure  
is happy and musical.

As thus my spleen upon the view I fed,  
A man approach'd me, by his grandchild led—  
A blind old man, and she a fair young maid,  
Listening in love to what her grandchild said.

And thus with gentle voice he spoke—  
"Come lead me, lassie, to the shade,

Where willows grow beside the brook;  
For well I know the sound it made,  
When dashing o'er the stony rill,  
It murmur'd to St. Oysth's Mill."

The lass replied—"The trees are dead,  
They've cut the brook a straighter bed,  
No shades the present lords allow,  
The miller only murmurs now;  
The waters now his mill forsake,  
And form a pond they call a lake."

"Then, lassie, lead thy grandchild on,  
And to the holy water bring;  
A cup is fatten'd to the stone,  
And I would taste the healing spring,  
That soon its rocky cist forsakes,  
And green its mossy passage makes."

"The holy spring is turn'd aside,  
The rock is gone, the stream is dried;  
The plough has level'd all around,  
And here is new no holy ground."

"Then, lass, thy grandchild's footsteps guide  
To Bulmer's tree, the giant oak,  
Whose boughs the keeper's cottage hide,  
And part the church-way lane o'erlook;  
A boy, I climb'd the topmost bough,  
And I would feel its shadow now."

Or, lassie, lead me to the west,  
Where grew the elm-trees thick and tall,  
Where rooks unnumber'd build their nest—  
Deliberate birds, and prudent all:  
Their notes, indeed, are harsh and rude,  
But they're a social multitude."

"The rooks are shot, the trees are fell'd,  
And nest and nursery all expell'd;  
With better fate the giant-tree,  
Old Bulmer's Oak, is gone to sea.  
The church-way walk is now no more,  
And men must other ways explore:"

"Though this indeed promotion gains,  
For this the park's new wall contains;  
And here I fear we shall not meet  
A shade—although, perchance, a seat."

"O then, my lassie, lead the way  
To Comfort's Home, the ancient inn:  
That something holds, if we can pay—  
Old David is our living kin;  
A servant once, he still preserves  
His name, and in his office serves."

"Alas! that mine should be the fate  
Old David's sorrow to relate;  
But they were brief; not long before  
He died, his office was no more.  
The kennel stands upon the ground,  
With something of the former sound."

"O then," the grieving Man replied,  
No further, lassie, let me stray;  
Here's nothing left of ancient pride,  
Of what was grand, of what was gay:  
But all is chang'd, is lost, is sold—  
All, all that's left is chilling cold.  
I seek for comfort here in vain,  
Then lead me to my cot again."

We must be briefer with what remains;  
though the 'Dean's Lady'—and 'Belinda  
Waters,' with her perpetual "I wonder!"  
beckon us to stay a moment with them.  
Here is a portrait of a miser's cur, from the  
'Dealer and Clerk,' worthy to make one of  
our friend Hood's parallel portraits.

There watch'd a cur before the Miser's gate,  
A very cur, whom all men seem'd to hate;  
Gaut, savage, shaggy, with an eye that shone  
Like a live coal, and he possess'd but one;  
His bark was wild and eager, and became  
That meagre body and that eye of flame;  
His master prized him much, and *Fang* his name.  
His master fed him largely; but not that,  
Nor aught of kindness, made the milder fat.  
Flesh he devour'd, but not a bit would stay;  
He bark'd and snarl'd, and growl'd it all away.  
His ribs were seen extended like a rack,  
And coarse red hair hung roughly o'er his back.  
Lamed in one leg, and bruised in wars of yore,  
Now his sore body made his temper sore.  
Such was the friend of him, who could not find,  
Nor make him one, 'mong creatures of his kind.  
Brave deeds of *Fang* his master often told,  
The son of Fury, famed in days of old,  
From *Snatch* and *Habib* sprung; and noted they  
In earlier times—each dog will have his day.

The notes of *Fang* were to his master known,  
And dear—they bore some likeness to his own;  
For both convey'd to the experienced ear,  
"I snarl and bite, because I hate and fear."  
None pass'd ungreeted by the master's door,  
*Fang* rail'd at all, but chiefly at the poor;  
And when the nights were stormy, cold, and dark,  
The act of *Fang* was a perpetual bark;  
But though the master lov'd the crows of *Fang*,  
There were who vow'd the ugly cur to hang;  
Whose angry master, watchful for his friend,  
As strongly vow'd his servant to defend.

'Danvers and Rayner' is a capital tale of two families, who respectively sink and rise in the world. A love adventure, between the son of the proud master of Hulver Hall, and the daughter of the broken merchant, is thus brought to a close:

Old Peter Rayner, in his own old mode,  
Bade the Squire welcome to his new abode,  
For Richard had been kind, and doubtless meant  
To make proposals now, and ask consent.  
Mamma and misses, too, were civil all;  
But what their awkward courtesy to call,  
He knew not; neither could he well express  
His sad sensations at their strange address.  
And then their laughter loud, their story-telling,  
All seem'd befitting to that Row and dwelling;  
The hearty welcome to the various treat  
Was lost on him—he could not laugh nor eat.

But one thing pleased him, when he look'd around,  
His dearest Phoebe could not there be found:  
"Wise and discreet," he says, "she shuns the crew  
Of vulgar neighbours, some kind act to do;  
In some fair home, some female friend to meet,  
Or take at evening prayer in church her seat."

Meantime there rose, amid the ceaseless din,  
A mingled scent, that crowded room within,  
Rum and red-herring, Cheshire cheese and gin;  
Pipes, too, and punch, and sausages, with tea,  
Were things that Richard was disturb'd to see.  
Impatient now, he left them in disdain,  
To call on Phoebe, when he call'd again;  
To walk with her, the morning fair and bright,  
And lose the painful feelings of the night.

All in the Row, and tripping at the side  
Of a young sailor, he the nymph espied,  
As homeward hastening with her happy boy,  
She went to join the party, and enjoy.  
"Fie!" Phoebe cried, as her companion spoke,  
Yet laugh'd to hear the so-compelling joke;—  
Just then her chance to meet, her shame to know,  
Her tender Richard, moving sad and slow,  
Musing on things full strange, the manners of the Row.

'Master William,' is arch and lively; and 'The Cousins' contains one of the best moral lessons we could find in any author. An excellent and faithful-hearted girl makes friends between a rich uncle and his discarded nephew, to whom she is attached. The man turns mean upon the accession of wealth, and breaks his faith most basely; and while she grieves for his desertion—as much stunned with surprise as sorrow—a lost heir re-appears, in the shape of a gallant sailor, steps into the rich inheritance, and makes the kind and ill-used maiden share it with him.

With these tales, then, we take our leave of Crabbe as a poet: nor can we do it indifferently—

Part when we may, 'tis parting still at last.

But it is pleasant to say "farewell," as we can say it after perusing this concluding volume, with an undiminished impression of the gifts and graces of the departed. Would that we could, even in the far distance, discern any successors to himself and the other mighty ones of whom Time has bereaved us.

*Life of Prince Talleyrand.* Vol. I. 8vo.  
London: Bull & Churton.

The fabrication of Memoirs has been carried to such an extent in France that we naturally view with suspicion every work professing to give us cotemporary information respecting celebrated men. But there are many circumstances connected with this volume calculated to inspire confidence in the author, and not the least, is the total absence of all pretence to exclusive sources of knowledge; to this perhaps may be added, the fact that the author's politics belong to an unpopular school; he is a firm royalist, with a slight tincture of Carlism; he hates the name of revolution, and he calls the alienation of church property public robbery.

With such feelings, he is of course no lover of Prince Talleyrand: scarcely ever have we seen a biography in which the writer has displayed less partiality for his hero; he has erred rather on the opposite side, having, we fear, inserted many calumnious stories on no better authority than libellous pamphlets and scandalous chronicles. Still the work is interesting. How indeed could it be otherwise, when it traces the career of a statesman, who though now in his eighty-first year, has commanding influence in every European cabinet; who acquired power under the French monarchy, and retained it under the Republic, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, and the dynasties of Artois and of Orleans? And what is perhaps the most singular feature in his "strange eventful history," his power was greatest with those governments by which he was most hated. Having as yet received only the first volume, we shall for the present confine ourselves to extracting such passages as throw new light on the early career of this extraordinary man, or elucidate some of the important events in the progress of the French Revolution.

Talleyrand was born in 1754. He was educated for the church, much against his will, and his youth was, we had almost said consequently, marked by profligacy and dissipation. His vices recommended him for promotion in the days when Madame du Barri ruled the French court, or as Frederic of Prussia used to say, "in the reign of petticoat the third." When once he had placed his foot on the ladder of promotion, he scrupled at nothing that could facilitate his ascent. He intrigued with every party, and dealt out impartial treachery to all. With consummate art he seemed to say everything when he really said nothing, and on the approach of the Revolution he found himself unpledged and unfettered, free to follow any course which his interests might dictate. Caprice or passion had no power over a mind so cool as his. Self-interest was the only rule of his life, and he found that best promoted by following, rather than attempting to guide, the course of events.

*Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra  
Torreutem, nec civilis erat, qui libera posset  
Verba animi proferre et vitam impendere vero.  
Sic multas hyemes atque octogesima vidit  
Natisitla, his annis quoque illis tutus in aula.*

One would almost imagine that when Juvenal drew the character of Crispus he had Prince Talleyrand in his eye.

It is said, that at the time of the assembly of the Notables, the future prince was not ill disposed towards the court; but for this we can find no better authority than the following anecdote, which we suspect to be apocryphal:—

"At the time of the Assembly of Notables, the court made some attempts to draw over the Abbé de Périgord to its interests. It is related that at one of the first interviews upon the subject, the young and profligate Comte d'Artois approached him, and asked him what his advice was: 'Two heads must fall,' replied the Abbé; 'two—no more—later, a much greater number will be requisite.'—'And whose heads?'—'The Duke of Orleans' and Mirabeau's.'—'I am of your opinion; but my brother will never consent to it.'—'Are you certain of that?'—'Too certain.'—'In that case I shall go over to the other side.'"

The part which Talleyrand, who had been consecrated Bishop of Autun, took in the

struggle between the nobles and the people, for in truth the king scarcely counted in the contest, was more important than from his subordinate station, might have been supposed. All those whom Cromwell used to call "the waiters on Providence," took for their model one whose worldly prudence was proverbial. Indeed, at the present day, many European sovereigns have regulated their course of foreign policy by the conduct of Talleyrand.

"Scarcely was Louis-Philippe elected King of the French, ere he sent Colonel Athalin, one of his favourite aides-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia. The aide-de-camp was the bearer of an autograph letter from the new sovereign. A fortnight elapsed, and no answer. At length the aide-de-camp received one morning the long-expected and wished-for reply. What then had taken place at St. Petersburg? The simplest thing in the world: the *Mouiteur* had arrived, and the Emperor Nicolas had read in its columns, 'The Prince de Talleyrand has been appointed Ambassador to London.' Upon this the Emperor had said to his council: 'Since M. de Talleyrand attaches himself to the new government of France, that government must necessarily have some chance of stability.' And Louis-Philippe was recognized King of the French by the Emperor of Russia."

We have said that the author of this work is a royalist; but he is not blinded by the prejudices of his party, as will be seen from his lively and faithful sketch of the persons who frequented the court of Louis XVI., and lured that monarch to his doom:—

"Formerly the Kings of France had a fool attached to their court; Louis XVI. had thousands about his person. There was, however, a great difference between the fool of Francis I. and the fools of Louis XVI. Triboulet enjoyed the exclusive right at court of being in the opposition without incurring danger, and to speak the truth without displeasing,—or rather the king's fool was the wise man of the court. At Versailles, on the contrary, the madmen of the chateau christened their folly by the name of reason; they dreamed wide awake, and took their dreams for realities, saying to themselves, 'If I were but allowed to act, I should soon get rid of the factious.' There were striking shades of difference among these madmen: some were facetious, wrote epigrams, and were quite pleased with themselves when they succeeded in raising a laugh against some ridicule of the democracy, represented by a few of its members; others, who were rakes by way of pastime, or speculative libertines, relied upon the power of woman's smile to disarm the revolutionists. Some there were whose folly consisted in denying the light of day; others again stoutly maintained, even after a great revolution had been effected, that all revolution was impossible. Those who admitted the existence of the evil, attributed it to a single cause: 'they had not been listened to.' Then came those, who, in spite of the urbanity of their manners, were the furious madmen of the epoch. They always carried proscription lists in their pockets, and required a good number of heads—as the Abbé de Périgord had before insinuated the advice of bringing the Duke of Orleans to the block. In short, all these madmen, collectively, were not very unlike a shovel-full of sand, every grain of which would exert itself, in its own way, to prevent a large river from flowing into the ocean. All these madmen performed their different evolutions from the period of the assembling of the States-General. One of them published, in the month of June 1789, a pamphlet, with the humane title of 'The Candidates for the Halter.'"

Our author makes himself merry with the

many farces of what were called patriotic sacrifices, enacted in the National Assembly. The first was the grant of the church plate to the national mint, on which occasion the prelates, by whom it was proposed, lost nothing; the second was the confiscation of church property, which Talleyrand zealously supported; but he it remembered, that he had previously resolved to get rid of his ecclesiastical fetters. An interesting anecdote is related, respecting the discussion of this question, by the English translator:—

"It was at that memorable sitting, that M. de Montlozier, then a deputy from the *bailiwick* of Clermont, in defending warmly the constitution of clerical property, said in allusion to the bishops whose cause he then espoused, but deserted so strangely afterwards in his old age:—'By taking away their palaces, you will force them to seek refuge in the cottages of the poor, built by their beneficence;—by tearing from their breast the golden cross they wear on it, you will force them to wear new ones, made of wood; but remember, it was a wooden cross that saved the world.' Long after this speech, M. de Talleyrand, on presenting Montlozier to the First Consul, said of him, that he had uttered the finest sentence ever pronounced in the hall of the States General. 'But what is the sentence?' asked the impatient warrior. M. de Talleyrand had not sufficient composure to repeat it, and was content to observe, that M. de Montlozier had better do it himself. So awkward may the most bearded of mankind feel, at times, when playing a part at variance with that which decorum and propriety have imposed upon them."

The farce of resigning titles naturally afforded Talleyrand a theme for ridicule:—

"Having, on the evening of the day on which M. de Montmorency proposed the destruction of his order, met that inspired patriot at a select party, he addressed him thus:—'How does Matthew Bouchard?'—'Bouchard! my name continues to be Montmorency. It is not in my power to disavow my ancestors; I cannot help being descended from the good *comte* who contributed so powerfully to the gaining of the battle of Bouvines, under Philippe Augustus;—I descend, equally, from that other *comte* who was surnamed the Great, and met his death on the field of battle of St. Denis. I descend also.'—'Very well, very well, my dear Matthew,' said the bishop, interrupting him, 'but you are also the first of your house who has laid down his arms.' Rivarol, who was present at this conversation, by way of another pun, said, 'The descent of the Montmorencys is incredible.'"

The most able and eloquent state-paper that Talleyrand, or perhaps any other public man, ever produced, was the defence of the National Assembly. We cannot forbear extracting his apology for the aristocracy:—

"The expiring hope of the enemies of the revolution was in your weariness; they now lose that hope. Forgive them their vain regrets, and, without hating them, deplore their weakness, as the weakness of humanity. Let us seek, let us state what may serve to excuse them, and point out the concurrence of causes that must have prolonged, and rendered their illusion almost eternal. Some time is required to chase from the memory the phantasms of a long dream, that of a whole life? Who can triumph in an instant over the habits of the mind, over opinions inculcated from youth, kept up by the external forms of society, long favoured by the public servitude which was thought eternal, dear to certain kinds of pride, imposed as a duty, in fine, and placed under the protection of personal interest which they flattered in a thousand ways?

Is it in the power of many men to see at once their illusions destroyed, their hopes frustrated, their fortunes reduced, without experiencing any regret, without making some effort, some resistance, at first natural, and which a false point of honour sometimes imposes? If, in that class lately so favoured, there are some who cannot submit to so many losses at once, show yourselves generous; recollect that in that same class there have been found men who have had the courage to raise themselves to the dignity of citizens; that they have become intrepid defenders of your rights, opposing even in the bosom of their families the noble enthusiasm of liberty to their dearest interests."

The last clause of this extract portrays, though in general terms, the author's own situation:—

"He was, in fact, the only member of the house of Périgord who had taken the colours and adopted the idea of the revolution. His two brothers, Archambaud and Bozon, had declared for the court party, and never swerved from their allegiance; his worthy uncle, the Count de Périgord, who had received him in his youth, and the Archbishop of Rheims, brother of the Count, looked upon the revolution with horror; and M. de Talleyrand's mother ceased to see her son when he quitted the church."

The biographer of Talleyrand may be excused for doubting the reality of public virtue: there is, however, as much ill-nature as truth in his sarcastic picture of French patriots; but the authority he quotes is sufficient to recommend it to our attention:—

"Full of high sounding promises, they loudly proclaim their love of the public welfare, and conceal their selfish ambition under the cloak of exalted patriotism. They have unceasingly marched towards their aim, which has never been any other than an insatiable wish for place, fortune, and power; but, when they have attained the goal, none of them have been able to maintain their footing. During fourteen years they slumbered, but it was when an iron hand having bound them together, forced them to make a halt for the glory of the empire."

"We will here relate the opinion of one of the most celebrated members of our different assemblies, and who belonged to the National Assembly. This sarcastic old man omitted this opinion in our presence, at a time when his matured experience made him smile with pity at seeing so many people believe in the discovery of a government composed of honest men. 'They really are extraordinary,' we have heard him say, 'with their honest people. A man may undoubtedly be honest, and wish for power; but the moment he has attained it, he must make a choice, and either cease to be an honest man, or give up the idea of governing.' He then added, with cynical *naïveté*, 'I may be believed on that score. I know what it is, since I have had a pretty good share in the government.' This man was Bertrand Barrère!"

The selection of the Bishop of Autun to celebrate mass at the festival of the *Champ de Mars*, was not a little whimsical. The following anecdote, which we believe to be authentic, is little to his credit:—

"We ought to confine ourselves to the part the Bishop of Autun played at so imposing a spectacle, which perhaps must have appeared perfectly ridiculous to the lookers-on. It is well known that at the moment the Bishop was advancing towards the steps of the altar to celebrate divine service, he there met M. de Lafayette, whom he cautioned not to look at him, for fear of making him laugh."

"There was indeed but too much cause for laughter; for it was probably a trick of the old court that had made Louis XVI. select the

Bishop of Autun to celebrate mass on that day."

The reflections of the author on this and other acts of irreverence, are equally forcible and judicious:—

"The irreverence of a priest for religion, or his professed impiety seems to us, who have not more intolerance and bigotry than Voltaire himself, to be all that is most hideous and disgusting in human nature. A priest freed from his vows, who breaks the altars of his God, and heads a revolt against religion, can be compared only to the unnatural son who stabs his mother. The example he gives makes him accountable, not only in a religious but in a universally moral sense, for all the scandal which will follow his apostasy."

We know not what reliance is to be placed on the letters ascribed to Talleyrand in this volume. Not one line of authentication can we find; and without some strong evidence, we should reluctantly believe that any public man had penned some of them. The facts in the following letter are probable: after the return from Varennes, Louis had no choice but to throw himself into the hands of the patriotic leaders:—

"All has been definitively settled at the palace, in spite of the absurd decree. If we cannot openly accept office under the King, we are not precluded by any law from becoming his secret advisers and *privy* councillors. In future the government will be entirely in our own hands. General Lafayette is to be the minister of war, Barnave will have the seals of the interior, Lameth (the elder) the navy, his brother Charles the finances, and I myself the department of foreign affairs. This means, my dear friend, that nothing will be done in those several branches of the government without our previous consent. We must now conclude our constitutional work, which alone can restore the poor captive to liberty."

A plan was formed to extricate the king from his dangers; but the outline which our author gives of it, leads us to believe that it had very little chance of success under any circumstances:—

"Under the influence of these circumstances, M. de Talleyrand and his political friends determined upon the following line of conduct. During the ministry of M. de Narbonne, it had been settled that the King should repair to Metz, near the two generals Lafayette and Rochambeau. Louis XVI. expected to find a safe refuge in camps and among those who had been his soldiers. It was asserted that his intention was to come to an understanding with those two generals, upon the necessary measures to get rid of the National Assembly; but as a preliminary step it was indispensable that the constitution should be sworn to, because the new familiars at court wished that, in saving the King, their own work should be maintained inviolate. By their advice it was further resolved, after the eighteenth of September, to carry the King to Dieppe, where he should embark and sail for Ostend. The department of Paris, over which M. de Talleyrand presided, would have then assumed the supreme authority in that capital, and have collected all the deputies of the first and second Assemblies upon whom reliance could be placed. This new union would have declared Paris in actual insurrection against the constitution and the law, and Lafayette would have marched in haste to this city at the head of his army. The execution of the plan was attempted, but the tergiversations of the King made it miscarry. Louis XVI. never knew how to take a decided part in anything, and was only endowed with passive courage or resignation—a virtue he possessed in the highest degree."



The king's indecision is said to have induced Talleyrand to change his course of proceeding; and a letter is ascribed to him, from which we shall make a short extract:

"The more I see every day, the more I am convinced of the truth of Mirabeau's last words. The monarchy has certainly gone with him to the grave, and I must take care not to be buried with it. Within these last few days, I have received several confidential communications from the republicans; but as I suspected at the very outset that they only meant to sound me upon the subject, I did not seem to pay much attention to what they said. However, I shall do my best to render them some little service, in order to draw them on, and induce them to speak more openly."

The first volume terminates with Talleyrand's preparations for his first mission to England.

The translation of this work has been executed with great ability; and the translator has added some original notes, which enhance its value.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Sacred Songs, being an attempted Paraphrase of some Portions of Scripture, with other Poems, by a Layman.*'—We have seen many translations (for such they must be) of the sublime and poetical language of the inspired book worse than these, a few better. But they are fairly done on the whole; some are set to measures which will render them difficult to be adapted to music, and all must read feeble and verbose, by the side of their divine originals. This version of a part of the glorious nineteenth Psalm, is a fair specimen of the author's powers.

The Heavens, O God, thy glorious works proclaim;  
Air, Earth and Seas, are vocal with thy name;  
Exulting Day its choral homage pays,  
And Night but varies the vast song of praise.  
What, though no human speech, nor living sound,  
Swells on the breeze, and wakes the world around,  
Though silent all, a language still they find,  
A voice, to speak their truths to all mankind.  
Thou moon, ye Stars, in trembling ether hung,  
Say, whilst ye shine, from whence your glory sprung?  
And thou, great orb of day, all-seeing Sun,  
As forth thou spring'st, thy giant course to run,  
As forth thou goest, rejoicing in thy power,  
Gay as a Bridegroom from his early bower,—  
O, whilst thou bidd'st the hosts of darkness fly,  
And sweep'st, in triumph, round thy native sky,  
Reflecting light and life on all below—  
Praise the rich fount from whence those blessings flow,  
O spread His name to earth's remotest shore,  
Till Man, like thee, shall tremble and adore.

'*Byronicism. The Opinions of Lord Byron, on Men, Manners, and Things. With the Parish Clerk's Album, kept at his burial place, Hucknall Torkard.*'—It was singular enough, that we should receive this dainty little book, just at the same time as the arrival of the Byronician Ramble, which appeared in our columns last week. It contains a *cento* of choice things from Byron's Life and Letters, and the entire list of those who have visited his burial place—"such as it is," remarkably neatly printed, and adorned with a few vignettes on wood.

'*Popular Encyclopædia, Part III. Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde, 4me Partie.*'—Both of these works are founded on the "world-renowned Conversations-Lexicon," and both have improved on the original. The present number of the English Encyclopædia contains a very able dissertation on the progress of literature, by Sir D. K. Sandford;—the most remarkable feature in the last livraison of the French Encyclopædia, is an interesting Life of Bernadotte, written by one of his early companions in arms.

'*The Book of Science. Second Edition.*'—We gave our hearty commendation to the first edition of this excellent work; the improvements introduced into the second edition render it still more worthy of public patronage.

#### 'Walker's Manly Exercises. Second Edition.'

—To conform with the speed with which the first edition of this book has moved off, it ought to have been written by Mr. Trotter at least. At all events its author has stolen a march on us, and while the first edition lay yet unnoticed on our library table, the second, pranked out in a gay green binding and gilt leaves, comes before us and claims attention. Is not its arrival a sufficient review? or must we enter into an examination of the sound instruction it gives upon rowing and sailing, riding and driving, walking, running, leaping, vaulting, balancing, skating, climbing, swimming, wrestling, boxing, training, &c. &c.—We cannot think it necessary, with such a testimony to its merits staring (or rather smiling) us in the face.

#### 'The Principles of Physiology, applied to the preservation of Health; &c. by A. Combe, M.D.'

—We are much pleased with this volume, which is evidently the result of a reflecting, and well informed mind. When Doctor Combe descends from his Craniological hobby, we know no one more capable of conveying sound instruction in an agreeable form, and illustrating scientific principles, by a reference to well known facts and ordinary occurrences. The present volume is intended for general readers, and can scarce fail of becoming popular.

'*Anatomy as applicable to the Fine Arts, by G. Simpson, M.R.C.S. &c. 2 vols. 4to.*'—This, we are told, is a second edition of Mr. Simpson's Anatomy, intended for the use of Artists. It consists of two volumes, the first containing plates of the bones and joints, the second of the muscles, with accompanying letter-press descriptions. The plates are good, the letter-press bad, and the work altogether too expensive for the class of students to whom it is addressed.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### A MATCH AGAINST TIME.

Old Time!—let me run a race with thee!  
Quick as thou art, thou shalt not catch me:  
Thou art a veteran wrinkled and gray,  
Bent with years like thy rusty scythe;  
I am a maiden, fleet-footed,—away!  
What chance hath the dull 'gainst the heart-winged and blythe—

Age against youth!—who is mad with the doubt  
Which—which is the victor in this wild bout?

Swift as the cataract dashes—  
Bursting the broken floodgate through—

Fast as the lightning-flashes  
Dart from the cloud of lurid hue,—  
Fleet as the arrow springs from the bow,—  
Away—away—and away we go!

Alas! I am far behind!  
What are light feet to the wings of the wind!  
Vainly I snatch in mid career

A rose from the tangling bushes near;  
Time's barbarous pinions brushing by,  
Loosen the leaves—and they drop and die!  
Alas! the best of the race he hath,  
And beauty withers along his path;  
The friends of my heart fall beneath his sickle,  
And he tauntingly laughs as he sees my tears trickle!

—But Heaven! what change is this!  
A furrow in my once smooth brow,—

I gaze—and all of youth I miss;  
Ah mirror! Thou'rt too faithful now!  
My glossy locks are fringed o'er,  
My once bright eyes are bright no more;  
Ostrun by Time's resistless force,  
I near the end of Life's short course:—  
Slackening his speed, Time turns awhile,  
And with the mockery of a smile,  
Mutters,—"Pass on, light dupe! yield me thy breath,—

The palm is mine—The goal thou gain'st is Death!"

ELEANOR SNOWDEN.

#### A BYRONIAN RAMBLE.—PART II.

ANNESLEY HALL.

FROM Hucknall we ascended, chiefly through open wild lands;—to our right the wooded valley of Newstead, every moment spreading itself out to the view more broadly; and before us the forest heights of Annesley, growing more bold and attractive. A wild gusty breeze and dark flying clouds added sensibly to the deep solitude and picturesque character of the scene. We soon passed a cottage, having beside it an old brick pillar surmounted with a stone ball, and before it an avenue of lime trees, which appeared some time to have formed the boundary of the park; then a new lodge, and found ourselves at the foot of the steep hill, styled in Byron's Dream,

A gentle hill,  
Green, and of mild declivity—

The greenness and mildness of declivity, however, we afterwards found were on the side by which Byron and Mary Chaworth had ascended it from her house; on this side it is a remarkably barren, and extremely steep hill. However, up we went, and on the summit discovered the strict accuracy of his delineation of it.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,  
Green, and of mild declivity, the last  
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,  
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,  
But a most living landscape, and the wave  
Of woods and cornfields, and the shades of men  
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke  
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill  
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem  
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,  
Not by the sport of nature, but of man.

A most living landscape it is indeed, including all the objects so vividly here given: amongst them, the most conspicuous, the house of his living ancestors, and the house where he has joined them in death; and extending from the woody skirts of Sherwood Forest to the mill-crowned heights of Nottingham. By the way, a strange mistake of Moore's here presented itself. Immediately after the passage just quoted, Byron proceeds to speak further of this young pair, and says,

Even now she loved another,  
And on the summit of that hill she stood  
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed  
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

Moore, commenting on this, tells us that the image of the lover's steed was suggested by the Nottingham race-ground—a race-ground actually nine miles off, and moreover lying in a hollow, and totally hidden from view, had the lady's eyes, indeed, been so marvellously good as to discern a horse nine miles off. Mary Chaworth, in fact, was looking for her lover's steed along the road as it winds up the common from Hucknall.

But a stranger discovery soon made us forget this *Irish bull*. We had no sooner reached the summit of this hill, than to our inexpressible astonishment we found the very trees so strikingly pointed out in this most interesting poem, "the trees in circular array"—cut down! These trees, and none else, cut down! There were the trees crowning the whole length of the "long ridge," standing in their greyness; and there were the stumps of "the trees in circular array" in the earth at our feet! An immediate and irresistible conviction forced itself on our minds; but we write it not—we merely state the fact that that memorable land-mark of love, made interesting to every future age by the poetry of passion, had been removed. Our indignation may be imagined, when we found that not only had the trees been cut down, but there was an actual attempt to cut down the hill itself, by making a gravel-pit there—of all places in the world to think of fetching gravel from the top of that steep hill, when it might be got from the bottom of any hill in the neighbourhood.

We have since been told, that it was the intention of its present possessor to have cut down all the trees upon that hill, but that his design was prevented by the interference of his eldest son, to whom the estate descends by entail; and that he was compelled by the spirited conduct of the son to plant the hill afresh; but he has complied with the letter, overlooking the spirit of the agreement, in the most perfect style, having planted the sides of the hill all over with fir-trees, so that it will in time shroud the place, and another it completely from the view.<sup>‡</sup>

The indignation we felt on this occasion, perhaps, made us more sensibly alive to the peculiar character of the place. Byron, in some juvenile verses, exclaims—

Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,  
Where my thoughtless childhood strayed,  
How the northern tempests warring  
Howl above thy tufted shade.

So strongly did the wind drive over this ridge, that we could scarcely make head against it; and remembering to have heard of a temple which had formerly crowned this hill, but had been blown down either by tempest or war, we looked among the broken ground, and perceived considerable remains of masonry—probably the foundations of the temple; nor can a finer situation for such an erection be imagined.

The trees which crowned “the ridge,” and which at a distance appeared large, we soon saw were of stunted growth, with tops curled, and sturdy, as if accustomed to wrestle with the tempests. An avenue of them stretched away into distant woods. Large decayed branches lay here and there beneath, indicating a solitude and neglect of the place, pleasing to the imagination. Before us, across a descending slope—the hill of green and mild declivity—extended right and left noble woods; and in the midst of them, in the centre of a smaller crescent of wood, we descried the tall grey chimneys and ivy-covered walls and gables of the old hall, and the top of the church tower. We hastened down, observing on our left, on an old forest-slope, a large herd of deer, which had a good effect,—and struck into a foot-path that led directly up towards the house. As we drew nearer the old building, hung with luxuriant ivy, and shrouded among tall trees, far overtopping even its tall chimneys, and shrubberies of wondrous overgrowth of evergreens, (among which are conspicuous three remarkable ilexes, black-green, crowning their short, thick, black trunks,) and with green openings sloping down to the warm south, struck us forcibly with its picturesque and silent beauty. We found ourselves now, apparently, at the back of a high garden wall, by the side of which ran a row of lime trees, which seemed at one time to have been pollarded and trained espalier-wise, but had now sent up heads of a luxuriant and fantastic growth. On our other hand lay a wood, from which the thickets being cleared away left us ample view of its ivy-mantled trees; and the ground beneath them one green expanse of dog’s mercury and fresh leaves of the blue-bell. Tufts of primroses were scattered all about, and the wood-anemones trembled in the wind. But over all such a mantle of deep silence seemed cast, that it reminded us of some enchanted place in the fairy and forest-stories of Tieck.

At the top of this road, turning suddenly to the left, we found ourselves before

The massy gate of that old hall,  
from which Byron declares that,

Mounting his steed he went his way,  
And never repaid that hoary threshold more.

But all was silent and lifeless. No person was to be discerned in the court to which it opened;

<sup>‡</sup> Mentioning the felling of these trees to a mechanic soon afterwards—“Trees,” I added, that might be seen so far.—“Seen, Sir! he exclaimed; “those trees were seen all over the world!” It was an expression, and accompanied by an energy of feeling, that would have done honour to any man.

there were no signs of life except in the cooing of some pigeons and the cawing of certain jackdaws. We then went round the out-buildings into the churchyard, which is level with the top of the court-wall, and looks directly into it. We leaned over a mazy parapet, and looked down into this court: the spell of an invincible silence seemed to cover the whole place. In the gravel walks which ran round the court, there were traces of carriage-wheels; but you felt as if no carriage with the bustle and vivacity of human life could ever more enter there. In the centre of the grass-plot, a lawn, surrounded by a hedge of honeysuckle, and which had doubtless once possessed the life and beauty of a fountain, now showed only water black, stagnant, and covered with masses of yellow moss. We were close to the house; its curtained windows gave it an air of habitation; but no sound, nor visible indication of the presence of man was about it. We walked along the green and picturesque churchyard; the back of the buildings on this side of the court bounded part of it; they were in the last state of decay—wide gaps in the roof gave us a view into dark and dreary stables. We came to the farm-yard also adjoining the churchyard: it had the same aspect of desertion. There was neither cattle nor ricks in it, but the brandreth, or frame on which a rick had once stood, littered with decaying straw, and its air of desolation made more striking by a piece of old wooden balustrade cast on it. There were barn-doors standing wide open; and the litter of the yard even appeared dusty and grey with age. You felt sure no human foot could have disturbed it for years. We descended from the churchyard, and went round the farm-buildings once more towards the old “mazy gate.” At the back of these buildings were nailed the trophies of the gamekeeper by hundreds—we might, we think, say thousands—wild cats dried to blackness, stretched their downward heads and legs from the wall; hawks, magpies, and jays hung in tattered remnants; but all grey, and even green with age; and the heads of birds in plenteous rows, nailed beak-upward, were dried and shrivelled by the suns, and winds, and frosts of many summers and winters, till their distinctive characters were lost. They all seemed to speak the same silent language—to say, Ay, this was once the abode of a prosperous old family—here were abundance of friends and dependents going to and fro—horses and hounds going out in vociferous joy; abroad was the chase and the sound of the gun—within were spits turning, laughter and good fellowship; but all this is long since over—a blight and a sorrow have fallen here.

We now approached the “mazy gateway” by a side entrance, which a pair of great doors had once closed—one of these had fallen from its hinges, and the other swung in the wind, banging against its post with a hollow sound, whose echoes told of vacancy. Above the gateway the vane on the cupola turned to and fro in the gusty air, with a dreary queer-quake, queer-quake: all besides was still. We stood and looked at each other with an expression that said, Did you ever see anything like this? At this moment an old grey dog came softly out of the court—the first living thing we had seen, except the jackdaws and pigeons: quietly he came, as if he too felt the nature of his abode. It was with no vivacity of action or noisy bark; he stood and silently wagged his tail; and as we drew near him, retreated as silently into the court. We entered this silent place and looked around. The house formed its western end: stables and coach-houses formed its north and eastern sides; the south was open to the shrubbery. The ivy hung in huge masses from all the walls. In the eastern end was the “mazy gateway” mentioned by Byron, arched over and surmounted by a clock and cupola. So profoundly lifeless and deserted seemed the place, that though the clock finger

pointed to the true time of the day, (exactly half-past twelve,) our imaginations refused for some time to believe that the clock could actually be going; we felt positive astonishment when it proved to us that it really did.

We now resolved to ascertain at the house itself if it had any living inhabitant, and in approaching the hall door, we heard a sound in a stable; we went in, and descried, in a dismal room adjoining it, a man sitting by a fire in a corner, and a dog lying on the hearth. The man and the place were alike forlorn. They were dirty, squalid, desolate. We had said, who could have supposed so abandoned a spot so near Nottingham?—but who could have imagined so wild and bunditti-like a being as that man within so short a distance of a large town? His dress and person had every character of reckless neglect; his black hair hung about his pale face; he had no handkerchief on his neck; he sat and devoured his dinner, which he appeared to have cooked with his own hands, looking up at us with a ruffian stupidity, as he answered our questions with a surly bluntness, without ceasing to help himself, with a large pocket-knife, and no fork, to his meat. He told us we could not see the house-master never let it be seen. When asked why, he couldn’t tell—but it was so; but we might ask the old woman in the house. Away we went, and a jewel of an old woman we found.

She was the very *beau idéal* of an old servant; all simplicity, fidelity, full of the history of the family, wrapped up in its fortunes and its honour, —a part and parcel of the race and place, for she had been in the family above sixty years, being taken, as she said, when she was ten years old, by Mary Chaworth’s grandfather, and put to school, and taught to read and write, to mark and to flower, for she would, he said, be a nice sharp girl to wait on him. “Oh! he was a pretty man—a very pretty, well-behaved gentleman,” said she, with a sigh. She seemed a pure and unsophisticated creature—the regular influx of visitors had not spoiled her—the curious, and the pert, and the idle, the insolent and the foolish, had not troubled the clear sincere current of her thoughts—had not made her heart and spirit turn inward, in self defence, and converted her into the subtle and parrot show-woman.

She never dreamt of anything being blameable that had been done by any of the family. She delighted to talk of the hall and its people; and feeling her solitude—for she was the sole regular occupant—some one to talk to was a luxury. Could we have hoped for a creature more to our hearts’ desire? Under her guidance we progressed through this most interesting old place, thoughts and feelings never to be forgotten springing up at every step.

The house is not large; and desertion had stamped within the same characters as on all without. Damp had disfigured the walls; a fire of cheerful pine-logs blazed in the hall and in the kitchen; but everywhere else was the chill and gloom of the old neglected mansion. All the more modern furniture, and most of the paintings, had been removed, and thereby the keeping of the abode was but the better preserved. We know not how to describe the feeling with which we traversed these rooms. It was as if the hall of one of our old English families had been hidden beneath a magic cloud for ages, and suddenly revealed to our eyes, now, at a time when everything belonging to this country is so much changed—houses, men, manners, and opinions. When we entered the old-fashioned family hall, standing as it stood ages ago, furnished as it was ages ago, with its antique stove, its antique sofas, if so they can be called, made of wood, carved, and curiously painted, and cushioned with scarlet, standing on each side the fire; the antique French time-piece on its bracket; its various old cabinets and tables standing by walls; and its floor of large and

small squares of alternating black marble and white stone—the domestic sanctuary of a race whom we regard as our progenitors, but widely different to ourselves seemed suddenly revealed to me, and we could almost have expected to see the rough, boisterous squire, or the stately baron, issue from one of the side-doors; or to hear the rustling of the silken robe of some long-waisted dame, who could occasionally leap a five-barred gate as readily as she could dance at the Christmas festival; or one of high and solemn beauty, in whom devotion deep, uninquiring and undoubting, was the great principle and passion of life, to whom the domestic chapel was a holy place, the chaplain her daily counsellor, and the distribution of alms her daily occupation. We saw before us the hearthstone of a race that lived in the full enjoyment of aristocratic ascendancy, when rank was old and undisputed; when neither mercantile wealth had pressed on their nobility on the one hand, nor popular knowledge and rights on the other; when the gentry lived only to be revered and obeyed, every one in the midst of his own forests and domains as a king, and led forth his tenantry and serfs to the wars of his country, or to the chase in his own wide wilds; when field sports and jovial feasting and love-making were the life-employment of men and women, who took rank and power as an unquestioned heritage, and never troubled their brain with gathering knowledge; and all below them were supposed to be happy, because they were ignorant and submissive.

This hall, which occupies the centre of the building, is near sixty feet long by thirty wide, supported by two elliptic arches and Ionic pillars. The middle of the room is now occupied by a billiard table, which formerly stood in an upper room, called the Terrace-room, of which we shall speak presently. At the lower end of this hall an easy flight of stairs leads to the upper apartments. Near the fire, at the upper end, a few steps lead into a beautiful little breakfast-room, which looks out into the garden, and forms one of the projections of the building, the staircase at the lower end forming the other—the three large old-fashioned windows which light the hall lying on this side, and looking out into a little parterre, fenced off with a trellis-fence even with the two projections we have spoken of—such a parterre as one often meets with belonging to old houses—a little favoured sanctuary of garden-ground, where choice flowers were trained, and which was the especial care of pique and gardener, before ladies took to gardening themselves. This, which is now a perfect wilderness, almost overrun with shrubs and the tall tree-like laurels which encumber wall and window, and almost exclude daylight from the hall, to the great annoyance of our good old woman, was once, as was fitting, the favourite flower-garden of Mary Chaworth.

The little breakfast-room we mentioned, looks out not only by a side window into the parterre, but also by two large low windows into the garden—a fine old garden, with a fine, stately old terrace, one of the noblest it ever was our good fortune to see, and such a one as Danby or Turner would be proud to enrich their fine pictures with. In this room were a few family portraits. One a small full-length figure, which the old woman very significantly told us was Byron's Chaworth; that is, the Chaworth killed by the poet's grandfather in a duel. Another portrait she informed us was the last Lord Chaworth; for this was originally the estate of the Viscount Chaworths of Ireland. "And this," she said, pointing to a female portrait, "was his lawful wife."—"What then," we said, "there was an unlawful wife, was there?"—"Yes," she added, "she is here." We glanced at the picture placed in the shady corner by the window,—next, however, to the Lord Chaworth,—and exclaimed,

"And a good judge was his Lordship too!"—A creature of most perfect and wondrous beauty was it that we beheld. What a fine, rich, oval countenance, and noble forehead slightly shaded by auburn locks! what large dark eyes of inexpressible expression! what a soft, delicate, yet beautiful and sunny complexion! what a beautiful rounding of the cheek, chin, and throat! what exquisite features! what a perfect mixture of nobility of mind with elegance and simplicity of taste. Never did we behold a more enchanting vision of youth and beauty; and all this hidden for generations in a dark nook of this old hall, unmentioned and unknown. It were worth a journey from London but to gaze upon. Beautiful as this portrait is, it represents a mole upon either cheek; but this, instead of, as might be imagined, detracting from the loveliness of the face, only appears to give it character and individuality, and vouches for the fidelity of the likeness. The painting, too, is extremely well done; far superior to anything else in the house, except it be the satin petticoat of a Miss Burdett in the Terrace-room. "And who," we inquired, "was this charming creature?"—"She was a girl of the village, Sir," was the reply.—"What! could the village produce a creature like her?"—"Yes; his Lordship took her into the house as a servant; but she didn't like him, and went away; however, he got her afterwards, and built a house for her on the estate, and she had one child; but she died, poor thing!—all was not right, somehow; and all her money she put in a cupboard for her son,—they would show you the cupboard in the house to this day,—and on the very night she died, her own relations came and took away her money;—things weren't as they should have been,—poor thing! and she came again."

"What, was this the lady that we have heard an old man say, came up out of a well, and sat in a tree by moonlight combing her hair?"—"No, Lord bless you! that was another; but the parson laid her, and the well is covered in; but for all that she walks yet!" We smiled at the good woman's very orthodox belief in ghosts; but we know not whether we should not be apt to catch the contagion of superstitious feeling, if we were to dwell all alone in this old house as she does, and hear the winds howling and sighing about it at night; the long ivy rustling about the windows, and dashing against the panes, and the owls hooting about it in many a wild and pining and melancholy tone; and feel oneself in the unparticipated solitude of those ancient rooms, with all their strange and sad memories.

Besides this portrait of the beautiful and unhappy Mrs. Milner, we bestowed a look of great interest on one of much attraction, the daughter of Viscount Chaworth,—not beautiful, but full of the fascination of cultivated mind, and of a heart so living and loving, that it caused the eyelids to droop over their dreamy orbs with an expression that made you tremble for the peace of its possessor. One other picture attracted our attention from its singularity: it represents a landscape, apparently "the hill of green and mild declivity"—the line of trees, and the trees in circular array, from among which rises the temple we spoke of before, and which our cicerone assured us had been considered the "finest in all England, but had been blown down in Oliver Cromwell's days." In the foreground stand, as if painted in enamel, a gentleman in a strange sort of dress jerkin of white satin, with a short petticoat of purple velvet bordered with gold lace. On his right hand his amazonian lady, half the head taller than himself, clad in a riding dress of green, bordered likewise with gold lace; and on either side of them a son in the full dress of William and Mary's reign; with powdered wigs, long-lapped scarlet coats, waistcoats, and breeches, with white silk stockings on their neat little legs, and lace ruffles at their hands, each

with his little head turned on one side,—the one caressing a fawn, the other a greyhound; and the family group completed by the groom standing a little behind, holding the lady's palfrey ready saddled for her use. This, and a portrait of the son of Lord Chaworth, are all the family pictures which the house contains.

Leaving then this room, we recrossed the hall, and ascending the staircase at the lower end, entered the drawing-room, which is over the hall—a handsome room, and the best furnished in the house. The most interesting piece of furniture it contains, or perhaps which the house itself contains, is a screen covered over with a great number of cuttings in black paper, done by a Mrs. Goodebild, and representing a great variety of family incidents and character—those little passing incidents in life, which, though rarely chronicled, are most influential on its fortunes—on which often its very destiny hangs. The receipt of a letter—the first meeting—the last parting—how much do not these things involve! Here we were introduced to Mary Chaworth, the lovely and graceful maiden, full of hope, and life, and gaiety, with her friends and her dependents about her, at the very time when Lord Byron became attached to her. Of the accuracy of the likenesses we have no doubt, from the wonderful fidelity of some of the others, with whose persons we are acquainted. In one place she is represented as sitting in a room, her attitude one of sudden terror—a man is before her presenting a pistol, and a little terrified page is concealing himself under a table. In another she sits with her mother and a gentleman at tea, a footman behind waiting upon them;—again, she is represented as in the garden or grounds walking with her cousin Miss Radford, her rustic hat thrown back on her shoulder, her beautiful head turned aside, and her hand put forth to receive a letter from a page, kneeling on one knee—a letter from her lover and subsequent husband;—again, she is playing with a little child; and in all, the figure is full of exquisite grace and vivacity, and the profile of the face remarkably fine. It is impossible to say with what intense interest we examined these memorials of private life—these passages so full of vitality and character, incidental but important—the very essence of an autobiography.

From the drawing-room we passed to the one called the Terrace-room, from its opening by a glass door upon the terrace, which runs along the top of the garden at right angles with the house, and level with this second story, descending to the garden by a double flight of broad stone steps in the middle of its length, which is about eighty yards. This room formerly contained the billiard table, and in it Mary Chaworth and her noble lover passed much time. He was fond of the terrace, and used to pace backwards and forwards upon it, and amuse himself by shooting with a pistol at a door. It was here she last saw him, with the exception of a dinner visit after his return from his travels. It was here he took his last leave of Mary Chaworth, when

He went his way,

And never repaid that boony threshold more.

It was here then those ill-fated ones stood, and lingered, and conversed, for at least two hours. Mary Chaworth was here all life and spirit, full of youth, and beauty, and hope. What a change fell upon her after-life! She now stood here, the last scion of a time-honoured race, with large possessions, with the fond belief of sharing them in joy with the chosen of her life. Never did human life present a sadder contrast. There are many reasons why we should draw a veil over this mournful history, much of which will never be generally known—suffice it to say, that it was not without most real, deep, and agonising causes, that years after—

In her home—her native home,  
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,



Daughters and sons of beauty,—but behold!  
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lid was charged with unshed tears.

It was not without a fearful outraging of trusting affections, desolation of a spirit trodden and crushed by that which should have shielded it, that

She was changed  
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind  
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes  
They had not their own lustre, but the look  
Which is not of the earth; she was become  
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts  
Were combinations of disjointed things;  
And forms impalpable and unperceived  
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.

There must have come a day, a soul-prostrating day, when she must have felt the grand mistake she had made in casting away a heart that never ceased to love her and sorrow for her, and a mind that wrung her, even covered as it was from her, in an imperishable halo of glory.

There is nothing in all the histories of broken affections, and mortal sorrows, more striking and melancholy than the idea of this lady, so bright and joyous-hearted in her youth, sitting in her latter years, for days and weeks, alone and secluded, uninterrupted by any one, in this old house, weeping over the poems which commented in burning words on the individual fortunes of herself and Lord Byron—

The one  
To end in madness—both in misery.

With this idea vividly impressed on our spirits, a darker shade seemed to settle down on those antiquated rooms—we passed out into the garden, at the door at which Byron passed—we trod that stately terrace, and gazed at the old vase placed on the centre of its mossy balustrade, bearing the original escutcheon of the Viscount Chaworths, and stands a brave object as seen from the garden, into which we descended, and wandered among its high-grown evergreens. But everything was tinged with the spirit and fate of that unhappy lady. The walks were overgrown with grass; and tufts of snow-drop leaves, now grown wild and shaggy, (as they do after the flower is over,) grew in them; and tufts of a beautiful and peculiar kind of fumitory, with its pink bloom, and the daffodils and primroses of early spring, looked out from amongst the large forest trees that surround the garden. Every thing, even the smallest, seemed in unison with that great spirit of silence and desolation which hovered over the place, and the gusty winds that swept the long wood-walk by which we came away, gave us a most fitting adieu.

II.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome.

Before quitting Rome, let me finish the little sketch begun in my last,—as a kind of locket, which you may wear next your heart, to remind you of this amiable populace. Beggary, or rather legalized highway-robbery, I gave you to understand was the most obvious and usual means of support throughout the Roman dominions. Customhouse officers, servants, and soldiers, all demand money of the passenger. Professional beggars in general exact charity as a poor-rate right.—“*Quell' uomo! datemi qualche cosa!*” (You fellow! give me something!) and take it mostly as tigers do soap thrown into their paws, with a growl at its smallness compared with their gullets. The peasantry make a profit at once and a pastime of begging. Indeed, little can speak the degradation of this people more plainly than the circumstance, that even what we call “decent people” of the working class, with visible and respectable means of livelihood, have no compunction whatever to the open practice of mendicancy. Labourers in the field will leave their ploughs and hoes to run a mile after you for *carità*;

women, seated at their stalls or their little shop-doors, or knitting a pair of stout hose, will extend their hands, as you pass, for *carità*; mechanics who hear you ask your way in the streets will jump from behind their boards to direct you, and beg *carità*: all with an air too as if it cost you just as little to give as them to ask,—a matter of course, a means *pour passer le temps*, a mode of salutation, or, indeed, rather as if they relieved you by accepting so many *bajocchi*. Such a thankless people I never met, because there is no prouder. Inheriting the name of Romans, they look upon every largess of a stranger not as a contribution, but a tribute. Even the very waiter at your inn, if a Roman, will receive you with a scowl of welcome; bully you, if he can, into a bad room and a bad supper; and, in the morning, take your *buona grazia*, if you are soft enough to give it him, after all, as sullenly as if he had to bestow it.

You perceive I am not in love with the Roman populace: indeed I scarcely know who is, unless it be Satan himself. They are still what Brutus left and Rienzi found them—a race so whelmed in the slime of degradation, that every attempt to raise them only plunges them deeper. To praise them, you must have recourse to their very vices. They are said to have a talent for satire and humorous scurrility. Pasquin, however, along with his nose, seems of late to have lost his tongue. Perhaps there may be this negative praise accorded to the Romans, that if not hired to assassinate, or professionally obliged to rob, or officially authorized to maltreat you, they will let you pass through them without obstruction, or reside among them without injury; nay, without so much as observation: they are too sluggish and indifferent, and prone to sun-gazing, for any gratuitous infractions on your quiet, such as our prying, busybody race of bores love committing as a pastime. You will observe also, that most of what I have said above regards the denizen of Rome alone: there is a fine-looking peasant people often seen in the city, who are the most genuine representatives of the aboriginal Romans to be found; and whose vices, such as sloth, vindictiveness, ignorance, should be less charged on them than on their masters. Tyranny long, terror now, is to be considered as the source of so much evil government. Not *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* alone,—the whole *Apennine* is a chain of volcanoes; smothered indeed, but ready for simultaneous out-burst, while the land sickens and shudders in the stomach as it feels the commotion roll below. Legitimacy sits upon the mere crust of destruction. You may imagine the trouble it must have, keeping down earthquakes! and by lying on that thin layer too with all its weight, when there is such a gulf of perdition beneath! Verily I should not be surprised, odd as it might sound, to hear that the greatest *quaker* in Italy were the Pope himself! I've been told of a political spectrum, much in favour with the French *juste-milieu*,—to make his Majesty of Sardinia, as a preventive of republicanism in Italy, profess himself liberal, lead up the mass of revolution, and so place himself at the head of the Italian people, as their deliverer and dictator. You know I am a mere piddler in the game of politics; but 'twould seem as if Jean Grenouille were playing some hand of this sort at Naples, which he had probably shown without success at Turin. Now, if Italy free herself in a hundred years or so, remember who told you!

The markets at Rome are plentifully supplied with all the uncleanables. Among other delicacies, frogs, introduced perhaps at the time of French civilization. Mrs. —, who you know keeps her own cook, has to send away half her meats from table, and peck at the rest with her nose turned up like a turkey on a dunghill.

The good native wines are all adulterated here; but the bad are sufficiently wholesome. Two or three places, about as decent as dram-shops in London, are entitled *Caffè Greco*, *Caffè Buono Gusto*, &c., and retail something like sweetened lamp black as coffee. Throughout all Italy tea at such houses is only a nickname for dish-water.

I believe no city on earth can compete with Rome in the number, grandeur, and beauty of public walks. Not only the Pincian Hill, so famous for its mincing fashionables and magnificent sunsets; the Palatine, for its Cæsarean remains; the Janiculum, which Pousin used to frequent as an open gallery for the splendid panoramas beneath; not only the Forum, with its many branches to the Circus Maximus, Aventine Hill, Antonine Baths, Colosseum, &c.; but every road in the desert part of the city, or stretching into the suburbs from the numerous gates,—nay, the very walk under its huge melancholy walls, glistening at the well-known face of their old kindly sun, or glooming like sensitive things as he leaves them behind,—nothing on earth of the sort can exceed the beauty, the sublime beauty of these. With a glowing autumnal sun, they are richer walks than you often tread in your most golden dreams. There is a broad natural terrace-walk along the Tiber, from Porto del Popolo past the Milvian Bridge; it is lonely and wild, and green, as a bank of the Gihon in the wilds of Tartary. Here you may ramble whole sunny days in the middle of winter, saturating yourself with enjoyment, visual and visionary, till your eyes grow dim. Aurangzeb's avenue, of five hundred miles, from Agra to Delhi, could surpass it in length alone, and scarce equal it in magnificence. The Borghese Gardens are also beautiful: interesting too, as the cause of poor Bontecchi Cenci's death; Paul V. (*dei Borghesi*) having given sentence against her, that they might escheat to him, and then made them public, as a peace-offering to the Romans for his judicial murder. But they have a more artificial look than those “solemn paths of Fame” winding through old Rome, and around it. Devastation here has done the work of taste, and laid out this wilderness of ruins in the reckless regularity of style that distinguishes the mighty Gardener of Earth herself. For ruin, after all, is only Nature asserting her dominion over Art; raising her trophies out of the vain bulwarks trampled down by her lieutenant, Time, and hanging her victorious ivies upon the monuments built to contest with her own the palm of duration. But these meditative scenes are making me too moral for you: Well! The Campagna, I have only to add, you had not time to see half the peculiar of. This green waste of suburb,—houseless, treeless, almost shrubless, as it is, with those gigantic causeways for water travelling, unseen, leagues across it, here and there beset with mouldering tombs and temples, its amphitheatre of purple-gray hills spreading a tremendous chiaro-scuro by times over the level fields at their feet, by times reflecting double brightness upon them,—a blue sky, perfectly open, or studded round with pillow clouds, on which the splendour of heaven reposes.—Stop! 'faith, I am growing poetical, and you'll clap this letter into some eightpenny journal, between *Verses by Matilda Selina Ricketts* and a *Sentimental Fragment* by some inspired tailor. None more, then; but—here, Rome! here, and in your tenantless regions within, are you truly great: these it is that make you well worth a circuit round the globe. This scene of the Campagna may be pronounced unique: it creates an indescribable sensation of awe and mournful entrancement. That green and silent continuation of mounds, heaved by monuments now and then, resembles the grave-yard of a

whole people; and those gigantic hillocks seem, indeed, to proclaim the grandeur of the race that sleep beneath them. Giants in mind they were; but fell like all preceding Anakim, to leave "la grande nation," and the "admiration of the world," &c. &c.—a moral which, I dare say, little San Marino is too pert of its duration to profit by.—Thus do I, umbrageous philosopher, let fall my maxims, as an oak drops acorns, for the swinish multitude. Nuzzle them up, ye porkers of England! the most perverse of all—for even in the counsel of a fool there may be found wisdom.

Would you think that in the most illiterate capital of Europe, there could be discovered such a thing as a public circulating German Library? which even liberal Florence does not afford—no, nor Milan itself the Teutonic head-quarters in Italy? Not that my Romans (heaven help their heads!) ever thought of instituting such an outlandish convenience; but the Ministers of Prussia and Hanover, who set on foot our Archæologic Society, created it likewise. The Austrian, I do believe, conscientiously washed his hands of it. This Library, for the annual subscription of two or three pauls, lends out German, with some Italian and other books. It is, to be sure, more select than extensive, and (tell your friends R., and B., if they go), is under the roof, as well as especial protection of the Hanoverian Minister, M. Kestner, a most amiable and highly-enlightened man. They can also get German Bibles, Italian, and others, at society price, from the Prussian Chaplain, Baron de Tippleskirch, who was obliging beyond description to me as an Englishman, for you know, I am too much of a *dummkopf* to enchant any one by my "colloquial facilities."—Lastly: what else have I to say in praise of Rome as a part of my adieu? What other lions to show up in this huge menagerie? Did I tell you, no—that St. Paul's Church (burnt down some years ago by ill-hap, or the heretics,) is a building; or being rebuilt, to speak in all the ugly exactness of modern English. Alas! it is not rising a phoenix from its ashes, but a turkey-cock exhibiting its fine spread of grey stone columns, as proudly as if they were the original beautiful *pavonazetto* marble. But its dimensions alone will always render it a noble edifice. 'Tis of the true basilical form, after all the best—a plain oblong with semi-circular tribune, thus allowing the whole interior to be seen at once, which no cross will, either Latin or Greek, and the whole audience to front the ceremony, which no rotunda can with convenience. The Colosseum mended and made new in so many parts, as it has been by Goody Pius and Gaffer Gregory, is little better than my great-grannam's darned stocking. Huge additions of waste white wall deform the sombre harmony of the antique, as it were for the sole purpose of enaconding a tablet bigger than a tombstone, with the inscription—*Restored by the munificence of his holiness, Pius &c. &c.* Humility was ever the badge of a high-churchman: almost every wall and open corner, and tawny recess in Rome, is bedizened with this Dr. Eady-like proclamation of all the good he has done for the public. Pasquin's bitter gibe, a scrap of black bread he held out in the time of famine caused by taxes, with the motto, *Manificentiæ Pii*, will, and should, live as long as these vain-glorious memorials.

Winter was delicious here; spring passed in a kind of perpetual simoom, the dust wrenth about in the whirlwinds as spirally as so many waterpouts, and only not whipping our ladies to heaven, in the shape of parasols blown upwards. At present, Rome begins to feel somewhat like a bakehouse; so, as Yorick says, I must take myself out, ere I become still crustier. When the heat sets in here, truly one does feel as if about to be fused at once by a blow-pipe. Half liquified already, these southern climates enable

one to conceive plausibly enough, the old metamorphoses of men into rivers, and why there should be so many hot-springs hereabouts. One line of running-hand more, and it will be mere dribble.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THOSE of our readers who are fond of romance, or sentiment, or real life, in three volumes, may look forward to a feast in the ensuing season. Mr. Bulwer's new novel, bearing the attractive title of the 'Last Days of Pompeii,' will appear, we understand, in the course of next month. The author of the 'O'Hara Tales' announces a new story, called the 'Mayor of Wind-Gap.' Mr. Lister, according to the prevailing fashion, has edited a novel called 'Anne Grey,' which will appear forthwith; we may also expect another work of fiction, from the graceful pen of Lady Blessington. Another announcement, the 'Trial of William Shakspeare for Deer-stealing,' printed from the original manuscript, will carry many a one back to the golden days of good Queen Bess.

But though we live in what some call an iron age, "we have our music too," as the song says. It struck us as a pleasant coincidence with our recommendation of last week, to find that our friend Mary Howitt has been actually busying herself over a series of Songs for the People, which will appear presently;—we are sure that they will be full of nature, simplicity, and kindly feeling.

We have it in our power to announce to our readers, that the preparations for the Amateur Musical Festival, to be given in November, are in a satisfactory state of forwardness. In fact, we can give something like an outline of the final arrangements for this meeting: the Committee have obtained the patronage of the Duchess of Kent, the Princess Victoria, the Duchess of Northumberland, the Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, the Countess of Roseberry, the Dowager Lady Arundel, the Countess of Tankerville, and Lady Rolle, the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Northumberland, Earl Spencer, Lord James Stuart, Lord Monson, Lord Arden, Earl Howe, and the Hon. P. P. Bouverie. The performances, we have heard it rumoured, are to take place on Thursday October 31st, Monday November the 3rd, and Wednesday November the 5th; the music to be performed on the first day—Selections from the Dettingen 'Te Deum,'—the oratorios of 'Judas Maccabeus,' 'Jephtha,' and 'Sampson,' by Handel,—from Beethoven's 'Mount of Olives,' and Mozart's 'Mass, No. 12'; on the second day, Selections from the 'Creation,'—from Handel's 'Israel in Egypt,' and from the sacred works of Mozart, Beethoven, &c. &c.; on the third day, the 'Messiah' entire. The proceeds of this Festival are to be divided between the Middlesex and Charing Cross Hospitals.

So far, then, all is good; we have the promise of excellent music performed under stately patronage. But will the Directors listen to one word of our wisdom on the matter? and in place of selections merely for two days, give us some one entire work on each, besides fragments from other compositions. Spohr's 'Last Judgment,' and Beethoven's 'Mount of Olives,' are both short enough to form only part of a scheme, and a performance always gains in interest, by its having some one distinctive and decided feature. At the provincial meetings, the mornings when miscellaneous selections are given, are not only considered the least interesting, but are, also, the worst attended.

Something has reached us concerning opposition to so praiseworthy a scheme, which we hope is not true. The world has too long sneered at "fiddlers' quarrels," and all who would wish to be counted genuine and properly-instructed

lovers of their art would do well to think a little more how they may exalt it, and a little less of what may exalt themselves: these schisms and bitternesses are stronger, we verily believe, in England, than in any other country; and till they cease we shall never become a musical nation, nor the public hold an art in respect, whose professors and amateurs have so little charity for each other.

#### THEATRICALS

##### THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THE new opera called 'The Mountain Sylph,' written by Mr. Thackwray, and composed by Mr. Barnett, was produced on Monday last. It is quite unnecessary to describe the plot, in so far as it follows that of the ballet which Taglioni has immortalized—all who have seen her, know it, and those who have not, are out of the pale of civilized society. Mr. Thackwray's chief alteration, or rather addition, consists in a descent to the dominions of *Atareth*, king of the Salamanders, for the purpose of recovering the Sylphide. We cannot consider this an improvement, for it seems a needless prolongation for the purpose of producing an anti-climax. We are too much pleased, however, with both drama and music as a whole to stand and cavil about trifles. An opera has, at length, been brought forward of English growth and English manufacture, which may take its stand by the proudest of modern foreign operas, without their having the slightest ground to blush at finding themselves in such society; and this, often as we have had occasion to admire and to praise the beauty and elegance of Mr. Barnett's ballad music, is certainly far more than we were prepared to expect. We are not among those who object to the subject of this opera, because it has been so much before the town as a ballet—a subject which has been graced by Taglioni's feet is not beneath the studious consideration of any man's head. Few people, indeed, can talk more intelligibly with their heads than she can with her feet, which are accordingly as much higher than most people's heads in the scale of intellect, as she can lift them than most people's heads in the long measure scale of twelve inches to a foot. The words of Mr. Thackwray's songs, duets, choruses, &c. are infinitely superior to the general run of those in modern operas. There is, as far as our hasty observations permitted us to discover, no twaddle, no nonsense, no bad English, because it was difficult to find a rhyme in good; in short, there is nothing to find fault with—a great deal to praise, and more than one thing to quote—in proof of which we will quote two:—

*Air.—Sylph.*

Say, could I live, if he I lose  
An early grave must find?  
A lonely thing on earth to rove  
Like leaf before the wind.  
Oh no! if chilling death must come  
With him I love, I'll die;  
I fear not e'en the cold dark tomb,  
If on his breast I lie.

*Bacchanalian Chorus of Demons.*

We'll drink to our master, who holds his dark reign  
Where treasure is torment and pleasure is pain—  
Where Hate and Revenge, each with poisonous dart,  
Rage! Rage! Rage!  
Rage in the bosom and torture the heart.

The spirit of this last has been beautifully caught by Mr. Barnett, and a most effective chorus is the result. We are in no condition to report upon the overture. A bother about places prevented our hearing the first half of it; and the taste and elegance of the stage carpenters (blundering, thick-headed, brutalized Bulls, all over) provided a series of passages for "hammers obligati," which effectually settled all chance of our comprehending the remainder. Poor Mr. Barnett must have felt every rap as if it had fallen on his own toes. Our limits will not allow us to particularise as much as in

justice to this very great effort of musical genius, we ought. We could begin at the beginning, go through to the end, praise everything more or less, and pause to give a reason for the faith that is in us; but we must content ourselves with saying, that Mr. Barnett has surpassed himself in the ballads, that he has rivalled the ballads in the concerted pieces and choruses, and that he has shown himself to be excelled by no living English composer in instrumentation. Full as all his compositions are of melody, he is certainly inferior to Mr. Bishop in the art of giving a descriptive character to his music; but then so is, in our opinion, almost every composer, English or foreign, whose works we ever heard. There are several—more than several, many—of Mr. Bishop's compositions which are so curiously and minutely descriptive of the words they accompany, that we have often fancied we could have written them underneath the notes, without ever having heard them. We only mention Mr. Bishop here, to shew, that however we are delighted to hail such an arrival as this fine opera, from what may, under the circumstances, be called a new quarter, we are not disposed to forget the merits of one, who, for so many years, honourably held the place of champion in this department—nay, who may keep it yet, perhaps, if he is inclined to fight for it; but he must be active; assuredly, he never had so fair a chance as this which has fallen to Mr. Barnett. Let him then up, and look out for one. Let him put on his musical gloves, and in all friendliness pick a crotchet with Mr. Barnett and try to strike him on the ear with a better opera. Mr. Barnett, who has shown that he is musically great enough to take his own part, will, no doubt, soon return the compliment; the exercise will be good for both the combatants, and the public will gain, which ever loses.

If we are expected to call attention to any particular pieces, we must do so almost at haphazard: however, we will mention the opening chorus, the bridal chorus, Mr. Phillips's scena, 'To me what's mortal happiness, the air, 'Thou art not he, whose looks of love,' and the air, 'Farewell to the mountain,' sung by Mr. Phillips in his very best style—so beautiful is this melody, and so melodiously was it warbled by Mr. Phillips, that its effect upon us was extraordinary. It was encored by a burst of applause which satisfactorily proved the great strength of Mr. Beazley's walls, and at its conclusion the second time, we felt an unaccountable inclination to lean over and pull Mr. Phillips into the box with us, though we should not have had the slightest idea what to do with him when we had got him.

Mr. Thackway is much obliged to Mr. Barnett, for the admirable music in which he has enshrined his words. Mr. Barnett is much obliged to Mr. Thackway for the opportunity he has given him, of showing so much of the depth and extent of his musical resources. We are much obliged to them both for the treat we have experienced, and mean to experience again, and we shall be much obliged to the public to go and judge for themselves if we are not right.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Oxy-Hydrogen Gas Light.**—An interesting experiment was recently made in Paris with a view to apply the oxy-hydrogen gas light upon quick-lime, as a substitute for that now used at the light-houses in France. This experiment was made before the light-house committee, and was on the whole successful. The object of the experiment was to ascertain if, by this process, the light could be maintained for twelve hours with uniform steadiness. It was produced in the *Atelier des Phares*, at ten o'clock a.m., and continued to burn the whole of the day. It is

stated that this light, when refracted by the lenses, is equal to 20,000 argand lamps, and would be visible at the distance of forty-five miles. It is, moreover, calculated that its cost will not be more than about sixpence per hour, and that its intensity is susceptible of increase at a trifling increase of expense. The only inconvenience likely to arise will be from the small bulk of the flame as compared with the large blaze of the concentric lamp, but it is supposed that this inconvenience may be easily obviated.

**Saving of Gunpowder.**—Experiments have recently been made at some of the powder magazines in France with a view to the adoption of a new process, by which a smaller quantity of powder will give greater force to the bullet, and at the same time prevent the cannon from rebounding with so much violence as at present.

**Book-making in Russia.**—During the last year 758 new works were printed in Russia, 516 of which were in the Russian language, 25 in Polish, 35 in French, 68 in German, 47 in Latin, 40 in Hebrew, &c.

**Literature in Turkey.**—It appears by the last number of the *Gazette d'Etat de Turquie*, that the first instance of a literary work being published in that country by subscription has just occurred. Among the works which are about to appear upon this plan are three upon history, five grammars, and five poems. The historical works consist of—The Lives of the Sultans and Viziers, by Os-Mansade-Ahmed-Taib, who died in 1723. This work is to be continued to the present day.—The Lives of the Muphtis, by Soliman-Seadeddin-Ben-Mommed. This work was written in 1774.—The Lives of the Reiss-Effendis, by the Reiss-Effendi Ahmed-Resmi. The continuation of this work up to the year 1807 will be furnished by Soliman Faik.

**College Divinity.**—At a late catechetical examination in Trinity College, Dublin, an examiner, well known for his delight in badgering blockheads, enjoyed the following treat:—Q. It is recorded in Scripture that a beast spoke, what was the beast?—A. A whale. Q. To whom did the whale speak?—A. To Moses in the bulrushes. Q. What did the whale say?—A. Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian. Q. And what did Moses reply?—A. Thou art the man.

**New Russian Coin.**—By a Ukase dated the 1st of May last, the Emperor of Russia has directed the issue of a new gold coin, of the value of 3 gold rubles, or a Russian ducat. This coin bears two inscriptions, one denoting that in Russia it circulates as an equivalent for 3 rubles, the other that it is current in Poland for 20 florins. By the same Ukase, the Emperor allows these coins to be struck at the mint at Warsaw, without any alteration of their title or form, but with the addition only of a distinctive mark. This mint is also permitted to coin silver money of the value of 2 florins or 30 copecks, with inscriptions in the two languages, and these will be legal tenders in Russia as well as in Poland.

**Habits of Spiders.**—M. Walckenaër related before the Entomological Society of France, the following curious fact, which is given on the authority of Mr. Spence. Having placed a large full-grown spider, of the species *Epeira diadema*, on a cane planted upright in the midst of a stream of water, he saw it descend the cane several times, and remount when it had arrived at the surface of the water. Suddenly he altogether lost sight of it, but a few moments afterwards, to his great astonishment, perceived it quietly pursuing its way on the other side of the stream. The *Epeira* having spun two threads along the cane, had cut one of them, which, carried by the wind, had become attached to some object on the bank, and so served the spider as a bridge across the water. Mr. Spence believes that spiders, when adult, always use similar means to

cross water. M. le Pelletier de Saint-Fargeau supported the opinion.—*L'Institut*.

**Napoleon a Poet.**—Many persons remember the following inscription, which a Dutch burgomaster thought it his duty to place upon a triumphal arch to the glory of the Emperor:—

"Il n'a pas fait une sottise  
"En épousant Marie Louise;"

or, "He did not perform a foolish action in espousing Maria Louisa." Napoleon, the moment he perceived this singular inscription, called the burgomaster to him, and said, "They cultivate French poetry here."—"Sire, I compose some verses."—"Ah! it is you—take a pinch of snuff," the Emperor added, presenting a snuff-box enriched with diamonds. "Yes, Sire, I am abashed."—"Take, take the box and the snuff!—and—

"Quand vous y prendrez une prise,  
"Rappelez-vous de Marie Louise."

"When you take a pinch, remember Maria Louisa."—*Le Caméléon*.

The captain of one of Commodore Johnson's Dutch prizes was used to relate the following anecdote:—One day he went out of his own ship, to dine on board another; while he was there a storm arose, which, in a short time, made an entire wreck of his own ship, to which it was impossible for him to return. He had left on board two little boys, one four, the other five years old, under the care of a poor black servant; the people struggled to get out of the sinking ship into a large boat, and the poor black took his two little children, tied them into a bag, and put in a little pot of sweetmeats for them, slung them across his shoulder, and put them into the boat; the boat by this time was quite full; the black was stepping into it himself, but was told by the master there was no room for him, that either he or the children must perish, for the weight of both would sink the boat. The exalted heroic negro did not hesitate a moment; very well, said he, give my duty to my master, and tell him I beg pardon for all my faults. And then—guess the rest—plunged to the bottom never to rise again, till the sea shall give up her dead.—*Memoirs of Hannah More*.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

The Domestic and Financial Condition of Great Britain, preceded by a Brief Sketch of her Foreign Policy, and of the Statistics and Politics of France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, by G. Browning.

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Sir William Geff's work on the Topography of Rome, will be shortly issued.

**Just published.**—A Paraphrase Translation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Abbott's Child at Home, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Abbott's Corner Stone, with Preface by Dr. Pye Smith, 12mo. 5s.—The Book of Health, Part IV. (Kidd's) 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Howell's Sermons, Vol. 2, 8vo. 2nd edit. 12s.—Christ our Example, 3rd edit. 12mo. 6s.—Jones's (Rev. Joseph) Human Responsibility, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Practical Hints on the Treatment of several Diseases, by John Peacock, M.D. 8vo. 3s.—Hazard's Index to Debates, royal 8vo. Part II. 2s.—Memoirs of Life, and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More, 4 vols. post 8vo. 36s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 86 (Europe, Vol. 4), 6s.—History of England, Vol. 6, 5s.—Sunday School Teacher's Guide, by the Rev. J. A. James, 14th edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Abercrombie's Practical Gardener, 4s.—Rynn's Medical and Surgical Journal, Vol. 5, 8vo. 14s.—Library of Useful Knowledge; Farmer's Series (Cattle complete), 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Geography of the Island of St. Helena, by Robert P. Seale, 42s.—Miscellaneous Works of William Cooper, Vol. 3, 7s. (Vols. 1 & 2 on same terms).—Parent's Cabinet, Vol. 4, demy 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Rev. Robert Anderson's Exposition of the Romans, 2nd edit. 12mo. 7s.—Sacred Classics, Vol. 9 (Watts's Lyric Poems, with Life by Dr. Southey), 3s. 6d.—A Short Exposition of the Creed, by J. Woodward, 12mo. 3s.—The Romance of History, Italy, Vol. 2, 6s.—British Pulpit, Vol. 1, 8vo. 5s.—Jones's Ecclesiastical History, Vol. 2, 24s.



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Distinct Courses of Lectures and Classes of Private Instruction will commence as follows, viz.

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August, 1834. W. OTTILL, M.A. Principal.

The Course of Lectures in the Medical School will begin on Wednesday, October 1st.

## WILL CLOSE EARLY NEXT MONTH.

—The PANORAMA, or EXHIBITION of the MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL RAILWAY, at the Hammer, Baker-street, Portman-square, will close early next Month, preparatory to its removal from London. This amusing and scientific exhibition gives a most correct idea of the great work it represents. It has been viewed by thousands of the Nobility and Gentry, all of whom express the highest appreciation of the mechanical and pictorial display it affords. It occupies nearly half an hour in view, but as it is in constant operation it does not matter at what time a person enters, for if he waits that period he sees it all.—Admission, One shilling.

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The Holidays will terminate on the 30th Instant. All Pupils will be expected to join their Classes on MONDAY the 1st of SEPTEMBER.

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(Signed) JOHN WALKER, } Head Masters.  
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22nd August, 1834.

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At the close of last term the Pupils were examined by the Honorable and Reverend HENRY RODNEY, Prebendary of Hereford, in the presence of their relatives and other visitors, when Prizes were assigned to the following young Gentlemen:—Greek Class—Benham, Wigmore-street; St. John Junior, New Road. Third Latin Class—Haden, York Buildings. Second Latin Class—Benham, Wigmore-street; Jones junior, Princes-street. First Latin Class—St. John Junior, New Road. For the best Abstract in English of the First Book of Cicero's Commentaries, Course senior, Harley-street. For the best Translation into English of the Life of Theophrastus by Nepos, Course junior, Harley-street. For the best Exercise written during last Midsummer Holidays, Jones junior, Princes-street. For the best Account of the Life of Hannibal, Kiaz, Foley-place. For the best Specimen of Latin Versification, Benham, Wigmore-street. For composition in Memory and reciting the greatest Number of Verses from Ovid's Heroides, Haden, York-buildings; Maclean senior, Harley-street. For the best Translation into French of a Paper in the Spectator, Haden, York-buildings. For the best Specimen of Penmanship, Handup, Parliament-street.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
(J. HOLMES, TOWN'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston, his Lineage, Life, and Times; with a History of the Invention of Logarithms.* By Mark Napier. 4to. Edinburgh: Blackwood; London, Cadell.

THESE Memoirs, like the memoirs of every man who has given an impulse to the principle of thinking in his fellow men, contain matter that must recommend them to the attention of all who take interest in the history of scientific discovery. Napier of Merchiston was not merely a man of genius—he was a man of that rare order of genius, the influences of which are immediately acknowledged in the ordinary business of life. Napier was not merely gifted with the power of evolving new and unsuspected relations in the most recondite subjects of inquiry—but he possessed the still rarer power of bringing his refinements of thought and discovery to bear at once upon the existing arrangements of society. The history of such a man must, of necessity, possess deep interest.

Of the Memoir before us, we would, on a cursory glance, observe that it is written in a zealous spirit of admiration of its subject—but that the zeal is not always of the most valuable or elevating description. The author appears quite as much disposed to honour Napier in the character of an ancestor of his own, as in the character of inventor of logarithms; and he would, if we do not mistake the value of the following passage, resent almost as keenly the unfounded claim of any one to share the supposed honours of descent from the Napier, as he would the attempt of any pretender to deprive Napier of the glory of his immortal invention.

"A biographical notice of our Philosopher, contained in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, 1830, is at great pains to state that he was not Lord Napier; but, adds a note, hitherto uncontradicted, which has a much greater tendency to confuse his genealogy. 'Professor Napier of Edinburgh, who is descended from Lord Napier, is in possession of the set of bones used by his great ancestor.'—Vol. viii. p. 56. I would not have noticed a capricious adoption of the surname of Napier by the Professor of Scots Law Conveyancing in Edinburgh, (also editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*), whose proper surname is Macvey, were it not that the publication and wide diffusion of the genealogical error quoted above might impress foreigners at least, with the notion that a scion of Merchiston, perhaps the philosopher's representative, occupies a learned chair in the University of Edinburgh. A very minute acquaintance with the history of Napier, in all its branches, does not enable me to record the most distant genealogical connection between the family of Napier of Merchiston and any one of the name of Macvey; or, however honoured the Napier tree might be by the acquisition, that it is possible that the Professor can be descended from any Lord Napier. Lord Napier possesses a very primitive set of those ingenious instruments of calculation 'Neper's Bones,' but framed of card disposed upon rollers in an oaken box,

the figures upon which appear to be in the handwriting of the philosopher or his son Robert. Like the wood of the true cross, however, the identical original bones may have been scattered far, and infinitely multiplied."

The style of the present work is verbose, and, perhaps, occasionally conceited—occasionally also, defaced by ill-sustained attempts at smartness.

We have only leisure, on the present occasion, to lay before our readers the following extracts.

John Napier is the great land-mark of the most important epoch of letters in Scotland. He is the first who, in the early struggles of our church, gave a decided impulse to its biblical lore, by a commentary on the most abstruse books of the sacred Scriptures, which for learning and research has never been equalled by any of his countrymen. At the same time, alone and unaided, he placed his sterile country upon a level in mathematical learning with those more propitious climes, Germany and Italy,—the cradle of astronomy, and the hot-bed of letters. It would be no less interesting than instructive to trace minutely the development of his extraordinary faculties. But it is chiefly from traits afforded by the individual himself that the progress of so great an intellect can be intimately known, and autobiography was incompatible with the qualities of Napier's mind, and the nature of his achievements. Yet few could have left a more instructive diary of education. He had drank deeply of human knowledge at its most recondite fountains; and the Bishop of Orkney, when he urged immediate attention to his studies, had not cast his advice upon the waters, or falsely predicted the result. His illustrious nephew made himself acquainted with the heights and depths of learning. He read and studied the sacred volume in all its tongues. He could enliven his abstruse lucubrations with the beauties of the ancient classics. He was more than learned in science and philosophy—he was a high priest in their temples; and the occult sciences were not left by him unexplored. Most probably it was the state of the country that prevented the advice of his uncle given in 1560 from being immediately adopted. In 1568 the University of St. Andrews, the most celebrated in Scotland, became nearly deserted in consequence of the tumults of the Reformation; and in the following year, for the same reason, the faculty of arts were obliged to dispense with the public exhibitions of the graduates. Yet Napier commenced his public education at an earlier period than has been supposed. It was in his fourteenth year, before the marriage of Mary to Darnly, and when the seats of learning were shaken by the storms gathering around the unhappy queen, that he left, for the first time, his paternal roof. His mother died in 1563; and in that same year he became a student in St. Salvator's College.

"Although this was three years after the Parliamentary establishment of the Reformed doctrine, St. Salvator's was still remarkable for the divided state of its opinions; and the keenness engendered betwixt the scholastic temper of the age and the magnitude of the question which agitated Europe, must have exercised a corresponding and decisive influence over many a youthful mind. In the mass of learned and minute information respecting St. Andrews, afforded by Dr. McCre in his *Life of Andrew*

Melville, I find it stated that sometime at this period 'the students were exercised once a week in theological disputations, at which one of the masters presided, and the rest were present and took a share in the debate. The disputants were exhorted to avoid the altercation usually practised in the schools, and not to bite and devour one another like dogs; but to behave as men desirous of mutual instruction, and as the servants of Christ, who ought not to strive, but to be gentle to all.' Napier, who throughout all his life was characterized by the utmost singleness of heart and the gentlest dispositions, appears, nevertheless, to have been able to keep his own, and even to play a conspicuous part, amid the gladiatorialship of intellect affected by his youthful competitors. From the moment his mind began to work he aspired to be a Protestant champion, and applied his whole energies to that sacred cause. The fact is derived from his own words, which are the more interesting as they convey the solitary anecdote of his youth that is known to exist. In his address 'to the Godly and Christian reader,' prefixed to his Scriptural Commentaries, he says, 'In my tender years and bargeage in Sanct Androis, at the schooles, having, on the one part, contracted a loving familiarity with a certaine gentleman, a Papist; and, on the other part, being attentive to the sermons of that worthy man of God, Maister Christopher Quodman, teaching upon the Apocalypse, I was so moved in admiration against the blindness of Papists, that could not most evidently see their seven-hilled citie Rome painted out there so lively by Saint John as the mother of all spiritual whoredom, that not onely burnt I out in continual reasoning against my said familiar, but also from thenceforth I determined with myselfe (by the assistance of God's spirit) to employ my studie and diligence to search out the remanent mysteries of that holy Book; as to this hour (praised be the Lorde) I have bin doing at all such times as conveniently I might have occasion.' Thus from himself we have an explanation of his long retiring habits, and, at the same time, such a picture of the early vigour and independence of his mind as to make us wish for more. A youth, under fourteen years of age, listening so intently to an exposition of the Apocalypse from the pulpit, and bursting forth in disputation with his Papistical friend and companion, until he conceived the daring project of leaving not a mystery of prophecy unfolded, is a trait seldom surpassed in the history of boyhood. Galileo, when a few years older, was also roused to powerful activity in the house of God. But it was his eye that was attracted,—a characteristic difference betwixt the practical and the speculative philosopher which continued throughout their respective careers. In the cathedral of Pisa, to which city the young Italian had been sent for the benefit of an university education, he fixed his gaze upon the vibrations of a lamp. Amid the pagantry of that worship against which Napier warred, and of which Galileo was destined to be a victim, he watched, with the eye of an eagle, the isochronal movements of the chain, and measured them by the beatings of his pulse. The result was the pendulum."

"We have now to name the man whom contemporary eulogists were most apt to select as a pendant to Napier; and that is the popular Buchanan, who became principal of St. Leonard's

College in 1567. 'The intellectual endowments of George Buchanan,' says Dr. Irving, 'reflect the highest splendour on the land of his nativity; and every scholar who derives his origin from the same country is bound to cherish and revere his memory.'—'The history of Buchanan is the history of an individual unrivalled in modern times.' There is some exaggeration in this estimate. It is what may be said of Napier, but not of Buchanan. He ranks high in the learning of his country; but to render the praise of his biographer not hyperbolic, the heart of Buchanan ought to have been purer, and his head more profound. Blackwood says of him with great truth, that he was 'homme ingrat, et desloyal'; and when we examine his conduct and his writings in reference to the history of Queen Mary, with the aid of those proofs which have been collected within these few years to illustrate that unhappy page of our history, no impartial mind can come to any other conclusion, than that Buchanan was a rogue. His admirers have claimed for him an *apothéosis* with the eloquent and elegant Livy; but he may find himself—under the fat of eternal justice—nearer the reprobaté Sallust. In popular estimation his name is much more identified with the erudition of his country than Napier's. Our philosopher has acquired with the vulgar the equivocal status in letters of a warlock; but there are men in our own times of considerable literary attainments, who will afford him no higher praise than the sneer of Iago 'forsooth a great arithmetician.'—'Napier,' says an author of historical celebrity, 'has much merit, but cannot stand in the rank of great inventors. He is only an useful abbreviator of a particular branch of the mathematics.' Sir David Brewster (or the writer he employed) ransacked his memory to record the names of those whose literary achievements illustrate Scotland, and forgot, only John Napier. But had he omitted the name of *George Buchanan*, the very printers' devils would have mobbed the disciple of Newton on the streets of Modern Athens.

"The purest pedestal of Buchanan's fame is his Latin poetry. Thus it is not difficult to determine the respective grades in letters, of James' pedagogue and Scotland's philosopher. We shall show that Napier surpassed Archimedes in logic, and emulated him in mechanics. Does Buchanan rival Horace in rhyme?"

"The distinction of their moral characters is yet more marked; being that betwixt an unprincipled partisan, and a Christian philosopher. While the learned in our own times labour to give us fanciful portraits of Buchanan, we have one of him drawn from the life by Napier's relative Sir James Melville, upon every line of whose simple portraiture the stamp of truth is impressed. 'Bot mester George was a stoik philosopher, and looked not far before the hand; a man of notable qualities for his learning and knowledge in Latin poesie, mekle maid accompt of in other contries, phisiant in company, rehersing at all occasions moralities achort and fecfull, whereof he had abundance, and invented wher he wanted. He was also of gud religion for a poet; bot he was casely abused, and sa facill that he wes led with any company that he hanted for the tym, quhilk maid him factious in his auld dayes; for he spak and wret as they that wer about him for the tym informed him. For he was becom aleperie and carlex, and folowed in many things the vulgar oppinion; for he was naturallly populair, and extrem vengeable against any man that had offendit him, quhilk was his gretest fail.' Other cousins of our philosopher were in daily converse with Buchanan. The Lady Mar and her brother Tullibardine had the especial charge of King James in his youth. At this time, says Melville, the king 'had for principall preceptouris, Mester George of Buchanenn, and Mester Peter Young,' &c. 'My Lady

Mar was wyse and schairp, and held the king in great awe; and as did Mester George Buchanenn.' Thus the family of Merchiston must have been well known to James' pedagogue, though probably the contrariety of their habits, moral and intellectual, kept him and the philosopher always separate."

"If the theory of his travels be correct, Napier quitted Scotland for the University of Paris very nearly at the same time as Andrew Melville; and from the diary of Andrew's nephew, we learn some interesting particulars as to the state of public instruction at Paris. In the autumn of the year 1564, his uncle, says he, 'ending his course of philosophie, left the University of St. Andrews with the commendation of the best philosopher, poet, and Grecian, of anie young maister in the land; and with all possible diligence maid his preparation, and past to France. Be the way he was extracramle tormented with sie sickness and storme of wather, so that oft tymes, whylls he danger of shipwrak, whylls he infirmite and seiknes, he loked for deathe. He arryvit first in England, and again imbarcking, came to Burdeaux, wher he taried nocht lang, bot imbarcking from that, came to Deipe; from that to Paris, whar he remeanit in the Universitie two years at his awin studies, heiring the lightes of the maist scyning age in all guid lettres, the king's publict professors, Andreas Tornebus in Greik and Latine humanitie; Petrus Ramus in philosophie and eloquence; Jo. Mercerus in the Hebrew language, whereupon he was speciallie sett. In the last year of they twa he grew so expert in the Greik, that he declamit and teachit lessons, uttering never a word bot Greik with sie readines and plentie as was marvelous to the heiers. From Paris he past to Poictiers, whar he regented in the College of St. Marceon thrie years. Ther he haid the best lawers, and student as mikle therof as might serve for his purpose, quhilk was Theologie, wherto he was dedicat from his mother's wombe.' It seems most likely that the shining lights enumerated by James Melville were the very men under whose instructions Napier's mind expanded. 'Mercerus and Quinquarboreus,' says Dr. McChie, 'were conjunct royal professors of Hebrew and Chaldee. By his oral instructions, the elementary treatises which he published, and his translations from Hebrew and Chaldee, the former contributed more than any individual of that age to the advancement of eastern learning. His commentaries on the Old Testament still deserve the attention of the biblical student; and Father Simon, whose judgment was sufficiently fastidious, has pronounced the highest eulogium on him, when he says, that Mercier possessed all the qualifications of an interpreter of Scripture, and that the only thing to be regretted in him is, that he suffered himself to be carried away by the novel opinions of the reformers. Quinquarboreus, though destitute of the critical acumen and extensive knowledge of his colleague, has shown that he was well acquainted with the Hebrew language.'

"The doctrines of the Hugonots or Protestants had made a decided progress in the University of Paris when Napier left St. Andrews. Many of the professors and heads of colleges were well known to have embraced the heresy, and scarcely one among them was exempt from suspicion—a fact which affords another strong presumption that Napier was sent there, being about the very period when his father was presiding in the criminal tribunal of reformed Scotland against such delinquents as the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and others, for 'makand alteration and innovations in the state of religion'; and when his uncle was reviving the first Book of Discipline. But, after the year 1567, a storm burst over this great seminary, and spread through the continent with a desolating fury, the remembrance of which may have often crossed the lucu-

brations of our philosopher in the quiet and studious decline of his life at Merchiston. In that year the second civil war betwixt the Protestants and Catholics broke out; and very soon afterwards, all those professors who refused to subscribe the Catholic faith were forced to fly from Paris. Of these the most celebrated was Petrus Ramus. During the interval of repose and security which had previously visited the University of Paris, that celebrated philosopher there enjoyed himself in his successful hostility to the tottering throne of Aristotle, and in his ardent devotion to philosophy and the sciences, as royal professor of Roman eloquence, and principal of the College of Presle. But what he chiefly laboured to advance, during this oasis of a life of persecutions, was the study of mathematics. The royal library of Fontainebleau had nursed his ardent for geometry and astronomy to a most enthusiastic height, and he made himself a mortal enemy in his great rival Carpentarius, by slighting the mathematical attainments of that eminent philosopher, who was elected royal professor of mathematics at Paris in 1568. Ramus opposed his admission upon the ground of incapacity to teach, and for this contemptuous rivalry is said to have afterwards paid the forfeit of his life. From one or both of the illustrious men, Napier in all probability had imbibed some of that ardent desire for the progress of the mathematical sciences, which induced him in his latter days to toil for those whom he affectionately addresses as 'charissimi mathematum cultores.' The fate of Petrus Ramus could not fail to affect him. That martyr to science and Catholic fury returned to Paris in the year 1571, and fell a victim at the memorable massacre of St. Bartholomew, which occurred in the following year. De Thou has recorded his fate, and says that the murder was perpetrated by the scholars of his rival Carpentarius.

"If Napier encountered perils abroad, he certainly escaped one of a deadly nature at home. In the year 1568, (exactly a century before Newton was driven from Cambridge by the plague which then ravaged England,) a most fearful infliction of pestilence broke out in Edinburgh. The courts of justice were closed, the General Assembly of the Church postponed, and the very literature of the country threatened with annihilation. Sir Archibald Napier and his family were much exposed to the contagion, by the vicinity of his mansion to the 'Borough Muir' of the city, upon which waste the poorer class of those infected were driven out to grovel and die under the very walls of Merchiston. At this very time Sir Archibald was not suffered to quit the Lothians. Mary's defeat at Langside had just occurred, and the regency of her brother was securing the fruits of victory by a rigorous surveillance of the baronial strongholds, and the conduct and affections of their proprietors, throughout the whole country. All Protestant as he was, and although even his cousins Tullibardine and Grange had been in arms upon this occasion against the fugitive queen, it is not surprising that Merchiston, whose immediate predecessors had fallen successively under her father's standard and her own, should have evinced some affection for the persecuted, and only legitimate child of James V. That this was the case is proved by the bond quoted below, the terms of which compelled Merchiston to remain a prisoner in Edinburgh, or within two miles of it, under heavy securities. When the plague broke out, he appears to have petitioned the privy-council of the regent for some relaxation, which had been refused in the most peremptory manner, although his brother-in-law, the Bishop of Orkney, was one of that council, and apparently anxious to befriend him. The following letter, than which a more curious and interesting remnant of the kind could

scarcely be produced, was written in consequence by the prelate to our philosopher's father.—

"To the Right Honorabill and our weil-belovit Bruther the Laird off Merchanstoun.

"Right Honorabill Schir and Bruther,—I haired the day the rigorous answer and refus that ye gat, quhairf I wes not wele apayit; bot alwayis I pray you, as ye ar sett amidis betwix twa grete inconvenientis, travell to eschew thame baith; the one is maist evident, to wit, the remaining in your awin place quhair ye ar; for, be the nummer of weik folk that guis out of the toun, the muir is abill to be ovirpried, and it can not be bot throw the nearness of your place, and the indigence of thame that ar put out, thair sall continewallie repair aboutte your rounne, and throu thair conversatioun, infect sum of your servandis, quhairby thair sall precipitat yourself and your children in maist extreme danger; and, as I se, ye hef foirsene the same for the young folk, quhair bluid is in maist perrell to be infectit first, and therefor purposis to send thame away to Menteith, quhair I wald wis at God that ye war yourself, without offence of authoritie, or of your hand, sun that your housa gat na skaith. Bot yit, Schir, their is ano midway quhilk ye suld not omit, quhilk is to withdraw you fra that syid of the toun to sum housa upon the north syid of the samin, quairf ye may hef in borrowing quhen ye sall hef to do, to wit, the Gray-Cruik, Innerleithis self, Weirde, or sic uther placis as ye culd chose within ane myle; quhair-into I wald suppois ye wuld be in les danger than in Merchanstoun; and close up your housis, your grangis, your barnis and all, and suffer na man cum therin, quhill it plesit God to put ane stay to this grete plege, and in the mein tyme, maid you to leve upon your penny, or on sic thing as comis to you out of the Lennos or Menteith; quhilk, gif ye do not, I se ye will ruine yourself; and howbeit I escape in this wayage, I will never laik for to se you again, quhilk war some mair regrate to me than I will exprime be writing. Alwayis besekis you, as ye luf your awin wele, the wele of your hous, and us your freindis that wald your wele, to tak sum order in this behalf, that howbeit your evil favoraris wald cast you away, yit ye tak hetter keip upon yourself, and mak not them to rejoice, and us your freindis to murme baith at anis; quhilk God forbid, and for his guidnes preserve you and your posteritie from sic akaith, and mainteine you in holic keping for evir. Of Ed' this xxi day of September, be

"Your Bruther at power, the

"BISHOP OFF ORKNEY."

"There is this remarkable circumstance in his history, that while he possessed the respect and confidence of the most able and Christian pastors of the Reformed Church, and while he was looked up to and consulted by the General Assembly, of which he was for years a member, he was at the same time regarded, and not merely by the vulgar, as one who possessed certain powers of darkness, the very character of which was in those days dangerous to the possessor. Traditions to this effect might be met with in the cottages and nurseries in and about the metropolis of Scotland not many years ago; and the marvels attributed to our philosopher, with the aid of a jet-black cock supposed to be a familiar spirit bound to him in that shape, have, within the memory of the present generation, been narrated by the old, and listened to by the young. We cannot help suspecting that the legend of the black cock is in some way connected with the hereditary office of king's postler (*Pultrie Regis*), for many generations in the family of Merchiston, and which descended to John Napier. This office is repeatedly mentioned in the family charters as appertaining to the '*pultre landis*,' hard by the village of Dene, in the shire of Linlithgow. The duties were to be performed

by the possessor or his deputies; and the king was entitled to demand the yearly homage of a present of poultry from the feudal holder. It is not improbable that our philosopher made a pet of some jetty chunticleer, which he cherished as the badge of his office, and as worthy of being presented to the king, *si petatur*. If so, there can be little doubt that in those days it would pass for a spirit."

We may, next week, enter more at large into the characteristics of this work, and into the merits of its subject.

*Ladies' Botany; or, a Familiar Introduction to the Natural System of Botany.* By John Lindley, Ph.D., F.R.S., Professor of Botany to the London University. 8vo. London: Ridgway.

We have long lamented the insufficiency of the Linnæan system of Botany to give more than a verbal acquaintance with the vegetable kingdom; yet, from its great apparent simplicity, we almost despaired of seeing it supplanted by a more rational and scientific mode of instruction. We might naturally enough have felt such an apprehension when we were everywhere met with the singular absurdity, that the professors, though themselves fully aware of its imperfections, still continue to lecture according to its principles, and introduced their pupils to the study of plants, not according to their habits, their nature, their mode of growth, structure, or affinities, but according as they happened to have one, two, or more stamina sticking up in the centre of their blossoms. Yet, one should have thought, a moment's consideration would have been sufficient to show the very slight importance of such a character:—all that a stamen can do is to contribute to the fertilization of the ovum or seed; and, as this can be done by one as well as by fifty stamina, we, at once, see how utterly unphilosophical it was to assume the number of these organs as the groundwork for the grand primary division of plants. From the reproach of having contributed to the continuance of so erroneous a system, we gladly except Professor Lindley, who, both in his lectures and writings, has aimed at inculcating the true principles on which this science should be studied, and to whom, partly from the influence attached to his situation, partly from the zeal and talents he has displayed in the cause, we confidently look as the great promoter and supporter of the natural system of Botany in these countries. We, therefore, hail the appearance of his present work with peculiar satisfaction, as it is the first attempt which has been made at attacking the old system, on the ground where chiefly was supposed to lie its strength, and evincing that, for all practical purposes, it really presented greater difficulties than the now, while all these difficulties, if overcome, led in the one case only to an acquaintance with names, in the other to a knowledge of facts, of properties and structure. We are fond of proving our assertions by example;—let us now take one from the work before us:—

"It is mentioned, that in the voyage of Lord Anson round the world, when new and unknown lands were constantly discovered, the dread which his surgeon entertained of the effect of strange herbs was so great that, from fear of poisoning the crews, he would sometimes permit them to use no other kind of fresh vegetable food than grass. At the present day

there should be no navy surgeon who would not be able to point out at once, in every place, an abundance of plants, the use of which could not by possibility be attended by any ill effects. You have already seen that the Crowfoot tribe consists of burning and blistering species, that the Poppy tribe produces stupefaction, the Umbelliferous tribe is chiefly aromatic, but not always to be trusted, Geraniums astringent, Evening Primroses insipid, and Myrtles fragrant and aromatic. Another example of the uniform prevalence of peculiar properties in the same tribe or natural order, is afforded by Cruciferous plants.

"The healthy stimulating effects of Mustard and Cress, and the nutritive properties of Turnips and Cabbages are well known to every body. These plants belong to an extensive tribe called Cruciferous, or Cross-bearers, because their four petals are placed in such a way as to resemble in some degree a Maltese cross. . . . The flowers are arranged regularly upon a central stalk in the form of a raceme; and, what is extremely singular, they are uniformly destitute of bracts. This is so unusual a case that I do not remember any other instance in the whole vegetable kingdom in which bracts are constantly absent; the absence of these little leaves is hence a mark of Cruciferous tribe. Observe, I pray you, how very useful it is to be aware of this. Imagine yourself cast away upon a desert island; and there, surrounded by plants of unknown forms and tempting looks, none of which you dare use from fear of their proving poisonous. Among them however you remark a good many of the same kind, one of which is just beginning to bear its tufts of flowers: the blossoms are too young to be examined, but old enough to show you that they grow without bracts; the leaves you would easily see were those of Exogenous plants, and you would immediately know that this species at least would be not only harmless, but the very best kind of vegetable for you to consume; a salad which might be eaten with the utmost confidence."

Now, in a case such as this, the botanist, on the old system, would be most completely at a loss, for, as the flowers are not unfolded, he could learn nothing respecting the number or situation of their stamina, and so would be utterly incapable of advancing a step towards ascertaining their class; and even when he had done that, would in many instances, be little the wiser as to their qualities. But there are many other cases, in which he would be equally at a loss:—

"When, for example, a specimen of a Monopetalous plant has lost its corolla, or when the stamens or pistils are absent, either accidentally, or constitutionally, as in Dicotyledonous plants, what Linnæan Botanist can classify the subject of inquiry? Or where a genus comprehends species varying in the number of their stamens, as for instance, Polygonum, Salix, Stellaria, and hundreds of others, who is to say which of the species is to determine the classification of the rest? or when this point has been settled, how is the student to know what passed in the mind of the Botanical Systematist? The latter puts a genus into Octandria, because out of ten species, one has constantly, and two occasionally, eight stamens, and he includes in the same class and order, all the other species of the genus, although they have five, six, or ten stamens. Suppose the student meets with one of the last, and wishes to ascertain its name by the Linnæan system, he will look for it in Pentandria, or Hexandria, or Decandria, where he will not find it. After wasting his time, and exhausting his patience in a vain pursuit, he must abandon the search in utter hopelessness, for there is no other character that he can make use of as a check upon the first. At last some



one will tell him that his plant is a Polygonum; he turns to his book, wondering how he could have overlooked it; and he finds Polygonum in Octandria. Should he inquire how this is, he will learn that his species belongs to Octandria, not because it is octandrous, but because it is so very like other Polygonums that it cannot be separated from them, and they belong in most cases to Octandria. This is the unavoidable answer; and what does it really mean, except that it is not in consequence of its accordance with the system that the student's Polygonum is to be discovered, but in consequence of its natural relation to other Polygonums; so that it is necessary to understand the Natural System, to make use of the Artificial System."

We think that Professor Lindley has fully established his point, that the natural system is not only better, but for all practical purposes actually easier than the other. One obstacle to its universal adoption alone seemed to remain—the want of a popular introduction to its study; and this he has completely removed by his present volume. It is accurate in its science, graceful in its style, and familiar in its language; it enables the student to take some common, or easily accessible plant, as the representative of each natural family, to examine its several parts, to compare them with the plates, and learn their uses from the descriptions: when he has done this with care, and understood, and remembered what he has done, he will be a Botanist; "not a very learned one, but acquainted with many of the fundamental facts of the science, and able to prosecute the inquiry to any further point, and to study other and more scientific works with ease and advantage."

*Scenes from Parisian Life. First Series.—Ferragus, Chief of the Décorans.* Translated from the French of M. de Balzac. Paris: Bennis; London, Fraser.

'Ferragus' belongs to a school of literature whose day of brief, but brilliant, triumph is passed, with the circumstances by which it was created and supported. 'L'Ecole Convulsionnaire,' as it was not inaptly termed, could only exist in troubled times; the extravagances of Janin, of Balzac, of Mérimée, and of Victor Hugo, the greatest of them all, were not merely tolerated, but applauded, because France was then working out a revolution; they are now censured or neglected, because, the revolution being over, men are free to hear the lessons of common sense. The young men that issued from the schools of the Restoration, brought with them into the world dreams of republican theories and imperial glories, and they found that similar visions had seized the imaginations of all their countrymen. They became sworn foes to all established institutions, whether of government or of literature—the love of excitement led them to the stews and the charnel-house—sensuality was substituted for sentiment—and physical suffering, and physical enjoyment, were portrayed with a minuteness that, to our sober senses, rendered both disgusting. It would be idle to deny the great talents and the great acquirements of the writers we have named: had they not possessed both in an eminent degree, their career would have been very short; it required more than ordinary powers to create and sustain a taste for such delineations, for "the psychology of guilty passions, and the

metaphysics of crime." But a better day has dawned on the literature of France; Hugo, Dumas, Balzac, and some others, might have been able to maintain their popularity, but their success brought into the field a horde of imitators, who at once exposed the absurdity of the entire system. The volcano is now fairly burnt out.

The story of Ferragus is not worth analyzing: some scenes, however, in no way connected with it, may interest the reader. Here is an artist-like sketch of a group assembled under a gateway during a thunder-storm:—

"It is extraordinary that none of our painters should have as yet represented the countenances of a group of Parisians during a storm, under the damp porch of a house. Where could he find a richer field?

"First there is the philosophical or thoughtful pedestrian, who watches with pleasure the lines by the rain on the grey ground of the atmosphere, an effect like the capricious breakings of glass; and the whirlwinds of water which the wind throws in sparkling showers on the roofs; the fanciful runnings of gutters; in fine, many other admirable trifles, studied with delight by the saunterers, in spite of the strokes of the broom, with which the porter of the house regulates them.

"Next there is the talkative pedestrian, who complains, and converses with the portress, while she rests on her broom like a grenadier on his musket.

"The indigent pedestrian fantastically leaning against the wall, no ways uneasy about his rags coming in contact with the streets.

"The learned pedestrian, who studies, spells, or reads the advertisements on the walls without finishing them.

"The merry pedestrian, who derives amusement from the accidents which happen in the streets, laughs at the splashed females, and makes wry faces at those who are at their windows.

"The silent pedestrian, who looks up at every window, in every story.

"The industrious pedestrian, who, loaded with a parcel, calculates the rain by profit and loss.

"The amiable pedestrian, who arrives like a bomb, exclaiming, 'Ah, gentlemen, what weather!' and who bows to every one.

"Then the real citizen of Paris, with his umbrella, who, weatherwise, foretold the shower, and went out contrary to his wife's advice, and who has already taken possession of the porter's seat.

"According to his temper of mind, each member of this promiscuous group contemplates the sky, goes away on tiptoe, either because he is hurried, or because he sees other citizens walking in defiance of wind and weather, or that the court-yard of the house is damp, and mortally unwholesome. Each one has his motives; the prudent pedestrian alone remains; the man who, ere he sets off again on his walk, must copy some blue among the breaking clouds.

"Monsieur de Maulincour took shelter among a group of pedestrians under the porch of an old house, the court of which was like the large flue of a chimney. There were along these plastered, green, dark walls, so many gutters and spouts, and so many different stories in the four sides of the building, that you might have imagined yourselves among the waterworks of St. Cloud. The water poured down from all parts, it bubbled, it murmured, it splashed, it was green, black, blue, and white; it hissed, and foamed under the birch broom of the portress, an old toothless woman, accustomed to storms, who seemed to enjoy them, and who sent into the street a thousand fragments, which served as a

curious inventory of the life and habits of each tenant of the house. There were clippings of cloth, tea leaves, petals of artificial flowers, discoloured or spoiled: the peelings of vegetables, papers, and dross of metals."

The description of the guardian of the celebrated Père-la-Chaise, is one of the best in the volume.

"His situation is no sinecure: he allows no one to be buried without his permission; he must give an account of his dead. He points out in this vast plain the six feet square which will one day receive all you love, all you hate. Yes! know that all the sentimentality of Paris exhales in this lodge, and is there administered to. This man has registers for noting down his dead; they are in their tombs and in his cartons. He has under him gardeners, gravediggers, assistants, and guardians. He is an important personage.

"The mourners do not all address themselves to him. He only intervenes in extraordinary cases: such as one death mistaken for another, an exhumation, or a resurrection. The bust of the reigning monarch is in his hall, and he probably keeps the ancient royal and imperial busts in some cupboard, a sort of little Père-la-Chaise for revolutions. In fine, he is a public man, an excellent citizen, a good father, and a good husband, epitaph apart. But so many different sentiments have passed before him under a funeral guise; he has seen so many real and affected tears; he has seen sorrow on and under so many faces; he has witnessed six millions of eternal griefs!—to him sorrow is no longer aught but a stone of four feet high, and twenty-two inches wide. As for regrets, they are the most tiresome part of his employment; he never breakfasts or dines without undergoing a torrent of inconsolable affliction. He is good and tender in all other affections: he will weep over the hero of a drama, but his heart is steaked against ordinary deaths. The dead are cyphers for him; his calling is to organize death. Three times in an age his situation, or his part, becomes sublime, and then he is sublime at all hours—in the time of a plague."

The translator is said to be a lady resident in Paris. She has, we incline to believe, been long enough there to have forgotten English taste and English feeling.

*Narrative of a Passage from Bombay to England, describing the Author's Shipwreck in the Nautilus, Journeys across the Nubian Desert, &c.* By Capt. W. Bouchier, R.N. London: Whittaker & Co.

THIS modest little volume is literally what it professes to be—a simple narrative of a passage from Bombay to England, by a route not much known, and in part—from Suakin on the Red Sea, to Berber on the Nile—wholly unknown.

Capt. Bouchier was, it appears, a passenger on board the *Nautilus*, when that vessel was wrecked in the Red Sea in December last. The crew and passengers having succeeded in reaching Suakin, the Captain, with three others, determined to proceed by land. The party accordingly hired camels, and crossed the Desert to Berber; they then proceeded along the right bank of the Nile to Abu Hamet, again traversed the Desert to Kroosko, and thence descended by the Nile to Alexandria. As Captain Bouchier was exceedingly anxious to reach England, he immediately embarked on board a vessel bound to Leghorn, where, unfortunately, he was detained six weeks by a quarantine; he steamed from thence to Genoa, and then, by the old

route, reached home. A narrative of so hurried a journey was hardly worth publishing in a separate volume, although it would have made a pleasant paper in a magazine; but, as it is thus brought before us, we shall make some few extracts. Of Suakin itself, the Captain observes:—

"The island is small, not above a third of a mile in any of its dimensions, and it has not much to recommend it as a spot of ground; however, as it was to us an haven of refuge, I shall always bear it in grateful remembrance. Behind the port, or on the landward side of the island, there is a Nubian town, which, if we may judge from the numbers which crowded from thence to see us during our stay, must be very populous."

"Among our visitors there were several dandies, who showed that however dandyism may vary in its details, the principle is the same among all nations, and under all degrees of civilization."

"Not the most finished exquisite of London or of Paris can view his trappings with more self-complacent consciousness of the superiority of dress above all things, than the woolly-headed dandies of Nubia view the copious plasterings of tallow which load their frizzled pates; and hair powder, even in the prime of its glory, was not felt more genteel by the wearer than a yellow dusting of apparently the powder of sandal-wood is worn by some of the fashionables of the Red Sea. That powder, too, combined with the tallow (somewhat aged and venerable in the smell,) wafts around the wearer an odour which would set at defiance all the distillers of essences on our side the pyramids of Egypt."

"Each of these men carried a bent stick, and all were so exactly of the same bend and size, that they must be artificial; a very crooked creeper was a weapon worn by all, and some had, in addition, heavy and unwieldy swords."

"Of females, especially young ones, we saw only a few; but those that we did see gave us no very elevated notions of Nubian beauty, taste, or cleanliness. They had their hair plaited into innumerable tails, and plastered with the same savoury ointment as that of the male dandies. There were two coffee-houses in Suakin, to which we made several visits, finding that the way in which we could, with the least annoyance to ourselves, gratify the desire of the people to look at us."

Here is an account of the preparations for, and of a journey in the Desert:—

"The provisions we had laid in for our hazardous expedition (which was estimated at about twelve days' journey from Suakin to Berber) consisted of rice, flour, dhourra (a kind of grain), dates, coffee, ghee (butter clarified by melting), salt fish, and tobacco. Our cooking and mess utensils were two pots, one girillo, two coffee-pots, a few small coffee-cups, and two or three calabash-rind bowls. To these necessaries we added a few small pieces of cloth, in case we should be inclined, as the Americans say, to 'do a little trade' with the Bedouins of the desert."

"Our travelling 'machinery' consisted of ten camels."

"On the morning of the 13th of December, we presented the guard with three dollars for their hospitality; and thus mustering and thus appointed, we mounted our camels and rode to a short distance from Caafé, where there is a well, at which we halted to fill the water-skins."

"Those who are unacquainted with the motion of camel-riding, find it at first very uneasy. The animal kneels till mounted, and then rises on its hind-legs, so that the rider is in danger (and more fear) of being jorked forward over the ears, with the load on the top of him—a species of involuntary alighting which, before we reached the Nile, happened more than once to each of us."

"Having made my seat as commodious as possible, we again mounted and pursued our journey till about the middle of the day, when, halting to take some refreshment, we found that our 'table service,' our calabash bowls, were left behind at Caafé. The wind blowing strong, seasoned our repast somewhat abundantly with African sand; but the said sand cannot be an unwholesome 'condiment,' as the great quantity we were obliged to swallow did us no harm."

"At night, the sand was to be our bed, our cloaks our covering, the lee of a hill (if there should be one where we halted) our shelter, and the canopy of Heaven our tent."

"On the 16th, we stopped at a Bedouin encampment, upon which occasion our Mahomedan sheik showed some disposition to turn Jew; by wishing to purchase for us a bullock at what we estimated to be about three times its value. Not being able to prevail on us to deal in that way, he purchased it himself at a price unknown to us, and offered to supply us with the meat as we required. The method he used to preserve it, was to cut the flesh off the bones into strips, and dry it in the sun whenever we halted. I leave my readers to imagine the quantity of mastication this delicate kind of food required."

"When we had got some distance into the interior, the heat, and especially the dryness of the atmosphere, became excessive, and very distressing and painful to bear. All moisture being drained from the skin, there was no evaporation to cool it; and, in consequence, it became dry and wrinkled like old parchment. If I had not done at last, what probably I ought to have done at first, anointed myself pretty copiously with ghee, my skin would literally have cracked in pieces."

"On the 18th, we came to a scene of rather a picturesque character, as exhibiting the Bedouin in the joint character of farmer and grazier. There was a large patch of dhourra, and near it numerous flocks of sheep and goats, with abundances of camels. Soon after passing this productive and well-stocked spot, we arrived at the well 'Shiddee.' The water was not tempting, but we were forced to make use of it, and here we found that our 'service of China' had been left behind at the last stopping place, so that we had now to drink our coffee out of a mustard-pot, which, combined with the skin in which the coffee was carried, and the additional flavour imparted to it by the Turk's dirty fingers, the aroma of that beverage was by no means improved."

"The same evening the camels were watered, being the first time since we left Suakin, and the sixth evening of our journey in the desert."

But the subsequent journey to Kroosko seems to have been attended with more fatigue and privation:—

"On the 2d January (1834), we again mounted and rode forward. Our journey across the desert was more severe and fatiguing, both for man and beast, than that from Suakin to Berber. The sun, by day, beat upon us with so much ardour, that it not only withered the surface of our bodies, by draining every drop of moisture, but absolutely scorched our vitals: while the night wind, though so cold as to be painful by the contrast, was equally dry and withering; and we had often to endure it stretched on the sand, without the shelter of even a hillock or a stunted shrub. Our strength and patience during this journey were both put to a severe trial; but as it was monotonous, being a mere alternation of burning sun and biting wind, as day and night succeeded each other, I need not endanger the patience of the reader by narrating the uniformly dismal steps of our progress."

"The journal of our pilgrimage in the desert was, by this time, very legibly written, both in our persons and features; so that, if there had been looking-glasses there, we might have questioned our own identity."

"During the eight days which we spent in passing this desert, we did contrive once to cleanse ourselves and wash the few garments we possessed at the well called Murat Springs; but any of the more Christian comforts of the toilette were out of the question."

"On our passage along this dreary waste, we saw the bones of but one human being bleaching in the sun and wind. But the skeletons of camels were numerous, it being a most severe and trying passage for even those patient and enduring animals. Our little caravan added to the number; we abandoned one, with its fore-feet tied, as the best means of rendering its inevitable death more speedy. The moans of these creatures are most affecting; and though they cannot articulate, they speak, and that powerfully, to the feelings. Forgetting my 'bumping' and tumbles, and bearing in mind only how they serve others and suffer themselves, I had some thoughts in my old age, in remembrance of this journey, of keeping a pet camel. Fortunately, we had no hostile visit from the Bedouins; but if we had, it would, notwithstanding our being armed, have probably been fatal, as the Bedouins of that desert always make their appearance in large bodies. But though we had no attack, we had one alarm; while we were at quarters, one night, under the dark mountain of Gurreebat, there was an uproar in our camp, which we found originated with Ghaleel the Beloved. Such seemed to be this man's innate love of 'a row,' that, if he could not find one ready made, he lost no opportunity of making one himself. On this occasion he had thought proper to warm himself by flogging one of the drivers, for abstracting a biscuit from the stock, of which he, as our servant of all work, had more immediate charge; but Lieutenant Lynch made matters even by flogging him, and tranquillity was again restored in our camp."

At Kroosko the party embarked, and there is little else in this little volume that would interest our readers, although the whole Narrative is pleasant reading, except, perhaps, the account of a bath at Kenah.

"At Kenah I had the luxury of a bath, which, as it was novel in style, at least to me, I shall briefly notice. The patient is at first taken into an apartment, fitted up with beds ranged around on a raised place; he is there stripped, and a piece of cloth put round him, then taken into a hot room, where he remains a short time, and from thence into the bath room, a square apartment capable of holding eight or ten people. Several persons with mahogany-coloured skins were undergoing purification when I was introduced; they seemed surprised, but in nowise disconcerted, at my appearance. The bath is always kept at a great heat by a constant supply of hot water from the upper part of the wall, and when you are ready you step into it, and are almost boiled; but there you must remain until your cook thinks you sufficiently done. When that is the case, you come out, are laid on your face, and are scrubbed all over from head to foot behind; then turned over, like a pig in the process of being scraped, and the same operation is performed in front. The scrubbing is done with a mitten or glove made of hair. When it is over, you are made to sit down, and are lathered all over with soap; after which you return to the bath to wash that off. Freed of the soap, you are taken into the first apartment, laid down, covered with a shawl or camaleen till you gradually cool, which completes the operation."

*The Birds of America.* By J. J. Audubon, F.R.S. F.L.S. &c. Parts XLi. XLii. and XLiii. London: Havell.

With these three parts, containing exclusively Water Birds, commences the third volume of Mr. Audubon's magnificent work;

and when we say they fully equal in scientific accuracy and pictorial beauty the parts by which they were preceded, we feel that we have left ourselves little to add in the way of encomium. His birds are truly animated creatures; they live, they move,—and whether winging their way through mid air, or dabbling in the plashy bottom, or resting with careless security on the half-broken wave, where

The black duck with her gloomy breast  
Swings silently.

they are still nature,—perfect, living nature,—every position revealing a characteristic trait, every gesture betraying a specific peculiarity. And how beautiful and appropriate are the accompaniments! The Least Bittern (*Ardea Exilis*) stands moping by a tuft of rushes, with the long pendent feathers of its neck half raised by the drooping position it has chosen, while beyond it, in almost interminable perspective, stretch out the long, low, swampy rice fields of South Carolina, pervaded by a river which seems so nearly on their own level, that but for its muddy, stagnant, pool-like sluggishness, we should almost expect it to overflow. The Great Blue Heron too (*Ardea Herodias*), a magnificent-looking bird, plants himself in front of a bed of reeds on his long stilt-like legs, one of which is boldly pushed forward until it actually seems to project from the paper, while the structure of the knee, the form of the claws, and the shagreening of the skin along the front of the leg, are given with the most perfect anatomical accuracy. Then the Virginian Rail (*Rallus Virginianus*) is making a gobble at an insect on a grassy stalk, just arching over its head, while its noisy brother (*R. crepitans*), the Clapper Rail, is standing, as it were, on tip-toe, with its neck stretched out and bill open, until we make one sense supply the place of the other, and almost fancy that we can see its never ceasing cackle. But beautiful beyond all is the plate of the Summer or Wood Duck (*Anas sponsa*), in which one female nestles in the cavity of a decayed tree, the little chickens and downy feathers about the edge of the nest looking as though they would quiver for the least breath of air. From her "hollow wretched chamber," to which she is confined by maternal cares, she looks with uneasy air at her mate, who holding himself on the branch of a tree, as best he may, with his odd-looking totipalmate feet, is receiving the most assiduous attentions from another lady duck, who, it appears, having no little family of her own to keep her at home, considers herself at liberty to flirt with other ducks' mates,—and really she is looking as amorous as a duck well can. In this condition, however, the plate would want what artists call balancing—what critics term plot and counterplot; but this is perfectly attained by the introduction of one more figure—that of a gay, dashing-looking gentleman duck—who, displaying all his beautiful green, and violet, and golden plumage, is in full flight across the centre of the page, to offer his attentions to the disconsolate lady in the straw—the tree, we mean—while she, on her part, half relaxes her jealous upward look into a nod of approbation, as if to welcome and reward the new comer. This plate is perfect. Having seen the paintings as well as the plates, it would be unjust to Mr. Haveli, the engraver, did

we not bear testimony to the accuracy with which he has appreciated and retained the spirit of the originals.

*Lays and Legends of various Nations.* By W. J. Thoms. Parts I. & V. *Germany*, II. *France*, III. *Ireland*, IV. *Spain*, VI. *Tartary*. London: Cowie.

THE learned editor of this interesting little series has done good service to literature, by collecting and comparing the popular fictions of different nations. These memorials of an imaginative age, when fancy was permitted to luxuriate in its full strength unchecked by rigid science, fearless of the *incrédulus odi* of cold criticism, furnish more minute and curious traits of national character, than the most laboured description or acute dissertation. Take, for instance, the third number of this series; every story is so intensely Irish, that if the names were altered, and the localities changed, the most careless reader would discover the deception. Even the legends imported from their Fatherland, by the Palatines or German colonists, who settled in Ireland during the last century, have gradually been Hibernicized; Irish humour has mingled with German gloom, and the wild huntsman has imitated the drolleries of the merry Phookas. The witches, malignant as they are, have contrived to become facetious in Ireland, as may appear from the following legend, which we heard among the Palatines.

A witch having been convicted was sentenced to be burned alive. When placed upon the pile, she asked for a thread of silk, and having obtained it, muttered some charm, upon which the thread stood up erect as if it were a hazel-wand. "How curious!" exclaimed the multitude, but while they spoke, the thread raised the witch from the pile, and the spectators were immovably fixed in their respective attitudes, having power only to repeat "How curious!" as long as she remained in sight.

The Cromwellian settlers were however the most steady believers in witchcraft; in their own words, Ireland was a howling wilderness, which the pope and the devil held in joint tenancy; and down to the present day many are to be found, who hold that Satan has firm allies in all the old women that are over-fond of telling their beads. One of these in a small sea-port town in the south of Ireland, is said to have fallen in love with a master of a schooner, who laughed her to scorn. Enraged at the insult, she placed as many eggs in a saucepan as there were sailors in the vessel, and when his ship sailed ordered her servant to boil the eggs without fire or water. The servant remonstrated, but at length placed the saucepan on a fireless grate. In three minutes the saucepan boiled over, and threw the eggs about the kitchen. "There goes Jack Stroud and all his crew," exclaimed the witch, dancing with joy, and at the same moment his vessel, which had not yet cleared the harbour went down. The servant ran and gathered up the eggs, and in consequence of this counter-charm the sailors were saved in a boat; one of them however, was a little chipped, and by some mystical connexion, Jack Stroud received a wound from a rock, which rendered him lame for life.

France has very few legends, properly so

called; the French are too mercurial to admire the gloominess of the Teutons, and too sprightly to seek the broad extravagance of the Celts. Raillery, ingenious tricks, and comic adventures form the staple of the popular literature; even the saints escape not from lively satire; on the other hand, there is a stateliness and serious grandeur in the Spanish traditions, that mark the character of the haughty Castilian.

The most curious number in this series is that which contains the Legends of Tartary; these display all the gorgeousness, and all the wildness of oriental imagination. Scharrar would gladly have heard them from the mouth of Scheherazade.

We recommend this series to all who love to trace national character in popular literature; those who read for information, must admire the learning, which the editor has collected to illustrate his subject; those who read for mere amusement, can scarcely hope to obtain a richer collection of entertaining stories.

*Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More.*

[Third Notice.]

THERE is, as might be expected, less matter falling under the scope of our notice in these two last volumes of this Memoir than in the first and second. Though the lapse of time, and the encroachments of ill-health did not narrow the circle of Mrs. More's usefulness, it lessened that of her acquaintance among those concerning whom it is curious and instructive to read. There must be always something melancholy in the latter days of one whose life was protracted to so long a period as Mrs. More's. Old contemporaries, one after another, drop off—and changes pass over society which must distress those who retain their early prejudices in favour of a different order of habits and modes of thinking. It is a delightful thing, however, to see those who reach the lonely season of old age, preserving such freshness of mind as enables them, while they look forward hopefully for the reward which is to come, still to find something of pleasure and employment in the world on which they yet linger. Such we find was the case with Mrs. More. It was hardly to be expected that her particular opinions and prejudices should undergo any change at the close of her life—and the work improves upon us (in spirit) towards its conclusion, for the tone of feeling we have commented upon in our two preceding notices, is less visible as we advance—and it is pleasant to find this venerable and exemplary woman eschewing evil and thinking of good (according to the measure of her judgment) as long as her faculties remained to her, and enjoying the blessing of a tranquil and cheerful mind to the last.

But, leaving the history and value of her theological works, and the examination of her religious opinions to be commented upon by critics more exclusively devoted to such subjects than ourselves, we still find much that is interesting in the two concluding volumes, both in anecdote and in illustration of the progress of opinion. These are the passages we shall extract.

The first notice that meets us, at the commencement of the third volume, is that of Lord Orford's death, mixed up with gratulatory accounts of royal condoleances, and



visits at Gloucester House. A hint in one of Mrs. More's letters gives us reason to understand that she only gave up a part of the correspondence which had passed between them. If the remainder be yet in being, we may hope still to be indulged with its publication. A part of one of her letters, dated 1798, may be given, as referring to some of the great ones of that day:—

"I wound up my adventures royally last night by passing the evening at Gloucester House. Nothing could be more pleasant, lively, and kind, than the Duchess and Princess Sophia, the former gave me a quantity of worsted of her own spinning, for us to knit for the poor. She is much amused with the Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, and wanted to lend them me, but I could not venture to attack three formidable quartos on the last day of my stay. It is an entertaining work, and restores in some degree the character of this famous minister, whom it has been the fashion to attack, and to whom scarcely common justice has ever been done before. Every one speaks highly of this work. Old Lord Mendip, and those who lived at that period, are particularly pleased with it.—So much for the father: The son's works, alas! came out last week."

The only one of Doctor Burney's letters printed is characteristic and lively:—

Chelsea College, April 1798.

"Dear Madam,—You doubtless have received flowers, (i. e. flowery letters from your friends) sufficient to form a splendid and fragrant bouquet, in which I entreat you to honour my daisy with a place, however unworthy of being admitted in such fine company. The wild and ordinary flowers of the field, can be of no use in such a posy, except *pour donner du relief à l'éclat des autres*. •••••

"Your strictures on the abuse of music and dancing pleased me much. I have long seen that the study of the ornamental and fine arts has been forced on young persons with and without genius, to such excess, as to vex, fatigue, disgust, and determine them, whenever they become free agents, to abandon all such pleasures.

"Music is, doubtless, in itself, an innocent and necessary domestic amusement for persons of fortune and leisure, but rendered noxious, when studied at the expense of more important things. The late Earl of Holderness, a perfect judge of external propriety, had, to my conception, a very just idea, while Governor to the Prince of Wales and Bishop of Osnaburg, of the time and importance that should be assigned to the study of music among the great. He told me that 'as soon as these young princes had acquired a sufficient degree of knowledge in more essential studies, he would wish to have my assistance in forming their taste and judgment in music; not to make them fine performers; as in this country, a prince would gain no additional respect and reverence, by exhibiting himself as a performer in musical parties. Yet, as it should be their business to patronize arts; if they were ignorant and unable to distinguish excellence from mediocrity, they would disgrace themselves.' His Lordship therefore wished I would read lectures to them, give them specimens of different styles of composition and performance, and make them acquainted with the peculiar merit of each. Music, when it fastens upon enthusiasts, often lays such hold of them, that they think of nothing else. The relation of a great foreign composer and performer at present in this country, on my extolling his genius, told me that 'he was nothing away from the piano-forte, but always looking at it, if one happened to be in his sight, while people were talking to him of other things.'

"Children's bells, and the time and importance given to new-fashioned *hops*, you have

treated with proper censure and contempt. But, perhaps, you have not seen a party of French or German *Waltz* dancers.

"Will you forgive me, dear madam, if I confess that I was a little mortified by the stigma you put upon Italian poetry, in putting it on a level with English sentiment, French philosophy, and German magic wonders. Was it not Italy that taught the rest of Europe all the fine arts; and, indeed, first instructed its inhabitants in the divine principles of Christianity? And in later times, did not Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Trissino, Tassillo, and Giraldo, furnish models to the poets of other countries? Did not Spenser and our great epic bard avail themselves of the labours of these precursors? And is Metastasio, the most chaste, moral, and pious of all modern poets of a high class, to be thrown into such company? If females are allowed to read or sing poetry of any kind, but particularly dramatic, where are to be found better models of heroism and virtue, more refined sentiments, and more elegance of language and versification, than in his secular dramas, or more piety than in his oratorios, or sacred dramas? Whoever wishes to read divine poetry in a modern language, can find none better than Savinio Matti's translation of the psalms. If you wish to dissuade young ladies from the study of Italian poetry in general, I could almost take the liberty to intreat you in your next edition, to make a few exceptions in favour of some of those I have mentioned; and in looking again at your first volume, page 164, I perceive that your censure is qualified by the words, 'as much English sentiment, French philosophy, Italian poetry,' &c.

"What you have said of mental female softness, page 163, put me in mind of Johnson's reply to Mrs. Thrale, who was defending a lady whom he had accused of several species of affectation, by saying, 'But she is soft.' 'Yes, madam,' answered Johnson, 'and so is a pillow.'

"Page 119, where you so admirably recommend to parents the encouraging of children to sacrifice the price of their toys, sweetmeats, and finery, in charitable donations to the poor, reminded me of a little natural trait of benevolence in a female child of mine at the play of Jane Shore; who, being in the front of a stage box at a country theatre, and hearing the wretched Jane in vain supplicating 'a morsel to support her famished soul,' and, crying out, 'Give me but to eat!' the child, not five years old, touched with her distress, says 'Ma'am, will you have my *orange*?' which the audience applauded much more than the artificial complaints of the actress. And I must add to my little anecdote, that the charitable disposition of this child grew up with her growth, and has never quitted her in maturity."

There is much good sense in the Doctor's remarks; but we could have put up with a little more enthusiasm on behalf of his own art.

A letter of Mrs. Barbauld's breathes so liberal a spirit that we must give it also:—

"You have done me both honour and pleasure in the gratification you have indulged me with, of receiving, from the respected hand of the author, a treatise which every one who reads will *peruse*. I dare not speak to you, who write with so much higher views of fame, of the brilliancy of the style, or the merit of the work considered as a literary composition. You will be better pleased if, passing over these excellences which, though every person of taste must feel them, every person solicitous for the interests of virtue and religion must consider as subordinate ones, I express my ardent wishes that your benevolent intentions towards the rising generation, and your unwearied exertions in every path where good is to be done to your fellow-creatures, may meet with ample success. The field

is large, and labourers of every complexion, and who handle their tools very differently, are all called upon to co-operate in the great work. May all who have the good of mankind in view, preserve for each other the esteem and affectionate wishes which virtue owes to virtue, through all those smaller differences which must ever take place between thinking beings seeing through different mediums, and subjected to the weakness and imperfection of all human reasoning. Mr. Barbauld and myself recollect, with infinite pleasure, the delightful and interesting day we passed under your roof the summer before last. It was only damped by your indisposition; and the accounts I have heard of your health have not been such as to favour the hope that you have been much freer from it of late. *Spare yourself*, I entreat you, for the world cannot spare you; and consider that, in the most indolent day you can possibly spend, you are in every drawing-room, and every closet, and every parlour-window, gliding from place to place with wonderful celerity, and talking good things to hundreds and hundreds of auditors. I do not know where you are at this moment, but, if at home, I beg you will give Mr. Barbauld's and my affectionate respects to all and every one of your sisters, and accept, my dear Madam, the assurance of high esteem, with which,

"I am, your obliged and affectionate,

"A. L. BARBAULD."

And here is a sketch of the "fair-haired daughter of the Isles," when a young child, drawn in somewhat too courtier-like a style, but not to be passed over:—

"I have been rather royal lately; on Monday I spent the morning at the Pavilion, at Hampton Court, with the Duchess of Gloucester, and yesterday passed the morning with little Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. She is the prettiest, most sensible, and genteel little creature you would wish to see. I saw Carlton House and gardens, in company with the pretty Princess, who had great delight in opening the drawers, uncovering the furniture, curtains, lustres, &c. to show me; my visit was to Lady Elgin, who has been spending some days here.

"For the Bishop of London's entertainment and mine, the Princess was made to exhibit all her learning and accomplishments; the first consisted in her repeating the 'Little Busy Bee,' the next in dancing very gracefully, and in singing 'God save the King,' which was really affecting, (all things considered) from her little voice. Her understanding is so forward that they really might begin to teach her many things. It is perhaps the highest praise, after all, to say, that she is exactly like the child of a private gentleman, wild and natural, but sensible, lively, and civil."

We can do no more than glance at the attacks made upon Miss More's character in one of the parishes where she had been so active in doing good—their injurious effect on her health—and their complete refutation. A *morceau* of criticism on Hayley's Life of Cowper may not be unacceptable.

"Hayley has very judiciously sunk some circumstances which might have hurt religion; and he has treated his insanity with great tenderness. The whole is written in a good temper, and much favour is shown to religious people. As to the composition of the life, by way of preface, it is in a bad taste, florid and incorrect. It is however, with all its faults, a pleasing work, but might have been made far more useful. The letters wind about the heart, and captivate the affections, by their naturalness, truth, elegance, and simplicity."

Here is an opinion of 'Corinne,' addressed to Sir W. W. Pepsy, one of the last of her

literary correspondents (the *Loelius* of 'Bas Bleu') :—

"I would have given something if I could have drunk ten with your family party the evening after I had finished 'Corinne,' which your account led me to read. There never was such a book! such a compound of genius and nonsense! The descriptions of Italy are the best, and the descriptions of love the worst I ever met with. There are no shades. As there is little nature, it excites little interest; and the virtuous hero is to me a gloomy specimen of frigid sentimentality. Corinne herself gave me too much the idea of Dr. Graham's Goddess of Health, or the French Goddess of Reason, or the English Attitudinarian of Naples, for me to take a very lively interest in her. Yet let me acknowledge, that though like Pistol I swallowed and execrated, yet I went on swallowing; and I must own, it is a book which requires great knowledge, and very considerable powers of mind, to produce."

The same correspondent's critique on *Marmion*, a few pages further on, considering the source whence it comes, is interesting.

"As to 'Marmion,' I do not know such powers of representation in very modern poetry: but there are no lines which one wishes to get by heart, like those in the 'Last Lay,' and so many of them bear such marks of haste and ill-health, that he who could do so much better ought to be whipped for them. The battle is the best I remember since old Homer. You see the banners stoop and rise again. It has been upon every table this winter."

We, who can remember the Bonaparte fever at its height, cannot read without amusement a farmer's recipe for quieting this terror of modern times.

"I was amused yesterday with a farmer: speaking of Bonaparte, he said, there was but one way to put an end to his destructive course: 'he has already,' said he, 'changed his religion many times: he has been Mussulman, Catholic, &c. Make him a Quaker, and then he can't fight.'"

It is impossible to extract any of the gossip about 'Cœlebs,' and its success. Taken in conjunction with the compliments current on the occasion, and the world's present opinion of its literary merit, this criticism upon another of Sir Walter Scott's works, is curious.

"Have you read the 'Lady of the Lake,' it is full of beauty. The descriptive parts exquisite. There is more of character and incident than in Scott's other poems. Ellen is the only woman whom he has ever made interesting. She is amiable, frank, and pleasant. There is also an amiable maniac, who, I think, comes next to Richardson's 'Clementina'; still there is wanted in all Scott's poetry, that without which no poem can cling about the heart and affections, I mean a due admixture of moral, or rather of religious reference. The former of these it is which makes the charm of Beattie and of Goldsmith; and the union of both in Milton and Cowper, captivates while it exalts the soul of every reader who has a soul."

An Anecdote of Dr. Young.—"Being in a pro-ing humour just now, and supposing you to be fond of literary anecdotes, I will give you the story. I was dining in a parliamentary party with Lord Castlereagh, and he produced for our amusement in the evening, some volumes of original letters, curiously preserved by Lady C.—. Perhaps you know of, or have seen the collection, which her ladyship derived (through Lady Buckinghamshire, I think) from the Duchess of Suffolk, to whom they had all be-

addressed. When his lordship showed us the index, comprising the names of all the wits and great men of the last age, my curiosity was immediately fixed by that of Dr. Young. I professed my enthusiastic admiration of his 'Night Thoughts,' and begged to see and admire as a relic, the original letter of such a man. My request was immediately complied with, with a significant smile; and what had I the mortification to read? *Horresco referens!* It was the most fawning, servile, mendicant letter, perhaps, that ever was penned by a clergyman, imploring the mistress of George the Second to exert her interest for his preferment!! It was of course laughed at very heartily. But I had the consolation to find in the letter, among his mean pleas of former adulation to the Royal Family, in his works, &c. a notice of his being fifty years old; and to recollect that the 'Night Thoughts' were written many years later, with confessions of former ambition and preferment-hunting which he professed, I dare say sincerely, to have abandoned, and to look back on with shame!"

Nor can we pass the opinion of her friend *Loelius* upon letter-writing. We hope that such of our authors as correspond upon his plan now-a-days are prepared for the fate of Miss Seward, who kept copies of her familiar epistles.

"Cadell promises two more volumes of Mrs. Montagu's letters; but from what I can learn, they will not come out immediately. If I had had to advise on the former publication, I should have suggested that as some of the letters could have been written by very few except Mrs. Montagu; none ought to have been admitted, which any body could have written as well as Mrs. Montagu. But the editor is under great difficulties, for it often happens that some brilliant passages are so intermixed with headaches, &c. which occupy the rest of the letter, that it is hardly possible to detach the embroidery from the cloth. You, therefore, whose letters will hereafter be sought after with great avidity, should so write, that the subjects, though familiar, should be always interesting; and though it might spoil your letters, were you to write them with a view to publication, yet I would not have you totally lose sight of the possibility of such a thing taking place. 'Why don't you wear your ring, my dear?' says a father, in some play, to his daughter, 'because, papa, it hurts me when any body squeezes my hand; 'what business have you to have your hand squeezed?' 'certainly not, but still you know, papa, one would like to keep it in squeezable order.'"

Certainly Mrs. More's acknowledgment of Lady Olivia Sparrow's present of 'Rokeby' was indited according to pattern. Mrs. Garrick's letter, written when nearly ninety-one, must be extracted in preference to it.

"If you could imagine how much pleasure a letter from you gives me, you would oftener favour me with one. As writing is no trouble to you, you might now and then bestow a moment upon me, to tell me what passes in London; for I am quite unacquainted with the world of folly. I almost thanked God for my illness, during all the time that every person ran mad to see for six weeks together the same thing. Now, if I could have seen the royal strangers with ease, I should have been glad to have seen them; but as that was out of my power, (if I had been in health) as I have almost out-lived my London friends. I have seen nothing, so I must trust to what I am told.

"Indeed, my beloved friend, I have been very near parting for ever from this world; but the great care taken of me set me up again upon my feet, but not so high as my knees, for they are as yet very doddering. But when you consider that I am six months past ninety, you would say that I am a wonder still if you were to see me.

I do not often show my teeth, as there is but one and a quarter left."

The remainder of our extracts may be given without any connecting words.

A Classical Compliment to Royalty.—"I wonder whether your grave and serious pursuits have entirely destroyed in you that relish for pleasantry, though a little foolish, which you once possessed. If not, I would tell you, that on a question arising at the Regent's table, 'Which was considered in Europe as the higher title, the Dauphin or the Prince of Wales?' a gentleman answered that the question had been already decided by that famous line—

Quanto Delphini Balnea Britannica Major.

'For you know, sir,' added he, 'that your royal highness is the Prince of Whales. The addition you may reject as a pun, but the application of the line out of Juvenal was as quick and as clever as anything I ever heard.'"

The highest compliment an author can receive.—"I remember that my dear old friend, Dr. Johnson, once asked me, 'What was the greatest compliment you could pay to an author?' I replied, 'To quote him.' 'Thou art right, my child,' said he.

We must refer our readers to the last volume for the very interesting letters of Madame Necker on her daughter's memoirs—to sundry agreeable and lively letters from Sir W. Pepps—and to scattered notices of Rowland Hill and other persons of celebrity. We would not, had we space, do more than advert to the gradual departure of one friend after another—to the very painful removal of Mrs. More from her own delightful Barley Wood, and the impressive closing scenes of her life. With two anecdotes we conclude our extracts.

"She remembered that when Johnson was intending to write the life of Akenside, he asked her as a friend of Sir James Stonehouse, his contemporary at Northampton, if she could supply him with any information concerning him; upon which she made an effort to recollect some sayings she had heard reported of him, when he interrupted her with impatience.—'Incident, child! incident is what a biographer wants—did he break his leg? &c. &c.'"

"In speaking of Soame Jenyns, she gave an anecdote descriptive of his extraordinary easiness of temper, and careless good humour. A friend who called upon him one morning was pressed by him to take a slice of cold meat, but the servant on being rung for informed his master that there was not a morsel in his larder. When he had left the room, Mr. Jenyns turned to his friend and said, 'Now we had a large round of beef dressed yesterday; this is therefore rather unaccountable. But I expect these things; and that I may not be subject to lose my temper, I set down 300*l.* a year to losses by lying and cheating, and thus I maintain my composure.'"

We leave these volumes with regret: with the exception of a very few pages here and there, and an elaborate summary of Mrs. More's character and works at the conclusion, which is not altogether to our taste, her literary and spiritual career is told in the correspondence, and told so fully, as to leave us in little uncertainty. We have confined ourselves to the former, for obvious reasons, and can only wish for many more records as full of anecdote, and as suggestive of thoughts on the past and speculations concerning the future.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## A BYRONIAN RAMBLE.—PART III.

NEWSTEAD.

We left Annesley, as we have said, by that long wood-walk which leads to the Mansfield road; and, advancing on that road about a mile, then turned to the right through a deep defile down into the fields. Here we found ourselves in an extensive natural amphitheatre, surrounded by bold declivities,—in some places bleak and barren, in others richly embossed with furze and broom. Before us, at the distance of another mile, lay Newstead amid its woods, across a moory flat. The wind whistled and sighed amongst the dry, white, wiry grass of last year's growth, as we walked along; and a solitary heron, with slow strokes of its ample wings, flew athwart—not our path, for path we had none, having been tempted into the fields by the beauty of the scene. We followed the course of a little stream, clear as crystal, and swift as human life, and soon found ourselves at the tail of the lake so often referred to by Lord Byron.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,  
Broad as transparent, deep and freshly fed  
By a river, which its softened way did take  
In currents through the calmer water spread  
Around: the wildfowl nestled in the brake  
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed;  
The woods sloped downward to its brink, and stood  
With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

It was a scene that would have delighted Bewick for its picturesque sedgyness. The streams that feed it come down a woody valley shaggy with sedge—the lake thereabout being bordered with tall masses of it. There was a little island all overgrown with it and water-loving trees; and wildfowl in abundance were hastening to hide themselves in its covert, or arose and flew around with a varied clangour. Another moment, and we passed a green knoll and were in front of the Abbey.

All here was neat and habitable—had an air of human life and human attention about it, that formed a strong contrast to the scene of melancholy desolation we had left; and also to this same scene when one of us visited it years ago, at the time when it was sold, we believe, to a Mr. Cloughton, who afterwards, for some cause or other, threw up the bargain. To give an idea of the impression this place made on me, I shall merely refer to an account furnished by me many years ago to a periodical of the time, which account was partly quoted by Galt in his *Life of Lord Byron*, and made liberal use of by Moore, though without acknowledgment. I was a boy rambling through the woods nutting, when, suddenly, I came in front of the Abbey, which I had never before seen, and learned from a peasant that happened to be near, that I might get to see it for the value of an ounce of tobacco given to old Murray, a grey-headed old man,—who had been in the family from a boy, and who now, at his own request, lies buried in Hucknall churchyard, as close to the family vault as it was possible to lay him. He and a maid servant were then the only inmates of the place, being left to superintend the removal of the goods. I marched up to the dismal-looking porch in front, to which you ascended by a flight of steps, and gave a thundering knock, which almost startled me by the hollow sound it seemed to send through the ancient building. After a good waiting some one approached, and began to withdraw bars and bolts and to let fall chains; and presently the old grey-headed man opened the mazy door, cautiously, to a width just sufficient to enable him to see who was there. Finding nothing more formidable than a boy, he opened wide, and I inquired if I could see the place. The old man first looked at me, and then around, and said, "How many are there of you?" As he was evidently calculating the probable amount of profit, I gave him such evidence of sufficient

reward, that his doors instantly flew open, and he desired me to wander where I pleased till he could return to me, having left some important affair *in medias res*. Here there was a wilderness of an old house thrown open to me, and the effect it had on my youthful imagination is indescribable.

The embellishments which the Abbey had received from his Lordship, had more of the brilliant conception of the poet in them than of the sober calculations of common life. I passed through many rooms which he had superbly finished, but over which he had permitted so wretched a roof to remain, that, in about half a dozen years, the rain had visited his proudest chambers; the paper had rotted on the walls, and fell, in comfortless sheets, upon glowing carpets and canopies, upon beds of crimson and gold, clogging the glittering wings of eagles, and dishonouring coronets. From many rooms the furniture was gone. In the entrance hall alone remained the paintings of his old friends—the Dog and Bear.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,  
With more of the monastic than had been  
Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable,  
The cells too and refectory I ween;  
An exquisite small chapel had been able  
Still unimpaired to decorate the scene;  
The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,  
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, joined  
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,  
Might shock a connoisseur; but, when combined,  
Formed a whole which, irregular in parts,  
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,  
At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.

The long and gloomy gallery, which, whoever views will be strongly reminded of Lara, as indeed a survey of this place will awake more than one scene in that poem, had not yet relinquished the sombre pictures of its ancient race—

That frowned

In rude, but antique portraiture around.

In the study, which is a small chamber overlooking the garden, the books were packed up; but there remained a sofa, over which hung a sword in a gilt sheath; and, at the end of the room opposite the window, stood a pair of light fancy stands, each supporting a couple of the most perfect and finely-polished skulls I ever saw; most probably selected, along with the far-famed one converted into a drinking cup, and inscribed with some well-known verses, from among a vast number taken from the Abbey cemetery, and piled up in the form of a mausoleum, but since recommitted to the ground. Between them hung a gilt crucifix.

To these skulls he evidently alludes in Lara, where he makes his servants ask one another—

Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head,  
Which hands profane had gathered from the dead,  
That still broods his open volume lay,  
As if to startle all save him away?

And they most probably suggested that fine passage in *Child Harold*—

Remove you skull from out the scattered heaps!  
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?  
Why, even the worms at last disdains her shattered  
cell!

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,  
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul;  
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall;  
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul;  
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,  
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit  
And passion's host, that never brooked control:  
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever write  
People this lonely tower, this tenebrous rift?

In the servants' hall lay a stone coffin, in which were fencing gloves and foils; and on the wall of the ample, but cheerless kitchen, was painted in large letters, "Waste not, want not."

During a great part of his Lordship's minority, the Abbey was in the occupation of Lord Grey de Ruthen, his hounds, and divers colonies of jackdaws, swallows, and starlings. The internal traces of this Goth were swept away; but without, all appeared as rude and unreclaimed as he could have left it. I must confess, that if I was

astonished at the heterogeneous mixture of splendour and ruin within, I was more so at the perfect uniformity of wildness without. I never had been able to conceive poetic genius in its domestic bower, without figuring it diffusing the polish of its delicate taste on everything about it. But here the spirit of beauty seemed to have dwelt, but not to have been cared for,—it was the spirit of the wilderness. The gardens were exactly as their late owner described them in his earliest poems:—

Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds  
whistle;

Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay;  
In thy once-smiling gardens the hemlock and thistle

Now choke up the rose that late bloomed in the way.

With the exception of the dog's tomb,—a conspicuous and elegant object, placed on an ascent of several steps, crowned with a lambent flame, and panelled with white marble tablets, of which that containing the celebrated epitaph was removed, I do not recollect the slightest trace of culture or improvement. The late lord, a stern and desperate character, who is never mentioned by the neighbouring peasants without a significant shake of the head, might have returned and recognized everything about him, except, perchance, an additional crop of weeds. There still gloomily slept the old pond, into which he is said to have hurled his lady in one of his fits of fury, whence she was rescued by the gardener, a courageous blade, who was the lord's master, and chastised him for his barbarity. There still, at the end of the garden, in a grove of oak, two towering satyrs,—he with his goat and club, and Mrs. Satyr with her chubby, cloven-footed brat, placed on pedestals at the intersections of the narrow and gloomy pathways, struck for a moment, with their grim visages, and silent, shaggy forms, the fear into your bosoms which is felt by the neighbouring peasantry at "the old lord's devil."

In the lake below the Abbey, the artificial rock which he piled at a vast expense still reared its lofty head; but the frigate which fulfilled old mother Shipton's prophecy, by sailing over dry land from a distant part to this place, had long vanished; and the only relics of his naval whim were this rock, and his ship-boy, the venerable old Murray, who accompanied me round the premises. The dark, haughty, impetuous, and mad deeds of this nobleman, the poet's grand uncle, no doubt, by making a vivid impression on his youthful fancy, furnished some of the principal materials for the formation of his Lordship's favourite and ever-recurring poetical hero. His manners and acts are the theme of many a winter evening in that neighbourhood. In one of his paroxysms of wrath he shot his coachman for giving, in his opinion, an improper precedence—threw the corpse into the carriage to his lady, mounted, and drove himself. In a quarrel which originally arose out of a dispute between their gamekeepers, he killed his neighbour Mr. Chaworth, the lord of the adjoining manor. This rencontre took place at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, after a convivial meeting—a club of Nottinghamshire gentlemen. His Lordship was committed to the Tower; and on April 16th, 1765, placed at the bar of the House of Lords, and, without one dissentient voice, convicted of manslaughter, and discharged on paying his fees, having pleaded certain privileges under a statute of Queen Anne. The particulars may be seen in Vol. X. of *State Trials*, published by order of the House of Peers.

The old lord, from some cause of irritation against his son, said to be on account of his marriage, who died before coming to the title, did all he could to injure the estate. He is said to have pulled down a considerable part of the house, and sold the materials: he cut down very extensive plantations, and sold the young trees to the bakers of Nottingham to heat their ovens with, or to the nurserymen,—two of which, Lam-



bardy poplars, bought at that time, now stand at the head of a fish-pond of my father's, grown to an immense size.

Mr. Moore has justly remarked, that Lord Byron derived the great peculiarities of his character from his ancestors. After I came away from the Abbey, I asked many people in the neighbourhood what sort of a man the noble poet had been. The impression of his energetic but eccentric character was obvious in their reply. "He is the deuce of a fellow for strange fancies: he flogs the old lord to nothing; but he is a hearty good fellow for all that."

One of these fancies, as related by the miller at the head of the lake, was, to get into a boat, with his two noble Newfoundland dogs, row into the middle of the lake, then dropping the oars, tumble into the water. The faithful animals would immediately follow, seize him by the collar, one on each side, and bear him to land. This miller told me, that every month he came to be weighed, and if he found himself lighter, he appeared highly delighted; but if heavier, he went away in obvious ill-humour, and without saying a word. At this time even, *i. e.* before he came of age, he had the greatest horror of corpulency, to which he deemed himself hereditarily prone, and used to lie a certain time every day in a hot bed made on purpose, to reduce him. The master builder, who had been engaged in the restoration of the Abbey, said much about a certain "*Thaled*" who then was with him,—probably the same that accompanied him to Brighton, as his younger brother,—and of the wild life kept up, and mad pranks played off, by him and his companions. He described the mornings passing in the most profound quiet, for his Lordship and his guests did not rise till towards one o'clock; in the afternoon the place was all alive with them—they were seen careering in all directions; at midnight the old Abbey was all lit up, and resounded with their jollity. On one occasion they were called up to extricate an unfortunate wight from the old stone coffin, where, in some of their mad pranks, he had secreted himself, and fitted it so well, that it was with difficulty he was drawn out, amid the merriment of his comrades. No person, indeed, could form any correct notion of him from his poetry, till the publication of *Don Juan*, which exhibits more of the style of his youthful conversational manner than any other of his writings, except his *Journal*. I have heard a lady, who used to see him at Mrs. Byron's at Nottingham, say, that he was then, in his teens, a most ricketty fellow; was very fond of going into the kitchen and baking oatmeal cakes on the fire-shovel; on which occasions the cook would sometimes pin a napkin to his coat, which being discovered on his return to the parlour, he would rush out and pursue the maids in all directions, and, to use the lady's phrase, turn the house upside down. When they went away, he always took care to ask the servants if his mother had given them anything; and on their replying in the negative, he would say, "No, no! I know that well enough"; when he would make them a handsome present.

Such anecdotes of his youth abound; but one more is too characteristic to be omitted. An old man of the name of Kemp, of Farnfield, was one day in Southwell, when a dog in the minister yard fell upon his little dog. He was beating it off, when a genteel boy came up, and in a very decided tone said, "Let them fight it out—they find their own clothes, don't they?" The old man said, clothes, or no clothes, his dog should not be worried. A stander-by asked him if he knew to whom he spoke. The old man said he neither knew nor cared. "It is Lord Byron," said the person; but the old man said he did not care whether he was a lord or a duke, they should not worry his dog; and having got his little dog under his arm, he marched off in none the best

humour. Some time afterwards, however, seeing "*Hours of Idleness*, and other Poems, by Lord Byron," advertised, he recollected the spirit of the lad with so much admiration, that he took his stick and set off to Newark to purchase the book, and always afterwards remained a great admirer of his works.

Such was my acquaintance with the place then: it is now a good, substantial, and very comfortable family mansion. With its external appearance the public is well acquainted through various prints; and the only objects in the interior which can much interest strangers, as connected with the history of Lord Byron, are equally familiar. The picture of his wolf-dog, and his Newfoundland dog—the living Newfoundland dog which he had with him in Greece—the skull-cap kept in a cabinet in the drawing-room, and the little chapel and cloisters mentioned by him. There are also in a lumber-room the identical stone coffin and the foils I saw there twenty years ago, and a portrait of old Murray smoking his pipe. There is also the well-known portrait by Phillips; a full-length likeness of him as about to embark on his first travels, which was in the drawing-room at that time, is now gone, but has been engraved for Mr. Murray's edition of his *Life and Works*.

It is fortunate for the public that the place has fallen into the hands of a gentleman who affords the utmost facility for the inspection of it by strangers. Nothing can exceed the easy courtesy with which it is thrown open to them; and, as an old schoolfellow of Lord Byron's, we believe, Colonel Wildman is as desirous as any man can be not to obliterate any traces of his Lordship's former life here. There are some particulars, however, in which we think this care might have been carried more thoroughly into act. In the first place, we think a style of architecture in restoring the Abbey might have been adopted more abbey-like—more in keeping with the old part of it—and more consonant to the particular state of feeling with which admirers of the noble poet's genius would be likely to approach it. To our taste, it is too square and massy in its *tout ensemble*. We do not see why the architect, whoever he was, should have gone back in the date of his style beyond that of the ancient remains. The old western front is a specimen of what Rickman calls the Early English style of Anglo-Gothic architecture, so light, so airy, so pure and beautiful, that the juxtaposition of a heavy Norman style, and especially of the ponderous, square, and stunted tower at the south-west corner, is strange, and anything but pleasing. A greater variety of outline—the projection of porches and buttresses—the aspiring altitude of pointed gables, clustered chimneys, and slender sky-seeking turrets, would certainly have given greater effect. Instead of a square mass of stone, as it appears at a distance, it would have proclaimed its own beauty to the eye from every far-off point at which it may be discovered. Any one who has seen Abbotsford from the Galashiels road, or Ilam from the entrance of Dove Dale, may imagine how much more that effect would be in accordance, not only with a low situation, but with the mental impressions of a poetic visitor.

We cannot help, too, regretting that the poet's study should now be converted into a common bed-room; and most of all, that the antique fountain which stood in front of the Abbey, and makes so strong a feature in the very graphic picture of the place drawn in *Don Juan*, should be removed. It now adorns the inner quadrangle, or cloister court, and is certainly a very beautiful object there, as may be seen by the print in Murray's edition of Byron's works. We do not wonder at Colonel Wildman desiring to grace this court with a fountain; but we wonder extremely at his gracing it with *this* fountain. We must for ever deplore its removal, as the

breaking up of that most vivid picture of the front given by the poet to all posterity.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile,  
(While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart  
In a grand arch, which once screened many an aisle.  
These last had disappeared—a loss to art:  
The first yet frowned superbly o'er the self,  
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,  
Which mourned the power of time's or tempest's march.  
In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,  
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;  
And these had fallen, not when the friars fell,  
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crowned,  
The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,  
With her son in her blessed arms, looked round,  
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoiled;  
She made the earth below seem holy ground.  
This may be superstition weak, or wild;  
But even the faintest relics of a shrine  
Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre;  
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,  
Through which the deepened glories once could enter,  
Streaming from off the sun-like seraph's wings,  
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,  
The gale sweeps through its fretwork; and oft sings  
The owl his anthem where the silenced quire  
Lies with their halloinjahn quenched like fire.

Amid the court a Gothic fountain played,  
Symmetrical, but decked with carvings quaint—  
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,  
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:  
The spring gushed through grim mouths, of granite  
made,  
And sparkled into basins, where it spent  
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,  
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

It was seeing how exactly all this was a copy of the original—how there stood the mighty window, showing through it the garden and the dog's tomb—how the virgin there still stood aloft with her child, distinct, bold, and beautiful—but the fountain was gone, that we could not help loudly expressing our regret. When the valet who attended us came to the inner court, "There (he said), you see is the fountain—it is all there, quite perfect."—"Yes, yes! (we could not help replying,) that is the very thing we are sorry for—it's being all there. A man might cut off his nose, and put it in his pocket, and when any one wondered at his mutilated face, cry, Oh! it is all here, I have it in my pocket." The misfortune would be, it would be in the wrong place, and his face would be spoiled for ever. To every visitor of taste must the Abbey front be injured, while it and the poet's description of it last together.

These are things to regret—for the rest, the place is a very pleasant place. The new stonework is very substantially and well done; there is a great deal of modern elegance about the house—a fortune must have been spent upon it. The grounds before the new front are extremely improved; and the old gardens, with very appropriate feeling, have been suffered to retain their ancient character. An oak planted by Lord Byron is shown; and why should he not have a tree as well as Shakespeare, Milton, or Johnson? The scenery around presents many features that recall incidents in his life, or passages in his poems; there are the houses where Fletcher and Rushton lived—the two followers of his, who are addressed in the ballad in the first canto of *Childe Harold*, beginning at the third stanza—

Come hither, hither, my little page!

But in the progress of improvement, the mill where he used to be weighed is just now pulled down. Down the valley, in front of the Abbey, is a rich prospect over woods; and around are distant slopes scattered with young plantations that in time will add eminently to the beauty of this secluded place.

Here ended our ramble, having gone over ground and through places that the genius of one man in a brief life has sanctified to all times; for like us—

Altho' romantic pilgrims shall betake  
Themselves from distant lands. When we are still  
In centuries of sleep, his fame will wake,  
And his great memory with deep feelings fill  
These scenes that he has trod, and hallow every hill.  
H.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence.

ONCE more at Florence, to which I always return with a Valdarno smile upon my visage, as complacent as one of its own vintages. Florence is the most genuine Italian town in Italy; and you know I so love the characteristic! Rome, besides its numerous mean and modern houses, is such a medley of all architectures—most of them, too, hideous attempts at the superhumanly beautiful—architecture is there so burlesqued and *Borrominesqued*, that you get nothing by a study of its waving lines but a squint or a nausea. The architecture of Florence has to the highest degree that property of what may be called the *classical picturesque*, which constitutes its perfection, videlicet, variety in unity. All the edifices, private and public, harmonize with each other as to general air, so as to give character to the city, but differ in details, with a most happy relief to the eye of a gazer. So it comes that I feel myself at Florence more in the Middle Ages, more in the romantic era of history, when the mind of man was fresh in its resurrection from the preceding state of apathy and oblivion, more in the lap of the mother of art too, than elsewhere; for I am in the midst of what is peculiar (allow me the expression) to them all. But for its climate, and its venomous swarms of insects and English, I could live here a voluntary exile for ever. 'Tis the head-quarters of scandal-mongers and mosquitos in Italy. Not to speak of the latter,—being filled with its own idle population of backbiters, who, proverbially sarcastic, can no more live without picking holes than woodpeckers, and moreover, with crowds of our still idler compatriots, just as much more given to slander as silliness is fonder of talk than satire,—you may guess it no bower of repose. The town is, in fact, a kind of huge Dionysius's ear: you can hardly give vent to a breath in any audible shape, without hearing a magnified report of it from all quarters, as if the streets were so many whispering galleries. Florence is thus in an eternal buzz of human gadflies, that sting with their tongues, and though one may heartily despise the insects, nevertheless they are able to keep any person with a tender skin under a perpetual sense of irritation. No one can live comfortably here without the hide of a rhinoceros. It is undergoing a perpetual course of acupuncturation. However, though our British fair are celebrated for delicacy of epidermis, yet the pleasure of stinging, it would seem, outweighs the pain of being stung, and so Florence is as full of our countrywomen as if there were no more pestiferous things flitting about it than scorpions and mosquitos. As for me, you know that besides the inestimable purity of my character, I expose it but seldom to the kind of toudspittle so liberally jetted by squatters at tea and card tables, inasmuch as, like a true philanthrope, I love my species best at a distance; wherefore I really have no personal cause (but disgust) to fall foul of Florentine society,—our compatriots in particular,—by no means the unpleasantest people in the world (for still there are Americans), if they would only talk a little less scandal, or at least talk it with more *esprit*. Scandal-mongers forget sometimes that their *penchant* is proof presumptive, not only of idleness, but insipidity; having no wit to season their conversation, they endeavour to make up with malice. Basta! You see I can write homilies as grave and prolix as any Archbishop of Grenada; but till I am in the vein to be episcopally tedious, let our own bench hold the office in commendam. —In my next a little *virtù*.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WE seem scarcely to have disposed of the Magazine-show of one month (to adopt the florists' phrase) before another party-coloured company of periodicals comes to remind us how fast we are growing older. We have gone over most of those for the sportsman's month of September. *Blackwood* is very political, without a line of poetry to vary sundry long and heavy papers, save Christopher North's prose verse on our chosen and particular favourite Edmund Spenser. *Fraser* lively, clever, shrewd, and audacious, as usual. There is too much of the tomahawk in his criticism. He gives us a sweet song, 'The Water Queen'; a wild fragment, 'The Maelstrom'; a full-length portrait of the Rev. Mr. Gleig; and, in the 'Prout Papers,' a clever translation of Gresset's 'Vert-vert'; but, on the whole, we have had better numbers. The *New Monthly* is very amusing; though Gilbert Gurney forgets that his best story is merely a paraphrase of a French drama, which half the town has been enjoying at the Olympic; and 'Tiresias over his rubber,' is not so lively as other scenes in the 'Infernal Marriage' have been. We have, however, Mrs. Hemans's sonnets; a well-written paper on Coleridge; and 'Tom Fane and I,' a chapter from the log of an American 'Tom Cringle—all life, and fire, and motion, and love-making, like his prototype. The *Court Magazine* gives us a graceful and natural likeness of the Hon. Mrs. Pelham, very beautifully engraved; and light and varied articles from many hands. There is, too, another of Haynes Bayly's\* fanciful lyrics, called 'The Lord and the Jewess,' from which we shall steal a verse or two:—

Come open your casement, Miss Moses;  
A fig for your father, the Jew!  
No dream to the sleeper discoms  
My little flirtation with you.  
He dreams of some plan by which copper  
May soon be converted to gold;  
Some diamond that lies in his shop, or  
Some pearl that he yesterday sold.  
But you are yourself the bright jewel  
I want for my coronet now;  
Consider, before you are cruel,  
How splendid 'twill look on your brow.  
'Tis grown rather brassy, I grant you;  
But don't for that cause be a jilt,  
For that is the reason I want you  
To help me to have it re-gilt.  
Come down, then, my exquisite Jewess:  
Come down, lest my voice should be heard:  
I'll show you how fond and how true is  
The sensitive heart of a lord!  
Still cling to your Jewish persuasion,  
Still weekly the *synagogue* view;  
You'll learn, on some future occasion,  
Some Lords are for *sin a-gog* too!

The *Metropolitan* is entertaining in virtue of 'Jacob Faithful,' whose adventures, like those of his predecessor, Peter Simple, are, we observe, about to be laid before the public in a collected form. The *Analyst* is graced by two sonnets by Sir Egerton Brydges. The *Gentleman's Magazine* goes peacefully on in its own quiet, but not dull, fashion, excellent *Sylvanus* being too old to learn the ways of the bustling and brilliant world we live in. The *Monthly* gives us part of a translation of Goethe's

\* We avail ourselves of this opportunity to explain a passage in our review of 'Moore's Melodies,' (p. 514.) against which a friend has remonstrated. We there, it appears, designated Mr. Bayly as "the laureate of the butterflies," whose name "was offensive to the ears of stern critics." Now, we will not justify what so courteous and considerate a correspondent thinks objectionable; but having made this admission, we must be allowed to observe, that the passages thus separated from their contexts, convey a very different impression from the article itself. We were enforcing a particular line of argument, and by way of illustration comparing Moore and Bayly as song-writers, and bestowing the highest praise on the latter, even so high as to give him in some respects the preference, and we merely desired to limit and qualify, lest "stern critics" should think we had run wild upon the subject, and not to give pain to a gentleman whose name and genius had been thus incidentally referred to.

'Clavino,' and some racy versions of poems by Yriarte, with much other miscellaneous matter. The rest of the motley company keep close to their several objects: the *British* to its Church and Conservative spirit: the *New Sporting Magazine* (particularly seasonable just now) boots us and spurs us, and carries us out of town in the twinkling of an eye; and if we come back to look at the *Asiatic Journal*, we find it so thoroughly eastern, that we are presently as far in another direction—in the land of pagodas, and palanquins, and punkahs. The *United Service Journal* is full of character and information. Among the lighter papers it contains, the 'Leaves from a Log'; and 'Naval Fragments' might be borrowed for the use of some of its professedly gayer contemporaries with good effect. The *Monthly Repository* is not quite so racy as usual. Mary Howitt's Autumn Song, however, is a sweet thing, and suggests music. *Tait* has a long article, by the English Opium Eater, upon Coleridge—the fullest of personal anecdote of any we have yet had, and therefore the most interesting; and he coquets with Mrs. Trollope in a manner rather unintelligible to us, when we remember the particular bias of the two parties. The third Number of the *Ionian Anthology*, issued in London by Mr. Hookham, has also arrived, although we have not yet had time to go carefully over it.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

September 2.—The supply of flowers, fruit, &c., was not so ample at the meeting on this day, as we have witnessed, but there were nevertheless some things worthy of notice, and which possessed a considerable share of beauty and interest. Of these we may mention the specimens of *Silene laciniata*, *Chironia trinervis*, *Gesneria rutila*, *Zinnia* sp. &c. The peaches were remarkable for their size, some of the fruit weighing as much as 12 oz. We observed also a very fragrant lichen on a piece of granite, the *Chroocarpus lolithus*, which had been presented by Sir Augustus Foster, Bart.

It was announced that the last exhibition at the Society's Garden would take place on Saturday the 13th instant.

John Hearle Tremayne, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Sept. 1.—J. G. Children, Esq. F.R.S. in the chair.—A regulation was adopted, as to the mode of the annual election of council and officers, similar to that of the Zoological Society.—Various donations of books and insects were announced. The first part of Mr. Peale's beautiful 'Lepidoptera Americana' was placed upon the table. The following Memoirs were read: 1st. A Monograph upon the genus *Mimela*, a beautiful group belonging to the Lamellicorn beetles, of which the author, the Rev. F. W. Hope, A.M. described thirteen exotic species. 2nd. Observations upon the modern systems of Nomenclature in Natural History, by Mr. J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. Numerous specimens of *Cicada Septendecem*, a curious species from North America, which appears only once in seventeen years, were exhibited, the insects being in all their stages—from that of the egg to the perfect imago. An extract of a letter received by Mr. Children, from Dr. Hualar, of Philadelphia, relative to these insects, was read, giving a full account of their habits, amongst which it was stated that in the larva state they reside beneath the surface of the ground, on emerging from which they are greedily feasted upon by poultry, &c. and it had been observed that chickens eating them deposited eggs with colourless yolks. Various distinguished foreign and British Entomologists were elected members of the Society.

## PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Abstract of the more important Papers read since our last Report.

A memoir by M. Biot on the state of astronomy amongst the ancient Egyptians, Chaldeans, and Chinese. The present perfection of astronomical calculation allows us to trace back the state of the heavens to any period. In doing so, M. Biot has found, that so far back as 3285 Julian years before Christ, the Egyptians had been able to determine the true position of the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, and of the summer solstice; that 1505 years later, that is, in 1780 before Christ, they had discovered those primitive points to have changed place; and that they had marked both upon their monuments. The rest of the memoir, of considerable length and abstruseness, details the mode in which M. Biot arrived at this conclusion, by the aid of the discoveries of Champollion.

M. Biot also read a note of some of his experiments upon sap in trees. From his observations, he presumed, that subsequent to the summer solstice, the decreasing height of the sun diminishes the force and action of the light upon leaves; this circumstance, joined to the accumulation of earthy matter on the leaves, which they could not assimilate, would have the effect of diminishing their power of exhalation; whilst the roots, not so soon affected by external circumstances, would continue to pump up the sap with the same energy as before; hence the plethoric state of the tree, and a distillation from the bark.

M. Serres read a report upon a memoir by Dr. St. Ange, on the organization of *cirripedes*. The *cirripedes* form a group, that from their articulated members, and the position of their nervous system, might be included in the *Crustaceous* tribe. The shell and other properties mark them as *Molluscs*; whilst the nudity of some, the absence of a veritable heart, and other differences, would seem to class them amongst the *Annelides*. M. Martin St. Ange places them in the latter class. Poli, Sir E. Home, and Cuvier, principally, directed their attention to these animals. M. St. Ange discovered the nervous chain to be completely double, an important fact in corroboration of the discoveries of other anatomists, who all observe the primitive duality of the nervous axis. The symmetry of the nervous system thus becomes a general rule common to vertebrated and invertebrated animals. The rest of the report was chiefly relative to the mode of generation observed in the *cirripedes*.

A report was read on the distillation of the Benzonte of Lime. M. Peligot, the author of the memoir, has done real service to organic chemistry, says the reporter, in showing that the distillation of organic salts can not only give *acetone* or *stearone*, but also can give carburets of hydrogen in great variety.

M. Jourdan read a memoir upon the Lemnides, called *avahi*. This quadruped was briefly described by Sonnerat; but no part of the animal ever reached Europe, till in a package M. Jourdan found one of their skins. The memoir proceeds to describe from the skin the *avahi*, which is only found in the woods on the east coast of Madagascar.

A memoir on the action of molecules in bodies, occasioned by change of temperature, occupied much time, but offers nothing worthy of analysis. There were also memoirs read on 'human ovology,' and on the 'origin of maize,' which the author asserts, was cultivated in Italy ere it was introduced from America. He supposes it to have come to Europe from the east.

## METEOROLOGY.

[We have received with much pleasure the following letter, as showing the interest already excited by our publication of the Meteorological Tables of the Royal Society, and affording a proof of the justice of our ex-

pectation, that we should thereby be rendered instrumental in collecting and disseminating facts calculated to extend the general knowledge of atmospheric science. The letter is also interesting as showing the rapidity of literary communication. Our Meteorological Tables and Remarks appeared in this country the first week in August; they are commented upon in Rome the 21st of the same month, and the comment reaches us in sufficient time to be published the first week in September. We need only add, that our correspondent is Dr. Thomas Forster, P.L.S., &c. &c., whose ingenious and entertaining 'Researches about Atmospheric Phenomena' are doubtless already familiar to several of our readers.]

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS BY DR. T. FORSTER, COMMUNICATED FROM ROME.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Rome, 21st August, 1834.

Sir,—I observe in your number for 1st August, that you have invited your readers to give some further explanation of the phenomena of the winds, and have alluded to my plan for ascertaining their force: in furtherance, therefore, of your object, I beg leave to communicate some remarkable facts which I have observed respecting the changes of wind, which are, in my opinion, important to the development of the science of Meteorology, and which therefore require further investigation. I had long noticed, that when there were several currents of air blowing at the same time in different regions of the atmosphere, and consequently at different altitudes, the upper currents always came down and subsequently blew over the earth's surface; so that, by noticing the direction of the clouds, I could generally foretell which way the wind would blow when it next changed its direction. In order to become more certain of this fact, I sent up a number of small balloons; and I constantly found, that the currents of air in which they moved, often to the number of seven or eight, came down in succession, and became by turns the prevailing winds. So that it seemed possible to predict the future direction of the breeze by a careful observation of the upper currents of air. This important fact was at length rendered more evident by the aerial voyage I am about to record.

On Saturday evening, April 30, 1831, I ascended in a large balloon filled with hydrogen gas, from the Friars' Garden at Monticenis; and arriving by a slow ascent to a great altitude, I had an opportunity of noticing accurately the various currents by which the balloon was carried along; the next day these currents came down in succession, and the one which was the strongest, namely W.N.W., became the prevailing wind, and brought heavy rain. I remember formerly, when in England, I used on fine Sunday evenings to amuse my leisure hours with flying the well-known electrical kites; and some of them, which have ascended very high, have actually got into the descending current from above, which produced the curious spectacle of a kite flying with a curved string.

Before I quit the subject of ascents into the air, I wish to call the attention of your meteorological readers to a fact which requires further elucidation, viz., that in coming down from considerable elevations, aeronauts as well as mountain travellers have generally experienced temporary deafness.\* I have constantly suffered, for some hours after descending, from this troublesome affection, both in aerial and in Alpine voyages, and I find the same thing recorded by Lunardi and by most of the French aeronauts, with the exception of M. Blanchard. The usual explanation, that the deafness is caused by the disturbed equilibrium of the air within the tympanum, is not correct; for I found, that by blowing forcibly through the Eustachian tubes into the ear, the effect was not diminished: my own suspicion is this—the cause is electric.

I notice with pleasure your reported Meteorological Tables, and feel persuaded you will be glad to have some Journals of Weather from the South of Europe, to compare with them, which I will in future endeavour to supply, as I am travelling in these interesting volcanic regions. The following extracts from my Journal may amuse you, and with them I shall conclude this letter.

The thermometer (Fahrenheit's) during May, at Rome, was several degrees higher than usual: the diurnal maximum rose gradually, with very little undulation, from 74 to 82 in the shade; but it rarely fell at night below 66. On the 15th June, the hottest day of the month, it was 86°; and what is remarkable, the heat during the night was scarcely diminished. The average maximum till the end of July was 84°; the average minimum of the night, 60°. I was present at the great eruption of Vesuvius, on July the 4th, 5th, and 6th, when the maximum of the thermometer at Naples was 86°. On the 6th I was also at Pompeii: below the surface, in the excavations there, the thermometer fell only four or five degrees; but in the theatre of Herculaneum, 15 feet under ground, it fell to 63°. The first week of the present month, the air of the night got cooler, and that of the day has been of a low oppressive kind, though by the thermometer

\* Some curious cases of this phenomenon will be found detailed in 'Medicina Simplex, or Enquiry into the Means of Longevity,' &c. Keating and Co., London, 1831.

I found it above 84°. It is now 78°. The temperature of water in the fountain on the Pincian Hill, at Rome, is now from 65° to 71°; that of the fountain of Trevi 69°; that of the water standing in the shade of my bedroom, 80°; of water in the garden, 76°.

## MISCELLANEA

Mr. Telford.—We regret to see announced in the daily papers, the death of this distinguished civil engineer. The following account is abridged from *The Courier*.—Mr. Telford was in the 79th year of his age. He was a native of Langholm, in Dumfriesshire, which he left at an early age. His gradual rise from the stonemason's and builder's yard to the top of his profession in his own country, or, we believe we may say, in the world, is to be ascribed not more to his genius, his consummate ability, and persevering industry, than to his plain, honest, straightforward dealing, and the integrity and candour which marked his character throughout life.—He has of late chiefly employed his time in writing a detailed account of the principal works which he planned, and lived to see executed; and it is a singular and fortunate circumstance that the corrected manuscript of this work was only completed by his clerk, under his direction, two or three days ago. His works are so numerous all over the island, that there is hardly a county in England, Wales, or Scotland, in which they may not be pointed out. The Menai and Conway Bridges, the Caledonian Canal, the St. Katharine's Docks, the Holyhead roads and bridges, the Highland roads and bridges, the Chirke and Pont-y-cisille Aqueducts, the canals in Salop, and great works in that county, of which he was surveyor for more than half a century, are some of the traits of his genius which occur to us, and which will immortalize the name of Thomas Telford. But these great and useful works do not more entitle the name of Telford to the gratitude of his country, than his sterling worth in private life. His easiness of access, and the playfulness of his disposition, even to the close of life, endear his memory to his many private friends.—We have little to add to this, except perhaps a curious and somewhat interesting fact, that Mr. Telford was, in early life, ambitious of being a poet, that he wrote verses which were published, and which we have heard good judges commend, and was honoured by the friendship or correspondence of Robert Burns, although so entirely had these facts slipped from his habitual thoughts, that he once good temperedly objected to the admission of poetry, dramatic criticism, and such light literature into the *Athenæum*, and laughed heartily, when reminded of his own early bias, as proof that in so popular a journal, we were wise to consult all tastes.

A New Observatory at St. Petersburg.—An observatory far surpassing in magnitude every similar establishment, is about to be built at St. Petersburg, by command of the Emperor. The observatory itself will consist of three towers, with moveable cupolas. Two of these towers, are to be appropriated to the Königsberg heliometer, and the Dorpat refractor: but the centre tower is destined for the reception of an instrument exceeding in size all others of the kind. In the lower part of the towers, the meridian and transportable instruments will be placed. Spacious habitations for five astronomers will be connected, by two corridors with these towers; so that the whole will form a continuous building, 510 feet in length. Smaller subordinate buildings for various purposes, will increase the establishment, for the site of which, an eminence between six and seven miles from St. Petersburg has been selected.

Extraordinary effect of Music.—A Paris paper contains the following extraordinary story. A woman, twenty-eight years of age, residing at a village in Piedmont, where she was born, had



never heard any music until a short time since, when she was taken to a ball, at which there was a very excellent orchestra. During the whole of the performance, she remained in a sort of stupor, and when the concert was over, she appeared to be suffering under great emotion. From that time, waking or sleeping, the melodious sounds were continually heard by her, and eventually she could not sleep at all. A state of apathy ensued, which led to a total derangement of the vital functions. Several physicians were called in, who prescribed all sorts of remedies, but without success. Weakness and consumption ensued. The pulse became irregular, and the general effect was the same as that caused by sudden fright. She became at length extremely nervous and weak, and died in about a month from the time when she first heard the music. She never ceased however to hear the airs, and they seemingly became louder and more powerful as she gradually declined. On one occasion during her illness, a violin was purposely played to her out of tune, and she discovered the circumstance immediately, and putting her head between her hands, asked what unmusical sound it was.

**New Description of Cannon.**—A letter from Vienna gives an account of an experiment recently made, in the plain of Simmering, with a new description of bomb. It took a charge of 30 pounds of powder; and the shell which it carried also weighed 30 pounds. The particular advantage of this description of bombs is,

that they may be fired either in a curved or straight line.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Mr. Klaus Klatowsky has the following works in the press:—The German Prose Reader, No. 1, containing 'Undine'—The German Dramatic Reader, No. 1, containing Kotzebue's comedy, 'Die deutschen Klein-städter'—The German Dramatic Reader, No. 11, containing Werner's tragedy, 'Der 20te Februar'—The German Poetic Reader, No. 1, containing 'Lyrics'—with explanatory notes, and a translation of the most difficult words and phrases.

**Just published.**—Browning's Political and Domestic Condition of Great Britain, 8vo. 16s.—The Court of Sigismund Augustus, by Alex. Bronikowski, 3 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Mannell's Dublin Practice of Midwifery, 12mo 5s.—The Natural Influence of Speech in Raising Man above the Brute Creation, 12mo. 3s.—Miriam Coffin; or, the Whale Fisherman's tale, 3 vols. 12mo. 14s.—A Sketch of Chinese History, Ancient and Modern, by Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Three Voyages along the Coast of China, by the same Author, 2nd edit. 8s.—Spain Yesterday and To-Day, by the Author of 'Portugal,' &c. 12mo. 3s.—Truman on Natural and Moral Impotency, by H. Rogers, 8s.—A Practical Treatise on Leprosy Vulgaris, and Observations on Psoriasis, with Cases, by Edward Beck, M.D. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Researches in Zoology, by John Blackwall, 8vo. 12s.—Amendment of the Poor Laws, by J. F. Archbold, Esq. 12mo. 3s.—Thom's Lays and Legends of various Nations, with Etchings, Vol. 1. "Germany," &c. 7s. 6d.—Two Old Men's Tales, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 31s.—Le Trésor de l'Écolier Français, 14th edit. 3s. 6d.—A Key to ditto 3s. 6d.—Sherwood's Stories on the Church Catechism, 17th edit. 12mo. 3s.—Abbott's Young Christians, by James, 12mo 4th edit. 3s.—Select Essays, by the late Rev. W. M'Ewan, 8th edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Slade's Prayers for the Sick, 12mo. 3rd edit. 3s. 6d.—Poems for Young Children, by the Author of 'Catharine

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Recollections of St. Helena.—W. C.—To Mary.—A. P.—C. B. W.—D. E. M.; received.

We should have been obliged by the information respecting the purchase of Sir T. Lawrence's drawings, had our correspondent, in confidence, favoured us with his name and address, as security for its general accuracy.

'Humanitas' had better communicate the information to some of our medical journals.

A correspondent suggests that the words *garlic All*, (occurring in King John's precept, inserted in last Saturday's *Athenæum*), are merely a corruption of *carpephyllis*, and may have been used as a name for the finest and dearest kind of cinnamon, obtained in Ceylon from the *Myrtus carpephyllata*, and called in German *Nelkenzimmet*, to distinguish it from the common sorts of cinnamon, from the *Laurus cinamomum* and the *Laurus cassia*, usually called *Zimmet* or *Cassia*. As a proof that such corruption of botanical names is not uncommon, he mentions that the word *glycyrrhiza* has been turned into *licorice*, pronounced by the common people *licorish* and *lickerish*, and in German *lekrith*.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR AUGUST.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY,

AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1834.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
F 1	29.878	70.7	29.863	73.4	65	69.2	75.0	63.8	78.2	.319	WSW	Fine—lightly cloudy—light breeze.—Evening, clear.
S 2	29.911	71.4	29.899	74.2	63	67.7	74.9	63.8	75.6		NNE	{ A.M. Lightly cloudy—unsteady air. P.M. Fine and clear—light breeze and breeze. Evening, cloudless.
⊙ 3	29.918	70.7	29.877	72.3	53	64.2	72.8	56.4	73.3		N	Fine.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Cloudless—light cloudiness at 1½ h. heavy clouds in the N.W. with frequent lightning.
M 4	29.933	70.0	29.938	73.2	64	65.1	73.2	61.6	74.3		WSW	{ A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine and clear—cloudy—light breeze. Evening, cloudy.
● T 5	29.899	72.7	29.889	73.7	64	70.0	71.4	61.9	74.2		SSE var.	Fine and lowering, alternately—light breeze.—Light rain, early.
W 6	29.894	73.7	29.879	73.2	61	67.7	71.6	62.2	73.8		W	Clear.—A.M. Heavy clouds: at 1½ h. heavy shower. P.M. Fine—cloudy—light breeze: shower about 6 h.
T 7	29.984	70.2	29.983	70.7	62	65.6	67.9	58.3	68.8	.211	S	Overcast—broken clouds—light wind—showery.—Evening, continued rain.
F 8	29.805	69.8	29.810	72.7	67	67.9	70.4	63.5	74.3	.181	SSW	{ A.M. Lowering—light brisk wind. P.M. Soft broken clouds: shower at 3 h.
S 9	30.114	70.3	30.138	71.7	60	65.7	70.3	55.7	72.2	.161	NNE	A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Fine—high clouds.
⊙ 10	30.181	71.7	30.130	72.6	59	67.3	76.8	58.3	78.2	.011	N	Fine.—A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine and clear—light clouds.
M 11	30.067	71.7	30.068	72.8	62	69.6	75.2	60.3	78.6		S	{ A.M. Fine and cloudless—light cloudiness. P.M. Fair—lightly cloudy. Evening, cloudless—calm.
T 12	30.128	72.3	30.095	73.4	64	71.7	78.6	61.3	79.7		WSW	Fine.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Clear and cloudless—light air. Evening, very clear.
W 13	30.001	75.7	30.037	75.7	63	75.2	77.8	64.2	83.3		SSE	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless. P.M. Lightly cloudy. Evening, clear.
T 14	30.104	70.8	30.081	73.9	60	65.3	70.2	59.7	72.7		N	Night, lightly cloudy.
F 15	30.119	68.2	30.122	72.8	62	63.8	73.5	58.2	73.7		N	A.M. Fine—light clouds—light unsteady air. P.M. Overcast.
S 16	30.213	70.7	30.172	73.0	65	66.7	74.6	61.8	76.3		NNE	Fair—light mingled clouds—light unsteady breeze.
⊙ 17	30.188	73.0	30.095	73.3	63	66.9	74.6	58.8	76.2		NE	A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds.
M 18	29.978	70.9	29.924	73.2	63	67.8	74.8	62.5	76.0		E	Fine—light clouds and wind.
○ T 19	29.980	70.6	29.938	73.6	62	66.9	72.7	60.0	73.7		NNE	Light wind.—A.M. Fine—light clouds. P.M. Lightly overcast.
W 20	29.812	70.2	29.728	72.7	62	64.8	73.0	62.0	74.7		SSW	Fine—light broken clouds.—Evening, light rain at 1½ h.
T 21	29.784	72.0	29.726	72.6	56	65.0	70.5	58.6	72.6		SW	Fine.—A.M. Clear—light clouds. P.M. Nearly cloudless.
F 22	29.821	71.0	29.772	71.4	52	64.2	67.7	53.7	70.8		S	{ A.M. Fine and cloudless. P.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind: light shower at 1½ h.
S 23	29.962	69.7	29.944	69.7	50	62.3	66.9	52.0	69.6		N	Fine.—A.M. Nearly cloudless—light wind. P.M. Light showers and clouds.
⊙ 24	29.814	66.7	29.728	67.0	54	61.0	58.6	51.8	67.9	.063	E	Cloudy and overcast—light wind.—Light rain, p.m.
M 25	29.685	64.8	29.746	66.0	49	59.0	62.7	47.5	65.2	.152	SSW	Fine—light clouds.—A.M. Clear. P.M. Light wind: shower at 1½ h.
T 26	29.821	62.0	29.768	65.6	52	58.2	63.9	50.2	66.7		S	{ A.M. Fog and light drizzling rain. P.M. Cloudy—light wind: at 4 h. thunder-storm.
W 27	29.808	62.7	29.798	65.4	52	54.8	64.0	49.3	65.2	.122	S	Fine—light clouds.—Clear—light wind, a.m.
T 28	29.946	62.7	29.905	64.9	50	56.8	62.5	46.2	65.2		SW	{ Light brisk wind.—A.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. P.M. Overcast: heavy shower at 10½ h.
F 29	29.748	64.0	29.655	66.0	57	62.2	64.5	56.4	68.0	.205	ESE	Overcast.—Light shower at 1½ h. p.m.—light brisk wind.
S 30	29.677	66.7	29.695	67.0	57	63.7	65.9	57.0	67.9		SE var.	{ A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Fine and clear—light clouds. At night, heavy rain.
⊙ 31	29.744	67.2	29.784	68.0	59	64.5	65.9	57.2	67.4	.263	SSW	Fine—light clouds and wind.—Showery, p.m.
MEANS..	29.933	69.5	29.909	71.2	59.1	65.2	70.4	57.9	72.8	Sum. 1.688		Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillarity and reduced to 32° Fahr. .... { 9 A.M. 3 P.M. 29.819 29.789

\* Height of Cistern of Barometer above mark on Waterloo Bridge=83 feet 2½ in.—Ditto, above mean level of Sea (about)=95 feet.—External Thermometer is 2 feet higher than Barometer Cistern.—Height of Receiver of Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House=79 feet.



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No. 359.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1834.

PRICE  
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We like travels, especially by travellers not English, who, from their manners and habits, see most things in a different light from ourselves. Above all, we like travels by Germans, who see all things under the sun in a light strongly coloured or divided by their several prisms, national and individual. But there are limits beyond which all qualities, even the most pleasing or estimable, change their nature; and we must confess that S. von Ludvigh's subjectivity, as the Germans call this peculiar mode of seeing and describing, somewhat passes those limits. He travels about Hungary, looking at every place, at every scene, almost exclusively in its relation to himself. Here he went to school, there he was jilted, here he fell sick, &c. &c. &c. We really began to despair of finding in his pages anything to repay the trouble of reading them; but Hungary is a country so little known, that even the most subjective, or self-engrossed tourist, especially as there were spots with which he had no private associations, could not fail to afford us some local information; and what we have found we hasten to impart to our readers. The first descriptive extract that we meet with, relates to one of the castles of the Esterházy family, and records a fact which we should have taken for a jest, had the book borne any marks of a jocular spirit in its author, who professes to be a love-lorn invalid.

From Raab we drove through the Raabau (valley of the Raab) to Pankote, where we slept in the house of our peasant driver. The same carriage conveyed us in the morning to Esterházy. Here we alighted in the avenue in front of the princely castle, to view the remains of the splendours, once domiciliated there, of the princes of Esterházy. We stumbled upon four Viennese, who were making a little excursion into Hungary; and with them we visited the apartments of the castle. One of these contains a beautiful collection of vessels of Chinese porcelain. The saloon is large, and remarkable for its admirable *al fresco* paintings. Most of the rooms are painted in the Chinese taste, some upon grounds of gold. We here saw a representation of that wonderful animal which, in the last year of the last century (1799!) was caught in the neighbouring Neusiedler lake. It had a regular human form; but was covered with scales, and provided with fins. Under careful superintendence, this merman gradually became accustomed to human intercourse, and suffered himself to be employed in the kitchen as a scullion. He never would take any nourishment except raw fish and tonds, and never uttered any sound. At length, when it was no longer feared that he would attempt to abscond, he was allowed his full liberty, and, not feeling himself at home on dry ground, and being moreover, it is not unlikely, often treated with a cudgelling, he one day disappeared in the

lake. No natural history affords us any information concerning such a species of animal, and the apparition of this merman was and remains an inexplicable riddle. The great Park is neglected. We walked awhile under the beautiful alleys of chestnut trees, and discussed the economical system of many of our magnates, who waste their time abroad, where they are little esteemed or even noticed; whereas, did they return home after dedicating a few years to foreign travel, they would be generally honoured, and might very much contribute to promoting the welfare of their father-land, and to its real national greatness.

The following gives, we think, a rather agreeable idea of the localities of Buda, the common European appellation of the capital of Lower Hungary; which is composed of two towns, divided by the Danube, and called, in Hungarian and German, Pesth and Ofen:

Much as our capital feels the want of a regular promenade, and of walks in the neighbourhood, one division thereof, to wit, Ofen, is in this respect so far fortunate, as possessing agreeable ramparts and romantic environs. Neither have those inhabitants of Pesth who can command either horses of their own or hackney coaches, or who are fond of long walks, any cause for complaint. For my own part, I felt no longing for a mall, since even in the Park of the Milanese *Corso* I never walked with more satisfaction than at Pesth, of an evening, along the bank of the Danube, from the Theatre to the Commercial-house, and back through the beautiful *Dorotheen-gasse*.<sup>\*</sup> I mean not to assert that the *Corso* of Milan, and the *Spaergiate* of Palermo, possess not more attractions, greater beauties; but here likewise is beauty. The majestic river on this side, the line of symmetrical houses on the other, the picturesque site of Ofen, the Observatory, the Citadel, with the residence of his Imperial Highness the Archduke Palatine; and there, between rugged rocks, upon the side of a naked hill, the loveliest gardens, brought thither, it should seem, by magic, and proving how completely the powers of art and industry can triumph over the most stepmotherly disposition of Nature. To the north-west the magnificent vine-clad hills, and his Imperial Highness's island amid the glassy stream of the Danube, afford an attractive landscape, which I must always prefer to the captivating gloom of rustling alleys, where dandies and coquettish dolls are eternally fluttering. The troublesome dust might of yore be more fairly complained of, than now that most of the streets are watered: the evil is not, however, completely remedied. When I occasionally wished, remote from the bustle of a town, to give myself wholly up to the beauties of nature, I would cross the bridge at early dawn, pass the countryfied Christinenstadt and the City Farm, into the so-called *Auwinkel* (literally corner of a meadow), stroll at pleasure in the romantic valley, climb the rock projecting betwixt the green hills, to enjoy the prospect over the hill-vineyards and towards the capital, dine at the *traieteur's* in the cheerful *réunion* of a select society—always to be found there on fine summer days—and return in the evening to the hubbub of the Danube bridge,

where all the life of Ofen and of Pesth is concentrated. What advantages do not Pesth and Ofen enjoy in the neighbouring agreeable and salubrious baths—Eisenbad, Bruckbad, Königbad, and Kaiserbad? The Town Wood is to the Posthiana, what the *Prater* is to the Viennese. It cannot, indeed, compare with this last in life and variety; the *Königsgasse*,† through which one drives out, in, it must be confessed, no *Jägerzeile*;† yet the way thither, through regular avenues, is assuredly very agreeable.

A visit to Bartfeld, a fashionable Hungarian watering-place, situated at the foot of the Carpathian mountains, and the mode of life there, are thus described:

The valley of the Toplya is assuredly the most pleasing in the Palatinate of Saros. A rich corn-bearing level, through which winds the Toplya, is encircled by fruitful hills and mountains, wherein nestle seven peaceful villages.

Here I was so happy as to enjoy, during several summer months, the pleasures of a country life, in a highly polished society; and there the long-wished-for opportunity of visiting Bartfeld presented itself.

We took the shortest road, by Marhány—inasmuch as, in consequence of the long drought, the Toplya, which we had to cross full twelve times, allowed us so to do. A five-hours' drive brought us to our destination, and lodged us in the Henselmann Establishment, close to the mineral spring. Scarcely had we alighted, ere we hurried off to the town, where I made the agreeable acquaintance of the Chief Judge, Herr Stephan von Kapy, who is justly esteemed one of our best and most talented musical amateurs. The little town, one of the oldest in Hungary, lies about half a mile (German) from the Baths, in a narrow valley.

In the evening we returned to the mineral spring. The Walk was all alive, until the braying of a trumpet called to the theatre, where a Hungarian company performed *Othello*. The house was of wood, but tolerably roomy, and quite full. At Bartfeld, where lodgings are provided for some thousands of visitors, whither flock so many Hungarians and numbers of Poles, almost all endowed with taste and a lively sense of the beautiful—at this beautiful and lovely Bartfeld one really might have looked for a handsome theatre: it need not be a gorgeous colonnaded temple—nay, a wooden edifice might answer the purpose; but the form, and especially the painting and decorations, ought to be regulated by a better taste. The finest acting, the exquisite life of the stage, must perforce lose, if not all, yet much of their effect, in a boarded hut, resembling a village alehouse. Szerdahelyi and Déry, as *Othello* and *Desdemona*, sang admirably; but, to be good, an opera requires much, especially a good orchestra. The theatre is well frequented, and scarcely any body wishes for a German company. It is delightful to find the hearts of the nobility glowing with so much love for the Magyar language, in a district where the Slavonian dialect prevails; and it were to be wished that Hungarian actors might henceforward—honoured as they have been here—find their account in visiting the different baths and towns of Hungary. No hatred on account of diversity of language and religion ought to divide a nation living under

\* Name of a street.

† Name of a street.

one paternal government; each should have a fair field; every one who contributes anything to the welfare of the nation deserves praise and recompense; every one can be useful in his sphere—every one therefore deserves esteem, whether he speak this or that language, whether he profess this or that creed. • • •

It is on St. Anne's day that Bartfeld appears in all its glory; and so I have seen it to-day.

Although music resounded in most directions, and the walks and roads swarmed with a party-coloured human crowd, yet it cannot be said that, in proportion to the numbers of magnates and nobles here resident, splendour and gaiety strikingly enlivened the beautiful grove. The cause is said to lie not in a spirit of economy, but in actual want of money. Poles and Hungarians are reciprocally desirous of outshining each other, wherefore many prefer to draw back altogether, rather than make a moderate display, and even that, perhaps, with difficulty.

After the play, all the world repaired to the spacious hall-room. The music was good; the dancing ladies were, for the most part, very elegantly dressed, and possessed some beauty, and the only possible subject for complaint was the crowd. In proportion as the theatre is defective, is the ball-room pretty, and suited to its purpose. Connected with it are billiard, card, and supper rooms. At the faro-table, no dearth of cash was perceptible.

Although, despite the heat and dust, I could not, or rather would not, forbear dancing with some of our beauties, and so spent the ball-night right pleasantly in the very lap of social enjoyment, yet were the two following days more interesting to me. The one, because it procured me the acquaintance of Herr J. von Sz., a man alike distinguished for his humane disposition and for his general knowledge; the other, on account of a delightful excursion to Shoro, where the hundred lime trees recall the bloody times of Rákóczy.

Bartfeld unquestionably is one of the most agreeable watering places in Hungary. The site is romantic—the walks in the wood are delicious—the mall is spacious, and well frequented. The mineral water is strong, and pleasant to drink; the baths are powerfully chalybeate, and furnished with every convenience.

Great part of the volume is filled with—what has now, thank Heaven! lost much of its interest—anti-cholera regulations, and their execution, exhibiting the inefficiency of such measures, at least under despotic governments, to produce aught save inconvenience: stying up numbers of human beings in a small room, by way of lazaretto, detaining those whose cash was short, or exhausted, in towns where they had no means of subsistence, whilst the wealthy, by bribes and long circuits, foiled all prohibitions, and the like, are among the results. But, ere laying down the pen, we must not omit to say, that our author is himself a Magyar, and would have written his book in Magyar, had he been sufficiently master of the language—A tour in Hungary, to be read by Hungarians only!

*Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston, his Lineage, Life, and Times; with a History of the Invention of Logarithms.* By Mark Napier. 4to.

[Second Notice.]

THESE Memoirs are very unequally written. They consist of two great divisions—one comprehending the personal history of the philosopher, the genealogy of his family, fragments of the family history of many Scottish houses of distinction, and occasional illustrations of some dark passages in the annals of

Scotland; the other a criticism on Napier's works, and an attempt to fix the philosopher's place in the scale of intellect. The latter portion, though by far the more difficult part of the task which the biographer has assigned to himself, is the better executed. There is considerable power and discrimination in some of his criticisms, together with a display of knowledge of the history of the sciences of extension and numbers, somewhat imposing in its character. The means of such a display are, it is true, within the reach of men of very limited scientific acquirements; yet we see no reason to doubt that the present biographer of John Napier has devoted considerable attention to the subjects, which that great discoverer illustrated, and the boundaries of which he so mightily enlarged.

The first part of the work, though weak and gossiping, is yet heavy. The aristocratic partialities of the author are obtrusive; and his displays of heraldic and genealogical knowledge wearisome. His devotion to the subject of his work is paraded on all occasions; and his attempts to justify it are not always of the most successful kind. Napier was not only, according to his biographer and namesake, the greatest man whom Scotland ever produced, but, if we do not misconstrue certain indications which present themselves at intervals throughout the work, the greatest man by whom the world has yet been enlightened. Do we blame this zeal on the part of Napier's biographer? Far from it; but we cannot avoid contrasting the magnitude of the pretensions urged in Napier's name, with the feebleness of the style in which these pretensions are defended, and with the very limited knowledge of the merits of the advances of the land-marks of other departments of science, which this champion of Napier's glories exhibits.

The following passage, while it unfolds the object of the present work, introduces us to one of the author's prevailing theories, and throws some light on the general character of his opinions:—

"It may be said that his biographer can be neither more nor less than a chapter of human knowledge in its loftiest departments: and it is usual to dismiss the mortal genealogies of the sons of science with almost contemptuous brevity. But the pride of intellect which affects a supercilious disdain for an historical lineage or hereditary honour, if less absurd, is perhaps more mischievous than the pride of ancestry. Applied to the history of philosophers the proposition seems questionable, that it is 'more honourable to have achieved fame and eminence without the advantages of high birth, than with their assistance.' Necessity is the mother of invention, and poverty has been found the most faithful nurse of genius. Napier incurred a greater risk of never attaining his throne in letters, from the wealth of his family, and the courtly and historical connections of his house, than if his parentage could only have been traced to a hovel. Ramus was reared as a shepherd, Ben Jonson as a bricklayer, Longomontanus was the son of a labourer, Metastasio of a common mechanic, Haydn's father was a wheelwright, Linnaeus was bred a shoemaker, and the fiery spark of Franklin's genius was struck from the forge of a blacksmith. Without multiplying examples, or taking any from our own country, where the instances are too modern to be within the pale of courteous observation, it may be safely said, that the annals of letters are gorged with illustrious proofs that the sons of the lowly may become the lights of the world.

"Yet the illustrious transatlantic philosopher whom we have named, while expressing exultation in his victory over the difficulties of an inferior origin, evinces at the same time an aristocratic anxiety to surround the smithy of his ancestors with the halo of antiquity and hereditary right. • • •

"But in the British Isles at least, the cottage school of knowledge is not unrivalled; nor can it be said, that with us genius only flashes, like the lightning, from the bosom of obscurity. While such names as Bacon, Boyle, and Byron, illustrate the aristocracy of England and Ireland, those of Napier and Scott belong to the feudal history of their country.† The magnitude of these examples outweighs the multitude opposed; and the contemplation is consolatory and wholesome to the higher classes of society.

"The instance of Napier is peculiarly striking. In his own country, where he has no monument but his works, he as far excels all her philosophers in a comparison of intellectual achievement, as in the curious and quaint antiquities of his race; and of him it is that England's greatest historian has recorded an estimate, true to this hour, that he was 'the person to whom the title of a GREAT MAN is more justly due than to any other whom his country ever produced.'‡

The note appended to this dissertation is, perhaps, the most curious portion of our extract. From it we learn that our Scottish neighbours are half inclined to claim Newton as a countryman! We never saw the point mooted before. We do not despair, however, of yet seeing Shakespeare and Bacon proved to be Scotchmen!

As to Mr. Napier's speculation about the respective influences of poverty and wealth on genius, we must observe that it is one of the most inconsequential which has ever attracted our notice. Both poverty and wealth undoubtedly exercise, in different circumstances, the most contradictory influences on genius. The nature of the genius must be taken into account as well as the nature of the circumstances which act upon it. There may be, and perhaps are, some kinds of genius which flourish only when the pressure of vulgar distresses is removed from them. There may be, and probably are, other kinds of genius, on which adversity acts as flint does on steel. Nothing can, however, be more unsafe than to lay down, as the author before us does, rules as to the influence of circumstances on genius in the abstract. Some, besides, of Mr. Napier's propositions, though of common acceptance, are obviously unsound, when pushed beyond a certain very limited point. Thus, what can be more erroneous than his broad and unqualified intimation, that "necessity is the mother of invention, and poverty has been found the most faithful nurse of genius"? If necessity be inevitably, and in all circum-

"I have not instanced Sir Isaac Newton, because his mighty name belongs to the debatable land in this question. According to his latest biography, neither England nor Scotland, the aristocracy nor the people, can positively claim him. Sir David Brewster, after stating the *pro* and *con* on the subject, adds, 'all these circumstances prove that Sir Isaac Newton could not trace his pedigree with any certainty beyond his grandfather; and that there were two different traditions in his family—one which referred his descent to John Newton of Westby, and the other to a gentleman of East Lothian, who accompanied King James VI. to England. In a letter addressed to me by the learned George Chalmers, Esq., I find the following observations respecting the immediate relations of Sir Isaac: The Newtons of Woolthorpe (says he), who were merely yeoman farmers, were not by any means opulent. The son of Sir Isaac's father's brother was a carpenter called John.'"

"† Hume's History of England, vii. 44."



stances, the mother of invention, it must follow, that wherever necessity exists, there will be found inventive talent. We are afraid that a careful survey of society will scarcely justify such anticipations. If, again, "poverty has been found the most faithful nurse of genius," it must follow, that no portion of that genius which nature has vouchsafed to the poor, has ever been lost to the world! Yet no one has ever mixed extensively with the humbler orders of society without perceiving, on all sides, traces of very high talent, of various kinds, running to waste, or in a state of absolute suspension!

If we are to understand the proposition, that "necessity is the mother of invention," in the sense in which Mr. Napier would employ it, we ought undoubtedly to look to the most barbarous periods of social history, as to the eras of the most sublime inventions which grace the annals of mankind; and instead of securing academical retreats for the calm pursuits of learning, we ought to expose our students to all the bustle and interruptions of the world!

Again, if Napier's merits are to be considered, in conformity with the suggestion of his biographer, as enhanced by the circumstance of his not having been a poor man, then, assuredly, we cannot admit the validity of another claim which the author of these Memoirs advances on behalf of the inventor of Logarithms. That other claim rests on the imperfect aids which contemporary science imparted to Napier. The biographer, in contrasting Napier with Newton, dwells with much force on the comparative facilities for prosecuting discovery which Newton enjoyed. But if those facilities were of advantage to Newton, our author's proposition about the quickening influences of necessity on genius must be rejected at once!

We have, perhaps, pursued these considerations too far. We hasten therefore to lay before the reader some of the more interesting passages from the first portion of the work:—

"John Graham of Hallyards succeeded to the office which Sir Archibald Napier had held, of justice-depute to the Earl of Argyll, some time before the 12th of January 1579; and at the trial of Morton in 1581, he presided in that capacity. On the trial of Gowrie in 1584, he was appointed justice by special commission; and immediately thereafter obtained the place of an ordinary Lord of Session in the room of Robert Pont, who was then removed under a peremptory act, incapacitating 'all persons exercising functions of ministerie within the kirk of God to bear or exercise any office of civil jurisdiction.' David Moyse the notary, who has left a very curious journal of his times, records, that in June 1590, 'The Lordis of Session wer intendit to be altered, and sum accusatioun past betwix Mr. John Grahame and Mr. David McGill, baith Lordis of the Session, and kne of thame accusing utheris of bryberie and knavery.' But he afterwards became involved in a matter yet more serious, and which proved fatal to him. The estate of Hallyards consisted of temple lands, which Graham had obtained through his wife, the widow of Sir James Sandilands of Calder. That lady held them upon a title granted, by her first husband, whose tenants in those lands had a preferable right of possession. To defeat this, a deed was forged by a notary at the suggestion of William Graham, a brother of the Lord of Session, by which it was made to appear that these tenants had yielded their preferable right; and consequently, they were cast in an action raised to establish it. But the forgery

was discovered, and the notary hanged; upon which Mr. John Graham raised another action against the minister of Sterling, who, he alleged, had extorted a false confession from the unfortunate notary. This proceeding brought the General Assembly of the Church and the Court of Session into violent collision. The Assembly cited Graham to appear before it, and answer for his scandal against the church. The Court of Session stood up for the independence of their own jurisdiction and members; and sent their president Lord Provand, with the Lords Culross and Barnbarrach, as a deputation to the ecclesiastical court, disclaiming the Assembly's right to interfere in the matter. Both jurisdictions were obstinate, and the dispute was quashed without being properly adjusted. The result was, that the tenants of the temple lands pursued the young heir of the original proprietor, whose tutor and uncle, Sir James Sandilands, took up the matter with all the vindictive violence of the times. The Duke of Lennox lent his powerful aid; and, says Calderwood, 'upon Tuesday, 13th February 1595, Mr. John Graham of Hallyards went out of Edinburgh towards Leith, being charged to depart off the town. The Duke and Sir James Sandilands following as it were, with clubs in their hands, and coming down Leith Wynd, one of Mr. John's company looked back, and seeing them, they turned to make resistance. The Duke sent and willed them to go forward, promising no man should invade them; yet Mr. John Graham's company shot, whereupon the Duke suffered Sir James and his company to do for themselves. Mr. John was shot; his company fled before ever he was carried to a house. Sir Alexander Stuart's page, a French boy, seeing his master (Sir Alexander) slain, followed Mr. John Graham into the house, *dowped a whinger into him, and so dispatched him.* Before this encounter, Mr. John was accompanied with three or four score.' The tragic end of this unhappy Lord of Session affords a curious picture of the times, and shows that our philosopher acted wisely in his endeavours to prevent *cummers* in such matters, and in his anxiety to '*well with na sik extraordinary doings.*' Probably his letter is of a date long previous to the death of Graham, and it may be before the latter was elevated from his justiceship to the Bench. Perhaps the deed quoted has reference to the period when John Napier encountered such perilous disputes in the management of his father's estate. The autographs will interest the reader. The royal signature is of James VI. while he was yet a youth. That of Montrose is of the grandfather of the lady who became the wife of John Napier's eldest son and was the sister of the great marquis. He was high chancellor, and viceroy of Scotland after James succeeded to the throne of England. As for the signature of Morton, the right hand that traced it is recorded in blood. The Lord Maxwell, a celebrated border noble, obtained a grant of the Earldom of Morton (upon the fall of the regent) in the year 1581, of which, however, he was deprived a few years afterwards. A deadly feud arose betwixt the Maxwells and the Johnstones; and in the celebrated battle fought betwixt them, the Lord Maxwell or Morton, being borne to the ground, stretched out his right hand for quarter, but it was instantly severed from his body. In the meanwhile, a certain feudal lady of the Johnstone clan issued from a family fortress, (which she had valiantly defended,) attended by a single female, and with the keys of the tower hanging on her arm. On the field of battle 'she saw lying beneath a thorn-tree, a tall, grey-haired, noble-looking man, arrayed in bright armour, but bare-headed, and bleeding to death from the loss of his right hand. He asked her for mercy and help with a faltering voice; but the idea of deadly feud, in that

time and country, closed all access to compassion even in the female bosom. She saw before her only the enemy of her clan and the cause of her father's captivity and death; and raising the ponderous keys which she bore along with her, the *Lady of Lockerby* is commonly reported to have dashed out the brains of the vanquished Lord Maxwell.' Such, gentle reader, were the characters and habits of Lords of Session, noblemen, and ladies, in the times of our philosopher, and with many of whom, notwithstanding the quiet and studious retirement of his own habits, he must have come into occasional contact."

The defeat of the Spanish Armada was commonly ascribed to the influence of magic; and that great event would appear to have first turned the thoughts of Napier to the Apocalypse.

"The mind of Napier was particularly agitated upon this occasion. He had been long brooding over the depths of the Apocalypse, and began to perceive a divine light breaking upon his hitherto obscure lucubrations. The sequel I shall give in his own words. 'Then,' says he, 'greatly rejoicing in the Lord, I began to write thereof in Latin; yet I purposed not to have set out the same suddenly, and far less to have written the same also in English, til that of late, this new insolenzie of Papiasts, arising about the 1588 year of God, and dayly increasing within this land, doth so pitee our hearts, seeing them put more trust in Jesuites and seminary priests than in the true Scriptures of God, and in the Pope and King of Spaine than in the King of Kings, that to present the same, I was constrained of compassion, leaving the Latin, to haste out in English this present worke, almost unripe, that thereby the simple of this land may be instructed, the godly confirmed, and the proud and foolish expectations of the wicked beaten downe; purposing hereafter, God willing, to publish shortly the other Latin edition hereof, to the publike utilitie of the whole church.' One great object was to awaken and alarm the conscience of King James, whose duplicity and inconsistent conduct harassed the church at home while beset by powerful enemies from abroad. Our philosopher proposed, therefore, to address his commentaries to that prince with such a solemn warning as the times suggested, and his majesty's conduct seemed to require. But in the beginning of the winter 1589, James was absent on his matrimonial expedition to Denmark. When he returned with his consort in the following year, he found every department of his government unusually tranquil, owing chiefly to the judicious management of the affairs of the church by Robert Bruce of Airth, aided in his exertions by such laymen as John Napier and Thomas Craig of Riccarton, who were at the same time members of the General Assembly. The whole country now became engrossed with the ceremony of the coronation, and great cordiality prevailed betwixt the church and the court. James was submissive to his clergy, and the clergy played the part of courtiers as well as they could."

"At this time Sir James Chisholm, who was the king's master of household, had fallen under no persecution, and was not even suspected. Yet since at least the close of the year 1519, he had become deeply involved in a treasonable plot to aid Spain against Britain; and various members of his family were amongst the most active plotters. His uncle William Chisholm, the Ex-Bishop of Dumbane, and now of Vason in France, where he had been driven for his adherence to the Catholic cause and the fortunes of Queen Mary, was of great account among the Jesuits, and seems to have been the person through whom Sir James was seduced. The bishop's other nephew John was the party employed to carry money from Spain to aid the

cause in Scotland. This appears from the terms of a letter which fell into the hands of the Protestants after the plot was discovered. It is addressed by one Bruce, a Papist, to the Duke of Parma, written in French cypher, and dated from Edinburgh 24th January 1589. According to the translation made of it upon disclosure, it commences by informing the Duke that 'Monsieur Chesholme' had arrived in Scotland after a voyage of five days; that he instantly proceeded to the Earl of Huntly, and delivered letters from the duke to that nobleman in his own house in Dumfermline on the 13th of October: the letter then acknowledges receipt by the hand of John Chisholm of 'six thousand two hundred three score twelve crowns of the sum, and three thousand seven hundred Spanish pistolets' from the Duke of Parma. The writer proceeds to detail the plans and resources of the Spanish party in Scotland, and adds, 'likewise I will help myself by the prudence of Schir James Chesholme, eldest brother to the said John quha brocht the money from your hienes, for he is a man confident, wise, and on our pairt, and very little suspect.' It appears, however, that some suspicion had arisen against the family at this time, for the same letter mentions, that one Thomas Tyrie had reported to King James that Bishop William had spoken with the Duke of Parma, very much to his majesty's disadvantage, and that John Chisholme was also in close communication with his uncle the bishop.

"Thus the celebrated plot of 'the Spanish blanks' was organized; and when nearly ripe, the person selected to fire the train, by carrying the treasonable papers abroad, was John Napier's father-in-law, the grandfather of his numerous second family. Probably that prudence, which might have added success to the scheme had Sir James followed out the first plan, saved him from so perilous a part in the conspiracy. George Kerr, finding it impossible to live in comfort or safety in Scotland under his sentence of excommunication, was on the eve of quitting the country; and it was finally arranged that the commission should be transferred to him. While he was waiting for further instructions, near the Island of Cumray, Andrew Knox, the minister of Paisley, acquired secret intelligence of the plot, and with a spirit and determination worthy the name he bore, proceeded with some armed men, and several Protestant gentlemen, on board of the vessel where Kerr was, and instantly seized him. Various treasonable letters and papers were discovered in the coat sleeve of one of the mariners. Graham of Fintry and Barclay of Ladyland were apprehended about the same time. This important intelligence reached Edinburgh upon a Sunday during divine service. The sensation was so great that the clergymen brought their sermons to a speedy conclusion, and exhorted the people to arm themselves immediately in order to insure the safe custody of the prisoners. These unfortunate individuals, escorted by a sort of national guard hastily got up among the townsmen, were lodged in the tolbooth of Edinburgh. Meetings and solemn conventions of the ministers and well-affected barons followed, which at once alarmed and enraged the monarch, who 'was haistit from his pastyme sonar nor he thought to have bene.' His presence was the more necessary, that three earls, Huntly, Angus, and Errol, were deeply implicated,—their signatures having been found to certain suspicious blanks among the papers; and before the king's arrival in Edinburgh, the Earl of Angus had been carried a prisoner to the castle.

"A most disgraceful scene, not generally noticed by our historians, now occurred before the privy-council. George Kerr would make no confessions; and it was proposed to put him in the *bootkins*, an infernal instrument of torture, worthy of the most savage age of heathen per-

secution. The justice-clerk, Sir Lewis Bellen-den, alarmed at the menaces of Kerr's friends, refused to comply; but the monarch himself ordered the torture to proceed. The nature of it was to lacerate and crush the limb of the sufferer, by driving iron wedges between the shin bone and the iron boot, the interrogatories being repeated at each successive stroke of the hammer. Kerr's fortitude was proof against the dreadful preparatives, and the first blow; but upon the application of a second, he cried out for mercy, and said he would confess all. The substance of his deposition taken on the 13th February 1592-3 was,—that in June 1592, Sir James Chisholm had obtained from the Earls of Angus and Errol, in their own lodgings in Edinburgh, their respective signatures in French, as if addressed to the King of Spain, but with blanks above, to be filled up by one Mr. William Crichton, a Jesuit, as he pleased,—that the other blanks produced, with their respective signatures, had been procured about the same time, and that Sir James Chisholme held secret conferences on the subject with David Graham of Fintrie and the witness Kerr,—that at first the noblemen implicated had agreed that Sir James 'quha was then one of his majestie's maister housholdis, suld have gone to Spain with this commission, in respect he was otherwise bound towards his uncle Maister William Chesholme, callit Bishop of Dumblane, for Schir James had the first creidit of this erand with the nobillmen,' &c.; but not being ready in time, and 'Maister George Ker being bound off the cuntry, it was thoct best that the same commission suld be gevin to him,' and 'he was employed in that errand the rather because baith his gud-dames were Creichtouns.' The result contemplated was, that 30,000 men should land out of Spain on the west coast of Scotland, march to Carlisle, and invade England, leaving 5000 Spaniards with the noblemen in Scotland to proclaim liberty of conscience. David Graham deposed to the same effect. On the 15th of February, the Earl of Angus made his escape from the castle; and upon the 16th, Fintrie, more dead than alive, and certainly the least guilty of all concerned, was beheaded at the Cross. But Kerr's life was spared, and he was sent to the castle of Edinburgh, from which he too made his escape on the 20th of June following."

We must again return to this work. In the meantime, we think it right to say, that even the desultory gossiping which we have remarked on in the first part, brings us acquainted with many curious facts connected with the history of Napier's family and his country.

*Meine Gefangenschaft in Russland, in den Jahren 1812 und 1813—[My Captivity in Russia, in the years 1812 and 1813].* By F. L. von Lindennau, Major in the Prussian Army, &c. Konneburg: F. Weber; London, Black & Young.

THE first remark to which this tiny volume gave birth in our minds, arose as we contemplated its *lengthy* title-page, whereof, by the bye, we have omitted much. That remark, if it may be so called, was wonder how a Prussian officer should have remained a prisoner of war in Russia in 1813, when the King of Prussia had become the ally of the Moscovite Czar. This difficulty was cleared up as we read on, not indeed by any express explanation of the gallant officer's, but solely by our own sagacity—we hope, under the circumstances, to be pardoned this self-eulogy. We discovered that Herr von Lindennau is by birth a Saxon, and concluded

that he had only become a Prussian subject since 1813, by the division of Saxony, operated at Vienna. Prussian or Saxon, the Major's book has somewhat disappointed us. Taken prisoner on the 12th of August, 1812, during Napoleon's advance into Russia, he spent seventeen months of captivity, on parole, at Kiew and Bialystock; but passing his time with his Saxon fellow-prisoners, he seems to have seen, or at least to have remembered and recorded, wondrous little of Russian ways and manners, though he praises the kindness and hospitality he met with. Of that little, however, some is new to us, and so much as seems curious or amusing we shall impart to our readers. The Kiew population is thus described:—

We here find a strong-built, thickset race of men. The middle classes dress pretty much in the German fashion, with hair fashionably cut. The poorer tradesman wears the Polish garb, with his hair cut round, in the Russian style. In winter he covers his head with a cap, in summer with a low round hat, or a light *Tschapka*. The peasant goes with his neck and breast uncovered, his beard unshorn, and his body clad in a tight garment of coarse brown, mostly home-woven cloth, fastened with a gaily coloured sash round his loins. He is usually shod with sandals. The body-linen, made in a very peculiar fashion, consists of a coloured stuff, the favourite wear, indeed, of all classes. The dress of the women much resembles that of the men. The countrywomen wear, like them, brown cloth, with gaudy sashes; a Capuchin's hood or cowl, which in summer falls back, is drawn over the head in winter or foul weather. In summer they wear a sort of net wound about their hair. They (the women) are skilful in the management of carts, with horse or even bullock teams; and are great lovers of brandy. The wives and daughters of tradesmen dress themselves nicely, and even tastefully. Their winter garb consists of a fur pelisse, with a standing collar of silk or cloth, and reaching to the feet, upon which they wear half boots; but in summer, shoes and blue or dark-coloured stockings. Unmarried women wear nothing on their heads, but their hair braided in long thick tresses, that hang down to the waist, and end in a bow of ribbon; married women wear a coloured silk handkerchief, fringed, and worked in gold or silver, twisted about the head, and hanging in a point behind, so as to conceal the hair. These handkerchiefs cost from ten to thirty rubles. The summer dress consists of a cloth *camisole*, gaily bordered, and with long skirts. The more refined classes receive the fashions from St. Petersburg and Moscow. The dress of the Russian clergy, except when officiating in church, consists of a long, coloured gown and a high fur cap, which, in summer, they exchange for a low round hat. They wear their hair parted in front, and hanging low over their shoulders behind; and usually carry a long stick.

The Kiew system of tea-making is as surprising to us as to our Major, although an expression in one of Victor Jacquemont's letters from India induces a suspicion that it is practised in France—learned perhaps from the Cossacks:—

Nowhere is tea to be found of such excellence, or in such variety, as here; and I must say a few words respecting the mode of making tea at social parties and in families. The lady of the house, who has the tea-machine, with boiling water before her, (whether this machine be an urn or a teapot we confess ourselves at a loss to determine,) fills a tumbler with raw tea, within about a thumb's breadth of the brim, pours the boiling liquid upon the tea, and covers the glass whilst the tea draws for a few minutes.

She then throws away what is called the wild water, puts the tea into the machine, and serves the agreeably-flavoured beverage to her company. When every one present has had a cup of this infusion, the tea-machine is emptied of its contents, replenished with boiling water, and the operation is repeated. The tea-leaves taken out of the tea-machines are afterwards dried by the servants and sold.

The ceremonial of interments, and the sort of annual festival of the dead, are strange, although the admixture of a jollification with mourning be not altogether unprecedented, Irish wakes affording something of the kind. After describing the well-known mode of celebrating Easter in the Greek church, our Major proceeds to say:—

The holidays terminate with a festival of the dead, held in the church-yard. This takes place on the first Monday after Easter week, when all hurry to the cemeteries, situated upon the adjacent hills, to visit the graves of their parents, friends and relations. Each family forms its own circle, into which no stranger may intrude. The air resounds with the loud prayers and sobs of the mourners, and when sorrow has thus at last exhausted its violence, a corpse-meal is served upon the tomb, to which nothing is wanting. During this repast the clergy perform the office for the dead in the open churches, and at the close of the ceremony the mourners distribute money and victuals to the poor. The festival lasts until a late hour of the evening, when the church-yards become more animated, from the usual effect of the immoderate use of spirituous liquors.

The interment of the dead is conducted in a singular manner. When the soul has departed, the body lies for three days in the house, wherein psalms are read. The priest then presents himself, and offers up a short prayer, after which the corpse is carried, uncovered, to the church, and only there inclosed in the coffin. At the funerals of the rich, the road of the corpse, from the house to the church, is strewn with box-leaves and flowers. The rich are usually buried in the churches; otherwise they are carried to the church-yard, and there interred with a short prayer; which done, the priest returns with the mourners to the church. In the middle of the sacred edifice is now placed a vessel of good rice broth, of which every one partakes at discretion. This custom is seldom observed amongst the higher classes, and is probably of great antiquity.

Upon his return home, after Saxony had joined the allies, our Major witnesses a Polish Jewish wedding, with his account of which we shall conclude:—

Koretz, where we took up our quarters for the night, remains vividly impressed upon my recollection from our having there lighted upon a Jewish wedding. The ceremonial began with a procession, brilliant in its own way, in which the wealth and treasure of the Israelites shone forth. The overloaded caps of some individuals were actually stiff with fine pearls, and I was assured that some of those caps were worth from 100 to 200 ducats. The procession paraded the streets, after which the whole party repaired to a festive marriage banquet. The next morning the newly-married pair receive a visit of an unusual description; their visitors entering the apartment by the window instead of the door, and fairly routing the young couple from the nuptial couch.

We think a modest Jewish bride might bargain for a many-storied house, and a chamber at a sufficient height from the ground to render this indelicate intrusion a matter at least of some difficulty, if not hazard, to the visitors.

*Miriam Coffin; or, the Whale-fishermen.*  
A Tale. 3 vols. London: Whittaker.

THE best that can be said of this novel is, that it brings us acquainted with a peculiar people—a sort of hybrid generation between quakers and whale-fishermen, who inhabit the little barren island of Nantucket, one of a cluster off the coast of Massachusetts. For many reasons, we incline to think that it is the work of a young and inexperienced writer—there are some scenes in it sketched with skill, but the hand is not firm and sure, and the writer wants the power to weave them together, so that the whole should form a continuous narrative of sustained interest. Story there is none—so that the best we can do either for author or reader, is to detach one or two of these scenes. Here is an account of the preparations for the great annual festival, the Sheep-shearing:—

“By sunrise the selectmen, or magnates of the town, dressed in their ‘best bib-and-tucker,’ were seen moving towards the common in a body. The solemn importance of the office, and the magnitude of their calling, were observable in their prim and sedate carriage, while acting in their official capacity of umpires or judges in the division of the fleeces, or in determining the ownership of the sheep whose marks had been obliterated or defaced. Next came the inhabitants and their guests—staying not for precedence, or the order of going forth—but bending their hasty steps to the common. These were immediately followed by a train of carts and calèches, or those little two-wheeled vehicles peculiar to Nantucket, and adapted, by their uncommon lightness and small friction of the hub and axle, to the sandy soil—if such may be dignified by the name of soil which forms the superstratum of the island. The heavier and more capacious carriages were laden with the profusion of good things, carefully provided against the great day by every family, and destined for the comfortable refreshment of the body during the progress of the shearing. Each family had reared its own tent, and now garnished the suburban board with its choicest provisions. With some, the savings of a whole year were liberally and anxiously appropriated to furnish the various appointments of tents and camp equipage, and the other paraphernalia of meats, bread-stuffs, and vegetables. . . .

“It was not, however, the congregation of the flocks, and the temptations for the appetite, that solely constituted the interest of the scene. The shearing, as it is called, is seized upon, also, as a fitting occasion for the free interchange of those friendly courtesies that so signally distinguish and cement the families of the island, whose pursuits and whose gains,—whether on land or on sea,—are in a measure common to the whole. The success of one is sure to bring gain and prosperity to his neighbour. Their sheep and their cattle feed and herd together on the same unenclosed pasturage, which of itself is owned in common by the islanders, and denominated the property of the town. The success of a whaling-ship at sea brings joy and worldly store, not only to the owners, but to the crew and their families in their due proportions. The people are thus linked together by the strongest ties—by a sort of community of interest. The failure of pasturage, or blight in the flocks, curtails the enjoyments of all; and a disastrous voyage affects, in the same degree, the property and happiness of all the members of the little community:—

—If there is sorrow there,  
It runs through many bosoms;—but a smile  
Lights up, in eyes around, a kindred smile.

“But there are other considerations that weigh with the inhabitants, and mark the wis-

dom of the founders, if so they may be called, of this annual festival. Friends and relatives, long sundered and kept apart by a wide expanse of water, now make it a point to cross the Sound which divides them; and a pretty general assemblage upon the island at the shearing, though but for once in the year, compensates in a considerable degree for the long separation, and for the slender and unvarying amusements of the isolated settlement. The reunion is not unlike that of the aged grandfather who assembles his children and his grandchildren, during the Christmas holidays, at his own festive board; and, by promoting general hilarity and exciting the buoyant mirth of his youthful descendants, adds thereby to his own happiness, while he contributes to that of those who surround him.”

Having thus introduced the reader to the islanders at home, we shall give him an account of their proceedings at sea in a whaling excursion:—

“The animal, gorged with its fishy meal, at last commenced its retreat from the bay; and the boats manœuvred to head him off as he retired. Obeying the instinct of his nature, he now showed his flukes and vanished from the sight, before the boats could get within striking distance. A calculation being made where he would next appear, (for beneath the water the whale does not deviate from a direct line in his horizontal progress,) a general race ensued; and each strove, as if life were on the issue, to arrive first upon the spot. Some twenty minutes’ steady and vigorous pulling found the foremost boats a full mile behind the whale, when he rose again to breathe. Several boats were unluckily ahead of Seth in the chase, as their position at starting enabled them to take the lead, when the animal began to push for deeper water. But Seth’s men had been resting on their oars, while nearly all others had exhausted their strength, in following the whale among the ships; and the captain judged rightly, that, in darting after his tiny prey, he would lead them all a bootless dance. He had determined to wait for the retreat, and then to hang upon the rear of the enemy. There were others, however, acquainted with the soundings of the bay, whose tactics were scarce inferior to Seth’s; and the advantage gained over him by several boats was proof of this, or at least of the superior accuracy of their calculations. . . .

“‘You must beat those foreigners ahead,’ said Seth to his men, ‘or crack your oars: they are of good American ash, and will bear pulling,’ continued he:—‘Give way with a will!—Pull—pull, my lads;—that whale will not sink again without a harpoon in his body;—and ‘twill never do to tell of at home that we allowed men of other nations to beat us. Keep your eyes steadily on your oars;—mark the stroke of the after oar, men—and give way for the credit of the Grampus!’

“Here Seth braced himself in the stern-sheets—seized the steering oar with his left hand, and placed his right foot against the after oar, just below the hand of the oarsman.

“‘Now pull for your lives!’ said he, ‘while I add the strength of my leg to the oar:—Once more;—Again, my boys!—Once more.’ . . .

“‘There is but one boat ahead,’ said Seth;—‘it is the Englishman!—We must beat him too, or we have gained nothing! Away with her—down upon him like men!—One pull for the Grampus, my boys!—another for old Nantuck!’

“The American now shot up alongside of the English boat:—but the honour of the nation too, was at stake; they bent to their oars with fresh vigour. Five athletic Englishmen, each with a bare chest that would have served for the model of a Hercules,—with arms of brawn and sinew,—swayed their oars with a precision



and an earnestness, that, for a minute, left the contest doubtful. The English commander, seeing how effectually Seth managed the stroke oar with his foot, braced himself in a similar attitude of exertion;—and his boat evidently gained upon the Nantucketer; Seth saw the increase of speed of his rival with dismay. The whale, too, was just rising ahead. The bubbles of his blowing, and of his efforts at rising, were beginning to ascend! It was a moment of intense anxiety. The rushing train, or vortex of water, told that he was near the surface. Both commanders encouraged their men anew by a single word; and then, as if by mutual consent, all was silent, except the long, measured, and vigorous stroke of the oars.

"For old England, my lads!" shouted the one.

"Remember old Nantucket, my boys!" was the war-cry of the other.

Both plied their oars with apparently equal skill;—but the hot Englishman lost his temper as the boat of Seth shot up again, head and head with him;—and he surged his foot so heavily upon the after oar, that it broke off short in the rowlock! The blade of the broken oar became entangled with the others on the same side, while the after oarsman lost his balance, and fell backward upon his leader.

"Way enough—peck your oars!" said Seth to his men. The oars bristled apeak, after the fashion of the whale-fishermen. The harpooner immediately seized and balanced his weapon over his head, and planted himself firmly in the bow of the boat. At that instant the huge body of the whale rose above the surface; and Seth, with a single turn of his steering oar, brought the bow dead upon the monster, a few feet back of the fin. Simultaneously with the striking of the boat, the well-poised harpoon was launched deep into the flesh of the animal.

"Starn all!" shouted Seth. "The boat was backed off in an instant; and the whale, feeling the sting of the barb, darted off like the wind! The well-coiled line flew through the groove of the bow-post with incomparable swiftness, and it presently began to smoke, and then to blaze, with the rapidity of the friction. Seth now took the bow with his lance, exchanging places with the harpooner, and quietly poured water upon the smoking groove, until it was cooled. The oars were again *peaked*, and the handles inserted in brackets fixed on the ceiling of the boat beneath the thwart—the blades projecting over the water like wings; and the men, immovable, roared from their long, but successful pull:—and much need did they have of the relief,—for a more arduous, or better-contested chase they had never experienced.

"The line in the tub was now well nigh run out; and the boat-steerer, with a thick buckskin mitten, or *nipper*, as it is called, for the protection of his hand, seized bold of the line, and, in a twinkling, caught a turn around the logger-head, to enable the men at the tub oar to bend on another line.

"The rapidity of the animal's flight the while was inconceivable. The boat now ploughed deeply and laboriously, leaving banks of water on each side, as she parted the wave, that overtopped the men's heads, and effectually obscured the sight of every object on the surface. The swell of the closing water came after them in a heavy and angry rush. The second line was now allowed to run slowly from the loggerhead; and a *drag*, or plank about eighteen inches square, with a line proceeding from each corner, and meeting at a point like a pyramid, was fastened to it, and thrown over to deaden the speed of the whale. Another and another drag were added, until the animal, feeling the strong backward pull, began to relax his efforts;—and

presently he suddenly descended, though not to the full extent of the slackened line.

"It now became necessary to haul in the slack of the line, and to coil it away in the tub carefully; while the men pulled with their oars, to come up with the whale when he should rise to the surface. All things were soon ready again for the deadly attack.

"The ripple of the whale, as he ascended, was carefully marked; and when he again saw the light of day, a deep wound, close to the barbed harpoon, was instantly inflicted by the sharp lance of Seth. It was the death blow.

"Starn all!" was the cry once more,—and the boat was again quickly backed off by the harpooner.

"The infuriated animal roared in agony, and lashed the ocean into foam. The blood gushed from his spout-holes, falling in torrents upon the men in the boat, and colouring the sea. The whale, in his last agony, is a fearful creature. He rose perpendicularly in the water, head downwards, and again writhed and lashed the sea with such force, that the people in the retreating boats, though ten miles distant, heard the thunder of the sound distinctly. The exertion was too violent to last long:—it was the signal of his dissolution. His life-blood ceased to flow, and he turned his belly to the sun! The *sway* of the Grampus floated triumphantly above the body of the slaughtered Leviathan of the deep—and the peril of the hardy crew was over."

Both these scenes are naturally and skillfully drawn, and here we should conclude our notice, but that the following biographical note may interest our readers. The writer, from many passages in the work, is evidently well skilled in the history of Nantucket:—

"Mary Morriel, the great-grandmother of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, was maidservant in the family of the Rev. Hugh Peters, one of the chaplains of Cromwell, who fled from England in the year 1662. Peter Folger, the first of the name that came to Nantucket, was passenger on board the same vessel, and became enamoured of the maid, who was a buxom, sensible lass, and won the heart of Peter by laughing at his sea-sickness, and betraying no fear of bilgewater. Peter admired the cheerful endurance of Mary Morriel so much upon the voyage, that he proffered his hand to the maid, and bargained for her with the greedy old hunka, her master, and counted out to him the enormous sum of twenty pounds sterling, all his worldly store, for the remaining term of her servitude. He forthwith married the lass, and apparently had no cause of repentance; for he always boasted afterwards of having 'made a good bargain.' The value and scarcity of money at Nantucket at the time, may be estimated from the fact, that when King Philip, as he was called, pursued an offending and fugitive Indian to Nantucket, in 1665, about three years after Peter Folger and his wife, Mary Morriel that was, had settled on the island, the Indian king consented to bury the hatchet, and let the offender go free, for the consideration of a present of wampum composed of a string of coins, in value nineteen shillings sterling, which was all that could be found in possession of the twenty original proprietors of the island, and Peter Folger to boot."

*Rotuli Litterarum Clausarum, &c.*—[The Close Rolls, preserved in the Tower of London.]

[Second Notice.]

In looking over this very curious volume we have sometimes felt as though we were reading a collection of family papers, rather than a royal correspondence, so various, so minute, and, in many instances, so singularly domestic are some of the precepts. "Liva, the

nurse, has complained to us," that her stipend of *twopence per diem* has been withheld for some time past,—the barons of the Exchequer are therefore directed to inquire into it, and pay to her the arrears. A falconer, with two boys, twelve hawks, and a horse, are sent into Wiltshire, and the sheriff is commanded to see that they have suitable board and lodging, and moreover, that the hawks be treated occasionally with poultry. The scarlet robe intended to be worn by the young King Henry, at Christmas-tide requires trimming, and therefore, with a laudable attention to economy, three skins and one half of ermine are ordered, together with one skin of gris, (probably the modern chinchilla,) "for our green robe," and another skin of gris "for the use of Richard, our brother;" and these haberdashery directions, together with several others, for four yards and a half, and six yards and a half, are addressed to the sheriffs of the proud and wealthy city of London. On more minute inspection of these precepts, however, we find that these apparently mean and contemptible minutiae are to be attributed rather to the simplicity of those early times than to aught of miserly feeling, since the royal wardrobe seems to have been of a most splendid character—satins, damask, and gold baudekin, absolutely dazzle our eyes, while the precepts respecting the royal jewels prove that our earlier monarchs need scarcely have envied the pomp of the Soldan.

But there are many precepts very interesting from the circumstances under which they were written. "*Teste me ipso apud Runimede*," is sufficient to excite attention to a precept, although it be of no greater importance than "that the chattels of Giles de Badesme be forthwith returned to him," or "that Matilda de Courtenay receive again the manor of Waddesdon, which is her dowry." Indeed we may remark, that the confederated barons seem to have been determined that John should put in instant requisition that portion at least of the great charter which pledges the sovereign "not to *delay justice*," since we find no fewer than thirty or forty precepts dated within two days after the signing, and every one directed to the restoration of forfeited rights, or inquiring into the justice of claims which had been brought before him. The entries for the three subsequent months afford a fair test of the general correctness of the contemporary historians, for, from the 24th of June we find John wandering about the southern parts of his kingdom in a way that proves, if he was not *incognito*, that he could have journeyed with nought of the pomp and state of a monarch in the thirteenth century. We find him at Odiham, at Winchester, at Devizes, at Marlborough, at Cirencester, at Wareham, at Bridgenorth, and, subsequently, wandering from one of these places to the other, until, at the beginning of September, he arrived at Dover. Matthew Paris states, that during these three months he was meditating plans of revenge, and many of these precepts confirm it, since there are several directed to the bailiffs of the various sea-ports, directing vessels (and in many instances "fast sailing ones" are particularly specified) to be prepared "for our trusty and well-beloved Galfred de Neville," or for others of his confidential servants, to go on some secret embassy. On his arrival at

Dover, whither the legate charged with a dispensation for the perfidious monarch, and sentence of excommunication against his high-minded barons, was bound, John seems to have thrown off the mask, and assumed a warlike attitude. He commands William Scissor to send "400 smaller quarrels, (a kind of large bolt used for the mangonels,) 100 larger, and two balista, of two feet, of the best." Precepts are also sent for coat armour and iron head pieces, and the various ports are directed forthwith to furnish their quota of vessels and men. In the midst of all these directions, the reckless character of the monarch is exhibited, in the urgency with which he directs, in another precept, "that a house shall be forthwith built, within our castle of Dover," for his huntsmen, their horses and dogs.

Few of the precepts however are calculated to awaken more interest than those relating to our maritime affairs—and to those of our readers who are not aware of the fact that John was a great patron of our navy, that to him the Cinque Ports owed their chartered privileges, and that to him, strange as it may appear, the first assertion of national sovereignty over the seas is due;† it will create surprise to find how anxiously attentive he seems to have been to everything relating to our maritime interests. From the following precept it has been supposed that to him the dock-yard at Portsmouth owes its origin:—

"The King to the Sheriff of Southampton.—We order you, without delay, by the view of lawful men, to cause our docks (*exclusa*) at Portsmouth to be enclosed by a good and strong wall, in such manner as our beloved and trusty William, Archdeacon of Taunton, shall tell you, for the preservation of our ships and galleys; and likewise cause penthouses to be made to the same walls, as the same Archdeacon will tell you, in which our ships' tackle may be safely kept; and use as much dispatch as you can, in order that the same may be completed this summer, lest, in the ensuing winter, our ships and galleys, and their rigging, should incur any damage by your default; and when we know the cost it shall be accounted to you." 14th John.

This William the Archdeacon, besides his office of superintendent of the dock-yard, seems to have had a general superintendence in maritime affairs, and there are many precepts addressed to him. From a memorandum on the back of one of the rolls, we find that the number of vessels belonging to the King about this time, and in actual service, was fifty-one. Of these, five were at London, five at Lynn, five at Sorham,‡ and five at Dunwich; from many entries in these rolls, we find that this unfortunate town was then a port of great importance; so also was Southampton. The vessels here mentioned were most probably armed galleys, since for the purposes of transporting either the King's stores, or soldiers, or household, the merchant vessels appear to have been pressed, with as little ceremony as the carts and wains of the farmer. In 1254 Richard Oisel was sent to all the eastern ports, as far as Lynn, to press all vessels capable of carrying sixteen horses, and to compel them to meet at Portsmouth, fully equipped, to transport the Queen and

Prince, and Earl Richard of Cornwall, to Gascoigny. The following precept has probably reference to some similar impression:—

"The mayor and aldermen, and constable of the Tower of London, are commanded to permit the vessel of Peter Colum, of Bourdeaux, which Galfrid Ernald brought to London, it being seized on the late occasion, when our lord King caused the ships to be seized for his use, to go free, forthwith." 5th Henry III.

There are many precepts directing the bailiffs or mayors of the various sea-port towns, to provide so many vessels, with their proper complement of men, for the use of the King, on occasion of his wars with the French King, and there is one particularly requiring "a good and sound ship for Adam de Stowell, to convey our mangonels and other warlike stores to Poitou."

"The King to the bailiffs of the port at Portsmouth.—We command that ye cause Reginald de Bailly, Adam de Stowell, and William Britten, to have one ship to carry their twelve horses into Poitou, which many of ours are not able to carry, and it shall be accounted to you at the Exchequer." 14th John.

It has been supposed, from similar precepts, that the general size of vessels at this period was singularly small. From the accounts which the historians of the Crusades have transmitted to us, we find that many vessels were of immense size; the remark in the precept refers to the *form* of the vessel, which, if intended for the conveyance of horses, (and we believe wine was conveyed in the same manner,) was flat bottomed, with ports in its sides, from whence bridges were let down, to facilitate entrance or egress. These vessels are termed by Villehardouin "*Huissiers*," from "*huia*," the old French for door. Joinville minutely describes this proceeding—"et fut ouverte la porte de la nef, pour faire entrer nos chevaux. Et quand tous furent entres, la porte fut reclose et estouppée, ainsi comme l'on voudroit faire un tonnel de vin; parceque quand la nef est en la grant mer, toute la porte est en eau." From Vinesauf, who accompanied Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land, we learn that various kinds of vessels were at this period in use. The largest were "*Dromonds*," a name familiar to the readers of our metrical romances—these were flat-bottomed, square built, "and had a triple spread of sails;" there were next armed galleys, mostly furnished with two tier of oars, but having also sails, and sometimes armed with a beam of wood projecting from the head, and shod with iron, termed a spur. Of this class the greater number of vessels mentioned in these rolls certainly were. There was another class, which were the "*huissiers*," termed by him simply transports, and also a shorter and lighter galley, which he terms "*galloon*." Vinesauf dwells most eloquently on the splendid show which King Richard's armament displayed when it bore into the bay of Messina, and describes the dazzling brilliancy of the prow, adorned with painting and gilding. We could not but remember his description when we read the precept addressed to William Scissor, to send "a certain fast-sailing galley belonging to the Lord King, and also that one which is adorned with gold." 17th John. Indeed such was the splendour displayed in the royal galleys of this period, that the brilliant

description which Marie of France gives in her graceful lay of Gusemar, of the self-impelled bark, with its prow of ivory and gold, and its sail of purple sendall, must scarcely have seemed extravagant to her readers.

From a series of precepts dated at the commencement of Henry the Third's reign, we find that the royal forests furnished all the timber for the dock-yard at Portsmouth. The sheriff of Southampton is directed to obtain "from the forest bailiwick, in the custody of Engelard de Cygoigny, five hundred bundles or rafts of oak planks, seven feet in length, and five in breadth."‡ There is another precept for three hundred from the forest of Porchester, three hundred from the New Forest; and several others are addressed to the sheriffs of Wilts, Sussex, and Dorset, for the same or larger quantities; in all these the clause is inserted, "and that this be done with all carefulness, without injury to our forests."

The precepts relating to merchant vessels afford a pleasing evidence how laudably the highest authorities in the state watched over the interests of our infant commerce. Among the precepts signed by John, the day after granting the charter, is one "to inquire, by tried men of Winchester, whether the wines of Auxerre, which were seized at Winchester, belong to the merchants of Rouen or the merchants of London." In the reign of Henry similar precepts meet us on every page, and corroborate the opinion which some historians have expressed, of the great talents of Hubert de Burgh, the real head of the government. "The bailiff of the port of Sandwich is commanded, that if Conrad de Bolle, of Bourdeaux, will give security that his ship, freighted with the wines of Peter Colfer, of Bourdeaux, now arrested in that port, will not take it elsewhere except to some other port in England, that is to say, London, Lynn, or Yarmouth, then ye shall permit the said Conrad to carry away his vessel from your port." 8th Henry III. "In the aforesaid manner it was written concerning the vessel of Edward the fisherman," &c. Now, in this instance, the Bourdeaux merchant probably feared that the master of the vessel might sell the wines for his own benefit at some distant port, and therefore caused the ship to be stopped in the port of Sandwich. There is also a curious precept, too long to be inserted here, respecting the Spanish merchants who had come to the great Winchester fair, and had been taken into custody on the notion (it would appear) that they were subjects or emissaries of the French King. The keepers of the market, and the bailiff of Southampton, are therefore directed "instantly to set those merchants at liberty, who in nothing owe allegiance to the King of France," and to take especial care of their goods and chattels, and afford them safe conduct from thence. This is followed by a long list of their names, the places from whence they came, and, in some instances, the names of their fathers.

We must close, for the present, our notice of this very curious volume. We had, however, almost forgotten to state, that from several entries it appears that the wages of ordinary seamen were 3d. per diem; this, multiplied by fifteen, to bring it to the pre-

‡ The breadth most probably refers to the *bundle*, not to the planks, *cleais* is the word used here, and on the authority of Ducange it is translated bundle.

† By a law published at Hastings, in 1200, he commanded that all foreign vessels should strike their topsails to his flag, on pain of capture and confiscation."—*Seiden*, quoted by Lingard.

‡ Most probably Shoreham.

sent standard, will give a very fair rate of remuneration; the steersman had 7d. per diem.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Geography of the Island of St. Helena*, by R. F. Seale, E.I.C. Civil Service.—This is a work, which perhaps ought rather to be noticed under the head Fine Arts, as its chief, we may say its entire merit consists in a series of very beautiful lithographic plates, representing views, sections, and plans of the Island of St. Helena, and putting us in possession of most, if not all, its important geological characters. The letter-press is very brief, and scarcely serves to connect the plates together: however, they are so well expressed, as scarcely to stand in need of explanation.

'*The Literary Life and Miscellanies of John Galt*, 3 vols.—In the preface to this work, Mr. Galt observes, "The dramatic pieces are the productions of younger years, with the exception of the *Masque*, which was composed in bed, after having suffered ten aggravations of my anomalous affliction. It should be received with indulgence, and ought not to be regarded as within the pale of customary criticism." We are willing to extend this indulgence to the whole work. It is impossible to hear of the bodily afflictions of Mr. Galt, without admiring the unbroken energy of his spirit. His *Literary Life*, though it consists of little else than a criticism on his works, may be read with some interest, by all who are curious in such matters: we cannot however but regret that he did not exercise a somewhat severer judgment, when hunting over his papers for the two volumes of *Miscellanies* which follow.

'*Life and Medical Opinions of John Armstrong, M.D.; with an Inquiry, &c.* by Dr. Boott, Vol. II.—This volume contains nobody's life, and every body's opinion, about plague, fever, and all other malarious diseases. Dr. Boott had every right to publish such a volume, but not under such a title: it has no more to do with Dr. Armstrong than it has with Russell, or Bancroft, or Lenix, or Lancise, or a dozen others who had written on the subject, and of whose works the present is a sort of digest. We do not condemn the volume, for it bears marks of considerable care and labour in the composition; neither do we recommend it, for it is rather lengthy, and very inconclusive.

'*Atkinson's Medical Bibliography*.—This work has lain for some time on our table, for the simple reason, that we scarcely knew what to say of it. It is too good to be utterly condemned, and too bad to obtain more than very qualified praise; in one sentence we find sound information and shrewd common sense, in the next a contemptible quibble or an obscene jest. But really it is hard to criticize the work seriously, when we meet in *Himne* a sort of hieroglyphical pun as a dedication, and in the preface such an apology as the following, for what the author terms "the frolics and gambols of a native folly." "I pray you, gentlest of all gentle readers, to forgive me; and if there unfortunately be a magazine of fulminating powder, in the criticizing cell of your os petrosus, don't use a percussion lock or hair trigger; don't let it burst suddenly upon me; for I am of a nervous, quiet, and peaceable, though ridiculous nature, and far advanced in life. And you will have no credit in killing so harmless a creature." We cannot go on after this appeal, yet we must express our regret that Mr. Atkinson has not tempered his humour with a little more judgment. His work really contains valuable observations on many points connected with medical and surgical practice, of which we would particularize those on blood-letting, and the reproduction of bone, but mixed up with so much absurdity and affectation of

wit, as too often to remind us of the grains of wheat in the bushels of chaff. To make our peace we will conclude, by extracting one of Mr. Atkinson's cases which conveys a hint that ought by no means to be lost sight of.—"I was once called into the street to an itinerant, who avowed that he had a wolf in his belly, which he exhibited to the numerous sympathizing spectators, by various visible outward signs and inward contortions.—The first appearance of my infallible remedy, a tea-kettle full of boiling water addressed to his naked belly, induced him and the wolf to take off at full speed in a moment.—Reader, as far as I recollect, this was one of my best cures."

'*Meteorological Register*, by Lieut. Becher, R.N.—This strikes us as the most accurate, the most intelligible, and the easiest kept form for registering the variations of the weather, that has come within our notice. Lieut. Becher has published the observations made for the year 1833, at the Greenwich observatory, and a skeleton form for the observations of the present year, which we strongly recommend to any of our friends, who may keep registers, and be inclined to make them most easily available—to those who are engaged in deducing from such sources general principles to be hereafter added to the science. A number of registers kept in this manner, at different places, would in a very few years, supply data of the highest importance.

'*Tutti Frutti*, by the Author of 'The Tour of a German Prince'.—Having reviewed this work in the original, we are not required to do more than announce its translation, and acknowledge the compliment to ourselves, offered in the preface.

'*Sacred Classics*, Vol. IX. Dr. Watts's Poems.—The success which has rewarded the spirit and enterprise of the publishers of this excellent series, has only stimulated them to fresh exertions. Not content with the general superintendence of men every way so well qualified as the Rev. R. Cattermole, and the Rev. H. Stebbing, we find particular volumes introduced by Essays from other able writers: last month Butler's Analogy had a memoir prefixed by the Rev. Dr. Croly; Watts's Poems, now before us, has one by Dr. Southey; and Cave's Primitive Christianity, to be published next month, is announced with an introductory essay by the Rev. W. Trollope. And yet each volume neatly and even beautifully printed on good paper and tastily bound, is sold for 3s. 6d.!

'*Introductory Anatomical Lecture*, by Thomas King, M.D.—This Lecture, delivered at the re-opening of the school founded by the late Joshua Brookes, contains an assemblage of valuable facts, scientifically arranged and philosophically viewed, as bearing on the general study of organization. We regret that it is not more in accordance with the principles of anatomical instruction, which we endeavoured to lay down in our review of M. Broc's '*Traité complet d'Anatomie descriptive*,' [see *Athenæum*, No. 345,] but, to be sure, this may in some measure be accounted for, by the fact, that the lecture was delivered before the article was written. In other respects, we can safely commend it; it shows both information and reflection.

'*An Inquiry into the nature of Sleep and Death*, by A. P. W. Philip, M.D. &c.—This is a republication of Doctor Wilson Philip's papers, which have already appeared in the '*Philosophical Transactions*;' as such, we shall not review it at any length. Dr. Philip has been all his life a man of one idea, and that idea has now, we believe, just one convert, and that is Doctor Philip himself. The idea, as we suppose, every one knows, is, that the nervous influence is nothing but galvanism, or, as the Doctor terms it, voltaic electricity. His proof rested on the asserted facts that the power of digesting is

conferred on the stomach by the pneumo-gastric nerves, and that if these nerves be divided, the power may be continued by passing down a stream of galvanism. Hence he inferred the identity of galvanism and nervous influence. His facts have since been more than once denied, on very competent authority, both in this country and abroad, but, were they even admitted to the fullest extent, they no more prove the nervous influence to be galvanism than they prove galvanism to be the prick of a pin, inasmuch as we know that both of these latter applied to the cut end of a nerve of motion, will produce the same effect, viz. the contraction of the muscle to which that nerve is distributed. It is very true that a nerve will act as a conductor to galvanism, and so will any wet string; but that the nervous influence is something residing in the nerve itself, and not a galvanic or any other current sent from the brain, is clearly shown by the fact, that a nerve remains sensible to the effects of ordinary stimuli for days after it has been divided, and so its connexion with the brain entirely cut off.

'*Chilol on the Sabbath*.—The author very ably points out the differences between the Jewish and the Christian Sabbath, which he thinks have been confounded in recent discussions: he deems that an enforced, Pharisaical observance of the seventh day, would have an injurious effect on religion, by inducing Christians, like the Jews of old, to substitute the form for the substance; and he says, as is universally acknowledged, that no command for the observance of the Sabbath is to be found in the New Testament, whence he argues, that legislation on the subject would be an infringement of "the liberty with which Christ has made us free." Without offering any opinion on the matter of the controversy, we bear willing testimony to the temper and ability eminently displayed by the author, and recommend his work as deserving attentive consideration.

'*Trout and Salmon Fishing in Wales*, by G. A. Hansard.—It may be all very well for a person who wants to catch trout, to know that he is to tie a cock's hackle and dub it (if that be the word) with badger's down, but this is nothing to write a volume about: besides, we never knew a fisherman worth a pin, who had learned his art out of a book. It is all very true, that Isaak Walton wrote very pleasantly about fishing, and Peter Camper wrote a very instructive and entertaining little essay, upon an old shoe; but it is not every one who can write about fishing and old shoes.

'*Moral Instruction, addressed to the Working Classes*. Part I.—A very useful little work, which, we hope, will obtain extensive circulation;—it is better calculated for the diffusion of really useful knowledge, than any of the treatises that have come out under that name.

'*Spain Yesterday and To-day*.—A well compiled little volume, written in a sober and considerate spirit, and likely we think to interest young people. The following account of the Merinos and their migrations, may be taken as a pleasant specimen.—"The name of *merino*, which with us marks a particular kind of sheep, signifies in the language of the country, wandering, ambulatory; and is highly descriptive of their habits. They do not always remain in the same farm, or the same province; but they travel from one to another. . . . Towards the beginning of May, nearly five millions of sheep leave the plains of Estremadura, Andalusia, Old and New Castille, and Leon; and are conducted by the shepherds to the mountains of the two Castilles, those of Biscay, Navarre, and even Arragon. On these more elevated spots, they find a fresher herbage, less dried up by the burning sun; which in summer destroys all verdure in the plains. The high ground near



Segovia is very much frequented by the sheep.

• • • The details of their march, are very curious. The rich proprietors, that is to say, those who possess the greatest number of sheep, have formed themselves into a company called the *Mesta*: this association being necessarily a monopoly, it is difficult to alter any of its laws. It would have been impossible for a few proprietors with small flocks to have undertaken these yearly peregrinations:—this society was formed to do away this inconvenience; and under the superintendence of persons chosen for the purpose, the flocks are led to the uncultivated lands and mountains of Spain. The *Mesta* employ between forty and fifty thousand shepherds, who lead a wandering and almost savage life, who never cultivate the ground and rarely marry; their knowledge being confined wholly to sheep, and in that department they are very skilful. • • • The flocks of the *Mesta* are divided into smaller troops of ten thousand sheep each; at the head of which is a mayoral, or chief-shepherd, to direct them, fifty inferior shepherds, and the same number of dogs, who keep watch over the sheep. The chief-shepherd is on horseback, and has a salary of about sixty pounds English. The wages of the inferior shepherds vary according to their skill and usefulness. The best paid have about thirty shillings a month; and the worst, not more than eight: but to these last two pounds of bread a day are given. Every shepherd may have a certain number of sheep and goats of his own; but their wool belongs to the proprietor of the flock. The shepherd has only the milk, the flesh and the young ones they produce. • • • Abundant supplies of salt are provided: the sheep eat as much of it as they like. The annual consumption for a thousand animals, is two thousand five hundred pounds.—The *Mesta* is composed of proprietors possessing, some four, and others sixty thousand sheep. • • • The march of these large flocks is regulated by particular laws, derived from immemorial custom. The sheep have a right of pasturage in all those waste lands which are reserved for that purpose, paying a fixed price to the proprietors, beyond which they can exact nothing. They cannot enter upon cultivated grounds; but the owners are obliged to reserve them a passage, forty-five fathoms wide. The sheep travel two leagues a day in their own pastures; but they go six, when they pass through arable lands. Their emigrations extend to a hundred and twenty, and a hundred and fifty leagues.—The *Mesta* has its particular laws, and a tribunal called the 'Honourable Council of the *Mesta*.' It is composed of four judges; and one of the members of the Council of Castille is their president."

'Pritchard's Natural History of Animals.'—Mr. Pritchard has exhibited much skill and unwearied assiduity in examining the structure, and observing the habits of these 'atoms of the animal kingdom.' The pains which he has taken in improving the microscopes, with which his observations were made, have enabled him to fill what has hitherto been nearly a vacuum in Natural History, and afford us both drawings and descriptions of animals, not exceeding the 24,000th part of an inch in linear dimensions. He has confirmed several of the most interesting remarks of Ehrenberg and Müller, touching their mode of nutrition, reproduction, growth, &c. and has added new ones of his own, tending still further to develop their manners, habits, and the strange transformations undergone by some of the species; so that, on the whole, the work is both creditable to the industry and research of the author, and valuable as affording the first comprehensive monograph of the Infusory tribes, that has appeared in the English language.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

[A series of Papers under this title has lately appeared in the *Morgenblatt*, and excited some attention in Germany. They are professedly written by a German lady, and are the result of four years observation, ending with 1833. The writer has evidently taken Mrs. Trollope as a model, but wants her truth and talent; for, much as the latter delighted in exaggeration and caricature, she had generally some warrant for her assertions—some individual instance to justify what she gave as national characteristics; and her pleasant extravaganzas ought to have given no more pain to the Americans than their own sketches of the Kentuckians and Down-Easters to the worthy people of the States so ridiculed. But the German lady often deals in downright palpable falsehoods. We hear that a translation of these sketches is contemplated. As a separate publication such a work will not succeed in England. The extracts which we intend to give will be quite as much as the subject will bear. The Americans, however, may now see that such libels do not all arise from English jealousy. Englishmen, indeed, laugh on such occasions, and Americans should do the same.]

## Arrival at New York.

TW many stupendous things achieved within so short a period by this youthful country, have produced even in intelligent persons an admiration, which, in the multitude, is frequently heightened to enthusiasm; so that the ideas of the superiority of the New World, appear but too frequently to be nothing more than deep-rooted prejudice. With this prejudice the naked representation of habits and manners, so totally different from ours, stands in harsh contrast; and those who are possessed with it, conceive that in such a representation, the likeness must be exceedingly distorted. Precisely the same impression is made upon the Americans, by the description of our manners and customs, and to them the European is a caricature. For the accuracy of the following statements, I appeal to every one who has passed any time in the United States, particularly in New York, their real capital, which gives the tone to all their other cities; and they will, I have no doubt, even recognize many of the persons whom I shall delineate. • • •

When the ship touched the wharf of New York, every one felt as it were new born, as though animated with youthful vigour; every one saluted from the depths of his heart the hospitable land in which he hoped to be prosperous and happy. The dangerous and fatiguing voyage was past; all difficulties were overcome; we had reached the goal; henceforward all would be liberty, equality, fraternal love, and enjoyment. No sooner was the little bridge thrown across for landing, than the passengers, great and small, male and female thronged to it, each striving to be the first to kiss the blessed shore. I must confess that I experienced these feelings in common with the rest: but, I had determined not to be hurried away by first emotions, but to observe, and for this purpose I had stationed myself on the highest point of the deck.

Those who had been in the greatest haste, who were the first to leap on shore, and were on the point of throwing themselves upon the ground and pressing their lips to it, suddenly stood stock still; and so did all those who followed them. All pursed up their mouths and held their noses; and the singular smile that played upon their features partly expressed the feeling of disgust which the excessive filth of the quay could not but excite, and partly scorn for their own precipitate rapture. My illusions were a good deal deranged by this sight; but I was determined to find everything good and right and beautiful, and therefore was at no loss for excuses for any thing that was offensive. A negro loaded his truck with our baggage, and hurrying away from the filthy wharf, we paused at the first row of houses along the water to take breath.

After we had proceeded some hundred paces, we came to a wide magnificent street, the cele-

brated Broadway, justly accounted the finest in all America. Private equipages, hackney-coaches, carts, rattled along the carriage-way; while the broad foot-pavements before the elegant shops, were thronged with pedestrians. My husband addressed one of them, and inquired for a good American hotel. We had the name of a French house, but were desirous of making ourselves acquainted as speedily as possible with the national manners—a thing not very easily done. The gentleman stopped, smiled, and instead of answering the question, asked whence we came, what was our business, and so forth; and when we, interrupting him, repeated our inquiry, he answered, "I don't know," and away he went. We made a second and a third essay with no better success. At length we met a Quaker family, and I determined to apply to these *Friends*, as they style themselves. But I fared no better with them than the others, excepting that the Quaker *thou'd* me, and called me *Friend*. When he had satisfied his curiosity, I was obliged to content myself with his surly "I don't know," with which he pursued his way. We had no course left but to go to the French house, with the name of which we had been furnished—the *Hôtel de Commerce*; but that was no easy matter, for nobody could or would direct us to it. "I don't know," or "I can't tell," was the only answer we could get: even from our black carrier not another word could be extracted, as he probably wished to increase his pay in a legal manner, by lengthening his journey. Thus did we wander, the whole family together, after the truck, up one street and down another, till we chanced to hear a man speaking French. Before we could finish our question, he invited us in; it was the landlord himself, and to our great joy, we found ourselves in the *Hôtel de Commerce*. Under such circumstances, we could not be particular about price; still my husband did not omit to settle that point before-hand, a precaution which, in America, ought never to be neglected. It was agreed, that for board (without drink) and lodging we should pay one dollar a day per head, without distinction of age; and we were then conducted up handsomely carpeted stairs, to a spacious apartment, also covered with a magnificent carpet. It was soon evident that carpets constituted the principal luxury. • • •

No sooner had we retired to rest, and closed our weary eyes, than we were roused by a fresh alarm. Gleaner opened the window. Gracious heaven! what a tumult! fire-engines, with their endless water-pipes, drawn by hundreds of sturdy Americans—the lights of numberless torches—the clang of trumpets—the shouts of people—all failed to wake a creature in the house; the neighbours, also, were quiet; so we, too, would have gone to sleep again, but, on opening the window, such a host of gnats, three times as large as those of Europe, had penetrated into the room, that we could scarcely breathe. They tormented us horribly, and next morning we were all lamentably stung. The sufferings to which we were thus exposed, rendered us indifferent to what was passing abroad; so that in this first painful night we could hear a third alarm of fire with truly American phlegm, without being tempted to open the window again. On the other hand, we waited impatiently for the first dawn of light, in hopes that our nocturnal persecutors would then allow us some rest. This they actually did, probably needing it themselves, for they must have been weary with the work which they had done upon us. • • •

We went down to the breakfast-room, where we found the long table covered with a variety of hot and cold meats and fish, and surrounded by about thirty guests. Each helped himself to what stood before him. One began with salad, then eggs, and then he took a slice of roast beef, washing it down with coffee, and following that up with cold fish; while his neighbour reversed

the order. Before we could recover from the astonishment, everything in the shape of eatables was consumed. So much the more was I surprised to hear calls from all sides for forks, the use of which I could not divine; as I had already seen that the American has no need of them for eating, but uses his knife alone, with wonderful dexterity. A waiter brought several plates full of forks, and set them in the middle of the table. The gentlemen—what signification these genuine republicans attach to this term, I really do not yet know—immediately fell upon the forks; each secured one, rose, and repaired to some part of the room where he could support his feet against the wall. Some even put their legs upon the table, and in this posture began at their ease to pick their teeth and pare their nails. When this operation was finished, each drew from his waistcoat pocket a bit of tobacco prepared for chewing, shoved it with his finger high up beneath the cheek, and hurried away to business.

Our host now came to us. "If," said he, "you would not rise from table hungry, you must fall to immediately. I have frequently the most distinguished gentlemen in the country, with their whole families at my table, but the meal never lasts longer than ten minutes. But, let me ask," proceeded our comforter, "have you not slept with your windows open?" I was just bursting forth into bitter complaints of the past night, when the landlord resumed with a smile: "It is a pity that the mosquitoes should have used you so ill the very first night; but they will let you alone the sooner; you cannot get rid of the persecution of these insects till they have had the last drop of European blood out of you. In two years, not a mosquito will touch you any more than a native American." "Aha!" cried Glenner, rather peevishly, "so then, a foreigner must part with everything, even with his blood!"—"Just so," replied our host, dryly, and a foreboding shudder came over me.

#### Broadway, New York.

Broadway, the principal street in New York, is one of the noblest in the world. It is always thronged with carriages—but the equipages are not so brilliant as the European; the coachmen and footmen are invariably blacks, and the whole concern is merely hired; for not a creature has carriage and horses of his own, excepting those who keep them to let out on hire. The liveliest part of this street is the middle. The beginning of it is formed by the neat but not spacious dwellings of the oldest wealthy families. Those who have enriched themselves in later times, and these are almost exclusively native Americans, were therefore obliged to build their magnificent habitations in the third mile of the street. Here they stand, at first intermixed with wretched houses, then with sheds and huts, and, finally, quite detached, and further apart, scattered among heaps of rubbish, on vacant spots that have never been levelled. A mile in advance are the streets to be occupied by future generations, scarcely indicated on the wild, uneven, rocky soil, upon which here and there a crippled forest-tree owes its existence to the victory of indolence over the love of gain.

The shops and the throng of people next claim our attention. The Parisians, it is well known, are masters in the art of tastefully decorating their magazines, as they pompously style the most petty shops—of setting off their goods to the best advantage, and displaying them in the most striking and attractive manner: in this accomplishment, the people of New York are not a whit behind them; and when you see the troops of dressy ladies and officious gentlemen parading the streets and pouring into the shops, you have not the least doubt that a great deal of business must be done; but I was soon convinced of the contrary. All the shops which I entered were full of ladies; the master, as well as the shopmen, was busily engaged in taking down parcels

of goods, opening, and tying them up again. Each lady wished to see everything, to learn the price of everything, when it arrived, by what ship, from what place, and the like. It is amusing to see the fair querists tumbling over the silks and ribands with their delicate hands, unrolling everything, asking a thousand questions whilst examining the quality; at last laying the stuffs in folds, the ribands in bows, forming the most elegant draperies, nay, extemporizing whole tableaux with astonishing celerity. When this is over, they leave the shop, promising to call again, and go into the next to repeat the same game, which is kept up from eight in the morning till two in the afternoon. At that hour every body goes to dinner; they eat much and quick, then rest for an hour, and by half past four the Broadway is again in full bloom. People now go into company. Each company is an Exchange where the daily price and state of all commodities is discussed. About this time the shops are visited by people from the neighbouring country, who frequently bring them a little custom. About eleven the exhausted shopkeepers muster their remaining strength to clear away and to shut up. Is it any wonder that every second shop window exhibits a notice in large letters: "This shop to be let?"

In spite of the good example, I could not help buying, whenever I went into a shop, some trifle or other, for which, of course, as a foreigner, I was obliged to pay double price; but the lesson which I learned at the same time, amply indemnified me. For the first thing I bought I was asked one dollar and fifty cents. I laid a bank note of two dollars on the counter. The shopkeeper immediately put it into his till, and went to attend to something else. When I reminded him that he had not given me the change, he coolly asked whether I was sure that I had paid him. I was speechless at this impudence, when a gentleman interfered, and said with a French accent, "The lady has paid; for I saw her." Upon this the shopkeeper, without betraying the least embarrassment, gave me back twenty cents; I told him that he ought to have given me fifty. He reckoned for some time, and then handed me six more cents. Hoping to shame him out of it, I requested him to lend me the slate, and wrote down for him the little account; he immediately rubbed out what I had written, made figures for a couple of minutes, and gave me a few more cents, saying, "Now it is quite right." It was not right by a great deal; but, being disgusted, I turned away, made an obeisance of acknowledgment to my unknown protector, and was preparing to leave the shop, when he addressed me. "I see," said he, in French, "that you are a stranger. Permit me to inform you, that in this country a person never pays even the smallest trifle, without taking a bill and receipt in one hand, while he pays the money with the other; and even then it is highly advisable to have at least one witness to the transaction. Whoever has no time to lose provides himself with change, so that he can pay the exact sum; for it is a principle with the people here to make a profit by everything, and of course by giving change." I thanked him for the hint.

The pedestrians in the Broadway confine their perambulations to its west side; it is not the fashion, and it would be considered vulgar, to walk on the other. Still the carriage-way is crowded here and there by broad stripes, paved with large flag stones, like the foot pavement, to keep up the communication. In crossing these stripes, the drivers of carriages are expected to be very cautious. The most urgent business would not induce an American to shorten his way by crossing the street at any other place, that, should he suffer any injury from a carriage, he may have a right to claim compensation from the owner. The precipitate crossing of the

street, therefore, indicates the foreigner. Independently of this voluntary regulation of street police, the stranger, on his part, immediately discovers the genuine American among the streaming masses. A long, pale face, that appears to be stuffed out on one side by a quid of tobacco; lips enbrowned by the same herb, deep-seated, large, light, gray eyes; a thoughtful brow, furrowed by the incessant arithmetical exertions of the brain; a decent, but negligent dress. Such is the picture of the native American. Another infallible indication is the following: whenever and wherever two Americans are conversing together, whether in the counting-house, or in the street, whether sober or intoxicated, whether sitting or walking, whether at meeting or parting, whether at the tavern or at church, at the theatre or at market, at the coffee-house or at home, in short, on every occasion, by water and by land, by day and by night, in every town, village, and hamlet throughout the Union, you may be sure, before a minute has elapsed, to hear the watchword *dollar*, the only object of their thoughts, the only god of their adoration.

The American, when sitting, may be distinguished at the slightest glance from the native of any other country in the world. If you see a pair of legs stuck up against a window, they belong to some American dandy, who sits rocking himself upon his chair, smoking a cigar or chewing tobacco, and is employed, to a certainty, in trimming his nails with a penknife. If you pass coffee-houses, hotels, pastry-cooks, taverns, and such like places, the street is full of chairs on which loll human bodies, while the legs belonging to them are shored against the wall, or against the pillars that support the awning, spread over the whole breadth of the pavement in front of houses of that kind. From the windows beneath the awning dangle as many boots and shoes as can find room at them. Such feet as cannot here find a point of support, usurp the back of a chair that is already occupied, and completely bar the way. At such places the tobacco-juice is squirted about, like a fire of rockets.

Among the fair sex may be seen many extremely interesting, but mostly pale faces. The stature is noble, the contours charming; but a fine bosom, and the fresh colours of youth and health are universally wanting. The costume is Parisian, but highly exaggerated, and the most amiable creatures run about like maniacs. In their toilette they are extremely economical. At the end of April the fashions are fixed for the year. Every one then procures a dress and a dress bonnet, in the form of which only regard is paid to the fashion, and which is in general made of some cheap stuff. The low prices result from the bad quality of the foreign goods, made up expressly for this market; and hence, rich and poor, white and black, are all dressed alike. You see nothing but *elegant* people; and as in both sexes one imitates another, and all have the greatest resemblance to each other in character, it may be asserted with truth, that whoever has seen and heard one American, has seen and heard all.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

TURAN is little novelty in the literary world, either in performance or promise; even our foreign resources, on which we are accustomed to rely at this season, have not been very abundant. In looking over the German journals, to see what hopes there were for the future, we have stumbled on a Paris letter, which gives a brief notice of proceedings in that city. The following is an extract:—

Neither the St. Simonians nor the *Nouvelle Église Française* are now thought or talked of. Father Enfantin, and the few disciples who

adhered to him, are seeking their fortunes in Egypt; while the other St. Simonians have returned into society, some of them after the sacrifice of considerable property; and, as many of them are men of talents, they are striving to employ those talents in a way more beneficial to their fellow-citizens. Of the two founders of the so-called New French Church, Abbé Châtel and Abbé Auzou, nothing is now heard: the church of the one, as well as of the other, stands empty, or is appropriated to other purposes; for both have lost their influence, and will soon be forgotten. On the other hand, a much greater man, or at least a much greater writer, has arisen in the person of the Abbé de la Mennais, against whom at the present moment interdicts are issued, and whose 'Words of a Believer' are printed by thousands of copies, and read by hundreds of thousands of people. Who would have expected such stinging 'words' from a Catholic priest; from an ecclesiastic who not long since won the favour of the Pope, and returned, as it was supposed, a zealous adherent to his Holiness and the Church of Rome?

Silvio Pellico is another hero of the day in the French capital. People are not yet tired of reading his '*Prigioni*;' and the younger class, in particular, take deep interest in the sufferings of this unfortunate Italian and his companions, especially Count Maroncelli. This interest is likely soon to be still further increased by a narrative which another fellow-sufferer of Pellico's, Andrienne, a Frenchman, is preparing to publish. It will be written in a very different tone from 'Pellico's Confessions;' not that Andrienne possesses less christian resignation; but indignation will be less reservedly expressed in his work, and he will touch upon many things which Pellico has passed over in silence. Maroncelli is now in North America. He has married an Italian singer, and went out lately to conduct the orchestra of the Italian Opera at New York—a singular contrast with his terrible imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg.

Art has been rather more active of late than literature; and we shall take an early opportunity of reporting on its progress. As to Science, the societies are all closed, and it has gone to Edinburgh. We this day give an account of the proceedings at that city up to Tuesday night; and we hope next week to be even more full and satisfactory in our report.

We learn from Liverpool that the Corporation have done a generous thing for the widow of Austin, the water-colour painter, whose death we announced last July (No. 352), by voting her a present of 100*l.* Of the tabernacle, or temple, or whatever it is to be called, in which the statue of Huskisson is to be placed in the cemetery, our correspondent says, "it is more frightful than you can imagine. I cannot conceive how the statue is to be seen at all, as it is so small that you can hardly get to a proper distance from it."

#### FOURTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SCIENCE.

[From our own Correspondent.]

##### THE GATHERING.

As we advanced northward from London, the symptoms of preparation for an important meeting forced themselves on our attention. At every stage places were eagerly sought by numbers, more than sufficient to load a dozen coaches; and when we reached York, we found that there were more than twenty persons in that city who had got so far, but were unable to advance, because more adventurous, or more prudent, travellers had secured places for the entire distance. At Newcastle the hotels were so crowded that it was scarcely possible to get beds; and the seats on the coaches were the subjects of fierce strife. We entered Scotland over the Cheviot

hills. Their appearance attracted the notice of all; and it was evident that our fellow-travellers were members of the Association, full of their respective subjects, eager to impart and receive information. Two geologists engaged in a spirited controversy respecting the red sand-stone formation, of which these hills appear to be composed; some broken green-stone by the side of the road led to a dissertation on dykes, and the darkness of its colour having suggested the remembrance of basalt, all the disputable questions of geology were brought at once into battle. A mathematician was at the same time detailing a new method of ascertaining heights by the barometer; while two determined statisticians were cross-examining the guard and coachman respecting the population, productions, average duration of life, and general character of the borderers and borders. Science destroyed romance—the field of Chevy Chase scarce elicited a remark—the cross marking the spot where Percy fell was observed by one of the geologists to belong to the secondary formation; the mathematician declared that it had swerved from its perpendicular; and the statisticians began a dissertation on the comparative carnage of ancient and modern warfare. Near this memorable spot we saw a singular instance of perverted taste: a murderer had been gibbeted some years ago, and his body having fallen in pieces, the proprietor of the estate suspended a wooden figure in its place, as an ornament to the prospect, and a terror to evil-doers. The Abbey of Jedburgh was one of the first objects that attracted attention after we had crossed the border; but that, as well as Melrose and Abbotsford, of which we obtained good passing views, have been frequently described. When we reached Edinburgh, we found that the dinner to Earl Grey divided public attention with the meetings of the Association. Workmen were engaged in erecting a wooden building, which they were pleased to call a Pavilion, on the top of the Calton Hill, for the reception of the two thousand guests who intend to receive the late minister.

This was rather a tantalizing sight to the members of the Association, for the money subscribed to give them a public dinner was lodged in one of the banks which recently failed. The arrangements made for our reception were admirable: all the public institutions, libraries, exhibitions, and news-rooms were thrown open to us; invitations in blank were left by many for those who were unprovided with letters of introduction; and very few of the members have been permitted to go into hired lodgings. The President of the meeting is Sir T. Brisbane; the Vice-Presidents are Sir David Brewster and the Rev. Dr. Robinson, Astronomer Royal of Armagh; J. Robison, Sec. R.S.E. and Professor Forbes, act as Secretaries. The Royal Institution and the Library of the University are thrown open as reception rooms; and the class rooms of the University are appropriated to the Sections. The following are the Sections into which the business is divided:—1. Mathematics and Physics; 2. Chemistry and Mineralogy; 3. Geography and Geology; 4. Anatomy and Medicine; 5. Zoology and Botany; and 6. Statistics.

##### Monday.

The morning was one of the most unpleasant that can be conceived; there was an incessant down-pouring of rain, and, consequently, those who had arranged about their tickets, stayed quietly in their abodes—indeed, none were to be seen in the Hall of the Institution but those who had only just arrived. By a kind of tacit agreement, most of the members dined together at the Hopetown rooms. Not a little surprise was generally expressed when the papers of the morning announced, that Lord Brougham, instead of coming to the meeting, had taken a tour among some of the northern burghs, to eat corporation dinners, and have his ears tickled

with praise, a species of delight which he has not been recently accustomed to enjoy. He is, however, expected at the end of the week.

At five o'clock three hundred and fifty members sat down to dinner in the Hopetown rooms; Professor Brewster took the chair. Before the party separated, the Professor rose and proposed the health of the King. He then said, that though it had been agreed not to propose formal toasts, circumstances would probably justify in one instance a departure from strict rule; he alluded to the presence of M. Arago, the Astronomer Royal of France, whose appearance amongst us he hailed as a gratifying sign, that the times were gone past when Englishmen and Frenchmen regarded each other as natural enemies. The health of M. Arago was then proposed, and the toast was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

M. Arago rose to return thanks; he passed rapidly over the routine phrases, and dwelt at some length on the advantages that must result from the union of the minds of Europe; he regarded it as the pledge of the peace of the world, because intellectual supremacy daily acquires more direct power over the affairs of nations, and when the intellectual rulers are banded in friendship, the nations subject to their influence cannot be forced into hostility. These noble sentiments were delivered in a manner that can scarcely be described. M. Arago possesses great physical advantages: in figure he resembles the Farnese Hercules; his voice is, at the same time, powerful and melodious—his action rounded and graceful; his style reminded us very much of the late Mr. Canning's.

After dinner, the meeting was formally commenced in the Assembly Rooms, which its proprietors had fitted up with great taste, and placed at the disposal of the Association. There were present in the rooms about twelve hundred members, and four hundred ladies. The appearance was very striking; in one of the recesses a division of phrenologists had taken a good position for inspecting heads, and, sooth to say, they made tolerable guesses at the characters of all those with whom we were acquainted: the statisticians also, by some species of attraction which philosophers have not yet described, got together, and before business commenced speculated on the propriety of forming a table of the Association itself, and by determining the numbers attached to each particular branch of science, ascertaining the present tendency of intellectual exertion: rough calculations were immediately hazarded, and it was established with some certainty, that experimental science, with purely practical results, had greatly the majority over the speculative branches of knowledge. A little after eight o'clock, Professor Sedgwick, the chairman at the Cambridge meeting, came forward to resign his presidency to Sir T. Brisbane, and addressed the meeting to the following effect:—

The duty which he had that evening to perform was an humble one. The Association had exalted him to a high honour, from which he was then on the point of retiring, and he did so with feelings of exultation rather than regret, inasmuch as the trust he had held would devolve on one whom they all knew was more capable of performing the duties of it. He, however, would enter on the trust which was not in a bankrupt state, but was going on increasing in prosperity, and would produce an effect on the philosophic world, which would extend to ages yet unborn, and tend to promote the best interests of humanity. The learned Professor proceeded to expatiate on the advantages of an association of this nature. Distinguished men from various parts of the continent and of this kingdom, were congregated here who would mutually enjoy each other's conversation. This was one advantage of philosophic unions; but there were many other circumstances which pointed out the use of that



Association. What was man alone?—why in a savage state. He could not be said to have power even over brute matter; but, when associated with his fellow-creatures, he gained power as he gained knowledge. This was the great good which arose from association, for there was a power derived from concentration quite different from that which a man possessed when acting by himself. It was said the greatest philosophic discoveries had been achieved in private; but it would be found that the sparks which kindled them originated from their mingling with the world, and having intercourse with men of kindred spirits. After alluding to several of the topics embraced in the proceedings of former meetings, the learned Professor combated the objections which had been urged against such unions. These associations were said to be dangerous in their tendency, but he denied that the investigation of truth could ever be injurious to mankind—this was a libel on the God of nature, because it would merely establish and bring out that which was true, and instead of impugning any of the grander truths, rather corroborate them in the end. Before concluding, he made some complimentary remarks on the fame which this city had always enjoyed as a seat of learning and science; and in allusion to the monuments to Playfair and Dugald Stewart, said these were the monuments of peace—no shrieks, no wailings, no heart-breaking, and no blood—none of these were connected with those memorials. They were in a manner the physical representation of those feelings in which they participated. He strongly deprecated any infringement of the rules of the Association, for if it should ever break up he might predict that it would be by overstepping its laws, and entering on political topics, which were totally foreign to the institution. It was said that the words of a dying man were ominous—then let the words of a dying president—(laughter and applause)—be also ominous. He now begged to resign into the hands of one who had been placed at the head of science in this city—who had kindled up the light of science at the antipodes—(cheers), and who had fought the battles of his country; but they all knew him better than he did, and he therefore proposed that Sir Thomas Brisbane take the chair.—The learned Professor concluded his address, of which the above is but an imperfect outline, amidst much applause.

Sir THOMAS BRISBANE then took the chair, and shortly addressed the meeting. The luminous speech of the learned Professor, he observed, had left him little to say. He, therefore, congratulated the Association on its present state of prosperity, and hoped its advantages would extend to the remotest parts of the globe.

Mr. ROBINSON, one of the Secretaries, gave an account of the arrangements which had been made for the accommodation of the members, and the general order of the business of the week.

Professor FORBES afterwards gave an outline of the different subjects under discussion, mentioning the names of the individuals by whom reports in their respective departments were drawn up.

The President having announced the hours and places of meeting for the following day, the assembly separated.

The following are among the most distinguished of the members and foreign associates already enrolled, selected from the list of members, which has, we understand, received a large accession of numbers in Edinburgh:—

From the Continent—M. Arago, Astronomer Royal, from Paris, Professor Mole, (Utrecht,) Baron Ende, (Baden,) MM. Trevisan, Tiedemann, Jacobson, (Berlin,) Ulman, (Weimar,) Von Druffel, A. Vander Poorn, M. le Marquis de St. Croix, Le General Dubourg, M. Annee, Le Chevalier Jean Audiffredie, Le Chevalier Gregoire Bernardi, (Rome,) Mons. Nelly, M.

de la Rive, (both of Geneva,) Dr. Vlastos, (Island of Chios).

From America—Dr. Mason Warren, of Boston, Dr. Hooper, Mr. Beriah Botfield.

From Ireland—Rev. Dr. Lloyd, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, Professor Hamilton, Rev. Dr. Robinson, Sir John Jeffcott, Professor H. Lloyd, Rev. Sidney Smith.

From England and Scotland—Sir Charles Bell, Mr. Charles Babington, (Cambridge,) Rev. T. Churton, Dr. C. Daubeny, Mr. C. Fellows, Rev. W. Gairdner, G. B. Greenough, Dr. E. Grove, Professor Knight, Dr. Kelt, Rev. Dr. Lardner, R. I. Murchison, (late President of the London Geological Society,) Professor Phillips, Rev. Dr. Penny, Professor Roget, Professor Trevelyan, H. Woolcombe, (President of the Plymouth Institution,) Sir Alexander Wood, Henry Cockburn, the Solicitor General, Sir George Clerk, Professor Christison, M.D., Dr. Combe, Professor Chalmers, Lord Dalmeny, Lord Fullerton, Viscount Melville, Hon. Lord Jeffrey, Lord Advocate, Professor Macvey Napier, Professor Pillans, Lord Roseberry, &c. &c.

Tuesday.

The weather worse than ever, but the members notwithstanding assembled at ten o'clock in the library of the University, one of the most beautiful buildings in Europe, while the committees of the different Sections assembled to elect office bearers. Prof. Whewell, of Cambridge, and Dr. Lloyd, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, were the chairmen of the Mathematical and Physical section; Dr. Abercrombie presided over Anatomy and Medicine; Geology and Geography were intrusted to Prof. Jamieson; Chemistry and Mineralogy, to Prof. Hope; Zoology and Botany, to Prof. Graham, and Statistics, a novel feature in the Association's proceedings, was placed under the superintendence of Sir C. Lemon and Col. Sykes. Though the business of Tuesday was in some degree preliminary, there were several valuable papers read. One especially, communicated to the Statistical section we may notice, because its results can be stated in small compass, and also because it is of a more independent character than those communicated to the other Sections. It was an account of 4102 families of operatives in Manchester, communicated by Mr. Heywood, of that town. The numbers in each family were on the average 5, a low average, because the common one is 6½; they resided in 3100 houses, 752 cellars, and 250 rooms; about 600 of these residences were respectable, and about 1200 ordinarily comfortable, but more than one-half were dirty and destitute. There were 8821 children under the age of twelve, of whom, only 252 attended day schools, 4680 received instruction at Sunday schools, and nearly one-half were entirely destitute of education. The number of parents who could read, amounted to 3114. Of these families, 2021 belonged to the established church, 1473 were Roman Catholics, 591 were dissenters, and 17 declared that they had no religion.

In the section of Natural History, a very admirable abstract of the progress made in Natural History during the present century, by the Rev. Mr. Jenyns, was commenced, and also an account of the Botany of South America, by Prof. Hooker, of which, when concluded, we shall give a more extended account. A very animated discussion on stratification, took place in the Geological section. The attention of the Medical division, was principally directed to the nervous system. In the Physical division, a paper on capillary attraction, read by Prof. Whewell, led to a very varied discussion, in which some notice was taken of the aerial character of comets; and Prof. Arago mentioned some *experimenta crucis*, by which he thought that the different theories of La Place and Poisson might be tested.

At the evening sitting, Mr. Taylor, the Treasurer, stated the increase in the numbers of the Association: 350 met at York, 700 at Oxford, 1400 at Cambridge, and 2,200 at Edinburgh. After the chairman of the sections had reported proceedings, Dr. Robinson read a letter from Professor Hunker, of Hamburg, which was accompanied by an ephemeris of the track of the comet of 1682 and 1759, whose return is expected at the end of this year. The Vice President, Professor Robinson, of Armagh, then gave an account of the progress of cometary knowledge. He then entered into an interesting disquisition on the history of the great Halley comet, which was calculated once more to appear in the latter end of the present year, although it would not make its nearest approach to the earth until the 6th of January, 1835. He concluded with a scientific analysis of the various theories on this abstruse subject.

Professor Whewell humorously followed, and spoke of comets as notorious for breaking their appointments; from which Professor Hamilton dissented, asserting that they were very regular visitors.

The meeting adjourned a little before eleven.

## THEATRICALS

### RAYMARKET THEATRE.

A new drama, in two acts, called 'The Queen's Champion,' was presented here for the first time on Wednesday. It is an English version, by Mrs. Charles Gore, of a French piece, entitled 'Salvorsie, ou l'Amant de la Reine.' It is founded on an incident, real or supposed, we know not which, (but supposed, as we suppose,) in the life of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. The plot is slight, but the piece has been carefully and neatly put upon our stage, and its success was decided.

### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Tuesday evening, in the opera of 'The Mountain Sylph,' Mr. J. Bland for the second time went through the arduous task which at a short notice he undertook on Monday. We have long thought this gentleman the best actor among our singers, and his performance of *Helm* has but served to confirm our opinion. When he shall have had time to study the music thoroughly, and to fit himself as it were into it, he will prove the best substitute—take him for all in all—that could have been found for the original. Mr. H. Phillips ought to consider this as a most amiable trait in Mr. Bland, for he has doubtless learned, long ere this, how rare it is for any man to have a friend, ready in his absence to take his part and uphold his character.

After Mr. Barnett's delicious opera, we were presented for the first time with an entertainment (which really was one), said to be the production of Miss Isabel Hill, a lady already known as a writer in other branches of literature. The subject, which has been thoroughly detailed by our diurnal brethren, is slight, but amusing; and, with the curtailment which doubtless the piece has already received, we have no doubt of its receiving at the hands of the public the commendation it merits.

## MISCELLANEA

*Eltham Palace.*—Some interesting discoveries have lately been made here by Mr. King and Mr. Clayton, of Eltham. Tradition, it appears, has always kept up a belief of there being an underground passage to Blackheath, Greenwich, or the River, and that at Middle Park connected with these passages, there were one or more apartments underground for 60 horses.—Under the ground floor of some apartment of the palace, a trap-door, where recently a new arch has been partly formed, opens into a room underground, 10 feet by 5 feet, and proceeding from

it, a narrow passage of about 10 feet in length, conducts the passenger to the series of passages, with decoys, stairs, and shafts, some of which are vertical, and others on an inclined plane, which were once used for admitting air, and for hurling down missiles, or pitch balls upon enemies, according to the mode of defence in those ancient times; and it is worthy of notice, that at points where weapons from above could assail the enemy with greatest effect, there these shafts verge and concentrate.—About 500 feet of passage have been entered, and passed through, in a direction west, towards Middle Park, and under the moat for 200 feet. The arch is broken into in the field leading from Eltham to Mottingham, but still the brick-work of the arch can be traced further, proceeding in the same direction. The remains of two iron gates completely carbonized were found in that part of the passage under the moat, and large stalactites, formed of super-carbonate of lime, hung down from the roof of the arch, which sufficiently indicate the lapse of time since these passages were entered.—In order to defray the expenses already incurred in clearing out and making secure the excavations, it is proposed to demand a small sum for admission to view the passages, and to receive subscriptions on the spot, from those persons inclined to aid in prosecuting research.

**Rome.**—[From a Correspondent.]—Great exertions are at present being made, with a view of restoring somewhat of her ancient splendour to the city of Rome. The interests of the fine arts, as well as of archaeology, are engaged in this undertaking. The great Basilica of S. Paolo is, it is said, to be restored by Luigi Poletti, while the excavations of Monte Catillo, at Tivoli, will be carried on under the direction of the Chevalier Clement Golchi. At the same time it is in contemplation to cut away a portion of Monte Pincio in order to render the approaches to Rome more pleasant. Four colossal statues from the chisels of Gnaccherini, Bainsi, Laboureur, and Stocchi are destined for the interior of the Basilica of S. Paolo, and one of equal size has been ordered by the Pope, from the Chevalier Fabris, for the purpose of being placed in the church of S. Francesco di Paolo. The same artist is also commissioned to restore the tomb of Tasso, and the mausoleum raised in honour of Pope Leo XII.—Tenerani, who lately finished the monument of the Marquess of Northampton, is engaged upon a statue of Alfonso Liguori, which is destined for the interior of the Basilica of the Vatican. Professor Rinaldini, who has just completed a *Psyche* and a *Pucelle d'Orléans*, which have won for him "golden opinions," is engaged on a monument in memory of the Count di Cini, to be placed in the church of Gesù Maria. The Chevalier Sola, the director of the Spanish Academy established at Rome, is at present engaged in casting a bronze bust of the immortal Cervantes—Silvagni is reviving the famous fresco in the church of San Gregorio—M. de Kessel has given the finishing touch to a colossal group representing an episode of the Deluge—and lastly, Signor Cornelius, the director of the Academy of Monaco, has completed an extensive series of cartoons of the Last Judgment. The whole of the above works will remain in Rome.

**Meteorology.**—A correspondent (Mr. W. R. Birt,) has addressed a letter to us on this subject, in which he states, that his experience confirms the observations of Dr. Forster, respecting the descending currents. We have not room for the whole letter, but the following are the more important passages:—

My object in troubling you with this communication, is to suggest a method by which I conceive an approximation to the breadth of the different currents of air may probably be obtained. From numerous observations, I find that, in the neighbourhood of the vane, there are several currents blowing nearly at the same

time, especially in windy weather, which causes considerable vacillation in these instruments. In order to obtain the direction of the wind as accurately as possible, I reduce the whole of the observations of one day to a mean; for this purpose I generally take ten or twelve observations a day. Now I think that, if at several places simultaneous observations were made and reduced to a mean, we might probably determine if the same current blows over each of them. I think, however, that careful observation of the motion of the clouds may determine this point with much greater certainty, as observations of this kind indicate a more constant current than observations of the vane. The mode of taking them which I adopt, is carefully to determine the position of a high wall, which being done, the angle that the clouds make with it in their passage over the zenith is determined with sufficient accuracy by the eye, the observer standing very near the wall, and looking directly upwards. Were such observations carefully recorded, and carefully compared, each observer not only registering the direction in which the clouds move, but the kind of cloud observed, I think some approximation to the breadth of the currents would be obtained, which must be of great importance in meteorology.

**Another Aerial Machine.**—In addition to the aerial conveyance, which has been so much talked of in Paris, from the idea, that a communication may be effected between that city and London in a few hours, another machine, from which still greater expectations are formed, is now exhibiting in the Chaussee d'Antin. It is a sort of terrestrial ship, having three masts. With this curious machine, the inventor, M. Harquet, is said to have travelled from Tours to Paris at the rate of about twenty miles an hour.

**For the Benefit of future Historians.**—The late Count Araklshejew, the founder of the Military Colonies, established in Russia since the year 1817, has in his will bequeathed a capital of 50,000 rubles banco, as a prize for the best, most complete, and most authentic History of the Emperor Alexander, to be written by a Russian, in the Russian language, at the expiration of one hundred years from the death of that sovereign. In 82 years the Academy of Sciences is to give public notice, that the time for adjudging the prize is approaching; it will of course arrive in 1925. The fortunate candidate is then to receive three fourths of the accumulated capital; one fourth will remain at the disposal of the Academy of Sciences, and is to be applied to the printing of ten thousand copies of the work, to be sold at a low price. The produce of the sale, is to be expended in the publication of translations of the same work. The capital, which is to be put out at interest at 4 per cent, will have increased in the year 1925, to 1,918,960 rubles; so that the lucky writer will receive 1,439,220 rubles banco, certainly the highest prize ever won by the author of any literary composition.

**Lafayette's Letters.**—Perhaps no individual came in contact with so many remarkable persons from all the countries of the world as Lafayette. With his extensive correspondence, he must have left a great number of letters, which were addressed to him during the revolutions, by persons of all ranks, and no doubt their publication would be attended with many strange disclosures. It appears, that the family has been apprehensive lest these letters should be wrested from them on some pretext or other: for it has frequently happened, that on the decrease of influential statesmen, their papers and especially letters, have been arbitrarily seized, upon pretence that they belonged to the State. A considerable collection of letters, written by the different sovereigns of Europe to Napoleon, during the period of his highest power, were made away with in a different manner. Unluckily they got into private hands, and a speculator sold them to a foreign ambassador in London, who in his own name or that of his master, sent back to the potentates by whom the letters were written, those evidences of their former cringing submission, and thereby caused them a most agreeable surprise. Those important documents are now probably all destroyed, and lost to posterity. Though the documents left by Lafayette may not possess equal importance, they may

nevertheless serve to shame many individuals: but this is not the principal reason why their publication is desirable. They cannot but furnish information respecting the events of later times, and make us better acquainted with the character of many celebrated persons. It is probable, we understand, that they will soon appear, and as the press is free, and the family of the General independent, there is no cause to apprehend that any thing material will be suppressed.

**Music in Belgium.**—It is proposed, and we believe with the sanction of the government, that annual musical festivals shall in future be held alternately in the principal cities of Belgium.

**The Ravages of War.**—As illustrative of this subject, we find in *Le Soudan*, a Greek and French Journal published at Nauplia, (and for which we return thanks to a kind though unknown friend) the melancholy statement, that whereas the district of Argolis and Corinth contained more than 600,000 inhabitants, its population is now reduced to 89,130. The district of Nauplia, says the writer, contains one principal town, one market town, twenty-four villages, and 2,551 families; Corinthia—thirteen market towns, eighty-three villages, and 8,553 families; the province of Trézène—one principal town, one market town, nineteen villages, and twenty-one families; Hydra—one principal town, one hamlet, and 2,663 families; and lastly, the province of Hermione—two principal towns, two market towns, two villages, in all, 17,826 families; which, calculating each at five individuals, gives the above-mentioned number.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M.—P. J. received.

We have no doubt of the truth of every word written by 'A Friend to the Fine Arts,' but we must, in confidence and for our private satisfaction, have his name and address before we can avail ourselves of the information. We hope he will not refuse this, because we think that from his position he could often serve us in the same way.

We have received further suggestions as to the translation of *Curio Ath.* J. G. N. sees no difficulty, because he finds *Corophyllum* translated in Littleton's Lat. Dict. 'The Clover Gilliflower'; but it is not very probable that a common English flower should bear a price equal to 151. per lb. We have now little doubt that clovers are meant; and while on the subject, we will further request the reader to alter the passage thus: "Gib of cumin, and gib of clover."

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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## SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

**GENERAL MEETING OF THE MEMBERS** of this SOCIETY will be held at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS, on MONDAY, Sept. 29, at 12 o'clock.  
The subscribers to the Concerts of the Society are informed their Tickets are ready for delivery at Mr. Earl's, 23, Bedford-street.  
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J. H. TUTTON, Hon. Sec.

## TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

**MR. M. A. NICHOLSON**, Professor of Architectural Engineering and Perspective Drawing, (See of Mr. Peter Nicholson, and Joint Assistant to his much approved Works, 'The Architectural Dictionary,' 'The Practical Builder,' 'The Builder's Director,' &c.) returns thanks to his friends for the very liberal encouragement he has met with in his Profession, and respectfully notifies to them and the public, that from the numerous applications by young Gentlemen from the country as boarders, he has been induced to enlarge his Establishment, by which means he is now enabled to take two or three Pupils as Boarders.—Terms to be had by applying at No. 1, Melton-place, Leeson-square.—Day and Evening School as usual.  
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[J. HOLMES, TROTTER'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*A Collection of Geological Facts and Practical Observations, intended to elucidate the Formation of the Ashby Coal Field.*  
By Edward Mammatt, Esq., F.G.S. 4to.  
London: Lawford.

Mr. Mammatt is one of those valuable pioneers in science who furnish the materials from which the theoretical philosopher constructs his systems, and, by a few dashes of his pen, depicts the plan upon which the world, and all that therein is, have been created. Perfectly aware of the errors and absurdities into which those have fallen in the field of Geology, who have reasoned from partial views, and ill-understood phenomena, and anxious to contribute his share to the stock of positive knowledge, which, in that science, is still so great a desideratum, he has availed himself of his opportunities as a manager of the coal mines of the Marquis of Hastings, to collect a large mass of valuable practical information concerning the mineral and fossil remains of that part of the coal measures which he has had beneath his view.

It is, especially, to those who are engaged in mining speculations that the work is addressed; and, consequently, while it contains numerous details of the practical management of mines, as well as an explanation of points which the geologist will chiefly appreciate, its main object is to show how the latter may really be made to conduce to the benefit of the former.

"It is remarkable (Mr. Mammatt observes) in the history of Geological theory, that so few writers have given details of the observations upon which the conclusions are founded. This is one reason why few works of the kind have practically benefited the miner. Whilst some jumble together the strata of a district, others, rambling through kingdoms, extend their theories all over the globe.—Hitherto, so great has been the inutility of many valued writings on the subject, that they are seldom read by practical miners, who, knowing that the chief inferences were drawn from wrong premises, are disinclined from paying attention even to such facts as have been partially collected."

Now, that Mr. Mammatt has given his observations publicity, this reproach will no longer attach to Geology. He has treated the subject in every way of which it appears susceptible; but he has more especially insisted upon the importance to miners of a knowledge of the fossil remains by which the different coal strata are characterized, and as many as one hundred and two quarto lithographic plates, neatly coloured, are devoted to the illustration of this point. The knowledge of the fact, that each layer or stratum has its own peculiar fossil, has been of the greatest practical use in the Ashby coal-field; and, "although the generality of its application, as a principle, has been doubted, if not denied, yet since it holds good for some miles, it must be of extreme importance to the miner."

We find among the subjects which have more especially engaged the author's attention, numerous details concerning the evolution of carburetted hydrogen gas, and its management. He seems to think that this fatal exhalation, by which so many hundreds of lives have been unhappily lost, might be made useful to the miners, and he mentions an instance in the Ashby mines where that object might have been attained with a suitable apparatus. If this really were practicable, it would certainly be one of the greatest triumphs of man over nature.

Mr. Mammatt considers that the faults in mines are not produced, as they are generally supposed to be, by volcanic convulsions, but that "if the process of denudation, compression, and induration, be strictly investigated, it will explain the phenomena of slips in all their modifications throughout the Ashby coal-field. They extend to a depth altogether beyond our reach:—the deepest mines in the earth from their continuation downwards, and, on the surface, they are traced for miles. In like manner also the same process may account, not only for the small slips and dislocations, but for all tilts and declinations of strata. It will even account for the vertical position of entire masses, for the position of masses reversed for short distances, and for the sudden depressions of surface both in mountainous districts, and on the sea-shore, where the depths of the sea are generally proportioned to the height of the strata lying with their beds nearly vertical."

With regard to the inferences which are deducible from the observation of the fossils of the coal measures, Mr. Mammatt concludes, first, that the period of their existence must have been very remote, and vast denudations must have since taken place, by which the overlying masses, known to be formations over the coal (the abraded and broken edges of which bring the remains and proofs of such denudations), now border the coal district; secondly, that the present theories, so laboriously constructed, are *totally inadequate to explain the origin of these formations*; and that further diligent research, astronomically and otherwise, will bring to view more rational conclusions as to the causes of these phenomena. Upon this point the author is entirely at issue with Mr. Lyell and his school, who, notwithstanding the strongest evidence to the contrary, insist that geological appearances are owing to the action of causes still in operation. One would think that the tremendous escarpments of the Ghauts of India might alone convince them of the hopelessness of their case, without having recourse to the equally conclusive, but less obvious proofs deducible from the remains buried in the coal strata.

To analyze the contents of such a work as this, would far surpass our limits; in what manner the subject is treated is already apparent from the extracts we have given. It is, therefore, only necessary to add, that we regard it as one of the most important contributions to Geology which the present age,

fertile as it is in valuable observations, has produced. The measurements of the sections of strata, the map of the country round Ashby de la Zouch, in which this coal-field is situated, and the profiles of the principal seams, all have the marks of extreme accuracy. If we were to make any observations in blame, where there is so much to praise, we should say, the manner in which the lithographic plates of fossils has been executed is unworthy the beautiful execution of the remainder of the work.

*Wanderings in New South Wales, Batavia, Pedir Coast, Singapore, and China; being the Journal of a Naturalist in those Countries, during 1832, 1833, and 1834.* By George Bennett, Esq. F.L.S. M.R.C.S. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

Mr. Bennett is not altogether unknown to the readers of the *Athenæum*. It was to him we were indebted for the 'Notes on New Zealand,' which appeared in this journal in the years 1831-2. He has since then been a far voyager, and the work before us is the result. In a modest preface, he states, that he has "limited himself principally, if not entirely, to the notes taken at the instant of observation, his object being to relate facts in the order they occurred, and, without regard to studied composition, to impart the information he has been enabled to collect in simple and unadorned language, avoiding as much as possible the technicalities of science." This is well; but it relates to the mere form, and not to the substance of the work. The first and most important consideration was and is the value of the information collected; and here we felt at once that Mr. Bennett came before us at a disadvantage. So many excellent works have been lately published on New South Wales,—we may refer particularly to those of Dr. Lang and Captain Sturt,—that little of novelty and interest remained to be gleaned by any mere visitor, however observant, in wanderings on horseback from location to location. We confine our observations, because we mean to confine our extracts, for the present, to the first volume. The subsequent visits to the coast of China, &c. will form a separate review. Mr. Bennett, notwithstanding, has contrived to make a pleasant narrative of his voyaging and journeyings, and we have found many passages worth transferring to our paper. On arriving in the tropical regions, he makes some observations on flying-fish, the habits of which he appears to have watched attentively.

"I have never (he observes,) yet been able to see any percussion of the pectoral fins during flight, although such a high authority as Cuvier says, 'the animal beats the air during the leap, that is, it alternately expands and closes its pectoral fins;' and Dr. Abel also supports this opinion, and says that it agrees with his experience: he has repeatedly seen the motion of the fins during flight, and as flight is only



'swimming in air,' it appears natural that those organs should be used in the same manner in both elements. But the structure of a fin is not that of a wing; the pectoral fins or wings of the flying fish are simply enlarged fins, capable of supporting, perhaps, but not of propelling the animal in its flight.

"In fish, the organ of motion for propelling them through the water is the tail, and the fins direct their course; in birds, on the contrary, the wings are the organs of motion, and the tail the rudder. The only use of the extended pectoral fins in the fish is for the purpose of supporting the animal in the air, like a parachute, after it has leaped from the water by some power, which is possessed by fish of much larger size, even the whale. • • •

"The greatest length of time that I have seen these *volatile* fish on the *fin*, has been thirty seconds by the watch, and their longest flight, mentioned by Captain Hall, has been two hundred yards; but he thinks that subsequent observation has extended the space. The most usual height of flight, as seen above the surface of the water, is from two to three feet; but I have known them come on board at a height of fourteen feet and upwards; and they have been well-ascertained to come into the channels of a line of battle ship, which is considered as high as twenty feet and upwards.

"But it must not be supposed they have the power of elevating themselves in the air, after having left their native element; for on watching them I have often seen them fall much below the elevation at which they first rose from the water, but never in any one instance could I observe them raise themselves from the height at which they first sprang, for I regard the elevation they take to depend on the power of the first spring or leap they make on leaving their native element."

We shall now proceed at once to New South Wales; and Mr. Bennett confirms the general report, that though subject to skyey influences, it is on the whole a very flourishing colony; and his opinion is entitled to the more weight because he has no personal interest to bias his judgment.

"On making a circuit around the town of Sydney, the metropolis of the Australian colony, the extent of ground it occupies, the number of buildings completed, as well as those erecting for the increased and still increasing population, the variety and neatness of the shops, excite the surprise of a stranger, and still more of a person who revisits the town after a brief absence, at the rapid improvements that have taken place in this distant colony in so short a period of time. The humble wooden dwellings are fast giving place to neat houses and cottages constructed of brick or sand-stone; but, as may be expected in all recently established towns, there is much want of symmetry in the construction of the buildings; and on perambulating the streets, specimens of several unknown orders of architecture are seen; the cottage style, with neat verandas, is one much adopted for private dwellings, and has a neatness of external appearance, with which the interior usually corresponds. Many have neat gardens attached to them, in which, during the summer season, the blooming rose, as well as the pink, the stock, and other European flowers, impart a beauty, and remind one of home; or, in lieu of these gay vegetable productions, the industrious housekeeper has caused the plot of ground to be planted with peas, beans, cabbages, and other culinary vegetables. The tree cabbage, common on the European continent, but rarely seen in England, I observed introduced in the gardens; it thrives well in the colony. • • •

"The best view of the town, shipping, and adjacent country is that seen from the 'rocks,'

and the prospect afforded from this elevated situation is very fine. Shops of all kinds are rapidly multiplying; and lately there have been extensive emigrations of artisans of all descriptions from every part of the united kingdom: butchers, bakers, pastrycooks, provision merchants, shoemakers, apothecaries, fancy-bread bakers, booksellers, &c. &c. are numerous, and have neat, and some even elegant shops; the press sends forth their cards and circulars, and large posting bills, printed in a neat and even superior manner, equal to any similar production in our country towns in England."

Of the state of the convict population, Mr. Bennett observes,—

"The opinion which appears generally to prevail, that prisoners of the crown are placed in the colony in a better situation than free men, there is too much reason for regarding as correct. They are well fed and clothed, take good care to be never overworked, and have an hospital, with the best attendance, when sick. An assigned servant or convict may be correctly defined as an individual who is well fed and clothed—insolent and indolent—and takes care that the little work he has to perform is badly done. When sick, which often proceeds from lying idle too long in the sun, he walks to the hospital; and, from the exertion, together with the thoughts of 'bleeding, blistering, and physic,' he soon recovers, and returns to his master, to again undergo the fatigue of doing little or nothing. One of these characters applied for his ticket of leave, but soon returned, wishing again to be employed by his former master, if only for his food; at the same time observing, that he was better off before, in bondage, than he was now, partially free—so his fellow servants persuaded him to send the ticket back, and say, 'it was all a mistake.'

"The following anecdote may serve to illustrate the *misery* an iron gang occasions to spirit drinkers. A convict was once weighed by his comrades, and the weight at that time marked with chalk upon the barn door. A short time after this took place, he was sentenced for an offence to an iron gang for six weeks. After the term of his punishment had expired, and he returned to his master, he was observed to be in a stouter and more robust condition than before; his comrades again weighed him, to see what he had gained in flesh, if not in any moral benefit, by his punishment; when it was ascertained he had gained twenty pounds. • • •

"The London pickpockets are considered to make the best shepherds in the colony, as it suits their naturally idle habits; the industrious labourer cannot endure the very wearisome and lazy employment of looking after sheep; the petty larcener soon gets attached to his woolly charges, and the sheep, no doubt, by a natural instinct, to him; and thus the animals are tended with some degree of care; but the regular workman, detesting the occupation, (unless incapacitated from a more active employment, by age or accident,) seldom takes any interest in the valuable property entrusted to his care; the former are, therefore, to be preferred. The shepherds, when tending their flocks in the pasturage wide away their leisure time by manufacturing coarse but durable straw hats."

From the 'Wanderings' we shall collect together some scattered paragraphs relating to the native population.

"During a visit to the Murrumbidgee and Tumut countries, as well as other parts of the colony, I availed myself of every opportunity to procure information regarding acts of infanticide, as existing among the aborigines of this country. I succeeded in ascertaining that infants were frequently destroyed: sometimes the reason assigned was some personal defect in the infant, (whence we may attribute the fact of a deform-

ed person being seldom seen among native tribes,) or the mother not wishing to have the trouble of carrying it about; the female children were more frequently destroyed than the males. I heard of a weak and sickly child having been destroyed, and even eaten: the reason given by the unnatural parents was, that they were very hungry, and the child no use and much trouble; one redeeming quality, however, was, that they displayed a sense of shame when acknowledging the fact, and gave the reason for which they had committed so barbarous an act. It is seldom they will confess having destroyed their offspring: one, however, who had a child by an European, acknowledged it readily; and the reason given for the commission was its being like a *warragal*, or *native dog*. This was because the infant, like its papa, had a 'carrotty poll,' and thus resembled, in colour, the hair of the native dog, which is certainly not so handsome as the dark black locks of the aboriginal tribes.

"Although addicted to infanticide, they display, in other instances, an extraordinary degree of affection for their dead offspring, evidenced by an act that almost exceeds credibility, had it not so often been witnessed among the tribes in the interior of the colony. I allude to the fact of deceased children, from the earliest age to even six or seven years, being placed in a bag, made of kangaroo skin, and slung upon the back of the mother, who, besides this additional burden, carries her usual *netbul*, or *enly*, for provisions, &c. They carry them thus for ten or twelve months, sleeping upon the mass of mortal remains, which serves them for a pillow, apparently unmindful of the horrid fetor which emanates from such a putrifying substance. Habit must reconcile them to it, for a woman carrying such a burthen, may be 'nosed' at a long distance before seen; and a stranger, unacquainted with this native custom, will see a woman with a large pack upon her back, from which such an odour proceeds, as to make him doubt from what it can be produced. When the body becomes dry, or only the bones left, the remains are burnt, buried, or placed into a hollow trunk or limb of a tree: in the latter instance covering the opening carefully with stones, &c. All the information that could be procured from them respecting this disgusting custom, was, 'that they were afraid, if they buried them, the *Duckree*, or devil-devil would take them away. • • •

"Their habitations are merely sheets of bark, stripped from the trees in the vicinity, and supported by props, the sheet of bark being placed to windward, and shifted as might be required, the fire for cooking purposes, &c., being made in front. The aborigines are very expert in stripping large and perfect sheets of bark from the trees, and as this material is used by the colonists for the covering of huts and other purposes, the natives are often employed by them to procure it. The bark of two species of the *Eucalyptus* called 'stringy bark' and 'box-tree' by the colonists, (more particularly the former,) is preferred, as from them it is more readily stripped in pieces of the large size usually required. If the aborigines wanted to pass a river, I observed them strip off sheets of bark with great expedition, upon which they crossed, padding themselves with a piece of wood, sometimes placing piles of mud at each end of the rude bark to prevent the ingress of the water, if there was anything in it they wished to keep dry: having all the services they require out of the rudely constructed vessels, they desert and leave them either to be carried down the stream or rot on the banks, being aware that another canoe of the same rude construction is always ready when it may be required. • • •

"The natives are as dirty in general habits as in cookery, and this *wackan* race were often

seen as 'chimney ornaments' in the settlers' habitations, placing themselves on each side of the fire-place, or almost in the hearth, to get warm, looking like a huge piece of charred wood, and forming objects neither useful nor ornamental; they have a great antipathy to any thing like labour, (I do not mean to disparage the race by this observation, for all uncultivated tribes are similar in this respect,) and the only way to get rid of them whenever they became troublesome, was to set them to work."

The following is the curious description of a clergyman by one of the natives:

"He, white feller, belonging to Sundy, get up top o' waddy, pile long corrobora all about debbil debbil, and wear shirt over trowel."

Whether this was intended for wit, it may be difficult to determine; but we think that our inquisitive naturalist could hardly mistake what follows:—

"The aborigines were now collecting about the farms, in expectation of a feast at the ensuing Christmas festival. I went up to one who was busily engaged in making an opossum-skin cloak: he sewed the skins together with the fibres of the bark of the 'Stringy Bark' tree for thread, by first perforating holes in it with a sharp piece of bone, and then passing the thread through the holes as he proceeded. I asked him some questions, and then gave him a piece of tobacco, he asked for two piece tobacco, because 'I merry busy, and you ask me much,' said blackee."

We shall now give an extract or two from the 'Journal of a Naturalist.'

"It was related to me, that formerly such multitudes of parrots would beset a field of grain, as to oblige a settler to employ a number of men expressly to drive them away! and even then it was done with difficulty. This is now rare: which circumstance is not attributed to any depopulation of the 'Polly' tribe, but from cultivation having become more extended; the parrot population being now divided in flocks about the different fields, when formerly they made their formidable attacks upon one or two only, and then in such numbers, that, left undisturbed for only a few hours, it would suffice to destroy the hopes of the settler, at all events for that season. It was computed that thirty or forty thousand of these birds were about the field at one time; and, from what I saw, I do not consider the numbers were exaggerated."

The Bugong mountains, of which a view is given, is so called, it appears, from the multitude of small moths, called Bugong by the aborigines, which congregate about the masses of granite on this range of hills. These insects are sought after by the natives, as a delicious food.

"It appears that the insects are only found in such multitudes on these insulated and peculiar masses of granite; for about the other solitary granite rocks, so profusely scattered over the range, I did not observe a single moth, or even the remains of one. Why they should be confined only to these particular places, or for what purpose they thus collect together, is not a less curious than interesting subject of inquiry. Whether it be for the purpose of emigrating, or any other cause, our present knowledge cannot satisfactorily answer. . . .

"The Bugong moths collect on the surfaces and also in the crevices of the masses of granite in incredible quantities: to procure them with greater facility, the natives make smothered fires underneath those rocks about which they are collected, and suffocate them with smoke, at the same time sweeping them off frequently in bushels full at a time. After they have collected a large quantity, they proceed to prepare them, which is done in the following manner.

"A circular space is cleared upon the ground,

of a size proportioned to the number of insects to be prepared; on it a fire is lighted and kept burning until the ground is considered to be sufficiently heated, when, the fire being removed and the ashes cleared away, the moths are placed upon the heated ground, and stirred about until the down and wings are removed from them; they are then placed on pieces of bark, and winnowed to separate the dust and wings mixed with the bodies: they are then eaten, or placed into a wooden vessel called a 'Walbun, or Colibun,' and pounded by a piece of wood into masses or cakes resembling lumps of fat, and may be compared in colour and consistence to dough made from smutty wheat mixed with fat. The bodies of the moths are large, and filled with a yellowish oil, resembling in taste a sweet nut. These masses (with which the 'Netbuls' or 'Talabats' of the native tribes are loaded, during the season of feasting upon the 'Bugong') will not keep above a week, and seldom even for that time; but by smoking they are able to preserve them for a much longer period. The first time this diet is used by the native tribes, violent vomiting and other debilitating effects are produced; but after a few days they become accustomed to its use, and then thrive and fatten exceedingly upon it.

"These insects are held in such estimation among the aborigines, that they assemble from all parts of the country to collect them from these mountains. It is not only the native blacks that resort to the 'Bugong,' but crows also congregate for the same purpose. The blacks (that is, the crows and aborigines) do not agree about their respective shares, so the stronger decides the point; for when the crows (called 'Arabul' by the natives) enter the hollows of the rocks to feed upon the insects, the natives stand at the entrance, and kill them as they fly out, and afford them an excellent meal, being fat from feeding upon the rich Bugong. So eager are these feathered blacks or Arabuls after this food, that they attack it even when it is preparing by the natives; but as the aborigines never consider any increase of food a misfortune, they lie in wait for the Arabuls, with waddies or clubs, kill them in great numbers, and use them as food.

"The Arabul is, I believe, not distinct from the common crow found on the low lands, and which is called 'Gundagiar' or 'Worgan,' by the natives: the distinction, according to native report, is, that the 'fat fellers,' or those fed on the Bugong, are called Arabul, and the 'poor fellers,' or those who pick up what they can get on low lands, are designated by the latter names. About February and March the former visit the lowlands, having become in fine plump condition from their luxurious feeding. The assemblage of so many different tribes of natives at this season about the same range, and for similar objects, causes frequent skirmishes to take place between them; and oftentimes this particular place and season is appointed to decide animosities by actual battles, and the conquered party lose their supply of Bugong for the season.

"The height of the Bugong mountain may be two thousand feet from its base, and upwards of three thousand feet above the level of the sea. The quantity of moths which may be collected from one of the granite groups, it is calculated would amount to at least five or six bushels. The largest specimen I obtained measured seven-eighths of an inch with the wings closed, the length of the oily body being five-eighths of an inch, and of proportionate circumference; the expanded wings measured one inch and three quarters across; the colour of the wings dark brown, with two black ocellated spots upon the upper ones; the body filled with yellow oil, and covered with down."

Here we conclude for the present.

*Catterick Church, in the County of York: A correct Copy of the Contract for its Building, dated in 1412, &c.* By the Rev. James Raine. With Views, Elevations, &c., by Anthony Salvin, Architect. London: Weale.

*The History and Antiquities of the Fortifications to the City of York.* By Henry F. Lockwood and Adolphus H. Cates, Architects. London: Weale.

*Clarke's Easterbury Illustrated.* London: Weale.

HERE are three handsome volumes, respectively devoted to the illustration of our ecclesiastical, our military, and our domestic architecture.

In the first, the contract for building Catterick Church, now for the first time accurately printed, is a curious specimen of English as it was spoken at the commencement of the fifteenth century, in a remote district in Yorkshire. The reader, however, who should take it as a specimen of the English generally of the period, would be greatly deceived, since that spoken in London and in the southern counties, would be found much more closely to resemble the English of the present day. The simplicity of the terms of the contract will make many an architect smile, as well as the "reward" which Richard of Cracall was to receive if he completed his contract within the time specified. This was ten marks in money, and a gown "of William's wearing," a cast-off upper dress of William of Burgh, one of the contractors. But however the architect in the present day may be disposed to smile at a gift of cast clothes, we can easily imagine the pride with which Richard of Cracall put on the ample gown which had been worn by a great landed proprietor, and which had been expressly given as a token of approbation of the finished work. Indeed Mr. Raine observes, that "a robe or garment was a very general consideration in times of old, in addition to a money payment." Remarking upon the absence of any reference to a plan, he proceeds:

"No reference is made in the contract to any thing resembling the *working drawing* of modern times; nor has the greatest pains taken for this purpose been able to discover any such record relative to any other early fabric. The archives of Durham Cathedral have been carefully searched for architectural plans, but without success. A manuscript Commentary upon the Prophet Ezekiel, belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Durham, written apparently in the eleventh century, contains some curious pen-and-ink delineations, in the Norman style, of Ezekiel's temple, such as ground plans, elevations, &c., which prove the architectural skill of the commentator, and the fact, that it was no unusual thing to commit to parchment illustrations of this nature. "Patterns in paper," "portraictures," "patterns in timber," are referred to in the contract for the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick, in 1439; but during the earlier centuries of our national architecture, we suspect that models in wood, or drawings upon wooden tablets, were in general adopted as specifications by the contracting parties, and referred to during the progress of the work. Admitting this to have been the case, length of time, and the nature of the material, may account for the present non-existence of records which would have been so interesting. A mutilated figure in stone, some years ago removed from a niche or housing on the tower of Dur-

ham Cathedral, holds in its hands a church carved in the same material, upon a small scale, and of the Norman period. This figure may either represent the bishop who planned the work, or the mason who carried it into execution. We suspect the latter; but in either case we have here a proof that our ancestors practised the art of modelling upon a small scale, the point for which we are contending. Again, what is still more important to our object, there is in Worcester Cathedral, according to Mr. Carter (*Ancient Architecture*, i. p. 54), in the spandril of an arch, a representation, in stone, of an architect presenting the design of a building to a superior personage, who is examining it with attention. We fully agree with Mr. Carter as to the general purport of this valuable memorial, but we differ from him in his explanation; and we believe it, besides, to contain an important fact, which he has entirely overlooked. The drawing, on tablets, is in the hands of an ecclesiastic, but instead of having just received it for his approbation from the builder who is sitting near him, we believe him, *after having designed it himself*—for we could easily prove that our early architects were, in general, ecclesiastics—to be in the act of proposing it to the builder, as the pattern to be imitated in the contemplated work. At all events, the drawing is on tablets—another proof of our general theory, that wood, or some such material, was preferred to parchment."

Now, whatever may have been the method pursued in regard to mere parish churches, we can scarcely believe that parchment working drawings were never used during the construction of our cathedrals, especially when we consider their greater portability than models, and their being so much less liable to injury. The working drawings of many of the continental cathedrals are yet in existence, and are said to be so minute and precise, that an architect might easily rebuild the church from them. The *Quarterly Review*, some years since, remarking on this subject, says, that most of the drawings of Cologne, of Ulm, and of Strasburgh, still remain, and that there is also an engraving of the intended spire of Malines, which Sandrart gave from a similar source.

The next work on our table has a peculiar claim to the attention both of the architect and the antiquary, inasmuch as it forms the first part of a series intended to illustrate a branch of architectural antiquity which has hitherto fallen into very inefficient hands—the military architecture of the middle ages. It is a full description, illustrated by drawings from actual admeasurement, of the towers and walls of the venerable city of York, together with a history of them from the earliest times to the present year. We have been much gratified in looking over the plates: each plate seems to possess a distinctive character, and places that most curious remnant the multangular tower, to which we are inclined to assign a Roman origin, at the one end of the list, and the comparatively modern Fishergate at the other. York seems to possess a series of specimens of middle-age military architecture which no other British city can boast. The history is well drawn up, and the writers have spared no pains in consulting authorities. We would, however, warn them in their subsequent works to be very wary of statements found in the English chroniclers—Hall, Grafton, or Hollingshead, especially if relating to the early periods

of our history. There is scarcely an historical blunder in the popular histories of England which may not be traced to the misapprehensions or careless translations of these very chroniclers. We speak decidedly on this subject, for we speak advisedly, having frequently compared passages said by them to have been transcribed from William of Malmesbury, Matthew Paris, and others, and found them replete with mistakes. For the older chroniclers we have much more leniency, for we have frequently found their statements supported by contemporary documents; nay, we have sometimes thought that even Jeffry of Monmouth, he whose very name as an historian has been placed in the same category as that of Sir Johan Maundeville as a traveller, has scarcely received the attention he really merits. We do not refer to that portion of his history which tells of Brute, and Loerine, and the giant Gogmagog, but to that part which extends from about the third century to the exile of Cadwallader to Bretagne. That this writer certainly availed himself of an immense mass of traditions still floating among the Britons, we have the testimony of the late Mr. Ellis, Sharon Turner, and Mr. Price; and, of that mass of tradition, what was more likely to be handed down correctly, because most vividly impressed on the minds of the homesick exiles, than those circumstances which led to their abandonment of their father land? To return from this digression, we cordially recommend Messrs. Lockwood and Cates's work to our readers, and wish them success in their future labours.

The third work before us presents a series of plans, illustrative of an old mansion, in the parish of Barking, termed Easterbury, which name the writer who has furnished Mr. Clarke with the two sheets of letter-press quaintly saith, "belongs not unto any village or hamlet, (which there is not,) but unto this mansion alone, as if called East building, to distinguish it from Westbury, a smaller mansion, with manorial territory and privileges, which lies westward, very nigh to the town of Barking." What families originally occupied the spot, and whether Eastbury, like its neighbour Westbury, was a fief of the abbey of Barking, whose lady abbess held baronial rule over a large extent of territory, as the writer says, "there is none evidence," nor, what is of more importance, can the date of the building be ascertained with any degree of certainty. 1572 has been the date assigned when the estate was in the possession of Clement Lisle, and it is probably correct. The mansion, wholly built of large red bricks, presents in its general features the domestic style of the Elizabethan era, a period at which we cannot but consider the Tudor architecture greatly on the decline. The work of Mr. Clarke will, however, we doubt not, prove very acceptable to his brother architects, as affording full and minute details of a building which seems to have undergone scarcely any alterations since its first erection, and which will, within a few years, most probably be levelled with the ground.

In conclusion, we must express our gratification, that so many works like these owe their origin, in the present day, to the exertions of architects; not merely because it

affords a pledge of that perfect accuracy, which, important in every branch of antiquarian research, is most important of all in this; but even more for the pledge it affords, that the hand which has so carefully copied, and so minutely delineated, every peculiarity of the venerable ruin, will never be wantonly raised for its overthrow.

*Jacob Faithful.* By the Author of 'Peter Simple,' 'The King's Own,' &c. 3 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

It is not kind to an author to unravel the plot of his forthcoming novel, to lay bare the heart of his mystery in a prefatory review; nor, in truth, is it a very easy matter to do so skillfully. But when the author himself prefixes to each volume a table of contents, it must be evident that he does not rest his hopes of success on any mystery, or intricacy, or involvements, and disentanglings; and the critic who shall present such table of contents to his readers must, at least in the author's opinion, do him full justice. This we have resolved upon in the present instance; and we are of opinion, that reader and author will be equally satisfied.

*Contents to the 1st Volume.*

CHAP. I.—My birth, parentage, and family pretensions—Unfortunately I prove to be a detrimental or younger son, which is remedied by a trifling accident—I hardly receive the first elements of science from my father, when the elements conspire against me, and I am left an orphan.

C. 2.—I fulfil the last injunctions of my father, and I am embarked upon a new element—First bargain in my life very profitable, first parting with old friends very painful—First introduction into civilized life very unsatisfactory to all parties.

C. 3.—I am sent to a charity school, where the boys do not consider charity as a part of their education—The peculiarities of the master, and the magical effects of a blow, of the nose—A disquisition upon the letter A, from which I find all my previous learning thrown away.

C. 4.—Sleight of hand at the expense of my feet—Filling a man's pockets as great an offence as picking them, and punished accordingly—A turn out, a turn up, and a turn in—Early impressions removed, and redundancy of feeling corrected by a spell of the rattan.

C. 5.—Mr. Knapps thinks to catch me napping, but the plot is discovered, and Barnaby Bracegirdle is obliged to loosen his braces for the second time on my account—Drawing caricatures ends in drawing blows—The usher is ushered out of the school, and I am very neatly ushered into the next world, but instead of being bound on so long a journey, I am bound 'prentice to a waterman.

C. 6.—I am recommended to learn to swim, and I take the friendly advice—Heavy suspicion on board of the lighter, and a mystery, out of which Mrs. Radcliffe would have made a romance.

C. 7.—The mystery becomes more and more interesting, and I determine to find it out—Prying after things locked up, I am locked up myself—Fleming proves to me that his advice was good when he recommended me to learn to swim.

C. 8.—More of the ups and downs of life—Up before the magistrates, then down the river again in the lighter—The Toms—A light heart upon two sticks—Receive my first lesson in singing—Our lighter well manned with two boys and a fraction.

C. 9.—The two Toms take to protocoling—Treaty of peace ratified between the belligerent



parties—Lots of songs and supper—The largest mess of roast meat upon record.

C. 10.—Help to hang my late bargemate for his attempt to drown me—One good turn deserves another—The subject suddenly dropped, at Newgate—A yarn in the law line—With due precautions and preparation, the Domine makes his first voyage—to Greenwich.

C. 11.—Much learning adrift—Young Tom is very lively upon the dead languages—The Domine, after experiencing the wonders of the mighty deep, prepares to revel upon lobsouse—Though the man of learning gets many songs and some yarns from old Tom, he loses the best part of a tale, without knowing it.

C. 12.—Is a chapter of tales in a double sense—The Domine, from the natural effects of his single-heartedness, begins to see double—A new definition of philosophy, with an episode on jealousy.

C. 13.—The 'fun grows fast and furious'—The pedagogue does not scan correctly, and his feet become very unequal—An allegorical compliment almost worked up into a literal quarrel—At length, the mighty are laid low, and the Domine hurts his nose.

C. 14.—Cold water and repentance—The two Toms almost moral, and myself full of wise reflections—The chapter, being full of grave saws, is luckily very short; and though a very sensible one, I would not advise it to be skipped.

C. 15.—I am unshipped for a short time, in order to record shipments and engross invoices—Form a new acquaintance, what is called in the world 'a warm man,' though he passed the best part of his life among icebergs, and one whole night within the ribs of death—His wife works hard at gentility.

C. 16.—High life above stairs, a little below the mark—Fashion, French, virtù, and all that.

C. 17.—The Tomkinsons' fête champêtre and fête dansante—Lights among the gooseberry-bushes—All went off well, excepting the lights, they went out—A winding up that had nearly proved a catastrophe—Old Tom proves that danger makes friends, by a yarn, young Tom, by a fact.

#### Contents to the 2nd Volume.

CHAP. 1.—The art of hard lying made easy, though I am made very uneasy by hard lying—I send my ruler as a missive, to let the parties concerned know, that I'm a rebel to tyrannical rule—I am arraigned, tried, and condemned without a hearing—What I lose in speech is made up in feeling, the whole wound up with magnanimous resolves and a little sobbing.

C. 2.—The breach widened—I turn sportsman, poacher, and desperado—Some excellent notions propounded of common law upon common rights—The common keeper uncommonly savage—I warn him off—He prophesies that we shall both come to the gallows—Some men are prophets in their own country—The man right after all.

C. 3.—Our last adventure not fatal—Take to my grog kindly—Grog makes me a very unkind return—Old Tom at his yarns again—How to put your foot in a mischief, without having a hand in it—Candidates for the cat-o'-nine-tails.

C. 4.—On a sick bed—Fever, firmness, and folly—Bound 'prentice to a waterman—I take my first lesson in love, and give my first lesson in Latin—The love lesson makes an impression on my auricular organ—Verily, none are so deaf as those who won't hear.

C. 5.—Is very didactic, and treats learnedly of the various senses, and 'human nature,' is also diffuse on the best training to produce a moral philosopher—Indeed, it contains materials with which to build up one system, and half a dozen theories, as these things are now made.

C. 6.—A very sensible chapter, having refer-

ence to the senses—Stapleton, by keeping his under controul, keeps his head above water in his wherry—Forced to fight for his wife, and when he had won her, to fight on to keep her—No great prize, yet it made him a prize-fighter.

C. 7.—The warmth of my gratitude proved by a very cold test—The road to fortune may sometimes lead over a bridge of ice—Mine lay under it—*Amor vincit* everything but my obstinacy, which young Tom and the old Domine in the sequel will prove to their cost.

C. 8.—The feast of reason and the flow of soul—Stapleton, on human nature, proves the former; the Domine, in his melting mood, the latter—Sall's shoe particularly noted, and the true 'reading made easy' of a mind at ease, by old Tom.

C. 9.—The Domine's bosom grows too warm; so the party and the frost break up—I go with the stream and against it; make money both ways—Coolness between Mary and me—No chance of a Thames' edition of Abelard and Eloise—Love, learning, and Latin, all lost in a fit of the sulks.

C. 10.—A good fare—Eat your pudding and hold your tongue—The Domine crossed in love; the crosser also crossed—I find 'that all the world's a stage,' not excepting the stern sheets of my wherry—Cleopatra's barge apostrophized on the river Thames.

C. 11.—The picnic party—Sufferings by oil, ice, fire, and water—Upon the whole, the 'diverting vagabonds,' as the Thespian heroes and heroines are classically termed, are very happy, excepting Mr. Winterbottom, whose feelings are, by sitting down, down to zero.

C. 12.—Mr. Turnbull 'sets his house in order'—Mrs. T. thinks such conduct very disorderly—The captain at his old tricks with his harpoon; he pays his lady's debts of honour, and gives the applicant a quitance under his own foot—Monsieur and Madame Tagliabue withdrawn from the society of *ces barbares les Anglais*.

#### Contents of the 3rd Volume.

CHAP. 1.—Mr. Turnbull finds out that money, although a necessary evil, is not a source of happiness; the Domine finds out that a little calumny is more effectual than Ovid's Remedy for Love; and I find out that walking gives one a good appetite for fillet of veal and bacon—I set an example to the clergy in refusing to take money for a seat in church.

C. 2.—Mr. Turnbull and I go on a party of pleasure—It turns out to be an adventure, and winds up with a blunderbuss, a tin box, and a lady's cloak.

C. 3.—The waterman turns water knight—I become chivalrous, see a beautiful face, and go with the stream—The adventure seems to promise more law than love, there being papers in the case, that is, in a tin box.

C. 4.—A ten-pound householder occupied with affairs of state—The advantage of the word 'implication'—An unexpected meeting and a reconciliation—Resolution *versus* bright black eyes—Verdict for the defendant, with heavy damages.

C. 5.—How I was revenged upon my enemies—We try the bars of music, but find that we are barred out—Being *no go*, we go back.

C. 6.—The Domine reads me a sermon out of the largest book I ever fell in with, covering nearly two acres of ground—The pages not very easy to turn over, but the type very convenient to read without spectacles—He leaves off without shutting his book, as parsons usually do at the end of their sermons.

C. 7.—A long story, which ends in the opening of the tin box, which proves to contain *deeds* much more satisfactory to Mr. Wharncliffe than the *deeds* of his uncle—I begin to feel the blessings of independence, and suspect that I have acted like a fool—After two years' consideration

I become quite sure of it, and, as Tom says, 'No mistake.'

C. 8.—A chapter of losses to all but the reader, though at first Tom works with his wit, and receives the full value of his exertions—We make the very worst bargain we ever made in our lives—We *lose* our fare, we *lose* our boat, and we *lose* our liberty—All loss and no profit—Fare very unfair—Two guineas worth of argument, not worth two-pence, except on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war.

C. 9.—There are many ups and downs in this world—We find ourselves in the Downs—Our Captain comes on board, and gives us a short sermon upon antipathies, which most of us never heard the like of—He sets us all upon the *go*, with his *stop watch*, and never calls the *watch* until the *watch* is satisfied with *all hands*.

C. 10.—"To be, or not to be," that is the question—*Splinter*, on board of a man-of-war, very different from *splinters* in the finger on shore—Tom prevents this narrative from being wound up by my going down—I receive a lawyer's letter, and instead of being annoyed, am delighted with it.

C. 11.—I interrupt a matrimonial duet and capsize the boat—Being on dry land, no one is drowned—Tom leaves a man of war because he *don't like it*—I find the profession of a gentleman preferable to that of a waterman.

C. 12.—All the little boys are let loose, and the Domine is caught—Anxious to supply my teeth, he falls in with other teeth, and Mrs. Bately also shows her teeth—Gin outside, gin in, and gin out again, and old woman out also—Domine in for it again—More like a Whig ministry than a novel.

C. 13.—In which I take possession of my own house, and think that it looks very ill furnished without a wife—Tom's discharge is sent out, but by accident it never reaches him—I take my new station in society.

C. 14.—The Domine proves Stapleton's "human natur" to be correct—The red-coat proves too much of a match for the blue—Mary sells Tom, and Tom sells what is left of him, for a shilling—We never know the value of anything till we have lost it.

C. 15.—I am made very happy—In other respects a very melancholy chapter, which, we are sorry to inform the reader, will be followed up by one still more so.

C. 16.—Read it.

C. 17.—In which, as usual in the last chapter of a work, everything is wound up much to the reader's satisfaction, and not a little to the author's, who lays down his pen, exclaiming, Thank God!

Next week, perhaps, we shall offer an opinion of our own on this novel, and illustrate some of these illustrative introductions now given.

*European Belles Lettres of the Latest Times, &c.*—[*Die Schöne Litteratur Europa's in der Neuesten Zeit, &c.*] By Dr. O. L. B. Wolff, Professor at the University of Jena. Leipzig. London: Richter & Co.

This volume affords a striking and happy illustration of German industry and literary enthusiasm. Dr. Wolff is a distinguished Professor, engaged in the laborious occupation of imparting instruction to the turbulent youth (*Burschenschaft*) of a German university. But, as though this were the slightest and easiest of tasks, finding a considerable number of grown ladies and gentlemen, desirous of acquiring such a knowledge of the living literature of Christian Europe as might satisfy the merely curious, and serve to guide the choice and the studies of such as wished to make themselves thoroughly ac-

quainted with the language and literature of any one foreign nation, he composed for, and delivered to, them a course of lectures on the poets and poetry (Germans include prose fiction in poetry) of the nineteenth century in England, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, and Hungary. These lectures constitute the goodly octavo now before us; and, to readers of German, who may share in any of the views of Dr. Wolff's audience, we strongly recommend its perusal. For ourselves, within our narrow limits, we can do no more towards imparting its stores of knowledge, than offer two or three specimens of the subjects treated, and of the lecturer's manner of treating them; and, as this last should logically and *æsthetically*† come first, to show the character of the judgments pronounced, we will begin with the review of English poetry and poets, taking from amongst the number, Lord Byron, chiefly because he is the one best appreciated by all Germans, especially those, like our Professor, of the liberal school. Of him Dr. Wolff says—

Byron was the martyr of genius. His character is his poetry, his poetry his character. • • • Whatever can be required of a poet he possessed; the most glowing imagination, fullness of thought, deep sensibility, and a power of eloquence that, without any previous adjuration, poured immediately out from the soul a roaring mountain torrent, never exhausted, ever flowing when his heart was touched—a power such as is rarely bestowed. I might say he was the most highly-developed human being that ever existed, since in him all the virtues and all the faults of human nature were united; hatred and love, zeal for liberty and a domineering temper, goodness and harshness—in short, everything except vulgarity, for, over the whole, his innate nobleness of nature hovered triumphant. • • • Even because in all points he so completely gave himself as he was, he must awaken some kindred tone in every breast; for, whatever touches the individual, that he has experienced—and doubly—as well in his actual as in his poetical existence. • • • Therefore, if we cannot altogether love him—if we must occasionally feel wrath with him, because he often wounds and pains us, yet must we ever admire and revere in him the nobility of human nature, as it reveals itself in its richest strength—in the creative activity of genius. • • •

It is in his smaller lyrical pieces that the poet appears most amiable. • • • A dark melancholy spreads her veil over most of these, but the internal truth of feeling breaks, nevertheless, victoriously through. They touch upon every momentous point of his external and internal life, and bear within them a strange species of magic, that acts upon the soul of the reader, who long continues to see every object in the light in which they have presented it. • • •

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage paints the inmost feelings of the poet, as they arose in the course of his travels, and of his life, under the borrowed personality of a wild young profligate, an exaggerated likeness of the poet, who has drawn his own portrait from a concave mirror. This most idiosyncratic poem, which can hardly be classed under any of the recognized divisions, is, in fact, a sort of poetical diary, and, considered under this aspect, is wholly free from the faults usually laid to its charge, since of such a piece the *subjectivity*‡ of its author is an essential quality.

† A German word, coined some years since, and now the rage, to express the philosophy of the fine arts, including poetry.

‡ A German *æsthetic* term, meaning the colouring of external objects by the peculiar temperament of a writer.

• • • The last two cantos are superior to the first two, in proportion as the poet's soul had more richly developed itself, and, like fine steel, acquired temper in the fire of passion and of fate.

Concerning Don Juan, our author quotes from the works of the deceased Wilhelm Müller a long and clever passage, comparing this poem with Childe Harold, as fully expressing his own sentiments. We extract the beginning and the end.

Childe Harold and Don Juan, the most individual and comprehensive works of our poet, are two antipodes, having, however, like the inhabitants of the light and dark sides of the world, a common centre, round which they revolve, upon which they are supported. This centre is the spiritual personality of their author, which manifests itself in opposite directions, through the medium, here of a misanthropic pilgrim, there of a life-enjoying worldling. • • • In the execution both poems appear to us equally successful, each according to its own character. Here, inward energy of mind, and a boldly-soaring imagination, speak in language which struggles through its antiquated form; there, a social chit-chat, a poetry in the very lightest undress, that seems to render only a sportive homage to form, and whose motto is, "What pleases is lawful." Why the morality of Don Juan has been run down as so much more dangerous than that of Childe Harold, we do not conceive. Don Juan is not a book adapted to influence the age most open to seduction, youth; and he who is able to comprehend its spirit, will likewise be able to resist it, if a dangerous attack from this quarter must still be matter of apprehension. The fancy and the feelings are more easily seduced than the understanding; and, therefore, is the witty immorality of Don Juan a much less dangerous viand for literary taste than the sentimental misanthropy of the romantic pilgrim.

Our next specimen shall be from the review of Italian literature, and this chiefly because we there find an extract from the tragedian Nicolini, so superior to anything we ever before saw of his, that we confess we were a little astonished to discover what this tame poet can do, when inspired by his subject. Our Professor tells us—

Nicolini's last work, the tragedy of 'Nabucco,' which clothes recent events in a garb of fiction, appears to have made but little way in his own country; and, whether upon good or bad grounds, we will not inquire, to have been, in some sort, suppressed.

Nabucco, it seems, means Napoleon, which may sufficiently explain this suppression, or, if it do not, the scene which Wolff extracts amply supplies any deficiency. We will translate the beginning, after a word of introduction. Nabucco has been defeated in battle, and is brought upon the stage by warriors, whose arms differ from his, and whose leader keeps his visor closed. Nabucco says—

Whither, thou unknown champion, dost thou lead?  
With what illusive hope wouldst thou deceive me?  
Or to which hostile monarch's rage or pity,  
Traitor, preserest thou me, to be by him  
Slain or degraded? Vainly dost thou hope it,  
Assyrian! An unfailing friend, my sword,  
Is left me.

Araces (unclasping his visor). Lo! my countenance  
I reveal;

Proceed.

Nab. Araces! Thou against me wagest  
Magnanimous hostility: Nabucco  
This day by thee is overcome. But why  
Wouldst thou I should cull my fortune? Where,  
Have on the battle field, can I such death  
Hope, as becometh a king? With my slain friend  
I well had fallen! Araces! Mine Araces!

Ar. Sublime the motives that impels. In thee,  
My country and her freedom to defend,  
I hope. Vast is the palace, this recess

Unknown. Our swords and skill shall open roads  
For flight, and then—

Nab. What say'st! Let Asia rather  
Behold me, first by monarchs, now by thee,  
Betrayed, submit to fate; let her abhor,  
But not condemn Nabucco!

Ar. Fraud has scattered

Thy warriors, not destroyed. Still of thy name  
The dread remains. Liberty's sacred standard  
Do thou advance, and thousand heroes come  
Will throng upon thy steps. Too great art thou  
To be a king. Thy fortage and thine arms,  
The fruits of Scythia, and Araxes' floods,  
Have baffled; but thy genuine glory thou,  
When thou didst climb a throne, was forfeited.  
Then fell Nabucco, when he made himself  
Equal with kings. Mark of thy throne the ruins.  
The citizens, because thou art a king,  
Abhor thee; whilst, as lowlier born, the king  
Hates and disdains thee. Now that fortune frowns,  
This calls thee an usurper, that a tyrant.  
Th' affection of the one may be regained;  
A nation can forgive; so monarchs can.  
All Asia knows that, to the throne, Araces  
Hears hate eternal, and fights not for kings.  
Yet swear thou truth to liberty, and I  
And those brave men are thine! But first, repentant,  
Tear thou off, trample on the diadem  
That now pollutes thy helmet, and renounce  
Kingdom and guilt at once. Then thy right hand  
Shall be invincible and sacred.—Giv'st me I  
Lay it upon my bosom;—never thus  
Thrilled heart of slave!

Nab. Araces, what demand'st thou?  
I'll die—deceive I cannot. I was born  
To govern, the Assyrian to obey.  
The hearts of others (no noble error!) thou  
By thine own judgest; thou dost feel, not think.  
I, who this age and human kind both know  
And scorn, know further, that a needful tyrant  
I've been, to whom alone, with lower shame,  
The earth might bow. Believe me, liberty  
And glory are not for the ignoble herd.  
The hero, not the tyrant, was in me  
Abhorred. I erred indeed—'twas when I sought  
To aggrandize my slaves. Chains, only chains,  
Not trophies! Dear, in tranquil servitude,  
The yoke becomes. Mine enemies their crowns  
Owe to ancestral guilt, time-consecrated,  
Not to ancestral glory. Ancient wrongs  
Asia has into rights converted. I,  
Truly a king, since equals I have none,  
Vainly should I my fifty victories,  
And Asia, brimming with my works, invoke  
In my defence against these angry slaves.  
To ask for succour, could I stoop. The vulgar  
(And many are the vulgar) can endure  
Of ancient glory, as 't grows dim in kings,  
A feeble glimmering. My vivid light  
Dazzles their mortal eyes.

This may suffice to show that Nicolini can write vigorously—and we turn northward from Italy. It might seem but reasonable to select for extract a German critic's opinion of German literature. But we have reasons of our own for not making this choice. Upon topics so familiar to his auditors, our lecturer gives only general views and *æsthetic* opinions, which, in so short an extract as we have room for, would be scarcely intelligible, and certainly not interesting, to English readers. We shall, therefore, reserve this subject wholly for the more detailed survey with which we hope soon to present our readers in original papers, and conclude our notice of this course of lectures with an extract that may afford sufficient information upon another, little known, and not very fruitful subject, the language and literature of Poland. Dr. Wolff says—

The Polish language is the principal of the five north-western Slavonian dialects. It has been advantageously modified by foreign, especially Italian influence, and early acquired a characteristic development, not a little favoured by its flexibility and euphony. This was assisted by the universal practice of sending abroad for education the young nobles, who returned, nevertheless, from foreign lands, glowing with patriotism, and ready to devote the whole lore of their hearts to their home. The common people, indeed, retained their rudeness; and the history of the intellectual culture of Poland is distinguished by one remarkable circumstance, that here the advancement of literature, as of the arts and sciences, has proceeded, not as in

other countries from the middle classes of society, but exclusively from the nobility, and is, therefore, still almost confined to them.

The real history of Polish national literature begins with Sigismund I. The century from this prince's accession to the opening of the Jesuit's College at Cracow (from 1506 to 1622) may justly be considered as its golden age.

During this period flourished, as Wolff tells us, the poets, John, Andreas, and Peter Kochanowsky (two brothers and a nephew), Simon Seymonowicz, and Stanislas Grochowsky, Archbishop of Lemberg, and the historian Stanislas Orzechowaky. No great harvest for a golden age!

The next period, from 1622 to 1760, was one of degradation and lethargy. The language was adulterated with Latin, and little written save dull polemics under John Casimir, and flattery under John Sobiesky: under their successors, nothing.

The third period, from 1760 to the present day, is that of the regeneration of Polish belles lettres. Under Stanislas Augustus the arts and sciences were actively cherished. . . . During the last ten years of the 18th century, and the first thirty of the 19th, Julian Ursin Niemcewicz, and Adam Mickiewicz, take the lead as poets. The first highly distinguished himself as a dramatic and a lyric poet, especially by his historic lays, celebrating the high feats of compatriot heroes, and which, passing from mouth to mouth, have become the common property of the people. Glowing patriotism, originality, happy management of his subject, and sparkling wit, characterize his productions. . . . He took a zealous part in the last war for liberty, and was compelled by its unfortunate issue to leave his country at an advanced age, and seek an asylum in England.

In richness of imagination and creative geniality he is surpassed by Mickiewicz, who is unanimously pronounced the first modern Polish poet. He led the way in breaking the shackles of the French school, which were still anxiously worn in Poland. An army rose up against him, assailing him with all conceivable weapons; it was even asserted, that his proneness to romantic poetry, rather than his freedom of speech, was the cause of his banishment to the Crimea, under Alexander. He subdued his enemies, chiefly by the excellence of his poetic pictures, in which, despite the foreign models and scenes surrounding him, he strove to be perfectly national. He speedily gathered a party, and founded a new school of poetry.

The German versions of some of Mickiewicz's pieces, show that he really possesses much poetic talent; but, as a second-hand translation of poetry could give but little idea of the bard's powers and style, we shall not attempt one, but conclude with a few more names of living, or lately deceased, Polish poets.

Valentine Gurski, happy in odes and idylls; Dyzma Boncza Tomaszewsky, known as an epic and didactic poet, and not unsuccessful in comedy; Alois Felinsky (deceased in 1826), celebrated as a versifier, and not without tragic talent, though in French shackles; Prince Adam Czartoryski (born 1733, died 1823), an original writer of comedy, and otherwise a highly-meritorious cultivator of the national literature; his daughter, a divorced Duchess of Wurtemberg, is the writer of a novel, esteemed the best in Polish, *Malvina*.

Dr. Wolff looks to a future Polish literary harvest, from the soil now so amply manured with blood. We suspect that Poland must first cease to be Russian.

*A Journey in India, &c.* By Victor Jacquemont. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bull & Churton.

On the first publication of this work, nearly twelve months since, we entered into a general review of it, and gave some copious translations, † but it arrived at an unfortunate moment, just as our own publishing season had begun to put forth its fruits, and we were so cramped for room, that, after all, we did but imperfect justice to a work, every page of which offers subjects of interest. We are well pleased, therefore, to have this forthcoming English edition as an apology for reverting to the subject.

In our former notice, we expressed our regret that the French editor had not introduced the work with some biographical particulars of so amiable a man,—one so devoted to science, and who lost his life in its pursuit. We regret still more, that the English editor has not supplied the deficiency; but the character of the man will become known to the reader of the work, for it is written in legible characters in every page. Jacquemont was one of the most delightful of letter writers: he breathes out his whole heart in his correspondence. A light breaks in upon us at the very opening. It is a passage in a letter written to a friend, who had spent an evening with him, while waiting to embark at Brest:—

"Is it not the same thing, whether a painful object meets our eyes, or an idea of sadness passes over our mind? Imagination and memory form a little magic lantern which makes us melancholy or cheerful, according to the things it calls to our recollection. Without rising from our chair, and without any appreciable change in the external things around us, we are by turns, passively and irresistibly, either serene or madly merry, or taciturn, gloomy, and melancholy. Others, who, with the eyes in their hands, cannot perceive these little internal tempests, see only unevenness of temper in these effects, and unhesitatingly impute it to us as a weakness inherent in our nature. You know too, that M. Fortin, our skilful engineer, makes scales, which, on being changed with the weight of a kilogramme, enclosed in a glass case, and placed in a well-closed room, will fearfully move up and down, if a poor hack but roll along the street. The happy few, my good friend, are machines equally subtle, and still more delicate and impressible. The grocer, who weighs his articles in rude scales, always tending to be in equilibrium, seeing those of Fortin trembling at the passage of a carriage, would not divine the cause of their motion, and like some others, would condemn them, as bad and fantastical. Well then! the true reason why, yesterday evening, you found neither me, nor the hot water, to your taste, is, that I at least was, in a very serious mood, and, what is worse, dreadfully *ennuyé*. In such a case, the best thing a man can do, is to go to bed; others gain by it, in not seeing him when disagreeable, and he escapes with, perhaps, dreaming sometimes of annoyances, such as a pair of slippers too short, or any other bedevilment."

Here is his account of life on ship-board, which, we know by experience, but too true:—

"Life is idle and monotonous. I have lived upon prose since I have been on board: it is the sea system, and I must yield to it. If you imagine that there is any poetry in the life of a sailor, how greatly are you mistaken! Nothing is more like a convent than a ship of war. Every day resembles the one before; each hour

brings periodically the same task; there is no care for anything external, and within, a profound reliance on the return of breakfast in the morning, and dinner in the evening. One is sure, when night comes, to find one's bed made, and on awaking in the morning, a change of linen. This uniformity might suit a studious life: but beware of it. The day drags on, and is wasted on words and trifles."

The following appears to us equally just, beautiful, and characteristic:—

"Sometimes, in those rare moments when I am allowed to be alone, fantastic images of happiness and misery rise before me in the dim obscurity of the past, I know not whether I am dreaming or awake: for some moments I remain dazzled, and when I again open my eyes, I perceive that I was only recollecting, while I thought I was dreaming. Yet, my friend, the memory of those piercing impressions which once thrilled my very soul, is becoming gradually effaced. The mind alone possesses memory. It recalls exactly the facts of which it has had cognisance,—the ideas which it has conceived. It recalls them, even when it has ceased to judge them. The heart has not this faculty: it possesses no memory—it knows only what it actually feels. If it appears to recall past feelings, it is because they are not yet extinguished, and still affect it."

In a former notice, we gave his sketches of society at the Brazils; here is a pretty picturesque description of the harbour of Rio:—

"I unfortunately am acquainted with Naples only by means of pictures and panoramas, and you will most likely not acknowledge me as a judge of its beauty. But the roadstead at Rio appears to me to be still more beautiful. The virgin forest of M. de Clarac is not thick enough; the sky is seen among the trees, and this is incorrect. Enormous parasitical plants, whose scientific names I spare you, but whose foliage resembles the noble leaves of the pine-apple, and their flowers those of the iris, but variegated with a thousand colours, grow on the trees like our mistletoe. A thousand different species of creepers climb, and hang in festoons over the flowery masses, and interlace in a hundred different ways. If you wish to pluck one, you would bring down a whole forest. Then, in the environs of Naples, I, as a botanist, can find only sixty species of trees, both great and small, seven or eight at most of which are common. Around Rio I reckon a thousand very common: hence a prodigious variety of foliage, form and colour."

So we, heretofore, gave his account of society at Calcutta; his pleasant sketches of pleasant people, including the Governor General and others. Here is a more general picture:—

"People do not come here to live, and enjoy life; they come—and this is the case in all states of society here—in order to gain something to enjoy life elsewhere. There is no such a thing as a man of leisure at Calcutta. The governor-general has the most to do; next to him the chief justice; and, after these, the advocates-general, and so on. It is almost wholly among this class of men that some are to be found whose taste for study can enable them to steal a few moments of leisure amid the duties of their station. All who are not men of highly gifted intellect, soon lose their energy, and yield to disgraceful indolence. Immediately below the high ranks, you find the most vulgar and common rabble;—yet, for a truly small number of Europeans, there are journals without number, both political and literary; there are learned societies, or societies calling themselves such, of every denomination—cranio-logical, phrenological, horticultural, literary,



medical, Wernerian, and I know not how many besides—whose members scarcely yield either in science or appetite to similar institutions in the United States."

We must add to this, his account of a dinner at the Government House:—

"The company was assembled in Lady William's drawing-room. I was her *chevalier*, and sat next to her at dinner, that being of course the place of honour. Every thing around was royal and Asiatic: the dinner completely French, and exquisite delicious wines served in moderation, as in France, but by tall servants with long beards, in white gowns with turbans of scarlet and gold. Lord William asked me to take wine, a compliment which I immediately returned, begging the honour of taking wine with my fair neighbour, who was conversing with me on a variety of agreeable topics, and offered to act as my Cicerone. To give our appetites time to revive for the second course, an excellent German orchestra, led by an Italian, performed several of the finest symphonies of Mozart and Rossini, and in a most perfect manner. The distance from which the sound proceeded, the uncertain light flickering between the columns of the neighbouring room, the brilliancy of the lights with which the table was illuminated, the beauty of the fruit which covered it in profusion, and the perfume from the flowers by which its pyramids were decorated, and perhaps also the champagne, made me find the music admirable. I experienced a sort of intoxication, but it was not a stupid intoxication. I chatted with Lady William in French, on art, literature, painting, and music, while I answered, in a regular English speech, the questions put by her husband concerning the internal politics of France."

Of the way in which he passed his time at Calcutta, he thus writes:—

"A *pundit* of Benares came every day, in town, to pass an hour in teaching me Hindoostanee, which, as you know, is nothing but a sort of compromise between the language of the conquerors of India and that of the conquered—a contemptible shapeless medley of Persian and Sanskrit. I regret being obliged to devote so much time to such a study; but what should I do if I were compelled to speak to people only through the medium of an interpreter? So I do not spare myself. • • Then again, the whole vocabulary is entirely new to us, with the exception of some Sanskrit words which we have obtained through the medium of the Latin, the Greek, and the Gothic idiom of the Franks; add to these difficulties, that of hearing nasal sounds which scarcely differ in anything from a balked sneeze, and of forming gutturals taken second-hand from the Arabs, which require throats of rusty iron, parched with thirst, and you will have Hindoostanee. When by hard study you have mastered these difficulties, you have acquired, after all, only a contemptible *patois* without any literature—a language of the court and courtiers, and of the guard-house, as its name imports (*urdu zabān*, the language of camps), which will be neither useful nor agreeable out of the country in which it is spoken."

"The Calcutta botanical garden is an immense and magnificent establishment, in which are cultivated a great number of the vegetables of British India, of some neighbouring territories, and particularly those of the Nepal, a curious country, whose heights, sending into the gulfs of Bengal and Cambaya the waters which drop from their eternal snows, nourish a vegetation very similar, in some points, to that of the Alps and the Caucasus. A Danish botanist, of mediocre talents, who passes here for the first in the world, is the director of this establishment; he has certainly the best income of any *savant* in existence. • • •

"In this beautiful spot, I gradually accustomed myself to the sun of this country. Undoubtedly it is powerful, and certainly raises unwholesome exhalations from a soil which is nothing but mud imperfectly dried, and filled with the remains of insects and worms without number; but I believe the danger of exposure to it is much exaggerated. Though I flatter myself I have been very prudent, I ought, according to the Indians, to have been dead ere this. • • It is a universal custom to poison one's self with mercury, as Louis XIV., and, of course, his whole court, did with cassia and jalap. I have not had the slightest febrile sensation. I sleep well at night, in weather which others, who ought to be accustomed to it, condemn as immoderately hot; and at daybreak, in the cool and calm morning, I glide to my table and books, or else into the country. I go out long before sunrise, when others are just beginning to fall asleep. This happy state of health is certainly owing to some little good management. My secret is abstemiousness: I recommend it to everybody, and show its success; but they think the remedy worse than the evil, and every one about me goes on taking his three meals, and religiously abstains from all mixture of water with the strongest wines of Spain and Portugal."

In a letter to his brother, he makes mention of the preparations for his journey:—

"In another week, I shall begin this journey of six hundred leagues to the north-west. A bamboo cart, drawn by oxen, will carry my luggage. A bullock will be laden with the smallest tent in India. Your humble servant, devoted to white horses, will ride an old steed of that colour, which will cost him only one thousand francs (a good horse costs from 3000 to 3500 francs), at the head of his six servants; one carrying a gun, another a skin of water, a third the kitchen and pantry, another with the horse's breakfast, &c., without counting the people with the oxen."

"An English captain of infantry would have five and twenty instead of six. • • • By the vulgar method, that of splendid carriages, grand dinners, and extravagant houses, I should require at least a hundred and fifty thousand francs per annum to maintain the position which I occupy with my 6000 francs, and should probably remain beneath it."

"Let us now talk of dangers. I have obtained statistical accounts of the army, which inform me that the average deaths, one year with another, are one officer in thirty-one and a half in the Madras army, and one in twenty-eight in that of Bengal. It is no great matter, as you perceive. It is true, they do not lead the life of hardship which I am about to do, and they do not go in the sun, &c.; but, as a set-off, they drink a bottle or two of beer and one of wine every day, not to mention grog; and I shall drink nothing but water mixed with a little drop of European or native brandy. • • The tigers seldom say anything to those who do not speak to them:—bears, the same. The most formidable animal is the elephant, but he is excessively scarce in the countries through which I shall pass. After all, I am resolved never to speak to these animals except to whisper in their ear, and never to fire but when sure of hitting. • • • As my letters will have to be jolted across India, they will, no doubt, reach you very irregularly; and afterwards, being secluded far from Europeans, in the solitudes of the Himalaya, I shall be necessarily several months without writing to you. Put then in practice your just theories of confidence. After all, people are not glass to break, nor butter to melt in the sun. • •

"If you hear that Runjeet-Sing has invaded the Company's frontiers, congratulate me on the opportunity I shall have of seeing an Asiatic

campaign *en passant*; or if the Himalaya should sink to the level of the plains of Bengal (which is not more probable than an invasion by Runjeet-Sing), remember the hurricane at Bourbon; and congratulate me on the sections of strata, junctions of rocks, &c. &c., which this accident would present to my view."

While on his journey he thus writes:—

"The circuit I made, in order to inspect the coal-mines of the Burdwan district, makes the distance which I have passed over amount to two hundred leagues. I have travelled more than half on foot, the rest on horseback. I set out at four, five, or six o'clock in the morning, according to the phases of the moon and the nature of the country. At noon, two, three, and sometimes not till four in the evening, I arrive at the end of my day's journey, the whole of which, like a native, I pass in the sun. Before mounting, I eat by moonlight a plate of rice and milk well sugared and cooked over night; I put a biscuit in my pocket, and, with this ballast, I accept as a windfall, but without at all depending upon them, all the cups of milk which my cook, sent forward with a seapoy, succeeds in procuring on the road. I dine when I am ready, and when dinner is ready at the same time; if not, it waits, no matter what the hour is. The uniformity of my food fortunately compensates for the irregularity of the hours of my meals: I invariably eat a chicken cooked with a pound of rice, plenty of *ghes* or native butter, detestably rancid, but to which I have got wonderfully used; and some spices according to the fashion of the country, but very sparingly used. This is the dinner of a musellamaun with an income of twelve hundred francs. I drink two large glasses of water with a few drops of brandy, sometimes only pure water. The whole, including the illegal profits of the *khasama* (for my *maître d'hôtel* is my only cook), costs fifty francs a month, half of which is stolen. I was forgetting very unreasonably, for I am this moment drinking a large cup of it, that in the evening I sometimes take tea. In cold weather I find it very pleasant; or useful to keep me awake, when I have worked a great deal, and have an inclination to fall asleep. • •

"Meanwhile, I every day feel myself full of new strength. No Englishman ever thought of living as I do, and it is for this reason that those are dead who attempted to expose themselves to the same physical influences. They laugh at my milk, my *eau sacrée*, my two meals separated by a mean interval of thirteen hours, and my abstinence from spirituous liquors. • • I, in my turn, laugh when they are buried, pickled in champagne, or preserved in brandy and mercury, which their doctors give them by the half pound. • •

"I harden myself against cold as well as heat. I have, it is true, covered my whole body with flannel, but over it I wear only linen or cotton as in summer at Calcutta. Tired of constantly pulling off my stockings to cross torrents, I do not put them on, except at night to sleep in. Over my day-clothes I put on also at night, when I go to bed, a second flannel waistcoat, very thick and very ample, which I keep on in the morning on the march, till the sun renders it oppressive; but the wind is sometimes so piercing, that I do not throw it off. My Pondicherry hat, made of date leaves, and covered with black silk, is more brilliant than ever. In the morning I pull it like a cap over my ears, and find it very warm. It takes every shape that I wish; it is an admirable invention of mine, light, water-proof, firm, &c."

The particulars of his introduction to the Great Mogul we gave on a former occasion—so an account of lion and tiger hunting; but here is a right royal hunt which lasted for a week. We shall give a sketch of one day.—

"We found tents, and, before our encampment, the Rajah of Patiala's seventeen elephants, and four hundred horses, drawn up in battle array. \* \* They were polite enough to give me the rajah's, with its royal seat of velvet and tinsel. We placed ourselves in the centre of the chain formed by the multitude of these animals, most of them without riders, or carrying the ministers (wakils) of the neighbouring rajahs deputed to our young friend the sub-resident of Delhi. Our cavalry deployed on the wings of this imposing line; and with the rajah's two drums placed in front, beating the royal march, we entered the desert.

"It consists of vast, sandy, salt plains, covered with thorny shrubs, interspersed with large trees here and there, or else grassy steppes. There are no obstacles for elephants: they laboriously tear down the trees which they cannot pass, and the branches which would strike the hunter on their back. Being stopped by the forest, our cavalry was sometimes obliged to fall back, and passed afterwards through the large gap which we had opened; where it could not freely, it formed on each side into a semi-circle, which beat the surrounding space at a great distance, and drove all the game in the plain in front of the elephants. Among us six, we killed hares and partridges by hundreds. A hyena and many wild hogs passing under our fire, were wounded, as the hunters say; for they escaped from our horsemen, who went in pursuit of them. We saw troops of antelopes and nyghaus, but without being able to get within gun-shot of them. Lions, not the shadow of one; but we hoped for the next day, and returned at nightfall to our encampment. I was in raptures with the strangeness of this novel scene. I saw more of the East that day than during the whole year I had been in India.

"On our return, we went to the bath and toilet; the bath was a skin of cold water, which a servant spouts with force over your chest and shoulders: the toilet was the lightest cotton garments; and then dinner in an immense tent, lighted up like a ball-room. The bottles fell before us, as the hares and partridges had done in the day-time. I, the only unworthy one, was present at both fêtes; nevertheless I did my best. Water was excluded, the weak-headed and timid drank claret instead—it does not reckon as wine; champagne even is considered only as an agreeable mean proportion between water and wine; this latter name is reserved for the wines of Spain and Portugal. The solid part of the dinner equalled the liquid in elegance and perfection. And in order that nothing might be wanting in the soirée, which lasted till midnight, at the dessert some Persian comedians entered, whose extravagant burlesque obliged us to quit the table, and throw ourselves flat on our backs on the carpet, in order to laugh with less danger. These being dismissed, the dancing girls entered; they sing and dance alternately: nothing is more monotonous than their dance, except their singing. This latter is not without art, and they say that the loud tones, which pierce at intervals through a feeble plaintive murmur, which is scarcely heard, please, in a peculiar manner, those who have forgotten the melody and measure of European music. I am not yet Indian enough for that; but their dancing is already to me the most graceful and seducing in the world. The entrechats and the pirouettes of the Opera appear to me like the gambols of the South Sea savages, and the stupid stamping of the negroes; it is in the north of Hindoostan, however, that these nautch-girls are the most celebrated."

In a letter, dated from "the Valley of the Jumna," May 15, 1830, 2615 metres above Calcutta, he observes—

"The influence of elevation entirely effaces

here that of the latitude, 31°, on the climate and its productions. I am encamped under a grove of wild apricot trees, which are only just coming into leaf. The carpet of my tent is, without metaphor, enamelled with flowers; they consist of strawberry plants, which are found everywhere here amongst the grass. The wind brings me the smoke of a large fire, around which my mountaineers are sleeping or rather dozing; its odour is agreeable; it is either a cedar or a pine that they are burning."

His good spirits seem never to have forsaken him, even when harassed with fatigue and subjected to privation: in this letter he mentions, that owing to his cook's iniquities he had fallen short of rice, his only food, and humorously observes:—"My Gorkha haidar, who is my lieutenant-general, by violating the domiciles of the few inhabitants of this lofty valley, found some baskets of potatoes. We had a fine feast; although I ate them with salt, as Bonaparte did artichokes. But if you have your Paul Louis Courier present in your memory, you will recollect that he who was not yet called the Duke of—I know not what—exclaimed, 'Great man! admirable in everything!' Although I relatively am a very great lord, no one paid me the compliment."

Having determined to ascend some of the high peaks of the Himalaya, his men mutinied, and refused to follow him:—

"One only, my gardener, the most stupid and timid of the Hindoos, remained faithful to me. The rest of the band, squatting, in the sun, on a rock which pierced the mantle of snow upon which we had been marching for two hours, became perfectly mutinous, and called to my poor gardener. I did not expect that his fidelity would succumb; and though it is difficult to climb over soft snow, some hundred feet above a certain level, when the rarefaction of the air renders respiration quick and laborious, and exhausts a man at the end of thirty paces, slightly bending my knees, supporting myself with my two hands, and my long and strong bamboo, which moderated my velocity as I needed it, when I made it plough up the snow deeper, I darted like a stone upon the rock of revolt, where the bamboo played another part. The traitor whose voice I had recognized calling the gardener paid for all, and very dearly too. The least weakness on my part—a half measure—would have been the most dangerous of all measures. The culprit being besides the most active, the most robust, and habitually the most evil-intentioned of all, I gave it him so heartily on his shoulders from the first, that he would not have been able to reply, had he made the attempt. \* \* \* Rajpoots, and mountaineers though they are, they took it as true Hindoos; that is, joining their hands, and asking pardon. The one who had been beaten, recovering from his stunning, took the head of the file, holding the end of a long rope, which all the others took in their hands, like a rail, for fear there should be crevices under the snow. Fastened in this way, along with my botanical aid-de-camp, I marched along on the flank of the column like a true shepherd's dog—a toilsome matter in such places—exhausting all the tropes of my Hindoostanee rhetoric to stimulate their fainting spirits. \* \* But the delays of my march, and its extreme slowness, obliged me to think of returning before I had reached the last crests of rock which rose above the snow, and which are probably the limit of the vegetable zone. \* \*

"Do not blame too much my violence with the people of my escort. Between the hammer and the anvil, between contempt and servile respect, there is no neutral situation possible. You do not thrash people for not calling you 'your lordship, your highness, your majesty': now it is the rule in India for the natives never

to address the smallest English gentleman but by these titles, the same which they give to their rajahs, their nawabs, and the emperor of Delhi. \* \* I ought to be the more jealous about etiquette, as the simplicity of equipment, the hard life I lead, the privations and fatigues I endure along with my people, my dress of common stuff proper for this kind of life, and everything in me and around me, tempts them to depart from it. 'My lord,' therefore, is not sufficient for me; I must have 'your majesty,' or, at least, 'your highness.'

"You would undoubtedly laugh at his majesty, if you were to appear before him, in his dress of white bear skin and long mustachios, an ornament which has a very imposing effect on the scarcely-bearded people of the Himalaya. Fortunately I have no looking-glass to settle the question, and I figure to myself that the reddish reflection, which I perceive on looking down, is only the effect of a false light."

What will our readers think of eating a *Strasburg pâté de foie gras* at Semlah, an unknown desert but a few years since, situated thirteen hundred miles from Calcutta, or a *Perigord pie* on the Himalaya: here is Jacquemont for our authority:—

"I have the prospect of eating here in four months a *Strasburg pâté de foie gras*, and also a *Perigord pâté de foie gras*, which are not inferior to the *Boulogne pâté de becasses* in their finest season. The Bordeaux vessels bring them every year to Calcutta, where they arrive as fresh as at Paris; and your colleague the artilleryman, my host at present, has just written to the capital, in order that he may regale me with both at our next meeting. Since we are talking of pies, I will tell you that upon the peaks of Missouri, in the mountains of the Himalaya, another artilleryman, a general, a grey-haired old bachelor, whom you would love to distraction if you knew him, made me taste—taste! I devoured a *pâté de lièvre truffé* and a quantity of *Perigord pâtés de perdrix-rouges truffées*. The proceeding of both is very simple; the one on account of his high rank in the army, and the other on account of his office, have an income of a hundred thousand francs, which diminishes distances in a similar manner, and exercises the action of a sucking-pump on all the good things of Europe, raising them to a height of seven or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Why are you not the captain of artillery aux *pâtés de foie gras*? In your absence, know, however, my friend, that the treacherous islander, your compeer, drank your health yesterday with me, and (do not tell our father or Taschereau) that it was not with *vin de Tours*."

Of Semlah, he says—

"Do you not see it on your map? A little to the north of 31° of latitude, a little to the east of the 77° of longitude, some leagues from the Sutledge. Is it not curious to dine in silk stockings at such a place, and to drink a bottle of hock and another of champagne every evening—delicious mocha coffee—and to receive the Calcutta journals every morning?"

In one of our former notices we gave a brief outline of Jacquemont's opinions of the British policy and power in the East; here he expresses himself more fully on this interesting subject, and with it we shall conclude for the present:—

"From the contradictory reports of the different papers, nothing would be more easy, it seems to me, than to deduce the true state of affairs: all of them go to England, and yet the mass of the English public is as ignorant of India as we are in France. Some of the little newspaper scraps which you sent me, to inform me that the Afghans had sent an embassy to the Russian general at Erzeroum, and that the king of Lahore, Runjeet-Sing, was inclined to-

wards the Russians, have excited the mirth of my Indian friends. Here we are precisely a day's march from Runjeet-Sing, and in five days we can see a considerable part of his dominions:—now he is as supremely indifferent to us as the emperor of Japan. The forces maintained by the Company on the north-west frontier, at Delhi, Kurnal, Meerut, Agra, Mutra, and Loodecana, would be sufficient to invade the whole of the Punjab without any movement of troops in the interior of India. Runjeet-Sing might risk a battle behind his actual line of defence, the Sutledge, and he would afford the English a precious opportunity of annihilating him in half an hour. As for the Afghans, 'a warlike nation,' says your estimable journal, 'which has so many times invaded India, and can bring thirty thousand cavalry into the field,' this is a little too much: the days of Mahmood, and Ghirni, and Timour, are past. The Afghans are very inferior to the Sikhs, and, at most, just strong enough to do battle from time to time with Runjeet-Sing. . . .

"In order to maintain his little army (from thirty to forty thousand men) on a European footing, Runjeet-Sing is obliged to grind his country with imposts, which are ruining it. Several of his provinces are calling for the English; and I do not doubt that some day or other (but not for some years) the Company will extend the limits of its empire from the Sutledge to the Indus. It is not a hundred years since the Punjab was dismembered from it, after the invasion of Nadir Shah, and it naturally forms a part of it: the religion is nearly the same, the language also scarcely differs; and the course of the seasons is the same. But the English will make this conquest only at the last extremity. All that they have added to their territory for the last fifty years beyond Bengal and Bahar, beyond the empire which Colonel Clive had formed, has only diminished their revenues. Not one of the acquired provinces pays the expenses of its government and military occupation. The Madras presidency, taken in the lump, is annually deficient; Bombay is still further from covering its expenses. It is the revenue of Bengal and Bahar, principally of the former, which, after making up the deficiency of the north-west provinces recently annexed to the presidency of Calcutta, Bundlecund, Agra, Delhi, &c., sets the finances of the two secondary states afloat. In France, we consider a hypocritical farce, the excuse of necessity alleged by the English for the prodigious aggrandisement of their Asiatic dominions: nothing, however, is more true; and certainly no European government was ever more faithful to its engagements than that of the Company.

"It is always from the English journals that we learn that we are upon a moving soil here;—I assure you that there is not a firmer."

*Anatomical Plates, Nos. V.—XV. Edited by J. Quain, M.D. Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the London University.*

Since last we had an opportunity of noticing these plates, they have exhibited a decided improvement in clearness and boldness, in consequence of the artist having, in all instances, the subject itself placed before him. They were originally intended to be merely copies of other plates, which from their scarcity or dearth, might be supposed inaccessible to the student, but it was soon found, that this led to doubt and indecision, the artist often hesitating as to the nature of the parts represented. This of course has been completely avoided by the means alluded to, and the subscribers may therefore congratulate themselves on obtaining a much better work than they had bargained for, and one to which the anatomical and physiological comments of Professor Quain add so decided an importance and value.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### THE VOCAL STATUE OF MEMNON.

*Observations on the Discoveries and Opinions of Mr. Wilkinson.*

BY MONSIEUR LETRONNE.

SINCE the publication of my dissertation on the Vocal Statue of Memnon, several literary journals have spoken of a discovery made by Mr. Wilkinson; from which it would result that the vocal phenomenon of Memnon was the effect of deception. According to a letter written by Sir William Gell to Mr. Hamilton, and communicated to the Royal Society of Literature of London, the 9th November, 1833, it is stated that "Mr. Wilkinson found, upon a careful examination of the figure, that the mysterious sounds were produced by means of a sonorous stone fixed below the breast, which a person, placed for that purpose in a concealed niche, struck with a piece of iron, or other metal."

Subsequently, Mr. Wilkinson read a Memoir on this discovery to the same Society, the 18th of December. An extract of this memoir appeared in the Proceedings of the Society in these terms:—"Among the numerous inscriptions left by the visitors to the Colossus, and which have been learnedly illustrated by Mr. Letronne, in a Memoir published in the Society's Transactions, and more largely in a recent volume of that eminent savant, is one of Julia Ballilla, who compares the sound emitted by the statue to the striking of brass, *ὡς χαλκὸν ρυτίζοντες*. Mr. Wilkinson had remarked the metallic quality of the sound produced by a blow on the stone fixed below the breast of Memnon, before his attention was drawn to this description. On a subsequent visit to Thebes (in 1830), he was struck with this confirmation of his opinion, regarding the means used for the deception; and he determined on ascertaining if it could be heard by persons stationed near the base, and if any one, totally unacquainted with the history of the statue, would then perceive the metallic ring of the stone. The experiment was accordingly tried upon some Theban peasants, who knew nothing of the nature of the inscription, and were ignorant of the reason for which they were placed below. On being asked if they heard anything, those persons replied, *You are striking brass*;—and the exact similarity of this answer to the testimony of Julia Ballilla, completed the conviction on the writer's mind as to the identity of the sound, and the means formerly used to practise the deception." (Proceedings, &c. p. 27, 8.)

Those who have read my Memoir on the subject, will, I presume, entertain strong doubts with regard to the conclusion which the learned traveller draws from the fact which he noticed. If they will attend to the facts, which, independently of every explanation, are ascertained by the concurrence of the most positive testimonies, they will see that the sonorous stone, of which, I contest neither the quality nor the place, cannot account for any of the historical conditions of the problem.

It is certain, in fact, first, that the upper part of the Colossus was thrown down when the ancient travellers, from the time of Strabo to that of Pausanias, came to visit it, and heard its voice:—second, that the restoration of it did not take place till after the journey of Hadrian:—third, that the Colossus was silent, or, at least, that no one speaks of it, since that period.

Now, if the sonorous stone in question is fixed below the breast, it belongs to the part restored, and consequently did not exist before the restoration of the Colossus took place; that is to say, precisely at the time when the phenomenon was most remarkable. The total silence of the Colossus since its restoration is a proof that the stone of which Mr. Wilkinson speaks could not

have been used to produce the effect which he supposes.

If it were supposed that the sonorous stone belonged to the ancient part of the Colossus, we must admit that it was placed there a short time only before the visit of Strabo, since he is the earliest author that mentions the phenomenon. But, as before stated, no religious notion was then attached to it; the Colossus had not yet received the name of Memnon, so that no one could have an interest in a deception of this kind, the phenomenon being then an accident only without any importance, and which attracted little attention. It would be requisite also to admit, that during all the period in which the jugglery took place, the stone in question stood on the upper surface of the remaining part of the statue; and it may be asked, how could a man come there almost every day without being seen? It was not enough for him to be concealed in the niche, he must climb up and down again unperceived. It is impossible, therefore, that such a gross deception could have remained secret during two hundred and fifty years. Nor is it less impossible, that a deception of this kind should have been continued with impunity for such a length of time, when the Greeks only could have a slight degree of interest in it, while the Egyptians, as we know by the most positive proofs, remained strangers to it. These last would naturally have endeavoured to undeceive the credulous, and to expose a contrivance which profaned the statue of one of their ancient kings. For the bare satisfaction of making dupes, who would have dared to impose on the most exalted personages, governors, generals, emperors, who, during two centuries and a half, came to visit Memnon, and heard his voice?

These are some of the historical difficulties impossible to resolve, which the opinion of the learned English traveller presents; there are many other objections, but it would require much time to expose them—these observations are sufficient.

Once more let me observe, I do not mean to dispute the reality of what Mr. Wilkinson has seen, nor to raise any doubts of its veracity: I take his observation as it stands, and I admit that it will not fail to be confirmed by the observations of future travellers. All this being granted then, the only point which I dispute is the explanation which he gives of it. If the sonorous stone really does exist in the situation indicated by him, and is situated behind an aperture contrived artificially, and not naturally resulting from the accidental fall of some fragment, all that I recognize in it, after attentively considering the question, is a comparatively recent contrivance to reproduce a phenomenon which had ceased to exist.

The intention of those who, after the time of Hadrian, undertook the gigantic task of rebuilding the Colossus, could have been none other than to make the phenomenon thereby more striking and extraordinary than ever; but they were disappointed in their expectations. The voice was heard no more—a fact which is proved by the absence of any inscription subsequent to the time of Septimius Severus; and by the silence of history on the subject, dating from the same epoch. Now, if we reflect on all that rendered the phenomenon of so much importance, during the period when the struggle between Pagan worship and Christianity was at its height, we shall have no hesitation in admitting, that, to the individuals who had caused so costly a work to be executed, it must have been an immense disappointment to discover, at last, that the desired sounds had altogether ceased; and it will not appear strange that they should have laboured to produce artificially an effect which formerly had been produced they knew not how. Hence the cavity contrived within the restored Colossus, and the sonorous stone placed in the



centre of blocks of a sandstone not susceptible of vibration. But such an apparatus could not long be a secret; it was accordingly abandoned, and the Colossus has remained ever since as silent as ever.

I must finally repeat, that, if Mr. Wilkinson's observations are accurate, the solution of the difficulty here proposed appears to me the only one consistent with the several facts, which an attentive consideration of this question presents to our notice.

Even in this case, the discovery of the learned traveller would still be extremely curious, inasmuch as it would attest the importance which the restorers of the statue attached to the production of the phenomenon, and would show the powerful motives which induced them to undertake its restoration.

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

(Translated from the *Morgenblatt*.)

IN 1813, a German bookseller came to New York. It had been intimated to him, that, if he would come over with a choice collection of books, he would be sure to make his fortune among a people so wealthy, so polished, and so eager after knowledge. Friend M., as we will call him, hastened across the Atlantic with the choicest treasures of European literature. His friends and advisers one and all recommended him to take a store, and advertise the concern. M. had at first a great number of visitors. They wished to see everything, desired particularly to be shown the handsomest modern bindings, and when their curiosity was completely satisfied, some promised to come again when they wanted anything in his line, and others when anything new should arrive. "Is that all?" asked most of them, turning up their noses. All wished to see a map of the United States of North America, or new English Spelling-books; not a creature bought anything, and after three or four busy weeks, M. had abundant time to rest himself. There he sat solitary among his books: he calculated that he should scarcely make the import-duty by them, which, though apparently low, is as high as it can be raised with safety. Once more M. called upon his friends, and solicited their advice. "Advertise your concern in the newspapers," was the universal reply. "I have already done so." "Repeat your advertisement every day in every paper." He followed this advice. The advertisements cost upwards of one hundred and fifty dollars, and produced not one.

"I must learn how other people manage," thought M., and went to consult a European friend. He recommended him to sell his books by auction, and to try some other business. "I was brought up to this business," said he, "and am unacquainted with any other: besides, I have seen some of those book sales, and I cannot make up my mind to dispose of my valuable works by the case, at the rate of four or five dollars per hundred-weight: my whole property is invested in my stock." "You will be forced to do it in the end," said his friend, "and then you must attempt something else. No one here ever prospered in the business which he understood. Look at me, for example: I was a music-master, and should soon have starved; as a custom-house agent I make a tolerable living. The shoemaker, over the way yonder, was a dancing-master; the hair-dresser at the next shop, who looks so sleek and so contented, is a cabinet-maker, who tramped it to no purpose through all the States of the Union; he returned to New York, and preferring drowning to starving, he was on the point of taking the fatal leap, when, as good luck would have it, a sailor thrust a comb and a pair of scissors into his hand, and insisted that he should cut his hair for six cents. Such was his initiation into business. At first he

offered his services on the wharfs, and in three years has become the thriving man you see. The painter who made the new sign which you observe over the hair-dresser's door, was originally a Dutch carpenter. Look at that spruce gentleman just going into your house. He teaches a young lady to play on the guitar, which he knows nothing about himself: he is by trade a saddler; and, to make amends, an Italian opera-singer works in that turner's shop. Last week, the manager of the Park Theatre engaged a ballet dancer at a salary of 2,500 dollars, though it was only last month that he trod the stage for the first time in his life. You must surely have heard what thundering applause his pirouettes have drawn from overflowing houses. But he is a native American, and might, therefore be assured of the unconditional encouragement of his countrymen. He was not long ago a pork-butcher at Cincinnati, where his father is a dealer in hams. His real name is Brown, but, according to the theatrical custom, he has entered upon his new vocation by the name of Gay. Twelve lessons which he took of Convals, the celebrated dancing-master, were sufficient to develop his extraordinary talent. This Convals was a drummer in the French 108th regiment, and deserted during the Spanish war. Some years ago he came as cabin-boy on board an American ship to Boston, where he earned a scanty livelihood as a cooper: he nevertheless married a French dress-maker, who could not get any employment at Boston. In this hopeful condition, they removed to New York; they now teach dancing, and are doing very well. You must have noticed the hair-dresser in the Broadway, opposite to the City Hall, who has set up the six so fantastically attired busts in front of his drawing-room. He was trumpeter to a French Hussar regiment. He endeavoured to get employment here as a groom and a blacksmith; but people would not give him more than half wages, and everywhere required double work. An old French barber from New Jersey then took him as his assistant. The old man soon died, and left young Foisard, (for that was the trumpeter's name,) about one hundred and fifty dollars. With this legacy Foisard returned to New York, and advertised himself in the newspapers by the more elegant and high-sounding name of Charles Martell, as a *coiffeur de dames*, just arrived from Paris. That he has an excellent business, you may see from the appearance of his house, for which he pays a yearly rent of fourteen hundred dollars. I should never have done," he continued, "if I were to mention all the instances I know of people who have not been able to earn a livelihood, except precisely by some business which they knew nothing about. So it is in New York, and so it is throughout the whole Union. In this country the nature of emigrants is totally changed; and, as at the building of the tower of Babel, men, all at once, spoke languages which they had never heard; so Europeans here pursue trades and professions, which, at home, they would never have thought of. But, I must say, it is only one in a hundred that succeeds. Countless is the number of those who are plunged into the most abject misery. He only, who brings nothing with him, and consequently can lose nothing, has a prospect of bettering his lot. Last week M. Vicini set out on his return home: he has prudently sold his stock of Leghorn bonnets to the Fire Insurance Company."

Whoever has lived any time in New York, will not question the accuracy of the facts stated by the Piedmontese; nay, he will even recognize the persons. I, at least, have seen them all, and am able to add several other portraits. Thus, a Neapolitan captain of Gendarmerie, a devoted adherent of Murat's, was driven by circumstances to the New World. Here he tried to subsist, by giving instruction in fencing: but what free-

born American would submit to postures which are at first so extremely inconvenient! The young dandies took one or two lessons, and never came again. With the rest of his money, he went to Philadelphia, where he tried the tobacco trade, in which he lost his last dollar. After suffering extreme distress, he at length received some relief from the ex-King, Count Surville. Hereupon, our gendarme returned to New York, where he set up an establishment for the education of young ladies, by which he is making money.

Mr. B., the dentist, is a young Englishman who was brought up in a mercantile house in London, and came to America furnished with the best recommendations. He obtained a situation as book-keeper in a great house, which failed in less than a year. He then opened a school, but that scheme was not successful. At length he took it into his head to be a dentist, and in this profession he succeeded beyond all expectation.

#### The Theatres.

There are three handsome theatres in New York, and a small one, where the actors are blacks. In the principal theatres, there is a distinct place appropriated to the people of colour, that they may not mingle with the whites. As may be supposed, people so fond of liberty lay themselves under very little restraint at the theatre. The gentlemen in the pit set their feet against the benches before those on which they sit, rest their elbows on those behind them, and never take off their hats. On the other hand, it is usual enough for them to pull off their coats, to chew tobacco, and spit all around them. In the boxes, those in the front row, sit upon the puppet, with their backs turned to the house. The ladies are more polite; they are expected to take off their bonnets—just the reverse of the custom among us. Not a creature pays the least attention to what is passing on the stage, unless when an American actor comes forward, or some sarcastic *bon mot* is uttered against the English; and then the thundering stamp of heels expresses the universal applause.

I was once in a box at the Park Theatre, which is the handsomest of the three houses, and frequented in preference by people of fashion. A gentleman entered the box and seated himself beside me. During the performance, he pulled off his shoes, and perched his feet, which were probably too hot, upon the front of the box. In the next box, was a lady with two gentlemen: one of the latter was quietly conversing with the lady; this seemed to give offence to the other. An altercation commenced, and the sensitive gentleman knocked off his neighbour's hat. An *elegant*, who lay in the pit with his face turned towards the boxes, cried out, "Don't interrupt the play! Go out to fight!" A constable immediately entered the box, and took away the two gentlemen, together with the terrified lady, the innocent cause of the fray. Such rencontres are the *ton* among the fashionables here. The circumstance was luckily noticed by the fat neighbour on my right, who slipped on his shoes and hastened after them to see how the quarrel would end.

The theatres are private property; they are let at very high rents, but not particularly well attended. And how does the manager contrive to maintain his ground? As well as he can, with his hands full of lawsuits. He engages performers on any terms, no matter how high; on the pay-day he gives just what he pleases; the deficiency is covered by a note claiming damages for breach of contract. This is quite a regular thing, and attended with no difficulty. The actor lives by applause; a high engagement makes a noise and gratifies vanity; the rest follows of course. Engagements with foreigners are in a different predicament. Last winter, a company of Italian singers came to New York.

The manager agreed to give them the daily receipts beyond six hundred dollars, which he reserved for himself. They sang for six weeks, and went their way again in peace, without having ever seen a single farthing. A company of rope-dancers fared still worse: its wardrobe and other effects were attached for its score at a tavern. A few years since, Vestris, the celebrated dancer, and his wife, were engaged to come from Paris for a year. The manager agreed to pay the expenses of their voyage to and fro, and twenty thousand dollars; on the other hand, M. and Mad. Vestris contracted to perform a certain number of times, partly at New York, partly at Philadelphia, Boston, and some other towns, but it was specified that they should dance at the theatre of New York at the time when the newly elected President Jackson should visit that city. The Vestris family accordingly arrived, and had performed several times, when they were made over for twelve representations to the Philadelphia manager, afterwards to a second, and a third. This kind of speculation, though not contemplated by them, could not be objected to. Meanwhile, the President came to New York; Vestris immediately hastened thither, and informed the manager of his arrival. He received, however, no summons to dance. The President departed; and, when the year of the contract had expired, Vestris applied for his money. This demand was answered by the manager with another for twenty-two thousand dollars, as damages, because Vestris had not danced at New York, at the time of the President's visit. Was it to be supposed that he could come forward without preparation, and even unbidden, in a tragedy or any other dramatic representation? No matter—he was sentenced to pay, because he had not literally fulfilled his contract; such are the wisdom, the precision, and the impartiality of the laws. Thus had Vestris danced a whole year in America for nothing; and he deemed himself fortunate that he could escape at night, with wife and child, in a small boat, and gain the open sea, where a vessel was waiting for him to take him back to France; for the constable was already astir to seek and to apprehend him.

Not deterred by this example, M. Achille, another eminent French ballet-dancer, soon afterwards entered into an engagement for himself and his wife. He, however, determined to be particularly circumspect in his contract, and not to forget an iota; and therefore consulted an advocate celebrated for his acuteness; but who can think of everything? When the engagement was drawing towards a close, the music, never good, began to be execrable; the stage was not swept, nay, it was strewn with all sorts of rubbish: in short, it was impossible to dance upon it. In vain did Achille remonstrate; the manager paid no attention to him, and the public laughed. Achille declared, that if the cause of complaint were not removed, he could not dance. "If you cannot dance, I cannot pay," was the answer. An altercation ensued between Achille and the manager; the hot-blooded Frenchman's passion was excited; twenty witnesses were instantly ready to give evidence of violent language; an action for damages was commenced against him; and meanwhile he was still required to expose himself to the public derision, by dancing upon the filthy, slippery boards. This he positively refused to do; and then he was prosecuted for breach of contract. He lost the suit, refused to pay the heavy damages in which he was cast, and was thrown into prison. His wife then took the money which they had saved for their three children in Europe, went to the manager, negotiated with him, and at length obtained her husband's liberation for two thousand dollars.

There is not a vainer people than the Americans; it is only to gratify the national vanity

that the managers of theatres engage eminent foreign performers, in which case, indeed, the danger of too great expense is most patriotically obviated by a wise legislation. About art or talent itself, they care not a straw. The wretched orchestra spoils the finest opera; the best singer is scarcely heard for the incessant clambering over the benches in the pit, the general noise, and the continual spitting of tobacco juice; and when ballets are given, most of the spectators turn their backs on the performers. And yet it was deemed indecorous and offensive to the purity of republican manners, when the French female dancers appeared in petticoats reaching only a few inches below the knee, though, at the same time, they wore close drawers—nay, the daily papers sounded an alarm, and scrupled not to declare that the state was in danger—that it was shaken to its very foundations. Madame Vestris and Madame Achille were therefore obliged to appear in petticoats reaching at least to the ankle, and to submit to wear under them white, and extremely wide Turkish trousers. Such was the metamorphosis required to appease the ferment; it was only on these terms that those females, whose first appearance in the French ballet costume had excited universal indignation, were endured by the public.

The same strict outward decorum is every where observed in the domestic circle. Never is a man allowed an interview with the female inhabitants of the house anywhere but in the parlour, which is constantly open to every one, and can generally be overlooked from the street: neither does the mistress of the house overspeak to a person of the other sex alone. If a visitor comes in, her *help*, in English her maid-servant, sits down with her, and takes part in the conversation. This *help*, moreover, puts on her mistress's bonnet and her shawl, when she goes out walking on a Sunday. Whoever will not suffer such familiarities, must keep black or coloured attendants.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Florence.

Will I have the goodness to tell your friends R— and B— whether they should come to study at Rome or at Florence? Artists themselves here have discussed the question, affirming generally, that the facilities were much greater at the latter place than the former. They ought to know best. But, perhaps, you would like to have the "benefit of my doubts" upon this matter. Of a truth, the only collection of paintings at Rome suitable for study is the Borghese, and that (together with its being as beset with copyists as the British Museum,) can hold no comparison with the Pitti or the Royal Gallery at Florence. Living models, I have also heard, are difficult to be had at Rome. There is a Life Academy, but female subjects are prohibited. There are more pictures purchased at Florence, for though Rome have twice the population, it has ten times the poor; Roman nobles order, now-a-days, only Saints in coloured woodcuts or wax; and foreigners, who are the chief buyers, all pass through Florence on their way to Rome, while many reside permanently here, none there, except for the winter. To be sure, on the other hand, it must be said that the scenery about Rome is better suited for painters, at least better known as painting ground, than about Florence. Besides, the costumes and colours of the climate are richer, mellower, more pictorial, in Romagna. Nowhere, perhaps, is aerial perspective so fine, owing to the redness of the atmosphere, which gives a peculiar warmth and glow to evening and morning landscapes especially. Then its moisture brightens and freshens the herbage wonderfully. A painter has only to retreat some yards from a living mummy in red rags and blue, tottering under a broken pitcher, to find her

metamorphosed into the grandmother of all the Graces; cream-coloured husseys, with coarse black hair, become so many Rebecas at the Well and Ruths in the Corn; drowsing swineherds and sunburnt beggars, Apollos in disguise, and sylvan deities. Such is the magic of an ethereal medium, picturesque costume, striking features, and rich complexions!—Then as to sculptors: the Vatican marbles are in greater number, and variety, and name, than the Florence. Classical ruins, too, abound for their benefit, as well as for that of their brethren the painters. So, if you have not reasons enough here for determining the question, perhaps you will find them in fashion, whim, prejudice, which make up what is called the public voice, and that is decidedly favourable to Rome. Artists can live at Rome and Florence I believe about equally cheap, but far better at the last; chambers and studios are to be had here for half the price—as at Rome, there is a drawing school and every other requisite accommodation. Now let your friends of the mallet and mallet conclude for themselves, if they can, from the above premises. I, being only an idle sort of *sal' niente*, am unable to give better information. I should subjoin, however, in mere justice, that the Roman air, thick as it may be with malaria, is considered as the breath of inspiration for foreigners, while to the Romans themselves, both ancient and modern, it has been ever, with respect to the fine arts, proverbially Bروتian. If R— and B— can only get inflated with it, like priestesses with the divine *afflatus*, perhaps they will give birth to so many godlike conceptions.

As the matter stands, there are but few artists of any note at Florence: and this, too, though by the liberality of the Grand Duke whole churches be devoted to their service. Pampaloni, the sculptor, has one house of prayer for his workshop, Ricci another. This is not very reverent, to be sure, but the practice obtains (as we elegantly say with Robertson,) throughout Italy; nothing more common than to see a temple of worship turned into a coach-house or upholstery. It must be recollected, however, that they have not, like our English churches in general, grave-yards about them; appropriation to mortal dust would no doubt have saved them being desecrated, though not appropriation to the deity. Pampaloni is author of two colossal statues in the Piazza del Duomo, representing those renowned fathers of Italian architecture, Arnolfo and Brunelleschi. There is something poetic about their contrasted *posse*: Arnolfo looks straight forward, with huge stony eyes, upon the body of the Cathedral which he erected; Brunelleschi raises his daring aspect to the dome which he piled, the first thing of its sort in Italy. This, of a truth, is doing but poor justice to Arnolfo; it was he imagined the dome, planned it, nay had even built the octagon drum to sustain it, when he died at the last layer. In succeeding him, Ser Filippo heired, along with his noble substructure, the sublime originality of his idea; this, showing him such a dome was possible—that, suggesting how it was to be realized. Many will vault a gulf if they know it can be vaulted, who would not venture without such an assurance. The dome, though sublime, is not handsome, and done on the timid pyramidal principle; it would be curious to know how Arnolfo would have raised it; I believe his designs are yet extant. No one is about to question Brunelleschi's genius; the church of San Spirito and many other buildings in Florence, evince it; but he certainly raises no such mighty mausoleum to himself as the dome which Arnolfo may be said to have thrust upon him. However, the statues are well conceived for effect, and would be what the public statues of great men should, tangible pieces of history, if Arnolfo's eye-grasp were comprehensive instead of confined. But we know how much our historical artists of the present

day luxuriate in the bliss of ignorance. Penny periodicals, and elbow-talk across coffee-house tables, form, I apprehend, the chief sources of their knowledge. Perhaps the foreign amateur, butterfly of the arts as he may be, knows more about Arnolfo and Brunelleschi than their townsman and fellow-artist himself! As to the glyptic merit of my statues—they belong to that style of ideal, which may be called the unmeaning, and of which the Protomotheca, at the Campidoglio affords so choice a museum of specimens. There is such a topping generality about this ideal of theirs, such a high-flown contempt for natural detail, that you can make nothing of them, human or divine, but laughing-stocks. So many busts cut out of Dutch cheeses, and left to soften in a hot sun, would have just as much individuality and character. Canova's 'Pope Pius' and 'Cimaroan' are almost the sole exceptions; all the others scarce fit to give shape to periwigs. I am serious! Our Florentine artist seems to have gotten out of his proper element in this style; no doubt by way of being grandiose and classical. His studio proves him to be rather a naturalista. There you see not a few statues erring, if I may so express myself, the other way from those of Arnolfo and Brunelleschi—*lineation* copies of nature—not ideal enough. But this is a fortunate fault in Italian artists, who have been a long time still more desperately given to the classic than even their tutors, the French. Pampaloni's 'Kneeling Child,' which I saw two years since at the Exhibition, and yesterday at the Grand Duke's palace, is a clever work in the best of the two wrong ways aforesaid.

Ricci, a pupil of Canova's, is lay proprietor of another church, and historic sculptor in chief at Florence. He has got the two fine fragmentary groups of Menelaus and Patroclus to restore. These have long lain at Florence, and are similar, in all but excellence, to that group standing at Braschi corner, Rome, which goes by the famous misnomer 'Pamquin.' Ricci has, with much judgment, made a cast from both groups, uniting their respective merits, inasmuch as the upper part of one, and the lower of the other, are superior each to that of the companion. I doubt there being quite so much judgment in restoring the original statues. See how even the mighty-handed Michael failed in restoring the 'Tigris' of the Vatican! See what a file of thick-lipped Venuses and snuffy Muses, awkward Apollos, lumbering Mercuries, we have got by the new sets of noses, mouths, legs, and so forth, which modern artists have stuck on to order! The genius of Death restored as a Cupid! Melenger turned into Antinous, and the Indian Bacchus into Plato the philosopher! Is there a more revolting object in sculpture than that vulgar modern chitface on the Callipigian Venus, writhed so affectingly round to admire what it could not see, unless the promontory of beauty behind were like that of a Hottentot? What is it makes the connoisseur turn away at times, in disgust, from the Medicean Venus herself? What but her Berninesque fingers? Do, gentlemen stone-cutters, let our hapless antiques alone! or rather, you titled dillottantes, protectors of the fine arts, forbear giving orders for disfigurements by way of restorations, to please your fulsetto tastes, got in ladies' boudoirs or alabaster shops. If we must have them disfigured, let it be by the hand of accident, not of impotence. For my own part, at least, I had rather have a fine antique, with all its mutilations, than a single modern amendment. Ricci is most known by his 'Monument to Dante,' in the church of Santa Croce. Flaxman ought to have done this. There is not much spine about Canova, and his pupil is a kind of spine-drawn Canova—feeble to excess. Nothing can be weaker than the Dante; weak by its very weightiness. The scholar, like the master, has a strange fancy to represent grandeur by size, to estimate it by the stone. Canova-

like, he has a hulking jule by way of a genius, with the arms and chest of a Glumdalclitch, dropping millstones from her eyes upon the steps of the monument. This is not greatness, but grossness! Dante himself, in size and shape of his countenance, somewhat resembles the beak of an ancient galley, or a battering-ram—coarse, clownish, undignified, and unintellectual. Every feature caricatured, as a substitute for character. The meagre, mortified Tuscan poet displays likewise, under attire little more Persian than poor Tom's blanket, a deal of unseemly brawn and indifferent modelling. Ricci succeeds better in the *gentil* than the sublime. His 'Pareté,' for Col. Braddyl, is reputable to the taste of both author and purchaser. The 'Morality and Mechanism,' on his monument to Mazzoni, are mannered, but not without merit. 'Venus and her Doves' I cannot away with, though meant for a miracle, it is so very à la Canova, yet so very un-Canova-like. I mean that it has all the *fade* grace, and affected *languor* of Canova, without his beauty of workmanship and frequent elegance of detail.

But I must tell you that Bartolini's 'Bacchante,' for his Grace of Devonshire, is the present Cynosure of wondering eyes at Florence. You know this artist's humiliating bust of Lord Byron—so true and *turkey-for-headed*! Its odd set eyes and cross conformation have not prevented hundreds of sitters being done by the undoer of his lordship's reputation for beauty. Bartolini's busts are clever. But I suppose he would not thank me for this commendation unless I add a doxology about his Bacchante. The figure is, in truth, very well modelled by members, a much simpler thing than to present a well modelled *ensemble*. What I find chiefly in abeyance is sentiment, and really we moderns have nothing else for it than sentiment. Unless we can produce such exquisite pieces of mere workmanship as the ancients did (which it is not probable we shall with our gusto for money-getting), we should give sentiment, or good-bye to immortality. Well then, our Bacchante is a stout, broad-fronted piece of woman's flesh, with somewhat of a *retroussée* profile, expressive of nothing in the world but a state of good health and thoughtlessness. Mark! I don't want a pensive Bacchante, in the pip or the atrophy, by way of being sentimental; but Signor Bartolini's is, in fact, his hired model reduced to fair proportions, and with less contemplation in her countenance, or luxurious reverie, or whatever she ought to have there, than is in that of a well-fed, ivy-crowned, sacrificial heifer chewing the cud on a lair of clover. "Pooh!" you'll say, "this is mere running a-muck at all you meet!" Surely the Duke of D. would not give 500*l.* for a she ox were she *to* herself in alabaster!" Well; all I can say is, the Bacchante, or Io, or whatever she is, will soon be in England, and then you can judge for yourself. I may be atrabilious, or squeamish, or purblind in opinion, or what you please. No great matter! Will it bring on the last conflagration? Bartolini's 'Bacchus' is a most praiseworthy attempt to return from the pseudo-Greek or false ideal to the natural. If the artist had called his figure little Beppo the vintager, instead of Bucco the god of wine, it would have been all well. Such a starveling would scarce represent the god of vinegar. I cannot speak of Bartolini's other statues; you would think I took a delight to depreciate: by my love for all that is beautiful, I feel *repugnance*! It is that love which makes me write with such bitterness of spirit about their degradation.

You will not expect me now to make good my promise about Benvenuti, the painter. I could not say any favourable word for this *primo frescante* of Italy. Except—that his famous Salon at the Pitti is, to ninety-nine out

of every hundred visitors, the finest room there, indeed better than all the six of old masters together; and that he gets 40,000 crowns for painting the Medicean cupola at San Lorenzo. There! there you have the opinion of the world, and the Grand Duke's, what do you want with mine? Bezzuoli is another sun, in the sister sphere of oils—whom the Italians adore with the fervour of ancient fire-worshippers; *il nostro Bezzuoli* they call him, as if all the rest of the globe wanted to scramble him away from them; as if he were to make Italy a flying island, that should soar above the whole despicable ball! How you would stare at one of this man's *chef-d'œuvre* in the Pitti! My wonder is, that the genius of Italian painting does not die in despair before it. With all his eccentricities, our compatriot Wallis is the best painter at Florence. Full of enthusiasm, he paints as he talks, a little in the wind; but he has originality, if not poetry, about him, and power in his art, if not masterdom over it. It is a foolish theory (though countenanced by Locke), that poetic genius and judgment are incompatible: they are inseparable; and according to the proportion of the latter is the purity of the former. I have heard Wallis's colouring praised by artists; to me it is harsh, mannered, and cold,—perhaps the reason so many of his works go to Russia. Wallis junior's colouring is quite continental as well as himself; I suppose I have seen none of his fine pictures. He has a Correggio, indeed, which ought to be had by England.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We some time since announced that Sir Thomas Lawrence's unrivalled collection of drawings by the old masters, which government had more than once been in treaty for, had been purchased by Messrs. Woodburn. We have been assured that, in the first instance, it was proposed to the Messrs. Woodburn, that, if they became the purchasers, their debt should be deducted from the purchase-money; but this was declined. They were, it appears, anxious that the collection should be secured to the nation, and have, we understand, offered, even now, to hold it sacred for that purpose, and to part with it to the government in portions, as money can be spared from the Treasury; and as the drawings are all marked with Sir Thomas's stamp, in the possession of his executor, no mistake as to identity can possibly occur. We cannot but express a hope that this last opportunity will not be lost. We have been further informed, that, by the Exhibition of Waterloo Gallery, above 3,000*l.* was raised for the benefit of Sir Thomas's relations.

Mr. Allan Cunningham having completed his edition of Burns, has, we hear, turned his attention to the Lives of the British Poets, for which, we know, he has been many years gathering materials. No complete work of the kind exists. The valuable biographies of Johnson, come down but to the days of Gray and Collins, and reach no farther back than Cowley: we want Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Jonson among the older chiefs of song, and Goldsmith, Chatterton, Cowper, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Scott, and Coleridge, among other masters of later times. The Lives by Dr. Johnson, will be included, with notes; and it is proposed, by introducing Dunbar, Douglas, and Lyndsay, to connect the days of Chaucer with those of Spenser, and thus render the History of our Poetic Literature unbroken and complete. It is intended to publish the work periodically; and four or five portraits from the most esteemed pictures, will illustrate each volume.—Mr. Sharon Turner too is, we are happy to hear, preparing a second volume of his 'Sacred History of the World,' which will be published about Christmas.

The Zoological Society have just completed, and are now exhibiting at the Museum, in Bru-



ton Street, a noble collection of the family of woodpeckers, consisting of 120 species, and 230 birds. The whole arranged in one large case, and well worth a visit.

We hear that the Chevalier Neukomm is at Liverpool, drilling the chorus preparatory to the Birmingham Festival. Much is expected from this meeting. The Town Hall is said to be a magnificent room, and the new organ the largest instrument in the kingdom.

We confidently hope that our readers will be satisfied with the Report we this day present them of the proceedings of the British Association. Still something remains to be done by way of filling up the outline; and we yet hope to communicate the substance of many important papers, the reading of which could only be recorded on this occasion. The two most important suggestions made by the Council, at the close of the meeting, were, that the Association earnestly request his Majesty's Ministers to complete the Ordnance Surveys, and also to take measures for having Magnetic and Meteorological Observatories established in Great Britain.—We have much pleasure in stating, that on the last day of the meeting the Town Council of Edinburgh presented the freedom of the city to Sir Thomas Brisbane, Messrs. Arago, Moll, Dalton, and Brown.

#### FOURTH MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

[From our own Correspondent.]

In our former number we stated the proceedings of the Association down to Tuesday night, and mentioned the prodigious and unexpected accession of new members. This prosperity brought with it many counterbalancing evils; all the arrangements of the managing committee were disconcerted. The meetings in the Assembly Rooms were not merely crowded to excess, but members were excluded, and forced to promenade the lobbies and staircases, hoping that heat and pressure might compel the ladies to resign their posts, and afford them an opportunity of hearing the lectures, or seeing the speakers. But they had badly calculated the powers of female endurance, and the love of science possessed by the ladies of Edinburgh; able-bodied philosophers gave way, and left posts in which they were boiled, literally boiled—but not a lady stirred, nay, not a single lady exhibited a sign of uneasiness. A greater evil was, that the Association entirely lost its principle of unity; the sections became absolute divisions, and attention to one department precluded all possibility of knowing what was doing in any other. The general committee became what the Association had formerly been, and as this was not open to gentlemen connected with literary journals—an evil not discovered until it was too late to be remedied—it became utterly impossible to obtain anything like a general view of the proceedings. It was hopeless to seek for aid from the secretaries, their labours were already almost beyond human power. On Thursday it was found necessary to appoint sub-sections for Geography and Practical Physics, which of course produced a greater disruption; everybody felt the evil, and nobody could devise a remedy. If, then, we fail to give a general view of the proceedings, it must be remembered that the great defect of the present meeting was a want of generalization. Before entering into any detail of the business done in the Sections, we must mention a circumstance which provoked not a little of angry discussion.

The British Association promulgated, through their Edinburgh committee, printed regulations of admission, which, among other things, contained the following provisions:—"Members of royal and chartered scientific institutions are entitled to become members on payment of the fee," and that persons "not qualified as above"

must enrol their names and be approved of by the committee. The Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh was instituted in 1771, and incorporated by royal charter in 1788, for the cultivation of the physical sciences. It is therefore not only royal, but chartered and scientific, and its large library consists almost exclusively of books on science. Several of the members applied for admission to the British Association, in virtue of their connexion with the "Royal Physical," but were required to put down their names as ordinary candidates. The senior president was apprised of these facts, and on requisition corresponded with the secretary of the Association on the subject, and, after some deliberation, the following interpretation of the printed laws was communicated to him in writing:—"That, after 'royal and chartered scientific institutions,' there should be understood the words 'publishing Transactions.'"

We asked for some explanation of these proceedings, and were informed that the Royal Physical Society had degenerated into a debating club for young students, and had consequently only a nominal claim to be placed on the same level as other chartered bodies; but we understood that the strict letter of the regulations would have been observed, had not the influx of members to the Association so greatly exceeded all expectation, that the managing committee were forced to devise limitations. We mention this as an act of justice, because the rejection of the claims of the Physical Society has been by some attributed to political motives, a charge which close inquiry has shown to be groundless.

The programme of the subjects to which the attention of the Association was to be directed during the week, was read on Monday night by Professor Forbes. The following abstract of this document, which we extract from the *Scotsman*, will serve as a proper introduction to the proceedings of the sections.

The character of the Association, he said, may be considered as *unique*. It is not to be confounded with those numerous and flourishing institutions which have sprung up, especially of late years, for the simple diffusion of scientific truths. Such diffusion does not even, properly speaking, include any attempt at extension or accumulation; if in many cases it does promote such extension, it indirectly, and beyond a doubt, has sometimes had the opposite tendency. The intellectual wealth of mankind is no more increased by this operation than is the weight of the precious metals under the hand of the gold-beater. A greater display may indeed be attained, and a more commodious application to the useful and the elegant purposes of life; but for actual increase of the stock which may hereafter be fashioned with ease and expedition by the hands of a thousand artificers, we must recur to the muner toiling in his solitary nook, and to the labourer who painfully extracts some precious grains from the bed of the torrent.

The migratory Scientific Associations of Germany and Switzerland—to which we gratefully acknowledge that our British one owes its rise—embrace only one class of the objects to which we have above alluded as characterising this body. Their aim was simply to promote the intercourse of scientific men, and to diffuse a taste for the prosecution of science. Their existence is not permanent—they execute no functions but for the moments during which their members are once a year assembled—they regard not the past, and have no cares for the future—they merely receive and consider the communications which the zeal of individual members places in their way. Such was pro-

posed to be the character of the body this day assembled—an imitation of the foreign meetings having been suggested by some individuals engaged in scientific pursuits, amongst whom Sir D. Brewster was conspicuous; but the original idea, and the much more signal merit of bringing that idea to bear, of establishing a permanent society, of which these annual re-unions should simply be the meetings, but which, by methods and by influence peculiarly its own, should, during the intervals of these public assemblies (whilst to the eye of the world apparently torpid and inactive), be giving an impulse to every part of the scientific system, maturing scientific enterprise, and directing the labours requisite for discovery—the clear perception of the practicability of all this, and the discovery and suggestion of methods for its fulfilment, were due to one individual, and to one alone; and I shall be borne out by all those who have closely watched the progress of this Society from its birth to the present hour, when I say, that not only for the idea generally, and the modes of carrying it into effect, but for the actual construction of the machinery in its whole details, we are indebted to the almost single-handed exertions of Mr. William Vernon Harcourt. If we now turn from the professions to the acts of the Association, we shall find gratifying proof that these sanguine anticipations were not chimerical; and that this primary machinery, not destined itself to do the work desired, but to construct the tools requisite for its performance, was wanting neither in efficiency nor in permanence. The first and most signal proof which we can cite, is the production of those reports on the progress of science, which appeared to the founder of the Association one of the most important objects of such an institution, and one which, beyond all dispute, no existing society could have attempted. The second volume of reports has amply justified the expectations with which it was hailed; and whilst the first was chiefly occupied with reports upon great and leading divisions of science, we have here several happy specimens of a still greater division of labour, by the discussion within moderate limits of some particular provinces. Thus Mr. Taylor has treated of one particular and most interesting question in geology—the formation of mineral veins—one of the most important, in a theoretical point of view, which could have been stated, and which, from its intimate connexion with commercial speculation, might have been expected in a country like ours to have been more specifically treated of than it has been. It strictly belongs to the dynamics of the science, to which, since the time of Hutton, but little attention has been paid until very recently. By the exertions, however, of Mr. Carne, of Dr. Boase, and Mr. Henwood of Cornwall, whose researches are to form one point of discussion in the Geological section at the present meeting, that electric agency was concerned in the disposition of metalliferous veins can scarcely be doubted, and the connection between electricity and magnetism, now so fully established—the connection between metalliferous veins and lines of elevation, and between the latter and the isodynamical lines of terrestrial magnetic intensity, as suggested by Professor Necker of Geneva—point out a bond of union between this subject and that of terrestrial magnetism, on which we have a report by Mr. Christie, where the very interesting direct observations of Mr. Fox of Falmouth, on the electro-magnetic action of mineral veins, are particularly noticed. Mr. Christie's theory of the diurnal variation of the needle, which he is desirous should be submitted to the test of a laboratory experiment, is likewise intimately connected with the actual constitution of our globe. The whole subject of Terrestrial Magnetism is one of the most interesting and progressive of the experimental sciences. The determination

of the character of the body this day assembled—an imitation of the foreign meetings having been suggested by some individuals engaged in scientific pursuits, amongst whom Sir D. Brewster was conspicuous; but the original idea, and the much more signal merit of bringing that idea to bear, of establishing a permanent society, of which these annual re-unions should simply be the meetings, but which, by methods and by influence peculiarly its own, should, during the intervals of these public assemblies (whilst to the eye of the world apparently torpid and inactive), be giving an impulse to every part of the scientific system, maturing scientific enterprise, and directing the labours requisite for discovery—the clear perception of the practicability of all this, and the discovery and suggestion of methods for its fulfilment, were due to one individual, and to one alone; and I shall be borne out by all those who have closely watched the progress of this Society from its birth to the present hour, when I say, that not only for the idea generally, and the modes of carrying it into effect, but for the actual construction of the machinery in its whole details, we are indebted to the almost single-handed exertions of Mr. William Vernon Harcourt. If we now turn from the professions to the acts of the Association, we shall find gratifying proof that these sanguine anticipations were not chimerical; and that this primary machinery, not destined itself to do the work desired, but to construct the tools requisite for its performance, was wanting neither in efficiency nor in permanence. The first and most signal proof which we can cite, is the production of those reports on the progress of science, which appeared to the founder of the Association one of the most important objects of such an institution, and one which, beyond all dispute, no existing society could have attempted. The second volume of reports has amply justified the expectations with which it was hailed; and whilst the first was chiefly occupied with reports upon great and leading divisions of science, we have here several happy specimens of a still greater division of labour, by the discussion within moderate limits of some particular provinces. Thus Mr. Taylor has treated of one particular and most interesting question in geology—the formation of mineral veins—one of the most important, in a theoretical point of view, which could have been stated, and which, from its intimate connexion with commercial speculation, might have been expected in a country like ours to have been more specifically treated of than it has been. It strictly belongs to the dynamics of the science, to which, since the time of Hutton, but little attention has been paid until very recently. By the exertions, however, of Mr. Carne, of Dr. Boase, and Mr. Henwood of Cornwall, whose researches are to form one point of discussion in the Geological section at the present meeting, that electric agency was concerned in the disposition of metalliferous veins can scarcely be doubted, and the connection between electricity and magnetism, now so fully established—the connection between metalliferous veins and lines of elevation, and between the latter and the isodynamical lines of terrestrial magnetic intensity, as suggested by Professor Necker of Geneva—point out a bond of union between this subject and that of terrestrial magnetism, on which we have a report by Mr. Christie, where the very interesting direct observations of Mr. Fox of Falmouth, on the electro-magnetic action of mineral veins, are particularly noticed. Mr. Christie's theory of the diurnal variation of the needle, which he is desirous should be submitted to the test of a laboratory experiment, is likewise intimately connected with the actual constitution of our globe. The whole subject of Terrestrial Magnetism is one of the most interesting and progressive of the experimental sciences. The determination

of the direction of the magnetic energy by means of two spherical co-ordinates, termed the variation and the dip, and the measure of the intensity of that force, are the great objects of immediate research, as forming a basis of theory. The existence of four points on the earth's surface, to which the needle tends, has long been known; and the position of two of these (in Northern Asia and America), has recently been elucidated by the persevering efforts of Professor Hanstein and Commander Ross. The precise numerical determination of the elements just alluded to, acquires a deep and peculiar interest from the multiplied variations which they undergo. Not only are these elements subject to abrupt and capricious changes, which Baron Humboldt has termed *magnetic storms*, but gradual and progressive variations are undergone at different hours of the day, at different seasons of the year, and throughout longer periods, which may even perhaps bear a comparison with the sublime cycles of Astronomy. Natural History forms a more prominent subject in this volume than in the last, though the reports of Professor Lindley "on the principal questions at present debated in the Philosophy of Botany;" and of Dr. Charles Henry "on the Philosophy of the Nervous System," refer only to particular departments of widely extended subjects, which are again to be resumed in more general reports, undertaken for the present meeting—that by Mr. Bentham, on Systematic Botany, and by Dr. Clarke, of Cambridge, on Physiology in general.

We cannot but remark with pleasure, that one of the points for inquiry, particularly insisted on by Professor Lindley, that of the influence of the chemical nature of soils, and of the excretions of plants, was taken up at an early period of the existence of the Association, by one of its most zealous supporters, Dr. Daubeny; and that, in reference to the review by Dr. Henry, of the labours of European physiologists, we may quote, as a national honour, the discoveries of our distinguished associate, Sir Charles Bell.

On the general connection and occasional apparent opposition of *Theory and Practice*, I would refer to some very pertinent remarks in the address of Mr. Whewell, at the last meeting. The importance of carrying on both simultaneously and independently, and of looking to our increased knowledge of both as the only sure means of ultimately reconciling discrepancies, has been manifested by the desire of the council of the Association to procure two distinct reports on the Theory and Practice of Hydraulics, which have been drawn up with remarkable perspicuity, and within a small compass, by Mr. Challis and Mr. Rennie; both these gentlemen have shown their zeal in the objects of the Association, by promising to continue their valuable labours. Mr. Rennie, on that part of his subject which relates to the motion of fluids in open channels, and Mr. Challis on some of those exceedingly interesting branches of theory altogether modern, which physically, as well as in their mathematical methods, have the closest analogy to that case of the motion of the fluids treated of in the present volume, namely, the Theory of Sound, and the intimate constitution of liquids. When, in addition to these reports, we shall have received that undertaken by Mr. Whewell upon the mathematical theory of Magnetism, Electricity, and Heat, we shall undoubtedly possess the most complete outline extant, of a department of knowledge entirely of recent date. In the science of Hydraulics, indeed, some progress in theory has accompanied the increase of practical information, at least since the time of Newton, but in the other strictly practical report of the present volume, that of Mr. Barlow, on the very interesting subject of the strength of materials, little or nothing has been done of

much theoretical importance since the days of Galileo. Circumstances, which it would be easy to point out, prevent our setting out, except in rare cases, from unimpeachable data; but several very interesting conclusions of general application are derivable from well-conducted experiments, and the Association may claim some credit for having brought into general notice the ingenious investigations of Mr. Hodgkinson of Manchester. One report, and that the longest which has ever been printed by the Association, remains to be mentioned:—it is by Mr. Peacock, on the present state of Mathematics. When we consider the vast extent of the subject, and the extremely limited number of persons, even in the whole of Europe, capable of undertaking it, we must consider the production of a work of so much labour as the present, which, as yet, is incomplete, but which the author has promised to resume, as the best trophy to which we can refer in proof of the entire efficiency of the Association. Were these annual reports the only fruits of the labours of this Society, there would be no reason to complain. But yet more specific results of its impulsive action on science may be quoted.

The questions suggested by the reporters and others, recommended for investigation, have met with ready attention from several individuals capable of satisfactorily treating them. Professor Airy has himself investigated, from direct observation, the mass of Jupiter, suggested as a desideratum in his report on Astronomy; and, since the last meeting of the Association, has confirmed his first results by new observations, which give almost the same mass by the observed elongations of the satellites, as had been deduced from the perturbations of the small planets by Jupiter. Hourly observations of the thermometer in the south of England have, in two instances, been commenced; and we are assured that the same desirable object is about to be attained by the zeal of the committee in India, where the Association has established a flourishing colony. A series of the best observations, conducted for ascertaining the law which regulates the fall of rain at different heights, has been undertaken at the suggestion of the Physical section, by Messrs. Philip and Gray, of York, which have been ably discussed by the former gentleman, in last year's Report, and have since been continued.

A regular system of auroral observation, extending from the Shetland Isles to the Land's end, has been established under the superintendence of a special committee, and specimens of the results have been published. Observations on the supposed influence of the aurora on the magnetic needle, have likewise been pursued in consequence of this proceeding. The conditions of terrestrial magnetism in Ireland have been experimentally investigated by Professor Lloyd. An important inquiry into the law of Isomorphism has been undertaken by a special committee, which has likewise reported progress; and an elaborate synopsis of the whole Fossil Organic Remains found in Britain is in progress, under the hands of Professor Phillips. Many specific inquiries are besides going forward, under particular individuals, to whom they were confided; whilst it is not to be doubted that numberless persons, many of them perhaps new to the world of science, are at this moment pursuing investigations recommended in general terms in one or other of the publications of the Society. To others the Association has not scrupled to commit a portion of the funds at their disposal, for the purpose of pursuing objects which required an outlay which might be deemed unreasonable by individuals. Among the most important of these is the collection of the Numerical Constants of Nature and Art, which are of perpetual recurrence in physical inquiries, and which has been confided to the superintendence

of Mr. Babbage. When objects of still more peculiar national importance presented themselves, the Association has fulfilled its pledge, of stimulating government to the aid of science. Five hundred pounds have been advanced by the Lords of the Treasury towards the reduction of the Greenwich Observations, at the instance of the Association; and more recently the observations recommended by the Committee on Tides have been undertaken by order of the Lords of the Admiralty, at above 500 stations on the coast of Britain. Individuals, as we have said, have been stimulated by the influence of the Association, but so many nations and great bodies of men. Its published Proceedings have found their way into every quarter, and are tending to produce corresponding efforts in distant lands. Our reports on science have produced some very interesting counterparts in the literary town of Geneva. America has taken the lead in several departments of experiment recommended by the Association; and the instructions for conducting uniform systems of observation have been reprinted and circulated in the New World. We must likewise consider it as an especial proof of the influence and importance of the Association, that a report on the Progress of American Geology has been undertaken and executed by Professor Rogers of Philadelphia. Similar contributions from some other foreign countries have been promised, which will extend the utility of the Association, by making us acquainted with the more characteristic state of science in the various parts of Europe. Nor can we fail, on the present occasion, to consider as a most auspicious promise of the future success of the Association, that the distinguished Secretary of the Institute of France has not only honoured this meeting by his presence, but has promised to interest that powerful body on behalf of the important objects contemplated by the Association, which its co-operation might effectually secure. The formation of a Statistical Section at Cambridge was the prelude to the establishment of a flourishing society, which acknowledges itself the offspring of this Institution, and which promises, by a procedure similar to that introduced by the Association, to advance materially the greatly neglected subjects of British Statistics.

After some further observations, the Professor stated that the Association confidently anticipated the most brilliant results from the exertions of its members.

We shall now proceed to detail the labours of the Sections, deferring to the conclusion of them the history of the evening meetings.

#### PHYSICS AND MATHEMATICS.

*Tuesday.*—Dr. Lloyd, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in the chair. Prof. Whewell read the report of Mr. Challis, on the theory of capillary attraction. Prof. Moll, of Utrecht, mentioned that some remarkable experiments made by M. Lenck, had been omitted by the reporter. Prof. Whewell showed that the report contained some valuable information respecting the constitution of comets; he examined the conclusions of M. Poisson, respecting the variation of the density of the fluid in capillary phenomena, and the atomic constitution of bodies generally. Prof. Hamilton stated that the *atomic discontinuity*, considered by M. Poisson as necessary, in order to the physical explanation of the phenomena, did not appear to him necessary to the mathematical investigation of their laws. M. Arago examined the theories of La Place and Poisson on molecular action, and said that Poisson's conclusions respecting the changes of density near the surface of fluids might be experimentally tested by the observation of the angle of complete polarization at their surfaces. Some valuable observations on capillary phenomena, were also made by Prof. Stevelly of Belfast.

Prof. Powell read a paper on the repulsion produced by heat, as established by the contraction of Newton's rings, when heat is applied to the glasses. Profs. Stevelly and Forbes confirmed the accuracy of Mr. Powell's results, from their own experience. Prof. Whewell doubted the identity of the operation of heat in the vibrations of heated bodies, and in the phenomena described by Mr. Powell.

A letter from Mr. Hailstone was read, which accompanied a table of barometrical observations taken at short intervals. Prof. Forbes said, that the momentary oscillations of the barometer had been noticed by other observers, and seemed disposed to support the existence of atmospheric waves, which the author had doubted.

A letter from Mr. Christie, containing an account of a remarkable meteorological phenomenon was read; it appeared, however, that similar phenomena had been seen and described before.

*Wednesday.*—Prof. Lloyd read a portion of his report on Physical Optics. M. Arago said, that though he would feel it a just ground of national pride, to claim for his countryman, M. Fresnel, the discovery of the hypothesis of transversal vibrations, yet justice compelled him to state, and he did so on personal knowledge, that the original proposer was an Englishman, Dr. T. Young.

Prof. Whewell having read a paper from Mr. Challis, containing theoretical explanations of some facts relating to the composition of the colours of the spectrum; added some observations regarding Sir John Herschel's explanation of dispersion according to the undulatory theory. Sir D. Brewster objected to this explanation, dwelling principally on the phenomena of dark bands in the light transmitted through nitrous-acid gas, and their alteration with the increase of temperature. Prof. Powell after having read a paper on the achromatism of the eye, renewed the subject of the undulatory theory of light, which was discussed at considerable length.

Prof. Phillips made his second report of the result of twelve months experiments on the quantity of rain falling at different elevations above the ground. Mr. Howard objected to Professor Phillips's mode of registering by average results. The thanks of the meeting were voted to Mr. Phillips, who in reply ably answered the objections of Mr. Howard.

Prof. Stevelly read a paper entitled an attempt to connect some well-known phenomena in meteorology, with well-established physical principles. The questions discussed in this paper were, 1, The nature, origin, and suspension of clouds, and the immediate effect of their formation; 2, The manner in which rain is produced, and the immediate effect of its production; 3, The manner in which wind results from the formation of cloud and rain, and 4, The origin of hail.

On *Thursday*, a sub-section was formed, of which Mr. Brunel was appointed President. At the principal section, Mr. Rennie presented the second part of his report on Hydraulics, containing the application of the principles of that science to the subject of rivers, which he illustrated by the effects which the removal of old London Bridge had produced on the river Thames.

Prof. Hamilton then gave an account to the meeting, of a new method in Dynamics. After a brief review of the progress made in dynamical science, especially by Galileo, Newton, and Lagrange, he stated that the problem to be solved was "the determination of the three co-ordinates of each point of the moving system as a function of the time." He mentioned the limitations of previous solutions, and proceeded to state his

own method; he said, the solution may be made to depend upon a certain function of the initial and final configurations, analogous to that which he has denominated a characteristic function in Optics. By this means, the whole problem is reduced to the determination of this function. He then stated the degree of success that had attended his own investigations.

Prof. Phillips communicated a paper on a new form of the dipping needle, constructed so as to correct the error of the centre of gravity. A short paper from Mr. Jordan, on the mode of suspending the magnetic needle, so as to observe variations in the direction and intensity of the earth's magnetism; the proposed method was not very intelligible, and the advantages to be derived from it, less so.

Prof. Lloyd gave an account of magnetical observations undertaken in Ireland, at the request of the Association, and of a new method of observation which he has employed. Dr. Robinson, V.P., stated some very great disadvantages belonging to the Edinburgh Observatory on the Calton Hill; he recommended that the present building should be changed into a magnetic observatory, and the astronomical instruments taken to some more favourable position. Sir D. Brewster, in confirmation, stated that a rapid process of destruction had taken place in the object-glass of the Transit instrument. M. Arago stated that considerable accuracy might be obtained in observing the dip of the magnetic needle. He said, that when the instrument was furnished with a micrometer, and the necessary cautions observed, he found it adequate to the determination of the diurnal variation of the dip.

Mr. Saumarez read a paper on Light and Colours, containing his peculiar views on their nature and origin; they were so very peculiar, that they will probably remain confined to the gentleman himself.

At the sub-section, which was formed for Practical Physics, Mr. Dent exhibited a chronometer with a glass balance spring, another with a pure palladium spring, and tables of their rates of going in several variations of temperature.

Mr. Adams described a sextant telescope of peculiar construction. Mr. Ramago exhibited a model of a projected reflecting telescope of greater magnitude and higher powers than any yet attempted. Mr. Cooper (M.P. for the county of Sligo), stated that a reflecting telescope of very superior power had been constructed for him by Mr. Grubb, of Dublin, at one-fifth of the usual cost. (See *Athenæum*, No. 339.) and stated that very great advantages would result to astronomical science from that able mechanist's inventions.

Mr. A. Gordon exhibited Maritz's modification of Fresnel's polygonal lens, and strongly recommended its adoption in light-houses, where parabolic reflectors are not indispensable.

The subjects introduced on the last day of meeting were very miscellaneous. After Dr. Knight had given an account of the method of rendering the vibrations of heated bodies visible to the eye, Mr. Russell read a very able account of some experiments on the traction of boats on canals at great velocities.

Sir D. Brewster detailed the result of some experiments on the effects of reflexion from the surfaces of crystals that had been altered by solution, and exhibited some very singular forms to the meeting.

Mr. Graves presented a paper on the theory of exponential functions, illustrating one which he had previously printed in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Professor Hamilton explained a new method of contriving imaginary quantities, and the principles of a theory which he denominated 'The Theory of Conjugate Functions.' He said that, by the aid of this theory, he had confirmed the results obtained by Mr. Graves.

Mr. Lang stated the results of some investigations which he had made on the nature of the curves described by vibrating wires fixed at one end, and exhibited drawings of the curves. The same gentleman noticed some properties of the successive integer numbers, tending to facilitate the discovery of those that are prime.

Dr. Williams read a paper 'On Sound.' Professor Forbes described the sympiesometer, an instrument invented by Mr. Adie; he stated, that he had introduced a modification, by which a correction could be obtained for temperature.

Mr. Campbell gave rather a confused account of his views respecting antilunar tides.

Mr. Dick explained a new construction of an achromatic object-glass for telescopes, and exhibited the instrument. Sir T. Brisbane mentioned, that a species of sand had been discovered at New South Wales supposed to possess some properties that rendered it peculiarly valuable for glass of a superior quality for optical purposes.

The Section concluded its labours with the reading of a paper, by Dr. Robinson, 'On the Visibility of the Moon during a total Eclipse.'

At the sub-section, Mr. Murray described an apparatus for communicating between a stranded vessel and the shore. Mr. Adams exhibited a new cause of the interference of sound. Mr. Dick described a new suspension rail-way which he illustrated by numerous drawings. Mr. Brunel exhibited a model, and described his method of constructing arches. Mr. Adie read a very curious and interesting paper 'On the Expansion of Stone.' And the Rev. G. Tough exhibited a celestial glass sphere, containing the sun, moon, and earth, and displaying all their relative motions.

#### STATISTICS.

Statistics must next occupy our attention. The section was almost deserted on Tuesday, but on Wednesday it was one of the most crowded.

*Wednesday.*—In the statistical section, the consideration of Mr. Heywood's paper was resumed, chiefly in reference to the means of education provided for the lower classes. The small number that attended day schools (600 out of 8000) was noticed as a lamentable instance of the little that has been yet effected for the moral improvement of the country: and, it was stated besides, that the education received at these schools was miserable in amount, and bad in quality. Inquiries were made respecting the efficiency of Sunday schools, and it was stated, that they had produced most beneficial effects, both on the children and the parents. A gentleman of Manchester said, that there was a Sunday school in that town containing about 1,500 pupils, most of whom were employed in the factories, and that these children had voluntarily subscribed 150*l.* out of their little earnings in one year for benevolent purposes. Mr. Simpson said, he thought it of importance to ascertain some facts, showing how the education of children re-acted upon parents. The Rev. Edward Stanley, of Cheshire, then observed, that he had great pleasure in stating his experience respecting the indirectly beneficial effects of education, particularly with reference to the reformation more frequently perhaps than we are aware of, or they are themselves aware, upon the parents of children receiving instruction in our national or parochial schools. It has, in several instances, occurred to him to hear from their own mouths a confession of this important and gratifying fact. He might indeed add, that he knew of no instance in which the children of poor or profligate parents, if regular attendants at our schools, had not transmitted to their homes a portion of the benefit derived; and this he considered a very important result—naturally flowing from general education. It is true that he had, in too many instances, regretted to see that

1 This paper being of a more popular character than any of the others, and particularly valuable when taken in connexion with our Meteorological Tables, we shall at an early opportunity give a copious abstract of it to our readers.



effects, commensurate with his wishes or exertions, were not fully developed, but he did not look upon the seed, although apparently lost in barren soil, to be altogether thrown away. At all events, he had no hesitation in saying, that we have no right to argue, from occasional disappointment, that education is either useless or impolitic. Let us look for a moment at the dense and comparatively profligate population of our manufacturing districts, and then reflect how infinitely more brutal and barbarous they would have been had not the dark scene been enlightened by, here and there, a ray of intellectual light, and the whole more or less soothed, and, in some degree, controlled by the civilizing powers of revealed religion.

The next subject to which attention was directed was to the ascertaining the proportion of comforts possessed by the operative classes. The *Messrs.* Taylor offered to furnish full information respecting the miners in Cornwall and Wales. A paper of Statistics, by Dr. Clelland, relative to Glasgow, was read, and led to a long discussion respecting the operation of the poor laws and Dr. Chalmers' reforms; the difficulties that impede statisticians from the present imperfect system of registration, were warmly commented upon. It appeared that in the city and suburbs there were 6397 children baptized or born to Baptists, &c., and that of that number there were only 3225 inserted in the parochial registers, leaving unregistered 3172. The duty of government to render registration compulsory, was forcibly urged, but Earl Fitzwilliam checked the discussion, by observing, that we were met to register what exists, not to suggest what ought to exist. In reply to a suggestion that it would be useful to ascertain the statistics of disease, Dr. Clelland said, "I addressed letters to upwards of 130 medical gentlemen in the city and suburbs, requesting that they would favour me with a note of the diseases of which their patients died during the period in which I had requested the clergyman to give me a note of baptisms, but as I only succeeded with a small portion of the members of faculty, the attempt became fruitless; and, in all probability, any future attempt will be unsuccessful till a compulsory act of the legislature, regarding parochial registers, be obtained. Amongst other reasons for not complying with my request, some of the practitioners urged that the publication of diseases would give offence to the relations of patients who died of scrofula, epilepsy, &c., and, moreover, that the publication would operate against themselves, as it would show that many of them had either very few patients or that they were unsuccessful in the curative art." With respect to the number of paupers, and their maintenance, he said, the number of paupers in the city and suburbs being 5006, and the population 202,426, there is one pauper for every 40  $\frac{1}{10}$ .

The number of paupers being 5006, and the sum expended for their maintenance or relief 17,281l. 18s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., shows the cost of each pauper to be 3l. 9s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. If the sum for the relief of paupers were equally paid by the whole non-reciprocating population, the proportion to each would be one shilling and ninepence and a small fraction. The sum of 17,281l. 18s. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ d., includes the entire expenditure of the out and in-door paupers, surgeons' salaries, medicines, clothing and educating children, maintaining lunatics, funeral charges, &c.

The cost of each pauper in St. John's parish is 3l. 8s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. The poor in that parish are maintained or relieved on the parochial system introduced by Dr. Chalmers in 1820, i. e. by the Kirk Session from its own resources, without receiving any part of the general assessment for the poor, although the inhabitants of St. John's parish are assessed for the maintenance of the poor generally in the same manner as other citizens.

He also added, that in the parts of Glasgow where the assessment is made on the rental, the rates had fallen within the last few years from 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.; and where the assessment is on all property real and personal, annually estimated, the rate per cent. had fallen from 4s. 6d. to 3s. 1d.

A letter was read from Professor Quetelet, of Brussels, expressing his regret at not being able to attend; he stated, that in a new work which he is about to publish, he has reduced the theory of population to mathematical formulae, and that the equations by which it is represented are very similar to those that express the planetary perturbations.

On Thursday an account was given of the mode in which the Statistical Survey of Scotland, now in progress, was conducted. Earl Fitzwilliam suggested more minute inquiries, such as the quantity of stock and implements of husbandry possessed by each farmer, and the proportions of his tillage and pasture-ground, &c. Some discussion ensued, and the general impression was, that such minute information is unattainable.

On Friday Capt. Maconochie read a very able analysis of Guerry's 'Essai sur la Statistique Morale de la France,' an invaluable work, first introduced to the English public by the *Athenæum* (See No. 303).—Mr. Auldjo read a paper, 'On the Statistics of the Kingdom of Naples,' tending to prove that the prosperity of that country is increasing. After which the section adjourned.

#### NATURAL HISTORY.

Tuesday.—Section of Natural History, including Zoology and Botany: Professor Graham in the chair.—A report, by Mr. Jennings, on the recent progress and present state of Zoology, was read. This report, which seemed to the section most luminous, and which is not susceptible of abridgment, began by noticing the arrangements by Linnaeus and his followers, and afterwards entered into the internal arrangement of animals as contained in the works of Cuvier. The first part of a paper was then read by Professor Hooker, giving an account of an excursion in Quito and Chimborazo, along with Captain Hall, and containing allusions to the state of vegetation in that neighbourhood, showing the general similarity of the climate of that district with the climate of the south of Europe, and, at the same time, the remarkable effects produced by the continuous spring of that climate, contrasted with the effects on animal and vegetable life by the alternate seasons of other climates; and a contrast drawn between the climates of high elevation in tropical districts, and the variable climates in higher latitudes, the result being in favour of the alternation, instead of the eternal weariness of the joys of everlasting spring. The discussion to which this paper gave rise, was principally the altitudes to which certain species of plants are confined, and the general effects of temperature.

On Wednesday the remaining part of the paper on Captain Hall's excursion in Quito and Chimborazo was read by Dr. Hooker. The question of the altitudes at which certain kinds of vegetation exist, gave rise to some discussion, as did that of the limit of perpetual snow, the result of which was, that theory and observation were at variance with regard to it, the geological character of the country always forming an important element in determining at what height snow may be found permanent. A gentleman rose to offer some remarks on Humboldt's isothermal lines, but, failing to catch the chairman's eye, he sat down apparently in a pet, and did not attempt to renew the subject. There was, amongst other papers, one by Mr. Brown, relative to the anomalous character of several families of plants.

On Thursday, Mr. Selby read a lengthened notice of the birds obtained during an excursion in Sutherlandshire, and on the structure and use of the orbital glands. Sir W. Jardine also read a paper on the various species of the genus *Salmo* collected during the same tour, exhibiting the specimens and drawings. On this important subject some observations were made by Mons. Agassiz and Dr. Richardson, both of whom declared that Sir William had certainly established a new species. M. Agassiz made several important remarks also on the characteristics of the species of *Salmo* in the Swiss lakes; we trust to give a more extended account of this curious subject on a future occasion. Mr. Trevelyan read a notice on the distribution of the phenogamous plants of the Faroe Island. A paper was read by Mr. J. G. Dalzell on the propagation of Scottish zoophytes, illustrated by many beautiful drawings. He stated that he had kept some of the zoophytes alive in his own house for several years. Dr. Arnott read a paper on the *Coculus indicus* of commerce. Mr. Murray made some observations on his success in cultivating *Phormium tenax*.

On Friday, Dr. Traill made some observations on a new species of thrush, found in Brabant. Mr. Pentland concluded his observations on the remains of what appeared to him to be an extinct variety of the human race, which had inhabited a district in South America, extending from the 16th to the 19th degree of south latitude. From relics found in various places, it appeared that three-fourths of the brain was placed behind the spinal column, the consequence of which conformation would be, that they would have great difficulty in keeping their heads erect, and be more inclined, as the Professor humorously observed, to be star-gazers than geologists. Mr. Pentland failed to convince the section that this conformation arose from any other source than the habits of savage life, it being well known that the form of the head is frequently altered by pressure being applied in infancy. A long and very interesting discussion ensued, but it was not easy to ascertain the names of the speakers. Some attempts were made to introduce the question of Phrenology, but the subject was manifestly distasteful to the majority. This gave offence to some of the enthusiastic votaries which this science has in Edinburgh; and they were still more annoyed when Professor Graham, in his report on the paper, gave some sly and severe hits at the phrenologists, who had actually proposed that the association should establish a Phrenological Section. Sir David Brewster gave a masterly and luminous account of a remarkable structure in the webs of the feet of birds, for keeping the laminae from separating during flight. This extraordinary fact, he asserted, had hitherto escaped the observation of naturalists.

#### CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.

This section attracted less of the public attention than had been expected. Professor Hoppe was in his chair, occasionally relieved by Dr. Dalton. On Tuesday the only important matter brought before the section was a discussion of certain experiments made by Dr. Daubeny, on thermal waters, and the gases they evolve. (Our reports of the proceedings of the Royal Society during the past session have already furnished our readers with the most important parts of the recent information obtained on this subject. See No. 321.)

Wednesday.—Crystallography formed a prominent object of discussion. A paper of Dr. Charles Williams, on a new law of combustion, was read. Amongst other facts elicited was the following: That bodies are inflamed at a temperature as low as 35° of Fahrenheit. (A further account of this new law will also be found in a former report

of the proceedings of the Royal Society, see p. 336.) Dr. Daubeny read a paper on the relative heating powers of coal tar, and splint coal, in which he showed that the tar might be used in fuel; but that it did not give much more heat than good coal. A paper was read with regard to the destructive distillation of organic substances, a subject of vast importance, but unfortunately encumbered with technical details intelligible only to professed chemists.

**Thursday.**—The most important part of the business of this day was a discussion on chemical notation introduced by Mr. Johnston. The subject was referred to the committee, with the view of introducing an uniform system of chemical notation, the want of which is severely felt, and unless the evils arising from every person who deems that he has made an improvement introducing now-fangled combinations be remedied, it was generally agreed by the section, that chemical science would soon become a perfect chaos. A letter from Professor Airy of Philadelphia was read, respecting the propriety of facilitating the communications with foreigners of congenial pursuits. It was received with loud cheers, and it was observed, that no better means could have been devised for the accomplishment of this very desirable object than the formation of the British Association.

**Friday.**—The Rev. Mr. Harcourt, Secretary to the Association, and almost its founder, detailed some experiments of his, now in progress, on the effects of long continued heat on certain bodies, and of the disposition of them under the Iron Furnaces in Yorkshire. Professor Clerk read a paper on the use of hot air in the smelting of cast iron, and gave some numerical results of the advantage of the new process. Dr. Christison read a paper on the action of water on lead. Dr. Graham read a paper on the constitution of certain hydrated salts. Mr. Kemp read a paper on the liquefaction of gases, showing how gas may be obtained in much larger quantities than before. This paper was generally regarded as the most practically useful that had been laid before the Section.

The following is the substance of a communication made by Professor Stevelli, on applying a vernier to a scale, not of equal, but of variable parts; and particularly to the scale of Wollaston's Chemical Equivalents.

A series of parallelograms, whose sides diminish or increase according to the same law that connects the divisions of the portion of the scale which is to be read off by the vernier, being jointed together in the manner that the toy by which children make their soldiers wheel into line or form column, gives us a type of the instrument. The cross diameters always remaining parallel, can be represented by five indices, which may, by a screw similar to the one that works the small mirrors of a Gregorian telescope, be so made to recede or to approach one another as to suit the divisions of the scale at any part; and to read off a portion of any division, decimally, to any convenient number of places; the limits being much the same as those for the common vernier for a scale of equal parts.

Now, as to the lengths of the bars. Let us instance in Wollaston's scale; it is clear the length of the bars must be from centre to centre of the jointing pins, some of the very same series of geometrical proportionals as those which constitute the scale to which the names of the chemical substances are attached. The vernier, therefore, is very easily constructed by the workman. For a scale of arithmetical proportionals, the bars would require to be such, that, as the first term of the principal scale is to the first difference, so let the first bar be to the difference of first and second bar, the lengths of the bars may then be all easily found. If a vernier has to be made for thermometers graduated by the inequalities of the tube, the law must be found

by the diagonal scale, or some other practical mode. It is remarkable that the common equal-sided parallelograms, similar to the toy, would in practice be *very exact indeed*, though not mathematically so.

The vernier might be easily adapted to circular arcs, as in the quadrantal balance or common yarn scale. And by this an instrument might be made useful for many hygrometric purposes. Also another instrument by which the specific gravities of large quantities of gases or of atmospheric air might be had by inspection. This might be useful both to the speculative philosopher, to the physician, to the persons at gas works, and to the manufacturing chemist.

Objections may be foreseen; but none, it is believed, without an answer.

#### ANATOMY AND MEDICINE.

The papers read in this Section were all of a strictly professional character, nor was there any thing popular connected with it, except the lecture delivered by Sir C. Bell on the nervous system. It continued two days, but was little more than a *résumé* of what he had previously published on the subject. At the evening meeting of Friday, the President of the medical section, Dr. Abercrombie, in reporting the proceedings of his section, took occasion to express the gratification he and his brethren had experienced from the meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh, and their anticipation of the happy results to which the friendships thereby commenced might lead. He was not one of those who were of opinion that the pursuit of physical science was hurtful to the higher interests of man considered as a moral being. He believed that infidelity and irreligion were the offspring of ignorance, united to presumption; and that the boldest researches in physical science were calculated the more to display the power, the wisdom, the harmony, and the beauty which marked the works of Him who guided the planets in their course, who ruled a thousand suns and their systems, and whose name was The Eternal.

#### GEOLOGY AND GEOGRAPHY.

This was the most popular of the sections, and justly so, for, in addition to the valuable information contained in the communications, the audience enjoyed the racy eloquence of Sedgwick, the humour of Buckland, and the strong sense of Lyell; no report could do justice to the speeches delivered by these eminent philosophers—we trust, however, to be able hereafter to supply our readers with an accurate report of that delivered by Professor Sedgwick on Tuesday, which was beyond question one of the most singular examples of philosophical details lucidly arranged and adorned with the most lively wit, that can be found in the annals of science. Professor Jameson took the chair at the meeting on Tuesday, and a very animated discussion arose on the subject of primary formations. It appears that at the last meeting of the Institution, Dr. Boase, Secretary of the Royal Geological Society of Cornwall, brought under the notice of the Geological department some speculations as to the stratification of primitive clay slate. Upon that occasion, it was agreed to postpone the discussion until next meeting. It was maintained by Dr. Boase, that granite displayed all the characteristics of stratified rocks, as these characteristics are enumerated by Professor Lyell. It was argued on the other hand that parallelism of layers is no proof of stratification. Dr. Lyell observed that he had not laid it down as a criterion of stratification, that tabular masses have parallel beds; the reverse was often the case. The remarks of Dr. Boase called forth a long and luminous reply from Professor Sedgwick; but the whole discussion was involved in considerable obscurity, on account of Dr. Boase's work having been so recently pub-

lished, that his exact views upon the subject were not fully known to the individuals composing the meeting. Nor were they completely developed on this occasion. At the conclusion, he remarked, that had this been the case, much of the discussion might have been saved. Mr. Greenough, and Professors Phillips and Buckland severally explained their views upon the subject, but nothing of importance resulted from the discussion; indeed, misunderstanding seemed to prevail upon the subject, but this was readily pardoned, as it led to much merriment. A paper upon the Geology of America was also read to the meeting.

On Wednesday, Mr. Stevenson's report as to the change in the relative level of land and water, was read. This called forth some very interesting remarks from Professor Lyell (who has recently returned from a tour in Sweden). The Professor has ascertained the important fact, that the land on the coast of Sweden has, within the last hundred years, gained somewhat more than three feet (See *Athenæum*, No. 289). Other papers, chiefly geological, were read; in particular one by Lord Greenock on the coal formation and strata of Scotland; his Lordship, however, dwelt too much on generalities, and it was not possible to discover, from his account, whether there are any essential differences between the coal formations of England and Scotland.

On Thursday, Mr. Nicol read a paper on the subject of the structure of fossil wood, and explained the general results of his observations, and showed his method of making thin sections of fossil wood. Professor Traill read a paper on fossil remains found in Orkney, which gave rise to a very animated discussion, in which Professor Buckland took a conspicuous part. The Section resolved, if the weather should prove favourable the next day, to have a geological excursion to some of the hills near Edinburgh. This excursion was, however, undertaken only by a select few.

On Friday several gentlemen made important communications to this Section, amongst others, Mr. James Bryce read a notice of some bones found in a cavern near the Giant's Causeway, which seemed to prove that a geological examination of the north-east coast of Ireland would be attended with important results. A paper was also read on the geology of the Pentland Hills. Mr. Murchison read a paper on the fossil fishes found in the old red sandstone of England, and also in Forfarshire and other counties of Scotland. Dr. Traill announced that the fossil fishes which he had brought from Orkney had been that morning inspected by M. Agassiz, who had discovered among them five new species. M. Agassiz also gave an account of certain fossils found in the quarries near Bardshehouse, which he conceived at first to be reptiles; but which were in reality fishes partaking of the character of reptiles. This is a remarkable fact, brought for the first time under the notice of science.

#### THE EVENING MEETINGS.

The design of the meetings in the evening was to present some scientific subject in a popular form, so as to make it intelligible and interesting to ladies and ordinary visitors. On Tuesday, as we have already stated, the subject of comets was discussed. After the chairman of Sections had reported on Wednesday, Dr. Lardner gave a lecture on Babbage's Calculating Machine. On Thursday, Professor Buckland gave an admirable lecture on Fossil Reptiles, which convulsed his hearers with laughter at some of his humorous hints; while its great research and extensive information rendered it interesting to the most sober student of science. The object of the Professor was to prove the admirable adaptation of animal life to the constitution of the globe at the various eras of its history. In what may be called the earliest periods, the animals inhabiting the

waters possessed a singular peculiarity of tail; the two parts into which we now find it divided were then of very unequal sizes, the upper one was large and the lower one small. In these circumstances the animal lived by what is vulgarly called suction. Its mouth, or rather snout, hung or dropped downwards; and as it subsisted upon decayed vegetable matter, which subsided to the bottom of the element in which it moved, the fish was, by this adjustment of parts, enabled, with the least possible exertion on the part of the animal, to suck up its nutritious aliment. As we approach to a more recent period, when it was necessary to introduce one of Malthus's checks upon population, we find the evidence of design, and the law of adaptation developing itself in a new shape: animals occur which are evidently intended to prey upon their weaker brethren of the deep, which, were they allowed to propagate themselves without restraint, would destroy that equilibrium which is observed in animal life, as well as in the laws which govern inanimate matter. It would be impossible, without a reference to the figures, to give even an outline of the various details of the Professor's lecture, and enumerate the measurements of such marine monsters as the ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, &c. The leading object of the lecturer we have already mentioned; the address was enlivened by various strokes of humour. In allusion to the organic remains found in Scotland, the Professor observed, that their antiquity was of a very high order, far surpassing that of the most ancient Highland family of the Isles. A number of slabs or strata of rock, he stated, had been sent to him by Mr. Duncan, who mentioned that they evidently bore the impression of the feet of a tortoise. At first Dr. Buckland doubted the fact, but was afterwards convinced. The difficulty, however, became obvious; where was the tortoise? A friend of the Doctor's, more learned on this point, he said, than himself, at once explained away the difficulty. They must, he observed, have been Scotch tortoises, which were travelling to the south. The Professor concluded by alluding to the probable age of the world. With regard to the determination of the question by the sacred writings, it must be observed, that the words, "In the beginning," &c., imply an indefinite period of time, in which geological phenomena of the most extensive description might have taken place.

On Friday evening Mr. Whewell delivered a lecture on several interesting phenomena connected with the tides. At the last meeting of the Association, the investigation of this subject was pointed out as of vast moment, and one from which facts of considerable importance were likely to result. He observed, that the state of information, with respect to tides, amongst philosophers, was precisely in the same situation as that with respect to the general principles of astronomy among those who were the least learned. The general fact of tides being governed by the law of gravitation and the attraction of the moon and the sun, was known to the learned, but of the particulars they were in a great measure ignorant. At the last meeting, he, therefore, called upon intelligent individuals to institute investigations upon this subject, and the consequence had been, that, at Bristol, a society was formed for the purpose of carrying on these investigations.—Bristol, which was above all other places calculated for observations, as the rise and fall of the tide averaged from fifty to sixty feet, where a person might walk at low water along the valley of the river, and see the ships lying dry, never dreaming that in a few hours these would be floated by the tide. To facilitate such inquiries, a self-registering instrument was constructed to ascertain the rate of the rise and fall of the tides; by which the relative altitudes at different times of

high water were delineated on a sheet of paper, one of which was exhibited to the meeting. By this means, the fact, first developed by Newton, from observations made by a gentleman residing at the spot where this instrument was now adopted, was proved, that at one period of the year the evening tides were greater than the morning, and, at other times the morning tides were greater than the evening. This circumstance could not be observed in London; and this arose from the peculiar position of that city, which he believed to be unique in the tides of the coast. Mr. Whewell then described the manner in which tides were brought to our coast, and showed that the great tidal wave of the Atlantic in approaching the shores of England divided into three columns, and that two of them met exactly at the mouth of the Thames, one of them twelve hours after the other, so that each tide was compounded of an evening and a morning tide, and in consequence there was no alternation in the daily tides of that port. In order to prosecute the investigation of these phenomena, application was made to the Admiralty, to direct the Coast Guard Service to make observations on the subject; and the officers of that service had shown an alacrity and zeal in the matter which was worthy of their character. He had received these observations from the 7th to the 23rd of June last; but he had not yet had time to examine them fully; but from the cursory view he had been able to take of them, they appeared to be of great value, and they were at present undergoing examination by direction of the Admiralty. Mr. Whewell concluded his interesting lecture, by expressing in very warm terms the feelings of gratitude entertained by himself and other strangers of the Association for the kind and hospitable reception they had met with in Edinburgh.

Professor Sedgwick at some length, took a general review of the results of the labours of the geological and geographical sections during the week, in the course of which the learned Professor detailed the relation which subsisted between the geological formations of the sister kingdoms. Geology, he observed, had made a very important advance during this meeting, in the course of which he himself had gained new views of the science. M. Agassiz, in particular, had brought to light several interesting facts relative to fossil remains. He concluded by congratulating the Association on the countenance which had been bestowed on their meeting by the presence of so many of Scotland's daughters; and re-echoed the sentiments of Dr. Abercrombie, that the pursuits of science, instead of leading to infidelity, had a contrary tendency; it went rather to strengthen religious principles and to confirm morals.

*Saturday.*—Our reports have run to such an unusual length, that we must confine ourselves to a general sketch of the proceedings of this, the last day. Next week we shall have leisure to look over the whole, and fill up the outline where it may appear defective.

The Rev. V. Harcourt, general Secretary, read a report of the proceedings of the past week, and the objects to which it was desirable that the members should direct their attention during the coming year.

Thanks were then voted to the officers of the University—to the Royal College of Physicians—to the proprietors of the Assembly Rooms where the meetings were held—and to other public bodies, for their liberality and kindness. Professor Sedgwick proposed, and the Lord Chancellor seconded, a vote of thanks to M. Arago, and the other distinguished foreigners who had attended the meeting, which was received with great applause. M. Arago returned thanks in French. The President then addressed the meeting, congratulating the members on the result of their labours, and then announced that

the next meeting would be held in Dublin, on the 10th of August, Dr. Lloyd, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, to be President, Lord Oxmantown and Professor Whewell, Vice Presidents, Professors Lloyd and Hamilton, Secretaries.

## FINE ARTS

WORKS of art lie so thick upon our table that we must address ourselves to examining them, and noting down our judgment before the task become too heavy for "a labour of love."

And first in merit as in fame, is Raimbach's splendid engraving from the 'Parish Beadle,' by Wilkie. This picture is not a favourite of ours, nor do we think it will be with the public. The subject is a painful one—but we admit that it is a scene from life, and we have rarely seen an engraving so broad and general in its effects, without losing any of the beauty of detail.

Two engravings, by Lupton, are also interesting, as they make us acquainted with what we had not known before, that Sir Thomas Lawrence attempted landscape painting; and we see further by them, that had he chosen to follow this branch of the art, he might have been successful in it. One represents a close scene in a park, with trees of profuse, sweeping foliage, and deer grazing placidly by the side of a small pool,—the other is something more ambitious in subject and effect, and reminds us of some of Poussin's poetical compositions.

A striking contrast to these is Martin's 'Seventh Plague of Egypt,' now engraved by Lupton, on a larger scale than that in which it first appeared. The designs of this splendid artist require space, and we never see one of them contracted to the puny size of an Annual page, without remembering some English Pasquin's sharp but expressive phrase of "a panorama in a pill-box." There are other works by the same hand more stupendous and imaginative than the one before us; but the original conception is here, which none of Martin's host of imitators have ever equalled.

We must make another long skip, to come from the "fire mingled with hail, which ran along the ground," to the two lithographs by Lane, after Edwin Landseer. 'High Life' is typified by a mild, aristocratic-looking deerhound, sitting in the easy and grave consciousness of his own gentility, among all manner of suitable adjuncts—such as the hawking-glove and bells, the sword, the helmet, the old goblet, the quaintly-fashioned taper, the damask-cushioned easy chair, and the unclasped volume—a missal or ancient romance, we are sure. We should have thought the clown easier to represent than him of gentle blood—but 'Low Life' is not quite so characteristic as its companion—and the shrewd surly-looking tyke is rather homely than vulgar, and, were he sitting in any better company than a pipe and pot of porter, might pass muster. The awkward resolved position of his fore paws reminds us of the attitude of the feet of one of Thom's grotesque images. These plates are in some parts fine specimens of the art of lithography.

Mr. Inskipp goes on happily, and we almost think, improvingly, with his 'Studies from Nature.' Plate 4 is now before us, and a sweeter face than it represents we have rarely looked upon. There is a simplicity and soundness of style in these heads which please us exceedingly.—The tenth number of engravings from 'The Works of Livernege,' is a fine one. We are sure that this work must be successful—it awakens great interest, and deep regret that so promising an artist should have been so early lost. The present number contains 'The Benediction,' 'My Lady's Page,' and 'Christopher Sly and the Hostess,' all full of truth and beauty.—The 10th Part of Engravings by Mr. S. W. Reynolds, from the works of his illustri-



ous namesake Sir Joshua, is also before us. 'The Infant Hercules' is powerfully engraved; and 'The Laughing Girl,' a sweet picture, in the artist's happiest manner.

But here are the first fruit offerings of the Annuals for 1835.—'Twenty-two Illustrations of the Oriental Annual, from drawings by W. Daniell, R.A.' and 'Illustrations to Heath's Picturesque Annual, from drawings by Cattermole.' The Oriental is a decided improvement on the last year; the whole of the plates are good, but we must direct especial attention to 'The Moor-punkée, Lucnow,' and a 'View in the Garden of the Palace of Lucnow,' both engraved by Brandard, as without rivals for delicacy and effect; and to the vignette title-page, 'The Indian Fruit-seller,' by Woodman, a sweet and beautiful composition, although the neck of the girl is perhaps a trifle too long.—Of Heath's 'Picturesque' we are perplexed what to say. That Mr. Cattermole has produced some very clever pictures, and that the several engravers have done their duty, we readily admit; but why twenty illustrations of Walter Scott should form a volume of the 'Picturesque Annual,' is, we confess, beyond our power to divine. This explanation premised, there is much to admire in the work; the varied skill and power of Mr. Cattermole's pencil, which we have often before commended, and some exquisite proofs of the talent of Cousen, (the 'Best Bow' is indeed admirable, both as a picture and engraving,) Good-year, Higham, Brandard, and others.

A lithograph before us gives a representation of a monument, in the Gothic tabernacle style, about to be erected in Bristol Cathedral, to the memory of Bishop Butler, with an inscription by Southey. There is something too perpendicular and square in the entire effect to please our taste—but it is possible that, when erected, this defect (as it appears to us) may not be so striking.

Part I. of 'Landscape Illustrations to Cunningham's edition of Burus' is also on our table. These are the vignettes and frontispieces to the several volumes of this work, collected and illustrated by a few pleasant words from the pen of its editor.

Lastly, we behold the 'Genealogical Tree of British Poets,' with Chaucer at the root, and the Corn Law Rhymer and Miss M. A. Browne on the topmost boughs; the other bards (we mean their names), filling closely the interlacing branches of this wonderful child of the forest. But let us not be thought to jest—for under the shade of this same tree there stands—the Athenæum! We feel the compliment, and are obliged for it.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Death from the Bites of Spiders.**—A letter from M. Graëlls, of Barcelona, was read at a late meeting of the French Entomological Society, of which the following is an extract: "The appearance of a spider, the bites of which gave rise to serious accidents amongst the people of *El campo de Tarragonas*, and even caused death to some of a feeble constitution, was first noticed in 1830. It attracted the attention of the Medical and Surgical Academy of Barcelona, which named a commission, to examine persons bit by this spider, and ascertain its species. Unfortunately, this last point was difficult to verify, as the country people had commenced destroying every spider they met, and could not point out that which they considered noxious. In 1833 this scourge appeared for the second time amongst the inhabitants of *El Vendrell* in the same district, producing the same accidents, and in such numbers, that the peasants dared not go out to their work. A second commission was named, of which I was one, and I ascertained that the injurious spider was the *Theridion maimignatte*, the *Aran. 13-guttata* of Fabricius."

—In consequence of this letter, some observations were made: M. Lefebvre related, that despite all his pains, he had been unable during his sojourn in Sicily, to find either this *Theridion* or the *Tarentula*. Yet people were constantly telling him of a venomous spider, without however presenting him the animal or describing it in any precise manner. Among the strange exaggerated and contradictory reports, which were given him of the injuries it produced, as well as the proper modes of cure, he never heard of death being the result of the bite of this spider, but merely prolonged lethargies, fevers often sufficiently violent, together with shocks to the nervous system, which were generally recovered from. Thus he was told, that in harvest time, a woman of Colessano, having gone to sleep in the corn, was bit by one of these spiders in the neck, and that having become lethargic in consequence, she remained two or three days in a state of torpor, from which she was only recovered by constantly rocking her in a cradle to the sound of music. His informant was a muleteer, who said he had assisted at the dances, which they believed necessary to arouse this woman. The Sicilians designating all spiders, particularly those of the fields, by the common name *Tarentola*, brought the first they found to M. Lefebvre as specimens of the venomous species. He remarked that those presented him, were generally of the smaller kinds, not *Epeira*, but *Thomis*, *Lycosa* and *Eresi*, whence he concluded, that there might probably be a *Theridion*, the size of which, it is well known, does not exceed that of most species of the above genera. He was assured that oil and *theriacum* were generally employed with success against the bites of this spider, which was particularly dreaded in the Val di Noto, at Randazzo, a little town at the north side of Mount Ætna, and at Collesano, where they termed it *Tarentola Balarina*.

**Steam Navigation to India.**—Intelligence has been received here (Alexandria, Aug. 13th), that Government had resolved to support the scheme of a steam navigation to India *via* Egypt, the Pasha, in proof of his zeal in the cause, immediately gave orders for constructing a railroad between Cairo and Suez upon the most approved plan, and as soon as the necessary arrangements for commencing the work could be made here, to procure from England the whole of the iron rail-bars, locomotive carriages, steam-engines, &c. necessary for this great enterprise. Being the first work of the kind ever attempted in this part of the world, Mehmet Ali, justly appreciating our claim to the first rank in this particular art, has resolved that English skill and English machinery alone shall be employed upon it.—*Times*.

**Zincography.**—It was but a few years past that we had to record an advance in the fine arts, in the invention of lithography, which afforded increased facilities in the art of engraving. Lithography is now, however, likely to be displaced, at any rate to a great degree, by the invention of an ingenious Frenchman, M. Breugnot, who has succeeded in preparing a composition of metal, the basis of which is zinc, upon which drawing and writing can be effected with equal, if not with greater facility than upon stone, and as easily applied to paper with the same machinery. The art of zincography has several advantages over that of lithography, amongst others, in the portability and comparative cheapness of the plates, over the necessary bulkiness and cost of stone. These plates can even be adapted to a lady's portfolio, to any thickness, and to any size, a desideratum much wanted in lithography. The invention of zincography has received the sanction of the Royal Academy of Paris, and we understand that M. Breugnot has sold the patent for Great Britain to Mr. John Chapman, of Cornhill, who feels confident that

he shall be able to adapt this improvement to every department in the art of engraving. In Paris, they have already succeeded in printing large window blinds with one plate, and we believe experiments have been made on silk and cotton, which warrant the supposition that zincography will soon be applied in our silk and cotton printing establishments.—*Morning Herald*.

**The Fine Arts in France.**—Various works of art are now in course of execution at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, among which is a cast of the Moses of Michael Angelo, which has been brought recently from Rome. The object of the Minister of the Interior in procuring it was, that it might serve as a model for the various schools of sculpture in different parts of France, and copies on a reduced scale have been cast in bronze in order to be sent to the provincial schools and museums.

**Westminster Hall.**—The interior will soon appear improved, and worthy the inspection of foreigners. Instead of the rough walls, the sides will be lined with smooth freestone. The cornice, bearing portions of the shield of Richard II., by whom the hall was repaired in 1397, being in the last stage of decay, has been taken down, and an entire new stone cornice, with exact copies of the old sculpture, is to be put up. The pilasters which stood under the shields and quartering of arms are to be taken away as useless. The door on the right of the gates, which opened upon the dépôt for Exchequer records, has been faced up, and a new door opened in the passage of the King's Bench Court, leading to the stairs of the tower. The doors which once stood open on each side the great entrance, have been discovered in the eastern wall, and faced over. The workmen have cut deeply into the wall to fix the facing. Most of the ancient wall seems to be not solid stone, but various materials forming a firmly-cemented substance. Stowe says, "Richard II. caused the walls, windows, and roof to be taken down and new made, with a stately porch, and divers lodgings of marvellous work, and with great costs, all which he levied of strangers banished or flying out of their countries, and who obtained licence to remain in this land by the King's charters, which they had purchased with great sums of money."—*Morning Herald*.

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
[J. HOLMES, TURNER'S COURT.]

## REVIEWS

*The Last Days of Pompeii.* By E. L. Bulwer, author of 'Pelham.' 3 vols. London: Bentley.

FROM no work of Mr. Bulwer's have we risen with such admiration of his genius, as from 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' There may be as fine passages, as fine scenes, a finer development of human motives, feelings, passions, in others—but never before, to our thinking, has he shown such an absolute and entire mastery over his subject,—such artistic power. This may seem strange, but will be found true, and true, perhaps, for the very reason that makes it seem strange. The manners, the customs, the habits of life which he had now to describe, were all foreign to him, therefore he could not draw from his own experience, by which he has ever been, to a limited extent, cabined and shut in. His knowledge of the universal nature of man, could alone serve him on this occasion, and nobly has it done so. The unity of interest in this work is also admirable. From the first moment the reader is unconsciously involved in the story, and at last he is swept onwards, without power to stay his course, into that whirlpool of passion and of suffering with which it concludes.

The very opening scenes are proofs of the skilful management to which we refer. There is nothing startling; no note of preparation is sounded; the tone is, indeed, subdued to the severity of classic beauty; but by this, the mind is at once cut off from all the associations of ordinary life. We will give an extract even thus early:—

"The Via Domitiana was crowded with passengers and chariots, and exhibited all that gay and animated exuberance of life and motion which we find at this day in the streets of Naples.

"The bells of the cars as they rapidly glided by each other, jingled merrily on the ear, and Clodius, with smiles or nods, claimed familiar acquaintance with whatever equipage was most elegant or fantastic—in fact, no young man was better known about Pompeii.

"What, Clodius! and how have you slept on your good fortune?" cried, in a pleasant and musical voice, a young man, in a chariot of the most fastidious and graceful fashion. Upon its surface of bronze were elaborately wrought, in the still exquisite workmanship of Greece, reliefs of the Olympian games: the two horses that drew the car were of the rarest breed of Parthia; their slender limbs seemed to disdain the ground and court the air, and yet at the slightest touch of the charioteer, who stood behind the young owner of the equipage, they paused motionless, as if suddenly transformed into stone,—lifeless, but lifelike, as one of the breathing wonders of Praxiteles. The owner himself was of that slender and beautiful symmetry from which the sculptors of Athens drew their models; his Grecian origin betrayed itself in his light but clustering locks, and the perfect harmony of his features. He wore no toga, which in the time of the emperors had indeed ceased to be the general distinction of the Ro-

mans, and was especially ridiculed by the pretenders to fashion; but his tunic glowed in the richest hues of the Tyrian dye, and the fibulae, or buckles, by which it was fastened sparkled with emeralds: around his neck he wore a chain of gold, which in the middle of his breast twisted itself into the form of a serpent's head, from the mouth of which hung pendant a large signet ring of elaborate and most exquisite workmanship; the sleeves of the tunic were loose, and fringed at the hand with gold; and across the waist a girdle wrought in arabesque designs, and of the same material as the fringe, served in lieu of pockets for the receptacle of the handkerchief and the purse, the stylus and the tablets.

"My dear Glaucus!" said Clodius, 'I rejoice to see that your losses have so little affected your mind. Why you seem as if you had been inspired by Apollo, and your face shines with happiness like a glory; any one might take you for the winner and me for the loser.'

"And what is there in the loss or gain of those dull pieces of metal, that should change our spirits, my Clodius? Per Jove! while, yet young, we can cover our full locks with chaplets—while yet the cithara sounds on unsated ears—while yet the smile of Lydia or of Chloe flashes over our veins in which the blood runs so swiftly, so long shall we find delight in the sunny air, and make bold Time itself but the treasurer of our joys. You sup with me to-night, you know."

"Who ever forgets the invitation of Glaucus!"

"But which way go you now?"

"Why, I thought of visiting the baths, but it wants yet an hour to the usual time."

"Well, I will dismiss my chariot, and go with you. So so, my Phyllis," stroking the horse nearest to him, which by a low neigh and with backward ears, playfully acknowledged the courtesy; 'a holiday for you to-day. Is he not handsome, Clodius?'

"Worthy of Phœbus," returned the noble parasite,—'or of Glaucus.'"

From this moment, we see only the world of beauty, which yet surrounds the tomb of the buried city—we hear only "dulcet symphonies and voices sweet"—we drink in the sweet southern air, heavy with Sabæan odours—we idle under the broad blue canopy of its cloudless heaven, or float upon that other azure world which lies before us, and surrendering our whole spirit to the will of the magician, we become, as it were, "native and endowed unto the element;" and "whoever visits thee," says Mr. Bulwer, in a fine burst of enthusiasm,—"seems to leave earth and its harsh cares behind—to enter by the Ivory Gate into the Land of Dreams. The young and laughing Hours of the PRESENT—the Hours, those children of Saturn, which he hungers ever to devour, seem snatched from his grasp. The past—the future—are forgotten; we enjoy but the breathing time. Flower of the world's garden—Fountain of Delight—Italy of Italy—beautiful benign Campania!—vain were, indeed, the Titans, if, on this spot, they yet struggled for another heaven! Here, if God meant this working-day life for a perpetual holiday, who would

not sigh to dwell for ever—asking nothing, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, while thy skies shone over him—while thy seas sparkled at his feet—while thine air brought him sweet messages from the violet and the orange—and while the heart, resigned to—beating with—but one emotion, could find the lips and the eyes, that flatter it (vanity of vanities!) that love can defy custom, and be eternal?"

Who that has visited thee, "flower of the world's garden," will not recognize the following? Seventeen hundred years have made but little change. The blind beggar on the Mole still recites his wondrous tale, and a few grani serve for his reward:—

"Thus conversing, their steps were arrested by a crowd gathered round an open space where three streets met; and just where the porticos of a light and graceful temple threw their shade, there stood a young girl, with a flower-basket on her right arm, and a small three-stringed instrument of music in the left hand, to whose low and soft tones she was modulating a wild and half barbaric air. At every pause in the music, she gracefully waved her flower-basket round, inviting the loiterers to buy; and many a sesterce was showered into the basket, either in compliment to the music, or in compassion to the songstress—for she was blind.

"It is my poor Thesalian," said Glaucus, stopping: 'I have not seen her since my return to Pompeii. Hush! her voice is sweet; let us listen.'

### *The Blind Flower-Girl's Song.*

Buy my flowers—O buy—I pray,  
The Blind Girl comes from afar:  
If the Earth be as fair as I hear them say,  
These flowers her children are!  
Do they her beauty keep?  
They are fresh from her lap, I know;  
For I caught them fast asleep  
In her arms an hour ago,  
With the air which is her breath—  
Her soft and delicate breath—  
Over them murmuring low!

On their lips her sweet kiss lingers yet,  
And their cheeks with tender tears are wet.  
For she weeps,—that gentle mother weeps,—  
(As morn and night her watch she keeps,  
With a yearning heart and a passionate care)  
To see the young things grow so fair;—

She weeps—for love she weeps,  
And the dew is the tears she weeps,  
From the well of a mother's love!  
Ye have a world of light,  
Where Love in the lov'd rejoices;  
But the Blind Girl's home is the House of Night,  
And its beings are empty voices.

As one in the realm below,  
I stand by the streams of woe;  
I hear the vain shadows glide,  
I feel their soft breath at my side.  
And I thirst the lov'd form to see.  
And I stretch my fond arms around,  
And I catch but a shapeless sound,  
For the living are ghosts to me.

Come buy—come buy!—  
Hark! how the sweet things sigh,  
(For they have a voice like ours)  
"The breath of the Blind Girl closes  
The leaves of the suddening rose—  
We are tender, we sons of light,  
We shrink from this child of Night;  
From the grasp of the Blind Girl free us:  
We yearn for the eyes that see us—  
We are for Night too gay,  
In your eyes we behold the day—  
O buy—O buy the flowers!"

"I must have you bunch of violets, sweet Nydia," said Glaucus, pressing through the crowd, and dropping a handful of small coins



into the basket; 'your voice is more charming than ever.'

"The blind girl started forward as she heard the Athenian's voice—then as suddenly paused, while the blood rushed violently over neck, cheek, and temples.

"So you are returned!" said she in a low voice; and then repeated, half to herself, 'Glaucus is returned!'

"Yes, child, I have not been at Pompeii above a few days. My garden wants your care as before—you will visit it, I trust, to-morrow. And mind, no garlands at my house shall be woven by any hands but those of the pretty Nydia."

"Nydia smiled joyously, but did not answer; and Glaucus, placing the violets he had selected in his breast, turned gaily and carelessly from the crowd."

For the reasons we have given, it is impossible for us, by extracts, to do anything like justice to this work. Every scene is a link in the chain of its interest; we must therefore confine ourselves to such passages as can with least injury be detached, and these are necessarily in the first volume. The heroine is beautifully introduced—the passage is in the dialogue between Clodius and Glaucus, from which we have already quoted:—

"Shall I guess the object? said Clodius—Is it not Diomed's daughter? She adores you, and does not affect to conceal it; and by Hercules! I say again and again, she is both handsome and rich. She will bind the door-posts of her husband with golden fillets.

"No, I do not desire to sell myself. Diomed's daughter is handsome, I grant; and one time, had she not been the grandchild of a freedman, I might have—Yet no—she carries all her beauty on her face; her manners are not maiden-like, and her mind knows no culture save that of pleasure!

"You are ungrateful. Tell me, then, who is the fortunate virgin?

"You shall hear, my Clodius. Several months ago, I was sojourning at Neapolis, a city utterly to my own heart, for it still retains the manners and stamp of its Grecian origin,—and it yet merits the name of Parthenope, from its delicious air, and its beautiful shores. One day I entered the temple of Minerva, to offer up my prayers, not for myself more than for the city on which Pallas smiles no longer. The temple was empty and deserted. The recollections of Athens crowded fast and meltingly upon me: imagining myself still alone in the temple, and absorbed in the earnestness of my devotion, my prayer gushed from my heart to my lips, and I wept as I prayed. I was startled in the midst of my devotions, however, by a deep sigh; I turned suddenly round, and just behind me was a female. She had raised her veil also in prayer; and when our eyes met, methought a celestial ray shot from those dark and shining orbs at once into my soul. Never, my Clodius, have I seen mortal face more exquisitely moulded: a certain melancholy softened and yet elevated its expression; that unutterable something which springs from the soul, and which our sculptors have imparted to the aspect of Psyche, gave her beauty I know not what of divine and noble; tears were rolling down her eyes. I guessed at once that she was also of Athenian lineage; and that in my prayer for Athens her heart had responded to mine. I spoke to her, though with a faltering voice—'Art thou not, too, Athenian,' said I, 'O beautiful virgin?' At the sound of my voice she blushed, and half drew her veil across her face.—'My forefathers' ashes,' said she, 'repose by the waters of Ilysus: my birth is of Neapolis; but my heart, as my lineage, is Athenian.'—'Let us, then,' said I, 'make our

offerings together;' and, as the priest now appeared, we stood side by side, while we followed the priest in his ceremonial prayer; together we touched the knees of the goddess—together we laid our olive garlands on the altar. I felt a strange emotion of almost sacred tenderness at this companionship. We, strangers from a far and fallen land, stood together and alone in that temple of our country's deity: was it not natural that my heart should yearn to my countrywoman, for so I might surely call her? I felt as if I had known her for years, and that simple rite seemed, as by a miracle, to operate on the sympathies and ties of time. Silently we left the temple, and I was about to ask her where she dwelt, and if I might be permitted to visit her, when a youth, in whose features there was some kindred resemblance to her own, and who stood upon the steps of the fane, took her by the hand. She turned round and bade me farewell. The crowd separated us; I saw her no more. \* \* \* This is all my history. I do not love; but I remember and regret."

Here is a Roman supper—it may be considered as the entertainment given by a refined gentleman of those times:—

"Well, I must own," said the ædile Pansa, "that your house, though scarcely larger than a case for one's fibula, is a gem of its kind. How beautifully painted is that paring of Achilles and Briseis!—what a style!—what heads!—what a—hem!" \* \* \*

"At that instant the slaves appeared, bearing a tray covered with the first preparative initiis of the feast. Amidst delicious figs, fresh herbs strewn with snow, anchovies, and eggs, were ranged small cups of diluted wine sparingly mixed with honey. As these were placed on the table, young slaves bore round to each of the five guests (for there were no more) the silver basin of perfumed water and napkins edged with a purple fringe. But the ædile ostentatiously drew forth his own napkin, which was not, indeed, of so fine a linen, but in which the fringe was twice as broad, and wiped his hands with the parade of a man who felt he was calling for admiration.

"A splendid mappa that of yours," said Clodius; "why, the fringe is as broad as a girdle."

"A trifle, my Clodius, a trifle! They tell me this stripe is the latest fashion at Rome: but Glaucus attends to these things more than I."

"Be propitious, O Bacchus!" said Glaucus, inclining reverentially to a beautiful image of the god placed in the centre of the table, at the corners of which stood the Lares and the salt-holders. The guests followed the prayer, and then, sprinkling the wine on the table, they performed the wonted libation.

"This over, the convivialists reclined themselves on the couches, and the business of the hour commenced.

"May this cup be my last!" said the young Sallust, as the table, cleared of its first stimulants, was now loaded with the substantial part of the entertainment, and the ministering slave poured forth to him a brimming cythus—"May this cup be my last, but it is the best wine I have drunk at Pompeii!"

"Bring hither the amphora," said Glaucus, "and read its date and its character."

"The slave hastened to inform the party that the scroll fastened to the cork betokened its birth from Chios, and its age a ripe fifty years.

"How deliciously the snow has cooled it!" said Pansa; "it is just enough."

"It is like the experience of a man who has cooled his pleasures sufficiently to give them a double zest," exclaimed Sallust.

"It is like a woman's No," added Glaucus; "it cools, but to inflame the more."

"When is our next wild-beast fight?" said Clodius to Pansa.

"It stands fixed for the ninth ide of August," answered Pansa, "on the day after the Vulcanalis; we have a most lovely young lion for the occasion."

"Whom shall we get for him to eat?" asked Clodius. "Alas! there is a great scarcity of criminals. You must positively find some innocent or other to condemn to the lion, Pansa!"

"Indeed I have thought very seriously about it of late," replied the ædile gravely. "It was a most infamous law that which forbade us to send our own slaves to the wild beasts. Not to let us do what we like with our own, that's what I call an infringement on property itself."

"Not so in the good old days of the Republic," sighed Sallust.

"And then this pretended mercy to the slaves is such a disappointment to the poor people. How they do love to see a good tough battle between a man and lion; and all this innocent pleasure they may lose (if the gods don't send us a good criminal soon) from this cursed law."

"What can be worse policy," said Clodius sententially, "than to interfere with the manly amusements of the people?"

"Well, thank Jupiter and the Fates! we have no Nero at present," said Sallust.

"He was, indeed, a tyrant; he shut up our amphitheatre for ten years."

"I wonder it did not create a rebellion," said Sallust.

"It very nearly did," returned Pansa, with his mouth full of wild boar.

"Here the conversation was interrupted for a moment by a flourish of flutes, and two slaves entered with a single dish.

"Ah! what delicacy hast thou in store for us now, my Glaucus?" cried the young Sallust, with sparkling eyes.

"Sallust was only twenty-four, but he had no pleasure in life like eating;—perhaps he had exhausted all the others; yet had he some talent, and an excellent heart—as far as it went.

"I know its face, by Pollux!" cried Pansa; "it is an Ambracian kid. Ho!" (snapping his fingers, an usual signal to the slaves,) "we must prepare a new libation in honour to the new-comer."

"I had hoped," said Glaucus, in a melancholy tone, "to have procured you some oysters from Britain; but the winds that were so cruel to Cæsar have forbid us the oysters."

"Are they in truth so delicious?" asked Lepidus, loosening to a yet more luxurious ease, his ungirdled tunic.

"Why, in truth, I suspect it is the distance that gives the flavour; they want the richness of the Brundisium oyster. But at Rome no supper is complete without them."

"The poor Britons! There is some good in them after all," said Sallust; "they produce an oyster!"

"I wish they would produce us a gladiator," said the ædile, whose provident mind was still musing over the wants of the amphitheatre.

"By Pallas!" cried Glaucus, as his favourite slave crowned his steaming locks with a new chaplet, "I love these wild spectacles well enough when beast fights beast; but when a man, one with bones and blood like ours, is coldly put on the arena, and torn limb from limb, the interest is too horrid: I sicken—I gasp for breath—I long to rush and defend him. The yells of the populace seem to me more dire than the voices of the Furies chasing Orestes. I rejoice that there is so little chance of that bloody exhibition for our next show!"

"The ædile shrugged his shoulders; the young Sallust, who was thought the best-natured man in Pompeii, stared in surprise. The graceful Lepidus, who rarely spoke for fear of disturbing his features, cried 'Per Hercle!' The

parasite Clodius, muttered 'Ædepol!' and the sixth banqueter, who was the umbra of Clodius, and whose duty it was to echo his richer friend, when he could not praise him,—the parasite of a parasite,—muttered also 'Ædepol!'

"Well, you Italians are used to these spectacles: we Greeks are more merciful." \* \* \*

"The second course, consisting of a variety of fruits, pistachio nuts, sweetmeats, tarts, and confectionary tortured into a thousand fantastic and airy shapes, was now placed upon the table, and the ministri, or attendants, also set there the wine (which had hitherto been handed round to the guests) in large jugs of glass, each bearing upon it the schedule of its age and quality.

"Taste this Lesbian, my Pansea," said Sallust; 'it is excellent.'

"It is not very old," said Glaucus, 'but it has been made precocious like ourselves, by being put to the fire:—the wine to the flames of Vulcan—we to those of his wife—to whose honour I pour this cup.'

"It is delicate," said Pansea, 'but there is perhaps the least particle too much of rosin in its flavour.'

"What a beautiful cup!" cried Clodius, taking up one of transparent crystal, the handles of which were wrought with gems, and twisted in the shape of serpents, the favourite fashion at Pompeii.

"This ring," said Glaucus, taking a costly jewel from the first joint of his finger and hanging it on the handle, 'gives it a richer show, and renders it less unworthy of thy acceptance, my Clodius, whom may the Gods give health and fortune long and oft to crown it to the brim!'

"You are too generous, Glaucus," said the gamster, handing the cup to his slave, 'but your love gives it a double value.'

The musicians now struck their instruments to a wild Ionic air, and sang 'The Evening Hymn of the Hours'—here are a couple of verses:—

Flashing and faint are we  
With our ceaseless flight,  
And still shall our journey be  
Through the Realm of Night.  
Bathe us, O bathe our weary wings  
In the purple wave as it freshly springs  
To your cups from the fount of light—  
From the fount of light—from the fount of light;  
For there, when the sun has gone down in night,  
There in the bowl we find him.  
The grape is the well of that summer sun,  
Or rather the stream that he gazed upon,  
Till he left in truth, like the Theban youth,  
His soul, as he gazed, behind him.  
A cup to Jove, and a cup to Love,  
And a cup to the son of Minia,  
And honour with three, the band zone-free,  
The band of the bright Agleia.  
But since every bud in the wreath of pleasure  
Ye owe to the sister Hours,  
No mingled cups, in a formal measure,  
The Bœotian law makes ours.  
He honours us most who gives us meat,  
And boasts with a Bacchanal's honest boast,  
He never will count the treasure.  
Faintly we fleet, then raise our wings,  
And plunge us deep in the sparkling springs:  
And aye, as we rise with a dripping plume,  
We'll scatter the spray round the garland's bloom.  
We glow—we glow.  
Behold, as the girls of the Eastern wave  
Bore once with a shout to their crystal cave  
The prize of the Mysian Hylas,  
Even so—even so,  
We have caught the young god in our warm embrace,  
We hurry him on in our laughing race;  
We hurry him on with a whoop and song,  
The cloudy rivers of Night along—  
Ho, ho!—we have caught thee, Pylas!

Here is an account of a somewhat more ostentatious festival, though less minutely described:—

"The reader understands that the festive board was composed of three tables; one at the centre, and one at each wing. It was only at the outer side of these tables that the guests reclined; the inner space was left untenanted for the greater convenience of the waiters or ministri. \* \* \* The seats were veneered with tortoiseshell, and covered with quilts stuffed with feathers, and ornamented with the costly embroideries of Babylon. The modern ornaments of epergne or plateau, were supplied by images of the gods, wrought in bronze, ivory, and silver. The sacred salicellar and the familiar Lares were not forgotten. Over the table and the seats, a rich canopy was suspended from the ceiling. At each corner of the table were lofty candelabras, for though it was early noon, the room was darkened. While from tripods placed in different parts of the room distilled the odour of myrrh and frankincense; and upon the abacus, or sideboard, large vases and various ornaments of silver were ranged, much with the same ostentation (but with more than the same taste) that we find displayed at a modern feast.

"The custom of grace was invariably supplied by that of libations to the gods; and Vesta, as queen of the household gods, usually received first that graceful homage.

"This ceremony being performed, the slaves showered flowers upon the couches and the floor, and crowned each guest with rosy garlands, intricately woven with ribands, tied by the rind of the linden tree, and each intermingled with the ivy and the amethyst, supposed preventives against the effect of wine: the wreaths of the women only were exempted from these leaves, for it was not the fashion for them to drink wine—in public."

We must now take almost as chance directs.

"The morning sun shone over the small and odoriferous garden enclosed within the peristyle of the house of the Athenian. He lay, reclined, sad and listlessly, on the smooth grass which intersected the viridarium; and a slight canopy stretched above broke the fierce rays of the summer sun.

"When that fairy mansion was first disinterred from the earth, they found in the garden the shell of a tortoise that had been its inmate. That animal so strange a link in the creation, to whom nature seems to have denied all the pleasures of life, save life's passive and dream-like perception, had been the guest of the place for years before Glaucus purchased it; for years, indeed, which went beyond the memory of man, and to which tradition assigned an almost incredible date. The house had been built and rebuilt—its possessors had changed and fluctuated—generations had flourished and decayed—and still the tortoise dragged on its slow and unsympathizing existence. In the earthquake, which sixteen years before had overthrown many of the public buildings of the city, and scared away the amazed inhabitants, the house now inhabited by Glaucus had been terribly shattered. The possessors deserted it for many days; on their return, they cleared away the ruins which encumbered the viridarium, and found still the tortoise, unharmed and unconscious of the surrounding destruction. It seemed to bear a charmed life in its languid blood and imperceptible motions; yet was it not so inactive as it seemed; it held a regular and monotonous course: inch by inch it traversed the little orbit of its domains, taking months to accomplish the whole gyration. It was a restless voyager that tortoise!—patiently and with pain did it perform its self-appointed journeys, evincing no interest in the things around it—a philosopher concentrated in itself. There was something grand in its solitary

selfishness!—the sun in which it basked—the waters poured daily over it—the air, which it insensibly inhaled, were its sole and unflinching luxuries. The mild changes of the season, in that lovely clime, affected it not. It covered itself with its shell—as the saint in his piety—as the sage in his wisdom—as the lover in his hope.

"It was impervious to the shocks and mutations of time;—it was an emblem of time itself: slow—regular—perpetual: unwitting of the passions that fret themselves around;—of the wear and tear of mortality. The poor tortoise!—nothing less than the bursting of volcanoes, the convulsions of the riven world, could have quenched its sluggish spark! The inexorable Death, that spared not pomp or beauty, passed unheeding by a thing to which death could bring so insignificant a change.

"For this animal, the mercurial and vivid Greek felt all the wonder and affection of contrast. He could spend hours in surveying its creeping progress, in moralizing over its mechanism. He despised it in joy,—he envied it in sorrow."

Here are some beautiful fragments. It is the sweet blind girl of whom he is speaking:

"The shock that crushed her heart with the tidings that Glaucus loved, had at first only saddened and benumbed;—by degrees, jealousy took a wilder and fiercer shape; it partook of hatred—it whispered revenge. As you see the wind only agitate the green leaf upon the bough, while the leaf which has lain withered and seared on the ground, bruised and trampled upon, till the sap and life are gone, is suddenly whirled aloft—now here—now there—without stay—and without rest; so the love which visits the happy and the hopeful, hath but freshness on its wings; its violence is but sportive. But the heart that hath fallen from the green things of life, that is without hope, that hath no summer in its fibres, is torn and whirled by the same wind that but caresses its brethren;—it hath no bough to cling to—it is dashed from path to path—till the winds fall, and it is crushed into the mire for ever."

Love and Esteem.—"There is no tongue that flatters like a lover's; and yet in the exaggeration of his feelings flattery seems to him commonplace. Strange and prodigal exuberance, which soon exhausts itself by overflowing! They tell us, that the esteem which follows passion, is happier than passion itself:—it may be true—the springs of fancy—of hope—of ambition—all urged into one channel, return to their natural streams. Love is a revolution—there is no harmony—no order—there is, therefore, no settled happiness while it lasts; but when the revolution is over—we are astonished at our past frenzy: we may love still—we may be beloved—but we are in love no more! For my part, I think, there are some kinds of imperfect happiness, which are better than the perfect. Take away desire from the heart, and you take the air from the earth."

The principal persons of the story we have no more ventured to touch than the principal incidents—we could not develop their characters in our limited space. We may, however, observe, that there is infinite variety among them. We least like the dark Egyptian, and the Witch of Vesuvius. We fear that we have outlived the poetry of our nature, and can hardly yield that necessary faith which such subjects require—but the self-devoted Nazarine is finely drawn, and so is the struggling neophyte, Epicles; Nydia, the blind girl, is also beautifully conceived; even the common herd, including Sallust, "the best of profligates," act well their several parts, and all the gentlemen of "the

classic ring," with old Burbo and Stratonice, are admirable portraits from the life.

We can compare this poem (considering prose fiction, as the Germans do, as poetry) only to a fine piece of music—it seems indeed to have been written to a spiritual measure, not the less felt because not made apparent by rhyme. It opens

To the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders—

it is then all life, luxury, and enjoyment—but soon passion is awakened, and guilt and misery follow; the plot now hurries on—the elements seem to sympathize—the clouds gather round the mountain—the flood of desolation and destruction overwhelms the devoted city, and—"the diapason closing all"—a whole people have perished.

The closing scene is sublime:—the incident of the lion escaped from the arena, and yet crouching and tamed by the warring elements, is itself a history of that awful night.

But the reader must judge for himself—we shall not pretend to have done the work justice.

At what a moment too has it appeared! Accounts have been received within these few days of another eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which has spread misery far and wide. On the 27th, 28th, and 29th ult., according to the foreign papers, new craters opened, and produced ravages awful to contemplate. Thousands of families were seen flying from their native land, old and young, dragging through heavy masses of heated cinders. Fifteen hundred houses, palaces, and other buildings, and 2500 acres of cultivated land have been destroyed by the fire. The eruption, which had been previously expected from the drying up of the fountains, is said to surpass everything which history has transmitted to us. The first explosion destroyed the great cone situated on the top of the mountain. The abundance of inflamed matter produced flashes which darted through the mountain's flanks. A new crater burst open at the top of the great cone, and inundated the plain with torrents of lava. The King and the Ministers hastened to the seat of the catastrophe, to console the unfortunate victims. The village of St. Felix, where they first took repose, had already been abandoned. The lava soon poured down upon this place, and in the course of an hour, houses, churches, and palaces, were all destroyed. Four villages, some detached houses, country villas, groves, and gardens, which a few instants before presented a magnificent spectacle, now resembled a sea of fire. The palace of the Prince of Attayano and 500 acres of his land are utterly destroyed. The cinders fell during an entire night over Naples, and if the lava had taken that direction, there would have been an end to that city. The little village, San Giovanni, consisting of about eighty houses, has ceased to exist. In Caposecco and Torcino, one hundred houses were destroyed by the consuming lava. The lava extended itself as far as six miles within three hours. Six torrents of lava at one time threatened the villages of Torre dell' Annunciata, Bosco Trecase, and Bosco Reale. It is at such a moment that the 'Last Days of Pompeii' is first published!

*Roman Life.* By Frederica Brun, born Münster—[*Römisches Leben.* Von Friederike Brun, geborene Münster.] 2 vols. 8vo. Leipzig: Brockhaus; Black & Co. London.

THIS is a book something in the style of the 'Rome in the 19th Century,' the German authoress (by birth a German, by education, marriage, and domicile, a Dane,) being, however, as was to be expected, rather more imaginative, and less thoroughly learned than her British rival. *Frau Brun's* volumes consist, rather too much for our taste, of descriptions of the ruined splendours of the ancient, and the existing splendours of the modern eternal city, now too familiar to man, woman, and child, to bear repetition; but amidst these antiquarian and virtü researches, we find some sketches of life and manners, which, if somewhat less magnificent, may prove likewise somewhat less commonplace: and of these we proceed to translate a few of the most interesting. The following vividly portrays the misery endured by the Roman peasantry in 1802, (the date of that one of her residences in Rome, here principally described,) soon after Bonaparte, as first consul, had reinstated the Pope in his temporal dominions.

We found a family, which, from being subfarmers, had, through the general calamity, gradually sunk into the class, here so utterly miserable, of day labourers. Even now, whilst work is to be had in the vineyards and the fields, they hunger; and during the approaching winter, when day labour will cease, and bread, already growing dear, must needs rise to double its actual price, their fate is, alas, not hard to foresee! In this abode of slowly wasting penury, we found no bed, not even straw; no cooking utensils encircled the cold hearth, no furniture was to be seen. "But how do you cook, my good friends?" The answer, accompanied by a bitter smile, was, "We never cook." "What then do you eat?" The man took down from a shelf a stale dry loaf, such as with us would cost about four shillings, (the Danish shilling, we presume, which is an English halfpenny,) and said, "I divide this amongst us for the day; whilst the vintage lasts, I have leave to eat grapes with it."—"But afterwards?"—"Aye, afterwards,—when day labour is over we must starve."

We now espied in a corner of the hut, a person sick of a fever, (and this fever, like another malady indigenous to this country, is called *febbre di fame*, hunger fever,) who was helplessly pining upon a hard bench. The women, who had been at work in the vineyard, now came home, driven in by the rain. To season their scanty morsel of bread, they brought wild succory, the roots of which they eat with it. They thus feed upon many wild plants; meat they never see, never milk or eggs; for poultry there are none to be seen, nor yet cows, in a wide range of land. In the town of Albano, (the writer's temporary autumn residence,) there are two cows; and this whilst the richest grass is rotting in millions of tons upon the ground, and poisoning the air with its noxious effluvia. When the wretched inhabitants hear that there are countries in which the landowners take care of the peasantry, they lift up their hands in astonishment. Our Albanese Facchino, the donkey-driver, who is not more than five and twenty years old, but looks like a worn out man of fifty, because, since the French and the insurgents plundered him two years ago, he has annually suffered from the hunger fever. One day he said to me, "Oh, that I were a dog, to run after the *Madamina*; for surely in your

country the dogs are better off than the men in ours." \* \* \*

A melancholy consequence for the moral condition of the people of the French invasion, which overflowed the land like a wild torrent, leaving behind only traces of desolation, is, that with an audacious spirit they tore the veil off many a soothing illusion, whilst their irreligion could not set up instead, a truth of which they had no knowledge. \* \* \* This sudden influx of true and false notions confusedly blended, has brought into circulation amongst the inferior classes many ideas formerly unknown to them. But as yet, it is faith only that is weakened, leaving superstition unimpaired.

In speaking of the pomp of the church ceremonies of Christmas, our authoress exhibits the decline of the passion for such spectacles amongst the higher classes of Romans; but the bigotry of the uneducated portion seems to be vigorous as ever; and is illustrated, not unhappily, together with their imaginative, graphic and plastic powers, in the account of a handicraftsman performance.

A shoemaker in one of the poorest quarters of Rome, had fitted up, for the benefit of the devout, a *presepio*, (the name given to the manger-cradle of the infant Saviour, as understood by the people, and here including the representation of the whole idyll of the nativity,) which delighted us greater children as much as you.

Reinhardt (a German artist, resident at Rome,) led us up four flights of stairs, to the garret of a mean house, under the roof of which, however, dwelt genius. We look out through a roof window, skilfully turned into a grotto, and see ourselves in an elevated, but softly hollowed meadow, surrounded by mountain summits, upon which rests the sky. We were really transported out of ourselves, and the great landscape painter Reinhardt, delighted in an enchantment that he shared. In this quiet valley, adorned with single clumps of trees, in a cave which serves for a stable, appears the Holy Family, Virgin, Child, Joseph, and the faithful animals. On the slope of the meadow, herds are feeding; all is still, solitary, but grand, in the style of an Alpine landscape; and our astonishment was speechless. We were then led out to the roof, and what do we see? Earth, grass, a few turfs, branches of trees, and puppets a foot high. All the means so petty and so simple, that great indeed must be the genius of the inventor of a *presepio* of this kind, who, without any knowledge of the law of optics, or of perspective, can produce such effects.

We are told, that the wealth in *virtù*, (in paintings, if not in marbles,) of some of the noble Roman families, was originally such, that treasures sufficient to form ordinary galleries, were stowed away, for lack of space, in cellars and lumber-rooms; from this durance vile the invaders released them. It must be recollected, that though Madame Brun publishes her account in 1833, the scenes she describes occurred in 1802-3, prior to the forced restitution of French plunder.

The sales occasioned by distress, and even the plunderings themselves, have produced one good effect, to wit, that the possessors of Roman museums have occasionally, but only occasionally, opened their cellar-magazines and their *virtù* lumber-rooms, where innumerable treasures of art still unworthily moulder. Thus here (in the Colonna Palace,) a divine Claude Lorrain came forth, which, although it has as-

\* Her then ten year old daughter, to whom, now a married woman, this chapter is addressed.



surely suffered much from want of air and light, and consequent damp, yet belongs to the loveliest creations of this Raphael of landscape painting.

Frau Brun, during her various residences in Rome, lived upon terms of delightful intimacy with the artists, native and foreign, domiciliated in that metropolis of the fine arts; and her intercourse with them affords some of the most interesting passages in her book. Of Canova she tells us—

Canova is one of the most amiable and estimable of men. Upon our first introduction, we felt strongly attracted by him, and this instinct-like feeling has been confirmed by a closer knowledge of his character, of his conduct as a man. He is small of stature, his features are expressive, and acquired additional interest from his deep-set brown eye of fire. He is all nature, without false pretensions; extremely urbane in society, conversible and frank. Never is he more captivating than when, in the gaiety and fulness of his heart, he breaks out into his native Venetian dialect. Rememberest thou, Ida, what sweet words he then found, how affectionately, how child-like sportively, he chatted in that most pleasing of Italian *patois*?

As a lover leads a friend to the portrait of the idol of his youth, so did he lead us into his house, where he preserves the pictures he had painted twelve years before, on the occasion of a visit to his birth-place, Bassano. But I must tell you their origin in his own words: "I had nothing to do, and a beautiful model; but I knew not how to paint. Often had I wished to try, but the lords of the art, of whom I asked advice how to begin, spoke darkly, as of the mystery of the Holy Trinity; I got out of patience,—bought canvas, colours, palettes, and painted what you see. But I knew not how to lay on my ground-work, so that you may see the threads of the canvas through, if you look close." Now, these pictures, thus carelessly painted, rank, in respect to colouring, amongst that modern art can boast of truest and most attractive. In his pencil, Titian's truth might perhaps have blended with Correggio's grace, had not the plastic impulse prevailed.

And thus was a painter gifted by nature, converted into a too often painting sculptor. • • •

Canova was just returned from Paris, whither he had gone only upon the third peremptory summons of the First Consul, having little inclination to preserve to posterity the image of the plunderer of Italy's treasures of art.

The noble man told me, that he had at length conquered his reluctance; first, because he thought it highly interesting to make a bust of this extraordinary being, and upon that opportunity to study his physiognomy accurately; and secondly, in the hope when thus often alone with him, to be able to slip in a word that might have some effect in protecting the still menaced Italian world of art.—"And did you?"—"My heart ran away with me, and I risked more. I once said to him, 'That never before had a man been in a situation wherein he could, like him, diffuse happiness amidst his fellow men.' The First Consul replied gravely, and not without emotion, '*Ainsi je le désire sincèrement*' (And sincerely do I desire it)." • • •

The bust exists in plaster of Paris models, modelled from the life. This image is a miracle, swelling with life, breathing mind; so soft, so warm does it appear in the cold plaster of Paris that stands between the model and the marble, like death between life and the resurrection. Bonaparte I never saw; but one feels that such he must be. The form of the head is beautiful and correct, the oval of the countenance proportionate, only the cheek bones project somewhat too markedly. The eye looks out from its majestic setting, dark even to gloom. The

features are generally regular, the nose delicately curved, the chin finely arched, the mouth extraordinarily well formed, except that the lips are hard closed. It must be called a handsome head; the look only, and those slight traces about the mouth, reveal the character to the physiognomist. I asked Canova if he had ever felt at his ease near Bonaparte?—He said "No, *mi mettevano paura questi occhi di pesce morto*" (No, those eyes of a dead fish frightened me;) for he described Napoleon's look as not only dark and gloomy, but as extinguished, until, inflamed by some passionate feeling, it blazed up. • • •

At Paris, he had seen casts of the Athenian marbles, Lord Elgin's splendid booty. He esteemed Phidias' *bas reliefs* in the metopes and friezes of the Parthenon, above everything. He said there was only one ornament of antiquity at Rome, in this grand style, namely, the finest Colossus on Monte Cavallo.

Of Canova's great northern rival, Thorwaldsen, in the years 1802, 3, then but little known, she relates an anecdote happily illustrative of the simplicity of the Danish artist's character:

Our Thorwaldsen's Jason, his first statue, and the youngest of antiques, was now out of the mould, it already existed in marble, bespoken by the rich Dutchman, or as others assure me, Scotchman, Hope, (Thomas Hope, of Duchess Street,) and its immortality in the realm of invisible existence accordingly assured. Our joy thereat was so great and general, that I resolved to give it vent in a fête, such as is easily given at Rome, where laurel, olive, and myrtle, are always green to crown every kind of merit, where the golden fruit of immortality bloomingly ripens, where the vernal hours shed blossoms upon us from their flowery cornucopia. The artists of our society were present, as were also the dear Humboldts, and that amiable lover of the arts and sciences, the hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg, brother to the exalted Louisa, Queen of Prussia. Thou, my Ida, wast the presiding grace of the fête. At that childish age, already didst thou deeply feel what was unfolding in Thorwaldsen, and impressed with a strong sense of the high consecration of the future, didst thou, in pantomimic dance, present him his first wreath. Never shall I forget the expression with which the noble young man received the pledge, the first which, in the name of the splendid future now opening before me, thy lovely childish innocence offered him.

So well didst thou perform thy office, as to place upon his head, whilst lightly sweeping past him in thy dance, that wreath which his modesty would never have accepted. His joy was mingled with a sweet timidity. "O!" exclaimed he in deep emotion, "*den tynger paa min isse*" (Danish—Anglicè, Oh! it weighs upon my brow). It was a holy festival. This star, so brilliantly rising from profound obscurity, was greeted with general, with admiring love, and the society collected from various nations, was blended into union by the purest joy. It was pretty late before the party broke up, and we were all buried in the deepest sleep, when our faithful Marie heard an eager knocking at the door of our lonely habitation. It was Thorwaldsen. He had forgotten his wreath, and, with delicious, child-like impatience, had sprung from his bed and climbed the Pincian hill to recover it.

The authoress adds in a note—

During our cheerful intercourse at Copenhagen, in the year 1819-20, we talked over our Roman life, and I reminded him of this half-forgotten anecdote; when he exclaimed with animation, "Yes, but then that was the most

beautiful wreath. Nothing since has ever so much delighted me!"

We subjoin, as relative to Thorwaldsen, a fragment of a letter from Baroness Humboldt to Frau Brun, written in 1818, and with that we shall conclude:—

Thorwaldsen has completed his Mercury,\* the flower of all his works, the most beautiful of all his statues, which must not, however, be boldly opposed and compared to every antique. A Mercury, as Mercury, beautiful as the Antinous and Meleager. This image of a god must be seen, not described! He is further at work upon a *bas relief* for the Crown Prince of Bavaria. The Prince desired a frieze 200 feet long, representing the history of the Christian religion. Thorwaldsen has finished one portion as a specimen, to wit, the three Marys, as they come to the sepulchre and find the angel sitting therein, magnificently beautiful!—the angel inspired, pointing upwards, the women inwardly and deeply moved.

*A Journey in India, &c.* By Victor Jacquemont. 2 vols. 8vo.

[Second Notice.]

In the progress of his extraordinary route, Jacquemont pushed his researches into the Celestial Empire:—

"My little army, for it was truly an act of hostility I was committing against his Tea-ifying Majesty of Peking, exceeded sixty men; six of whom, reckoning myself, were fighters. By rare good luck, I found Chinese vigilance at fault on the frontiers; and the unexpected arrival of my caravan, in close column, surprised the people of Behar so much that they fled on my approach instead of offering any opposition. I encamped peaceably in a chosen spot, and next day received in my little tent the visit of a Chinese officer, who commands a turret of sandstone, fortified with two leather guns, at no great distance. He came to complain. I transformed him into the accused; put a multitude of questions to him without allowing him to speak, except in answer to them; then dismissed him and his staff with a nod, after I had sifted him to the bottom. I designedly put on a threatening look, and commanded my people to do the same, in order that such demonstration might suffice. The Beharites had no idea of a double-barrelled gun, still less of a percussion one.

"The effect of two balls which I shot, one after the other, into a tree at hand, a moment or two before giving audience to the Chinese officer, and in the presence of several of his followers, made a wonderful impression on the subjects of the celestial empire. I gave them a little tobacco, which made them love me as much as they had before feared me. A whimsical incident immensely increased their respect for the French lord. I was exhausted with fatigue, and was, nevertheless, going to continue my march: I therefore drank the stirrup-cup, filling my spoon with brandy, in order to put a bit of sugar in it. The sugar remaining solid, I set fire to the brandy, and when it was melted, after blowing on my spoon, I swallowed this dose of punch. The Beharites, who are no artillerymen, thought that I was drinking fire, and almost took me for the devil. It was on that day that I encamped so high as sixteen thousand feet. I was still on the Chinese territory, where I wished next day to determine the direction of some strata."

In a letter to M. Victor de Tracy, he gives the following account of the Indian and Tibetan Himalaya:—

"The Indian Himalaya has something in it

\* This counter-piece is in the collection of Sir Alexander Baring.

like Europe. It is covered with forests, whose trees have a family resemblance to those of the Alpine forests: they consist of pines, firs, cedars, sycamores and oaks differently associated with each other, according to the height of the mountain. Above the limit of the forests, there is green pasture intermixed with dwarf shrubs, willows, and junipers, and this zone extends to that of the eternal snow. But towards Tibet, the whole region is so elevated that the bottom of the valleys exceeds the level at which the forest stops, on the southern declivity of the chain. The vegetation, reduced to some creeping, thorny, stunted shrubs, and scanty dried grass, forms here and there blackish spots on the margin of the torrents; the sides of the mountain are covered with nothing but what the rushing waters wash down; and the immense horizon offers a uniform scene of sterility and desolation, terminating on all sides by the snowy summits of the mountains.

"Such is the strange peculiarity of the climate, that these Tibetan chains, if their height does not exceed twenty thousand feet, are entirely stripped of snow towards the middle of summer. I have several times encamped higher than the summit of Mont-Blanc, and to the north of the 32° of latitude; and as it was always the vicinity of a stream that decided my halts, almost every day brought me an opportunity of examining, at leisure, the rare traces of their singular vegetation. At the same elevation in the southern chain of the Himalaya, I should have been surrounded by scenes of snow.

"Though my attention was principally directed to the study of the phenomena of nature, and the observation of its productions, I did not neglect that of our species, oddly modified, as might be expected, from such peculiar circumstances of soil and climate. One of the most singular traits in Tartar and Tibetan manners, is polyandry. However numerous a family of brothers may be, they have only one wife in common; and it is with absolute confidence in the correctness of the information which I collected, that I consider the feeling of jealousy to be entirely unknown to this strange people, for it never disturbs the peace of these populous households. I could scarcely make myself understood when I inquired, whether the preference of the wife for one of her husbands did not sometimes cause quarrels among the brothers. This is certainly a most ignoble compensation for polygamy, which prevails throughout the rest of the East."

To his father he describes his feelings on descending from these gigantic mountains to the plains of Hindoostan:—

"I cannot tell you, my dear father, with what feeling of melancholy I found myself once more on the sandy and desolate plains of Hindoostan. They are covered in some places with tall, yellow, withered grass; elsewhere with a poor, thorny, whitish shrub, which gives the same sad and wild aspect to the whole of India and Persia. You often pass near the ruins of a village, consisting of a mound of clay, interspersed with fragments of earthenware, and tombs scattered around. Sometimes you will pass, twice in a single day, through a considerable city, whose buildings and mosques are still standing, and which, though perhaps erected less than a century ago, no longer contains a single inhabitant. I reached Sharunpore by forced marches, in order to abridge this tedious part of my journey."

At Delhi, when about to visit Runjeet Sing, (see *Athenæum*, p. 32.) he increased his baggage "by a chair and a carpet," expecting, as he states, visits from people of sufficient rank "to sit in his company, and not to walk on the ground bare-footed;" and he added to his escort—

"A sort of lackey or herald, called *chopprassy*,

because he wears, like our old uncle, † a broad red belt from the right shoulder to the left side, and a large plate of copper, with a Persian inscription, signifying 'M. V. Jacquemont, a very mighty lord.' My name is engraved in Roman characters, which is the most imposing of all, as nobody can read it. This man superintends and directs the pitching of my tents, and the grazing of my camels; on the road he follows me, carrying my gun, and immediately seizes any person I may point out to him, even though it should be the magistrate of a village, of whom I want any thing."

The simple habits and manners of Lord William Bentinck, the Governor General, induced Jacquemont to compare him to a Pennsylvanian Quaker. We must confess, that this simplicity is not very evident to us Europeans, in his travelling establishment:—

"Lord W. Bentinck, and Lord Dalhousie, the commander-in-chief, are, at present, the one at Murat, the other at Kurnal, on their way to Semla. The baggage of the former is carried by a hundred and three elephants, thirteen hundred camels, and eight hundred waggons drawn by bullocks. Two regiments, one of cavalry and the other infantry, serve as his escort; yet, I am going to Lahore with only one waggon and a couple of camels."

On entering the Punjab, Jacquemont was received by a military escort, but left more at liberty than he had anticipated, and was thus enabled to make his journey on an elephant, and alone; "this solitude however," he observes, "is comparative; for I was not without half-a-dozen servants on foot, and as many horsemen: but in the East, such is the grandeur of *Self*, that it easily absorbs a dozen men and horses." Again, speaking of his journey, he says—

"In India, it is the custom in speaking of one's-self to say *oe*,—a form of no great modesty; but since I have passed the Sutledge, I speak of myself only in the third person, as follows: the *sahib* (that is, the lord) is not tired—the lord is charmed at seeing your lordship—express the lord's respects to the king—the lord invites your lordship to mount the lord's elephant, &c. There are more lords in a quarter of an hour in my Sikh conversation, than in all Racine's tragedies."

It would seem to be vastly pleasant and profitable travelling in the territories of Runjeet Sing. "Every morning," Jacquemont observes, "the Fakhir Shah-el-Din, came to inquire after my health, and present me with a bag of money—

"But, you will say, what is there in the bags that you are collecting?—a hundred and one rupees, or about two hundred and fifty francs. If Runjeet-Sing thinks himself obliged to treat his friends in this fashion, I can easily understand why he is reluctant to receive visits. I ask myself, where this attention on his part will end? At Lahore, perhaps; but certainly not before. Now as there are six days' journey from hence to Lahore, I shall collect, before I arrive there, six hundred and six rupees, to add to the three hundred and three which I have deigned to pocket since the day before yesterday. Till now I had always detested the slowness of travelling in India, but Runjeet-Sing has arguments which would reconcile me to the speed of a tortoise."

In truth, had it not been for the liberality of Runjeet-Sing, Jacquemont would have been sadly perplexed in money matters, for his allowance from the *Jardin des Plantes*

† M. Nisot de St.-Paul, major-general of engineers, knight commander of St. Louis.

was wholly insufficient, even with his prudence, to cover the necessary expenses. Subsequently, when writing from Cashmere, he gives the following faithful and pleasant history of his travelling suite:—

"There were three hundred rupees in my box when I left Loodheana: and now I have five thousand. I boast of this as I should of playing a game at chess well and winning it, on account of the difficulty overcome. There was a great, an immense one, I assure you, in my not being nailed, as it were, to the shores of India, where the vessel in which I came landed me. I sometimes reflect with real pleasure, on the wisdom and prudence of my commencement. I began modestly with having only one servant; then two; then a palanquin; then six other valets, and a horse. I set out from Calcutta with a single bad tent: no chair nor table;—and by degrees I have increased my household up to forty servants, (without mentioning my thirty rowers,) three tents, two horses, and all the rest in proportion. And yet there is as much prudence in my actual establishment, and the same proportion between what I have and what I ought to have, as there was in my wretched outfit between Calcutta and Benares. When I return to India, whether I enter it by Loodheana or descend the mountains from Semla, what a difference between the reception which awaits me there and the profound solitude of my situation at the commencement of my journey! There is now on the other side of the Sutledge an enormous mass of kindness, which even in my absence exhibits itself in a thousand ingenious ways. This flatters me much, I will confess; for, being neither a duke nor a millionaire, and falling as it were from the clouds among the people who at present show this extreme consideration and truly friendly kindness towards me, I owe it all to myself—I am the real architect of my fortunes; I do not allude to the five thousand rupees in my strong box, but to the honourable reputation I enjoy with every one."

Again—

"I remember certain advice kindly given to me by people who had seen a little corner of the East. Nothing was easier, according to them, than to cross the whole of Asia with heavy baggage: they talk of caravans of merchants, &c.; it is all pure romance. Merchants, it is true, go almost everywhere: from Cashmere to Teheran, and even to Mashed, they go through Lahore, Delhi, Bombay, Bushire, Shiraz, &c. &c., without passing through Cabulistan, and for a very good reason. The petty eastern princes use discretion in robbing them, because they will see them again; and if some of the profits of their trading are left them, they are to the chiefs through whose territories they pass, like the miser's geese that laid golden eggs: few are fools enough to kill it. But he who passes without intending to return, is stripped to his last rag; and European travellers of course can claim no exclusive privileges. They have but two alternatives: to travel as beggars, like M. Alexander Casono de Koros, in the national costume of the country they are crossing, or else to surround themselves with a respectable substantial force, or get credit for having what they cannot in reality procure. Thus, I started on horseback from Calcutta in the evening of the 20th of November 1829, without the slightest immediate protection; at Hoogly, two stages from thence, I acquired a sort of janissary, whose place was supplied at Bardwan by a corporal and four men; I was quite a snow-bail till I arrived on the banks of the Sutledge with a serjeant and twelve men, where I found fifty in readiness to receive me; and although, since that time, I have always had nearly the same number, it was too little sometimes, and would

have been so everywhere were it not for the long arms of the powers whose friend I am believed to be."

His reception at Lahore is thus described:

"Having crossed a wild country, covered, like the environs of Delhi, with the ruins of Mogul grandeur, we alighted at the entrance of a delicious oasis, consisting of a large parterre of carnations, irises, and roses, with walks of orange trees and jasmine, bordered with basins, in which a multitude of little fountains were playing. In the centre of this beautiful garden was a little palace, furnished with extreme luxury and elegance. This is my abode. Breakfast served up on plate awaited us in the hall. • • •

"In the evening, my mehmendar, who had informed the king of my arrival, came to bring me his majesty's congratulations and presents; the latter consisted of exquisite grapes from Kabul, delicious pomegranates from the same country, a collection of the choicest fruits, and, lastly, a purse of five hundred rupees. A splendid dinner was served up to me by torch-light, by a host of servants richly dressed in silk. I had courage to take as usual only bread, milk, and fruit. I ought to be grateful to this regiment, for permitting me to come to Umbritair on horseback, without the least inconvenience."

Having heretofore given Jacquemont's account of Runjeet-Sing, (p. 32) we shall now add a sketch of one of the great lords of the Punjab, the Rajah Gulab Sing, who had been commanded to receive and escort him on his road:—

"The *Rose-water Lion* (for such is the signification of Gulab Sing) is a soldier of fortune, a sort of usurper. I am persuaded that the legitimate Rajah of Jummoo Kangia, and other mountain principalities, which Runjeet has transferred to Gulab Sing, would please me less. The latter is a lion in war, but by no means a rose-water *petit maître*; he is a man of forty, very handsome, and with the plainest, mildest, and most elegant manners. He took me this morning to see some salt mines, situated, at a distance of three leagues, in the mountains. We set out at break of day: the temperature was delightful. As I had barometers with me, I regulated our pace according to my horse's slowest rate, and did not excuse Gulab Sing a single new plant. Every stone which appeared at all suspicious was also examined; and my Punjabi eloquence was such, on botany and geology, that my companion, delighted with knowing the Sanscrit-feringee name of so many plants, (their Latin names it was that I was telling him,) set to work herborising along with me, and I owe him more than one plant which escaped me. A European must be a very absurd person who cannot attach an Oriental by his conversation, unless he has to do with a stupid one. Europe, in the most common details of its civilization, is a mine of wonder to these people. They will listen to you all day with pleasure, if you are disposed to exhibit those treasures without rounded periods or a figurative style. Two arm-chairs went on before us; and when we passed near a tree, or I had bundles of plants to tie up, the Rajah and I sat down; and if we halted ever so short a time, Gulab Sing made a couple of secretaries dismount, who, seating themselves behind us, wrote down hastily what I said. Thus am I taken down in short-hand, like Cousin's metaphysics! but I am more positive. What these people love more than anything is the political statistics of Europe, of which they have no idea: the population, strength of armies, taxes, product of each branch of public revenue, the axioms of our civil and criminal law, and, lastly, the great results of the application of sciences to manufactures. I have no need to employ any quackery to do justice to

the character which the Governor-general directed should be given of me to Runjeet Sing's envoy at Delhi. I have only to state the commonest truths.

"When we arrived at the mines, Gulab Sing appeared very uneasy, and began to tell me long stories about the catastrophes which sometimes bury the miners by the falling in of the mine,—about the heat, bad smell, dirtiness, winding paths, &c.—rearriving for the *bougnet*, that no gentleman had ever descended into such a common sewer. However, he asked me what my pleasure was. 'To leave you here and go down alone,' I replied.—'But if the stones should fall in upon you, and I not be with you, what could I say to the king?' exclaimed the good man. It appears that he is answerable for me with his head, all the time I am intrusted to his care."

But notwithstanding the protecting influences of Runjeet-Sing and his friend the Rose-water Lion, difficulties increased with the distance from the seat of their power:—

"For the last five days I have been continually in a deuce of a temper, or rather in a positive fury. It is since my entrance into the mountains. I was to have found a number of mules and carriers there, which the king had ordered for me long since; but the power of a sovereign in Asia decreases at least as the cube of the distance from the place where he may be. Hence at Soukshainpore, my last halt in the plains on the banks of the Jelum, the people said they cared very little for the king's orders, and received only those of his eldest son, their dauphin. The Thanadar (mayor or commandant) took refuge in his mud fort, with a few wretches armed with matchlocks, and threatened to fire at my caravan, if I persisted in demanding that to which I was entitled. • • •

"At Mirpore, where I ought to have found the mules and carriers, nothing was ready. I wanted forty of the latter; they were to come every day; and after waiting three days, not one came. • • • Yesterday morning, seeing a score and a half of carriers, I had them loaded with the most indispensable part of my baggage, and leaving my two officers in the rear, to get out of the business as they might, and see to the forwarding of the remainder, I started forward. I arrived before all my people, near the banks of a river where I meant to encamp; and I found nothing to receive me but a burning sun. The poor devils arrived at last, one after the other, a quarter of an hour between each; and at four o'clock in the afternoon I breakfasted. I had entered the estates of Gulab Sing. Wonders of all sorts were promised me. The chiefs of a neighbouring fort came to make their salaam. According to them, it rained mules and carriers in their mountains. However, nothing fell in the night, but the oxide of hydrogen in immeasurable quantities; and my yesterday's collection of carriers, far from increasing by the rain, melted in it like salt. This morning, when I asked if fresh ones had arrived, I was told that those of yesterday had decamped. I ordered my twenty mountaineer soldiers, ten only of whom had arrived the evening before, to set out in search of them; but if the carriers were not made of salt, the soldiers were made of sugar: not a vestige of them remained after the rain. The remainder of my caravan, dragged on with asses taken by force, were dreadfully fatigued. I took your spy-glass, and swept the horizon in search of some village whither to wend our way, or rather to make a treaty, for it was porters that I wanted; but not the slightest trace of smoke could I discern, except on the other side of the torrent, which the storm of the night had rendered impassable. However, a score of my Cashmerians were at last unearched: they had hid themselves in the high grass; and leaving my fat mehmendar behind

me to play Prometheus, and create men in the desert, in order to provide for the transport of half of my baggage, which was lying on the bank of the torrent like the remains of shipwreck, I pushed forward, followed by a small column, carrying with me what was most necessary. • •

"To fill up the measure this morning,—and mark I know not what may have happened to my rear-guard, which is perhaps where it was yesterday, waiting, like the emigrants at the camp of Villejuif, in March 1816, for men to advance,—well, to fill up the measure, I was obliged to prove my insolubility in water, in order to arrive entire in my person; for I was caught in a couple of deluges on the way. The tickets on a bag full of minerals were reduced to a sop, and I shall have to find out their former order. This is the devil,—then, two of my horsemen's horses fell down a precipice, whence they were got out very lame; mine has lost his shoes. This is not to be borne. Water for drinking is nothing but mud; a kind of chocolate, very disagreeable even to an Indian traveller, who, after two years' running about like me, ought not to be very nice as to his potations. Adieu, my dear friend; I am going to take a little walk near my tent, and to give myself the satisfaction of swearing like a roll of drums. • • Heavens! how rank the butter was in my omelette! such a smack of stinking cheese! how hot the sun is shining between the two acts of the deluge, under a thin cloth, where the air is stifling! D—n! • • For a diversion, I will add, in Indian, a *thanne tchaute*! which is an oath compared to which all ours are but very little boys. Adieu!"

Jacquemont's adventure with the mountain robber, Neal Sing, we gave heretofore (see No. 321); but after this and various other adventures, he arrived at Cashmere; here is the account of his reception:—

"The governor, being informed of my approach, sent his boat and officers to receive me, two leagues from the city, and conduct me to the garden prepared for my residence. It is planted with lilacs and rose-trees, not yet in flower, and immense planes. On one of the angles stands a little pavilion, looking over the lake: I am settled in it. My attendants are at hand, in my tents, pitched under the large trees. They are building barracks in haste for my cavalry and horses.

"If the governor of Cashmere had been a great lord, I should not have hesitated to pay him the first visit. But he is a man of low extraction, who only holds the office temporarily; and I refused to pay him this deference. For a person he was very tractable. It was agreed, at once, that our interview should take place the next day, at Shalibag, the Trianon of the ancient Mogul emperors. It is a little palace, now abandoned, but still charming by its situation and magnificent groves. It is two leagues from my house, on the other side of the lake. The governor sent his barge, with a numerous guard, which made quite a flotilla, and I went to Shalibag on board my flag ship. The governor had ordered a fête to receive me. The fountains were playing in the gardens, which were crowded; the Sikh troops, in their magnificent and picturesque costume, occupied every avenue. Dancing and music only waited for my presence to commence. The governor rubbed his long beard on my left shoulder, whilst I rubbed mine on his right. We sat close to each other on chairs; the vice-regal court sat round us, on the carpet; and, after exchanging the commonplace compliments, the fête commenced.

"This insipid interlude of songs and dancing, which the Orientals can witness with pleasure from morning till night, is called *nauch*. It is graceful nowhere but at Delhi. The Cashmerian beauties had nothing in their eyes to



compensate for the monotony of their dancing and singing. They were browner, that is to say blacker, than the chorusses and corps de ballet of Lahore, Umbritsa, Loodheana, and Delhi. I remained as long as I was pleased with looking at the fantastic architecture of the palace, the variety and splendour of the groups of warlike figures crowding around, the colossal size of the trees, the greensward, the waterfalls, and in the distance the blueish mountains, and their white summits. After half an hour's stay, I took leave of the viceroy, and returned home in the same order in which I had set out."

Of this Trianon of the East he gives us some further particulars, in a delightful gossiping letter to his cousin Mlle. Zoé Noizet de Saint-Paul:—

"Lalla Rookh, whose Persian name you will never be able to pronounce unless you choke yourself on purpose with a fish-bone, in order to utter the Persian *lah* properly, forms a part of my library; but I am tired of it. A page of this style would probably perhaps please; but thirty (and all his tales are longer) make one sick. So the finest music pleases for two hours and a half, but fatigues and annoys if prolonged beyond; so one of Lamartine's harmonious reveries may charm in an hour of idleness, but it is impossible to read in succession ten or twelve of his best poems; and so Chateaubriand amuses by his picturesque style, as far as the second column of a newspaper: but he is tiresome even in a pamphlet, and intolerable in a romance. However, without knowing much of the matter, you intended, when you learnt English, to read Lalla Rookh. Know, then, that it was in the very gardens and palace in which she was received by the king of Bucharia, that my first interview with the governor of Cashmere took place."

We learn from his account of Cashmere, that this Eastern paradise has been much over-rated:—

"In a month, I shall eat cherries out of my own garden, then apricots, peaches, and almonds, then apples, pears, and lastly, grapes. I walk every evening under a superb vine arbour, the vines of which, though still young, are two feet in circumference: I never saw anything like it. I am also promised delicious melons, and even water-melons. This latter promise is the threat of a very warm summer; but it resembles ours in the south of France. The productions are the same. We have now the same weather as at Paris, but finer, and less inconstant."

"I saw at Sharunpore a hundred Cashmerian plants, brought into India by native merchants. Half of them grow in the Himalaya, also to the east of the Sutledge; and, having determined the mean altitude at which each grows, I made a conjecture, of remarkable accuracy, on the absolute elevation of Cashmere. I supposed it to be five or six thousand English feet. Now, some barometrical observations, made since my arrival, which I have yet been able to calculate only approximately, by the comparison of the meridian means for the month of May, at Calcutta, Bombay, and Sharunpore, give me an elevation of five thousand three hundred and fifty feet. . . .

"This country is a land of braggars, scoundrels, and bandits; but I am prudent. Nothing is so common as for them to kill a man in order to rob him of an old pair of breeches, worth twenty or four and twenty sous, half a rupee. The whole population are armed with swords, in the use of which they are said to be very dexterous; and the figures met on the roads, all carry a long matchlock on their shoulder—not very formidable, in my opinion."

"It is possible I may see M. Allard again in the mountains. The mother of a brood of

little mountain rajahs has just died, leaving nine lacs of rupees (two million two hundred and fifty thousand francs). Her children are fighting about the inheritance; and Runjeet has just sent M. Allard to the spot to remove all cause of quarrel—that is, the nine lacs."

Again he observes—

"Know that I have never seen anywhere such hideous witches as in Cashmere. The female race is remarkably ugly. I speak of women of the common rank,—those one sees in the streets and fields,—since those of a more elevated station pass all their lives shut up, and are never seen. It is true that all little girls who promise to turn out pretty, are sold at eight years of age, and carried off into the Punjab and India. Their parents sell them at from twenty to three hundred francs—most commonly fifty or sixty. . . .

"There can be no doubt that the population of Cashmere, originally Buddhist, like that of the Punjab, and afterwards Brahmin, like it,—that is to say Hindoo,—have had, for a long period, chiefs of their own religious faith, and under their sway enjoyed absolute political independence—the defence of which nature had rendered very easy, by means of the enormous mountains with which she has on every side surrounded the country. Of this long period, only some vague recollections survive among those who are now called the literati, and here and there a few ruins. In their massive structure, and the style of their ornaments, they possess a Hindoo character. There are still some traces of ancient works of public utility, which date from the same epoch. Mohammedanism has done nothing but destroy. The emperors of Delhi have built nothing but kiosks and cascades. The Mogul government was the masterpiece of absolute monarchy: all the revenues of the state went to the civil list, which never either erected bridges or dug canals, but raised palaces, tombs, and mosques for itself. The Afghans, last century, having deprived the Moguls of that conquest, and the Seikhs having driven the Afghans from it, a general plunder followed each new conquest; and the intervals of peace, anarchy, and oppression, doing their best against labour and industry, the country is now so completely ruined that the poor Cashmerians seem to be in despair, and are become the most indolent of men. If one must starve, it is better to do it at one's ease, than bent under the weight of labour. In Cashmere, there is scarcely more chance of getting a supper for him who tills, spins, or rows all day, than for him who, being rendered desperate, sleeps all day under the shade of a palm-tree. A few thousand stupid and brutal Seikhs, with swords at their sides, or pistols in their belts, drive this ingenious and numerous, but timid people, like a flock of sheep."

Our lady readers may be curious to know how tea is made in Cashmere:—

"Tea comes to Cashmere by caravans across Chinese Tartary and Tibet. I know not why the caravan tea has any reputation with us; this is absolutely destitute of fragrance, and is prepared for drinking, with milk, butter, salt, and an alkaline salt of a bitter taste. All this produces a turbid, reddish liquid of extraordinary flavour, execrable according to some, and decidedly agreeable according to others: I am of the latter opinion. In Kanawer it is made in another way: after the tea has been boiled for an hour or two, the water is thrown away, and the leaves are dressed with rancid butter, flour, and minced goats' flesh. This makes a detestable ragoût; they call it tea."

We must have yet another ransacking of these delightful volumes.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### TO THE EVENING STAR.

O'er more, thou radiant Star,  
Hail to those fires that nightly burn,  
Heaven-kindled, in thy sacred urn,  
Sending their light afar!

When Twilight walks the earth,  
And bids the virgins of the sky  
Lift their celestial lamps on high,  
And call the dew-drops forth,

Thou com'st, thou lovely one—  
The fondly sought of many eyes,  
That watch and wait for thee to rise,  
Like Ghebers for the sun.

Love claims thee as his own;  
And well thy "tender light" accords  
With the half-sighed, half-whispered words,  
Sacred to Love alone:

His stolen interview  
He may not trust to babbling day;  
But when did thy mild beam betray  
The tender and the true?

And thou art Toil's delight:  
When day deserts the sultry west,  
He hails the harbinger of rest,  
And home-restoring night.

Yet these inconstant be;  
Love leaves thee for the yellow torch,  
And casts aside at Hymen's porch  
His last fond thought of thee;

Toil, for the rush-light's blaze:—  
When turned he from his cottage fire,  
Through the closed casement to admire  
The splendour of thy rays?

Not thus pale silent Grief;  
From cheerful hearth and torch-light gay,  
She glides to welcome thy first ray,  
And finds thy stay too brief;

Loathing the "garish" sun,  
It soothes her, while the happy sleep,  
Through thy lone reign to watch and weep  
O'er joys for ever done.

Shine on, kind Star of Even!  
Light Love to joy, and Toil to rest;  
And oh! in the lone mourner's breast  
Enkindle thoughts of heaven!

Geneva, U.S.

### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

A Society has been lately established at Paris, under the title of "Institut Historique," which is likely, we think, to have important consequences. The Society is provisionally divided into six sections:—1. Natural History. 2. History of social and philosophic sciences. 3. History of the languages and literature of different nations. 4. History of physical and mathematical sciences. 5. History of the Fine Arts. 6. History of France. The members are also divided into classes:—1. The titular or working members, who reside at Paris, regularly attend the meetings of the Society, and perform its active duties. 2. Free associates, who also reside at Paris, but who do not regularly attend the meetings, although they transmit such information as they may obtain. 3. Corresponding members, who reside in the provinces, or in foreign countries. This Society has been founded by some of the most distinguished men in France, among whom we may mention M. Michaud, the Academician, Count Alexander Laborde, Dr. Brousseau, H. Carnot, the Duke of Choiseul, M. Alexandre Duval, Member of the Academy, M. Elie de Beaumont, M. Geoffroy de St-Hilaire, Professor Lacretelle, Academician, M. Lamar-tine, Academician, M. Lemerrier, Academician;

and, we believe, the Society already includes several hundred members, some of whom stand in the highest rank of literature and science.

New Societies have also been lately established in England; among them, the Agricultural and Industrial Society, with twenty-one members of parliament for a committee of management. The object, so far as we can understand it, is to persuade the people that there is nothing like a paper currency, and that the reciprocity system is bad. We need hardly add, that subscriptions are received at the bank of Mr. Attwood. A Political Diffusion Society has also been added as a sort of branch establishment to the old Diffusion Society—the committee is of course headed by the Lord Chancellor, and we add, with bitter regret, that not another man of his rank could be found, who would march through Coventry with such a ragged regiment as his followers. The first society is likely to be harmless enough—of the second, we shall have more to say hereafter.

We learn from Germany, that Dr. Kiel, an eminent naturalist, is about to proceed on a scientific voyage to Africa. It is his intention first to visit the northern coast, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and thence penetrate into the interior. From the reputation of Dr. Kiel, important results to science are anticipated. The Doctor intended to set off from Senegal, but abandoned the idea on learning that hostilities had broken out in that colony.

We have to announce the sudden death of M. Arnault, Secretary of the Académie Française, and author of 'Marius,' and 'Germanicus,' works of high reputation, though written when a very young man. He was in the sixty-eighth year of his age.—We learn, too, from the morning papers, that the veteran Spagnoletti, died on Tuesday, from an attack of apoplexy.

Rossini is, we hear, engaged on a new opera, for the Paris Theatre, in which Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, and Mille, Gisi, are to appear.

Our reports of the Proceedings of the British Association have been so full, that it has thrown us a little in arrear with some of our promised continuations. We hope next week to clear off all.

#### BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

*An Attempt to connect some of the most commonly known Phenomena in Meteorology with well established Physical Principles.*

BY PROFESSOR STEVELLY, OF BELFAST.

AFTER bespeaking the indulgence of his audience, the Professor said he should direct their attention to the four following points, which must be admitted to be very generally interesting. First, The nature and origin of clouds, and the consequences, which, by the laws of physics, are immediately consecutive upon their formation. Secondly, How rain is originated, and the immediate consequences of its production. Thirdly, The origin of wind, in the forms of the breeze, the gale, the storm, up to the sweeping tornado. As to the nature of clouds, he maintained that they were assemblages of spherules of water, in opposition to the common hypothesis, that they are vesicles, or, as it were, bladders of watery films, containing within them moist air, having a tendency to buoy them up. The principal argument on which he relied for establishing his position was, that no physical law had ever been proved to exist, that would account for the production of vesicular constituents of clouds; but the well-established laws of capillary attraction would account for the production of minute spherules of water, at pretty regular distances in any portion of space, which have become so overloaded with vapour of water—which, indeed, is nothing else than

steam—as to be incapable of retaining it longer; it is to be remarked that the intermediate parts are then left hygrometrically drier than before. As to the difficulty, how then are the clouds suspended in the air, if they are truly water, for every one knows that the specific gravity of that element is greater than the specific gravity of air? the answer was simple, the minute size of the cloudy spherules would alone be sufficient practically to suspend them, as even gold or platinum may be so subdivided, as to descend with less than any assigned velocity, however small, through the resisting air, for the weight of a sphere diminishes as the cube of its radius is diminished; but the resistance it would meet with at any assigned velocity, would only diminish as the square of the same radius; also as clouds are known to be highly electrical, each spherule must have its own electrical atmosphere, which by repelling the dry air all round, (as pith balls repel each other,) in effect increases the size of the drop, without adding anything to its weight. The effects of the formation of cloud, were then traced: the first was, that by the loss of the elastic form or tension of the water, a void space was left within the cloud: this tended to keep together the parts of the cloud, and produced other effects of much importance, and which were both necessary results of known laws, and were also observed facts. Thus, the comparatively moist surrounding air, rushing in to fill the void, and consequently expanding, is no longer able to retain its vapour in the invisible state; and thus more cloud is formed. A third effect is, that the fall of temperature consequent upon the expansion of the gases, is often more than sufficient to counterbalance the evolution of latent heat by the cloudy parts, when they pass from the state of vapour to that of water. When this happens, more cloud will be separated from the damp air as it flows in; but it is obvious these changes have a tendency to cease after a limited time, as each step is an approach towards the establishment of an atmospheric equilibrium. Clouds formed in these two last ways, the Professor denominated secondary clouds; as the original might be called primary. A fourth effect of the formation of cloud, was shown to be such a disturbance of the atmospheric equilibrium, as to produce winds of various intensities, according to circumstances; and various observed facts were subsequently shown to be the consequences of this theory. A fifth effect was stated to be, an augmentation, often to a great extent, of the electrical tension of the cloudy parts, and this was simply explained on the common electrical principles, particularly the one, that an electrified body, if diminished in bulk, had its electrical tension increased. He then showed how, on the principle of electrical induction, oppositely electrified clouds resulted from the near approach of two clouds to one another; but principally from the approach of masses of clouds to hills or mountains, to which they seemed to attach themselves, while their outer parts frequently sent off oppositely electrified seed or cumulus.

This brought the explanation to the second point, the formation of rain, which was shown to result from clouds charged with opposite electricities coming together: each spherule of one running to a spherule or more of the other, they suddenly coalesce, by capillary attraction form a larger sphere, and, as the case may be, either descend lower in the atmosphere as heavier cloud, or if the spheres formed become as large as drops, they descend as rain, with a velocity proportioned to their size and the height at which they had been formed. On the principle of electrical induction, he showed that this would be frequently repeated at short intervals during the progress of a thunder storm, or squall, or heavy fall of rain, and thus accounted for the dying away and renewal of rain at short intervals, as well as the repetition of peals of thunder.

From the preceding theory of the formation of clouds, particularly of secondary clouds, he then showed, that hills and mountains caused the country around to be subject to rain, particularly when the sea or any other large collection of water was near, and the general lower current of the wind either suddenly directed from the sea to the hill, or even when blowing gently off the hill. This was, he said, a fact, the knowledge of which was as old as the time of Moses, who thus addresses the children of Israel, in language well suited to the inspired philosopher, and which no modern philosopher could amend: "For the land whither thou goest in to possess, it is not as the land of Egypt from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs;" i. e. by breaking down with the foot the small banks of earth placed across the little channels which led from the reservoirs, into which the waters of the Nile at its overflow had been collected. "But the land whither ye go in to possess, it is a land of hills and of valleys, and drinketh of the rain of Heaven." The Professor remarked justly, that it was delightful to find this advanced state of knowledge amongst the people of God, at a time when gross darkness was probably coming upon the other inhabitants of the earth; and he cited Job 38, 24th verse, as also 25th and 26th verses, as giving other examples of the knowledge possessed at that time on these subjects. This latter, indeed, he did not think proved anything for the philosophy of those days, for if the address of Jehovah from the whirlwind to Job, be not allegorical, but real, it is no wonder that the Supreme possessed this knowledge, and spoke of it, to show Job his weakness and ignorance; and even although his allusion could not at that time have been fully understood, it is now useful to us, upon whom the ends of the world have come. The Professor then traced the immediate, and, on admitted scientific principles, necessary consequences of a fall of rain. First, a driving of the wind out before the rain, all round the part of the earth over which the clouds that gave the rain were, thus causing wind of greater or less intensity according to circumstances, which he traced under the third general head. Secondly, the rain leaves a void space above, into which the air rushes, causing rapid formation of secondary cloud, and many other circumstances, which in fact are observed. Thirdly, the air as it expands into the void aloft, abstracts so much caloric, as to cause a considerable fall of temperature among the clouds above. This most important truth, Professor Stevelly stated, was most strangely overlooked by all the writers on meteorological subjects, whom he had met with. Here the Professor took occasion to show how well observed facts harmonized with this theory: or rather, how the theory, in attestation of its correctness, was in each instance a correct general statement of facts. The instances he selected, were lightning, thunder, and rain, in summer and hot moist countries, and over and near the sea. Thunder clouds appearing to come up against the wind; the suffocating sultriness before a thunder storm, the violent squall generally consequent upon its commencement, and the cool breezes after it; all these he showed, were simple consequences of the theory.

The third general point was, the production of wind. After stating that, at present, he need not stop to trace the effect of the sun, volcanic fires, or other sources of external heat, in dis-

† We now give the Abstract of Papers promised in our Report.

† This point of the theory, Professor Stevelly said he had read before the Natural History Society of Belfast, some years since, and thought he was original in it, until Mr. John Lecky, of Cork, drew his attention to a very curious book of Ptolemy by a Major Kelt, printed nearly one hundred years since, in which this consequence of a fall of rain was noticed briefly. The Professor also stated, that a lecturer of the name of Smith, who visited Belfast the winter before last, was in possession of this principle.

turbing the atmospheric equilibrium, he drew the attention of the section to the efficacy of the formation of clouds, particularly of secondary clouds, in the production of wind; and also the manner in which a fall of rain gave rise to all the various forms of wind, from the breeze to the tornado; these views, he stated, would explain the rapid changing of the wind during squalls, &c. when followed out fully, by applying the doctrine of the composition of motion to the air previously driven along in a general current, and then agitated by a force driving it out on all sides from under falling rain; taken in connexion with the circumstance of the void left above, into which the air rushes from all parts, from whence it will follow, most of that from below is furnished from places behind the falling rain, as that part of the air is comparatively more still than the parts before or on each side of the rain. For it is obvious, that in the front, the air is driven forward both by its own motion in the general current, as also by the force of the falling rain; but at the hinder part, the force of the rain to drive out the air is exerted in an exactly opposite direction to the general current, and it therefore depends upon the circumstance of their relative intensity, which of them shall prevail. Poets and other accurate observers of nature, as sailors, when they were able to describe vividly and correctly what they saw and knew, were found to give descriptions exactly agreeing with this theory; Dampier, Cook, and other voyagers, who were recorders of their own original observations, as well as Cooper in his novel of 'The Water Witch,' afforded excellent illustrations of this remark.

The last point treated of, was the FORMATION OF HAIL, which the Professor showed must be formed when after the violent fall of some rain, a sudden and extensive vacuum being caused, the quantity of caloric abstracted was so large as to cause the rest of the drops to freeze into ice-balls as they formed. This principle, he said, had been strangely overlooked, although since the days of Sir John Leslie, every person was familiar with experiments on a small scale illustrative of it. He also said, that the interesting mine of Chemnitz, in Hungary, afforded an experimental illustration of the formation of hail, on a magnificent scale. In that mine, the drainage water is raised by an engine, in which common air is violently compressed in a large cast iron vessel. While the air is in a state of high compression, a workman desires the visiting stranger to hold his hat before a cock which he turns; the compressed air as it rushes out over the surface of the water within, brings out some with it, which is frozen into ice bolts by the cold generated by the air as it expands; these shoot through the hat to the no small annoyance of one party, but to the infinite amusement and delight of the other.

Observations on the Salmonide which were met with during an Excursion to the North-west of Sutherlandshire, in June 1834.

BY SIR WILLIAM JARDINE.

ON account of the deterioration of the salmon fisheries in Sutherlandshire, the Duke of Sutherland took them entirely under his own power and protection two years since. The close time was regulated according to the season of running in the different rivers, the fish strictly preserved, and in several rivers the gillie were all permitted to run. This year (the second of the improved management) the produce was in many streams doubled. Experiments were instituted to ascertain whether the gillie returned to the river the same year in which it was spawned; and the fact that they did so was satisfactorily established. The general weight of those that first returned was from three to four pounds.

Of the Migratory Salmonide, that of next importance to the salmon, is what in all the North

Highlands is called the Sea Trout, distinguished by the Roxmen as the larger and smaller kinds: the first entering the rivers about the commencement of June, the second about the middle of July. They occurred in great abundance in all the bays and estuaries previous to entering the river, and took the artificial fly readily in the open sea. The first or largest fish was thought to be *S. Trutta*: 300 are sometimes taken at a sweep of the common salmon draught net, from the weight of one pound to about three. The second or smaller fish is identical with the herring of the Solway Firth, and is the *S. Albus* of Fleming's Brit. Zool. It occurs in numbers, in proportion to the first, of about ten to one.

*The Non-migratory Salmonide.*—The north-west of Sutherland is studded with an immense multitude of lochs, in which trout are almost the peculiar fish. They differ from each other so much in the various districts, as to warrant the suspicion that more than one species is included under the common name of Trout. This variation was constant in particular districts; and four very marked varieties were exhibited, differing chiefly in the general form, proportion of the fins, form of the scales and of the intestines. By many ichthyologists, the different appearances of trout are all referred to *S. Fario*, with a most extensive range of variation; but the subject appears yet to require investigation. Many of the trout in these lochs are of very fine quality.

In most of the larger lochs, particularly in the district of Assynt, the Great Lake Trout, *S. Ferox*, was found. This fish is noticed by several of the British writers upon fish, but only as a variety of the common trout. It is distinct, and with good characters. It reaches a weight of twenty-five pounds. It inhabits only the larger Scottish lochs—Loch Awe, Shur, Loyal, Assynt, &c. In the latter, fourteen specimens were procured. The food is almost exclusively fish; the flesh very coarse, of a yellowish white colour.

The Char, *S. Alpinus*, is found in most of the lochs; but from the difficulty of tempting with any bait few were procured. They are only seen and taken in numbers when approaching the mouths of the small rivulets to spawn, and at that time deteriorating in condition. They appear in best condition in June and July: they feed on aquatic insects, but seem active only during the night.

The Parr, *S. Salminus*, Penn., was found in many rivers sparingly, nowhere abundant, and apparently decreased towards the north.

No other Salmonide were found during the excursion; but after the remarks upon those above mentioned, specimens of the Gillaroo Trout from Ireland were exhibited. The food found in the stomach was exclusively different species of fresh-water shells. The stomach was not, however, more muscular than that of the common trout.

Specimens of the Whiting and Bull Trout of the Tweed.—These are the young and adult states of the same fish, [the *S. Hamatus*, Cav. ? synonymous also with the *S. Eriox* of some authors.] This is very abundant in the Tweed; but at the period of spawning runs up almost exclusively to the tributaries. It reaches a large size. The Whiting, or young, are excellent when in season—the old fish are coarse and pale coloured.

Specimens of the Lochmaben Vendace, [*Coregonus Maracanna*?]—The lochs in the neighbourhood of Lochmaben are the only known habitat in Scotland for this fish; and I am not sure that there is any authentic station for it in England or Wales. The stomachs were entirely filled with minute Entomostraca, which certainly in this fish constitute, at times, the greater part of their nourishment. It may be remarked here, that the salmon is often taken on the Sutherland shores, at the haddock lines, baited with sand eels, and in the Durness Firth with lines set on purpose with the same bait;—therefore disprov-

ing Dr. Knox's theory, that their only food is the sea is Entomostraca and the ova of star fish.

*Note.*—All the specimens were shown to Mons. Agassiz. The common trout he considered as only varieties. *Salmo Ferox*, an addition to the Salmonide of Europe, was new to him, differing, he considered, from his *S. Lemanus*, or Great Trout, from the Lake of Geneva. The Whiting and Bull Trout of the Tweed were also new to him, differing from any of the fish he was acquainted with in the continental rivers. The Parr, *S. Salminus* of Penn., he considered as the young of *S. Fario*. From this opinion Sir Wm. Jardine differed, believing it to be a distinct species. The Vendace of Lochmaben Lochs he also considered distinct from the *Coregonus Maracanna* of the continental ichthyologists.

We shall add to this paper an abstract of Mr. Selby's remarks on the birds observed in Sutherlandshire in June last. Among the numerous lochs of the district, he said, the water-fowl are prominent and picturesque objects. The more remarkable, as seeking a northern latitude for their breeding places, were the common Bean Goose (*Anser segetum*), found breeding in many of the lochs, but most abundantly on Loch Loyal, where about fifty pairs breed annually. They nestle on the small islands among the long heath and fern. By the 1st of June all the young were out.—The Widgeon was found in many of the lochs in Scotland, pairs breeding in similar situations.—The Red-breasted Merganser was by far the most numerous of the Anatidae, breeding in numbers by the edges and upon the islands of all the lochs.—The Common Gooseander was seen only once.—The Black-throated Diver was common, a pair frequenting almost every loch, breeding on the small islands.—Only a single pair of Red-throated Divers was seen. In the Orkneys this is the most common bird, the other rare.—A few pairs of Green Shouls (*Toxus glottis*) were found breeding about the upland marshy pools.—One specimen of *Tetrao nipetrus* was shot on Ben More. This, until very lately, has been overlooked in the British Fauna. Lord Stanley, he believed, possesses a specimen from some part of Perthshire; this is the second instance of its being found in Scotland.

#### Additions to our Account of the Proceedings of the Sections.

*Geology and Geography.*—Mr. George Rennie communicated observations on the principle of construction, and the practical employment of an instrument for taking up water at great depths. It was tried by Mr. Rennie at the Estuary of the Tamar, near Plymouth, and completely succeeded; but no deposit was found in the water during the whole spring season.

Lord Greenock, before he read his paper on the Coal Formation of Scotland, communicated, in the name of the Highland Society, the desire of that body to give assistance to geological investigations, and announced that, from information lately received from the Treasury, it was now certain that the Geological Map of Scotland will speedily be published.—Professor Sedgwick spoke of the services rendered to knowledge of the Geology of the north of Scotland, by the late Mr. Macculloch, Jun., and expressed the hope that the results of his investigations would be employed and acknowledged in the Government Map.

A notice, by Mr. Trevelyan, on fossil wood from Faroe, was read, and drawings exhibited.

Dr. Hibbert read an account of the ossiferous beds in the basins of the Forth, the Clyde, and the Tay, and their relations to other strata; and exhibited an extensive series of illustrations, maps, sections, and specimens.

\* The Koopp Duck (*Fuligula morilla*) was found breeding in Kribol Bay.



Remarks were made by Dr. Buckland and Professor Sedgwick; and, at the request of the President, M. Agassiz made some observations on the distinctions between the fossil fishes of the formation anterior to the Lias, and those of more recent origin. He also gave a general account of his views in regard to the fossil fishes exhibited by Dr. Hübner, and expressed his belief that many of them belong to genera not hitherto described. Some numbers of the extensive work of M. Agassiz, now in progress, were exhibited, and particularly recommended to the attention of the Section by the President and Dr. Buckland.

Mr. Hermer, in reference to Mr. Bryce's paper,† respecting the caverns near the Giant's Causeway, read a communication from Mr. Thomas Andrews, of Trinity College, Dublin, who had recently discovered some extensive caves in the island of Rathlin, situated four miles from the Antrim coast, with a sea of thirty fathoms between. From the situation of the caves in Rathlin, it is evident that the sea must have once entered them at a much higher elevation than its present level.

Professor Phillips communicated the results of his investigations on the relations of joints and veins. He described the general system of divisional structure in rocks, the forms and directions of the lesser and greater joints, the parallelism of certain leading fissures on large tracts of country, the constancy of their direction, the manner in which they are filled with sparry and metallic substances and other matters. He thence drew some general conclusions as to the period of the production and fitting of these joints and fissures, as to their analogy with mineral veins and rock dykes, and noticed the general dependence in the North of England, of the direction of the great leading fissures and mineral veins upon the lines of subterranean disturbance.

Mr. Murchison gave an abstract of Professor Rogers's report on the Geology of North America, and read abstracts from this valuable and elaborate memoir.

Mr. Lyell expressed the high opinion he entertained of the labours and theoretical views of Professor Rogers. As it appears that a very small number of the tertiary fossils of North America agree specifically with those of Europe, Mr. Lyell agrees with the author, that the only approximation that can at present be attempted, towards ascertaining the relative age of the tertiary groups of the two continents, is that derived from a comparison of the relative proportion of recent to extinct shells. At the same time Mr. Lyell fully concurs with Mr. Rogers, in the opinion, that such a correspondence ought not to be insisted upon as affording any positive test of exact contemporaneous deposition, since the rate of change in species cannot be assumed to have been always equal, especially in remote regions, during equal periods of time.

Captain Maconochie, Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, gave an account of the origin and progress of that association. He then communicated some details relative to the late expedition to the Niger, and to the expeditions which have been recently, or are to be, sent out to the interior of Africa, and to British Guiana.

Mr. Murchison, in the paper referred to in our former report, presented a tabular view of the order of succession of various formations of great thickness, distinct from each other in their organic remains and mineralogical characters, which rise from beneath the old red sandstone of England and Wales. He then dwelt on the great series of fishes occurring throughout the old red sandstone of England, and pointed out Dr. Lloyd, of Lindlow, as the person who had

first called his attention to them. These fishes, it now appears, are common to the central portion of the old red sandstone of England, and the strata occupying the same geological position in Forfarshire, and other counties in Scotland. Mr. Murchison further expressed his opinion, that the Arbroath pavement is the equivalent of the tile stones, or lower member of the old red sandstone of England.

Mr. Blackadder exhibited a fossil fish from Glamis Millstone Quarry, which is situated in the old red sandstone.

M. Agassiz refers this fish to the family of the "Gonvies," and to his genus *Cephalaspia*, which is characterized by the immense "cuirasse" that envelopes, or rather forms its head. This fish is quite new to the scientific world, and has been now found entire for the first time.

Dr. Hübner pointed out the resemblance which the Kirkton fossil has to a fossil crustaceous animal, lately figured by Dr. Harlan, of Philadelphia.

Dr. Knight, of Aberdeen, read a notice on the flints found in various parts of Aberdeenshire, and more especially in the vicinity of Peterhead.

M. Agassiz made some further remarks on the fossil organic remains of Burdie House, and stated his belief, that some of the fossils considered as saurian animals, are in reality sauroid fishes.

Mr. Saull exhibited drawings of the incisors and canine teeth of the fossil Hippopotamus, from a gravel pit near Huntingdon.

Mr. Hall's model of a part of Derbyshire was exhibited.

The Secretary exhibited an impression of a fossil plant, supposed to be new, from Ayrshire, and sent by Dr. Thompson, of Glasgow.

Dr. Buckland laid before the section a drawing by Mrs. Turner, of Liverpool, of a large fossil fucus, found in the new red sandstone of that neighbourhood, in 1829.

**Natural History.**—Papers read:—On the Insects obtained in an excursion in Sutherlandshire; and on a collection of Insects recently received from Java; by Mr. James Wilson.—On the change of colour in a certain species of Elder, by Mr. Drake.—On the progress made in researches in the secretions from the roots of vegetables, by Dr. Daubeny.—On the head of Delphinus deductor; on the laryngeal sac of the Rein Deer; and on a new species of Thrush from Nepal; by Dr. Traill.—On the structure and physiology of some species of Reptiles from North America, by Dr. Allan Thomson.—Information regarding the progress towards the publication of the Posthumous Works of Cuvier, by — Pentland, Esq.—On the Transformations of the Crustacea, by J. O. Westwood, Esq.—On the natural history of the central portion of the Great Transition Range of the south of Scotland, in which arise the sources of the Tweed, by W. McGillivray, A.M.—On some peculiar secretions and elaborations viewed in connexion with the ascent of the sap, by Mr. John Murray.—On a new species of Pecten, by Capt. Brown.

**Medical Section.**—We stated in our last, that the papers read at this Section were strictly professional; but our medical friends having expressed an anxiety for some further particulars, we are happy to add them.

The most important part of Sir C. Bell's lecture was his announcement of two discoveries by his assistant, Mr. Newport, of the spinal marrow of the lobster, and a medullary tract of spinal marrow in the *Sphinx Ligustræ*, from which nerves were distinctly traced extending to the respiratory organs of that animal. These new facts analogically confirm what has been usually regarded as the most dubious part of Sir C. Bell's views of the nervous system. The only other novelty in his lectures was a recommendation of some improvements in the mode of

examining the brain; he strongly advised anatomists to use brains that had been preserved for several months in spirits, declaring, that in them the course of the fibres could be traced more distinctly than in others.

A preparation of the injected blood-vessels of the porpoise was submitted by Dr. Sharper. The peculiarity of structure consisted in the prodigious number of flexures formed by the arteries and veins, which are manifestly intended as receptacula for the circulating fluid while the animal is diving. The venous sinus is the seal, for the same purpose, has been long known to naturalists.

Dr. Macdonnell read a very curious paper, showing that the variations of the pulse produced by posture are independent of muscular action; the acceleration always following the angle of inclination of the body, whether the patient be asleep or awake.

Mr. Syme exhibited some patients whose elbow-joints had been excised, an operation which, in many instances, will save the amputation of the arm.

Dr. Hodgkin's report on the effects of irritation on the mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, contained a fuller description of that tissue in a healthy state than any which had previously been made public.

A curious discussion in this Section perhaps deserves to be noticed. Dr. Buchanan exhibited some worms which he asserted had been found in the blood of a female; upon which several medical men declared that they had ascertained the woman to be an impostor, and that the worms, when examined by Mr. Rhind, had proved to be the same that are found in common ditch-water.

An important discussion in the *Chemical Section* also arose from the attack made by Professor Clarke, of Aberdeen, on Dr. Prout's account of the atomic analysis of carbonate of lime. Dr. Thomson ably defended Dr. Prout's views; he stated, that what is chemically designated an atom is, in fact, a congeries of atoms, for it was little short of absurdity to speak of the fraction of an atom. It was stated as Dr. Prout's opinion, that all elementary substances are multiples of hydrogen. Thus carbon, oxygen, &c., are, in reality, certain combinations of atoms of hydrogen. This singular theory has revived the popularity of the German hypothesis, first broached we believe by Kant, that everything is eliminated from a common principle. The discussion respecting the effect produced by the addition of water to coal-tar in a state of combustion also deserves to be noticed. Dr. Daubeny affirmed that the water increased the combu-  
stive powers of the tar; Professor Low, on the other hand, contended that there was a *deceptio visus* in the experiment. Dr. Dalton also asserted that there was an illusion; he declared that the water caused a greater elimination of light, but that it did not at all increase the heat.

## MUSIC

WITH the last *bouquet* of the songs of the season before us, we are in no humour to be extreme in our criticism on "last songs," beginning with Barry Cornwall's haunting lyric, putting us into something of a sentimental, and therefore gentle humour. We might, it is true, be atrabilious, and inquire when the reign of ditties sold by their staring lithographed frontispieces will come to an end—when we shall cease to be sickened by songs written on incidents in high life, as if music and poetry could not obtain a hearing without being spiced with scandal. We might ask why Mr. Bishop's graceful and exquisite canzonets are so little known and studied—assuredly among the most perfect and classical of his works; and entreat the Chevalier Neukomm for more of such compositions

† See former report.

as his 'Parting Song,' and 'David's Lament'; but, instead of wasting our time and temper in such vain inquiries, we will make the best of the heap before us—how the season out us courteously as we can, and keep the vials of our bitterness for the next, which is to come.

Mr. Attwood, as the pupil of Mozart, and one who has hardly received honour due at the hands of his countrymen, has a right to stand at the head of our list. His sacred song, 'Lord of my life,' is chaste, simple, and classical.

Mr. Barnett's 'Library of Music' next claims our attention. We have the first monthly part of this work complete. It contains four original local compositions by the editor, and the overture to 'Gustavus,' with two songs from the same opera, all for the moderate price of two shillings. Two of the original songs alone, are worth the sum at least. The 'Spanish Girls,' which is pleasantly national, and the speaking canzonet, 'What I found thee I strive to forget.' We wish the work success; and, to deserve it thoroughly, Mr. Barnett must attend more carefully to the correction of the press than he has here done, and not in future sanction such a blunder, as giving words of a triumphant character to a song, which in the original has to do with witchcraft and such gloomy matters.

'Maria's cares are o'er,' a Dutch cantata, the music by Myndee Van Bree. This is the song in which M. De Vrugt made his debut in London. We delight in cantatas, and the German composers have given us some glorious specimens of this style of composition—*as*, for instance, Schubert's 'Erl King,' Mendelssohn's songs, Beethoven's 'Adelaide,'—but we could fill our paper with the catalogue, and will therefore mention no more. Some of them, however, may be taxed with over-lengthiness, and this fault has kept them from occupying the place in social music which is their due—people dislike sitting silent! The song under consideration, however, is not of the longer species—it opens with a movement in *f* minor, and after being relieved by a *cantabile* in the key of *a* flat, is succeeded by an *agitato* in the original key, and concluded by a spirited movement in *f* major. There is, perhaps, no decided originality of subject in it—but what there is, is judiciously treated—and the song requires a good tenor voice, and something of mind in the singer as well as of vocal power, and will therefore be always agreeable when carefully performed.

To come from German cantatas to Mr. Haynes Bayly's songs, is like stepping out of York Minster or Kenilworth Castle, and into Almaek's, where sentiment is talked, it is true, but only between the pauses of the dance, and you feel the genuine spirit of the place to be of light, and elegance, and gaiety. Here we have, 'Tears in an English valley,' set by N. Nelson, and 'If innocent, thou hast no cause for fear,' married to music by Mr. A. Lee, and they fully justify us in what we have said—the melodies of both are pleasant and harmless, and may be made popular by tasteful and spirited singing. It is needless to say that we could not live upon such *bon-bon* music, though a morsel now and then may be well enough for a change.

Mr. Chelard's 'Village Queen,' Mr. Wade's 'Hope and Melody,' and Mr. Goddard's 'They know me not,' and 'Mary Lee,' are a little more sterling than the above-mentioned melodies, and yet we have seen better works by all the three composers.

'They say that hope is happiness,' by Lord Byron, is set by J. Thomson, Esq. We notice it singly, as being the work of an amateur composer—and such always deserve especial encouragement and attention. Besides, we know Mr. Thomson's songs of old, not to be merely a heap of passages "stolen, strayed, or otherwise away conveyed" from other composers, but to contain original fancies clothed in scientific and

often tasteful garbs, and we should be glad to find them better known in musical circles.

'Let fools their fate deserving,' is a good bold bass song, composed by Mr. T. Cooke, and introduced by him into the English version of Herold's 'Pré aux Clercs.' We shall always bear testimony against such interpolations; they are neither fair to the original nor the second composer, and must displease all lovers of genuine music. 'Time is flying,' is another from the same opera, adapted (whence?) by Mr. T. Cooke. These English versions of classical foreign compositions, "with all the original music," are, we fear, for the most part as little to be relied upon as the French Memoirs of the day.

'Strain of my childhood,' arranged by A. Lee, a sort of Tyrolienne, is not unwise, for those who are not beginning to weary of this latter monotonous style of music. 'Hark to the waterfall,' composed by the same gentleman, is picturesque and innocent. Something more may be said of Mr. Bishop's 'Roundelay of the Spanish Mountaineers,' a duet for two sopranos—if not very original, it is characteristic and cheerful, and likely to be effective when sung with something of the proper southern spirit.

We close our notice, by enumerating—'Bird of Peace,' the melody and words by W. Ball, and the symphonies and accompaniments supplied by Moscheles brilliant pen—'Ladje mir,' an anciently sounding song by Miss Mounsey—'The Smuggler,' the words translated from Béranger, set to music by W. A. Wordsworth—'Mezeraye,' the words by H. F. Chorley, the music by Mrs. J. B. Thomson—'Oh why must we part?' by R. Ryan, the music by Robert Green—'Oh! she is like the snowdrop fair,' ballad by Mrs. Philip Millard—'My pretty gazelle,' and 'Hark, I hear Harem bells,' both by G. A. Holson, and 'Two lips,' by C. Hodgson. This last is silly enough to make us break our vow of charity and civility, so we conclude at once.

## THEATRICALS

### ROYAL KENT THEATRE.

HOWEVER the theatres may be said of late to have treated the public at large, they certainly have not been at all hard upon us of the press, who are by some called the public in little. Indeed, so perfect a truce has been granted us in the actual metropolis, that we have been enabled to carry our critical arms into the suburbs, and accordingly on Friday last, we actually made a sortie in the direction of Kensington, and took up a position in the front boxes of the Kent Theatre.

The performance commenced with 'Marie Antoinette; or, the Lover of the Queen,' which, as its title imports, is another, and in our opinion, a better version of 'The Queen's Champion,' now playing at the Haymarket. This we are impelled by truth to say, and the same motive urges us to add our opinion, that in the performance, as in the composition, the Minor most unequivocally holds the Major. *Imprimis*,—there was a Mr. Tilbury, whose acting is broad without being coarse, and of whom we augur favourably. Then there was a Miss Poole, who, if she had played in the first act as well as she did in the second, would have been entitled to no common share of praise. There was also a Mrs. Cramer, a naive and touching actress; and "last not least in our dear love," there was a Mr. Denville, of whom we will say that he will shortly prove himself either the greatest impostor, or the best actor that our stage has produced for many years. This is, perhaps, not the most refined way of recording our opinion, but it happens to be the very expression we used in speaking of Keen's first performance in London, and we choose it because we are much mistaken if in this case, as in that, the person so spoken of, do not come out of the ordeal triumphantly. Having seen

Mr. Denville but in one character, and that being one of a most peculiar cast, we do not wish, for the present, to say more, but we shall watch him with the greatest interest, and we promise to confess that we were mistaken in our hopes of him, if we must, but not without, and even then we shall do it with astonishment as well as regret.

## MISCELLANEA

**Character of William Combe.**—We lately extracted from Campbell's 'Life of Mrs. Siddons' a short memoir of this eccentric man. A friend has since forwarded to us a somewhat different account, extracted from a brochure of Sir Egerton Brydges, entitled 'A Note on the Suppression of the Author's intended Memoirs.' Paris, 1825. 12mo.: a little volume unknown in England.—"I remember one of the most singular characters of his age, who died about two years ago, having passed his 80th year;—I mean William Combe, whose satirical poems, 'The Diaboliad,' 'The First of April,' &c., attracted universal notice about the year 1778. They were productions of personal and fashionable attack; and, as I can recollect, (for at least forty years have elapsed since I have seen them,) they were written with great vigour. The history of this poet's life would furnish a series of the most extraordinary and romantic incidents, many of which have been related to me on the best authority; but which, (so very singular as they are,) I cannot venture to relate on the mere force of a very treacherous memory. I am assured that Combe left ample MS. memoirs, which were intended to be consigned after his death to a literary friend, who could have done him justice; but which were missing after his decease, and are not yet forthcoming. The anonymous works he wrote for the booksellers would form a stupendous and incredible list, if completed. Latterly, his powers were somewhat flattened by age. At this crisis he wrote 'Dr. Syntax's Tour,' of which he gave me a copy. He was the author of 'The Letters of Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton,' which were so long believed to be genuine, and which excited such strong and general interest for several years. I am told that his average gains by authorship were about 800*l.* a year. He inherited about 10,000*l.* from an uncle in the city, which enabled him to live splendidly in the circles of high fashion for about two years—perhaps about the year 1772 or 1773, when he entirely disappeared, till at length he was discovered in the ranks of a regiment of the line in an inn at Derby, by George Stevens, an old crony, to whom he long denied himself; but who persevered in rescuing him from his degraded situation. He then came to London, and made authorship a profession. A quarrel with the late Lord Hertford was the cause of his principal satires: his heroine was an old Countess Dowager of Home. I remember distinctly the great impression those satires made when I was a boy; and how many of the severest passages were on every one's lips. He had been educated, I think, at Eton; and the two years he spent in fashionable society enabled him to penetrate and be familiar with the interior of high life. He had extraordinary rapidity of apprehension and acuteness of understanding. His adversity had still sharpened his wit; and he had seen mankind in situations where their heartlessness could be tried and brought to view. He had lived long enough out of the world—at least out of the highest rank—to have some coarseness of accent when I conversed with him; but he had two delightful attractions—he was manly and unaffected. He was then perhaps seventy-seven, but he did not look more than sixty-five. He was of a middle size, muscular, and of a countenance rather rough and heavy than elegant, brilliant, or in-

tellectual. His poetry belonged to the inferior class; for satire is surely of a very secondary order; but it was vigorous, manly, and full of point and knowledge of character. The style was good, and the versification flowing. He had belonged to a generation which was gone by, and was little known to modern authors.

**Tea.**—It appears from the evidence of the East India Company's officers, from whom we are constrained at present to derive most of our information on these points, that the tea-plant in China has two distinct varieties, if not species, which respectively yield the *black* and the *green* teas. The tree is an evergreen. The pickings of the leaves begin about May, when the plant is in full leaf, but ready to shoot out other leaves. In the black-tea plant, the first shoot, on the bud coming out, then covered with hair, forms the fine *flowery peak*. A few days' more growth makes the hair begin to fall off, the leaf then expands, and becomes the *black-leaved peak*. Some young shoots have fleshier and finer leaves, which make the *souchong*. The next best leaves make the *camoi*, the next *congou*, and the refuse and inferior leaves the *bohea*. These are the states in which the black teas are collected by the tea-farmers. The varieties of green teas appear to originate, not from the stages of picking, like the black, but partly from difference of treatment and manipulation, partly from difference of soil. A large proportion of twankay tea is the growth of a different district from that which produces the *hysons*. When a tea-merchant buys green tea from the farmer, he subjects it to the following process: he sifts it through one sieve, which takes out the dust, the *young hyson* and the *gunpowder*; then through another sieve, which passes the *small leaf hyson* of commerce; two other sieves successively take out the second and largest degree of size, and what does not pass the third sieve forms *hyson-skin*. The teas then undergo the process of firing, in an iron pan, at a great degree of heat, which gives the leaves a tighter twist, and brings them up to their colour. The tea which passes the first sieve is then put into a winnowing-machine, and the fan blows out the light leaf at the further end, the larger broken leaf at a shorter distance. The heavier teas, as the *gunpowder* and *hyson*, fall nearer or further from the hopper, according to their gravity, and are then separated by the winnowing-machine. When fairly made, the difference between the *gunpowder* and the *young hyson* will be this: the young leaf, which takes the long twist, will form the young *hyson*, and that which takes the round twist will form the *gunpowder*. The same mode of manufacture is pursued with respect to twankay tea, the fine leaves of which make *hyson*.—*The Times*.

**Statistics of St. Petersburg.**—*Le Voleur* gives the following statistical information respecting St. Petersburg, during the years 1832 and 1833. The population of St. Petersburg at the end of 1833 was as follows: Males, 291,290, females, 158,845. Of this number, 1968 belonged to the clergy, 38,994 to the nobility, and 9649 were foreigners. At the end of 1832, the population, consisting of various classes, was 435,486. The number of foreigners residing there was 8,365. Number of births in 1832: boys, 4775, girls 4536, total, 9311. Deaths, men, 10,836; women, 6,240; total, 17,085. Accidental deaths: drowned, 83, run over, 9, burnt, 8, frozen, 2, children found dead, 15, still-born, 7, murdered, 2, poisoned by accident, 4, suicides, 37. Number of establishments belonging to the Crown: in stone, 332, in wood, 222. Private houses: in stone, 2410, in wood, 5035. In 1833, 83 houses were built, 32 of which were of wood. The number of incendiary fires during the year 1832 was 45, of which 15 were of a very serious nature, and did considerable damage.

**State of Crime in France.**—According to an official statement just published, 6162 charges were tried before the Court of Assize in 1832, making an increase of 312 charges, and 832 prisoners upon those of 1831, though the number of criminals is only increased by fifty. The number of charges brought forward of crimes committed against persons was 1331, against property 3965 in number. The proportion of the number of the accused to the total of the population, is 1 out of 4304. In 1831 it was 1 out of 4281. The departments of the Seine and Corsica, furnished the greater number of cases in proportion to their population, and that of the Creuse the least, the accused being only 1 out of 15,610 inhabitants. Of the accused, 4540 could neither read nor write, 2192 could read and write but imperfectly, 682 could read and write well, and 151 had been educated in a superior manner. Out of the 74 persons condemned to death, 3 committed suicide in prison, 40 were executed, and 31 obtained a commutation of punishment.

**Anecdote of Lord Nelson.**—In 1781, Lord Nelson, then Captain, was chosen to conduct the naval part of the expedition against St. Juan's. Being one day excessively fatigued, he ordered his hammock to be slung under some trees. During his sleep, that extraordinary animal called a "monitory lizard," from its faculty of warning persons of the approach of any venomous animal, passed across his face; which being observed by some of the Indian itinerants, they shouted and awoke him. He immediately started up, and throwing off the quilt, found one of the most venomous of the innumerable serpents in that country coiled up at his feet. From this providential escape, the Indians who attended entertained an idea that Nelson was a superior being, under an especial protection; and this opinion, which his wonderful abilities and unwearied exertions tended to confirm, was of essential service in gaining their confidence, and prolonging their co-operation.—*United Service Gazette*.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

A Translation of Andreigne's Narrative of a Captivity in the Fortress of Spielberg, is preparing by Mr. Thomas Roscoe.

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#### ADVERTISEMENTS

##### UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—FACULTY of ARTS and LAW. Session 1834-5.

The Classes will meet after the Vacation on WEDNESDAY, the 13th OCTOBER (instead of the 1st of November, as hitherto). The Rev. Robert Vaughan, Professor of History, will commence the business of the Session by a Lecture on a branch of his subject on the former day, at 3 o'clock precisely.

Latin.... Thomas Hewitt Key, A.M.  
Greek.... Henry Maister, A.M.  
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History, Ancient and Modern.... Rev. R. Vaughan, A.M.  
Political Economy (to commence in February).... J. R. May, Esq.  
English Law (to commence on the 3rd of November).... W. G. Lumley, B.C.L.  
Jurisprudence.... John Austin, A.M.  
Mathematics.... G. L. P. White, A.M.  
Natural Philosophy and Astronomy.... R. W. Ritchie, L.L.D.  
Civil Engineering (to commence after Christmas).... Ditto.  
Geography.... Captain Macneil, R.N.  
Chemistry.... Edward Turner, M.D.  
Zoology.... Robert E. Grant, M.D.  
Botany (to commence on the 1st April).... John Lindsay, Ph.D.  
Geology (to commence early in February).... Dr. Turner, Dr. Grant, and Dr. Lindsay.

The Junior School meet on the 23rd of September. Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office of the University; and at Mr. John Taylor's, Bookbinder, 30, Upper Gower-street.

THOMAS COATES, Sec.

Council Room, 16th Sept. 1834.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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## REVIEWS

*Tydney Hall; a Novel.* By T. Hood. 3 vols. London: Baily & Co.

At last—after having been on the look-out for this long-promised novel, with much such impatience as the school-boy watches for the cuckoo, who, remaining unseen, still keeps him in quest of her, by uttering some tantalizing note close in his neighbourhood—at last, we have fairly laid hold of this will-o'-the-wisp of a book—the first of its kind, but we hope not the last, by many, with which the “right trusty and well beloved” writer means to gladden the heart of the public—for whose satisfaction we will (though literally at the eleventh hour) see and do our best to show what may be expected from it.

We shall not touch upon the interest of the story—that we never do—and in this instance it is impossible, for the best of all reasons, that we have only received the two first volumes of the work; therefore, instead of wasting words of our own, we will let these speak for themselves; and we are strangely mistaken, if, like most other racy and brilliant talkers, they do not win a more favourable hearing from the public, than if we were to expend our own space, by heralding their merits.

It is difficult to know where to begin—and it may be as well, at starting, to acknowledge, that we mean to leave the heroine, sweet Grace Rivers, and the gallant Ringwood, and the poetical Raby, and the snaky and malicious Creole, sacred to our readers, and deal only with the subordinate personages. Our first gleanings shall be concerning the creation of the poor “unlucky Joe,” with the mirth arising from whose misadventures, Mr. Hood has contrived to mingle something of helplessness and hopelessness, belonging to their ill-starred actor, which at once gives the picture reality, and engages our sympathy. We take him at the most pathetic part of his story—but must first give the graphic sketch of his character:—

“Joseph Spiller, the unfortunate postillion thus referred to, was a living example of that cross-grained fate, which attends upon certain devoted individuals through life. Born under an evil star, probably a falling one, he had been oftener thrown from the saddle, or pitched from the bar, than any postboy of his standing, or rather sitting. He was literally a marked man in a stricter sense than the term generally implies, for the bridge of his nose was broken, he had lost one eye, with the whole of his front teeth, and had a limp in his left leg—personal deadends levied against him from mishaps purely accidental. He had been a careful driver, and a sober, but sometimes the commissioners of roads left stumbling blocks in his path, sometimes he was the victim of inexperienced or inebriated charioteers who drove against him; and above all he had the luck of being associated with more stumblers, kickers, shyers, and other four-legged vices, than any boy of his school. He had had as many horses killed under him as Prince Eugene, and more runaways than the driver of the last stage to Gretna-green. Ren-

dered superstitious at last, by such a succession of mishaps, poor Joe had become something of a fatalist; he gave up inspecting the harness, or looking at the linchpins, and was never particularly ready to pull up his horse's head in case of a stumble. ‘It was all one,’ he said, ‘as to how a horse was held in hand if he was rid by a unfortunate fellow that was borned on a Friday.’ Want of care thus coalescing with want of luck, an increased number of casualties obtained for Joe the unenviable name of ‘unlucky,’ by which Hanway described him. • • •

“A slight sketch of the history of the decline and fall of Unlucky Joe, from the era of the death of Bedlamite, will show that his imputed evil genius had not been idle in the interim. He had been discharged by five successive postmasters, for falls and casualties, which had inflicted cuts, sprains, bruises, and fractures, on his own person. He had been rejected by the officers of the army, the navy, and the parish; he had been imprisoned for poaching, because he picked up a dead hare; discharged one King's Birthday, and committed the next morning for sleeping in the open air. He had been crossed in love by the only girl he had ever addressed; he had been made a father by a frail fair one he never saw; and, to conclude, he was in custody for a murderous act he had never contemplated; penniless, friendless, and hopeless. In this abject state he gave up striving with his fate, and the superstition that had him enthralled in its web, immediately pounced upon him, and wound him round in a preliminary shroud, even as a spider seizes a devoted fly, when the insect has ceased its struggles.”

Joe is now brought before a magistrate, on the false charge of having assaulted a certain ranting methodist, whose notions of *glad tidings* is too curious to be passed by. He meets a gipsy woman on the road, and thus accosts her:—

“He accosted her in the same style that he had used to Twigg.

“‘Stay woman! I have a message unto you! I come with glad tidings.’

“‘Say on then,’ said the woman; ‘such tidings have long been strange to these ears.’

“‘You're a cursed race,’ shouted the ranter, as usual beating time with his stick; ‘there's a place prepared for you, in the bottomless pit, along with the Devil and his angels.’”

But to return to poor Joe, now before a magistrate, on the accusation of this fanatic, who had fixed the assault on an innocent party, to prevent the discovery of his own insolent freedom, in which it originated. Joe gave himself up for lost at the first moment of his capture:—

“‘If I don't confess myself,’ said Joe, ‘somebody will confess for me; so, guilty or not guilty, it's all one. Other people proves alibi's; and if I hadn't been here, I should have been somewhere else; but that's my old chance. I know my fortune without a gipsy. As I'm too poor to sleep any wheres but the open air, I can't be burnt in my bed; and, as the sergeants won't list me, cause I'm short, I shan't be shot; and, as the press-gangs won't look at me, I arn't to be drowned; so hanging is likely enough, for I know I shan't die natural.’

“‘Nay, Joe,’ said the huntsman, somewhat touched by the poor fellow's picture of his desti-

tution, ‘everybody has a chance. If you can, really, hold up an innocent hand, and say not guilty.’—

“‘Nobody ever believed me yet,’ answered Joe, ‘and it's too late to try now. My dice always runs one way. Mayhap after I'd danced my dance upon nothing, and been leg-pulled, and hung a full hour, and stroked all the old women's wens, there'd come a reprieve on a lame post-horn; for that's my luck!’”

Hear him upon his examination:—

“‘Prisoner, what is your name?’ asked the Justice, in a tone which he reserved for the chair and the bench.

“‘Joseph Spiller,’ answered the culprit, ‘and I wish I'd never been born to be baptized.’

“‘How do you get your livelihood?’ enquired the same stern voice.

“‘I was a post-boy aforetimes,’ said Joe, ‘but now I'm nothing, and nobody suffers from my misfortunes but myself.’

“‘Now then,’ said the magistrate, with a manner meant to be particularly impressive, ‘now then, Joseph Spiller,—and remember you are on your solemn oath,—pray tax your memory, and inform us how you were employed during the morning of Friday, the 21st.’

“‘Starving,’ was the brief answer, and it thrilled every heart in the room, except those of the Justice and his cock-fighting clerk. • • •

“‘And now, fellow,’ he resumed, ‘you stand here charged with stabbing with a knife, or some sharp instrument, one Uriah Bundy, with an intent to kill, a capital felony, whether the murder was consummated or not, and punishable with hanging. What have you to say for yourself?’

“‘I've no wish to say anything, not one word,’ answered Joe with the serenity of a captive Indian warrior when brought to the stake. ‘I was born to mischances, and this is one. My life arn't worth caring for; and if you hang me, it's only taking the sin of it off my own hands, for it's been in my thoughts afore now. I was cut down my last birth-day.’”

His mood of doleful resignation does not forsake him even on his discharge.

“‘Your worship, if it's all the same,’ said Joe, addressing the Justice, ‘I don't want my discharge. As the woman's bolted, I don't mind goin' to prison in lieu on her. It will be bed, board, and lodging, any how; and that's more than I can get outside.’” • • •

This is a portrait drawn throughout with a master's hand. In laughing contrast to it stand the Twigg family. Never were the troubles of “a man of my property,” and his wife, better portrayed than in their adventures. Their talk of country matters is perfect of its kind.

“‘My horses, Sir Mark, every day they sit down to eat, have a truss of hay a piece, two pecks of oats, and beans by the bushel, for I've calculated their bills of fares.’

“‘Egad then,’ said Sir Mark, ‘if they've any blood in 'em they'll want good handling, and curbing up tight, for, of course, they're ready to jump out of their harness.’

“‘Not a bit of it,’ said Twigg, ‘they're as gentle as Jarries, and go as slow as if they were taking a fare off the stones a little before sunset.’

“‘And they had need to be docile,’ exclaimed Mrs. Twigg, ‘with such an unsober coachman. The only ride I've had, I got out and walked.

It's a thousand pities too, for he's a rosy fresh-coloured man, and looks well in the skyblue and orange."

And here is Mr. Twigg's account of a water-party told by way of warning.

"I knew how it would end! I was once near being boated into eternity myself."

"Don't mention it," said Mrs. Twigg, "the remembrance sets me all of a shiver."

"But I will mention it, Madam," answered Twigg, "for as there are young people present, here he looked at Miss Rivers, 'it may serve as a warning. You must know, Mrs. T. and self determined last summer to take a holiday, and so we took advantage of a general fast, and shut-up, for a day's pleasure.'"

"Well, my own vote was for Hornsey-wood-house; but as the boys are fond of rowing, they were both for boating up to Richmond, and so was Matilda, and Mrs. T.—that we might have a pic-nicking cold collection on the grass."

"I'll never dine on any grass again, except sparrow-grass," said Mrs. Twigg, with a laugh at her own joke; "it gave me the lumbago for a month. I knew how the damp would rise with water all round us; but Mr. T. was obstinate, and insisted on laying the cloth on a little island, to be like Robinson Crusoe."

"It was called an Ait," said Miss Twigg affectedly, "and had a verdant tree in the middle."

"To be sure," said Twigg gravely, "I ought to have remembered that the Thames was a tidy river, and always rising and falling like the stocks. Well, there we were—hamper unpacked—cloth spread—pigeon pie—cold ham—cold fowl—cold punch—everything cold and comfortable—when all at once, says Mrs. T. with a scream, 'Mercy on us, the island's getting littler!'" And sure enough, as we watched, the water kept creeping on, and creeping on, till it came to the edge of the table-cloth and threatened to swallow up everything! There we were, in eminent danger, and no boat; for those boys had gone up the river after some swans."

"Haw! haw! haw!" burst out the graceless Twigg, junior; "and when we came back, and looked for the island, there was 'Tilda singing-out, on the top of the tree; and mother roosting a little further down; with father hugging the trunk, up to his coat-flaps in water!"

"None of your levity, Sir," said Twigg very sternly; "if I'd been drowned through your swan-hopping, you wouldn't be in the station in life you enjoy."

"Stealing a King's swan, young man," said the Justice solemnly, "is capital felony, without benefit of clergy."

"I assure you, Sir Mark Tyrrel, Baronet," resumed Twigg, "my reflections, when I saw the devouring element raging round us, was very serious—very serious indeed! Here's a situation, thinks I, for a man of my property."

"Egad!" said Sir Mark, smiling, "or for a man of no property."

"I declare I could have cried with vexation," said Mrs. Twigg, "to see the good table-cloth floating away; and the bumper, and all the nice eatables, being squamped. As for the silver-forks and plate, it was all lost in the deep; for though we paid a waterman something handsome, to look for them when the island came up again, he never brought us nothing but a mustard-pot full of mud!"

Troubles come thick upon this family. A letter misread so as to be taken for a production of Swin's, or some of his black-viaged fraternity, suggests to this new-made Squire the necessity of his learning the use of defensive weapons; "for," as Mrs. Twigg says, "when it comes to money or your life, what's an umbrella against a shower of shot?" Big with this doughty project, he sets out to a bachelor Squire's, the proprietor of a gim-

crack mansion, for the purpose of receiving instruction. The account of his visit is very like a grown-up version of the fairy tale of the Child in the Ogre's House. He lifts the knocker—a small spring panel immediately revolves, and exhibits the words "Not at Home." He pulls the bell, and the door of this palace of contrivances opens invitingly. He walks in to rest himself, and comes to a circular room panoramically painted, as if in continuation of the prospect seen through the one window.

"To observe the general effect the better, he shut the door, which closed with a spring, and then placing the settee in the centre of the room, he sat down to enjoy the exhibition at leisure. The same clockwork which regulated the church-dial gave motion to the sails of a windmill—it was altogether the most wonderful and amusing sight he had ever seen, and he had just come to the resolution that he would go back for Mrs. T. and Matilda, when a sudden thought occurred to him, which made him jump up suddenly from his seat, and begin to inspect the painting much too closely to be of advantage to its effect. But the search was in vain. The door with invisible hinges fitted to such a nicety, that he could not discover the least crack in the wall, and, in the bewilderment of his admiration at first sight of the panorama, he had taken no note of its situation. In vain he trotted round and round like a rat in a trap; and quite as fruitlessly he exerted his voice. There was no bell-rope to apply to, but, after a close scrutiny, he perceived a little knob at a cottage window; he pressed it, the lattice flew open, and a spring-tray protruded, furnished with biscuits, decanters of wine, and some glasses. Twigg was too much flustered, however, to profit by the discovery; every moment he got more nervous, to think how the Squire, almost a stranger to him, might resent the liberties he had taken in his house. With a tremulous hand he attempted to restore the cottage-window to *statu quo*: but not knowing the knack, or applying too much force, the spring suddenly snapped, and it slammed to with a crash and a jingle that assured him he had broken all the glass that was within. He was in an agony. One moment he prayed, the next minute he swore; he cursed his wife and his daughter for advising the visit, and himself for entering the house, and the Squire for contriving it."

"It occurred to him, at last, that as he could not show himself the door, he might turn himself out of the window; but Ned's window was not made like other people's; and it would neither throw up, nor pull down, nor open sideways. It would not even allow a single pane to open, like the old casements, to give him a little air, of which he really stood in need. The drops hung on his forehead, and he was as flushed in the face as if he had been cooking a dinner for the Beef-steak Club. A new experiment presented itself, and with no better result; a large knob, painted like a ripe apple in an orchard, being turned, set a bird-organ playing, and he did not know how to stop it; although, in the excited state of his nerves, the music had as jarring an effect as if it had been the clang of a copper-foundry. He wished himself anywhere;—back in business;—in a horse-pond;—in a mob;—in an Irish row;—in a storm at sea;—in the Bench, in a condemned cell;—in a coffin. In short, he did and said a thousand extravagances; and all the while he vented his exclamations and lamentations, the infernal bird-organ kept warbling its accompaniment, driving him as wild and rampant as a cow at the buzz of a breeze-fly. Stimulated by these terrors, he had almost made himself up, like an imprisoned cat, for a desperate dash through the window, when he observed another little knob, which he supposed would

liberate the cask. He pressed it, accordingly, when lo, instead of the window flying open, as he expected, two outer shutters flapped to, and, in an instant, by way of climax to his horror, he was immersed in Cimmerian darkness."

"What a situation for a man of weak nerves! At last, just as he had given himself over, he discovered where the door was, by its being suddenly opened in his face; the smiling shepherdess favouring him with a salute that made him clap his hand in some trepidation to his nose, while the water gushed from his eyes."

"Dark, eh?" exclaimed the Squire, as he looked into the room; "who the deuce—"

"It's me, T. Twigg, Esquire, of the Hive, Hollington," responded a snuffling voice from the interior."

Perhaps, however, the best of the grotesque pictures with which this book teems (not, however, to the exclusion of others of grave and thrilling interest) is the account of the *fête* at Twigg's Hive; the opening is in Mr. Hood's fantastic and pleasantest manner:—

"The preparation for pleasure is sometimes a very painful interval; a sort of purgatory preceding paradise. As theatrical adepts well know, the getting up of a pantomime is quite as serious a business as the rehearsal of a tragedy: a spectator of its preliminary workings would never conceive that the product was to be that broadest of broad farces, the Christmas Festival in honour of Momus. Instead of a fairy-land, inhabited by Love, and Beauty, and Mirth, the arena of the stage appears but a nook of this working-day world, equally subject to Care, Labour, Jealousy, Envy, Rage, Terror, and Disappointment. Instead of the brisk bounding Harlequin, a jaded morose mortal lounges about the boards, walking through his capers—literally taking his leaps standing, and giving a brief nod for a roll of the head. A weary and wan Columbine, with the same scornful indifference, drags lazily through her appointed figure, and then concluding with the ghost of a pirouette leans sulkily against a side scene, and, like a Pharisee in petticoats, disdainfully compares the deficiencies of the rest with her own perfection. The Clown, an indifferent scholar, painfully puzzles out his written part, with a vexed brow, a sleepy eye, and a most dogged mouth; as rueful and forlorn a figure to expect quips and cranks from as the skull of poor Yorick. The very Fairies, delayed in their aerial descent by some hitch in the machinery, hang dangling aloft with faces full of terror and pain, while, by frequent changes of posture, they hint to maternal anxiety, that their darling little limbs are horribly cramped by sitting on wooden clouds. The Sylphs scream from fright, and Cupid whimpers with hunger. All is noise and hubbub; for Pope's rule of optimism is reversed—Whatever is, is wrong. Nature stands on her head instead of the clown, and capers and throws summumotus, till her phenomena are all topsy-turvy. Skies fall, water will not find its level, and the moon silvers the trees with a blood-red light; the thunder runs a race with the lightning and gets first. Unnatural connexions take place amongst the scenery, and produce monsters. A view of Regent Street, by new laws of attraction, draws towards a section of a Storm at Sea, and Ben Lomond is capped, not with a cloud, but a stack of chimneys. Articles that ought to transform, adopt the code of the Medes and Persians, and resolutely refuse to change. Ropes break, hinges snap, water catches fire, and gunpowder does not ignite; spirits will not come when they are invoked, but the military march on, illegally, without being called on. Blunder begets blunder with the fecundity of the rabbit, till the boarded plain, the heights above, and the caverns below, are swarming with the awkward headlong progeny, blind as at their birth. The property-man is bellowed for, and

a tailor responds to the cry: he is dismissed with a flea in each tingling ear, and testily sends down a carpenter, who makes the same April fool of a painter, who thereupon catches the call-boy by the nape, and shakes him like a ferret with a rat, which provokes call-boy's father to resent with a punch, and the lie direct, as to his call-boy having called. Oaths patter, and blows go round. Every living being seems reciting some part of Collins's Ode on the Pamions, with appropriate action:—

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
Pompey'd beyond the Muse's painting.

"Here an indignant dromedary raves at a bogging scene-shifter; there the enraged mechanist knocks down a fuddled carpenter's mate. In front a frantic composer storms and stamps at an unmanageable fiddler: in the back-ground an impatient Pantaloon clamours about a misfit, —meanwhile the three Unities put the same question as the three Witches in Macbeth, 'When shall we three meet again?' and receive the same answer, 'When the hurley-burley's done.'"

No one will, for an instant expect that a *fête* with such an arch contriver, could come to good. Accordingly—

"It's very odd a man of my property can't have a merry party," thought Twigg, as he looked round on his grand to-do, and saw the festive scene with a visible damp over it, like a wet night at Vauxhall. In the bitterness of his heart he sidled up to Mrs. Twigg, who was standing near the marquee, and said to her in a low tone, 'Our friends are as dull as ditch-water. What can we do with them?'

"Nine, ten, eleven," said Mrs. Twigg, with an abstracted look, and a little nod of her head at each number.

"What the — is running in your fool's head, madam?" said the Master of the Hive, who was apt to use expressions not exactly cut out for the ear of our present Licencer.

"Hush;—fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen," continued Mrs. Twigg, with the action of a Mandarin. "Drat that Pompey; I know there's more heads than plates." And she rushed off to scold the oblivious black. The poor African, indeed, during the last half hour, had fully entitled himself to receive what Twigg, junior, would have called a regular good wiggling.

A breath of air displaying, for the first time, the Ironmongers' banner, it was discovered that the obtuse negro had hoisted it reversed, with all the armorial bearings of that Worshipful Company standing on their heads; and in absurdly attempting to rectify this blunder, by swarming up the staff, down came Pompey, pole, flag and all, on the dignified head of the Hon. Mr. Danvers, who was indulging his preference for looking on. His next exploit was in bowing and backing to make way for Mr. Justice Rivers, whereby he got a fair roll and tumble over Miss Bower, one of the shepherdesses, who was sitting very pastorally on the grass; and, by-and-by, recollecting some neglected previous order, he ran off headlong to execute it, popping down a trayfull of ices to thaw and dissolve themselves into a dew, under the broiling sun. A long hundred of such little enormities were committed by the wrong-headed Hottentot; but only imagine the amazement of his mistress, when she saw him gravely conveying a reinforcement of cake and wine to the green-house in a common hand-barrow;—and conceive her still greater horror when he came back on the broad grin, with the same vehicle containing the helpless, portly body of the coachman as drunk as the celebrated row of David. The only possible thing that could be urged in favour of the sot was, that he was not cross in his cups, for during his progress he persisted in singing a jolly song, quite as broad as it was long, with all the voice that he had left.

"I shall faint away!—I shall go wild!—I shall die on the spot!"—exclaimed the distressed

mistress of the Hive.—'I wonder where Mr. T. is? That Pompey is enough to—has any body seen Mr. T.? It is really cruel,—what can a woman do with a tipsy man?—Do run about, Peter, and look for your master.—Mr. T.! Mr. T.! Mr. T.!'

"But no one responded to the invocation, although the whole grounds resounded, gradually, with an universal call for Mr. Twigg. The unhappy lady was in despair,—she feared she knew not what. • • At last a popping sound attracted her to the tent, and there she found the wished-for personage, cursing and swearing in a whisper, and stopping with each thumb a bottle of champagne, which had suffered so from the hot weather, that the fixed air had determined on visiting the fresh.

"Oh, Mr. T., what would you think!"—began the poor hostess, but he cut her short; and the following dialogue ensued.

"None of your clack, madam; but stop those two bottles"—and he pointed to a couple of long-necked fixlers; 'stop 'em tight,—you're making them aquirt in my face. There you go agin! Where's Pompey,—where's Peter,—where's John,—what the devil's the use of servants, if they're away when you want 'em—curse the Champagne!—Here's a pretty situation for a man of my property!'

"My dear, do only have a little patience.—"

"Patience be hanged! I've been standing so, madam, this half hour—till I got a cramp in both thumbs."

The *spropositi* caused by the out-break of Daisy, a certain cow, are ludicrous in the highest degree; the final lamentation of the ex-sheriff almost reaches the pathetic:—

"Here I am, with everything respectable about me,—a man of property: and where's my son and heir, that's to come into it when I'm gone? Why going to bed, confound him, intoxicated—intoxicated by three o'clock."

"Pooh, pooh, pooh," said the Deputy.

"I shouldn't mind," continued Twigg, 'if he made a beast of himself like a gentleman. I've seen the genteel people get tipsy towards tea-time. But here he is, unsobber before dinner; no manners, no breeding, no nothing. Is any body drunk but him? No, says you, not a soul; and common politeness would dictate, the visitors first.'

But tempted as we are to quote and laugh, and laugh and quote again, and sensible that some might have looked at our hands for some of the quieter scenes of this original and "most conceitedly pleasant book"—we must here leave it for a time, with an inward expression of vexation, at a practice which seems traditional among printers—namely, that of bringing the second volume to a close at a juncture of peculiar interest and suspense.

*France, Social, Literary and Political.* By Henry Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

Mr. Henry Lytton Bulwer is a bold man. The apparent imitation of, if not rivalry with, his veteran brother, lays him open to a most trying comparison; and if, as critics, we could find in our hearts to take the place of Juvenal's female Aristarchus, who "*committit vates et comparat*," to put Henry in one scale, "*atque aliâ parte in trutinâ suspendere*" Edward, we might afford ourselves and our readers much malicious amusement. But far be from us such a thought. There is, however, another rivalry, no less dangerous, provoked by the selection of such a subject as France; and which brings the author in competition with some of the first

reputations in modern English literature. In some degree to avoid this, Mr. Bulwer takes refuge, from the supposed exhaustion of his materials in the peculiarity of his mode of treating them. Speaking of his design, he says that he had contemplated "a work not altogether such as many which have appeared, skimming lightly over the surface of things, and pretending merely to be the result of a six weeks residence at Paris,—but a work which, in describing the present, would connect it with the past,—which, in speaking of what is daily and accidental, would separate it from what ages have sanctioned, and distant ages are likely to see;—a work which, in showing the effect which time, and laws, and accident produce upon the character of a people, would also show the manner in which the character of a people traverses time, enters into laws, dominates over accident."

A production executed on this plan, would, indeed, have little to dread from comparison with the host of 'Six-weeks residences,' the 'Diaries,' the 'Journals,' which have so commonly made France the theatre of their "whereabouts." Such a production, executed by a master-mind, would prove one of the most valuable documents which history could present for the instruction of posterity. But Mr. Bulwer has not, we fear, attained to this self-prescribed end; and though we would willingly allow him the full benefit of "*magna tamen excidit avis*," we must say of the present work as we did of 'England and the English,' that "it attempts too much;" and that "there are topics in it enough for a man's whole life." Failing in this high object, 'France, Social, Literary, and Political,' must be contented to enter into competition with its numerous predecessors in the same arena; nor seek a higher praise than that of being an amusing collection of anecdotes, interspersed with speculations, of various merit, on the several phases of the revolution, its character and consequences.

It will perhaps be asked, was such a book wanting? Without referring to the many works illustrative of French affairs already before the public, from Paul's Letters, to Lady Morgan's France in 1829-30, which brings the subject down to the last revolution; the daily newspapers, the reviews, and magazines, leave little now to be told concerning French politics and literature. "*Il n'y a plus de Pyrénées*," was said of a former epoch of French history: "*Il n'y a plus de Manche*," might be more truly said of the passing times. The press and the steam-engine have thrown their suspension bridge over the channel; and Paris is better known to the mass of Englishmen than Edinburgh or Dublin.

Notwithstanding, however, this household familiarity, Mr. Bulwer's book will still be acceptable to the British public. It was Plato, if we recollect aright, who said that *Δις τὸ καλὸν ῥηθὲν ὀλίγαι βλαπταὶ*; and such is the demand for literature, and such, too, the supply, that good, bad, and indifferent are repeated, over and over again, to the great contentment and delectation of his Majesty's lieges. If the *crambo repetita*, *et decies repetita*, *et centies repetita*, of Fashionable Novels, Methodist Tracts, and Diffusion Treatises, are tolerated and bought, there is no reason why a succession of spe-



culative and imaginative authors should not be permitted to bring their respective feelings and experiences to bear on a subject so pregnant with curious anecdote, and containing such seeds of happiness or of misery for future generations. As the same individual, painted by different masters, produces a diversity of portraits; so the same facts, seen through the medium of different minds, may present a sufficient diversity of effects to maintain their interest with readers; and when to physical objects are added their moral and political deductions, this species of national portraiture must become nearly inexhaustible. All that is required of each new describer is, that he should possess a mind of his own, *tale quate*, to give colour to his subject—an idiosyncrasy sufficient to refresh it.

Of this peculiar impress of the author's mind, of this *subjective* colouring, there is no lack in the volumes before us. Without meaning to detract in the slightest from the fidelity of the picture, it is *Mr. Bulwer's* France, seen through *Mr. Bulwer's* eyes, and arranged according to the stock materials of his own mind. It is this peculiarity that gives the originality, and much of the value, to the publication. The views of the gentleman, the scholar, and the legislator, even when deficient in practical wisdom, must set an intellectual reader thinking; and though we do not always agree with *Mr. Bulwer's* conclusions, we are far from believing that he is essentially wrong. He is always ingenious, and he is often acute, philosophical, and convincing.

Commencing with a bird's-eye description of the capital of France, the author proceeds to what he calls "Characteristics" of the French people, treated under the several heads of Politeness, Gallantry, Vanity, Wit, Gaiety and Frivolity, and Crime; all of which he considers as peculiar to the moral complex of the nation, and as influencing, more or less, the results of all their institutions, ancient and recent. His second book is purely historical, commencing with a slight sketch of the old regime, and proceeding through the successive revolutions, down to the passing moment; and in the third book he enlarges on 'Predominant Influences,' under the heads of Influence of Women, Military Influence, and Literary Influence, concluding for the present with a portraiture of the history and drama of the day. The remainder of his matter he reserves for future publication. In this arrangement there is an obvious defect; the first and third books being naturally connected—gallantry, for instance, and influence of women, form one and the same subject, and their separation necessitates some repetitions. In this treatment of his details *by heads*, *Mr. Bulwer* is inevitably imdelled to deal too much in generals, to dissert, and to systematize,—to render his facts subordinate to his reasonings, and very frequently to pass them altogether over, as being (in the language of the grammarians) understood.

In the present state of knowledge, this may, to many, be rather a merit than a fault. We were seldom at a loss to recognize his suppressed data, and were thankful to him for sparing us the repetition. Still the result is an impression of a dreamy vagueness in the reasoning, and an apparent

occasional want of *objective* truth; the propositions being accurate in a certain sense only, and to a certain point, in reference to the author's peculiar mode of viewing things.

The great moral which *Mr. Bulwer* seems desirous of inculcating in his work is, that at the bottom of national institutions—before them in the order of time, and predominant over them in causal efficiency, there exists a national temperament, a particular physical organization, which gives a peculiarity to all the phenomena. This is a conclusion as practically important as it is theoretically true. The *doctrinaires* in morals, politics, religion, and metaphysics, owe their most serious mistakes to overlooking the fact. Man is ever a speciality, and there are few propositions concerning him absolutely true under all circumstances. Temperaments engender habits, and habits give the greater part of their efficacy to institutions. There is no form of government absolutely the best; and if in borrowing the laws of foreign states the legislator neglects what is peculiar and special to his own country, his transplanted tree perishes sapless and unproductive: or, worse still, his innovations are followed by consequences the most remote from his anticipations. Of this truth a familiar illustration exists, in the attempt to nationalize trial by jury in France. How many years have passed in acclimating that exotic, and how stunted and limited is its growth!

There is, however, an opposite vice in political speculation of equal danger, which lies in pushing this very truth too far. If nothing can be created, nothing *improvised* for a people—if everything must arise out of a progressive, and, as it were, organic development of national habits and ideas, individual influence is at an end. Yet nations are but aggregates of individuals, and national habits the sum of individual habits. It is notorious that master-minds work the most decided changes in the habits and feelings of communities, and have been at the bottom of even the greatest revolutions. In the actual condition of Europe more especially, there are causes at work which neutralize in a considerable degree the influence of national temperaments, and render them less important items of political calculation; and though each nation receives their influence *pro modo et ratione*, all, nevertheless, are yielding to their activity, and obeying their impulse.

In a book of opinions it is difficult to select for quotation any particular passage that will serve as a fair specimen of the whole. We have chosen the following extract, less with this intention, than from a conviction that the remarks it contains are just, happy in their sarcasm, and of national importance. After speaking of the vast influence which women exercise over society and its affairs in France, he continues—

"How is it possible that an Englishwoman, such as we ordinarily find the women of London, should possess the slightest influence over a man, three degrees removed from dandyism and the Guards? What are her objects of interest but the most trumpery and insignificant? What are her topics of conversation but the most ridiculous and insipid? Not only does she lower down her mind to the level of the emptiest of the male creatures that she meets, but she actually persuades herself, and is actually persuaded, that it is charming, and feminine, &c.

to do so. She will talk to you about hunting and shooting,—that is not unfeminine! oh no! But politics, the higher paths of literature, the stir and action of life in which all men, worth anything, and from whom she could borrow any real influence, are plunged,—of these she knows nothing, thinks nothing,—in these she is not interested at all, and only wonders that an intellectual being can have any other ambition than to get what she calls good invitations to the stupidest, and hottest, and dullest, of the stupid, hot, and dull drawing-rooms of London."

This state of things *Mr. Bulwer* attributes principally to the system of marriage-hunting which subsists in England, subordinating all things to the one necessity of getting a rich husband, and he thus pursues his subject:—

"When a woman comes into the world in France, she comes into the world with no pursuit that distracts her from its general objects. Her own position is fixed. She is married, not sold, as the English people believe,—not sold in any degree more than an English young lady is sold, though she has not been seen panting from party to party in quest of a buyer.

"Young women, then, come into society in France with a fixed position, and are generally interested in the subjects of general interest to the world. The persons and the pursuits that they find most distinguished, are the persons and the pursuits that most attract their attention. Educated, besides, not with the idea that they are to catch a husband, but that they are to have a husband, as a matter of course, caught for them,—a husband whom they are not obliged to seduce by any forced and false expressions of affection, but to take quietly from their friends, as a friend,—they occupy themselves at once with this husband's interests, with this husband's occupations, and never imagine that they are to share his confidence, but on the ground that they understand his pursuits. . . .

"How do you think," said a lady to me, "that I could meet my husband every evening at dinner, if I were not able to talk on the topics on which he has been employed in the morning? An English fine lady would have settled the question very differently, by affirming, as an undeniable proposition, that politics and such stuff were great bores; and that a man, to be agreeable, must talk of balls, and operas, and dresses."

In this speculation, as in some others, *Mr. Bulwer* has not gone to the bottom of the subject. Our matrimonial absurdities have, no doubt, a good deal to do with the nullity of female life in England; but the root of the evil is prejudice,—prejudice religious, moral, and personal. With respect to women, Englishmen are essentially narrow-minded and absurd. Life, too, in England is so dear, that the whole time of the middle classes is consumed in providing for the day. Men have no leisure for domestic conversation; and on that account they have no want of female education. They have nothing therefore to awaken them from that comest of ancient errors, that female knowledge is in direct hostility with morals. Chastity and Latin were formerly thought incompatible all over Europe; and too many Englishmen still believe that a woman can give no better pledge for her innocence than downright ignorance. Men will not raise women to their own level; and women consequently are perpetually dragging men down to theirs.

That *Mr. Bulwer* is wrong in laying this difference in the national character exclusively to matrimony, appears from his own statement:—

"But it is not only in high society and in good society, in the 'salon' and the 'boudoir,' that you find the female in France take an important position. It is the same in the comptoir, the 'café,' and at the shop. She is there also the great personage, keeps the accounts, keeps the money, regulates and superintends the business. Go even into a sword-maker's, or gun-maker's, it is as likely as not that you will be attended to by a female, who will handle the sword, and recommend the gun; and there is a mixture of womanly gentleness and masculine decision in the little creature,—so easy, so unembarrassed, so prettily dressed, and so delicately shaped,—that you are at a loss to reconcile with all your preconceived notions, of effeminacy on the one hand, and effeminacy on the other."

We shall probably return to this work in a subsequent notice. It contains so many interesting and useful disquisitions that it is difficult to resist the temptation to join with the author in his discussions.

*Illustrations of Modern Sculpture, a series of Engravings, with descriptive Prose and illustrative Poetry.* By T. K. Hervey. London: Relfe & Unwin.

If the theory started in one of Walpole's delightful letters be correct—namely, that sumptuousness of colour appeals more closely to the senses than symmetry of form, we are at once provided with a satisfactory reason for the little attention which the million bestow upon Sculpture, as compared with Painting; for we sorrowfully believe, that not a few of those by whose patronage the Fine Arts must flourish, enjoy them chiefly, if not altogether, through the medium of sense rather than of intellect. If we did not admit this reasoning as correct, we should be at a loss to understand why, in the present rage for illustrated works, when our very children are having their eyes educated by daintier designs more perfectly executed than graced most of the books for the use of grown-up readers twenty years ago,—such a publication as the one before us should have been allowed to languish for want of encouragement; so much so, indeed, that its continuation is spoken of as a matter of some uncertainty. Had the proprietors been able to continue the execution throughout in the same exquisite style in which they began it—our prophecy that it would prove one of the most perfect works ever brought before the public, would have been amply justified. Even as it is, the volume is a splendid one,—from its subject almost demanding a place in the libraries of all those who profess to make the Fine Arts their care; and we are glad to see, that the last number contains something like a return to the perfection of the earlier plates, which, as our readers will remember, so much excited our admiration.

The Introductory Essay gives us a rapid glance at the general history of Sculpture as an art, written in an easy and attractive style, and if it does not contain much that is new, at least it does the good work of setting before us a good deal that is already known, in small compass. Of the illustrative prose and verse we have already taken occasion to speak while the work was in progress—since Mr. Hervey's return to his post they have improved—and the opening to his poem which accompanies the en-

graving from Mr. Bayly's graceful and spiritual 'Echo,' is so musical and elegant as to call for extract:—

Alas! the sunny Isles and days  
When looks and forms like thine  
Were given to the poet's gaze  
To make his dreams divine!—  
When earth was peopled from the skies  
As is the breast of youth,—  
And through the fair man learnt the wise,  
And fable spoke for truth!  
When waters, as they wound along,  
And mount, and star, and moon,  
Gave oracles—and each in song  
From temples of its own!  
Where spirit-eyes looked glancing out  
Amid the haunted trees;  
And spirit laughter's wild sweet shout  
Came sailing on the breeze;  
And he, the lonely miser knew  
By many a mystic sound;  
The spirits of the beautiful  
Were breathing all around!  
Where Dryads sat, in solemn talk,  
Amid the woven trees,—  
And wandered o'er each mountain-walk  
The swift Oreiades,—  
And in each mead and valley sung  
Its own unearthly forms,—  
And, seaward, bright Nereids flung  
Their treasures in the storms,—  
And some pale Hamadryad face  
With melancholy look,  
Sate watching, in its charmed place,  
Beneath each lonely oak,—  
And from each river's low, sweet fall  
Stole up a Naid tone,  
And lake and rock had—each and all—  
A goddess of their own.

Here we take leave of this beautiful work; but, we earnestly hope, not for ever. Sculpture, as being perhaps the most spiritual of the arts, can never hope for a mob popularity—but with every refined and cultivated lover of the beautiful, it should find a home and a patron, and we should be glad if the expression of our good-will might do anything to hasten the advent of so desirable a state of things.

#### *The Close Rolls, preserved in the Tower of London.*

[Concluding Notice.]

THERE are few works, even among those expressly devoted to the illustration of the state of society during the Middle Ages, which present more characteristic traits of the strong contrasts then existing than the volume before us. When our eye glances along a series of precepts, one directing the scarlet-robed barons of the Exchequer to pay so much for "towelling at 3d. a yard," or "two groats for mending the king's saddle;" and then another ordering the most costly spices by the hundred-weight, and golden girdles and brodered mantles by the dozen;—when we find one commanding Hugh de Neville, the Chancellor's own brother, to purchase "pigs' heads and gammons of bacon," followed by another directing the reimbursement of Reginald de Cornhill for the most expensive furs, silks of a price equal to 3*l.* a yard, and gloves, of which the present value would be 7*l.* 10*s.* a pair;† how vividly does that state of society arise to our minds, when glorious structures, which the present age cannot equal, looked protectingly down on a straw-roofed city, and the monarch, in jewelled state, held his "cour pleniére" in a rush-strewn hall. The mere juxtaposition

† Gloves at this period were richly brodered with gold, and those appropriated to royalty had jewels on the back of the hand. Some of our readers will probably remember, that to the fatal carabineer of the page who sought the market-place with his master's gloves hanging to his girdle, Cœur de Lion owed his captivity. The jewelled glove betrayed the royal station of the pilgrim, and the Duke of Austria exclaimed, "It is none other than Richard."

indeed of many of these precepts forms a striking commentary on the peculiar character of the times. But then again, we feel as if reading *The Times* of yesterday, when we find that the Sheriffs of London are to give "John Abbot instant possession of the house and shop in Watling Street"; and when such familiar names as William Brewer and Richard Prior, and such old-accustomed places as Queenhithe, St. James's Clerkenwell, Enfield Park, meet our eye; or even when we read the summons to the Bishop of Salisbury to meet "the other nobles at London, to consult with the King on the great and weighty affairs of the land"; but then when, immediately after, we read the summons addressed to a nobleman, "to be at Northampton by the Sunday before Pentecost, ready with horses, arms, and other necessaries"; or the harsh precept, "that Mabel de Grenville shall not marry Colin de Linton, or any other, without the assent of the lord king,"—we feel that it must be of the days of feudal service, of royal wardship—the days of the strong hand,

When he should take who could the power,  
And he might keep who can,

that we have been reading. And it is in this, giving as it were the very character of the times, "their form and pressure," that to us the great value of this work consists, and which would induce us to recommend it, not only to the historian, but to the historical novelist. To the writer on any branch of statistics it will be most valuable; there is scarcely an article mentioned but in some part of the book its price will be found; rates of wages too, lists of vessels, of the marine force at the principal sea ports, the value of land, and the different kinds of agricultural produce,—information which can but very rarely be met with in the chronicles of that period. Many precepts relating to the chief towns, to their municipal regulations and their taxation, will be found worthy of notice. From one of these precepts, we learn that the Cinque Ports were bound to find fifty-two ships for fifteen days at their own charge; and from some others, that it was to a jury of "tried men of Winchester," that all questions relative to seizures of wines were referred. The precepts relating to London are few and unimportant: there is a precept for inquiry respecting "Walter l'Heremite's house in Creppulgate"; another respecting two houses and shops in Bread Street; also a precept dated 1214, addressed to the aldermen and sheriffs, directing that "the God's penny,"—this, we learn from old writers, was what is called "earnest money,"—"which of late was taken from the foreign merchants, shall be given towards the works at London Bridge." A similar precept occurs in the following year. There is also an order for payment of Odo, the goldsmith, "ten pounds toward the reparation of our goal of Fleet." Indeed, it is pleasant to find that in this age of "strong thieves" there was a goodly number of receptacles provided for them; and that further, for their especial use and benefit, there is a precept directing the erection of "a new gallows made of strong wood," to be set up at the Elms, as of old accustomed. An emphatic corroborative inference of the power and independence of the London citizens, may be drawn from the paucity of the royal mandates respecting "our good city of Lon-

don," as Henry the Third was wont to term it, when begging "like a beggar at the market-cross," (to adopt Matthew Paris's elegant figure,) for a loan, or a benevolence. The citizens boasted at this early period that their city "had extant such dignity, liberty, and royal custom, as was in ancient times used and had in the great city of Troy;" no wonder, therefore, that in the reign both of John and his feeble son, they exercised their privileges by setting each monarch at defiance.

From some extracts in Mr. Hardy's preface, we promised ourselves and our readers much entertainment from the various precepts respecting the beautifying the palace of Westminster,—documents which attracted the attention of Horace Walpole, and from which he has given a selection in his History of Painting. On again referring to Mr. Hardy's preface, we find that these extracts are all dated some years subsequent to the close of the present volume; we therefore look forward to the next with high expectations.

Here, however, there are numerous entries relating to the repairing, or perhaps rebuilding, the palace of Westminster. The works seem to have been under the exclusive direction of Odo, the goldsmith, who receives various sums, from time to time, of from five marks to 30*l.*; but for what specific purpose is not mentioned. There is an incidental notice of Westminster Abbey, important as corroborating the date generally assigned to the first step towards its re-erection—the building of the chapel of St. Mary:—"The King to the Chamberlain. Give from our Treasury to the Prior of Westminster, *our golden shoes*, which were made for our use at our first coronation at Westminster, and which we gave toward the *new work* of the chapel of the blessed Mary at Westminster. 19th Nov. 1220." From a previous entry we find that these golden shoes cost ten marks; thus their modern value would be one hundred pounds.<sup>1</sup>

There are very many precepts both during John's reign and his son's, for the repairing nearly all the royal places of abode. A chimney is directed to be made "in our high chamber in our castle of Wallingford"; the king's kitchen at Clarendon is to be covered with shingles; two *new* kitchens are to be built, one at Marlborough, and one at Ludgershall, and in each kitchen a fire-place "large enough to cook *two or three oxen*." From a precept of John relative to the building of some houses at Gloucester, we find that "Master Nicol, the carpenter, and his two assistants, were to receive from the sheriff 3*d.* per diem, until they commenced their work, and five inferior assistants 2*d.* per diem; but "when they begin to work, ye shall find the aforesaid Nicol and his assistants 6*d.* per diem, and the other five workmen 4*d.*" During the first years of Henry's reign, extensive repairs seem to have been carried on in the Tower: there are precepts for rebuilding part of the wall, for constructing an additional tower; 68*s.* and one penny are advanced for repairing "the wardrobe in our chamber there, and for the chimney"; and Nicholas Manzon receives five marks for sinking a well.

<sup>1</sup> Ducange remarks upon the extreme cost and splendour of these golden shoes, and quotes a Middle Ages monkish proverb, which laments that more gold was lavished on shoes than on the altars.

Toward the different religious houses, the munificence of the young king, or more probably of his guardian, Hubert de Burgh, seems to have been great. There is scarcely a conventual establishment of note that does not receive money, or more frequently gifts of timber for its repairs or enlargement. Among these, Salisbury cathedral, whose foundation was laid in 1220, appears to have peculiarly enjoyed the royal patronage. In the following month after its foundation, we find the king directing Rice de Grimsted to provide for "our venerable father in Christ, Richard Bishop of Sarum," good rafters, as a gift toward the building of the church at Salopesbury. In the January following, the sheriff of Southampton is directed to pay the tithes of the New Forest toward the work; the Earl of Salisbury, also a munificent patron, is commanded to provide oaks from Pensett Forest. In 1223 the constable of Devizes is ordered to allow "the superintendents of the works of Salisbury church to take *stone from our forest of Chippenham*, and timber from the same"; and the subsequent year the same allowance was continued, with the addition of a hundred oaks from the forest of Trivel, and another hundred from some other place.

After a careful search throughout the volume, we are not able to find above two or three precepts relating to the arts.<sup>2</sup> This is singular, since Henry subsequently distinguished himself by their patronage. Was it then to the influence of Provençal taste and luxury, introduced by the daughter of De Berenger, that his maturer predilections were owing? or was it to that conquest of Constantinople in 1221, which scattered among the nations of western Europe so many a gem of ancient art?

We must now close the volume, assuring our readers, but more especially those who have at all nude the state of society during the Middle Ages their study, that the selections which we have placed before them afford little more than specimens of the interesting character of the whole work. Not only do the subjects of the precepts, but the very forms of expression, the peculiar phraseology, combine to throw light upon the general character and modes of thought and feeling of the period; while the undoubted authenticity of every document enhances an hundredfold its value. We shall, in conclusion, lay before our readers the following precept for a "hue and cry" after no common thief, but one who for nearly eight years after the death of his patron, King John, held possession of the strong castle of Bedford, and from thence bade defiance alike to King and Commons. He was subsequently dislodged, and forced to fly into Wales:—

"The King to the Sheriffs of Stafford and Salop greeting. Know ye that Falk de Breaunt, our foe-man, after having done us many injuries, both by himself and his confederates, because it was needful for us to retake our castle of Bedford, hath now betaken himself to some parts of Wales, to the intent that he may there, with certain powerful men, strengthen himself in his hostilities against us: and we having learnt, that not being able to proceed, he now has hidden, intending to return into England: we therefore command and strictly enjoin, even by the honor thou bearest us, that instantly on view of these

<sup>2</sup> Of these are one respecting a new seal for Henry, and an order for "a *jeff crucifix*" for John's chapel at Bere Regis.

letters ye cause search to be made after him by diligent seekers throughout every road in your county, by each pathway and moor of it, and that ye cause this to be cried and proclaimed throughout every town and hiltwick, that forth with the hue and cry may be raised upon him and his, whether staying or going, and following them from town to town with horn and clamor, and great multitude of armed men, to the end that the hue and cry shall follow and not cease until that they be taken. Thus be it done by such men throughout all these parts, thou and thine being diligent, and see that thou pledge thyself to use all earnestness, to the end that they may be taken."

*Landscape Annual for 1835; or, the Tourist in Spain.—Granada.* By Thomas Roscoe. Illustrated from Drawings by David Roberts. London: Jennings.

THESE are some names which speak to the heart like the voice of a trumpet—loading memory to ransack her long chambers of imagery, and bring forth so many glorious pictures of the bright days of old, that, for the moment, we can live in the Past as though it were our natural home, and regard its legends as things of our own experience. Of these magic words, Granada is, to us, one of the most potent. All that we know about it, past and present, whether we look at its glories as they were, or their remains now existing, is full of poetry and enchantment. Few books have been dearer to us than the Chronicle of the Cid, the ancient Spanish ballads, and the chronicle of the conquest of Granada itself (a tale which it warms our hearts even to write about); and, to make the charm complete, here we have the scenes, which we know by heart from the pages of the romancer, set before us by the graphic and glowing pencil of the artist.

Strictly speaking, the illustrations to the present volume of 'The Landscape Annual' should have been noticed in another department of our paper, but they are too intimately connected with the illustrative prose to be disentangled from it, without doing harm to the unity of the work. Mr. Roscoe has, in the present volume, in some measure departed from his old plan, and written a connected story, based on Moorish history, ending with the expulsion of that noble people, and communicating in notes such exact information as, in his former volumes, formed the staple of his narrative. Be it understood, however, that the facts of his story are historical, and he has been so warmed by his subject and the beauty of the scene where it was laid, as to have clothed them in a much livelier and more enriched language than we have ever known him to use heretofore. This is natural enough: we should think ill of one who could measure his periods and prune his epithets when writing of the courts of the Alhambra and the towers of the Generalife, when tracing the fated fall of an ancient and heroic race, or telling of the fearful transactions of the court of the Abencerrages, and the ordeal of the unfortunate Queen of Boudil, the weak and the wretched.

Taking then the plates and the letter-press of this volume of 'The Landscape Annual' in conjunction with each other, we decidedly prefer it to all its predecessors. The scenes it shows to us are newer, and many of them are treated with consummate skill by the



painter, and translated no less excellently by the engravers, to whom they have been intrusted. It may be, perhaps objected that, as a whole, Mr. Roberts's landscapes want air—that the horizons are so high that we feel somewhat too much shut in, even though our prison walls are bold grotesque rocks, and stately palace towers. But this may arise from the very nature of the scenery, which obliges the artist, to secure the finest Views, to look down upon the country he has to pourtray, rather than across it: we are told as much, indeed, in the note which accompanies the very striking view of Alcalá el Real.

*An Inquiry into the Ancient Corporate System of Ireland.* By P. Gale, Esq. London: Bentley.

There is certainly that the subject of Irish corporation will shortly engage the attention of the British parliament, renders this work peculiarly valuable at the present moment. It is a patient and calm investigation of Irish corporate history, detailing the circumstances by which the corporate system in that country was gradually corrupted, until at length it became not merely a grievance, but a nuisance. Every statement is supported by official documents extracted from the principal collections of our national archives. Some readers perhaps will be surprised to find that two documents only have been extracted from the great collection of state papers in the Tower; but their surprise will cease when they learn that those to whom the guardianship of that important repository is intrusted exact a fee of *sixteen shillings and eight-pence for the mere inspection of any single document*, whether the historical inquirer makes any extract from it or not; and that the ruinous expense thus entailed on historical investigation has rendered that noble collection practically useless. "They order these matters better in France."

The Irish corporations were originally instituted to secure the inhabitants of any place to which they were granted from the servile burthens to which the great bulk of the population both in England and Ireland were subject until the reign of Elizabeth. Thus they continued until the accession of James I. By a series of disgraceful artifices, this monarch obtained from the towns a surrender of their ancient charters, promising to grant others with more extended privileges. The new charters were indeed issued, but they were found to deprive the many of their franchises, to bestow irresponsible power on the few, to create an oligarchy in every town and village, surrounded by temptations. *Village* is perhaps too respectable a term for some of the forty boroughs which the first of the Stuarts in one day created; some of them possessed scarce a shed that could accommodate the returning officer. Charles I. was bribed by the citizens of Waterford to restore the rights of which they had been robbed by his father, but the price was too high, and the benefit too badly secured, for other towns to adopt the same course. Then came the Great Civil War, which laid Ireland prostrate at the feet of Cromwell's followers, who sobered down into crafty politicians when the distribution of forfeitures had taught them the sweets of

property. Charles II. entered into a bargain with these his ancient enemies, and purchased their favour by the sacrifice of his most devoted adherents. When the king's orders arrived for restoring the native Irish to the rights of which they had been deprived during Cromwell's usurpation, it was disobeyed by those intrusted with the government of Ireland, and the bribe of an excise bill induced Charles to pardon the disobedience and perpetuate the injustice. The few into whose hands the corporate power of Ireland thus fell, took the most efficient measures to secure its permanency; and previous to the Union the name of the patron was as regularly tacked to each borough, in the list published in the Irish almanacks, as of those who claimed to be its representatives. It is notorious that these patrons claimed and received compensation for their loss of influence when their boroughs were disfranchised by the act of Union. It is not so generally known that the Bishop of Ossory claimed compensation for the abolition of the borough of St. Canice because the loss of parliamentary influence was likely to retard his promotion. As a matter of curiosity we insert a part of that Prelate's petition; it describes more forcibly than we could the condition of Irish boroughs.

"That no qualification with regard to property, residence, or service within the borough, is required in a freeman, nor was any person ever known to claim or enjoy the privilege of voting, or any other privileges of a freeman, in right of any property, residence, or service within the said borough; on the contrary, hardly one inhabitant of the borough is at present a freeman."

"That the constant practice has been for the Bishop of Ossory from time to time to recommend to the burgesses as many of his friends as he thought proper, and they have constantly been admitted as freemen; this circumstance has always secured the bishop's influence among the freemen."

"That the great irregularity with which many of the entries of admitting and swearing freemen have been made, and the uncertainty of how many of those who have been elected are still alive, and how many have taken the necessary oaths, render it impossible to ascertain exactly how many electors might claim a right to vote in case of a contested election; but the influence of the Bishop of Ossory has always been so powerful, that all members of parliament, as well as the portvintres, burgesses, and freemen, have been uniformly elected at his recommendation, without one instance to the contrary."

"That the circumstances above mentioned have given the BISHOPS OF OSSORY SUCH ADDITIONAL CONSEQUENCE, AND OBTAINED FOR THEM SO MUCH ATTENTION FROM GOVERNMENT, THAT THE BISHOPS OF THAT SEE (with the exception of only two bishops, who lived a very short time after their appointment), FOR ABOVE A CENTURY PAST, HAVE ALL BEEN TRANSLATED TO MUCH MORE RELIGIOUS BISHOPRICS."

"That by the Union your memorialist is deprived of that influence and consequence which his predecessors have always enjoyed, and from which they derived great advantage, and considers himself as the only person who has sustained any loss, or can claim, by the terms of the late act of parliament, any allowance in respect to the said borough of Saint Canice, otherwise Irishtown, on account of his ceasing to return any member to parliament after the Union between Great Britain and Ireland."

We heartily recommend Mr. Gale's book to all who feel interested in antiquarian re-

search, and to all who are desirous to know the true state of Ireland.

*Wanderings in New South Wales, Bataria, Pedir Coast, Singapore, and China.* By George Bennett.

[Second Notice.]

THE opening of the trade with China renders everything connected with the commerce of that country so interesting at the present moment, that we shall, without any preface, quote the information afforded us by Mr. Bennett respecting the smuggling of opium, a branch of trade which, our readers are aware, is of daily increasing importance.

"By occasionally visiting the Hercules, one of the receiving ships for opium, I was able to observe, through the kindness of Mr. Parry, her chief officer, how this extensive and lucrative trade is conducted. The sales are effected in Canton by the European merchants, and orders sent down with the smuggling boats for the delivery of the opium from the different ships; the boats engaged in this occupation are armed with spears, shields, and even fire-arms, to repel any attack that may be made upon them by the mandarin guard-boats. They are also manned by a very brave and athletic crew; indeed Chinese fight very well one against the other, but cannot bring forward sufficient courage to face Europeans, except the advantages are overpowering on their side. These boats are provided with sails, in addition to a number of oars and rowers, and they pass through the water with inconceivable rapidity. The mandarin boats, having a weaker and less choice crew, can seldom or ever overtake them; this, however, may in part be explained from the fact of the guard-boats, (the revenue cutters,) sent by the Chinese government to cruise against smugglers, coming alongside for a supply of the prohibited drug, to smuggle it themselves into the heart of the Chinese empire. Anything can be done by bribery in this country, and these boats are often employed for smuggling cassia, treasure, &c. on board European ships at Lintin, &c.; indeed every smuggling boat that takes opium from an opium ship, leaves a payment of one dollar on each chest for the mandarins, and on the opium returns being made up, the sum is regularly paid to them; each boat leaves also a kum, shaw, or present for the ship, of five dollars."

"The payments are usually made, if to any extent, in Sycee silver, which is taken by weight, no silver coinage being acknowledged by the Chinese government. The Chinese purchasers of the opium refine it by boiling, previous to using it for smoking: the mandarins, besides smoking, use it also in the form of tincture, usually carrying a small bottle containing it about them. The present Emperor of China has been described as being totally incapacitated from any business, through the excess to which he has carried the debilitating practice of opium smoking."

A law, which the legislator is the first to break, cannot be enforced on his subjects; and, we perceive, by some late Calcutta papers, that the opium trade is now carried on so openly, that the only danger to be dreaded is the depreciation of the markets, by supplying the drug in quantities exceeding the demand. There is a casual observation on another and inferior branch of trade, which deserves to be extracted.

"The brilliancy of the Chinese colours for painting, &c. has often been very highly extolled as being superior to the European. What surprise must it create, then, when we are informed that the colours used are of English manufac-

ture, and the Chinese artists are eager for, and anxiously inquire after, them. This reminds me of the gross ignorance frequently displayed by our countrymen in foreign countries,—purchasing English articles abroad at a high price as foreign manufacture, and as unattainable in their native land. It was mentioned as a fact, that a person purchased an elegant London clock in a shop at Canton, at a high price, to take to England as a specimen of China manufacture."

We have recently been assured, that a piece of muslin, manufactured at Paisley, was purchased in India by the son of the manufacturer, and sent home as a specimen of the superiority of the products of the Indian loom. The apparent brilliancy of the Chinese colours has always appeared to us to result from the violence of the contrasts in their paintings, and not from any superiority in the materials used by the artists. There is just as much of glare in a newly-painted sign-post, and it would be deemed equally valuable if brought from a distant country.

Countless anecdotes have been told of the success of the Chinese in what may be called the education of domestic animals. Those who know what an unmanageable charge a flock of ducks is in England, will read with surprise the following account of the duck-boats on the Canton river:—

"Among the Chinese novelties to be seen in the vicinity of Canton, but more especially about Whampoa, are the *duck-boats*, used as residences for the owners and their families, as well as for their numerous feathered charge. The fledged bipeds inhabit the hold of the boat, and the human bipeds, or keepers, the upper accommodations of the vessel. These boats are most abundant about the rice-fields, near the river, soon after the harvest has been gathered in, as at that time the broad-billed animals glean the fields, and have a better prospect of a supply of food than at any other period. The owner of the boat moves it about from place to place, according to the opportunities that may be offered to him of feeding his flock.

"On the arrival of the boat at the appointed spot, or one considered proper for feeding the quacking tribe, a signal of a whistle causes the flock to waddle in regular order from their domicile across the board placed for their accommodation, and then rambling about undergo the process of feeding. When it is considered by their keeper that they have gorged sufficiently, another signal is made for the return of the birds: immediately upon hearing it, they congregate and re-enter the boat. The first duck that enters is rewarded with some paddy, the last is whipped for being dilatory; so that it is ludicrous to see the last birds (knowing by sad experience the fate that awaits them) making efforts *en masse* to fly over the back of the others, to escape the chastisement inflicted upon the ultimate duck."

Our author is an enthusiastic naturalist; he seems to enter into the feelings of every animal he describes, and to know exactly what are the processes of induction which instinct substitutes for reason. Indeed, he manifestly thinks that there is but a thin partition between reason and instinct, since he describes processes of thought in some of his favourites, which certainly seem to belong to some reasoning faculty. At Canton he enjoyed the rare treat of observing closely the habits of a bird of Paradise.

"This elegant creature has a light, playful, and graceful manner, with an arch and impudent look; dances about when a visitor approaches the cage, and seems delighted at being

made an object of admiration: its notes are very peculiar, resembling the cawing of the raven, but its tones are by far more varied. During four months of the year, from May to August, it moults. It washes itself regularly twice daily, and after having performed its ablutions, throws its delicate feathers up nearly over the head, the quills of which feathers have a peculiar structure, so as to enable the bird to effect this object. Its food, during confinement, is boiled rice, mixed up with soft egg, together with plantains, and living insects of the grasshopper tribe; these insects, when thrown to him, the bird contrives to catch in its beak with great celerity; it will eat insects in a living state, but will not touch them when dead.

"I observed the bird, previously to eating a grasshopper, given him in an entire or un mutilated state, place the insect upon the perch, keep it firmly fixed with the claws, and divesting it of the legs, wings, &c., devour it with the head always placed first. The servant who attends upon him to clean the cage, give him food, &c., strips off the legs, wings, &c., of the insects when alive, giving them to the bird as fast as he can devour them. It rarely alights upon the ground, and so proud is the creature of its elegant dress, that it never permits a soil to remain upon it, and it may frequently be seen spreading out its wings and feathers, and regarding its splendid self in every direction, to observe whether the whole of its plumage is in an unsullied condition. It does not suffer from the cold weather during the winter season at Macao, though exposing the elegant bird to the bleak northerly wind is always very particularly avoided. . . .

"The sounds uttered by this bird are very peculiar; that which appears to be a note of congratulation resembles somewhat the cawing of a raven, but changes to a varied scale in musical gradations, as *he, hi, ho, haw*, repeated rapidly and frequently, as lively and playfully he hops round and along his perch, descending to the second perch to be admired, and congratulate the stranger who has made a visit to inspect him; he frequently raises his voice, sending forth notes of such power as to be heard at a long distance, and as it would scarcely be supposed so delicate a bird could utter; these notes are *whock, whock, whock, whock*, uttered in a barking tone, the last being given in a low note as a conclusion.

"A drawing of the bird, of the natural size, was made by a Chinese artist. This was taken one morning to the original, who paid a compliment to the artist, by considering it one of his own species. The bird advanced stedfastly towards the picture, uttering at the same time its cawing congratulatory notes: it did not appear excited by rage, but pecked gently at the representation, jumping about the perch, knocking its mandibles together with a clattering noise, and cleaning them against the perch, as if welcoming the arrival of a companion.

"After the trial with the picture, a looking-glass was brought, to see what effect it would produce upon the bird, and the result was nearly the same; he regarded the reflection of himself most stedfastly in the mirror, never quitting it during the time it remained before him. When the glass was removed to the lower, from the upper perch, he instantly followed, but would not descend upon the floor of the cage when it was placed so low.

"It seemed impatient, hopping about without withdrawing its gaze from the mirror, uttering the usual cawing notes, but with evident surprise that the reflected figure (or as he seemed to regard it, his opponent) imitated so closely all his actions, and was as watchful as himself. There was, however, on his part, no indication of combativeness by any elevation of the feathers, nor was any irritation displayed at not being

able to approach nearer to the supposed new comer from his own native land. His attention was directed to the mirror during the time it remained before him, but when removed he went quietly and composed himself upon the upper perch, as if nothing had excited him."

This bird was preserved in the Aviary of Mr. Beale at Canton, which appears to be the most complete establishment of the kind in existence.

We were interested by the anecdotes told of the Ungka ape, some of which are very similar to those narrated respecting Dr. Abel's ouran-outang; we shall extract one or two of the most remarkable.

"One instance of a very close approximation to, if it may not be considered absolutely an exercise of, the reasoning faculty, occurred in this animal. Once or twice I lectured him on taking away my soap continually from the washing-place, which he would remove, for his amusement, from that place, and leave it about the cabin. One morning I was writing, the ape being present in the cabin, when casting my eyes towards him, I saw the little fellow taking the soap. I watched him, without his perceiving that I did so; and he occasionally would cast a furtive glance towards the place where I sat. I pretended to write; he seeing me busily occupied, took the soap, and moved away with it in his paw. When he had walked half the length of the cabin, I spoke quietly, without frightening him. The instant he found I saw him, he walked back again, and deposited the soap nearly in the same place from whence he had taken it. There was certainly something more than instinct in that action: he evidently betrayed a consciousness of having done wrong, both by his first and last actions;—and what is reason if that is not an exercise of it? . . .

"When dinner was announced by the steward, and the captain and officers assembled in the cuddy, then Ungka, considering himself as also one of the mess, would be seen bending his steps towards the cuddy, and entering took his station, on a corner of the table, between the captain and myself: there he remained waiting for his share of the food, considering that we were all in duty and humanity bound to supply him with a sufficiency of provender. When from any of his ludicrous actions at table we all burst out in loud laughter, he would vent his indignation at being made the subject of ridicule, by uttering his peculiar hollow barking noise, at the same time inflating the air sac, and regarding the persons laughing with a most serious look, until they had ceased, when he would quietly resume his dinner."

Unfortunately Ungka died before he reached England.

The extracts we have made from this work will enable our readers to form a just estimate of its value: a naturalist is ever an agreeable traveller, and Natural History has few more sincere votaries than Mr. Bennett.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*A Grammar of the Kafir Language*, by W. B. Boyce, Methodist Missionary. Graham's Town, Wesleyan Mission Press, 1834.'—The labours of the Wesleyan and other missionaries for the civilization of Southern Africa, have scarce attracted the attention they merit; there are many indeed who regard their exertions as almost nugatory, because they exhibit very limited lists of converts, and because they have not worked the miracle of suddenly extirpating barbarism, or the still greater miracle of avoiding the evils that necessarily belong to a state of transition from the savage system to the system of social life. It seems to be forgotten, that christianity is the religion of the cultivated mind, that men

must be educated to comprehend the fulness of its beautiful simplicity, and that to substitute the rational for the sensual, is a work, not only of toil, but time. This grammar will, we feel assured, be found one of the most efficient instruments in effecting the benevolent objects of the Missionary Society, not merely by enabling preachers to acquire a knowledge of the dialect in which they are to address their congregations, but by affording to the natives the means of studying their own language. The first foundation of a nation's philosophy is laid, when the grammar of its language is formed.—The structure of the Kafir language, is wholly unlike that of any European or Asiatic tongue; among the letters are found those extraordinary clicks, whose sound cannot be expressed by any combinations of our alphabets, and which an adult European can never learn properly to pronounce. The terminations of the words scarcely vary, and the several inflections of declension and conjugation are formed by prefixes, and modifications of the initial syllable. As in every language with a limited vocabulary, the voices of the verbs are numerous, but their arrangement appears more logical in the Kafir than in the Semitic languages. The particles seem, as might naturally have been expected, to be the most indefinite and irregular portion of the language; it is however manifestly a tongue susceptible of great improvement, and indeed the able author of the Grammar has indicated the line of progress in which it will probably advance. We trust that the Missionaries will introduce this work into the native school, remembering that accuracy of speech is intimately connected with accuracy of thought.

'*A History, Antiquarian and Statistical, of the Parish of Great Totnam, in the County of Essex*, by G. W. Johnson, (printed for private circulation.)—Another addition to our topographical history, affording further proof of the attention now paid by country gentlemen, to the statistics and antiquities of the district in which they may reside. The history of the parish is very copious, and must have taken the intelligent author no little time and trouble to compile. We do not remember ever to have met with a manor, which could boast so many names of high note in history among its lords, as this manor of Great Totnam. Robert Fitz-Hamon, Earl Robert of Gloster, Sir Richard de Lucy, Henry II.'s justiciary, Hugo de Neville, the gallant companion in arms of Richard in Palestine, Thomas of Woodstock, the murdered Duke of Gloster, Sir Hugh Stafford, and Sir Lewis Robsart, both standard bearers at Agincourt, of all of whom, Mr. Johnson has given a full account, as well as of Walter Devereux, the first Earl of Essex, who also held estates in the parish. The barrows upon the bank of Blackwater bay, Mr. Johnson is inclined to believe, mark the site of the battle, in which Brythnoth, the hero of that spirited Saxon poem, given in Mr. Conybeare's *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, lost his life. Many of these barrows have been opened, but no antiquities whatever discovered.

'*Report of the Committee of the Doncaster Agricultural Society, on the Turnip-fly, and the means of its Prevention*.—It does the Entomologists no great credit, that they should still be ignorant of the habits and changes of life of some of the most mischievous of the insects with which man is tormented. The natural history of the Turnip-fly, which has caused the loss to the farmer of hundreds of thousands of pounds, is still as little known, as if it were only met with at the antipodes. It would be far more worthy of men of science, to engage in investigations of important matters of this kind, than to occupy themselves with petty squabbles about a heap of paltry names. At any rate, until this happens, it is in vain for Committees to inquire into effects, of the causes of which they are igno-

rant. In the meanwhile, all that can be learned upon the subject has been carefully collected by the Doncaster Society.

'*THE FAMILY LIBRARY. No. XLVII. Croker's Fairy Legends*.—We rejoice to see our old friends in their new dress, because we can now take them with us as amusing companions in the coach or steam-boat. There are indeed some omissions, but the book reads all the better for their absence: it was a sad mistake to overlay these fanciful tales of an imaginative people, with a parade of learning, which, perhaps, gratified a select few, but certainly proved a bore to the many. It is unnecessary to praise a collection that has long been a favourite of the public, but we cannot avoid expressing the pleasure we have derived from Brooke's fanciful illustrations.

'*Markham's History of England*.—Mrs. Markham's Histories of England and France, are admirably calculated for the family circle, and should be in the hands of every parent desirous to aid in the education of children. The conversations at the end of each chapter, not only impress upon the minds of the young the preceding instruction, but communicate much varied information, equally useful and entertaining.

'*Tales for the British People*, by Candida.—This work is dedicated to Daniel O'Connell; if he be not ashamed of such a follower, then should he be "a soused gurnet;" a more coarse and vulgar composition exists not in the wide range of British literature. In the first tale, an English gentleman is the hero, but his conversation is the vilest *patois* of a half-educated Irish peasant; he is represented as residing in one of the most respectable boarding-houses in Dublin, but the conversations to which he is doomed to listen, would not be tolerated in a decent kitchen. The writer of the book has manifestly guessed at the language of the drawing-room, from having witnessed that in the servants' hall of some Castle Rackrent. Further notice of such a compound of vulgarity and absurdity would be a mere waste of time.

'*Foedick's Translation of De Sacy's General Grammar*.—This is a valuable American work imported by Mr. Rich. The seminary at Andover has recently produced several very valuable works on education, which deserve to be extensively known in this country; but perhaps there is not among them one of greater merit than this little volume. Baron de Sacy's talents as a linguist and grammarian, are too well known to need our notice; in this work he has brought all his varied acquirements to bear on the elucidation of the philosophical principles of general grammar. The translator has performed his task with great ability and fidelity, and added much valuable illustration.

'*Sharp's Letters and Essays*. Third Edition.—Mr. Sharp's gentle and urbane wisdom is here presented to us in a smaller and neater form than at first. It seems that we were mistaken in prophesying for the work only a limited circulation; and we are glad of it, for good moral lessons cannot be spread abroad too widely.

'*Ionian Anthology*, No. III.—This singular periodical, which doth,

Like Cerberus himself, pronounce  
A leech of languages at once,

is supported by contributions of very unequal merit. The present number contains some valuable articles, and some of a very inferior description. Those with which we were most pleased, are, a discourse on the agriculture of the Ionian Islands in Italian, a Greek poem on the death of Marco Bozzaris, and a very able dissertation in Greek and English, on the peculiar characteristics of the Greek development. The entire of the last-mentioned article has not yet appeared, and we withhold the observations which we wish to make upon it, until the whole of the author's reasoning is before us.

'*Professor Young's Elements of Algebra*, 2nd Edition.—A work that on its first appearance was adopted as a text-book, not only by British teachers of mathematics, but received into the colleges of the United States, the South African college at the Cape of Good Hope, and the principal schools in New South Wales, scarcely needs our commendation; we must however mention, that this is the most successful effort we have seen to render Algebraic science easy of attainment, and we must particularly specify the chapter on imaginary quantities, as a beautiful example of the simplification of knowledge.

'*A Paraphrastic Translation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans*.—This translation is very ably executed; we are informed that the writer has printed it at his own expense, and given the entire proceeds of its sale as a contribution to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

'*Willett's Traits of Science and Invention*.—This little work contains a great variety of useful information, conveyed in a pleasing form; it is calculated, not only to delight youthful readers for the moment, but to stimulate their minds to further inquiries.

'*Doddridge's Family Expositor*.—Doddridge's Commentaries on the New Testament, are too well known to need description. The present edition is well printed, neatly bound and remarkably cheap.

'*The Parterre*, Parts 1 & 2.—A hope has been expressed, that this little work will not be thought unworthy of notice because it is cheap. If 'The Parterre' were conducted on right principles, the fact of its being sold cheap, would be an additional inducement for us to notice it; but we protest against the system of piracy, on which too many of what are called cheap publications are got up, and 'The Parterre' among them; for instance, one number now open before us, consists of seven columns of original matter, six of extract from the *New Monthly Magazine*, and sixteen and a half of extract from the *Metropolitan*!—Now the papers in a single number of the *Metropolitan* and of the *New Monthly*, cost the proprietors from one hundred to two hundred pounds, and are sold for seven shillings, yet here are the crowning jewels from both, to be had for threepence! and then we are told, that 'The Parterre' is very cheap, and therefore deserves our good word!

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

(Translated from the *Morgenblatt*.)

#### *A Breakfast and a Tea Party.*

Nothing is more difficult, or further from repaying the trouble, than to penetrate into the interior of the American great world. All the fine letters of introduction which I had brought with me, were of no avail; for not one of them happened to be addressed to a clergyman. I had paid several visits, but not one was returned. I made, indeed, several acquaintance; but there were no Reverends among them, and the parties could not undertake to introduce me. At length an English lady did me the favour to present me one morning to a reverend doctor, a far-famed preacher, the Demosthenes of New York. At the house of this important personage we found a numerous party of ladies, scarcely half of whom could find sitting room in his spacious parlour. He received me in a most dignified manner, with his eyes fixed on his snuff-box, which he was twirling in his fingers. When my conductress had said all the handsome things she could of me, and recommended me to his protection, he looked up, rubbed the cover of his box with his right elbow, took an ample pinch, offered one to me, and at length, without having ever cast his eyes on me, was pleased to present me to a lady who stood close to him.



She offered me her hand, and asked me how I liked America. I assured her that I liked it very well. "Ah!" she rejoined, "when you have been here longer, you will like it better still: to be sure it is but a young country, yet we have already got the start of Europe in every thing." She then presented me to a second lady, who transferred me to a third, by whom I was turned over to a fourth, and so on till I had made the round of the whole. Each of them shook me by the hand, asked me the same question, and made the same rejoinder to my answer as the first lady had done, though I strove several times, by varying my reply, to commence a conversation. Each of these ladies had brought something with her: one had had his Reverence's linen washed, another his canonicals mended; and those who brought the different articles, arranged them and put them into their places themselves. Others brought sugar, tea, coffee, wine, liqueurs, cakes, bread, fruit, milk, ham, smoked beef, cheese, eggs, fish, also linen and woollen cloth, flour, glasses, plates, cups—in short, a whole hecatomb was offered. The ladies began to set out the tea-things, and prepare for breakfast. When everything was ready, a solemn silence ensued, and all waited to see who was to have the honour of acting the part of mistress of the house. The preacher's wife, though present, stood among the company, and seemed to have completely waived her rights on this occasion. At length this important point was settled by his Reverence, who, half closing his eyes, and pursing up his lips into a scarcely perceptible smile, extended his hand towards a lady, and, with a slight bow, gave her a sign with his snuff-box to make tea. The happy object of his election joyfully repaired to the upper end of the table, and began to reckon up aloud the persons present, pointing to them with her finger, as if on purpose that each should perceive she was not forgotten; and then she put as many spoonfuls of tea into the pot as there were persons in the company. With the exception of the question, how I liked America, repeated thirty times without variation, these were the only words that I heard spoken aloud in this numerous party. It is true that a very handsome young lady, by whom I was standing when, after breakfast, we were all waiting in the hall for our carriages, asked me, "How do you like our parties? You find them very different from yours in Europe? There, when half a dozen women get together, you fancy that a flock of wild geese has alighted. Yes, I have been in Europe too; I have twice crossed the Atlantic."

It is not customary in New York to give dinners; from economical motives, the houses are so arranged as not to admit of it. When the homely family meal is over, and they have duly picked their teeth, the men continue to sit and drink, but the females withdraw to their bed-room, and commence their potations. At this time they admit no visitors, unless, perhaps, most intimate friends of their own sex. The answer then given is, "that the ladies are asleep," which means, that they wish not to be disturbed while they secretly indulge in spirituous liquors, and smoke their cigars. Social parties, not having a political tendency, are not to the taste of the Americans: the restraints which decorum imposes in such companies are absolutely incompatible with their notions of liberty. In the great resorts, and in Washington, there are occasionally tea-parties: from national vanity, people sometimes submit to this trouble, in order to give foreigners a high opinion of the extreme refinement of manners and the high polish of the Americans. A few days after my introduction to the reverend doctor, I received an invitation to such a party.

Whenever a lady entered, all the gentlemen at once offered her their seats with low bows;

and each person on entering shook hands with all present, who then waited in profound silence till the party was complete. The mistress of the house then counted her guests and began to prepare tea. During tea, fish, cakes, smoked meat, and fruit were eaten promiscuously, and washed down with every sort of wine and liqueurs. The feasting over, the married ladies seated themselves together; the men slunk away to the windows and other corners, shuffled about with their feet, slowly crossed their legs, and at length assumed their favourite position by clapping them against the wall. One or other secretly slipped the beloved quid into their mouths, and began to chew, to spit, and to talk politics in a low tone. The younger females stood in a group in the middle of the room, and inquired of one another, how many quarters each had taken lessons on the piano. Almost every one of them had several school medals, the rewards of diligence in the different departments of learning, hanging round her neck from long and broad ribands: the mothers explained to one another the purport of these decorations, and when that subject was exhausted, they took up the absolutely inexhaustible topic of the preceding Sunday's sermon; and this afforded each occasion to display her exquisite sensibility, profound wisdom, and refined morality, which, if they did not entertain the company, at least kept it together till past twelve o'clock. Another group was formed by the young elegants. Having taken their pen-knives from their waistcoat-pockets, they were trimming their nails, while the young damsels leered coquettishly at them. At length the boldest of them, putting up his knife, and having convinced himself of his amiability by a self-complacent glance at the mirror, and ascertained that his cravat was the stiffest and his waistcoat the whitest, he shuffled in three strides, in which he stumbled only twice, across the carpet to the young ladies, drew a chair to the piano, and with a thousand obeisances invited the damsels to play. The latter set on foot an inquiry, which of them had learned music the longest; it turned out that one of them had taken eight quarters' lessons, and she was forced to play. "Yankee Doodle" was the first air, of course: then followed "Buy a broom," and lastly, the equally celebrated old French song, "Ah, vous disiez, chère maman," was thrummed. When all the young ladies had played the same tunes, and the daughter of the house, a fine girl of seventeen, had jagged a solo, to which she sang the music herself, while five school-medals flying about gave her many a bruise, till, breathless and exhausted, she was obliged to desist, the company expressed their applause by a general stamping of the feet, and then broke up.

It is certainly a gratifying circumstance, that in the whole union, you will not meet with a single American, who is not thoroughly grounded in all the elementary branches of knowledge. High schools, properly so called, however, there are none.

To that uniformity which characterises the Americans, throughout the whole extent of their immense country, there is however one commendable exception. To the honour of the ladies of the little state of Connecticut, be it recorded, that they alone have not only a taste for reading, but they are all writers. In all the rest of the world put together, there have not been written so many novels as during the last thirty years in Connecticut alone. There the title of *Author* is become a conventional necessity for every lady, and must be acquired at any price. Every lady therefore writes as much as she can, and gets it printed, though it should run away with her last dollar. Steam distributes these intellectual productions, and all the shopkeepers in the union are thus supplied with waste paper.

### Sunday at New York.

Every nation has its popular festivals: throughout all European Christendom, almost every Sunday is a festival of this kind, on which, after divine service, some hours are devoted to recreation and social enjoyment. In England Sunday is kept with more gloom, more solemnity; in America it is a day of downright penance. Forenoon and afternoon, swarms of the pious throng the Broadway, going to their respective meeting-houses: otherwise the streets are deserted, the houses and shops closely shut, the silence of death pervades the city, and we be to him who presumes to break it. The charming environs are visited only by blacks and servants, who, as they return home in the evening, produce some degree of animation. Watchmen, who may be known by their leathern helmets, and their thick staves shod with iron, enforce the due solemnization of the day, and are stationed at short distances from one another, ready to repress every outbreak of delight and joy.

The doors of all the liquor-shops stand half open, and they are crowded with customers, who take their glass in profound silence. Elevated with liquor, a young fellow, in the garb of a German peasant, sallies forth from a house of this kind, and in the delicious feeling of liberty, and the consciousness that he too may someday become President, or at least, that his wife may produce a future first magistrate of the republic, he gives vent to his joyous emotions in a loud shout. "Silence, fellow!" cries the nearest watchman to the candidate for the Presidency, and because he does not understand him, he knocks the new hat from his head. The indignant foreigner endeavours to return the compliment: he lays presumptuous hands on the sacred helmet, and the free people, feeling no majesty insulted, fall furiously upon the rebel and drag him to the Tower. Other offenders are brought in from different quarters, at the same time with him: a Swiss for whistling in the street; two Frenchmen for talking loud and indulging in a horse-laugh; a Swabian farmer, who, while forming projects for the future, had jabbered all together, and made a most indecent noise: half a congregation of Württembergers, who had so far forgotten themselves as to begin singing one of their national songs: all these miscreants were conducted amidst a great concourse of people to the Tower; and because they would rather have declined availing themselves of such unexpected hospitality, they were compelled to it by the well-plied staves of the watchmen.

Nothing offends the ears of the Americans more than harmony. Some young men were going along the Broadway singing the *Marseillaise*. From their fine well-managed voices and their methodical performance, I should judge them to be singers by profession. I observed a portion of the sovereign people, in the shape of a puny, emaciated gentleman, rebuking a watchman as he passed for his negligence. "Don't you hear that singing?" said he. "Go and put an end to the racket: 'tis at the corner of Pearl Street." The watchman gave the signal by striking his iron-shod staff against the pavement till the sparks flew about: the clamour was instantly repeated, and spread farther and farther, till the whole city rang with it. The watchmen hastened to the point from which the alarm proceeded, and in a moment the singers were completely surrounded. "Be quiet and get you gone home!" cried one who assumed the office of spokesman. The young singers, who had quitted their oppressed native land, in order to throw themselves into the arms of liberty and equality, and who had no inclination to go home, opposed this illiberal injunction, which, however, was seemingly enforced by the staves of the assailants. The singers retreated fighting, and at length fled before the pursuing republican

gendarmérie; but two of them, who were extended senseless on the ground by the blows of the clubs, were immediately laid upon a truck and conveyed to the Tower. With the exception of these petty disturbances, the streets were so quiet, that you might hear the fashionable shuffle of feet on the pavement, which is the peculiar Sunday gait of the crowds returning from the meeting-houses, and hear the cry of the little tree-frogs; interrupted at times, it is true, by a shaking quaker delivering an extempore sermon. The feeling produced by this monotonous sound, is of so melancholy, so narcotic a nature, that the heart bounds with joy when it is drowned by an exciting alarm of fire, and this happens luckily oftener than once on the long Sunday evenings. On reviewing the occurrences of this evening, a most melancholy feeling came over me. In order to shake it off, I went to the piano. Scarcely had I struck a few chords by way of prelude, when some stones, hurled through the windows, smashed my large mirror to pieces and demolished my astral lamp. I crept trembling to my bed and wished the free and independent, sovereign and edifying religious people of the United States a very good night. Who knows what wishes ascended to heaven with mine from the Tower! And yet these music-haters must each have a piano in his house. Fashion has rendered it as indispensable an article as the great family Bible. Both are placed in such a situation as to strike the eye, and frequently both are not opened for ten years or more.

An American city has no other promenade but the streets. On the sabbath all the streets are closed with chains, in order to deprive the inhabitants of the pleasure of walking or riding. In New York alone, they have so far relaxed from this rigid morality, as to leave the chains down for a couple of hours in the day. Games of chance are deemed immoral in this country, and are never tolerated in any company. The sale of playing cards and dice is prohibited; billiards and draughts are forbidden, and chess is not known; and yet a nation so fond of lucre cannot but be fond of games of chance. The Americans in fact play as deeply as they drink. Faro-banks and billiard-tables, are almost publicly kept; and the inspector and municipal authorities are induced, by a sufficient fee, to wink at the violation of the law. Sometimes indeed they take the delinquents by surprise, but when they have pocketed the legal penalty, and what they can squeeze out besides, they are quiet for a while.

A billiard-table is a real milch cow to the city officers. The judge of the Court in Deane Street derives from the billiard-table of the French coffee-house, situated in his district, a yearly fixed rent of four hundred dollars.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Most of the Magazines of the month have been looked over—and we must again note the absence of a presiding spirit, of an original purpose, such as makes *Blackwood* interesting, even where we most disagree with him. *Fraser*, however, contains some clever papers.—The *New Monthly* is full of variety—we have something of Ireland; 'Yankee Notions,' a very pleasant paper; a continuation of the 'Infernal Marriage,' and 'Gilbert Gurney,' with other lively articles; but the magazine, as a whole, wants coherence; and surely the monthly commentary should not be, as it is, either a fragment from the Court Guide or the Newgate Calendar.—*Tait* is a good number—containing an earnest paper by W. Howitt, on the act to which he belongs; a fine 'Corn-law Hymn;' and 'West Country Exclusives,' a racy, natural showing-up of that spirit which has been at work to spoil society ever since the word meant any thing civilized.—The *Monthly* is interesting on Spanish matters.—The *Metropolitan* promises us a new novel from the

pen of its Editor—and the *Court Magazine* gives us gay costumes and butterfly prose and verse as usual. Had we only a wand to do our will with, we would make each of these periodicals take up some decided line, and abide by it; and the result would be, increase of profit to the proprietors, and of pleasure to ourselves, who read all. But we must not forget to mention that the leading article of the *Monthly Repository*, on 'Retzsch's Fancies,' by Mrs. Jamieson, is alone sufficient to place the month's number among the first of our periodicals—there is no mistaking the fine Roman hand; or that *The Repository of Patent Inventions*, a work long established, but which having lately passed into new hands, is conducted with increased spirit and ability, has an interesting biographical notice of the late Mr. Telford, with an account of some of the great works of that celebrated engineer.

Rumours from such of our friends as this delicious autumn sends wandering, induce us to believe that a spirit of enterprise in matters of art is rather on the increase in the provinces. The Liverpool and Manchester Exhibitions are spoken of as being better than usual. At the former, Patten's 'Maternal Affection' has gained the Corporation prize, and thirteen pictures have been already sold; at the latter, twenty since its opening. Manchester has a great advantage over her rival in her exhibition rooms, though the staircase leading to them is spoilt by the utterly tasteless manner in which it has been coloured; think of a green roof, and panels of pale red and yellow scagliola on the walls! The exhibition also surpasses Liverpool in the splendour of individual specimens; but though the picture gallery of the latter has nothing to compare with Turner's 'Venice,' or Patten's 'Bucclante,' it is, generally speaking, better filled, and contains fewer decided failures.

Three choral rehearsals have taken place for the Amateur Festival, and, we are informed, have gone off well. On Wednesday nearly four hundred performers were present, and the choruses in 'The Creation,' and 'Israel in Egypt,' were performed. There is to be a full instrumental rehearsal next week.

We had imagined that the ghost of the 'Man in the Iron Mask' was laid—that this sphinx had been sufficiently unriddled by M. Delort and the late Lord Dover. But there are to be "more lost worlds," it seems, on the subject. The *Mémoire Bordelais* of Sept. 22, announces that an important work is forthcoming, which is to prove the famous prisoner to have been, not Count Matthioli, but Don John of Gonzaga, natural brother of Charles Ferdinand, Duke of Mantua. Disguised and covered with a mask of black velvet, he, it is said, accompanied Matthioli, and acted as his secretary. He was carried off along with him, but allowed to return lest the flagrant violation of the rights of nations should become known.

We shall next week publish a portion of the Letters of Lord Nelson, announced some time since; and as we have several works, English and foreign, which require notice, we shall give an extra sheet.

#### THEATRICALS

THE theatrical world has been in full activity during the present week. First, Old Drury commenced its season on Wednesday last with the 'Hypocrite' and 'Masaniello.' We need only notice Mr. Farren's *Dr. Cantwell*, and Mrs. Cramer's *Charlotte*. The former was truly a remarkable performance, inasmuch as it exhibited the artist in a part in which he has, or at least had, a superior. The character of the Hypocrite is one which Mr. Dowton has made peculiarly his own, and we should partake of its nature if we did not pay him this well-earned passing tribute.

The *Charlotte* of the evening was a debutante, and we have much pleasure in saying, that, although the part was ill-chosen for a first appearance, the lady acquitted herself extremely well. It is a long and arduous task, with a great deal of the artificial and silly prattle of that day to wade through, and very little of redeeming nature or grace to compensate for the toil.

The other moiety of the national establishment opened on Thursday, but as we have nothing very agreeable to say, we shall be brief. Mr. Vandenhoff played *Coriolanus* with spirit, and elicited much applause—so much, indeed, that the management was quite justified in announcing an early repetition of the performance. A new farce in one act followed. We were on the point of stating that it was not successful, but we see by the bills that it was particularly so—we thought it particularly so so.

The Olympic commenced on Monday with three new burlettas. Two of the novelties, 'The Loan of a Lover' and 'My Friend the Governor,' are from the experienced pen of Mr. Planché; and, in our opinion, he has lost no reputation by the latter, and added to his stock by the former. They are what are termed *costume* pieces, and have been put upon the stage with taste and correctness. In the former, the lessee was ably seconded by that duodecimo of fun and drollery Mr. Keeley, who personated a Dutch farmer with the force of an actor and the truth of an artist. The weight of the second fell upon Mr. Liston, who threw it off him again with feathery lightness. This dramatic overgreen is, we are happy to say, in full bloom, and now that the advancing winter night with its chill dews impair the plant, Madame Vestris has done wisely to secure it in her *hot-house*. The last novelty is entitled 'A little Pleasure,' and is written by Mr. George Dance. It was successful, and the talent and exertions of Mrs. Orger and Mr. Keeley contributed to this result.

As to the Adelphi, we attempted on the night of its opening to make one among its visitors, but found it crowded to overflowing. We have since been enabled only to pay it a flying visit, and consequently we shall not, this week, discuss the merits of the piece now playing there, and which has from adventitious causes, created some sensation in the critical world.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Crater of Mount Etna.*—The late tremendous eruption of Vesuvius, may perhaps give interest to the following particulars, relative to Etna, furnished by a German traveller, by whom that mountain was recently ascended:—Concerning the internal state of the crater I can say but little, for it sent forth without intermission volumes of smoke. It was therefore impossible to descend into it, as may be done to a certain depth when the volcano is quiet; but such an enterprise is always attended with danger. An Englishman is said to have lost his life not long since in attempting it: fastened to a rope, he caused himself to be let down to a considerable depth, but gave the signal to be drawn up too late, and reached the top in a state of insensibility, from which this modern Empedocles never awoke. All therefore that I can tell you is, that it took us more than an hour to go round the crater, which, as far as the clouds of smoke allowed, we examined on all sides, and found that within it there rises a rock, which looked not unlike a gothic steeple. We threw several stones into the abyss: they rolled down with a hollow thundering sound, till at length with a loud noise they seemed to fall into some kind of fluid. From the moment they were thrown till the last splash was heard, I counted forty-eight pulsations, which seems to confirm the opinion of those, who believe, that there is an excavation in the body of the volcano down

to the level of the sea. Around the whole margin of the crater, as at the Solfatara, near Pozzuoli, we found virgin sulphur, but in much smaller lumps. It was everywhere so hot, that our boots were quite scorched. On our left, at the foot of the cone, we saw the last crater that opened in 1819. Its shining yellow mouth had discharged all the lava, which now encompasses the Val del Bue. The black ashes produced by forty small craters, still mark the dominion of that despoiler of the fairest country of the earth; for you can form no conception of the luxuriance and the brilliant verdure of that part of the valley which the lava did not reach. But those parts which were covered by it, appeared the more desolate, especially since this valley is situated at the depth of nearly eight thousand feet. It was formed in the year 1669, when a subterranean river of lava swept away the mountain that stood upon its site, and on the other hand threw up the two Monti Rossi. We rolled down large blocks of lava, but they were dashed in pieces before they had performed the half of their terrific journey. In comparison with this steep, craggy, tremendous lava defile, several Italian miles in length, that of the infant Rhine near Viamala in the Grisons, is pleasing and agreeable; for here the eye penetrates into the very heart, as it were, of the most awful and unmitigated desolation.

**The Comic Annual, and Tylney Hall.**—Hood, who has a fancy all his own, accompanied the last sheets of his long expected novel, with the following letter to his publishers. It is too good to be lost:—

"Gentlemen,—I find it has been industriously reported, that I have accepted office under Lord Melbourne; and that therefore, the above first-mentioned work will be discontinued in favour of more important public duties;—a story, I beg to say, that has been built without any foundation, and consequently pays Truth no ground-rent. To use the language of the turf, I am not placed.

"As counter-evidence, you will have in November to dispose of the usual number of my annual remembrances to inquiring friends; for the COMIC is actively in progress. No steel pen could be harder at it than my goose-quill;—and Messrs. Wright and Pollock are as busy as Burke was, according to Goldsmith,

"Cutting blocks with a razor."

though better tools than razors have come into use since the great Edmund was a wood-engraver.

"In the meantime I send you TYLNEY HALL; a novel which has been as long announced as some comets, and as notorious as those fiery tadpoles for not keeping its appointments. But here it is at last: and although it has been in hand some six years, it will take no longer in the perusal than if it had been written in six weeks. Such is the reader's advantage over the author; thus, at Garraway's, a ton of 'midnight oil' is disposed of by inch of candle.

"You may tell the little inquisitive old gentleman who haunts your premises, 'poking questions at you with an ivory-headed cane,' that I do not know one Mr. Purkis—that I never was in Liverpool—and that consequently, the dinner at Alderman Barber's, in Meney-street, was perfectly a Barnecide's feast to

"Yours, very truly,

"**Lake House, Wexstead, "THOMAS HOOD."**  
Oct. 1, 1834."

**London University, and King's College.**—The Sessions for 1834-5 commenced this week, with an introductory lecture by Prof. Lindley at the former, and Prof. Mayo at the latter, and both were well attended.

**Foundling Children in France.**—It appears from an authentic document, just published, that the number of children abandoned in France by their parents greatly increases every year. In 1819 the total number of foundlings was 99,346; in 1820, 102,103; in 1821, 106,000; in 1822, 109,000; 1823, 111,000; in 1824, 116,719; and in 1831, the number was 122,931. In the year 1831, the expense which the French Government incurred for the maintenance of these children, was no less than 8,725,855 francs. No regular census has been made since 1831; but from data which are pretty accurate it is known, that the increase during 1833 is not much less than 3000. This increase begins to excite the serious attention of the Government, it being found that the system of providing for

these children, not only causes a very heavy expense, but it also holds out an encouragement to immorality.

**The Ship-carriage.**—A letter from Paris states, that the ship-carriage, which was so much talked of, has proved a complete failure. It was to have started on Monday for the Champ de Mars, and had several sails set, but no progress was made, although the wind was very favourable. Several men were at one time employed to aid its progress, but the result was such, as to convince even the inventor that the plan was a total failure.

**Egypt.**—The operations for barring a portion of the Nile have been commenced, and a levy of men has been made for the purpose of draining the canal of Mahmoudieg. No less than 20,000 men will be required for this operation, and 50,000 for the works at the point of the Delta. The Viceroy of Egypt has been for some time directing attention to agriculture. It is expected that he will be able to produce two million quintals of cotton in five or six years. The greatest difficulty is the want of hands.

**Patent Bronze Sheathing.** (From the Plymouth Herald).—There has been delivered this week to His Majesty's Dock-yard here, a quantity of bronze sheathing, and directions have been given by the Lords of the Admiralty to sheath two of the Plymouth packets that may next require coppering, one side with the patent bronze, and the other with copper, so that a comparison may be fairly established of the duration of the two substances.—We have been favoured with an inspection of a sheet of the bronze, which is a beautiful specimen of manufacture; the grain of the metal, and we understand its composition, very much resemble that of brass ordnance. But notwithstanding its density and polished surface, it is at the same time quite malleable and pliant.—The subject is one of great interest, and we have therefore collected the following details relative to this new invention, which we understand originated with a French Engineer, and was first tried in the French Navy in 1829; since which, on account of its superior durability, ascertained by repeated experiments, the French Government has contracted for several hundred tons a year. In every instance it has been found to keep quite clean, a point of paramount importance; whilst from its superior hardness, it is not so liable to be rubbed, in case of a vessel taking the ground, or running foul.—The wear of copper on ships' bottoms, is a mechanico-chemical action, inasmuch as its waste at sea is 64 times greater than in harbour. We should conclude therefore, *a priori*, that a hard metal like bronze, would waste less by the friction of the water, than a soft metal like copper; and the great duration of ancient bronze, proves that it is less oxidable. There would thus be established a superiority in resisting mechanical as well as chemical action in favour of the bronze. The result of the experiments made in the French Navy on bronze sheathing very imperfectly manufactured, as stated in the 'Annales Maritimes' for 1830, 31 and 32, go to prove that when applied to ships' bottoms, the loss in weight of the bronze is less than half that of copper.—It appears now established, that a continued and unceasing wasting of the metallic sheets alone secures a clean bottom, and that no galvanic protection is compatible with it; fresh surfaces of the metallic sheets must constantly be presented by the washing away of the scale or oxide: everything that attaches to the bottom in calms or in harbour, whether seeds of marine plants or spawn of animalcules, is thus undermined and carried off, leaving the sheathing bright and clean. With the bronze, as with copper, the same continuous wasting is going on, but with one half the loss in weight, owing to its greater hardness and density, and its inferior oxidability. Sir H. Davy's protected copper

failed, because as there was no oxide formed, the copper did not waste at all, and thus became foul.—Nearly the whole of the whaling and India ships, from Havre are sheathed with bronze, and several have returned from these long voyages with their bottoms perfectly clean, and the sheathing very little worn. It is now extensively in trial on ships from London, Liverpool, Greenock, &c. so that the results obtained in France will soon be severely tested in this country.

**Nelson's Coffin.**—From a part of the mainmast of L'Orient, which was picked up by the Swiftsure, Capt. Hallowell directed his carpenter to make a coffin, which he afterwards sent to his old friend and Commander, Nelson, with the following letter:—"Sir, I have taken the liberty of presenting you with a coffin made from the mainmast of L'Orient, that when you have finished your naval career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies. But that that period may be far distant, is the earnest wish of your sincere friend, Benjamin Hallowell." This singular present was received in the spirit in which it was sent. Nelson placed it upright against the bulk-head of his cabin, behind the chair he sat at dinner, where it remained for some time, until his favourite servant prevailed upon him to have it removed, and in this identical coffin the remains of the lamented hero were finally deposited.—United Service Gazette.

**French Artists in India.**—Two French artists lately arrived at Moorshedabad, and with the permission of the English authorities, executed a figure of the Nabob of that place in bronze, which has been placed before his Palace. The figure is of large dimensions, and is beautifully executed. The Nabob highly complimented the artists on their skill, and after having said prayers before the statue, he gave each of them 25,000 rupees, and some rich dresses.—Le Voleur.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

A New Monthly Scientific Journal, to be conducted by Robert D. Thomson, M.D., with the assistance of Thomas Thomson, M.D., Regius Professor of Chemistry in the University of Glasgow.

The Life of Thomas Linacre, M.D. Physician to King Henry VIII. and founder of the College of Physicians in London, with memoirs of his Contemporaries, and of the Rise and Progress of Learning, more particularly of the scholars from the ninth to the sixteenth centuries inclusive, by John Noble Johnson, M.D. late Fellow of the College of Physicians, London; edited by R. Graves, of the Inner Temple, Esq.

Just published.—Wanderings in New South Wales, by G. Bennett, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 22s.—Life of Prince Talleyrand, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—Cook's Voyages to the South Seas, 8vo. 7s.—Kenrick's Key to Exercises on Zumpt's Grammar, 2d edit. 8vo. 5s.—Library of Useful Knowledge, (British Husbandry, Vol. I.) 9s. 6d.—Kenrick's Introduction to Greek Prose Composition, Part II. 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Youngman on Christian Revelation, 12mo. 3s.—Miller's Companion to the Atlas, 4to 9s.—Belgium and Holland, by P. L. Gordon, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. 18s.—Illustrations of the History of the Himalayan Mountains, by J. P. Royle, Part IV. Imperial 4to. 71s.—The Orient Pearl, 1834, 18mo. 16s.—Miriam Coffin, 3 vols. 12mo. 13s.—Hammond's Cookery, 12mo. 4s.—Heath's Pictorial Annual for 1835, 21s.—Lectures in Defence of the Church of England, by S. T. Allen, M.A. 8vo. 10s.—History of England, by a Clergyman, Vol. IV. 12mo. 7s. 6d.—A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life, by W. Law, M.A. new ed. 12mo. 5s.—Landscape Annual, or, Tourist in Spain, for 1835: 21 engravings and 10 wood-cuts, 21s.—Fraser's Panoramic Plan of London, 5s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Veritas—S.G. received.

We are obliged to R. B. W., but the time is past.

We occasionally receive letters complaining, that this paper, when delivered at the house of the complainant, was dirty and crumpled. We can only regret it, and recommend the parties to remonstrate with their Newsmen on the subject. We have nothing to do with the delivery of the paper, and of course take care that the copies are clean when issued.

In reply to more than one correspondent, we must state, that in our list of books "just published" is frequently included books which in the trade are technically called *subscribed*; that is, books of which a specimen volume merely has been sent round, but copies of which are sometimes not delivered for a week or a fortnight after. We will however consider how far it is possible to remedy this.



## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR SEPTEMBER.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY,

AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1834.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
M 1	29.942	64.5	29.950	67.0	56	63.2	63.5	56.9	67.7	.158	S	A.M. Cloudy. P.M. Light continued rain.
T 2	30.041	65.2	30.061	66.0	53	61.3	66.2	55.6	67.5		SWW	Fine and clear—light clouds.
W 3	30.104	63.6	30.122	67.2	56	61.2	66.0	53.7	68.4		S var.	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and haze. P.M. Lightly overcast—light wind.
T 4	30.095	66.2	29.998	68.0	58	67.7	71.8	59.9	72.8		S	Fine.—A.M. Light broken clouds. P.M. Cloudless.
F 5	29.930	66.6	29.942	70.3	63	65.4	69.8	60.9	72.6	.092	SSW	A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fair—cloudy—light wind.
S 6	30.044	66.8	30.069	69.3	56	62.4	67.0	56.7	68.7		SW	A.M. Fair—cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine and cloudless.
⊙ 7	30.208	64.0	30.093	67.3	54	58.5	66.2	53.0	67.3		SW	A.M. Hazy. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless.
M 8	29.685	62.2	29.584	66.0	57	57.4	64.4	53.6	66.2		ENE	Overcast.—Light continued rain, a.m.
T 9	29.406	63.2	29.491	65.9	57	59.7	66.3	53.7	66.9	.144	SSW	{ Showery—light wind.—A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fine and clear—light broken clouds.
W 10	29.812	62.8	29.792	65.0	55	59.6	61.7	51.7	65.2		SW	Overcast—light showers.
T 11	29.808	62.4	29.806	65.7	60	60.6	65.2	58.0	66.8		S	Overcast—light showers.—Light brisk wind, p.m.
F 12	30.138	62.6	30.210	65.9	54	57.1	65.9	53.2	66.7		SW	Fine—light haze.
S 13	30.499	60.9	30.491	63.6	50	57.2	63.2	48.0	64.6	.041	E	Fine—light brisk wind.—A.M. Cloudless. P.M. Light clouds.
⊙ 14	30.536	59.6	30.479	62.3	49	55.9	62.7	46.8	63.6		ENE	Fine.—A.M. Light haze. P.M. Clear—light clouds.
M 15	30.380	58.3	30.267	61.7	52	53.7	63.4	46.2	64.2		E	A.M. Foggy. P.M. Fine and cloudless—light wind.
T 16	30.047	59.7	30.008	62.4	53	58.9	68.2	49.9	68.4		E	Fine and cloudless—light wind and haze.
⊙ W 17	30.037	62.8	30.063	66.5	59	65.6	72.0	58.5	73.3	.055	E	A.M. Light fog. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless.
T 18	30.218	65.7	30.225	67.9	60	64.6	70.2	60.7	71.6		SE	Lightly overcast—light rain.
F 19	30.261	66.2	30.243	68.7	60	62.6	72.0	59.0	72.7		S	A.M. Foggy. P.M. Cloudy.
S 20	30.382	68.6	30.356	70.6	64	67.9	72.4	60.2	74.8		N	Fine and cloudless—light haze and wind.
⊙ 21	30.362	66.2	30.305	67.5	62	60.2	68.0	58.9	68.6	.092	NE	Lightly overcast and hazy—light wind.
M 22	30.245	64.9	30.190	67.8	59	60.0	64.6	57.5	67.3		NE	Heavy clouds—light wind.
T 23	30.235	61.2	30.208	63.9	48	54.3	59.8	47.2	61.8		ENE	{ Fine.—A.M. Cloudless—light haze and wind. P.M. Lightly cloudy.
W 24	30.204	59.6	30.111	62.5	47	55.3	60.3	50.3	62.4		N	Overcast and foggy.
T 25	30.212	59.0	30.162	62.0	50	55.9	62.9	48.8	63.4	.055	ENE	Fine—light wind.—A.M. Light clouds. P.M. Cloudless.
F 26	30.095	59.9	30.029	64.4	55	58.8	65.0	54.7	65.3		E	Lightly overcast and cloudy.—Light rain and wind, a.m.
S 27	29.876	62.2	29.920	61.7	60	62.3	65.8	58.8	66.9		SSW	Overcast.—Light rain, p.m.
⊙ 28	30.093	61.9	30.130	65.2	57	58.2	66.2	54.0	67.0		SW	Lightly cloudy.—Fine, p.m.
M 29	30.285	60.2	30.229	63.3	56	55.3	63.4	51.0	63.8	.092	ENE	A.M. Foggy—light wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless.
T 30	30.190	58.2	30.128	61.6	53	54.2	61.3	46.9	62.3		E	Fine and cloudless.
MEANS ..	30.114	62.9	30.089	65.7	55.8	59.8	65.8	54.1	67.3	.582	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillarity and reduced to 32° Fahr. .... { 9 A.M. 30.026 3 P.M. 29.992	

\*. Height of Cistern of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge—83 feet 2½ in.—Ditto, above the presumed mean level of the Sea—63 feet.—External Thermom. is 7 ft. higher than Barom. Cistern.—Height of Receiver of Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House—79 feet.

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## UNIVERSITY of LONDON.—FACULTY of ARTS and LAW. Session 1834-5.

The Classes will meet after the Vacation on WEDNESDAY, the 18th OCTOBER (instead of the 1st of November, as hitherto). The Rev. Robert Vaughan, Professor of History, will commence the business of the Session by a Lecture on a branch of his subject on the former day, at 9 o'clock precisely.

Latin....Thomas Hewitt Key, A.M.  
Greek....Henry Madden, A.M.  
English and Rhetoric....A. Rhile, L.L.D.  
French Language and Literature....P. F. Marlet, Esq.  
Italian Language and Literature....A. Panizzi, L.L.D.  
German Language....Dr. Hausmann.  
Hebrew....H. Harwitz, Esq.  
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Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic....F. Falconer, A.M.  
Philosophy of the Mind and Logic....Rev. J. Hoppin, A.M.  
History, Ancient and Modern....Rev. M. Vaughan, A.M.  
Political Economy (to commence in February)....J. R. Mac Culloch, Esq.  
English Law (to commence on the 2nd of November)....W. G. Laming, B.C.L.  
Jurisprudence....John Austin, A.M.  
Mathematics....G. J. P. White, A.M.  
Natural Philosophy and Astronomy....R. W. Ritchie, L.L.D.  
Civil Engineering (to commence after Christmas)....Duke.  
Geography....Captain Macconachie, R.N.  
Chemistry....Edward Farmer, M.D.  
Zoology....Robert F. Grant, M.D.  
Botany (to commence on the 1st April)....John Lindley, Ph.D.  
Geology (to commence early in February)....Dr. Turner, Dr. Grant, and Dr. Lindley.

The Junior School meet on the 23rd of September. Prospectuses may be obtained at the Office of the University; and at Mr. John Taylor's, Bookbinder, 20, Upper Gower-street.

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The Lectures for the ensuing season will be delivered on October 7, 14, 20, and Nov. 4, by Dr. Grant, F.R.S. &c., on subjects of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology.

October 21st—Professor Hoppin, on Taste.  
November 18th—Professor Vaughan, on the Monuments of Times.

November 18th—E. Atherstone, Esq., on the importance of the Study of Etymology.

November 25th—Dr. Turner, F.R.S. &c., on the first Principles of Chemistry.

December 2nd—The Rev. Dr. Ritchie, F.R.S. &c., on some branch of Natural Philosophy.

December 9th, 16th, January 13th & 20th—Robert Addams, Esq., on Acoustics.

During the remainder of the season lectures will be delivered on subjects to be announced hereafter by Dr. Hope, F.R.S., Dr. Birkbeck, F.G.S. &c., Dr. A. T. Thompson, F.L.S. &c., Dr. J. S. Burdett, Esq. M.P., W. M. Higgins, Esq. F.G.S., and by other eminent lecturers.

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Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 363.

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## REVIEWS

*An Account of the present state of the Island of Puerto Rico.* By Colonel Flinter. London: Longman & Co.

The design of this work is to make known the great and growing importance of the Spanish insular colonies in the western hemisphere—to urge on the Spanish government the importance of immediately recognizing the independence of the South American Republics, and to lay before the British people the practical results of free negro labour in Puerto Rico. Colonel Flinter enjoyed favourable opportunities for making correct observations, and he availed himself of them. Every page of his work bears the stamp and impress of truth,—he describes accurately what he had investigated patiently, and his work is, consequently, a mine of useful knowledge to those who wish to acquire practical information respecting the West Indies.

The island of Puerto Rico was, for more than three centuries, the Spanish Botany Bay; it was a penal colony, supported at a vast expense; its internal resources were neglected, and its trade virtually prohibited. In 1815 a salutary code of laws encouraged the planters to improve their estates, by removing all restrictions on the sale of their produce; and the happiness that resulted from this boon preserved the island for Spain, when the continental colonies threw off their allegiance. The year 1823, however, may justly be considered as the era from which Puerto Rico must date its prosperity; many wealthy merchants, terrified by the excesses of the continental republicans, sought a refuge in the island, and its population was still further increased by the natives of Old Spain, whom the new republics, with very questionable policy, had expelled from their territories. The capabilities of the island are said to be very great. Its salubrity is, in some degree, proved, by the healthy condition of the soldiers employed in garrisoning it; but Colonel Flinter justly argues that the climate is not the sole cause of the comparatively low rate of mortality in the Spanish army:—

"The Spanish soldier suffers less, and the British soldier more, from the effects of the West India climate, than those of any other nation. This may partly be attributed to the climate of Spain being warmer than that of England, and partly to the habitual abstinence of the Spanish soldier, who consumes little animal food, while the British soldier receives a large allowance of animal food and spirituous liquors. It is calculated that the French lose fifteen per cent. of their troops in the West Indies, and the British a still greater number. I recollect to have seen an English regiment of 1200 strong, which, in the course of the three autumnal months, lost 500 men in Jamaica, notwithstanding all the care and attention with which the British troops are attended to in the hospitals; and the average deaths of the British troops in the island of Trinidad, on an average

of five years, was 37 per cent. according to the government returns."

The highest praise is bestowed on the moral and social character of the islanders; crime is scarcely known in Puerto Rico, which, within the memory of man, was a receptacle for the refuse of the Spanish gaoles. The worst vice is cock-fighting, which appears to be a national passion. The following description of one planter and his family is said to be a fair specimen of the general character of the Xivaros:—

"Riding out one afternoon in the country, I was overtaken by one of those sudden showers of rain so common in tropical climates. I fled for shelter to the nearest house, which happened to be the cottage of a poor Xivaro. It was on the slope of a little hill, surrounded by plaitain trees, which did not appear to be carefully cultivated; and a large patch of sweet potatoes was close by. I placed my horse without ceremony under the projecting roof. I entered the humble dwelling with the usual salute, which is the same as in Ireland, 'God save all here;' which was courteously answered by the man of the house, who seemed to be about forty years of age. He was dressed in a check shirt and wide-linen drawers. He was coiled up in a hammock of such small dimensions that his body was actually doubled in two; one foot rested on the ground, with which he propelled the hammock to and fro; and at intervals with his great toe he turned a large sweet potatoe, which was roasting on a few embers placed on a bag on the ground close to him, and which no doubt was intended for his evening meal. He had a guitar in his hand, from which he produced sounds which appeared to me discordant, but seemed to please him exceedingly. On my entrance he turned on his side and offered me the hammock, which of course I refused to accept. Two small children, perfectly naked, were swinging to and fro in another small hammock and greedily devouring large roasted plaitains. The woman of the house was squatted on the floor, feeding four game-cocks, which were lodged in the best part of the house, while the husband every now and then would warn her not to give them too much corn or too much water. They received me with an urbanity unknown to the peasantry of northern Europe. They placed a large leaf of the palm tree over my saddle to protect it from the rain; and pressed me to sit down in the kindest manner. The host was very communicative: he gave me the whole pedigree of his game-cocks, and enumerated the battles they had won. He pointed one out to me which he said was 'a most delicate bird,' an expression made use of by the Xivaros to denote its great value; and he concluded by offering it to me as a present. Indeed, a Xivaro would form a very poor opinion of a person who could not discuss the merits of a game-cock. On going away they offered me their cabin with as much politeness as if it had been a palace, and hoped to see me again. I was forcibly struck with the native courtesy of these people; and it gratified me to observe the content and happiness they enjoy, without a thought for the present or a care for the future,—without wants, without wishes, without ambition."

The Colonel recommends the Spanish go-

vernment to establish a system of protecting duties, just at the moment that the world has been convinced of their absurd inefficiency. His reasoning, however, is founded on an anecdote worth quoting:—

"It may be asked, why do the colonies of France and England consume so much of the produce and manufactures of the mother countries, to the exclusion of the produce and manufactures of other powers, while the colonies of Spain consume so small a proportion of the produce of the Peninsula? The answer is very simple. The French and English protect their native industry and manufactures, by putting heavy duties on every class of foreign industry or manufactures that should come in competition with their own. Besides, the French and English have a species of national vanity, which makes them think their own manufactures superior to those of other nations; while, on the contrary, in Spain and her colonies there is a kind of mania for foreign goods, even, in many instances, when these are inferior to the same articles manufactured in the Peninsula. The industrious Catalans have been obliged to adopt the plan of putting labels on their goods, with the words 'London,' or 'Paris,' in order to be able to sell them to any advantage. I have observed frequently, both in this island and in Cadiz, persons enter a shop in order to purchase hats. Their first care was invariably to read the label on the inside, without even examining the quality. If they happen to see Barcelona, or any other Spanish manufacturing town inscribed therein, such is their contempt for the manufactures of their own country, that they put them aside, without so much as inquiring the price. A few days after the shopkeeper put on a label, with 'London,' or 'Paris,' on the very same hats; and they were sold immediately at a high price, and praised to the skies for their flexibility, lightness, colour, and quality."

It is not just to call this a ridiculous prejudice. From many causes, and from none more than systems of monopolies and protecting duties, the Spanish manufactures were, and probably are, both dear and bad; there are countless instances of a perverted taste for foreign luxuries, but nothing short of a long-established superiority will induce a nation to import absolute necessaries. We can relate an anecdote, a little more pertinent, we think, illustrating the impolicy of the protective system. A friend of ours, who was lately in South America, asked an old Guacho "What good did you get by the revolution?"—"Look, sir," was the reply, "before the revolution, a bad cotton shirt would sometimes cost me fifteen dollars, now I can get a shirt for less than one."

The humanity with which the Spaniards treated their slaves is well known, but equal publicity has not been given to the gratitude and fidelity which the slaves evinced in return. The following is highly honourable to both parties:—

"No stronger proof can be adduced to show the humane treatment of the Spaniards to their slaves, than a view of the revolution of South America. During the sanguinary struggle that took place in that unfortunate country, the revolutionary party often proclaimed liberty to

the slaves, to induce them to take up arms against the royal government. Far from taking advantage of this offer, all of them, with very few exceptions, remained on the estates, hiding themselves in the woods on the approach of the enemy; or they followed the fortune of their masters in emigration, or shared their dangers in the field. It is a fact equally true and worthy of remark, that the slaves belonging to a master who was a royalist invariably adhered to his principles, whilst, on the other hand, the slaves of the insurgents clung firmly to them through all the vicissitudes of revolutionary fortune. Again, when the whole slave population of the French part of the island of St. Domingo rose en masse, and destroyed everything and every white person they could lay hands on, it is a most remarkable fact, and speaks more in favour of the treatment of the Spaniards to their slaves than volumes of argument, that the Spanish negroes, who were close to the revolted French negroes in the same island, remained perfectly tranquil. They followed their usual occupations; and it was not until the constitution of the year 1820 had been established in the Peninsula, that Spanish St. Domingo fell a prey to the republic of Hayti. But, even then, when many white families emigrated, the slaves that could escape from the vigilance of the law which prohibited their emigration, followed their masters."

We must also make room for the following interesting anecdote:—

"The fidelity evinced by the slaves, and their honesty, under most trying circumstances, have often formed a strange contrast with their state of bondage. My father-in-law, Don Francisco Aramburco, was one of the wealthiest landed proprietors and ship-owners in Caraccas. In 1813, when the independent party drove the royalists out of the country and were fast pressing on the capital, he had upwards of 200,000 dollars in silver, which in the confusion he could not carry with him; and there was no alternative between the money falling into the hands of the enemy, or confiding it to his slaves. He had a coffee estate in the centre of an elevated ridge of mountains, five leagues from the city; thither was the money conveyed at night, under the care of two old black Africans, and buried in a room in the house. My father-in-law emigrated with his family to the island of Curaçao, in which I was in garrison. A year and a half afterwards, when the royal troops regained possession of the country, he returned, and found his money safe. In 1817, Don Francisco went to Spain, and carried with him the two faithful slaves, to whom he gave their liberty and a reward. These men are now in Cadiz."

At the present moment, the question as to the practicability of cultivating the West Indies by the labour of free negroes, is of such importance that we cannot pass by the evidence of so intelligent a witness:—

"I have already stated, that the sugar cane is cultivated by the labour of free men in Puerto Rico; I shall now bring additional proofs to show that it is also cultivated elsewhere by the same means. In the island of Margarita, formerly belonging to Spain, now forming a part of the republic of Colombia, all the sugar canes raised by free labour; and all the sugar and molasses made, and rum distilled, are produced by free labourers. It is true that the island does not produce a sufficient quantity of these articles for its own consumption, but this does not alter the question; it yields as much, or perhaps more, at present, than it did when cultivated by slaves. I speak not from hearsay: I have visited that island—I have been on every plantation—and I have observed the exertions and the industry of the free labourers. I shall only offer one example in this place in corroboration of this fact. A friend of mine, an Englishman, Doctor Emery, rented an estate in Margarita,

in the year 1824, from the Colombian government; it was called the Estancia, and is situated in the centre of the island, in the valley of Paraguachi. When the island was in possession of Spain, the estate belonged to a convent of monks; and on it were from fifty to sixty slaves. The republicans drove the monks off the island: the able-bodied slaves, in order to obtain their freedom, enlisted in the victorious army, and the estate became the property of the new government. The lands were divided among a great many poor persons, who paid a rent in kind, and the whole was rented to one person, who received the rents of the under-tenants, and paid government a certain yearly sum. One of the conditions under which the tenants held these lands was that they were obliged to sell to the head landlord, at harvest time, all the canes they might have raised, at a valuation. When I visited Margarita in June, 1827, there were upwards of a hundred families living on the lands, each with a comfortable cottage, a field of cane, Indian corn, and plantains, all most carefully cultivated. They worked for a shilling a day on the property of the landlord; and the young men who had no family to support, hired themselves as labourers, by the month, for about a pound sterling. They made sugar, distilled rum, and performed all the laborious work formerly done only by slaves; thus the landlord had his cane planted and cut without any trouble, and each tenant cultivated his plot of land with care, for on his industry depended the comforts of himself and family. I have heard old and intelligent neighbours say, that the estate thus cultivated produced considerably more than when in possession of the monks, and worked by slaves. All the sugar cane raised on that island is cultivated precisely in the same manner. There were six stills for making rum constantly at work, managed by free labourers, and supplied with sugar and molasses from the fields of the small tenants."

The following calculations, if accurate, and we see no reason to doubt their correctness, prove that free labour is more profitable to a colony than a system of slave cultivation:—

"According to a calculation which is considered to be correctly made, the island of Jamaica exported in 1823, with 342,382 slaves, 1,417,758 quintals of sugar, which was a year of great fertility in the West Indies; and Puerto Rico, with 45,000 slaves, at the highest calculation, produced 444,663 quintals: therefore Jamaica, with a number of slaves nearly nine times greater, yielded only about 3½ times more sugar, which clearly shows that free labour in Puerto Rico, contributes largely to produce even sugar. To the number of free labourers only can this difference be attributed, for it must be acknowledged that although the soil of Jamaica is not so fertile as that of Puerto Rico, yet the cultivation of the cane is much better understood. In the same year, the three British islands of Barbadoes, St. Vincent's, and Grenada, which, with the exception of Jamaica, produce most sugar of all the British Antilles, with the labour of 128,000 slaves, yielded 794,567 quintals of sugar: that is to say, that with more than three times the number of slaves, they produced less than double the quantity of sugar raised in one year in Puerto Rico. The same year, the whole of the British West India colonies, with 627,000 slaves, yielded only 3,005,366 quintals of sugar; which proves that with 15½ times more slaves, they only produced 7½ times more sugar than Puerto Rico. In 1821, 428,962 quintals of sugar, 20,758 quintals, 96 lbs. of coffee, and 1320 quintals of cotton, were produced in the Island of Guadaloupe, by the labour of 87,998 slaves; while Puerto Rico, with about half the number of slaves, moderately worked and humanely treated, produced, besides the quantity of sugar already stated, 25,000 quintals of coffee, 34,163

quintals of tobacco, and 9166 quintals of cotton, together with cattle, pepper, rice, and many minor productions. This simple enumeration of facts is sufficient to establish the advantages arising from, and the extent of, free labour in Puerto Rico."

We have been greatly pleased with this work, and sincerely wish that an equally intelligent observer would describe for us the other islands of the West Indies, and especially Cuba and Hayti.

*An Essay on the Archæology of Popular English Phrases and Nursery Rhymes.*  
By John Bellenden Ker. Southampton: Fletcher.

The Times has been sporting on this manor, and has hardly left a feather unruffled: we must, therefore, be content with a long shot.

The theory put forward in this strange work may be very briefly told. English and Anglo-Saxon (says Mr. Ker) were sister languages, and must have been, at one time, identical. Anglo-Saxon and Low-Saxon (what is now called Dutch) were the same: therefore, English and Dutch must have been at one time also the same. This being assumed, Mr. Ker proceeds to render our popular, and, as he says, unmeaning phrases into Dutch, and thence back again into meaning, and the result is, that "Hie! diddle, diddle," and "Diccory, diccory, dock," *et id genus omne*, turn out to be bitter satires against the church. The proceeding is strange, and the result startling; but, to quiet all suspicion, Mr. Ker assures the reader, that no Dutch "words have been employed which are not justified by written authorities in that language."

Now, had Captain Ross favoured us with translations into the language spoken in Boothia, we might have considered ourselves under obligations to him, even though conscious that there were some awful blunders. But, when a man professes a knowledge of the language of a people, living within a few hours' sail of our own shores, and we find him utterly ignorant of that language, we are certainly not bound to observe towards him the same considerate indulgence.

We do not mean to enter into the theoretical views of Mr. Ker—those might have been, under other circumstances, a subject of inquiry; for we have not the slightest hesitation in stating at the outset, that he is altogether ignorant of Dutch—of the language, either as spoken or written in Holland. Nay, that there is scarcely any phrase in his book, purporting to be Dutch, which has the slightest resemblance to that language. In all the variety of proverbs and sentences which he gives as Dutch, there is scarcely one which could be understood by a Dutchman; and we are willing to let this question be decided by reference to any man conversant with the language, or by any native, of whatever grade in society, from the industrious people who supply Billingsgate with eels, up to the Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the King of Holland.

If Mr. Ker really labours under the belief that he does understand Dutch, then we suspect that the question must be determined by others than critics, and that Mr. Ker's brother will shortly ask his friend the Lord Chancellor for his opinion on the subject; but, in plain sincerity, has not Mr. Ker been himself imposed on by some artful



member of the numerous Douterswivel tribe?—or, is the book intended to raise a national laugh at our national expense?—for assuredly it will furnish a rare opportunity for scorn and derision to all the dwellers on the banks of the Zuider Zee, who are conversant with English literature.

It does happen that many, perhaps the greater part of the English proverbs and sentences quoted by Mr. Bellenden Ker, have their exact counterpart in Dutch; and nothing but a total ignorance of the latter language could have prevented him, or his prompters (for, as we said before, there is such an air of sincerity about the work, that we cannot persuade ourselves it is the coinage of his own brain), from seeing that a literal translation might instantly be made, and that there was not the least occasion for the far-fetched and silly explanations which he endeavours to palm upon his readers.

For instance, the first proverb which he quotes is, "*To take the bull by the horns.*" This he translates and re-translates, and then tells us that it means "he seduces, or decoys the understanding by reason (argument); or more literally, he charms or enchants the head by the ears." Now, *bull* in English is *bul* in Dutch, *horns* is *horens*. What he says about a supposed Dutch verb *to lock* is utter nonsense, and so indeed is the whole of the explanation. In the real meaning of the proverb there is no question about *decoying* or *seducing*, or *charming* any one: again, *locken* is not, as he says, *to seduce* or *charm*; the truth is, that it is not Dutch at all.

It would be tedious and absurd to go through Mr. Ker's whole work after this fashion. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with some half dozen specimens from the opening pages, in proof of his ignorance of the Dutch language, on a knowledge of which the truth of his theory must rest.

"*Te patten de noose wil affonst.*"

"*Hij is nit aen de gelds busse.*"

"*De man is handsaem in hof.*"

"*Ijver doght haerst 'es deghe.*"

"*Set er begeerte aen gehoor's oock, end gij wel reedt toe 't creel.*"

This Dutch then, we do not hesitate to assert, is sheer nonsense—mere sound without meaning—in fact, nothing different from *abracadabra*, which may be Dutch for any thing Mr. Ker knows to the contrary. Briefly we may add, that nearly every sentence thus put forward as Dutch throughout the work is of the same character, and would be just as unintelligible to the citizens of Amsterdam as to the natives of Timbuctoo.

But, to enable such of our readers as are unacquainted with Dutch, to form an opinion for themselves, we shall select a sentence in which the similarity of language is obvious; for example, "*As still as a mouse.*" is, in Dutch, "*Zoo stil als een muis.*" and the signification corresponds exactly. Mr. Bellenden Ker, however, informs us, that the meaning is, *as noiseless as the incoming perception of the mind; as secret as the stroke of a thought, as inaudible as the goings on of the mind.* Nonsense! there is no more of these shallow metaphysics in the Dutch proverb than in the English; the words, as the reader may observe, are nearly the same in both languages, and their meaning is perfectly identical. However, as there is a spice of good in things evil, so among the host of Dutch proverbs which Mr. Ker misinter-

prets, there is one which he translates correctly—here it is:—"*Het schort hem in de bol.*"—*He is wrong in the head.* And his book is an illustration of what a man *wrong in the head* may sometimes do—viz. write on subjects of which he is totally ignorant; and Mr. Ker may rest assured that every Dutchman into whose hands his work may chance to fall, will, after reading it, exclaim, "*Het schort hem in de bol.*"—*He is wrong in his head.*

France, Social, Literary and Political. By Henry Lytton Bulwer, Esq. M.P.

[Second Notice.]

OF the several distinct portions, or dissertations, contained in Mr. Bulwer's volumes, the article on 'Crime,' will probably prove the most interesting to the reflecting reader, though it is, in fact, little more than "a reading" upon Mons. Guerry's statistical tables. In our remarks on that work, (vide *Athenæum*, No. 303) we noticed the conclusions to which Mons. Guerry seemed to lead—that crimes increase with the spread of information. Of this inference Mr. Bulwer approves: he remarks, that

"It is not, then, merely on account of M. Guerry's figures that I think the conclusion at which he arrives probable, and likely to be just. No one ever yet pretended to say that in Italy, where there was most civilization during the middle ages, there was the least crime;" [what can this possibly have to do with the argument?] "and I do not place much faith in the philosopher who pretends that the knowledge which develops the passions is an instrument for their suppression; or that where there are the most desires there is likely to be the most order, and the most abstinence in their gratification. It is more candid and more wise for the advocate of knowledge to take a larger and a broader ground: to admit at once the existence of two principles, by which the world has ever yet been divided—to admit that the sources of power and pleasure are also the sources of crime and vice—that where there is good there will be evil; for nature is governed by one law, and the stream of civilization but resembles that mysterious river which folds the crocodile in the same wave that is also charged with the golden seeds that shall fertilize the soil."

This quotation affords a tolerable specimen of the more prominent defects which beset Mr. Bulwer's reasonings. Here is a mixture of truth and error, a deceptive glitter of what is only half-thinking,—the whole concluded by a "foolish figure" about "the crocodile" and "the golden seeds," which means nothing, and illustrates nothing. Mr. Bulwer speaks of "the knowledge which develops the passions," as if knowledge and passion were simple entities; just as he might say, sulphuric acid effervesces with carbonate of potash. Does he not know that there are different kinds of knowledge, having different bearings on the passions? and that there are different passions differently affected by the same development of intelligence? Human conduct is a conjoint result of the physical constitution of the subject as to particular passions—of the externals which excite those passions—and of the sum of the individual's knowledge, enabling him to combine the present with the past and the future. Where the passions are strong, or where the excitements are violent, man can make little effective use of this acquired knowledge: reason may convince, but it will not always deter-

mine. But it is the peculiar characteristic of civilization to break down the force of particular passions, by multiplying desires. The strength of one passion is the weakness of the others; and civilization, by opposing one tendency to another, diminishes the violence of all. It is this state of mind especially that calls for intellectual illumination; and, fortunately, it is precisely where civilization is advanced, that the desire for education is active, and that knowledge is diffused. It is a manifest absurdity, then, to assert, that in a complicated state of society the man who can read and reflect is, *ceteris paribus*, more likely to go wrong than he who cannot. The error in Mr. Bulwer's reasoning, supported, as it is supposed to be, by Mons. Guerry's figures, is this: that in adding up the crimes of certain civilized districts, they both overlook the sum of virtues co-existent with them. In Paris, for instance, there are a thousand obvious reasons why petty larceny offences should, independently of education, be more numerous than in the *landes* near Bordeaux. But, *per contra*, what an infinitely greater sum of probity, fidelity, industry, and forbearance exists in any one street in the capital, than can be mustered in any simpler aggregation of the species.

Again, the best possible education can do little for morals or happiness where the necessities of the moment press so hard as to shut out all consideration of the past and the future. Society must have insured a daily supply of food, before it can find leisure to be wise and just; and the same is true of individuals. Equal education, therefore, if under such circumstances equal education were possible, would be inefficient to virtue, where excessive inequality of wealth prevails. What is commonly called education more especially (that is, reading and writing), is of no use to a population so poor as to have neither time for reading, nor accounts for recording. These acquirements, *per se*, make no real change in the condition of the man, and therefore cannot be expected to influence his conduct. How vague, then, must be any conclusion respecting education when it is viewed *per se*, and without reference to other agencies. Of the inefficiency of mere reading and writing, Mr. Bulwer is indeed fully aware—

"In giving instruction," he says, "we create a power which, if left to itself, may produce more good than evil,—which will always produce good with evil—but which it is still our duty to govern and direct, in order to make it produce as much good and as little evil as possible; and if we wish to make ourselves sure of its results,—if we wish from afar to see, to regulate, and to rejoice in its effects, we must not only *fill the mind*, we must *form the character*—we must not only give *ideas*, we must give *habits*; we must make education *moral* as well as *intellectual*—we must give men great designs and good desires, at the same time that we invite them to exertion, and make easy to them the paths of ambition."

In these remarks there is much justice, as far as the premises are concerned. Education is a power available alike to good or evil, and the history of society is full of instances of the most splendid talents and acquirements having afforded the means only of a more efficient mischief. But there is, we suspect, a tendency to error in the conclusion, and it lies in the two words "*we must*," which involve, we fear, an

over estimate of the power of laws and police regulations,—of public instructors and public discipline. We have ourselves great faith in the possible disciplining of the public mind, by well regulated public instruction; but this sort of Act of Parliament morality—mark you the absolute *must*—is, we fear, almost as chimerical as an Act of Parliament uniformity of religion. When law has removed all unwholesome impediments to individual action, when it has abolished all undue privileges interfering with the natural distribution of wealth and the free exercise of talent, it has made virtue feasible—many believe that it has then completed its mission: we do not; but we stop very far short of Mr. Bulwer's absolute *must*.

Mr. Bulwer's essay on 'Literary Influence' will likewise be read with interest by all who are capable of reflection. Of all the phenomena of the French Revolution, the influence and authority of literary persons in politics is the most singular and striking in the eyes of the stranger. Speaking of the man of letters, the author says—

"He is the person in France that he cannot be in America, for there is no superstition for the arts in America; the vanity of wealth, the natural consequence of a nation depending wholly on its industry and its commerce, predominates over the diviner thoughts, and more graceful occupation of letters. He is the person in France that he cannot be in Germany,—for in Germany a 'Don' before your name is a matter of social necessity, for in Germany to be 'well born,' or to be 'nobly born,' or to be 'right-nobly born,' is a matter submitted to historical rules, and the superscription of a letter demands the professional study, the most accurate knowledge, the nicest distinctions. He is the person in France that he cannot be in England,—for, in England, politics is the only passion of the man, fashion the only idol of the women,—for, in England, to be a blockhead is far more pardonable than to live in a bad street,—for, in England, to have voted against the house and window tax, would win you more favour, than to have written the profoundest work on legislation."

Upon the influence of literary men, Mr. Bulwer has hazarded a speculation, which, to a certain extent, is as true as it is refined:

"Some of you," he says, "still think in your hearts, perhaps, that it is only to the press, to the chamber, to the long number of republican laws and free constitutions, which have succeeded with so much rapidity in France, that a mere man of letters became all of a sudden so proud a title. It is just the reverse—it is not because there was liberty, but because there was despotism; it was not because there was a free press, but because there was no free press; it was not because there was a popular assembly, but because there was no popular assembly—that literary men, as the only organs of enlightened opinion, became, towards the latter end of the old régime, a second estate in the realm, and, possessing extraordinary power, obtained an hereditary respect."

The action of despotism in forming the character of French literature and French literati, is very apparent. To what else may be attributed the wit, the *finesse*, the self-readiness of illusion, which distinguish the French works of the eighteenth century? There was a perpetual fencing school kept open in the printing office, where Church and State on the one side, and Liberty and Philosophy on the other, were daily striving for mastery: the one laboured to scatter truths, the other to adulterate, disguise, or wholly

suppress them. The theatre also, the only public assembly tolerated under the ancient régime, was made an especial vehicle for promulgating opinion—not only detached sentiments, of a liberal complexion, were smuggled into circulation, under the cloaks of the heroes of distant climes and ages, but whole plays were written with a special view to some particular dogma. Of this, Voltaire's 'Mahomet,' and Beaumarchais's 'Figaro,' are remarkable instances. The literati, on the other hand, as a corps, formed a close aristocracy, reposing on the Academy, as the Academy reposed on the Throne. Literature was, *pro tanto*, therefore, conservative, at least in seeming; and its conservatism (defeated as to the main point) entrenched itself the more deeply as to the form. To this cause are owing the classicity of French literature, the long reign of Aristotle and the unities, and the servile fear of what was either innovating or ignoble. Against this combination of habit and feeling, even the Revolution itself, as Mr. Bulwer has well remarked, could not at first prevail; and it was not till the revival of literature, with the universal peace established by the restoration, that a decided change took place. Then, indeed, men of letters found a new public to address, new ideas to disseminate, and a new world of opinion to expatiate in; and they abandoned, as by common consent, the old forms, as being no longer applicable. The "romanticism of the nineteenth century," says Lady Morgan, when writing on this subject, "like protestantism in the sixteenth, is but a term invented to express the principle of mental independence, by which men claim the right to think after their own unshackled judgments, and to express their thoughts in such forms and combinations as their own perceptions dictate, or the state of society demands." The exclusion of the youth of France from the Chamber of Deputies, while it attached the literature of the country the more firmly to the cause of liberalism, contributed largely to put the rising generation against the declining, and to shake their allegiance to everything that had the air of authority. The consequence has been, not only a new school of history, and of the drama, of which Mr. Bulwer has treated—but a new philosophy, a new style of fictitious narrative, of poetry, and in every other department of literary labour.

The remarks which Mr. Bulwer has made upon the false principle adopted by modern dramatists, are well founded and acute. It is a great error to imagine that anything true to nature, and therefore likely to survive, can proceed from the grafting of one ennobling passion or sentiment upon a nature otherwise thoroughly abandoned. The combination is monstrous and impossible, and, we think, Mr. Bulwer has been only too liberal in the concession of power to scenes which most Englishmen will consider as purely extravagant. Upon the writings of Dumas and Victor Hugo, the great supporters of this school, we would however remark, that the merit of their productions is their own—the faults those of their age. The new literature, in breaking bounds, and quitting the beaten path, rushed upon an uncultivated wild. The old conventional taste overthrown, a new taste was yet to be formed. The prevailing thought of the moment was, that as whatever is old is bad, whatever is

the most opposed to the old, must be good. Thus, wild reveries superseded artificial forms, St. Simonianism and mystical religion were substituted for scepticism, and melodrama succeeded to tragedy. The last twenty years have been an epoch of transition in French literature; and the heaving mass of new productions was a chaos. Better things, however, are at hand. The vigour and youthful freshness will remain, and the fantastic phantom-like crudities will be abandoned. The literature of France is instinct with life. Whether the Reform Bill, and the consequent changes, will have a like refreshing influence upon English literature, remains to be seen. We hope for the best.

*Popular Geology subversive of Divine Revelation.* By the Rev. H. Cole. London: Hatchard & Son.

We had believed that the days were gone when any man would venture "to deal damnation round the land." Mr. Cole labours to prove that we were mistaken. Some passages in Professor Sedgwick's commencement sermon, which we noticed at the time as a rare example of sound philosophy united with sound theology, do not coincide, it appears, with Mr. Cole's interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis; and this he deems sufficient ground for heaping on the heads of geologists in general, and the professor in particular, all the abusive epithets accumulated by the *odium theologum* of past ages. Ignorant of geology, manifestly unable to appreciate the scope of Sedgwick's reasoning, unacquainted with the letter of the Old Testament or the spirit of the New, Mr. Cole assumes a more than papal infallibility, and pronounces his anathemas with a complacency that would be fearful if it were not ludicrous.

The proof he gives of the anti-scriptural tendency of geological science is, that it does not quadrate with Luther's commentary on the book of Genesis, as understood by Mr. Cole—an authority, we presume, greater than that of Moses himself, for it will require very few words to show that Mr. Cole's theory contradicts the express words of Genesis. The *וַיָּבֵר* and *וַיַּבְרֵךְ* correctly rendered in our translation, "without form and void," are said by Luther to signify "formless and *tenacious*," by which Mr. Cole supposes is meant utter destitution of animal life. Now Isaiah uses the word *וַיָּבֵר* to describe the desolation of Idumea, though he declares at the same time, "the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it." If then Mr. Sedgwick be wrong in supposing that organized existence is not incompatible with the state called *Bohu*, Isaiah is equally wrong; but we think that the prophet was just as likely to understand Hebrew as Mr. Cole. It is sufficiently known to all scholars, that Mr. Sedgwick's expression, "an expanded nebulousity," is a signification that the Hebrew description of chaos will very well bear.

Mr. Cole further insists, that every one of the six demi-urgic days, was an ordinary day "of twenty-four hours." But the Bible distinctly states, that measures of time were not constituted before the fourth day, when the sun and moon were appointed "for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years," consequently his introducing a delu-

nite measure of time before that period, is a contradiction of the Mosair testimony. Every scholar knows that the Hebrew word *וְ*, is frequently used by the sacred writers for an indefinite period of time. Having thus shown on what mistaken grounds Mr. Cole has ventured to charge Professor Sedgwick with infidelity, we shall select one of the least offensive specimens of the temper in which the charge is urged :—

"And yet it is in this fair, lucent, holyfield of everlasting truth, that the impious progeny of infidelity have ever delighted to deposit their accursed spawn. It is beneath this self-evident surface of heavenly Verity, that infernal policy has ever exulted in sinking its hell-deep pit-fall of satanic interrogation."

Nay, Mr. Cole quotes exultingly in a note, "Thine hand shall find out all thine enemies and thy right hand shall find out those that hate thee."

We shall not enter into any examination of Mr. Cole's own speculations, respecting the origin of the world, the nature of the Henthen Mythology, the Catholic Question, or the foundation of Ethical Philosophy; they constitute a case for his physician rather than his critic. Indeed, we should hardly have noticed his ravings at all, were it not that such intolerance is seriously injuring the cause of true religion. We, however, still believe that the world is rapidly advancing in common sense, and that ere long the last of the bigots will be as much an object of curiosity as the last of the pig-tails.

*The Court of Sigismund Augustus; or, Poland in the Sixteenth Century.* By Alexander Bronikowski. Done into English by a Polish Refugee. 3 vols. London: Longman & Co.

A work like the one now before us, delineating scenes in the court, the senate, the inn, the university, during what is considered the golden age of Polish history, written by a Pole, and translated by a Polish exile, advances a threefold claim on the attention of every friend of that heroic people, whose present condition forms so mournful a contrast to the pictures of wealth, and splendour, and national independence exhibited in these volumes. Here we see the Pole and Lithuanian casting a look of proud contempt on the barbarous Muscovite, and denizens of a court whose monarch claimed kindred with the royal houses of Spain and Austria, and who stood second to none, in an age of rapid intellectual advancement, in his patronage of literature and luxurious refinement: no wonder that the translator affixes to one of his chapters the emphatic word "Fumus." "The Court of Sigismund Augustus" is, indeed, an admirable novel,—not one of the old pattern, depending for its interest on the fortunes of foundlings of the forest or the cavern, who, by means of death-bed confessions or intercepted letters, are found out to be of "right royal" parentage; or the heart-breaking sorrows of some blue-eyed maiden and dark-haired youth, who at length find happiness in a title and ten thousand a year;—but it is, in the best sense of the words, an historical novel, presenting characters who played important parts in that great drama which, during the sixteenth century, was acting in every part of Europe; and it delineates them with a force, a vividness, and a perfect

keeping, that makes us almost mistake the novelist for the historian. When to this praise we add, that the translation is admirable, we are sure we can do no better than recommend our readers forthwith to get the work, and add their favourable suffrages to our own. Meanwhile, we shall select a few specimens. The following exhibits the religious and intellectual enthusiasm which pervaded many a university besides Cracow, when learning and the reformed faith marched hand in hand throughout Europe :—

"Whilst the brilliant assembly we have just left in the splendid halls of the castle sat down at midnight to a magnificent supper, and endeavoured to forget their different causes of anxiety in the festivities in which they were engaged, the spacious rooms of the Eagle Inn at Cracow were also filled with guests. The noble retainers of different magnates occupied the tables, deeply engaged in drinking and talking; further on, the rich burghers of Cracow conversed upon the events of the day; while in a corner many young men, disciples of the Lyceum, dressed in black, like priests, and with straight hanging hair, silently quaffed their cups of mead."

A patrol of drunken soldiers interrupt this harmony; and at the command of the university chief beadle, all the students, excepting one, prepare to retire. Paul Ordenga, who is attached to the reformed faith, resists, and his example is followed by some others, who regret that the newer system of learning pursued in the lately founded Protestant schools is not followed at Cracow. These indications of discontent are artfully fomented by a spy of the Queen Dowager Bona Sforza, a woman who, both in talent and in wickedness, bears a singular resemblance to Catherine de Medici, and a general conflict ensues :—

"Valenty now became aware of the critical position of Ordenga, and exclaimed in a thundering voice, 'God forbid that anybody should suffer for having taken the part of a noble retainer of Tarnowski! Desist, ye infamous hang-man knaves! How dare you lay violent hands on a nobleman?' 'With your permission,' answered the beadle with a blustering importance, 'as far as concerns your worthy person you are free to depart, but the alumnus is subject to the jurisdiction of the rector, whose executive power is entrusted to me, and of which this staff is the token. I have not the least idea of letting him loose, having once caught him, because he has long since been noted by the authorities as a novator, sectator, and a seducer of his young patron; and even now he spoke about the sinful freedom of thought. Although I do not understand the signification of this word, I well know that the most reverend Prelendary has the greatest horror of such things.' 'Is that your justice, ye stupid fanatics?' cried Bielawski. 'But what business have I to argue with you? I ask you, once for all, will you let sir Ordenga free on security, as it is customary?' But when the beadle answered this question only by shaking his head in sign of denial, and his men continued to bind the scholar, Valenty's sword began to play again; one of the binders fell back with a bloody head, and the other, howling with pain, pressed his hands on his wounded side. 'Broken peace! violence against the servants of the law!' cried the rector's hand. 'Down with the priest's knaves!' answered the young men, who had already delivered their comrade from his bonds. 'Away with all monkish constraint! Freedom of thought and action! *Vivat* freedom!' The noise resounding from the inn attracted another detachment of the patrol: the room was filled with armed people. The newly arrived patrol pressed the others forward, so

that Valenty and his friends would soon have been too much confined to make use of their weapons; neither could they have effected their escape, through the overwhelming numbers of their opponents, had not two of the students leaped through the window, and ran with the greatest haste to the school premises. 'Out, commilitones!' cried they under the windows of the college; 'out; we are attacked by the *Philistines*!' and they were answered by the greater part of their companions with a joyful shout. Soon the gates and wickets of the college were opened, and a swarm of half-dressed scholars rushed from thence, and followed their companions to the Eagle Inn. . . .

"The arrival of so many new scholars gave a very different turn to the passing events. . . . The Prelendary's guards, attacked violently from both parties, were compelled to give way, and many a one of them had received a bloody remembrance of that night's work. . . .

"The ire of the youthful students had evaporated, the vengeance against their oppressors being satisfied: they stood in the street, silently looking at each other, and not knowing what to do. They did not think it advisable to return to the college, after all that had happened, many of them foreseeing, in imagination, the imprisonment and corporeal punishments which the implacable severity of the rector would infallibly inflict on them, whilst the impossibility of leaving the town, quite unprepared and scarcely dressed, pressed on their minds. . . . Paul Ordenga suddenly stepped forward, and addressing his companions, exclaimed, 'Wherefore do you stand here, comrades, in a trembling uncertainty? Do you repent that, after long restraint and subjection, you have defended your rights as citizens of the town and future masters of liberal arts? Will you return and crave pardon which will not be granted? Will you stretch your hands to the fetters, and crouch to the scourge, which yon Czarnkowski, with his monks and jailers, have already prepared for you? They call us freethinkers and heretics; well, let us make those names a mark of distinction, and prove to our oppressors that we have lighted a brand which will not be easily extinguished. A ray of light has shed its blessed influence in the den where superstition and casuistical hypocrisy held their sway. Luther, Melancthon, and Calvin have shaken to the foundation that edifice of pride and hypocrisy raised by the priests, to the exclusion of truth and true religion. Let us leave these tottering walls, and wander through the world, as many of our brothers have done already. Youth, strength, and a clear conscience are our only wealth. The sun of heaven shines brightly in all parts of the world. Even in our own country we shall find many who can and will assist us in defence of the truth. Many of our illustrious senators are convinced of the errors of the Romish Church. Many of its priests have abjured its false tenets, preferring divine truth to all the riches of the world. . . . Up, commilitones, and follow me! We shall begin our new career in the name of light and freedom!' . . .

"Attended by many lords and retainers, Albert Frederick of Brandenburg, Duke of Prussia, was riding back from the royal entertainment to his lodgings. On approaching his dwelling he saw the place before the palace brightly illuminated by torches, and he heard a confused noise and wild singing. Astonished by such an extraordinary scene, he stopped his horse, and ordered one of his retainers to ride on and inquire if the scene before his eyes was what he suspected, or perhaps even wished it to be, though not precisely at that moment and in that manner. A general shout resounded from the crowd: 'Hail to the Duke of Prussia, the protector of the freedom of conscience and of truth! Hail to the illustrious patron of science



and liberal arts! Hail, hail to him!" Immediately after this salutation, many deputies of the scholars came forward, and requested him, in a well-arranged speech, to patronize their intention to quit Cracow, in order to finish their studies at the Protestant universities. If circumstances had permitted the Brandenburgian Prince to act according to his wishes, he would certainly have lent a favourable ear to the students' request.

"He listened to them thoughtfully, much perplexed with the difficulties of his situation. When they had ended, he replied, that it did not become him to be the patron of a party in the vicinity of His Majesty Sigismund Augustus, their common master, on whose wisdom and mercy they might rely, as it was known that the King did not suffer any one to be persecuted for his religious opinions; that they should be of good cheer, and that he would do everything in his power for them. He begged they would give him room to enter his dwelling, it being already late; and he advised them to abstain from every riotous action, which would certainly injure even the best cause. Having thus spoken, he gave spurs to his horse, and galloped with his retinue into the gate of the palace, which was immediately closed behind them.

"Their reception by the Duke of Prussia did not at all answer the overstrained expectations of our young friends. The fiery zeal of the novators began once more to subside; many of them surrounded Paul Ordenga with bitter reproaches for having led them into such a perilous action; when a little wicket in the Brandenburgian's dwelling opened slowly, and some muffled men came forth and mingled themselves among the students. At the same time appeared, from another side, different persons, who were supposed to be the servants of the Palatine of Lublin and of the great cupbearer of Lithuania. They also walked through the crowd, and entered into secret conversation with the several groups. Fear and uncertainty quickly disappeared, and the scholars, singing an old Latin song, marched with the greatest order in pairs to an adjoining open place, where they encamped, by the light of torches, to enjoy in fraternal concord the store of food and liquors which those mysterious persons plentifully distributed among them."

We must give the sequel from the following chapter:—

"At this moment a loud singing of numerous voices resounded from the bottom of the hill on which the royal castle stood, and at the same time footsteps were heard in the antechamber; the folding-doors were thrown open, and Sigismund Augustus entered.

"Bona Sforza advanced some steps to meet the King, and said with an expression of surprise, 'What happy accident has afforded us the pleasure of seeing our royal son at such an unwonted hour?' 'We are much surprised that Your Majesty is still unaware of the circumstance which induces us to intrude now upon your presence,' answered Sigismund Augustus with great animation, and refusing to take the seat which his mother offered to him: 'It is known to all Cracow, and we see in this assembly many a lord who is able to give Your Majesty ample information about this business.' 'It is true that a report of a riot among the students has reached us, but we hope it is already appeased.' The Queen, uttering these words, approached a large projecting window which overlooked the high-road below; the King followed her, and occupied a place at the same window. Meanwhile the singing continued to approach; and a long train, winding round the hill, began to appear on the road. Four hundred young men, marching two and two, preceded by white banners, were singing with a loud voice the 119th Psalm, arranged in Polish verse by Paul Ordenga for the use of the new doctrine. When the train was

arrived under the window, some of the students raised their eyes. In an instant every head was uncovered, and a unanimous shout, '*Vivat Rex!*' resounded from their ranks. Some of the scholars uttered the name of the Queen Bona, but without any sign of respect or attachment. Sigismund said to his mother, with an expression of anger, 'Your Majesty can now judge yourself how far the riot, caused by untimely severity, if not by something worse, is appeased.' The Queen, deeply engaged in gazing on this train, paid no attention to the words of her son, and muttered to herself, 'What fine handsome young men they are; and how many among them belong to the noblest families of the kingdom! Many of these young wanderers would have become worthy members of the state, and firm supporters of the throne.' 'And also of the church,' added, with a sigh, the Primate, who was standing behind the Queen. The King stood silent awhile, then covered his face with his hands, as if he wished to conceal his deep emotion. The Palatine of Lublin approached his monarch, and said in a low voice, 'Your Majesty seems to be painfully affected by this sight. I understand these feelings, and partake the grief of my sovereign.' 'Can a father remain indifferent when he sees hundreds of his children abandon the paternal house?' exclaimed Sigismund Augustus. 'It is your duty, my lord of Lublin, to protect these inexperienced youths, who wander now in the wide world, for the sake of your religion. Take care that they shall be received into the schools of Dantzic, Posen, and Lublin.' 'Your Majesty's orders shall be fulfilled,' said Firley; 'and many of these young wanderers will certainly prove to be worthy of Your Majesty's paternal solicitude, by their future services to their King and to their country.'"

All the scenes in which Sigismund appears, and especially those in which he is represented in the midst of his turbulent nobles at the Diet, are sketched with much spirit. Here is one that might be placed side by side with that of the lords of the congregation in 'The Abbot':—

"Sigismund Augustus ascended the throne, on either side of which stood the marshals Kmity and Firley, holding long silver staves in their hands. Below, to the right, upon seats covered with scarlet cloth, were seated the bishops, dressed in the garments of their spiritual dignity, and having at their head the primate of the realm, Vincent Dzierzowski. To the left of the throne were the seats of the temporal senators; and the first of them was occupied by the Castellain of Cracow, who held in his hand a staff of cedar-wood set with precious stones, the badge of the Grand General's dignity, with which he was invested. The number of the temporal senators, who were placed in a wide semicircle, was so great that they occupied two rows, of which the second, composed of the minor castellans, sat on benches; while opposite to them were the cross-bearers of the bishops, who filled up the space left unoccupied by the smaller number of the spiritual lords. Near the steps of the throne, on the right side, was a table, covered with a costly cloth, on which were placed golden implements for writing, with the great seal of the kingdom, and near it sat the Chancellor of the Crown; to the left, a similar table with the lesser seal, and at it the Vice-Chancellor and the Grand Secretary of the Crown. The Grand Ensignbearer of the Crown, holding the banner of Poland with the white eagle; and the same officer of the Grand Duchy being absent, his deputy bearing the banner with the Lithuanian horseman, stood next to the Marshals. They were followed by the Ensignbearers of Russia, Prussia, and the other provinces, and by the Swordbearer of the Crown with the *szcebiec*, or the sword of the heroic Boleslaw. The Grand

Chamberlains, one with a gold and the other with a silver key; the Grand Carver, with a large, richly-set carving-knife; and the other dignitaries of the Crown, and some of the Grand Duchy, formed in two rows, and all glittering with gold and jewels. The King wore on his head what was commonly called the House crown, set with diamonds, rubies, and sapphires; he had a long sceptre in his hand; and was vested in a mantle, with a long train of blue velvet, and sprinkled with white eagles embroidered in silver."

The equestrian order are anxious to dissolve the marriage which Sigismund had lately contracted with the beautiful Barbara Radziwill; but aware of his decisive character, and of his popularity, they proceed to a stormy debate, hinting the subject of their objections, but each unwilling to allude to it more directly. At length the Chancellor commences reading the protocol:—

"The Palatine of Lublin looked attentively and significantly at the monarch, and his lips moved seemingly in a low whisper, while Kmity's countenance, glowing with anger and contracted by a forced smile, appeared like the torch of sedition, ready to set all around him on fire. The Primate and the Bishop of Przemyśl exchanged significant glances, sometimes directing their looks on Gorka, who showed by his gestures the impatience he felt for the moment when he might express his sentiments. The Bishop of Cracow sat with clasped hands, as if addressing a silent prayer to the Ruler of hearts in that eventful hour; and the Bishop of Cujavia, seemingly lost in meditation, kept his eyes fixed on his episcopal cross. The inflexible republican Raphael Leszczynski turned the proud head which he had consented to bow before the symbol of the Christian faith, as if he would discover what impression his sentiments were likely to produce on the minds of those present. Tarowski, apparently exhausted from his early efforts, leaned back on his seat; and Peter Boratynski was standing at the head of the Nuncios, who were now becoming agitated, with his eyes fixed on the King, as if to penetrate those secret feelings which, in spite of every effort, became continually more visible on Sigismund's countenance. The hoary Chancellor alleged a sudden indisposition, and in a trembling voice requested his colleague to take on himself the reading of the next article. The Vice-Chancellor Saydlowiecki took the protocol, and looked on it a long time, being unable to utter a single word. A long pause passed in this oppressive silence, when at last Firley said, with the composure that never forsook him, 'The King commands that the reading of the protocol be continued.' 'Fifthly and lastly,' began the Vice-Chancellor with an almost inarticulate voice, 'the republic reminds His Majesty that he is not at liberty to decide, without the consent of the states, in any important matters concerning the welfare of the republic, such as declaring war, concluding peace, and especially—[here he lowered his voice]—in the choice of a consort.' The magic word which was to call into life all the contending passions and opinions was now uttered; an ominous murmur rang through the hall, many senators rose from their seats, and the Nuncios advanced some steps nearer to the throne."

This is followed by a spirited, but jesuitical speech from the Primate, and a most eloquent one from the king's faithful friend, the Bishop of Cracow; but we must conclude, again recommending the work to our readers, and again expressing our surprise at the perfect command of our language which the translator possesses. We hope he will soon redeem the pledge he gives us

in his interesting and well-written preface, and lay before the public "some more serious narrative of those extraordinary events which marked the conflicts of the established and reformed religions—events which form one of the most romantic pages in the history of modern Europe."

#### THE ANNUALS FOR 1835.

Time is to us, at the slowest, so well-winged a spirit, that all eras and anniversaries which remind us that we are growing old, come too soon;—how unwelcome then must be these early remembrancers that the sands of 1834 are nearly run out! Unless some stop be put to this premature haste, we shall be startled with a "*Fugit hora*" in Midsummer, and precipitated, as it were, into the midst of cold Christmas while the leaves are yet fresh on the trees, and before the merry harvest is half over. Seriously—this departure from the original period of the appearing of these gay and graceful volumes is unmeaning, and therefore to be deprecated. Four of the *Annals* for 1835 have already reached us; so that, what with the "season" being protracted till August, and these new-year's offerings coming before us early in autumn, we run a moderately good chance of having winter all the year round.

*The Oriental Annual*.—We see no reason for abating any of the good-will towards this very beautiful and interesting book, which it was our pleasant duty to express a twelvemonth ago. Its plates, giving us lively representations of the scenes, and buildings, and people, and wild creatures of the East, we have noticed elsewhere; but in turning them over again, while occupied with the letter-press, we were struck, at every fresh architectural subject, with the reflection which some of the splendid buildings in Mr. Roscoe's *Annual* had before awakened—how comparatively little is known of any style of building, except of the Greek temple and the Gothic minster, and how much beauty and variety yet remain as a sealed book to our architects. When we look at some of the graceful mosques and tombs presented to us by Mr. Daniell's pencil, we are tempted to ask ourselves, (as we were by some of those magnificent Moorish interiors,) whether modern art, amongst us, may not be too much tied in by a jargon of words and systems; and whether we might not beneficially avail ourselves of the thousand fantastic and beautiful examples scattered over the Peninsula and the plains of Hindostan, though they may not exactly come within the pale of classic architecture.

But we must come back from these speculations, to speak of the letter-press of this *Annual*—or rather, to let it speak for itself. Of the marvels of the "rare land of the East," we have not a few here presented to us. Some of them give us information upon matters of natural history which was new to us; as, for instance, this passage concerning one of the terrors of a tropical climate:—

"It is generally imagined," says Mr. Caunter, "and by persons too who have been some time resident in India, that the cobra di capello, exhibited by the jugglers in this country, is perfectly harmless, in consequence of its fangs being extracted by these practised adepts in the art of legerdemain; but this is alto-

gether a mistake. The fangs are positively not extracted; and the creature is presented to the spectator, possessing all its natural powers of mischief unimpaired. The bite from a snake shown by any one of these itinerant conjurers, would as certainly prove fatal as from one encountered in the jungle. This will, perhaps, appear strange to those who have heard of these reptiles being constantly shown in the houses of the curious, and more especially, when they are told that this snake is frequently permitted to put its head against the cheeks of the children of those who show them.

"The dexterity of the jugglers in managing these dangerous reptiles is truly extraordinary. They easily excite them to the most desperate rage, and, by a certain circular motion of the arms, appease them as readily; then, without the least hesitation, they will take them in their hands, coil them round their necks, and put their fingers to their mouths, even while their jaws are furnished with the deadliest venom, and the slightest puncture from their fangs would produce not only certain but almost instant death.

"The power which these people exercise over this species of venomous snake remains no longer a mystery, when its habits are known. It is a remarkable peculiarity in the cobra di capello, and, I believe, in most poisonous reptiles of this class, that they have an extreme reluctance to put into operation the deadly powers with which they are endowed. The cobra scarcely ever bites unless excited by actual injury or extreme provocation; and even then, before it darts upon its aggressor, it always gives him timely notice of its design not to be mistaken. It dilates the crest upon its neck, which is a large flexible membrane, having on the upper surface two black circular spots, like a pair of spectacles—waves its head to and fro with a gentle undulatory motion, the eye sparkling with intense lustre, and commences a hiss so loud as to be heard at a considerable distance; so that the juggler always has warning when it is perilous to approach his captive. The snake never bites while the hood is closed, and so long as this is not erected it may be approached and handled with impunity. Even when the hood is spread, while the creature continues silent there is no danger: its fearful hiss is at once the signal of aggression and of peril.

"Though the cobra is so deadly when under excitement, it is nevertheless astonishing to see how readily it is appeased even in the highest state of exasperation; and this merely by the droning music with which its exhibitors seem to charm it. It appears to be fascinated by the discordant sounds that issue from their pipes and tomtoms."

To all such armed creatures as the cobra aforesaid, we should be tempted to use the greeting of the melancholy Jacques—"God be with you; let's meet as little as we can." No less curious than the above are the accounts of the elephant fights at Lucknow, which, however, we must pass, to come to another well-authenticated marvel, which casts the exploits of any other glutton we ever heard of far into the shade.

"At a village not above eighteen miles from Benares, where we halted for the day, we were visited by a gaunt, grim-looking Hindoo, of some celebrity in the neighbourhood, which he had acquired, as well as the admiration of his caste, by his capability of devouring a sheep at a single meal. He was a tall, bony person, somewhat past the prime of life, with a thin, wiry frame, and a countenance of the most imperturbable equanimity, though as ugly as a sheep-eater might be expected to be. He of-

fered, for a few rupees, to devour an entire sheep, if we would pay for the animal as well as for the different accessories of the meal. There was something so extraordinary in the proposal, that we readily acquiesced. We accordingly prepared to witness this marvellous feat, by purchasing the largest sheep we could find, which weighed, when prepared for cooking, just thirty-two pounds. We purchased it for one rupee, or twenty-two pence.

"All being now ready, the carnivorous Ladda commenced his extraordinary feast. Having cut off the sheep's head with a single blow of his sabre, and jointed the body in due form, he separated all the meat from the bones, the whole quantity to be devoured amounting to about twenty pounds. This meat he minced very fine, forming it into balls about the size of a small fowl's egg, first mixing it with plenty of spice and curry powder. As soon as the whole was prepared, he fried some of the balls over a fire, which he had previously kindled at the root of a tree, eating and frying till the whole were consumed. At intervals he washed down the meat with copious portions of ghee, which is sometimes so rancid as to be quite disgusting: and this happened to be the case now. After his prodigious meal, the performer was certainly less active than he had formerly been. His meagre body had acquired a considerable degree of rotundity, and although he declared that he felt not the slightest inconvenience, it was evident that he had taken as much as he could hold, and more than was agreeable. He acknowledged that he could not manage to eat a sheep more than twice in one week, and that this was oftener than he should like to do it."

*Heath's Picturesque Annual for 1835. Scott and Scotland*.—We acknowledge ourselves fairly puzzled as to what to say about this book, which does not satisfy us, though it contains much that is beautiful in the way of embellishment, and Mr. Ritchie's prose is, we admit, pleasant enough; but the ground over which we are led, has been so closely trodden by tourists, novelists, and poets, that there was scarcely a spot whereupon new pilgrim feet might leave their mark. If the pictorial illustrations to such a writer as Scott, even by so well-tried a hand as Cattermole's, fail in realizing our own visions of the realities, under how much the greater difficulty must he labour whose task it is to describe them back again, and how can we wonder that Mr. Ritchie has produced a less lively volume than usual? Some of the illustrations, as we before acknowledged, are very beautiful, and all treated in a certain romantic manner, which is peculiar to the artist, and not unbefitting, as having reference to the works of the Wizard of the North; and many may find a peculiar pleasure and interest in the very circumstances which have made this book to us somewhat of a disappointment.

*The Forget-Me-Not for 1835*.—This "old original" *Annual*, whose tender and delicate youth was protected by a case, has cast off the silken apparel it wore of late years, and comes substantially forth in a rich and rational garment of morocco—a change for the better in our opinion. As regards its contents, there is less to notice in the way of alteration, though the letter-press is of more equal merit than we have known it heretofore; and the old hands have all done their best, as William Howitt's '*Fortunes of Alice Law*,' and Mr. Inglis's '*Merchant of Cadiz*,' and the bustling melo-dramatic tale of the '*Pilot and the Princess*,' and Mr. H. F. Chorley's '*Aunt Lucy's Lesson*,' with its snatch-

of song, will testify. Mrs. Lee's 'Night Alarm,' too, is curious. We should be glad to meet this lady oftener: she always writes pleasantly, and without pretension. We shall transfer Mr. Swain's 'River' to our pages, not as being the best poem in the book, but as being best suited to our limits.

Thou art the poet of the woods, fair River!  
A lover of the beautiful!—and still  
Wanderest by wildest scenes, while night-stars quiver,  
The only voice that haunts the desert hill:—  
Thou art the poet of the woods, whose way  
Charmes the dim forest on thy sylvan way.  
Thou art the artist of the vale, bright River!  
That paint'st the glowing hues of earth and sky  
On thine own pure and placid breast for ever:  
Two worlds of beauty on thy waters lie!  
Thou'rt Nature's boldest painter—broad and free—  
And human genius ne'er surpasseth thee!  
Thou art the minstrel of the fields, sweet River!  
Whose music lingers like an angel's tongue—  
A voice that sings the glory of the giver!  
Creation's first, sublimest birth of song!  
Still let my soul thy liquid music hear,  
Oh, sweet musician!—voice for ever dear!

The plates to this year's 'Forget-Me-Not' are about equal to those of past years—certainly not superior.

*A Sketch of Chinese History, Ancient and Modern.* By the Rev. C. Gutzlaff. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

THE extravagant antiquity which the Chinese claimed for their nation and government, though honoured with some attention by certain philosophers of the last century, who showed in this, as in many other instances, that it is possible to unite credulity and scepticism, appeared so absurd to every man of unprejudiced mind, that the entire annals of the Celestial Empire ran the risk of being rejected as a mass of idle fables.

Succeeding times did equal folly call  
Believing nothing or believing all;

a sober examination of the native documents showed that in the history of China, as in that of every original nation, there was a mythological period, in which nothing was to be found but traditions so disguised by fable as to be utterly inexplicable, a heroic period in which some glimmerings of truth might be discerned struggling through the mists of fiction, and a purely historic period, in which the facts, if not all established on good authority, at least presented no revolting improbability. These distinctions have been carefully preserved in the admirable volumes of Mr. Gutzlaff, and his work is consequently the most clear and intelligible account of the system of Chinese civilization that has yet appeared in any European language. It is not, however, as a history alone, that Mr. Gutzlaff's work is valuable—he enters at great length into an examination of the commercial character of the Chinese, and points out the causes which have impeded their intercourse with foreign nations. Collecting together the results of his reading and his experience, he infers that the obstacles to trade with China might be removed, by a judicious mixture of firmness and discretion, and he deems that many of the difficulties encountered by the agents of the East India Company, arose from their having fostered the vanity of the Chinese, by degrading submissions. Comparing Mr. Gutzlaff's labours with those of Gaubil, Prémare, and Amiot, we find his results have a more direct practical tendency; they are less calculated to gratify the curiosity of the learned, but they convey infinitely more useful information to the merchant and trader.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this is a work of very extensive research; indeed, in some parts, the author's range of information seems little less than miraculous, for he quotes from a work not in existence at the time that he completed his manuscript. Mr. Gutzlaff's address to the reader is dated Canton, November 10, 1833, and yet in the body of his work appears a quotation from 'Egypt and Mohammed Ali,' which did not appear in London for some months after that date! Whether this anticipatory notice is to be attributed to rapidity of communication, by which proof sheets of that work were transmitted to China, thus beating *The Times* with its report of the Edinburgh dinner, or whether it be an interpolation by some printer's reader on this side of the Cape, for trade purposes, it is not in our power to discover. In either case, we are bound to wonder; for the rapid communication with Canton, enabling Mr. Gutzlaff to anticipate London by several months, would be scarcely less surprising than the hardihood of the printer's reader, in throwing suspicion on a valuable work by inserting a puff of a book utterly unconnected with the subject.

*Memoirs of John Napier of Merchiston, his Lineage, Life, and Times; with a History of the Invention of Logarithms.* By Mark Napier. 4to.

(Concluding Notice.)

WE heretofore alluded to the unbounded admiration which the author of these *Memoirs* expresses, in season and out of season, for the subject of them. That the inventor of logarithms occupied no ordinary place in the rank of genius, will, however, be freely conceded by all who can boast of the least extensive intimacy with the history of science; and if evidence less liable to be tainted by partiality than that which the author of the work before us can offer, be demanded, such evidence is to be met with in the following passage:—

"That our own estimate may not seem hyperbolic to those who may imagine the Logarithms to be 'but an useful abbreviation of a particular branch of the mathematics,' we shall commence this chapter with the words of a philosopher who knew what he was writing about. 'It will be admitted,' says Sir John Leslie, 'that artificial helps may prove useful in laborious and protracted multiplications by sparing the exercise of memory, and preventing the attention from being overstrained. Of this description are the *Rods or Bones*, which we owe to the early studies of the great Napier, whose life, devoted to the improvement of the science of calculation, was crowned by the invention of logarithms, the noblest conquest ever achieved by man.' He who wrote this sentence was no granter of propositions, or one very widely awake to excellence in others; nor had he any ties, beyond the sympathies of science, to him he so ardently eulogized. But he was deeply imbued with the powers of numbers, and knew, if any man did, the relative value of every conquest in the mathematics; he pronounced this eulogy in the full freshness and vigour of his own mathematical mind, and while deliberately and profoundly tracing through every age, and in all countries, the triumphs of logic."

"It may be said, however, that such praise must be exaggerated, because, assuming that the Scotch philosopher attained what the schools of Greece and the lights of Germany were unable to accomplish, yet England produced Newton! Unquestionably, the author of the modern ana-

lysis, the discoverer of the composition of light, the prophet of universal gravitation, is 'immortal by so many titles,' that no country and no age can point to his equal. But, (without taking into account many peculiar disadvantages under which Napier laboured,) if we consider what really constitutes the magnitude of any conquest which an individual can claim, we will be inclined to admit, that the expressions used by Sir John Leslie are not the loose and exaggerated utterance of admiration, but must have been founded upon a deliberate review, and just estimate of such claims; for if it be true that the test of the noblest conquest which humanity could achieve is, first, the indication it affords of abstract mental power, and, second, the utility and extent of its practical application to human necessities, as well as to physical research, not all the marvellous combinations in Newton's mind, of mathematical resources with applicative skill, will wrest from Napier the eulogy he has obtained.

"In respect of its indications of abstract mental power, his invention or discovery, (for it combines the characteristics of both,) must, it is true, undergo a comparison with the fluxionary calculus of Newton; and by an authority, at least as high as what we have quoted, that wonderful analysis was pronounced to be 'the greatest discovery ever made in the mathematical sciences.' But the same author, in the same work, had previously declared, after a minute inspection of the intellectual order of the Logarithms, 'Of Napier, therefore, if of any man, it may safely be pronounced, that his name will never be eclipsed by any one more conspicuous, or his invention superseded by anything more valuable.' Nor are these eulogies of Napier and Newton inconsistent with each other. The higher calculus was not so much an individual conquest, as the grand result of a succession of victories under separate leaders, and during distinct campaigns. Euclid, Cavalieri, and Descartes paved the way directly to that calculus. The torch that fired the pile had been passed from hand to hand through a succession of ages; and while a series of the most illustrious names in the annals of speculative power mark a constant progress to the point where Newton and Leibnitz *simultaneously* conquered, that gradual approach was latterly covered and fortified by a cloud of skirmishers, whose collateral aid, illustrated by such names as Torricelli, Roberval, Fermat, Huygens and Barrow, well deserves to be remembered. The invention of Logarithms presents a different aspect. They were the result of an unaided, isolated speculation, and unlooked for when they appeared; a victory, in short, in defiance of all established rules of progressive knowledge and systematic conquest. The algebraic analysis *ought* to have preceded the invention of logarithms. 'Though logarithms (says Playfair) had not been invented by Napier, they would have been discovered in the progress of the algebraic analysis, when the arithmetic of powers and exponents, both integral and fractional, came to be fully understood. The idea of considering all numbers as powers of one given number would then have readily occurred, and the doctrine of series would have greatly facilitated the calculations which it was necessary to undertake. Napier had none of these advantages, and they were all supplied by the resources of his own mind.' What right had a philosopher of the sixteenth century, born and bred, too, among the savages of Scotland,—'*Scotus Baro, cujus nomen mihi extitit*,' as Kepler at first designated him,—to anticipate triumphs which, in the order of things, belonged to the close of the *seventeenth*? What had he to do with so powerful a command of the doctrine of series, and the theory of indices, before that department of mathematical science was evolved, —or with the fruit of a tree before it was planted!



He had, it seems, resources within himself, by means of which, outstripping the slow progress of science, he attained a point, the natural intermediate steps to which were yet to compose the conquests of future philosophers. So, when the illustrious adventurers, who long after his time followed the exciting and ever-growing path of analytical discovery, by which the shrine of the higher calculus was at length unveiled, detected in their progress the shrine of the logarithms too, there was nothing to seize, for that spell had been broken already.

"On the other hand, so far as regards practical utility, what may compete with the invention? A modern astronomer could better spare his telescope than his tables of calculation; and almost miraculous as is the power of the infinitesimal analysis, the finest steps in the working of that exhaustless instrument of human investigation are dependent upon the aid of logarithms. When Newton attained the analysis, he had been already gifted with that engine, which ultimately afforded his calculus 'many of the most refined and most valuable of its resources.' He had, it is true, only to contemplate the logarithms through the medium of his own analysis in order to obtain a far simpler view and easier command of the former invention than its author could possess; but it must ever be remembered, that, although Newton had the logarithms when he discovered the calculus, Napier had not the calculus, nor the steps which led to the calculus, when he conceived, discovered, and computed the logarithms. While, even in the comparison of practical utility, Napier's invention claims a sublime fellowship with Newton's, the latter does not descend in like manner to mere mortal necessities. Logarithms are so useful and prevalent in the ordinary arts of life, that many a practical man is most efficient with those tables, who neither knows nor cares about the mystery of their construction, and would sooner think of mastering the craft of his own spectacles, than the fine theory of that invention. The practical application is familiar to the anti-philosophical midshipman at sea; yet, so uncertain was the art of navigation until this aid raised it to the sciences, that the scriptural prophecy, '*Multi pertransibunt et augebitur scientia*,' may be said only to have been fulfilled when the logarithms were published. High, then, and indisputable as is the throne of Newton, Professor Leslie was right, and used no exaggerated expressions, when he called Napier's invention *the noblest conquest ever achieved by man*; and, the more closely the mathematical achievements of all ages are examined, the more just will this eulogy appear."

While, however, we must concede all imaginable weight to the evidence of mathematicians, on the subject of mathematical merit, we may not so safely surrender to them the task of fixing a great mathematician's relative place in the scale of intellect. That order of thinkers is, in an especial manner, intolerant of the pretensions of thinkers of a different class; and the simplicity of the subjects to which they are devoted, renders them but little fitted to appreciate the difficulties, that await on men, the materials of whose speculations are of a more complex and fugitive character. Descartes and Leibnitz, are, perhaps, the only great mathematicians, whose powers would have enabled them to assume the rank of discoverers in purely intellectual philosophy, or whose judgment on the merits of great moral inquirers, might be safely admitted. The world at large thinks that Newton owed much to those methods of inquiry, which Bacon recommended with more success than

any teacher of modes of thinking had ever done before; yet Newton never appeared sensible of any obligation to the author of the '*Novum Organum*,' nor made allusion to the merits of a man, to whose genius, inquirers the most distinguished in the physical as well as in the moral sciences, have in later times, been proud to render homage. Where the kinds of merit are very different, the arbiter, who would satisfactorily adjust their respective values, and the order of their precedence, must be a man of very varied powers, and of almost universal sympathies and sensibilities: he must, in short, exhibit a range of thought and knowledge, to which the author of these Memoirs has but slight pretensions. Still we do not blame him for the intensity of his devotion to his great namesake. If all other biographers were possessed with the same passion, the world would be more thickly peopled with demi-gods—that would be all! The errors of such estimates would correct each other, as they multiplied!

The following particulars respecting TYCHO BRAHE are curious. The anecdote about the loss of his nose is little known:—

"Tycho Brahe, born four years sooner than Napier, was the last philosopher destined to attempt such achievements without the aid of logarithms; yet he was the first of great renown to whom the coming boon was announced, though he lived not to witness their promulgation, or to comprehend the reality of that announcement. He was born in the year 1546, of a noble family in Denmark, still holding its rank there, and became one of the most distinguished astronomers of any age or country. He is generally named after Copernicus in the history of all that is illustrious in science; and stands unrivalled for ardour in astronomical pursuits, as well as for the magnificent scale upon which he conducted his observations. He appeared at a critical time for the advancement of physical research. The great union betwixt speculative and practical science had been partially effected; but the appariate means were still in the infant state, to which the talents, zeal, and good fortune of Tycho were eminently capable of bringing the necessary impulse. From the rise of this philosopher may be dated the era of astronomical instruments, and the establishment of a complete practical system. Even his besetting sin had a wholesome effect, being precisely the reverse of what had retarded the Grecian schools. He was fonder of observing than of abstract reflection; and so greedy of practical excitement, that he occupied his whole genius with the means of gratifying that taste. In the early part of his career he is said to have applied himself diligently to discover the philosopher's stone, and for the most part of his life was as much devoted to chemistry as his loftier pursuits would allow. Two events of his youth seemed to augur a less favourable career in life than what afterwards befel him. Having engaged in a dispute with a friend on the subject of mathematics, the young philosophers brought the question to the arbitrament of their swords, and Tycho lost his nose. This combat took place at seven o'clock of a dark evening in December, the very stars hiding themselves for shame. But the future King of Uranibourg was no ways daunted by his loss, and the manner in which he supplied it is characteristic of the magnificence of all his ideas and habits. He would have disdained that savage borrowing from the forehead, of which modern surgery is so vain; and he rather gloried in an opportunity of obtaining a finer nose than any other man. Accordingly, he framed one of gold, silver, and ivory, exquisitely mingled, and with this

he feared not to look Heaven in the face. Shortly afterwards, he fell in love with a beautiful peasant girl, and married her, to the great displeasure of his noble family, who treated him so rigorously in consequence, that the King of Denmark thought it necessary to interpose his good offices. This gave rise to the illustrious patronage which was fortunate for science. Frederick II. proved himself to be worthier of Tycho for a subject, than James VI. was of Napier. The King of Scotland aspired to be a patron of pedagogues, while his greatest philosopher, the most unobtrusive of human beings, was constrained to remind him, 'that here are within your realm (as well as in other countries) godly and good ingynes, versed and exercised in all manner of honest science and godly discipline, who, by your Majesty's instigation, might yield forth works and fruits worthy of memory, which otherwise (lacking some mighty Mæcenæ to encourage them) may perhaps be buried with eternal silence.' At the date of this letter, King James had just returned from visiting Tycho at Uranibourg. There, on the island of Huen, situated at the mouth of the Baltic, Frederick had placed his philosopher on a prouder throne than his own, adding honours and revenues, and every aid and encouragement that an astronomer could desire. Arabia had been lavish of her stores to renovated science, and now her most romantic tales of magic splendour seemed realized in the north. Upon the 8th of August 1576, the first stone of the far-famed castle of Uranibourg was laid in Tycho's principality. The island, about eight miles in circumference, rises by a gentle elevation so as to command the sea and the horizon on all sides, and the edifice with which it was honoured was as royal as the gift. It was of a quadrangular form, the dimensions being sixty feet every way, and flanked with lofty towers thirty-two feet in diameter, the observatories of this palace of science. Tycho's whole establishment was in keeping with the magnificence of his dwelling, where his gold and ivory nose seemed no longer out of place. Like other potentates, he kept an idiot, but gifted with second sight, who, as we have elsewhere noted, sat at his feet at meals. Tycho is also said to have fitted up his palace with certain mysterious tubes, and other telegraphic contrivances, which enabled him to communicate with his domestics as if by magic, and to obtain secret knowledge of his many visitors long before their arrival."

In the progress of our review, we have sufficiently expressed our opinion of this work, but, whatever may be its faults, it has high claims to public attention.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Domestic and Financial Condition of Great Britain*, by G. Browning, Esq.'—'*Revenue and Expenditure of the United Kingdom*, by S. Wells, Esq.'—The subjects discussed in both these works are not exactly suited to our columns, but though we meddle not with the political opinions advocated, it is fairly within our province to give an account of the line of argument pursued, of the style in which the reasoning is conducted, and of the general results to which these reasonings lead. Mr. Browning is disposed to view the present condition of Britain, not merely with hope, but confidence: he examines the power, revenue and resources of the different European nations that have any claim to be regarded as our rivals, and concludes, from an examination of facts, that there is none with which we need fear to compete. His examination of the possibility of a Russian invasion of India, is equally remarkable for good reasoning, and bad spelling; so completely are some of the oriental names disguised by his orthography, that we had considerable difficulty in recog-

nizing old acquaintances. The political sketch of the present state of Europe, is drawn by the hand of a master, and, what is more, by one who feels that attention to the most minute details can alone render general views accurate. In viewing our domestic condition, Mr. Browning repudiates the notion, that any of our present difficulties can be traced to excessive population; on the contrary, he believes that the expansion of a nation's numbers is a necessary element, and a sure sign, of a nation's advancement. He then proceeds to discuss the question of poor laws, and performs this part of his task with more temper and ability than it has been recently the fashion to display in examining this important subject: he strenuously recommends, that some system of poor laws should be introduced into Ireland. Our attention is next directed to the state of British agriculture; and the repeal of the Corn Laws, for the sake of the farmer, is very strenuously urged. The intricate question of the currency is next brought under review, and some very important suggestions are offered, for preventing the great losses which have been occasioned at various times, by a sudden transition from one monetary system to another: we offer no opinion on the merit of these suggestions; they are stated in clear simple language, so that any ordinary reader may easily form a judgment on them for himself. Finally Mr. Browning reviews the taxation and expenditure of the empire, pointing out various errors, by which he conceives that the present system is vitiated, and suggests various ameliorations, from which he deems that the most happy consequences may be confidently anticipated. The work is manifestly the result of much labour, both mental and physical: every available source of information appears to have been consulted, an anxiety to do good is manifest in every page, and no portion of the volume is sullied by the introduction of party politics.—Mr. Wells has directed his attention to the last head of inquiry only: he is more vehement than Mr. Browning, in his condemnation of abuses, and he recommends sharper remedies. In particular he urges the propriety of resuming the grants, made by Charles II. in the most disgraceful period of the British annals, and enters into the history of the families by whom these grants are enjoyed, for the purpose of showing that they have no just claims upon the nation. In some respects, his work may be regarded as a supplement to 'The Extraordinary Black Book,' but we cannot forbear thinking that it would have been equally valuable had it been less personal.

'Autumn Flowers.'—We have wondered till we are weary, at the continued influx of small collections of verse; and yet, with every disposition to be gentle and considerate towards the aspirants, who thus commit their efforts to the merciful neglect of the public, if we say anything definite about them, to nine out of ten we can say little that is encouraging. If, indeed, every bard were as well contented with himself as Mr. Bloxham, who puts forth his new *Paradise Regained*, with the somewhat startling question: "if God made one Milton, why should he not make another?" such being literally the drift of his preface,—or if every little pamphlet or book contained such utter and aimless trash as *The Adopted*, Canto I., our task would be easy, for it would cost us little to declare, that "all is barren;" but some of the writers have a little modesty, and some of their efforts may be praised for sweet versification and pleasant sentiments, and in these cases our sympathies are so far engaged, as to make us sorry for the probable fate of the small craft, in which so much of their hope has been embarked.

This little volume, '*The Reformed Parliament, a Poetic Medley, Canto I. Songs for the Many, &c. by Two of the People,*' has interested us,

inasmuch as, in these pressing times, the spirit which makes the operative or artisan meditate verse in the miserable pittance of time which he calls his leisure, is always a thing to be regarded with respect. But in proportion as we would render it all honour, so do we deprecate its being forced into the brawling paths of partizanship and politics: and had John and Mary Saunders not given us the miscellanies at the end of their little tome, we should have let it pass in silence. In some of these there is so much of a delicate and fresh love of nature, that we cannot but hope, that if they write again, they will follow the example of the Chief of their school, our friend the Corn Law Rhymers, in singing about the pleasant things of the green-wood.

'*The Sea Boy, and other Poems*, by Richard Rugg of Blackheath,' is one of a family past our powers of comprehension, and contains a story told in verse, with a few miscellanies added to complete the volume; more we cannot say of it.

The next volume which comes under our hand, — '*Poems*, by Mrs. G. G. Richardson, Second Series,' may not be dismissed quite so cursorily, as being the work of a lady, and one, it would seem, possessed of an elegant and cultivated mind: the sonnet we extract is every word of it true in feeling, as we know to our cost.

Met thought that in a calm and leafy bower,  
I rested where the purple flowers were springing,  
And from their buds of bloom and beauty flinging  
On loaded gales their odour's richest power:—  
Watching the evening's warm and sunny shower,  
I heard the woods, and plains, and valleys ring  
With every feather'd denizen's glad singing—  
For such a scene and such a gentle hour,  
O faithless vision! faithless and untrue.—  
Nor tower nor bud, nor odours sweet are here,  
Nor song of bird:—instead of these I view  
The city's walls, of aspect dark and drear;  
And for the skies of deep ethereal blue,  
Long-volumed clouds of murky smoke appear.

The following dirge, too, is quaint and not unpleasant:—

On, on!—Earth circles on.  
Unwearied through the skies,  
Her freight of dirge and song,  
Of griefs and vanities!  
Her children's cries no more  
She heeds—than doth the prow  
The lashings of the distant shore,  
The billows at her bow.—  
On, on!—Earth circles on  
In shadow and in light;  
So fall upon her insect throng  
Vain war, and vain delight!—  
Soothly the wise man said,  
"But vanity and woo  
Divide the aim of all that's made  
Man's heritage below."  
On, on!—Earth circles on  
Majestically fair!  
She wears a starry zone,  
And sunbeams braid her hair,—  
A robe of many dyes  
All glorious to behold:—  
Alas!—what mortal agonies  
May royal robes unfold!

There is much verse in this volume of equal merit to the above.

We have here also a new edition of '*Herbert's Sacred Poems*,' brought out in a neat pocket volume by Washbourne, and though no modern copy can ever, in our opinion, come up to the genuine time-stained book, in whose pages we first made acquaintance with the wisdom of the "Temple"—we must confess the edition before us to be neat and commendable.

'*The Sacred Harp, Second Series*.'—We cannot understand by what right the proprietors, or editors, or publishers of these little books, collect their contents. Here are one or two poems boldly extracted from volumes published as it were only yesterday. This is really too bad.

'*The Casket of American and European Gems*.'—Another of these recognized pirates, a thought more modest, however, than the one we have denounced above. It gives us some lively American prose, and much verse with which we

were already familiar. The following lines, by Miss Kemble, were, however, new to us, and may be so to our readers:—

Stanzas.  
When you mournfully rivet your tear-laden eyes,  
That have seen the last sunset of hope pass away,  
On some bright orb, that seems, through the still sap-  
phire skies,  
In beauty and splendour, to roll on its way:  
Oh remember, this earth, if beheld from afar,  
Would seem wrapt in a halo as clear and as bright  
As the pure silver radiance enshrining yon star,  
Where your spirit is eagerly soaring to-night.  
And at this very moment, perhaps, some poor heart,  
That is aching and breaking in that distant sphere,  
Gazes down on this dark world, and longs to depart  
From its own dismal home, to a brighter one here.

'*Belgium and Holland, with a Sketch of the Revolution in 1830*, by P. L. Gordon, Esq.'—Mr. Gordon has resided long in the country he here undertakes to describe, and is therefore enabled to give us some valuable information. His work will be decidedly useful as a guide, but its chief merit is in the minute particulars which it offers relating to prices, &c., invaluable to any family about to reside for a time at Brussels. The Sketch of the Revolution is a superaddition not wanted, but it is well and fairly written.

'*The Works of Robert Burns, with his Life*, by Allan Cunningham. Vol. VII.'—This seventh volume, with its beautiful frontispiece of Culzean Castle, concludes the poet's correspondence. A few of the letters were new to us; one containing a poetical critique upon Miss Hannah More, will, perhaps, be the most generally interesting at the present time, when the recent publication of her *Biography and Correspondence* has brought her name before the public:—

Ms. Autog. 3rd April, 1786.  
DEAR SIR,—I received your kind letter with double pleasure, on account of the second flattering instance of Mrs. C's notice and approbation, I assure you I

"Turn out the brunt side o' my shin," as the famous Ramsay, of jingling memory, says, at such a patroness. Present her my most grateful acknowledgments in your very best manner of telling truth. I have inscribed the following stanza on the blank leaf of Miss More's Work:—

"Thou flattering mark of friendship kind,  
Still may thy pages call to mind  
The dear, the beautiful donor;  
Though sweetly female every part,  
Yet such a head, and more the heart,  
Does both the sexes honour.  
She showed her taste refined and just  
When she selected these,  
Yet deviating own I must,  
For so approving me.  
But kind will, I'll mind still  
The giver in the gift:  
I'll bless her and wish her  
A friend above the life."

My proposals for publishing I am just going to send to press. I expect to hear from you by the first opportunity.

I am ever, dear Sir, yours,  
To Mr. Aiken. ROBT. BURNES.

There are others, containing various particulars concerning the most painful scene of his wild and brilliant life, which will be read with melancholy interest.

'*The Hansell Extracts*.'—The compiler of this work is manifestly an amiable and benevolent man; his design is to place before youth, such selections as tend to exalt and purify the affections, to inspire a love of virtue for its own sake, and to show that moral dignity is attainable in every station of life. In this design he has completely succeeded, and without entering on the debateable ground of the encouragement or discouragement that should be given to the feelings of emulation, we can safely recommend this volume, as one by whose perusal the young are likely to become wiser and better.

'*Miss Graham's Histories from Scripture*.'—Had the last chapter in this little work been

omitted, we should have bestowed upon it unmixed praise, as one of the most successful efforts to render the moral lessons of Scripture familiar to youthful minds; but the tale of 'The Little Soldier' encourages all the foolish and dangerous notions of war and its glory, which the sight of military pomp naturally suggests to the minds of children.

'*Alderson on Steam and the Steam Engine.*'—This essay obtained the prize proposed by Doctor Birkbeck, at the London Mechanics Institute last year. It is written in a clear familiar style, and contains almost all the necessary popular information respecting the subjects of which it treats.

'*Corn, Currency, and Consols.*'—A useful little table, just published by Mr. Wyld of Charing Cross, showing at one view, the fluctuations in price of the three C's, from 1790 to 1833.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD NELSON.

IN presenting our readers with the Letters of Nelson, which we announced some time since, we shall not pretend to give anything like a detailed, still less a new biography of the hero; but it would be absurd to print them, without, in some measure, linking them together, by referring to the principal circumstances of that glorious and eventful career which they serve to illustrate.

It cannot, however, be necessary to do more than recal to recollection the date, Sept. 29, 1758—or the place, the parsonage house of Burnham Thorpe, near Norwich, of this great naval commander's birth—or than to notice that his mother was a Suckling, descended from the family to which Sir John Suckling, the cavalier poet belonged—and that her grandmother was an elder sister of Sir Robert Walpole. Mrs. Nelson died in 1767—her brother, Capt. Suckling, visited the widower, to condole with him, and promised to take care of one of his sons. But he little imagined that Horatio, of whose delicate health we read throughout his whole life, would be the one; forgetting, perhaps, that spirit has always proved superior to thorns and pinews—and that the gallant daring of which the boy gave so many early tokens, was but an index of "the soul that spoke too loud within him."

Nelson was first introduced to the sea on board the *Raisonné*, when little more than twelve years of age, and his biographers give a graphic account of his loneliness and timidity during the first few hours he spent on shipboard. When the *Raisonné* was paid off, and his uncle, Captain Suckling, was removed to the *Triumph*, then a guard-ship in the Thames, Nelson went to the West Indies in a merchantman commanded by one Mr. John Rathbone, and, we are told, returned from his voyage a good seaman, but with a disgust for the King's service, which it required some judicious management to overcome. He was received on board the *Triumph* by his uncle, but had not been there many months when his spirit of adventure was aroused by hearing that two ships, the *Racehorse* and the *Carcass* bombs, were fitting out for a voyage of discovery toward the North Pole. He was most anxious to join this expedition, and, after some little difficulty, was received as coxswain by Captain Lutwidge of the *Carcass*.

Whilst at the North Pole he gave many proofs of the almost rash hardihood which distinguished him throughout life. The anecdote of his adventure with the bear, which he chased into a situation of considerable peril to himself, "that he might carry the skin to his father," is well known. On his return he was placed under Captain Farmer in the *Seahorse*, bound for the

East Indies. The climate of the East appears to have made desperate havoc with his constitution, and it was necessary, for the preservation of his life, that he should return to England. Whilst abroad, however, he had formed many of the friendships which were to last during the greater part of his career; and it must have been no small trial to one so ambitious of renown, to leave his comrades in full chase of advancement, and to be sent home a shattered invalid.

He might, however, have spared himself the gloomy forebodings which at this time appear to have oppressed him. Whilst he was in the East Indies, his uncle, Captain Suckling, had been made Comptroller of the Navy, and, exerting his interest on behalf of his nephew, whom the homeward voyage had in some measure restored to health, young Nelson was appointed acting lieutenant in the *Worcester*,—subsequently passed his examination, without being favoured or spared, and was immediately appointed second lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe*, then fitting out for Jamaica.

Both Dr. Southey and Mr. Clarke (whose biographies of the hero we merely follow in our rapid sketch,) give us animating accounts of his behaviour while on board this ship—one anecdote may serve in proof; it is recorded of him that he boarded a prize in such desperate weather, that the boat went in on the deck and out again with the men; and this feat reads all the more honourably when we hear that his bodily weakness while serving on board the same ship was such, that on one occasion, when on duty near the Tower, he was obliged to be carried to the rendezvous on the back of a brother officer, and his recovery from a fainting fit seemed for a long time uncertain.

While on board the *Lowestoffe*, Nelson lost his uncle, Captain Suckling, and the loss must have been a severe one. But his place as guardian and friend was well supplied by Mr. William Suckling, of the Custom-house, who presented Captain Suckling's sword to the young hero on his return to England.

By this time, too, Nelson had made friends who interested themselves in his promotion. Captain Locker recommended him warmly to Sir Peter Parker, then Commander-in-chief on the West India station, and by him he was removed into the flag-ship *Bristol*, and, on the 8th of December 1778, appointed Commander of the *Badger* brig. "On the 11th of June 1779," says Southey, "he was made post into the *Hinchinbrook*."

On the appearance of Count D'Estaing's squadron, of one hundred and twenty-five sail, before St. Domingo, Nelson, at his own solicitation, was appointed by General Dalling to command the batteries of Fort Charles, at Port Royal. But these were never attacked, owing to the indecision or self-distrust of the French Admiral—so that the General had time to become the aggressor—his plans being directed against Fort San Juan, on the river of the same name, flowing from the lake Nicaragua into the sea. Five hundred men were appointed for this service, and set forth early in the year 1780. They reached the river San Juan on the 24th of March, and on the 9th of April the fortified island of San Bartolomeo. Here Nelson gave another of those proofs of daring which are so thickly sown throughout his history, and stormed the battery barefoot. On the 24th the castle of San Juan surrendered, but the conquerors had now to fight against the dreadful climate; and Nelson's health, never strong, appears to have been irretrievably shaken by his stay there—during which, we are told, he was twice given over by his physicians. He was, on the death of Captain Glover, appointed to the *James*; but he was obliged to resign the command and return to England. After recruiting himself at Bath,

he was, upon his own application, appointed to the *Albemarle*.

As if cold and inclement weather was to confirm what the heat of the Tropics had begun, his next station was the North Seas.—There he captured a small fishing schooner, which he immediately released. Its master's gratitude for his generous kindness subsequently proved of no small service: for he hazarded his life to take out fresh provisions to the *Albemarle*, the crew of which was suffering from the scurvy.

The anecdote of Nelson's attachment at Quebec, and of his being prevented from contracting a foolish marriage, by the resolution of a friend, calls for no more than a passing mention, as illustrative of the cardinal weakness of his character. The *Albemarle* was ordered in the October of the same year (1782) to New York. There Nelson found Admiral Digby, who welcomed him with the cheering prospect that the present was a fine station for prize money. "Yes, sir," was Nelson's well-known answer, "but the West Indies is the station for honour." Here, too, he met Lord Hood, by whose means he obtained for the *Albemarle* an appointment to the station he so much desired. By Lord Hood he was introduced to his present Majesty, who from that time forth proved himself his friend, and who, it is recorded, was no less struck with the spirit and intelligence of Nelson's discourse upon professional matters, than by his appearance, which was boyish almost to uncountness.

During a cruise between Porto Cabello, on the coast of Venezuela, Nelson, somewhat unexpectedly, captured a king's launch belonging to the Spaniards, which contained honourable prisoners. One of these was the Count de Deux Ponts, brother to the heir of the Electorate of Bavaria. He was treated by Nelson with a courtesy which it seems he did not forget, as he afterwards invited his captor to visit him in Paris. Soon after this the preliminaries of the peace were signed, and the *Albemarle* was ordered home and paid off. Nelson's generous efforts to obtain the wages due to his men (even before he had seen his own relations) were repaid by an affection on their parts almost amounting to devotion. They one and all offered, if he could get a ship, to enter for her immediately.

Nelson now visited France with his friend Captain Macnamara, and has left us a lively journal of his continental trip. There he also fell in love; but his prudence was sufficient on this occasion, without the strong arm of his friend.

It is stated by Dr. Southey that the self-constraint which it required to subdue this attachment, made Nelson anxiously desire to be at sea; and in the March of 1784 he was appointed to the *Boreas*, going to the Leeward Islands. The lady of Sir Richard Hughes, the Admiral on the station, availed herself of this opportunity to join her husband, and she has given us a pleasant account of Nelson's behaviour on shipboard; he ruled, as might be supposed, wisely, by ruling gently—and the almost chivalrous affection entertained towards him by all those under his command, is therefore not to be wondered at. He found himself, on arriving in the West Indies, to be senior captain; and his occupying this post of honour was the occasion of involving him in a dispute with the Admiral, in which he showed that mixture of firmness and spirit which was as remarkable a feature in his character as the gentleness we have just alluded to.

This same firmness was displayed in his subsequent treatment of the American merchants. He would on no consideration permit them to trade under the register of their ships which had been granted whilst they were British subjects, and resolved to enforce due respect of the Navigation Act. This he persisted in, in spite of Sir



Richard Hughes's lukewarmness, and Sir Thomas Shirley's positive disapprobation; although his conduct, which was regulated by a strict sense of duty, gained him little save the ill-will of his superiors, and the protracted enmity and prosecutions of those whose illegal practices he was so active in suppressing.

The first of the letters we shall lay before our readers was written at this time, and is addressed, as are almost all of the series, to his uncle Mr. William Suckling, whom we have already mentioned as having succeeded to the post of counsellor and confidant, formerly occupied by the captain. It will be found to relate to this very harassing business.

"*Borcas, English Harbour, Sept. 25th, 1783.*

"My dear Sir.—Your kind letter of the 2nd of August I received upon the arrival of the packet, and am much obliged for the intelligence it contains. I have not heard from Kingsmill that he is going to India—was he, I should have great pleasure in serving with him, for a more liberal man does not exist. Messrs. Marsh and Creed are my agents, and I have said to them that you would give to them every information which lies in your power. What I wish them to know, and to be able to prove, is, that the brig *Heracles* who by her register was a schooner, taken as a prize in the war, was the brig *Neptune*, and must have arrived in the Thames in the spring of 1783. Several depositions go to this purpose by people who sailed in her, therefore we have only to prove the register false, and the appeal must fall to the ground, let her now belong to whom she will. In your letter you say our Solicitor does not doubt our right of seizing the ships—but wonders you would not take out a deputation from the Board of Customs, which would have left you independent of the officers in this country.—I must answer this question by asking another. Why should a Captain of the Navy, who is ordered by Acts of Parliament to take care that all vessels which trade in the British Colonies are British built, or prizes taken from the enemy—and that the owners are subjects of the King, and resident in his dominions, &c. &c.—do as a deputy what he is ordered to do personally, and has that right vested in him by law? In some instances, I believe, a captain of a man of war cannot seize, only detain:—for instance—a ship arrives from England; upon examining her papers I find everything regular and clear—but a man belonging to her says several tons of goods on board the ship have not cleared from the Customs in England—this is a matter which perhaps none but officers deputed by the Customs could actually take cognizance of. I could only detain the vessel, and send information to the Customs—in the latter case, and making seizures on shore, which I think a captain of man of war cannot do—if a deputation is necessary I am ready to receive it. I shall then play the devil I am sure, particularly where vast quantities of French sugars are put on board English ships. The Packet's stay here is so very short, that it is hardly possible to say much, but this I must tell you, that this packet has brought a letter from Lord Sydney, signifying his Majesty's approbation of my conduct, and orders for the Crown Lawyers to defend me at his expense from all civil prosecutions, and in case of unfavourable decree, advising me to appeal. When Ministers support Officers, they will ever find alert and good ones. Bless you, my dear Sir, and believe I am with sincere affection, your dutiful Nephew,

"HORATIO NELSON."

"Suckling is well, but home he must come in the ship. Every captain is so crowded with youngsters that we cannot ask each other. A letter of yours, dated December 1784, I have this mo-

The letter has been injured by damp, and is here unintelligible.

His cousin, the son of Mr. Suckling, of Wootton, near Norwich.

ment received, *via New York*. Best compliments to Mrs. Suckling, the Lt., and the remainder of your good family, likewise to all my village acquaintance. You may make use of my name for a deputation, as it may save time or other prevent some dispute with officers of the Customs."

The same chance which was subjecting him to so much annoyance and anxiety, was also the means of making him acquainted with the lady whom he afterwards married. The American Captains whose ships he had seized, instituted legal proceedings against him, laying their damages at the enormous amount of 40,000*l.*, and Nelson narrowly escaped being arrested, even on board his own ship. It was under these vexatious circumstances that to some one who happened to use the word *Pity* in his hearing—he broke out with "Pity did you say? I shall live, Sir, to be envied, and to that point I shall always direct my course." These very circumstances, however, gained him the powerful friendship of Mr. Herbert, the President of Nevis, who offered in court to become his bail for 10,000*l.* if he chose to suffer the arrest. It was at his house that he met Mrs. Nisbet, the widow of Dr. Nisbet, a physician, then only nineteen. We find in Clarke's Life a friend of hers remarking upon his strangeness of behaviour—"Such a reserve and sternness of manner," says she, in a letter to his future bride: "If you had been there, Fanny, we think you might have made something of him, for you have been in the habit of attending to these odd sort of people." The biographer compliments of Nelson not having given Captain Locker any account of his attachment. This want the following letters supply; they call for no comment of ours—and tell their own story in plain, sincere, and sailor-like language.

"*Borcas, Nevis, Nov. 14th, 1783.*

"I enclose some queries, which pray have opinions upon from eminent lawyers. "H. N."

"My dear Sir.—Not a scrap of a pen have I by the last packet from any relation in England; but, however, you see I don't think I am forgot—more especially when I open a business which, perhaps, you will smile at, in the first instance, and say, this Horatio is for ever in love. My present attachment is of pretty long standing; but I was determined to be fixed before I broke this matter to my person. The lady is a Mrs. Nisbet, widow of a Dr. Nisbet, who died eighteen months after her marriage, and has left her with a son. From her infancy (for her father and mother died when she was only two years of age,) she has been brought up by her mother's brother, Mr. Herbert, President of Nevis, a gentleman whose fortune and character must be well known to all the West India merchants, therefore I shall say nothing upon that head. Her age is twenty-two; and her personal accomplishments you will suppose I think equal to any person's I ever saw; but, without vanity, her mental accomplishments are superior to most people's of either sex; and we shall come together as two persons most sincerely attached to each other from friendship. Her son is under her guardianship, but totally independent of her. But I must describe Herbert to you, that you may know exactly how I stand; for when we apply for advice, we must tell all circumstances. Herbert is very rich and very proud—he has an only daughter, and this niece, who he looks upon in the same light, if not higher. I have lived at his house, when at Nevis, since June last, and am a great favourite of his. I have told him I am as poor as Job; but he tells me he likes me, and I am descended from a good family, which his pride likes; but he also says, 'Nelson, I am proud, and I must live like myself, therefore I can't do much in my lifetime; when I die she shall have twenty thousand

pounds; and if my daughter dies before me, she shall possess the major part of my property. I intend going to England in 1787, and remaining there my life; therefore, if you two can live happily together till that event takes place, you have my consent.' This is exactly my situation with him; and I know the way to get him to give me most, is not to appear to want it: thus circumstanced, who can I apply to but you? The regard you have ever expressed for me leads me to hope you will do something. My future happiness, I give you my honour, is now in your power—if you cannot afford to give me any thing for ever, you will, I am sure, trust to me, that if I ever can afford it, I will return it to some part of your family. I think Herbert will be brought to give her two or three hundred a year during his life; and if you will either give me, I will call it—I think you will do it—either one hundred a year, for a few years, or a thousand pounds, how happy you will make a couple who will pray for you for ever—don't disappoint me, or my heart will break: trust to my honour to do a good turn for some other person if it is in my power. I can say no more, but trust implicitly to your goodness, and pray let me know of your generous action by the first packet. I shall send by this packet some queries, which I must beg you will get your Solicitor to answer, for here are divided opinions in this country as to the right of Adm<sup>ty</sup>, Capt<sup>ns</sup>, &c. seizing vessels to the King's use under the Navigation Laws; and the King's Order in Council, which is directed to the Admiralty conjointly with the Treasury, and the Adm<sup>ty</sup> have sent it to the Admiral, with an order to give directions to the Commanders of the King's Ships to see that it is complied with. Does not 'complied with' certainly mean to imply, that if I find a vessel breaking the Proclamation, I am to bring her to punishment? or a circumstance may happen—for it has happened—a vessel comes into the roads or bays, when the ship may produce to the officer an English register: I tell him, 'Friend, you are in American bottom, and not qualified to trade in the British Colonies.' The master naturally says, 'Sir, my owners have ordered me here to trade, and I can't carry the vessel to a foreign island.' The master will not go away—I can't let him stay; therefore must not the vessel be tried in Admiralty, to know whether she is, or is not, a vessel properly qualified to carry on trade with our colonies? I do not seize as a custom-house officer, *qui tam*, &c. but transmit the circumstance of the seizure to the King's Advocate General, who prosecutes for the King alone; and if she remains forfeited, she is wholly and solely his Majesty's; after which the King may, without prejudice to any individual, give the whole, or any part, to such persons as he thinks fit. Pray get me some legal advice upon this subject, and send me out the King's Proclamation for distributing seizures. The mercantile lawyers say that the right of the King's ships to make seizure by the Navigation Act, is taken away by the 13th and 14th Char. 2nd, chap. 11th, sec<sup>d</sup>. 15th, where it says, 'none shall seize but Officers of the Customs, &c., or persons authorized by warrant from the Treasury, or by special commission from his Majesty, under Great or Privy Seal; and all other seizure shall be void, &c.'

"I am clearly of opinion that we do hold our commissions eventually under the Great Seal, for the Admiralty is only a patent place during pleasure; and that the Act seems to think so—read the next Clause, 'an indemnification for all officers of the Customs, or any Officer or Officers, person or persons authorized to put in execution the act for increasing Shipping and Navigation, their Deputies, &c. What occasion could there be to indemnify the officers enjoined to put the Navigation Act in force, if the power had been taken away by the preceding Clause? It appears

to me that the Parliament was afraid it might be wrong construed, therefore included them by name in a subsequent clause. Well done, Lawyer Nelson! The 3rd of George 3rd, chap. 22d, sect. 4th, recites, that it may be necessary to employ Men-of-War upon the coasts of Great Britain, &c. of the Colonies, &c. Are not the King's ships here employed to see the Navigation Act and the King's Order of Council carried into effect? Yea: the Admiralty has given the Admirals such orders, and the Admirals have given them to the King's ships. Once more, get me some legal advice upon all this matter. Best wishes for the happiness of every part of your Family, and may they enjoy the happiness 'tis so much in your power to give me; but on every occasion believe that I am,

"Your most affectionate  
"HORATIO NELSON."

"W. Suckling, Esq."

"Borers, Carlisle Bay, March 9th, 1786."

"My dear Uncle,—Your kind letter of Jan<sup>y</sup> 3rd I received yesterday on my arrival here from Nevis. When I made application to you in Nov<sup>r</sup>, it was, I assure you, not so much considering you in the light of a near relation as of a sincere friend, who would do every [thing] which was proper for the happiness of one who sincerely regarded and esteemed him, and whose friendship was pure, without any interested views in it; and had it not been for one sentence in your letter, viz. 'Your application has in a great degree deprived me of my free agency,' I should have been supremely happy; but my feelings are too quick, and I feel sharply what perhaps others would not, so they gained their ends. That sentence would make me suppose that you thought I conceived I had a right to ask pecuniary assistance; if you did think so, be assured you did me great injustice; for I was convinced, that whatever you might be kind enough to do for me, must spring from your own generous heart, and not from any shadow of right I could be fool enough to suppose I derived from our relationship. Relations are not always the people we are to look up to for doing friendly offices. O my dear Uncle! you can't tell what I feel—indeed, I can hardly write, or know what I am writing: you would pity me did you know what I suffer by that sentence—for although it does not make you act less generous, yet it embitters my happiness. You must know me, and consequently that I am guided by the strictest rules of honour and integrity; and that had I not been more ambitious of Fame than Money, I should not most probably [have] been under the necessity of making the present application to you. No dangers or difficulties shall ever deter me from doing my utmost to provide handsomely for my dearest Fanny, for with the purest and most tender affection do I love her. Her virtues and accomplishments are not more conspicuous than her goodness of heart and gentleness of disposition; and you will esteem her for herself when you know her."

"Your readiness in giving, my dear Friend, will not make me more anxious to receive; for can I live without your putting yourself to the inconvenience of advancing me money, I certainly shall do it, for my disposition is not that of endeavouring to grasp all it can. The greatest felicity I can enjoy is to make her happy; for myself I can care but little when she is considered; and I could lay down my life with pleasure at this moment for her future happiness. After what I have written, you will believe my love is founded upon that strong basis which must have the appearance of enjoying happiness with her. I will endeavour, as much as my indisposed mind will let me, to answer all your questions about her son and herself. When Mrs. Nisbet married, Mr. Herbert promised two thousand pounds with her; but as

her husband settled in the Island, where he died a few months after, it never has been paid. Mr. H. told me he had given, and should pay to the child one thousand pounds when he grew up; and that he should bring him up at his expense, and put him in a way of providing for himself. Mr. Nisbet (the gentleman whose wife went astray) was a brother. His Estate, I understand from Mr. Herbert, owes for money lent and attending it as Doctor, about 3000*l*. Currency; but Dr. Nisbet dying insane, without a will, or any papers which were regular, has made this business rather troublesome, as Mr. Nisbet wishes to pay as little as he can help. Mr. Stanley, the Attorney General, whose property is next Mr. Herbert's, and who is his particular friend, has undertaken to settle it for her. She will not get much; but it must, I conceive, make her little fellow independent. Her Uncle, although he is a man who must have his own way in everything, yet I believe has a good and generous heart, and loves her and her son very sincerely; and I have every reason to suppose in as much attached to me as to any person who could pay their addresses to his dear Fanny, as he always calls her. Although his income is immense, yet his expenses must be great, as his house is open to all strangers, and he entertains them most hospitably. I can't give you an idea of his wealth, for I don't believe he knows it himself. Many estates in that Island are mortgaged to him. The stock of Negroes upon his estate and cattle are valued at 60,000*l*. sterling; and he sends to England (average for 7 years,) 500 casks of sugar. His daughter's fortune must be very large; and as he says, and told me at first, that he looked upon his niece as his child, I can have no reason to suppose that he will not provide handsomely for her. I had rather wish, that whatever he may do at her marriage, may flow spontaneously from himself. I have not an idea of being married till nearly the time of our sailing for England, which I did not think was to be till 1787; but report says, (which I don't believe, by the bye, but you can ask Mr. Stephens,) we are to go home this summer; but I thought it right to know every sentiment of my friends upon a business of this moment. I have tried your patience, I am sure, therefore will have done.—Pray send to Marsh & Creed, my Agents, and ask if they have heard anything of the Appeal. I wrote to them what I would have done, and I have not had a line from them to know, whether they have ever received the letter. I can't write to my Father, that perhaps you will have the goodness to say—I am well. Pray remember me most kindly to all your Family, and to any Gentlemen of the Village who do me the favour of asking after me, and believe that I am with the greatest affection,

"Your obliged Nephew,

"HORATIO NELSON."

"Some time ago (two months), a whaler called the *Yorick*, arrived here from the Southern Fishery. He had no register, but had a clearance from London, where he said he was bound, and had no other papers whatsoever. Pray inquire if such a ship ever arrived, as I believe she is run away with and probably the Master got rid of by unfair means. If I had met her I certainly should have put a Lieut. into her, and sent her to London to have the business cleared up, as the man said his Owner lived there."

"Nevis, July 5th, 1786."

"My dear Sir,—This will be delivered to you by Mr. Suckling, who has done me the favour of calling here on his way to England—he appears much improved since I last saw him, and seems to possess a modesty of behaviour, which must ever get friends and promotion for him."

"My prizes were condemned on the 26th inst., but an appeal is pray'd by Gov<sup>r</sup> Perry, against the distribution as he thinks that as Gov<sup>r</sup> he is entitled

to a third of all forfeitures, even though made by his Majesty's Ships, but he is grossly ignorant, and sets his face against the Navy, more particularly ag<sup>t</sup> me, as I will do my duty in despite of all machinations, even with Chiefs at the head of them. I wish I could tell you I was well, but I am far from it.—My activity of mind is too much for my puny constitution.—I am worn to a skeleton, but I trust that the Doctors and asses milk will set me up again. Perhaps you will think it odd if I do not mention Mrs. Nisbet, I can only assure you, that her heart is equal to her head, which every person knows is filled with good sense. My affection for her is fixed upon that solid basis of esteem and regard, that I trust can only increase by a longer knowledge of her. I have not a line from either my father or sister. My brother just mentioned it in a cursory manner as you did. I hope you and your Family are well, and ever will continue so: You have been my best friend, and I trust will continue as long so, as I shall prove myself by my actions worthy of supplying that place in the Service of my country which my dear Uncle left for me. I feel myself, to my Country, his Heir, and it shall I am bold to say, never lack the want of his council; I feel he gave it to me as a legacy, and had I been near him when he was removed, he would have said, 'My Boy, I leave you to my Country. Serve her well and she'll never desert, but will ultimately reward you.' You who know much of me, I believe and hope think me not unworthy your regards. But I beg your pardon for this digression, but what I have said is the inward monitor of my heart upon every difficult occasion. Bless you, my best Friend, and believe me most affectionately,

"HORATIO NELSON."

"William Suckling."

With these most interesting letters the correspondence from the West Indies closes. The lovers were married on the 11th of March 1787. Prince William Henry (his present Majesty) giving away the bride. Nelson returned to England in the *Borers*, in June 1787, and in the midst of good and evil report, laid open sundry abuses in the transactions of the contractors, prize agents, and other persons connected with the service. Yet so little did his labours appear appreciated, and so strong was his disgust at the treatment he received in high quarters upon his return to his native country, that he declared his intention of retiring from the service. His resolution, however, was changed by the more than usually favourable reception he met with when presented at Court; and it is well for our glory as a nation, whose "home is on the deep," that such was the case.

(To be continued.)

#### SKETCHES OF SOCIETY IN THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

(From the *Morgenblatt*.)

[We this week conclude our translations with some scattered paragraphs.]

Philadelphia.

It is impossible to conceive anything in the whole world, duller than Philadelphia and its inhabitants. Sail-cloths stretched over the narrow foot-pavements on each side of the filthy streets, shade, but at the same time tend to contract them still more. Beneath these awnings sit the shopkeepers, who have nothing to do, the whole day, on rocking chairs, with their legs shored against the pillars. In the middle of the street, filth of all kinds is heaped according to law; it is never carried away, and cows roam about in perfect freedom, seeking their own living, enjoying their republican life, and repairing twice a day to the house before the door of which they are accustomed to resign their milk for a handful of hay. The useful hog passes his days and his nights on the pavement, equally contented and in the greatest plenty; he thrives surprisingly

and fattens without any trouble or expense to his owner: nothing disturbs his quiet; he is tame and good-natured, and when an alarm of fire is given, he runs along with the engines, grunts with the trumpeters, and adds to the spectacle. The innumerable colossal water-melons which are daily consumed here, and whose shells thickly cover the streets, convert the latter into a very useful pasture for cattle, of which good use is made. Philadelphia nevertheless passes for the neatest and cleanest city in the whole union: even the people of New York do their rival this justice, or to speak more correctly, this injustice; for New York is in reality as clean as any town in Holland.

The immediate environs of Philadelphia are waste, bare, and in part very swampy. This latter circumstance frequently has a pernicious effect upon health; but the draining of these swamps would require so large a sum, that the honest citizens could not make up their minds to encounter the expense, choosing rather to rely on the goodness of Providence, and in this instance they were not disappointed; for, last winter, a great man died here, and bequeathed to the city sufficient funds for carrying this useful work into execution.

#### Cincinnati.

One cannot live long among the Americans, without being infected by some of their habits. Thus, after we had been about six weeks at Philadelphia, we were seized with a longing for change of scene, which we could not withstand, and one morning started in a handsome steamer on an excursion to Baltimore, and then westward, and northward. We everywhere met with people who were doing precisely like ourselves: some were travelling upon business; most, impelled by the spirit of unrest, were going to seek or to occupy new abodes. In this tour we had occasion to admire the extent to which the mania for breeding hogs is carried at Cincinnati. This town is situated in a delightful country; lovely hills surround it; streams meandering through little valleys roll over their rocky beds; and the murmur of the waters, the verdure of the meadows, the shade of the woods, the expected song of the birds, all invite you to a walk. But the water of the stream is red as if coloured with blood; the meadows are bestrewn with the tails of slaughtered hogs, whose heads and intestines rot in scattered heaps in the woods, and warn you at a distance by their pestilential stench, against their disgusting appearance; and the nightingale is silenced by the horrid cries of the dying herds. What labour, what sums of money, are often expended to create promenades by art for a European city! Here the Cincinnati art of slaughter has spoiled nature. But why are there not places at a distance from the town set apart for the purpose of slaughter? why are not pits dug to receive the offal? why must the finest walks, nay every walk be so disgustingly defiled? Such were the questions that I asked the good citizens. The butcher-gentry gave me a look of pity. "Does the lady want to walk?" was the reply. "If she has nothing else to do, she can run up and down the street till she is tired."

I have mentioned the *nightingale*, but must beg pardon for having done so: there are no nightingales here; consequently, they could not be scared by the grunting of the oft-mentioned useful quadruped. America is so far from being the native land of harmony, that not a single singing bird is to be heard here: here nothing whatever is poetic; all is prosaic and purely practical, like the good advice of the citizens of Cincinnati. Such traits, and they are by no means rare, remind you of the epigram of a celebrated statesman,\* and justify it in some measure. When asked by the Emperor Napoleon, what kind of people the Americans were, he replied:

\* Talleyrand.

"Sire, ce sont de fiers coillons et de coillons fiers." Equally laconic and just, but somewhat less stinging is the universal complaint of all Frenchmen who come to America. "Il n'y a pas de gaieté dans ce pays," say they; "il faut cependant un grain de gaieté dans la vie; c'est une salsopieria de pays."

The Americans, of whatever class or sex, bestow particular attention on the head. To them the ravages of Time on this exposed part are intolerable; and thus you see throughout the whole country nothing but smooth faces, with excellent teeth, and not a single bald head. Dentists, barbers, hair-dressers, are therefore sure to have plenty of business. Essences, pomatums, *Crème céleste*, *Eau des Odaliques*, and, above all, hair, are the only articles by the importation of which no risk is run, for their consumption is prodigious, and on this point the extravagance of the Americans knows no bounds, if the commodities take their fancy. I know gentlemen who have paid two hundred dollars for a Titus-sculp, and ladies in Charlestown who have their hair dressed in New York—that is, they send their artificial fronts, and curls, and head gear, by the weekly packet-boats, to be trimmed up and put to rights there, which costs many a one a thousand dollars a year. You will no doubt say that for this sum the very cleverest of ladies' maids might be obtained; but, in this country, there are no such things as ladies' maids or valets, not that there is any want of persons qualified and willing to act in those capacities, but such servants are incompatible with the system of American housekeeping. On extraordinary occasions, great tea-parties, companies, and the like, the *fiscieur* superintends the toilet of the lady, and, in truth, more of it than is consistent with decorum. The gentlemen have their things carried into what are called the dressing-rooms of the *fiscieur's* establishment, and each is transformed in a trice into a Narcissus, at an expense of from half a dollar to two dollars, according to the costliness of the essences, and other youth-restoring arts, that have been employed. People in general keep at most a lazy negro; sometimes they have a maid-servant besides, but they are as often without the latter. At such times you may see the richest ladies with a birch-broom in their delicate hands, covered with leather mittens, early in the morning, sweeping the dirt from the pavement into a heap in the middle of the street; while the husband trudges home from market with a huge basket full of fish, butcher's meat, prodigious crabs, oysters with shells as large as soup-plates; and such persons live, according to the notions of this country, in very high style, if their whole house is covered with costly carpets, and they expend some thousands of dollars annually for fresh teeth and hair. They have mittens here, which are extremely elegant, and which are sold at the milliners' shops by the name of "ladies sweeping gloves," as high as five dollars a pair.

The fondness of these people for wax figures is absolutely incredible. You may frequently see twenty or thirty persons, not of the lower class, but people of consequence, standing as if rooted to the ground before a hair-dresser's shop. A wax bust is here still something quite incomprehensible. When a *fiscieur* puts his figures into new dresses, he sets the whole city in commotion; and I have seen families who came from the shores of Lake Erie to New York merely to be present at the opening of the new shop of Gaudequin, the hair-dresser, who gave out that he had just arrived from Paris. I am convinced that a sure way, and which most unaccountably has never yet been attempted, of making a fortune, would be the exhibition of a gallery of wax figures. It must of course be adapted to the taste of the country; the most eminent generals, as well

French and English as American, who took part in the war of independence; Arnold the traitor; André the spy; some figures from the most recent European revolutions; celebrated robbers in characteristic groups, a few executions, represented at the most critical moment; such is the receipt for the philosopher's stone, though it appears to be in opposition to the moral rigour publicly maintained on the stage.

Last summer, Captain Robinson, who commanded the ship *Charlemagne*, of which he was co-proprietor, arrived here, bringing his first mate shut up in the hen-coop. Immediately on leaving Havre, he had picked a quarrel with him, and doomed him to this species of confinement, unheard of in the annals of navigation, in which he kept him four weeks, for so long the voyage lasted. Every day, at the dinner hour, Robinson went to the coop, and threw bits of bread to his prisoner, at the same time saying, "Pud, pud, pud!" The mate was, nevertheless, a gentleman; he had himself commanded a ship which was lost at sea, and he now served in a subordinate rank. He submitted quietly to the Captain's whim, but on reaching New York, he brought an action against him, claiming ten thousand dollars damages, which sum was awarded to him. When Robinson paid down the money in court, the mate swept the bank-notes together, with a smile, saying, "Pud, pud, pud!"

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Mr. Thom is exhibiting two new freestone statues, at No. 16, Old Bond Street. The subjects are Old Mortality, and his Pony. The lonely man seated on the martyrs' grave-stone, with his open Bible beside him, looking up from his labour of love, is simply and beautifully imagined. The legs of the figure, however struck us as being somewhat too short and small. The companion of the tomb-cutter's wanderings is no less faithful to old-world nature than his master; the rude harness of the beast, the small bag slung from his neck, and his patient and worn figure, are just as described by pleasant Peter Pattieson, in that homely, but most touching introduction to one of Scott's most powerful novels. Another figure, to illustrate Burns's ballad of "Willie brewed a peck of malt," is in progress, and promises well.

The winter exhibition of the Society of British Artists will shortly open. It is likely, we think, to be of general interest, as offering an opportunity to the visitor of comparing, at one view, the works of the old masters of the Italian and Flemish schools, those of the earlier followers of painting in our own country, with modern art. It will contain specimens of the works of Canaletti, Guido, Zuccarelli, Correggio, and, it is said and believed, an oil painting by Michael Angelo, of Vandyke, Wouvermans, Teniers, Ruydael, &c., and not a few by artists of our own land, including Sir Joshua, Wilson, Gainsborough, Opie, Northcote, and Harlowe.

We observe that the Association of British Musicians announce their first Concert for the 27th of October, and that they have wisely arranged their season, so as not to interfere with any other establishment. We look anxiously to see what the native talent among us is really worth—if this new undertaking be rightly managed, without cabal or partiality, it ought to be of the greatest use, and deserves every possible support.

The organ which has this week been opened at the Birmingham Festival, is spoken of as a marvel among instruments—nothing short of the finest in the world. A new contrivance applied to the huge thirty-two feet pipes, makes them answer to the touch much more readily than is customary, and gives, thereby, great faci-



lities to the player. It was built under the direction of the Chevalier Neukomm, and is a magnificent ornament to a magnificent room. This reminds us of the Town Hall at Manchester, which an artist has been for some two years employed in decorating with frescoes. We hear that it is problematical whether his colours will stand, and certain that one of his paintings will be obliterated. The room, we are told, is overcrowded with ornament, and approached by a mean and dark staircase; but is, in itself, handsome and well proportioned. What a chapter of griefs (beginning with Buckingham Palace) might be written, on the money misemployed in this country on works of art!

We are happy to announce, that the Honorary Gold Medal of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, was presented at a meeting of the Council, on Thursday last, to Mr. George Bennett, whose work on New South Wales, &c., we recently reviewed, in testimony of the appreciation by the Society of his Scientific Researches in Comparative Anatomy and other branches of Natural History.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Oct. 6.—J. G. Children, Esq., F.R.S., in the chair.—The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. Various donations of books and insects were announced, including valuable memoirs by Professor Gene, of Turin, upon insects injurious to agriculture, and a perfect nest of the *Mygale nidulans*, a large spider from Jamaica, by Mr. Sells. The report of the Doncaster Agricultural Association was also presented, and led to some remarks, in which the justice of the observations upon that work in the *Athenæum* of the 4th instant, were admitted. Various new and beautiful exotic insects were exhibited by the President, and the following memoirs were read: Report of the Entomological Proceedings at the Edinburgh Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and also at the Zoological Society.—Descriptions of some new Species of Coleopterous Insects lately received from Monte Video, by S. S. Saunders, Esq.—Memoir on the Earwig, containing observations on its Natural History, and on some remarkable peculiarities of structure hitherto unnoticed by Authors, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S., &c. A discussion ensued, relative to the swarms of minute ants which infest the houses in some parts of the metropolis to an intolerable degree. The necessity of minute observations upon the habits and characters of the species in question, was particularly dwelt upon.

### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

We avail ourselves of the recess to give an abstract of such papers of general interest, as were read during the sessional meetings, and merely referred to in our weekly reports.

On the Quantity of Solid Matter suspended in the Water of the Rhine, by Leonard Horner, Esq.—The experiments were made by the author at Bonn, in the months of August and November. The apparatus which he used was a stone bottle capable of containing about a gallon, and furnished with a cork covered with grained leather, having a long string attached to it. A weight was suspended from the bottle by a rope of such a length, that when the weight touched the ground, the mouth of the bottle was at the desired distance from the bottom of the river. The cork was then removed by the string, and the instant the bottle was full it was drawn up.

The first set of experiments was made in August, at 165 feet from the left bank of the river, and at 7 feet from the surface, or 8 feet from the bottom. The Rhine was unusually low,

and the water was turbid and of a yellowish colour. The quantity of solid matter obtained from a cubic foot of water, and slowly dried, was 21·10 grains, or about  $\frac{1}{100}$  part. The residuum effervesced briskly with diluted muriatic acid, was of a pale yellowish-brown colour, smooth to the touch, and in appearance and properties undistinguishable from the loess of the Rhine Valley.

The second set of experiments was made in November on water taken from the middle of the river, and about one foot below the surface. A great deal of rain had fallen some time before, and also during the experiment. The water was of a deeper yellow than on the former occasion, but when taken up in a glass was not very different in appearance. The residuum of a cubic foot weighed 35 grains, or the  $\frac{1}{100}$  part. The author then enters into an approximate calculation of the medium quantity of earthy matter borne down by the Rhine during 24 hours. He assumes that the annual mean breadth of the river opposite Bonn, is 1,200 feet, the mean depth 15 feet; the mean velocity 2½ miles in an hour, and the average amount of solid matter held in suspension to be 28 grains in the cubic foot of water. From these data he deduces the result that 145,281 cubic feet of solid matter are borne past Bonn every 24 hours.

Observations on the Temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli, near Naples; with Remarks on certain Causes which may produce Geological Cycles of great Extent, by Charles Babbage, Esq.—The author commences with a general description of the present state of the Temple of Serapis, and gives the measurement of the three marble columns which remain standing, and which, from the height of 11 feet to that of 19, are perforated on all sides by the *Modiola lithophaga* (of Lamarck); the shells of that animal remaining in the holes formed by them in the columns. A description is then given of the present state of twenty-seven portions of columns, and other fragments of marble, and also of the several incrustations formed on the walls and columns of the temple.

The conclusions at which the author arrives are—

1. That the temple was originally built, at or nearly at the level of the sea, for the convenience of sea-baths, as well as for the use of the hot spring which still exists on the land side of the temple.

2. That at some subsequent period the ground on which the temple stood subsided slowly and gradually; the salt water, entering through a channel which connected the temple with the sea, or by infiltration through the sand, mixed itself with the water of the hot spring containing carbonate of lime, and formed a lake of brackish water in the area of the temple, which, as the land subsided, became deeper, and formed a dark incrustation.

The proofs are, that sea-water alone does not produce a similar incrustation; and that the water of the hot spring alone produces an incrustation of a different kind; also, that Serpulae are found adhering to this dark incrustation; and that there are lines of water-level at various heights, from 2·9 feet to 4·6 feet.

The area of the temple was now filled up to the height of about seven feet with ash, tufa, or sand, which stopped up the channel by which sea-water had been admitted. The waters of the hot spring thus confined converted the area of the temple into a lake, from which an incrustation of carbonate of lime was deposited on the columns and walls.

The proofs are, that the lower boundary of this incrustation is irregular; whilst the upper is a line of water-level, and that there are many such lines at different heights;—that salt water has not been found to produce a similar incrus-

tation;—that the water of the Piacina Mirabile, which is distant from the sea, but in this immediate neighbourhood, produces, according to an examination by Mr. Faraday, a deposit almost precisely similar; that no remains of Serpulae, or other marine animals, are found adhering to it.

4. The temple continuing to subside, its area was again partially filled with solid materials; and at this period it appears to have been subjected to a violent incursion of the sea. The hot-water lake was filled up, and a new bottom produced, entirely covering the former bottom, and concealing also the incrustation of carbonate of lime.

The proofs are, that the remaining walls of the temple are highest on the inland side, and decrease in height towards the sea-side, where they are lowest;—that the lower boundary of the space perforated by the marine *Lithophagi* is, on different columns, at different distances beneath the uppermost or water-level line;—that several fragments of columns are perforated at the ends.

5. The land continuing to subside, the accumulations at the bottom of the temple were submerged, and *Modiola* attaching themselves to the columns and fragments of marble, pierced them in all directions. The subsidence continued until the pavement of the temple was at least nineteen feet below the level of the sea.

The proofs are derived from the condition of the columns and fragments.

6. The ground on which the temple stood appears now to have been stationary for some time, but it then began to rise. A fresh deposition, of tufa or of sand, was lodged, for the third time, within its area,—leaving only the upper part of three large columns visible above it.

Whether this took place before or subsequently to the rise of the temple to its present level, does not appear; but the pavement of the area is at present level with the waters of the Mediterranean.

The author then states several facts, which prove that considerable alterations in the relative level of the land and sea have taken place in the immediate vicinity. An ancient sea-beach exists near Monte Nuovo, two feet above the present beach of the Mediterranean;—the broken columns of the Temples of the Nymphs and of Neptune, remain at present standing in the sea; a line of perforations of *Modiola*, and other indications of a water-level 4 feet above the present sea, is observable on the sixth pier of the bridge of Caligula; and again on the twelfth pier, at the height of 10 feet;—a line of perforations by *Modiola* is visible in the cliff opposite the island of Nisida, 32 feet above the present level of the Mediterranean.

The author considers the preceding inferences as a legitimate induction from the observed and recorded facts; and proceeds to suggest an explanation of the gradual sinking and subsequent elevation of the ground on which the temple stands. From some experiments of Col. Totten, recorded in Silliman's Journal, he has calculated a table of the expansion, in feet and decimal parts, of granite, marble, and sandstone, of various thicknesses, from 1 to 500 miles, and produced by variations of temperature of 1°, 20°, 50°, 100°, 500° of Fahrenheit; and he finds from this table, that if the strata below the temple expand equally with sandstone, and a thickness of five miles were to receive an accession of heat equal only to 100°, the temple would be raised 25 feet;—a greater alteration of level than is required to account for the phenomena in question. An additional temperature of 50° would produce the same effect upon a thickness of ten miles; and an addition of 500° would produce it on a bed only a single mile in thickness.

Mr. Babbage then adverts to the various sources of volcanic heat in the immediate neighbourhood; and he conceives that the change of

level may be accounted for by supposing the temple to have been built upon the surface of matter at a high temperature, which subsequently contracted by slowly cooling down;—that when this contraction had reached a certain point, a fresh accession of heat from some neighbouring volcano, by raising the temperature of the beds again, produced a renewed expansion, and which restored the temple to its present level. The periods at which these events happened are then compared with various historic records.

Mr. Dabbege then proceeds to consider the possible action of existing causes, in elevating continents and mountain-ranges. He assumes as the basis of his reasoning the following established facts:—

1. That as we descend below the surface of the earth at any point, the temperature increases.
2. That solid rocks expand by being heated; but that clay and some other substances contract under the same circumstance.
3. That different rocks and strata conduct heat differently.
4. That the earth radiates heat differently, or at different parts of its surface, according as it is covered with forests, with mountains, with deserts, or with water.
5. That existing atmospheric agents and other causes, are constantly changing the condition of the surface of the globe.

Mr. Dabbege's theory may be thus briefly stated.—In consequence of the changes actually going on at the earth's surface, the surfaces of equal temperature within its crust, must be continually changing their form, and exposing thick beds, near the exterior, to alterations of temperature; the expansion and contraction of these strata will probably form rents, raise mountain-chains, and elevate even continents.

On the Delta of Kander, by W. H. Egerton, Esq.—The Kander in its ancient course flowed parallel to the Lake of Thun, and emptied itself into the Aar, beyond the village of Heimberg; but in consequence of the injury done to the land by its frequent inundations, the Government of Bern determined to direct its waters into the lake of Thun. This object was finally accomplished about the year 1713, by making two parallel tunnels, about a mile in length, between the original course of the river and the lake; and no sooner was the Kander admitted into them than it burst up the arches, tore away the masses of rock which obstructed its passage, and bore a vast heap of gravel and detritus into the lake. The delta thus commenced, and increased by the sedimentary matter brought down during nearly 120 years, now presents a tract covered with trees, extending about a mile along the original shore, and a quarter of a mile from it into the lake. The depth of the ravine by which the Kander now enters the lake is 50 feet.

On the Geology of the Bermudas, by Lieut. Nelson.—He says that the Bermudas consist of about one hundred and fifty islets, lying within a space of fifteen miles by five, and situated on the S.E. side of a zone of coral reefs.

The whole group is composed of calcareous sand and limestone, derived from comminuted shells and corals, and the different varieties are associated without any definite order of position, the harder limestones occasionally resting upon loose sand. The arrangement of the beds is often dome-shaped, but in many instances the strata are singularly waved.

The bottom of the basin within the zone of coral reefs is stated to consist of corals, calcareous sand, and soft calcareous mud resembling chalk, and considered by the author to have been derived from the decomposition of Zoophytes.

Under the head of encrustments, he describes the banks of detritus thrown up by the sea, and the progress which, under certain circumstances, the loose sand makes in overwhelming tracts previously fertile. He states that wherever the shrubs and creepers have

been destroyed, the sand has spread rapidly, but that it is invariably stopped as soon as it arrives at a plantation or row of trees.

On the strata penetrated in sinking a well at Diss, in Norfolk, by John Taylor, Esq.—The well alluded to in this communication affords the only details, hitherto made public, of the thickness and character of the chalk in that part of Norfolk in which Diss is situated.

The well was sunk by Mr. Thomas Lombe Taylor, and the following list gives the order and thickness of the beds:—

Clay	feet	50
Sand		50
Chalk, without flints, soft and of a marly nature		100
Chalk, with flints in layers of single stones, distant about a yard from each other		330
Grey chalk, with an occasional layer of white chalk, and free from flints		60
Light bright blue chalk, approaching to clay, with white chalk stones		20
Sand		5
		615

On penetrating the light blue chalk, the tools sunk rapidly for about five feet, and the water rose to within forty-seven feet of the surface, at which height it is stated to have continued.

Observations on a well dug at Lower Heath, on the south side of Hampstead, by N. Wetherell, Esq.—The strata penetrated in making this well are stated by Mr. Wetherell to be as follows:—

London clay	feet	285
Rock		5
Plastic clay		40
		330

The London clay, for the first thirty feet, was of a loose texture, reddish brown colour, and contained a good deal of iron pyrites and selenite: for the next 170 feet it varied in colour from blue to dark brown, and contained many septaria; and the lower part was very sandy. At the depth of 260 feet, a few fruits and seeds were procured,—the former resembling those found at Sheppey, and the latter those found at Highgate; but between 265 and 285 feet the clay abounded with vegetable remains. A classed list is given of the fossils obtained by the author; and, among those not previously noticed, he mentions the remains of *Asterias*, a *Pentacrinite*, six species of bivalves, and two small, straight, tubular bodies, one round, the other square, having an internal radiated structure like that of a *Belemnite*, but without a central cavity.

The rock between the London and plastic clays was full of green particles, and contained numerous rounded flint pebbles. The fossils obtained from it were chalky and friable, and among them the author found *Mya intermedia* and *Natica glaucinoides*, shells characteristic of the Bognor rock.

The plastic clay presented its usual mottled appearance, but no organic remains were noticed in it.

At the depth of 330 feet a bed of sand, containing small flint pebbles, occurred, and the water gradually rose from it to within 200 feet of the surface.

On the Action of High Pressure Steam on Glass and other Silicious Compounds, by Professor Turner.—An opportunity having presented itself to the author, of including substances in a high pressure steam-boiler, he took advantage of it to try the effect which would be produced on glass; and he accordingly encased in wire gauze some specimens of plate and window glass, and suspended them from the top of the boiler, so that they were surrounded by steam whenever the boiler was in action. They were kept in this situation for four months, during which time the boiler was commonly in action ten hours daily, except Sundays, its temperature being then at 300° Fahr.

On opening the boiler at the end of the time specified, all the pieces of glass were found to be more or less decomposed; and the plate-glass in particular, which is a glass of siliceous and soda, was far advanced in decomposition. Flat pieces one-fifth of an inch thick, were in some parts decomposed through their whole substance; while in others a layer of unchanged glass was found in the middle, covered on each side with a stratum of opaque white silicious earth, having the appearance of chalk.

The author referred these changes to the influence of water on the alkaline matter of the glass. The white earthy portions were found to be entirely free from alkaline matter, which had been dissolved and removed by the water which condensed upon the glass at the successive heating and cooling of the boiler, or which may have been thrown upon it by splashing during ebullition. But the author considered that the actual loss was not due to the extraction of alkaline matter only, but that the siliceous of the glass had in some measure been dissolved along with the alkali. This was proved to have been the case by the apertures of the gauze envelope being filled up at the most depending parts by a silicious incrustation, where also a stalactitic deposit of silica, about an inch and a quarter long, had formed.

A piece of window glass included at the same time with the plate glass, was also in a decomposing state, but in a much lower degree. A piece of rock-crystal confined in the boiler at the same time was wholly unchanged.

In a paper by Mr. Rofe, 'On the Geological Structure of the neighbourhood of Reading,' it is incidentally observed, "that all the wells in Reading, excepting those supplied by land-springs, both on the north and south of the Kennet, and even within thirty yards of its banks, are regulated by the Thames, rising and falling with that river. This phenomenon, he conceives, may be accounted for by the Kennet flowing over a bed of tenacious clay, whereas the Thames flows over gravel resting immediately upon chalk, into which the wells are sunk."

## PINE ARTS

THOUGH the age we live in may be censured for being superficial, it must be admitted, that it is a remarkable one. Though we may not have at the present moment any man of pre-eminent talent among our writers, yet the quantity and the value of mind which is constantly poured abroad, if only through the channels of the periodical press, would, if summed up, startle and stagger the most dogmatic or dispirited believer of the "good old times."

The same remark may apply to art—whether we are living in days of preparation, or of corruption, we leave to others with more leisure than ourselves to decide. We incline towards the former comfortable belief, and cannot but think that the numberless beautiful works which are finding their way from the sketch-book and burin, into every library, and are handed about round every fire-side, must ultimately have a favourable effect upon popular taste—so that when some new and eagle-winged genius starts up to astonish the world, he will take his flight from ground somewhat higher than was occupied by his forefathers, and, therefore, it may be hoped, attain a height beyond any which the brightest of their gifted ones have reached.

We have been led into this *couleur de rose* mood of speculation, by the sight of the periodical works of art which come upon us thick and threefold, and whose circulation and success may be tested by the number of novelties begun or beginning. Here, to make our words good, are the first five numbers of the 'Gallery of Modern British Artists,' each number containing three engravings from the works of Turner, Stanfield, Roberts, Bonington, &c., and published

for one shilling—and these not merely manufactured copies, but spirited and characteristic transcripts of their originals. We could particularize Stanfield's 'St. Michael's Mount,' engraved by Le Petit, and Winkles' 'Abbeville,' after Roberts, and E. Smith's engraving from Nash's clever design of 'Amy Robsart examining Wayland Smith's wares'—the cloak of cherry-coloured cloth and the parrot ruff—but they are all good, and the work deserves an extensive circulation.

The first six numbers of Dr. Beattie's *'Switzerland,'* likewise demand our good word—whether we look at the variety and beauty of the scenes, or at the skill of those who have transferred them from the sketch-book to the steel, or at the letter-press, which links them together. We shall have presently such entire and coherent pictures of every land under the sun, set before us, that travelling will become a work of supererogation.

The works we have noticed above, are new ones:—most of our old friends are proceeding gallantly and steadily forward. *'Finden's Land-scapes Illustrations to the Bible,'* of which, Parts VI. and VII. are here before us, maintains its reputation—the views of the 'Wilderness of Engedi,' and the 'Temple of Selah' (Petra), a building excavated out of the rock, are curious and striking from their character. If we could feel quite sure that the original sketches were not a little dressed up for effect, this work would be to us one of the most valuable, as well as one of the most beautiful ever given to the public.

The other series of *'Illustrations of the Bible,'* by Martin and Westall, has reached its sixth number. We cannot but feel that wood is not the best medium for rendering Martin's magnificent designs; and we cannot but express our dislike to the more than mannerism of some of Westall's compositions—but the cheapness of the work is extraordinary. The same praise may be given to *'Barber's Picturesque Illustrations of the Isle of Wight.'* We have so often mentioned *'Lodge's Portraits,'* that we can do no more than speak of them here as still proceeding with accustomed care and skill.

Having thus disposed of many of our arrears, we can afford to look about us and take breath—and this fifth number of *'Cruikshank's (George's) Sketch-book,'* could not have come before us at a happier moment. Only turn to his 'Chapter of Noises,' with the illustration of the St. Dunstan practice significantly set forth underneath, and let him keep his gallery who can. No less humorous (though touching the painful) is the plate of the 'Worship of Wealth,' with its shapeless puny idol, and the spare obsequious crowd of devotees—'Mathers at Home' is good—but best of all, is the last plate, with its 'Indian Rubber,' and its child nursing her blackberry "Babe in the wood," which is worthy to take its place beside Hood's never-to-be-forgotten 'African Wreckers.' After this mirth-provoking brochure, we cannot accept of *'Faricalities,'* No. I.—dull fun is no fun at all, and makes us first yawn, and then become angry.

We have also a specimen of what is called a new invention, before us—in *Messrs. Fisher's* frontispiece to their *'Drawing-room Scrap-book for 1835,'* a work printed in oil colours. It is effective, to a certain degree, though the difference between it and other coloured engravings we have seen, is not sufficiently evident to catch an unpractised eye. Perhaps more decided effects may be produced, when the process is better understood.

We have not many single prints to notice: a lithograph of 'Hastings from the Rocks,' will have a watering-place celebrity; and the print of the 'Emancipated Slaves,' after Rippingille, will circulate largely among a class.

One beautiful thing we have purposely reserved till the last—Bromley's engraving from

Harvey's picture of the Covenanters, which, our readers will remember, we noticed when exhibited a year or two ago. There is much expression and nature in many parts of this picture, and the engraver has wrought upon his task, as though it were a favourite one with him. The stern features of the men, armed with a Bible in one hand, with a weapon of defence in the other—the sentinel on the hill side, set to watch while the congregation listen to "the Word," tell simply and strikingly of

Those dark and troubled days  
(Pray God they come no more!)  
When men were slain for worshipping  
As Christ had done before:  
Not in rich shrines of carved wood  
Perfumed with incense smoke—  
Not in dim chapels roofed with gold,—  
But on the grey and lonely wold,  
Or battlemented rock.

## MUSIC

*Lyric Illustrations of the Modern Poets, a Collection of Twelve Vocal Compositions.* The Poetry selected from the Works of Lord Byron, Shelley, &c.; the Music composed by John Barnett. D'Almaine & Co.

The work before us is of sufficient importance to claim a separate notice. We are well pleased to see a national musician thus striving to raise the standard of English song; and we have examined the work with proportionate care, that we might be able to do it full justice.

We cannot but remark generally, in all these more ambitious compositions of our modern native writers, a certain uncertainty of character—a want of school (to borrow Mrs. Jameson's phrase) which makes us rise from their study, pleased it may be with a melody, or satisfied with a display of science, but, on the whole, unimpressed. They are marked by no feature (save the absence of decided feature, if the *Itricism* may be allowed,) which informs us that we have been playing, or singing, or listening to an English composition, such as strikes us at once when we rise from the perusal of a work by Spohr, or Weber, or Rossini, or Boieldieu.

Till this remark ceases to apply to the works of our English composers—till we cease to find a bit like Beethoven here, a morsel of Mozart there, in another place a division Italian enough to have figured in 'Semiramide,' or 'Otello'—till, in short, our writers rely on themselves, and can do so, in the confidence of having received a thorough education in the mechanical part of their art, we shall have no satisfactory native composition. We may meet with many praise-worthy works—many clever ones—but nothing which shall possess original and decided merit enough to entitle it to keep its place beside the productions of the masters of the German, Italian, and French schools.

Our criticism applies especially to these lyric illustrations; and, half-we thought—meanly of Mr. Barnett, we should neither have devoted so much space to his work, nor expressed our opinion so openly. But if he would rank high as an artist, he must bear with the truth—with suggestion as well as compliment. We have gone over the cantatas of which this collection consists, more than once, with much pleasure, and yet with a feeling as if something were wanting to them. Perhaps this may arise from the nature of the words selected, many of which, according to our theory, are hardly fit subjects for a musician to exercise his skill upon. The dreamy reveries of Shelley are not things to be sung; and we are confirmed in our idea, that the composer has not seen his way clearly throughout, by finding all the simpler and less involved parts of the verses he has chosen, set expressively and happily—as, for instance, the beginning of the exquisite canonet, 'I arise from dreams of thee,' and the entire song, 'One word is too often profaned,' which, with 'Ossian's Glen,' are the things we like best in the volume.

In the greater cantatas, the 'Prometheus,' the 'Queen Mab,' and the 'Darkness,' we are struck with many bold ideas, but in all of them Mr. Barnett seems to have been overborne by the fulness and spirituality of the poetry he had selected. They are still so good as to deserve the encouragement of all who really wish to see music flourish in England as a plant of naturalized growth, and not an exotic, and to make us wish for more from the same pen. We cannot, however, take our leave of this, to us, very interesting publication, without again reminding its author that music, after all, has a limit—that there are thoughts too deep, and sensations too subtle to find any echo in sound, and without entreating him to remember that healthy, simple originality of fancy, is as much wanting amongst us as science and complexity of execution. The last may be the refuge of the weak and plodding: the former is a sure evidence of strength and talent of a high order.

*The Birmingham Festival.*—The accounts which have reached us of the progress of the Festival amply justify the high expectations we entertained. We had indeed heard, some time since, that the new Town Hall was likely to prove one of the best music rooms, if not the very best, in the kingdom; and we knew that the selections were judiciously made, comprising much new music—the great feature of the evening being, of course, the Chevalier Neukomm's new Oratorio. Of the success of this great work, composed expressly for Birmingham, we have as yet received no tidings—but we have no doubt concerning it—our first favourable impression of the composition being more than confirmed when going leisurely over a printed copy of the work a few weeks since. "The concert on a lake, interrupted by a thunder-storm," a fantasia, by the same hand (to which English music is so much indebted), written for the purpose of displaying the powers of the magnificent new organ, was performed on Tuesday evening. Moscheles has also played at the concert, which appear to have gone off brilliantly. These meetings are in every respect as useful as they are delightful.

## THEATRICALS

### DRURY LANE.

Mr. Denvil, the gentleman whom we noticed the week before last as performing at the Royal Kent Theatre, has appeared at Drury Lane, and is entitled to our thanks for the way in which he has justified all we ventured to predict in his favour. The character chosen for his *début* was *Shylock*. For the present we shall be content to say that we are so—and again to assert our full belief that the legitimate drama has made in Mr. Denvil an acquisition far superior to any which it has had to boast since the appearance of Kean. We are not so wild in our admiration as to say that the new actor's performance was perfect; but we can and will say that, to any judicious observer, it was such as to command the highest respect, as well for its calm boldness as for its easy originality. We are the more anxious to make this latter assertion, because a critic in one of our best-considered journals has spoken of it as being an imitation of Kean's style. Now we are of opinion that, in the range of acting, there could not well be produced two performances more widely differing, either in conception or execution, than the *Shylock* of the late Mr. Kean and that of the present Mr. Denvil. So strong, indeed, is this conviction on our minds, that we were at first almost tempted to think that the writer had been really placed where, by a mistake of the printer, he was stated to have been, when he attended to criticize Mr. Denvil's performance at Drury Lane—viz. at Covent Garden. Joking apart, we differ on



this point from our brother critic; and we cannot but think that, without any change on our side, his opinion and ours will not always be so completely at variance.

#### MISCELLANEA

**Almanacs.**—What would be the effect of taking off the Stamp Duties on Newspapers, our political brethren have not decided; but we have found, that liberating the Almanacs from their bondage has been beneficial, for one publisher, Mr. Cleave, has sent us no less than five—*The People's*, one copy printed on a broad sheet, and another in a pamphlet form; *The British Tradesman's*; *The British Diamond*, and *The British Penny*. We have also received from Messrs. Gilbert, *The British Calendar*; and, from Mr. Tilt, the crowning glory of all Almanacs, "An Almanac to be pasted in the crown of the hat." It is really an ingenious novelty, and to be sold for one penny; but, in his unbounded respect for the readers of the *Athenæum*, that gentleman has requested permission to present each of them with a copy, and, therefore, they can judge for themselves.

**Copyright.**—A detection has lately been made of the introduction to this country of pirated editions, printed in Paris, and in other parts of the Continent, of new English works which have attained great celebrity, and for the copyrights of which large sums have been paid. Frauds of this kind, if not repressed, will seriously injure the property of English publishers, and take from English authors their fair chance of profiting by their labours. It appears by the 6th Geo. IV. chap. 107, that the importation of any book of which the copyright has been purchased here, and the work published in this country, is illegal; and therefore Mr. Bentley, of New Burlington-street, whose property has been invaded by foreign piracy, has obtained an injunction from his Honour, the Master of the Rolls, against one of the dealers in the spurious editions in question.—*The Sun*. [Mr. Bentley has acted wisely, and with becoming spirit. The piratical system has been carried to a most mischievous extent; but it is not confined to the importation of foreign editions of English works. We may perhaps, at some future time, enter upon this subject more fully.]

**Sporting Lot.**—13 books, 2 razors and strop, snuff-box, 12 bladed knife, in hat case with lock and key.—*Robins's Catalogue*, Oct. 6th, 1834.

**Bronze Medals of the Kings of France.**—It is in contemplation in Paris, to strike 74 medals, with a view to illustrate the principal events connected with the French Monarchy. This plan was, in fact, conceived by Louis XIV. Napoleon adopted it with enthusiasm, and Charles the Tenth gave orders for its execution. It is now to be carried into effect by some speculators, but the Minister of the Interior has given his authority for the medals to be struck at the Royal Mint, and some of them have in fact already been struck. The two figures of Louis XIV. and Henry IV., which are finished, are said to be beautifully executed.

**Iron Rail-road.**—A trial has been made in France of a new description of iron rail-road, the invention of Messrs. Piot and Ronen. It took place a few days ago, near Vincennes, and was considered as successful. The advantage consists in the comparative saving of expence, and the susceptibility of receiving carriages of a very simple construction.

**Average number of Births and Marriages in France.**—During the last ten years, the average annual number of births in France has been 967,490; that of deaths, 781,480. The average annual increase in the population, therefore, has been 186,000. During the whole of the ten years, the population of France has increased 1,860,000 persons, of whom 1,046,000 were

boys, and 815,000 girls, that is to say, one fifth more boys than girls. The average number of marriages annually are 234,544.

**Mineralogical and Geological Discoveries in America.**—We extract the following from a paper in *Nile's Register* (U.S.),† the purport of which is to show that the prosperity of individuals and of nations is in proportion to the industry, the skill, and the general intelligence which is applied in unfolding and appropriating those gifts of nature which a wise and bountiful Creator has scattered around in rich profusion and variety.

"A geological excursion of Professor Silliman, with several of his pupils, a few years since, in the vicinity of New Haven, led to the discovery, that the stone walls, which had been standing a hundred and fifty years, as the enclosures of farms, were principally composed of the verd antique marble, commonly considered the most beautiful marble known upon our globe. At this place commences a range of this useful material for architecture, and for various works of ornament and taste, which continues for many miles, and in exhaustless abundance. From Hallowell, Maine, granite of the most valuable and beautiful kind is carried to nearly all our seaports, from New Orleans to East Port, where it is used in great quantities, for the building of houses, wharfs, and various other purposes. But a few years ago, stone of an inferior quality was brought from a distance for buildings within a few rods of these inexhaustible quarries, which now disperse their riches to other cities and other states. Copperas, which is used in vast quantities in this country, especially for the purpose of dyeing, was, until recently, procured entirely from foreign countries. The researches of geologists have discovered that copperas ore, the sulphuret of iron, exists in many parts of our country in sufficient quantities to furnish the world with this necessary material in the arts, at a far less price than it is supplied from abroad. In Strafford, Vt., copperas is made, in a great measure, by a spontaneous process, from the ore in that place, in sufficient quantities to supply all demands, and at such a price as to put an entire stop to importations of that article. Formerly chrome yellow sold at sixteen dollars a pound: the chromate of iron, found in great abundance in the vicinity of Baltimore, together with the increased skill of changing it into the chromate of lead, or chrome yellow, has reduced this beautiful and useful paint to fifty cents a pound. Epsom salts, but a few years since, were furnished to this country entirely by importations from abroad: they are now made in Baltimore, from magnesite, a mineral found in great abundance in the vicinity of that city, of a better quality, and at a cheaper rate, than they were, or can be, from foreign countries. The mines of Mexico and South America, until recently, furnished our mint and the arts with the principal part of their gold. The researches of Professor Olmsted, of Yale College, and those of other geologists in different parts of the country, have discovered that gold mines are extensive and abundant in Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, and some other states."

**Coach Divers of the Bahamas.**—In December 1821, one of his Majesty's ships, in going into the harbour of New Providence, struck on a bank, and rubbed off a sheet or two of her copper. The following morning, one of the divers being sent for, and supplied with hammer,

nails, and sheets of copper, sunk himself to the keel, and, after two or three breathings at the surface of the water, made good the defects! He was afterwards required by the commanding officer to bend a hawser on to the chain-cable near the anchor, as it lay at the bottom in nearly four fathoms water. This he accomplished with much ease, and a seaman-like bend it proved on the anchor being hove up.—These divers, who are black men, and generally natives of the outer islands, are nearly six feet in height, with broad shoulders, and so accustomed to diving for conchs from their infancy, in from two to ten fathoms water, that they have habituated themselves to continue under water for as long a time, perhaps, as the pearl divers of India. They often take with them a hammer, and on finding a conch will break its shell, take out the fish, and prepare it for dressing before they rise; they will also take a bottle of any drinkable liquid, with the cork wired, and sink to the bottom in three or four fathoms, and, with a corkscrew, draw the cork, drink its contents, and rise with the empty bottle! Porter is always the beverage they solicit on these occasions.—*Nautical Mag.*

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Hermann's Scholar's Manual, translated by R. C. Batley, A.M.

*Just published.*—Oriental Annual, 1835, 21s.—Jaquomont's Journey in India, 2 vols 8vo, 21s.—Twenty Minutes' Advice on Temptations, Eruptions, &c. 16mo. 1s. 6d.—Dreams and Realities; or, John Hall cautioned against having recourse to Advertising Quacks, 16mo. 1s.—Henderson's Tabular View of Amputation, 1s. 6d.—Læconics, 3 vols. 18mo. 3th edit. 12s.—Roy's Scrap Book, oblong, by W. Tomblason and Fensell, 10s. 6d.—Aldine Poets, Vol. XXXI. (Young, Vol. II.) 3s.—Whewell's Bridgewater Treatise, 8vo. 9s. 6d.—The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, 1835, 8s.—Forget-Me-Not for 1835, 12s.—Curtis on the Preservation of Hearing, 8s. 6d.—Friendship's Offering, 1835, 12s.—Comic Offering, 1835, 12s.—Cabinet of Sacred Poetry, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—Cabinet of Sacred Prose, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—Apology of Drunkenness, by Robert M'Nish, 5th edit. 12mo. 6s.—The Lifo, Times, and Correspondence of the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D. (with portrait,) by the Rev. Thomas Munier, A.M. 8vo. 16s.—Des Devoirs des Hommes par Silvio Pellico, traduit en Français par M. A. Améd, 12mo. 4s.—Griffin on Functional Affections of the Spinal Cord, and Ganglion: System of Nerves, 8vo. 8s.—Elements of Greek Grammar, by George Dobson, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Prayers for Families, by Charles Watson, new edit. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Steggall's Manual for Apothecaries' Hall, 6th edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Tiedemann's Comparative Physiology, by Dr. Gally and Laac, 8vo. 18s.—Poems of Daryth ap Gwilym in English, 6s. 3s.—The Domestic Manners and Private Life of Sir Walter Scott, by James Hogg, 18mo. 2s.—The Annals for 1835, 12s.—Twenty Minutes' Advice on Consumption, 16mo. 1s. 6d.—Hind's Poems, foolscap 8vo. 4s. 6d.—An Exposition of the Book of Revelations, by the Rev. W. Burgh, 3rd edit. 12mo. 6s.—The Young Minister's Companion; or, Outlines of Eighty-five Original Discourses, by the Author of 'Outlines of Fifty Sermons,' 18mo. 4s.—The History of Sandford and Merton, by T. Day, Esq. post 8vo.—The Gem; or, Modern Portraiture Miscellany, edited by Ralph Fleck, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Edward and Ellen; a Tale, by the Author of 'Mary and Susan,' 18mo. 4d.—Ten Minutes' Advice on Shaving, 18mo. 4d.—The Adopted, Canto I. 12mo.—Contribution to an Historical Sketch of the Domestic and Foreign Relations of Macao, &c., by Sir A. Ljungstedt, Knt. (reprinted from Canton edit. 1834.) 8vo. 1s.—Charge delivered to the Archdeaconry of Winchester, in April 1834, by Charles James House, A.M., Archdeacon of Winchester, 8vo. 2s.—Report of the Speeches at the Dinner to Earl Grey, at Edinburgh, on the 13th of September, 1834, 8vo.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Jonathan—The Glow-worm—R. A. W.—W. H. P.—Zouch, received.

In reply to Mr. Waithman, Never.—To A Subscriber, Certainly.—K. W. is unintelligible.

**Errata.**—It is not often that we trouble our readers in this way—the general, and we may say, extraordinary accuracy of the printer saves us from the necessity; but "twenty mortal gnashes on the head" of our reader last week, require a word of explanation. The truth, we suspect, must be, that the good people were laughing at the extracts from Mr. Hood's novel, instead of attending to our commentary: thus "the creation of poor unlucky Joe," should have been "the creation of the work, poor unlucky Joe." As to such a palpable blunder as "poor unlucky Joe," it is not worth pointing out; and after all, it is but a family man addressing his wife as if she were single, a thing not unfrequent in the pleasant days of the honeymoon.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—FACULTY

of ARTS and LAW, Session 1835-6.  
The Classes will meet after the vacation on WEDNESDAY, the 15th OCTOBER (instead of the 1st of November, as hitherto). The Rev. Robert Vaughan, Professor of History, will commence the business of the Session by a Lecture on a branch of his subject on the former day, at 9 o'clock precisely.

Latin....Thomas Hewitt Key, A.M.  
Greek....Henry Malden, A.M.  
English and Rhetoric....A. Hall, L.L.D.  
French Language and Literature....P. F. Morel, Esq.  
Italian Literature and Language....A. Pauli, L.L.D.  
German Language....Dr. Haussmann.  
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Hindustani, Persian, and Arabic....F. Palmer, A.M.  
Philosophy of the Mind and Logic....Rev. J. Hoppus, A.M.  
History, Ancient and Modern....Rev. R. Vaughan, A.M.  
Political Economy (to commence in February)....J. R. Mac Culloch, Esq.  
English Law (to commence on the 2nd of November)....W. G. Lamb, B.C.L.  
Jurisprudence....John Austin, A.M.  
Mathematics....G. L. P. White, A.M.  
Natural Philosophy and Astronomy....R. W. Richies, L.L.D.  
Civil Engineering (to commence after Christmas)....Dale.  
Geography....Captain Vancouver, R.N.  
Chemistry....Edward Turner, M.D.  
Zoology....Robert E. Grant, M.D.  
Botany (to commence on the 1st April)....John Lindley, Ph.D.  
Geology (to commence early in February)....Dr. Turner, Dr. Grant, and Dr. Lindley.

The Junior School meet on the 23rd of September. Proscriptions may be obtained at the Office of the University; and at Mr. John Taylor's, Bookeller, 25, Upper Gower-street.

THOMAS COATES, Sec.

Council Room, 16th Sept. 1836.

## BELGRAVE LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

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H. R. H. The Duke of Somerset.

President.

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The Lectures for the coming season will be delivered on October 7, 14, 21, 28, and Nov. 4, by Dr. Grant, F.R.S.E. &c., on subjects of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology.  
October 11th—Professor Hoppus, on Taste.  
November 18th—Professor Vaughan, on the Monuments of Thores.

November 18th—E. Atherstone Esq., on the importance of the Study of Etymology.  
November 25th—Dr. Turner, F.R.S.E. &c., on the first Principles of Chemistry.  
December 2nd—The Rev. Dr. Richies, F.R.S.E. &c., on some branch of Natural Philosophy.  
December 9th, 16th, January 13th & 20th—Robert Adams, Esq., on Acoustics.

During the remainder of the season lectures will be delivered on subjects to be announced hereafter by Dr. Hoppus, F.R.S.E. &c., Dr. Richies, F.R.S.E. &c., Dr. A. Thompson, F.R.S.E. &c., J. S. Buckingham, Esq., M.P., W. M. Higgins, Esq., F.R.S.E. &c., and by other eminent lecturers.

The first Evening Meeting for the Season will be held on Monday, 12th inst., when the Rev. G. W. F. Motimer, A.M. will read a paper On the Early Composition of the Romans.  
The H. (if any) General Meeting of this Institution will be held on Monday Evening, October 20, when the Right Hon. the Earl of Manners will preside.

The Chair to be taken at Eight o'clock precisely.  
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La dame ci-dessus mentionnée est agréée par la société qui tient le Cours à Paris; elle peut offrir les meilleurs renseignements.

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Mr. NORTH, Surgeon-Accoucher to the St. Peter's Dispensary (Living in Clarendon, &c.), and Mr. GRIFFITH, Assistant Surgeon-Accoucher to the Royal Maternity Charity, &c., will deliver a COURSE OF LECTURES ON MIDWIFERY and the DISEASES OF WOMEN and CHILDREN. To commence early in October.  
For particulars apply to Mr. North, 44, Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square; or to Mr. Griffith, 27, Lower Belgrave-street, Belgrave-square.

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 364.

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FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
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## REVIEWS

*Revue du Progrès Social.* Published monthly at Paris. London, Ridgway.

We are happy to see that, amid the strifes and storms of party—strifes by which no good is gained, and storms by which no evil is removed—a little journal has lately made its appearance in France with which politics is not a *cri de guerre*, but a science—a science to be cultivated, like other sciences, patiently, humbly, in the spirit of philanthropy and of truth. The founders of the '*Revue du Progrès Social*' seem to have felt that the time was come for France, wearied and vexed with long and ceaseless changes, to pause, to look temperately, and with an eye of enlightened experience, at her actual political condition, and to see what ameliorations are compatible with the government she now possesses. They maintain, and we believe with great truth, that there exist no other impediments to several of the most important reforms—in education, in the law, in the commercial system—than what are to be found in the ignorance of the people; and that the continual agitation of questions which absorb the attention and influence the passions of the people, can have no other effect than to prolong the reign of error and of abuse. Of this, the state of French commercial policy affords a striking proof. It is unquestionable that, with, we believe, a single exception, the entire present ministry of France regards that policy as most disastrous, and is only prevented from making great and immediate changes by the rooted prejudices of the people.

"One thing," say the Editors, "must immediately strike the reader in our views—that is, the enormous mass of innovations acknowledged to be possible with the political body actually established, and even favourable to its interests and its development. This simple consideration suffices to show the immense distance which separates us from parties which, before they can found a village school, call for changes in the dynasty and the electoral forms. What we, for our part, demand is, intellectual and economical ameliorations. As to political reform, the only sort which seems to us efficacious is that which tends to give sounder notions to the electoral and to the legislative bodies."

"May this posture of things, which affords so many securities for public order, determine those in favour of improvement who have hitherto resisted it! May the idea of so much good, practicable without shocks, without political perturbation, alienate from party intrigues those well-intentioned men who are still continually captivated by false shows, forgetting in the regrets and disappointments of a few the interest of all, and their own duties to mankind!"

This is not the way to have partisans, but it seems to us of the very essence of good sense and philanthropy.

But we are travelling into ground which is scarcely within our competence. To the readers of the *Athenæum* we must recom-

mend our youthful cotemporary on other and not less important grounds. It treats of religion, of education, of art, in a manner which, though by no means likely to obtain the unqualified concurrence or approbation of sober, practical, and protestant England, must, we think, be interesting to all who are not so completely inclosed within the little circle of their own insularities as to be indifferent to the phases of the mind of a mighty nation, or repelled by any way of regarding a subject with which they are not familiar. It is true, we are not fond of being disturbed in the comfortable arm-chair of our own prejudices, (every one of which we have been taught to exult in as a grace or a virtue,) in which we have been *niched* so long: still, these are days in which the winds of heaven come loaded with tidings and thoughts from many lands; and the pious belief in such assertions of our own exclusive wisdom, learning, and virtue, and of the depravity and ignorance of France and Germany, is less general and strong than many worthy men might wish. To those who see the cultivated society of these countries, or to those who read, such assertions are indeed simply ludicrous.

What is passing in the public mind of France, it is very difficult for us to arrive at any understanding or appreciation of. There is so considerable a quantity of *emphase*, affectation, and bad taste, mingled with symptoms of the best and noblest tendencies, that it requires a very searching eye and dispassionate judgment to ascertain what there really is of earnest, serious, fruitful thought and intention at the bottom—how much of vanity, of love of novelty, or of vaporous dreams, which will produce nothing. One thing is, however, perfectly clear: the seat of the scorner is not only dishonoured—it is overthrown. Here is a revolution, compared to which the upsetting of twenty thrones, and the change of twenty dynasties, are as nothing. Mockery, *persiflage*, real or affected indifference to the afflictions, the sorrows, the hopes of man, are thoroughly obsolete and vulgar; and thus is one of perhaps the greatest obstacles to improvement withdrawn. For this mighty and beneficent change, let Poetry, the great humanizer, have her due meed of praise. Not the least interesting thing in the '*Revue du Progrès Social*,' are the letters of three poets to the Editors. We can find room but for a sentence from each.

Monsieur Ballanche says—

"In my judgment, there is no durable and real good to be effected but by placing oneself in a sphere completely superior to political parties, and even to government. It is time, and high time, to place all our ideas of amelioration and of progress under the protection of the religious sentiment."

"Let us then all concur," says Victor Hugo, "each in his own region, each according to his peculiar law, to the grand substitution of social, for political questions. Everything depends on that. Let us endeavour to rally round the

practical idea of advancement all the choicest spirits, and to extract a higher party, which desires the perfection of civilization, from all those inferior parties which know not what they desire."

"I wish most sincerely," says M. de Lamar-tine, "that your Review may have the success it deserves, and may contribute to popularize political reason and political truth, to the destruction of those angry and vindictive passions which so barrenly dispute the empire of the future."

We were going to give a few extracts from various papers, illustrative of what we have ventured to advance as to the state of the mind of France; but we fear it would be trespassing too far on the patience of our readers. Much has been said, and justly, on the odious bad taste and bad morality of what has aptly been called the *école convulsionnaire*; we have not, however, been told with equal emphasis, that this school is regarded with great disgust by all the better sort of French critics and readers: this, however, it would have been fair to say. At the same time, while we give some of the writers who have anatomized most successfully that fearful structure, the human heart, credit for good intentions, we doubt the justness of their views. Never, and in no case, is that universally true and wise maxim of Goethe—that it is by the constant, clear, and patient exposition of the Beautiful and the True, and not by attacks on the Foul and the False, that good is to be done—so true, so wise, as in this. For this reason, while we believe in and respect M. Sainte-Beuve's motives, we dissent from the remarks of M. de St.-Chéron on the novel of '*Volupté*.'

"The Christian knows," says the writer, eloquently, "how many noble faculties are stifled, how many good intentions rendered abortive, by the love of pleasure—how it degrades the dignity of man, shatters his energy, introduces hardness and selfishness into his heart—how it contracts and nullifies the being created for self-elevation, for love—created to be a cause of joy and of happiness to those belonging to him, to humanity a subject of glory. Such is the moral question analyzed by M. Sainte-Beuve. It is one of all times, but of our own above all, because never was the will of man less regulated, less submissive to duty and to privation. These confessions, therefore, contain a grave lesson."

Again we say, we doubt the expediency of all such lessons—the effect of all such analyses; but, at least, there is nothing of levity in this view of the subject: it is that of the austere Fathers of the Church. As a further exemplification of the gravity of French criticism, we quote the following. We must mention that the hero of the novel takes refuge in a cloister, and that the spirit of the whole book is ascetically catholic.

"Now I must ask myself, what in this work is the part of art, and what of conviction? It would never occur to any one to think of such a distinction with regard to Dante, Tasso, Milton, or Klopstock; but M. Sainte-Beuve,

leaning to the too absolute predominance of form, authorizes the question. Is the author of 'Volupté' a catholic from conviction, or from artistic fancy? Is the religious inspiration of his book a fiction chosen for the more convenient introduction of this or that situation or character, for the display of certain graces of style, or is it a faith fixed in the heart of the poet? The question is perhaps indiscreet, and may appear to many insignificant; to my eyes it is very important, and aids our judgment of existing literature.

"Do you not daily hear artists, *littérateurs*, boast of assiduously reading the Bible? What do they seek there?—Art. They delight in the picturesque forms, the poetical images, the eloquent style, the choice expressions. This is not only a profanation—it is a deplorable mania, which proves a superficiality of thoughts and sentiments; the consequence of which is to keep the soul in a constant impotence of conviction, to produce works more or less remarkable for form and technical skill, but null or factitious as to inspiration. A faith, be it what it may, is too serious a thing to be used merely as a mine for art to work."

We will honestly confess that this doubt has come across us in reading more than one of the later French works so strongly imbued with the spirit of Christianity. But the question is, as M. de St.-Chéron says, *indiscrète*, and one which charity, the fountain of all courtesy, hushes on our lips. It is one which each man ought to answer to his own conscience alone. If the present curiosity and interest about religion be only love of novelty, craving for a new excitement, a new *mouvement*, it will pass like other fashions, and leave behind it a more intolerable void than that which it has sought to cure. But we hope better things; and trust that, though darkness has long been on the face of the deep, it is the Spirit of God that is now moving on the face of the waters. A little more simplicity would certainly strengthen our convictions of the sincerity of these writers; but that is not one of the graces of modern French style.

Among the most interesting articles in the 'Revue' we must mention one on Archaeology, by M. Didron. It is in the form of a memoir, addressed to M. Guizot. The reception given to it by that gentleman gives him a new claim on the gratitude of his country and of Europe. M. Didron petitioned to be sent to inspect the remains of the Middle Ages, so admirably and religiously preserved in Germany, the birth-place and sanctuary of the Reformation. The French government has provided him means to accomplish far more than he asked for. We may now hope to see an end to the ruthless destruction, and the more intolerable beautification, which has been going on for centuries in France, in which the polite court and age of Louis XIV. vied with the barbarian frenzy of *sans-culottisme*. Would that we had a government here able or willing to stay the spoiler and the Vandal! Then should we no longer see such a building as Norwich Castle, the finest Norman castle, perhaps, in existence—larger, and every way grander, than its rival of Falaise—of an architecture wholly different from the numerous feudal remains along the Rhine—actually sentenced by the gentlemen of the county of Norfolk to be *faced*! We hear that the citizens of Norwich have called a meeting to attempt to stay this atrocity. We

earnestly wish them success, and must again say, that, in spite of the English horror of centralization, we wish there were some power in the state to controul the acts of these *gentilshommes campagnards*, when they meddle with matters of which they cannot be supposed to know anything, but in which every educated man in the kingdom has an interest.

To return to M. Didron's paper. It is full of information, and contains the first comprehensive views we have seen, out of German, as to the uses, historical, moral, poetical, and religious, to be derived from an enlarged and well-understood study of the arts of the Middle Ages.

But this is a subject too long and large for our pages. In conclusion, therefore, we shall merely state, that every number of the 'Revue du Progrès Social' begins with a leading article on some important political question, signed, according to the custom of French journalists, by the two Editors. Then follow the various articles on literature, philosophy, political economy, education, &c., each signed by the contributor; and at the end is a 'Revue Parlementaire' for each month; scientific notices, &c., of course. We forgot to say that No. 6 contains an excellent article on Primary Instruction. There is also an article, entitled 'Situation Politique de la France,' which contains the political confession of faith of the Editors.

#### Tylney Hall. By T. Hood.

[Second Notice.]

We return to this most original novel with sincere pleasure. We, however, mean to abide by our promise of not revealing any part of the story, but we may express our conviction that the entire work will prove the truth of the saying, (which we have heard by some denounced as fanciful,) "that the bright thread and the dark thread of human life are too inextricably intertwined ever to be separated," and that the master-hand which has command over the fountains of laughter, must also be able at pleasure to open up the springs of grief. We have always found that spirit in Mr. Hood's writing—even when he has been most extravagant in his humour—which has totally separated him from ordinary jest-makers. There has always been a pathos and tenderness peeping out, as it were, from behind the merry mask of Momus—with him the heart of the poet has always influenced the tongue of the satirist; and to all who would charge our judgment with partial supersubtlety, we would point to the tale before us—wherein the artist has had a wider canvas than usual, and, therefore, more scope for his peculiar and varied genius.

But to return to our extracts, still leaving the principal personages of the story untouched. The fête at the Hive, so imitatively told, is to be succeeded by another at Tylney Hall. Can anything be much racier than the following account of preparations?

"Dear Mary Russell only could correctly enumerate what country cosmetics came into request, such as buttermilk for tan and freckles—honey dew, gathered at sunrise, for red hands and arms, and home made pomatum, for refractory stubble hair. . . . Faded satins were dipped in turmeric and logwood—rusty gauzes were refreshed with vinegar and stale table-

beer. Female dresses were bought, sold, and exchanged—cleaned, dyed, and altered. Tall mothers, figuratively speaking, were cut down into dumpy daughters; spare aunts were let out with new breadths into fat nieces, and big sisters were tucked and taken in till they became little ones. The boarded costume of a century back was ransacked to deck modern beauties, and sometimes the suits of three or four generations contributed to make up a single dress—for example, Miss Giblett had a mother cap with grandmother lappets, an aunt bodice, a great-aunt laced apron, and a great grandmother skirt. Moreover, the dairy savings and farm-yard perquisites were laid out in fashionable millinery and cheap jewellery, so that Miss Rackstraw might be said to have a necklace of new-laid eggs—Miss Blossom, a tippet of fresh butter, and Miss Rugby, a new gown of fatted chickens, trimmed with green-gosling ribands, and flounced with turkey-poult. As for Miss Bilberry, she determined to go in her riding-habit, as the best habit she had.

"There was a dab-wash in every house. At each basement window stood a female, ironing or clear-starching; and even towards the dinner hour, the copper flue outsmoked the kitchen chimney. Muslin lay bleaching on the grass-plots, the currant bushes were festooned with lace, and the dwarf yews seemed literally setting their caps at the passer-by."

For this fête, Miss Twigg (alias Tilda) was making ready her braveries, when news arrived, which rendered her going into it a matter of necessity.

"The father hurried upwards to his daughter's apartment, where he found her in strong fits, with the mother slapping one hand, and her milliner crooking the little finger of the other.

"It is or was the custom of the modern Romans to parade their dead relations through the streets; and Dr. Trusler mentions seeing a portly defunct thus carried in state, in his birthday suit, with one hand holding a bouncing noggay, and the other stuck gracefully in his side. As pale as death, and tricked out according to the last new fashion from Paris, which she had been trying on preparatory to the fête at the Hall, Miss Twigg might have been taken for a body undergoing its adornment for a similar ceremonial. A pink satin had, as if in studious contrast to her complexion, made her look 'very dead indeed,' while a silk dress, of a pattern not at that time old-fashioned, on a white ground, displayed large bunches of roses, lilies, and some nondescript blossoms, looking as if the hand of regret had strewed her with flowers. But she soon literally kicked down this comparison, by her fit assuming that convulsive character vulgarly distinguished as kicking hysterics; and leaving the little finger, the milliner was fain to snatch off the becoming hat, and to prevent two remarkably active feet from entangling themselves in the surrounding flounces.

"Screech, my love, it will relieve you," said the anxious mother, raising her daughter as she spoke into a favourable position for the exertion of her voice; and accordingly Matilda gave a scream that convinced the whole household, if not the whole neighbourhood, that she was alive: at the same time striking out with both arms and legs as if really swimming in what Hamlet calls 'a sea of troubles.'

"Hold her arms," exclaimed the father, advancing for the purpose; 'why the devil don't you lay her on the bed?'

"The worst place in the world," cried the milliner, interposing in dread of the proposed rumpling of the new dress. 'But gentlemen know nothing of these things,' she added, with a significant look at Mrs. Twigg, which said 'turn him out' as plainly as if it had come from the one-shilling gallery of a playhouse.

"Mr. T—," said the lady, taking the hint.



'you don't know what insensibility is. Leave her to us, poor dear! and I'll answer for her coming to directly you are out of the room.'

"As much as to say, ma'am," retorted Twigg, angrily, 'that it's all "sham Abraham," and as such can recover as convenience dictates. But as I am a little solicitous, an early opportunity will oblige; not but what I think, at bringing-to a daughter, a father might help as well as a mother;' and by way of proving his assertion, as he stalked out of the apartment, he closed the door with a slam that might have awakened the Seven Sleepers.

"No sooner was he gone than, as Mrs. Twigg had predicted, the patient actually unclosed her eyes, and her feelings regained a state of composure as suddenly and completely as when a whaler is dashed to pieces, and lulls the troubled surface of the waters with her whole cargo of oil."

After this comes an inquest scene, no less capitally hit off than the foregoing. We must break our vow of silence so far, as to tell our readers that one of Sir Mark Tyrell's sons comes to an untimely death, and that we know not where we should find anything in modern fiction, much finer than the workings of sorrow in his hale, jovial, but not vulgar-spirited father. Without being anything of a copy, it may be hung up as a companion picture to the latter days of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldiston—with his "Nervy, now that Thornie and all of them are dead, I am sorry that you cannot have her."

But to the inquest:—

"The coroner's inquest, involving an inquiry into the cause of any sudden termination of human life, is justly considered as one of our most important and valuable institutions, and accordingly its functions are commonly delegated to the most obtuse and ignorant members of the community. The rich and the intelligent have influence or tact enough to elude its duties, so that the inquisition generally devolves on some dozen of logger-headed individuals, who serve habitually as jurymen for the parish in which they may happen to reside. They follow as implicitly as a flock of sheep the lead of their foreman, whose opinion goes in the wake of the coroner's, like a boat in tow of a ship. The latter personage himself is sometimes little better than a Dogberry, furnished with a few technical terms and legal distinctions which enable him to direct the Random Records of Visitations of God, Found Drowned, Wilful Murder, and Felo de se."

Of the coroner and the jury we have full-length portraits. Master Heath, Bully Heath, the arch-butcher of the village, is desirous of serving on the jury, but is silenced by the Squire of Hawkesley:—

"A significant point of the finger was the only answer from the magistrate. Custom, it is said, reconciles us to all things, and Master Heath enjoyed the custom of Hawkesley; he accordingly departed without a bleat, and, as he quietly made his exit, another personage entered, so like the bully in face and person, that it seemed as if the butcher in blue had only been exchanged for a butcher in black. The face of the new comer was quite as red and jovial as the bully's, his forehead as round and shining, his eyes as piggyish small, his nose as snobbish and clubbish, his mouth as like a slash in a beef-steak, with a chin as if he had played for it, and got a double. His body was equally burly with his prototype's, and his well-fatted calf was cased, like the other's, in a glossy top-boot, that aimed at taking the shine out of everything."

"Such was the coroner for —shire, and attorney withal, for he was placed on the Rolls

before the present high duty on indentures, which makes it a matter of more difficulty for an errand boy to succeed his employer, and stand in the shoes he formerly blacked. His promotion, however obtained, had been far from slow, and the rapidity of his rise seemed to have influenced his character. He bounced into the room, bobbed a hurried bow at the justice, threw himself into the appointed chair, and began dabbling the bill of a pen in the inkstand, with the eagerness of a duck's in a gutter. Whatever portion of time may be a jiffy, in half its usual space he had rubbed his bald head, blown his nose, and put on his spectacles, and then, at his best pace, began on a dozen topics at once, as if talking, not walking, a match against the celebrated Mr. Gurney. As far as the shortest of short-hand could collect, it ran thus:—

"Strange weather, gentlemen,—devilish dirty though! Dick, count the jury. Famous year for birds, they say,—shot seventeen brace myself. Foreman—eh,—Master Tablet? Sharp work, your worship, for one day: two visitations, a found drowned, and an accidental;—posting's unconscionably high,—Mr. Justice, you'll be at the Blue dinner?"

"I rather think not," said the Justice, in a dry tone.

"Sorry for it," resumed the inquisitor. "Capital dinner at the Eagle—very good house—wines excellent,—gentlemen, I needn't lay down—we've met before. Mr. Bundy, have patience—slow and sure. A very well proportioned room indeed,—very. Poor Sir Mark!—witnesses all in attendance Dick? (the clerk nodded.) It's a melancholy event,—hadn't we better open a window? Such a promising young man!—If you please we'll view—where's the body?—Gregory, show the way!" and jumping up from his chair, as if to pick up a child, or save the post, or catch a wasp, the coroner scuttled along the room, and trundled down stairs with his twelve satellites in his train. The domestics and the tenantry, with the common wish of seeing and hearing all they could, joined the procession, and the Justice and the Creole were left to themselves.

"Guided by the obsequious Gregory, the coroner and jury soon found themselves in the drawing-room, where the dead body, supported on tressels, awaited their inspection. . . . The coroner, to whom such sights were familiar, after a momentary glance, turned away to a window, and found his view in a prospect of the park. . . .

"Hic jacet," said the foreman solemnly, 'what a melancholy memento of mortality; he must measure six feet.'

"Aye, more nor that," said Mr. Benson, scanning the length with the critical eye of a carpenter, and in a moment his pocket-rule was travelling along the body, and the product was an inch and a half above the two yards.

"What matters feet and inches of flesh," exclaimed the loud, harsh voice of the Ranter, 'all clay—potter's clay—pipe clay.' . . .

"Here he was stopped by the coroner, with his usual hurry.

"Amen—amen,—better another time. Well gentlemen—what a beautiful room this is! A very fine corpse, eh!—poor young man—who carries snuff? Dr. Bellamy, you've examined the body?"

"I have had that pleasure," replied old Formality, with an instinctive bow to the corpse, which during its life, had once done him the honour to become his patient.

"Then, gentlemen," said the coroner, 'all we have to do—'

"Not till I have lifted up my voice," said the Ranter, 'twenty coroners shan't prevent a word in season! no, nor twenty fiery dragons,—what's the use of death, if it ain't to be improved on? . . .

"I say I've to sit on more bodies, and I can't trifle," said the coroner, raising his voice.

"And I says eternity first," said the pertinacious Ranter, 'what's sitting on bodies, to sitting on souls? what can you say to that?'

"That souls will keep, and the bodies won't," answered the coroner. 'Gentlemen, you've all viewed!—seen all you can see—follow me!—and, like an old Young Rapid he trotted off, followed by his company. . . .

"Well, gentlemen, you've seen the body,—warm weather, Mr. Justice, won't keep long,—Mr. Bundy, don't talk,—what's the time, Dick?—I forgot last night to wind-up,—very simple case, gentlemen; lies in small compass,—where's the witness!—Dick, swear in Mr. Walter Tyrell.'

"The Creole took the book from the clerk with some emotion, and repeated an assenting 'So help me God.' He then proceeded to relate the occurrences of the evening up to the fatal discharge into the moving fern, suppressing only the verbal directions which he had himself given for the aim of the weapon.

"That will do, Sir," said the coroner; and he was adjusting himself to address the jury, when, after a suppressed remonstrance from the foreman, Mr. Jenkins, more untractable than Tablet had anticipated, persisted in putting a few questions to the witness.

"By your favour, Mr. Walter Tyrell," was his first interrogation, 'and I should wish you particularly to call to mind the circumstance, and to take time to consider before answering,—Did he jump up a yard high, as they say people do when they are shot?'

"I saw nothing of the kind," answered the Creole.

"That is very odd," remarked the pompous Mr. Jenkins. 'Perhaps you will be as good as inform, Sir, where he put his hand first,—his side, or his head, or his back? Some say feeling is in the spinal marrow, and some say in the heart, and others say in the brain.'

"My observation was not so particular, Sir," said the Creole, with a look of annoyance.

"One more question, Sir," said the persevering Mr. Jenkins, 'and I have done. Perhaps you could name the maker of the gun?'

"Pshaw—anybody you like, Sir," interrupted the impatient coroner. 'Gentlemen, you've heard the witness—evidence very clearly given,—Dr. Bellamy will favour us with his post mortems.'

"The personage thus appealed to proceeded with great gravity, and a technical minuteness equally tiresome and revolting, to describe scientifically the complicated injuries the body had received, concluding with his decided mature professional opinion on oath, that the receipt of the united charges of a double-barrelled gun into the human chest would be sufficient to cause the death of the individual.

"Thank ye, doctor,—very clear," said the coroner. 'Well, gentlemen, you have heard all—right lobe—left lobe—sternum—laceration—hemorrhage, and so forth—capital evidence—needn't read it over—Gregory, go and order my chaise—gentlemen, I am going to sum up. Here's a young gentleman— heir to a fine estate—an elder brother shot by a younger brother—shot by mistake for a rabbit. You must dismiss all prejudice, and so forth. Very ugly case—can't be two opinions. Gentlemen, you'll consult together—and if there's a doubt, you'll give the murderer a benefit,—Dick, take down the verdict.'

"A pause succeeded for some minutes: the twelve jurors turned round and buzzed together in a corner, like so many blue-bottles on a window-pane; and the voice of Mr. Trot at length arose above the rest.

"Fratericide, be d—d. I have heard of ho-

murder and suicide, and I'll take which of them sides you like.'

"Then there followed a fresh buzzing, during which Tablet convinced Messrs. Jenkins and Trot that there was but one way of being unanimous; that men of different opinions would never agree between this and doomsday; and that in such a case dinner must be postponed 'sine die.'

"Gentlemen," said the coroner, 'are you all agreeable?'

"Very," responded the foreman. 'We are all in favours of Wilful Murder.' • • •

"Sound judgment—a right decision—very correct indeed. Poor Sir Mark Tyrrel—it's a shocking thing for a father—Dick, make out a warrant—a strange thing, your worship, if the Blues should get their man in—Yellow used to walk over the course. I haven't had much shooting this season—I shall come some day, Mat, and look at your birds. By the bye, if you know of a good cocking spaniel—I like 'em oldish and slow, for I'm getting into that way myself—ready, eh, Dick?—there, give it to Gregory, and catch who can,—it's forty pound. Your worship, I've the honour to say good day—good bye, gentlemen, you've done your duty,—Dr. Bellamy, your most obedient,—Mr. Walter, I'm yours. Look sharp, Dick, for I'm late for the Eagle,—and, spurred by the anticipation of the election dinner, the coroner departed with an activity and speed that seemed purposely intended to distinguish him from his subjects—the quick from the dead. In fact, before the bowing head of Old Formality rose again to its perpendicular, the personage he intended to honour was out of sight. The stone-mason, emulating the example of the doctor, kept obsequiously ducking at the Justice, and the jurors copied every bend of their foreman as regularly as the crew of a cutter take the stroke from the steersman; after which ceremony they hustled out of the room, as from a theatre when the performance is over."

By way of conclusion, we will introduce a few more of the dramatic personæ, whom we passed somewhat unceremoniously in our former notice. The first shall be the host and hostess of the Rabbits. This "diamond of the desert"

"Was kept by—for it did not keep—one Jonas Hanway, late coachman to Sir Theodore Bowles. Honest Jonas had lived so steadily and soberly all his life, that he could afford to take up the trade of making others unsteady and unsobber; however, in obedience to his natural bent, he took the most retired public house he could find; and instead of 'a fine stroke of business in a desirable low hard-drinking neighbourhood,' according to advertisement, was the proprietor of the snug genteel concern of the Rabbits, doing no butts a week. • • • Its chief visitors were a set of village tradesmen, who spent their one shilling or one shilling per night with a punctual regularity, most of them being members of a threepenny whist club, which held its sittings three times a week. By help of this, and a very little chance custom, Jonas contrived to keep in good credit with his brewer and distiller, and to carry on a concern, which, though it yearly swallowed up his small annuity in the funds, was so much to his liking, that he would not have taken a hundred pounds for the goodwill. • • • His chief delight was in reading the newspaper, and especially the parliamentary debates; though, till the hour of his death, his parlour guests could never decide whether he was Whig or Tory, but each secretly believed that Jonas inclined to his own particular side. This seeming impartiality procured him the honourable situation of umpire to the whist club, till, having given contrary opinions

on every point of the game, the players at last preferred to refer their disputed cases to the summary arbitration of 'heads or tails,' for at that time there was no Dispatch or Bell's Life in London, to inform correspondents, 'whether if A held the ace of hearts, B was entitled to play the deuce of diamonds to C's nine of spades, which had fallen to D's ten of clubs,—A being a married man and the rest all bachelors.'

"So much for Jonas. Fortune seemed to have cast his lot amiss; as the world goes he made but a sorry sort of publican, but he would have made an excellent parish clerk. Mrs. Hanway, on the contrary, as an Irishman would say, seemed born a landlady, and the very worst of her faults, when tried at the bar, appeared of advantage to her character. Technically speaking, her temper was a little *pricked*, but its tartness proved of essential service to a mistress who had commonly to control a termagant cook and an obstreperous pot-boy. Besides, the temper of her husband, which was really drawn a little too mild, acted admirably as a counterpoise, or, as he used to express it himself, they made excellent 'half and half.'"

Next follows a group of their stationary guests—a whist club:—

"Exactly as the clock struck eight, Mr. Tablet, the president of the whist-club, proposed to make a rubber: he was a grey-headed, weather-beaten man, with short legs and a tall body, which, in speaking, he swayed backwards and forwards with a mechanical motion, which hinted that though now a master mason, he had formerly sat in a sentry-box and played at sea-saw with a block of marble. Catching up the solitary pack of cards, and giving them a clumsy shuffle, and looking round the room, he addressed the members of his board of green cloth with—

"Gentlemen, is any of you agreeable?"

"For my parts, as nobody else speaks," said a fat man with a thin voice, 'I've no objections in life to take a hand, provided I'm wanted to make a fourth.'

"That's two, then," said Tablet, 'for in course, as president, I set the first rubber a-going. How say you, Mr. Hands?'

"Why you know," said Mr. Hands, 'I seldom or never play, as ever since my fit I've impaired my memory, and am apt to revoke.'

"Mr. Benson and Mr. Walden were severally appealed to, as the forlorn hope of the rubber, when Mr. Benson 'was perfectly agreeable to anything, and to any pints they liked,' as was also Mr. Walden, the last man of the pack—but on the impracticable condition, that they should be excused cutting in till after the first two rubbers or so had been played out.

"Such being the case," said the president, 'I have nothing left for me to say, except *hic jacet*;' and with these professional words, he deposited the pack like a miniature monument on the green baize.

"After the foregoing ceremony, which, by the way, occurred with little variation of request or apology three times per week, this ghost of a whist-club subsided into a mere Wordsworthian 'party in a parlour;' till at length a member volunteered a song, if such a phrase may be applied to a song which had served in the line for several years past. Those who have seen a small thread of table beer, with a natural shake of its own, issuing out of a nine-gallon cask, may form an idea of the slender warble that transpired from the fat man with a thin voice, in honour of the 'Maid of the Walley.' Strange to say, weak as it was, it was vehemently encouraged, as if the auditors acted on the principle of the good man in the Scottish song,

Syne if her typony chance to be awa'  
We'll tak a good nouri o't and ca't awa'."

We have dealt with "Unlucky Joe" before. Betty the cook is no less an original,

and her resistance of her mistress's quacking propensities must be given. She was heard in the kitchen, rejoicing over the release of one from this world of suffering and physic, and, to the indignation of her mistress, responding thus pithily:—

"What I've said I've said," answered the cook doggedly, 'and I an't a going to eat my words—no nor the sick messes and slops nayther, if it comes to that. So if you mean, Ma'am, to hold me to my warnin, you may Ma'am. As for my own dyings, I only wonder I'm alive this blessed day, so I do—what with your quack doctoring and nosterums. They've been the real ruin of my precious health, that's what they have—the Lord forgive you!'

"O the wretch," ejaculated the indignant mistress, 'to have no more gratitude.—This comes of my nursing, and proscribing you, and giving it with my own hands—only last Christmas, and snatching you back from death's door.'

"Yes, Ma'am,—and well nigh chucked me in agen at the window," returned Betty, 'thru' giving me so such cooling physic in the head frostesses. My own mother that bore me would not have knowed such a bag of bones. • • • I can't bear it no more, and so as I said before, if so be I'm to stay in the place, the physic must be put on the same futting as the tea and sugar—a guinea a year and find myself.'

"You have never taken anything in this house," retorted Mrs. Hanway, 'except for your good. • • •

"I was noted from a child," replied she, 'for a strong stomach, only it can't abide weak slops. Sago and sitch is very well for the consumpicious as lies in a sick bed, and hasn't got a hard place; but lawk help you, what's their works to mine, coughing and wheezing is one thing, and frying beef-steaks and inguns is another. If it warn't for my strong constitution, it's a miracle of miracles how I stand it—what with roasts, and biled, and fried afore a great flaming fire, and in everlasting flurries and hurries, now this here pot biles over, then that ere fat ketches, and then the sut tumbles, and the dratted cat's at the drippin pan—and is a little wishy washy drop of barley water the thing to cool and refresh one after the likes o' that—not that I'm going, Ma'am, to complain of what I was bred and born to, but only to taking more slops, and especially physic, than belongs to cookery, and my wages not riz thereby—to be sure the bottles would be summut, but arter one is doctored to death, who's to come to me up in heaven and say, there Betty, there's the empty vials for your parquises.'"

With this magnificent specimen of kitchen eloquence, we must take our leave of 'Tynley Hall.' Its serious scenes have been less manageable than its grotesqueries, which suffer nothing from being detached from the framework of the story, in which they are set, and we have, therefore, not spoiled any by our mutilation. Mr. Hood has likened his own book to a comet—all we can say is, that we should be glad of a visit from such a "fiery tad-pole" once every twelvemonth at least.

*The Adventures of Kámrip*—[*Les Aventures de Kámrip*]. Translated into French from the Hindustani, by M. Garcin de Tassy. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund.

Dr. Young, Bishop of Clonfert, one of the most eminent mathematicians of the last century, made it a rule to read the Arabian Nights' Entertainments through at least once every year. In one of his letters which we have seen, he says, "though unacquainted

with the Arabic original, I feel convinced, by comparing the frame-work of the several stories, that the compiler has consulted several different collections of stories, and wrought them into one body. The voyages of Sindbad must surely have belonged to a collection differing from the Tales of Scheherazade." This guess has been confirmed by the researches of M. Langles; he has found a passage in the works of Massondi, written about A.D. 944, in which that historian speaks of the Thousand Tales as a work distinct from the Voyages of Sindbad, and adds, "they were translated from the Indian and Persian in the reign of Al Mansûr;" that is, thirty years before the time of Haroun-al Raschid, who is now the hero of so many of the stories. If this express testimony were not sufficient to refute the claim of the Saracens to the invention of these delightful tales, we think that the historical blunders in the very opening of the work would prove that they came to the Arabians from an Indian original through a Persian medium. Schahriar, the Sultan of the Indies, is represented as a Mohammedan, as the brother of a Tartarian prince, and as a descendant of the Sassanid race of Persian kings. But the age incidentally ascribed to Schahriar is anterior to the preaching of Mohammed, and, of course, to the great Tartarian revolutions; and, finally, the Sassanides never invaded India, nor did they form any intimate connexion with the sovereigns of that country; and so far were any of them from being Mohammedans, that the entire race perished in a vain effort to resist the progress of Islâm. The Sassanid name, on which the Arabian writers uniformly shower every possible abusive epithet, would not have been introduced by a Saracenic writer; it must consequently have been by a Persian translator before the conquest of his country by the ferocious Omar.

The work before us supplies fresh evidence of the Indian origin of a great portion of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. It is a Hindûstani narrative of perilous adventures similar to those of Sindbad, and has been clearly derived from the same source, for the coincidences between the "moving accidents by flood and field" that happen to Sindbad and to the companions of Kâmrûp, are too numerous and too minute to be accidental; for instance, Kâmrûp's adventure with the "old man of the sea" is word for word the same as Sindbad's. It seems to be no improbable conjecture, that the adventures both of Kâmrûp and Sindbad were founded on some collection of real voyages and travels, containing, of course, the usual allowance of travellers' wonders. Richard Hole, in his very curious dissertation on Sindbad's adventures, which he calls the Arabian Odyssey, has shown that most of the *speciosa miracula* in the narrative may be found in the Greek and Roman accounts of the remote East, and in the narratives of the travellers that visited Asia in the Middle Ages. Lucian incidentally informs us of one source of the misrepresentation so abundant in the Greek accounts of Asia: a historian of his day declared that the Parthians used to bring dragons in baskets when they took the field, and fling them in the faces of their enemies. The worthy historian had heard some very confused account of Parthian warfare, in which dragons were mentioned as a part of

the Parthian force—a dragon being the Parthian symbol and name for a battalion. Many of the strange stories told by Pliny and Solinus may probably have originated from similar misapprehension; and the authority of these naturalists misled the travellers in the Middle Ages.

Sir John Mandeville's name, like that of Mendez Pinto, is become a bye-word and a proverb; but, in his day, no one would have believed that he had visited the countries which he professed to have seen, had he not reported that he found there all the prodigies which Pliny had led him to expect. Many, too, of his asserted falsehoods have clearly originated in mistake; thus, for instance:

"There ben also in that contree a kynde of snayles, that ben so grete, that many persons may loggen hem in here schelles, as men wolde done in a litylle hous." (p. 234.)

On referring to the Latin edition, we found that these *snayles* were called *testudines*; they were therefore tortoises, some of which are known to attain a very great size. There was one recently exhibited in the Regent's Park, whose shell would make a roof for a tolerably large watch-box, in which "persons may loggen as men wolde done in a litylle hous."

Perhaps a more prolific source of error was the firm belief in certain popular theories, of which we happen to remember a very curious instance. It was held indisputable by the naturalists of the tenth and eleventh centuries, that man's physical constitution, and even his intellectual character, were modified by his food. *Ægidius de Monte* says, that the church wisely enjoins the use of fish in Lent, because that species of food "*prohibet loquellam*" (prevents idle chattering)—fish being themselves proverbially mute. When Sir John Mandeville, therefore, heard of a people that ate serpents, he concluded that they must have something of a reptile character.

"In the countree of Yude the more, there is gret plentee of nedidres (adders), of whom men maken gret festes, and eten hem at gret sollempnytees. And he that makethe ther a feste, be it never so costous, and have no neddres, he lath no thanke for his travayle.... Thei eten flesche of serpentes, and thei eten but litylle, and thei speken nought, but thei hysen as serpentes don." (p. 248.)

We do not regard the adventures of Sindbad and Kâmrûp as imaginative fictions like those of Gulliver and Philip Quarles; they are rather the Robinson Crusoes of the East, and relate what was deemed possible, perhaps probable, in the age when they were written; and, viewed in this light, deserve to be investigated by all who are anxious to examine the progress of maritime discovery.

The tale of Kâmrûp is very similar to that of Camaralzaman and the Princess of China: the Prince of Oude and the Princess of Serendib (Ceylon) dream of each other on the same night; they are smitten with mutual affection; but not being able to discover the object of their love, they sink into a state of wasting misery that baffles the skill of the physicians. The fame of their mutual calamities spreads abroad, and they are thus brought acquainted with each other's name and residence. Kâmrûp sails from Bengal to seek the Singhalese princess; he and his companions are wrecked; they severally undergo most of the dangers which Sindbad

encountered singly; they are re-united at Serendib; Kâmrûp marries the Princess, and the tale terminates happily.

The adventures of Rasrang, the musician, have no parallel in the Arabian Nights; and we shall therefore, on a future occasion, give an abstract of them.

We have compared this work with 'The Loves of Camarûpa and Camalata,' translated from a Persian abridgment of Kâmrûp by Colonel W. Francklin. The Persian compiler appears to have been a second-rate writer; he has omitted several of the most interesting details, and sadly distorted others; and he has contrived to lose altogether the poetic graces that adorn the Hindûstani narrative.

Gratified as we have been by the perusal of this volume, we regret that we cannot dismiss it with unqualified praise. M. G. de Tassy has added a great body of notes, elucidating, not the translation which he has published, but the original which he is about to publish,—an arrangement, of which it is not easy to discover the wisdom. The romance would have been both more valuable and more interesting, if it had been illustrated by geographical and historical notes; more especially, if the adventures of Kâmrûp and his companions had been compared with the narratives of early European travellers.

#### THE ANNUALS FOR 1835.

*Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-Book, for 1835.*—There is no deceit in the title of this book. Its plates are gathered from sundry works—'Elliott's Views in the East,' 'Great Britain Illustrated,' 'The National Portrait Gallery,' and even one of the *Annals* of former years, 'The Winter's Wreath,' have been laid under contribution. With regard to the illustrative verse, it is in Miss Landon's better manner; there is more care in the versification, less sentimentality in the thoughts, than formerly, and in so much do we find it improved. Still the impression produced upon us by this lady's poetry is always more or less unsatisfactory—what if we say that, fanciful and enriched as it is, it wants that sincerity of tone which, coming direct from the heart, can alone go direct to the heart—and the absence of which will prevent its taking a lasting hold on the public. For this reason, we like best the pieces most purely imaginative and descriptive: we shall give a specimen of the latter, which is a spirited illustration of an Eastern scene:—

I have a steed to leave behind  
The wild bird, and the whiter wind:  
I have a sword, which does not know  
How to waste a second blow:  
I have a matchlock whose red breath  
Bears the lightning's sudden death:  
I have a foot of fiery flight,  
I have an eye that cleaves the night.  
I win my portion in the land,  
By my high heart and strong right hand.

The starry heavens lit up the gloom  
That lay around Al Herid's tomb:  
The wind was still, you might have heard  
The falling leaf, the rustling bird:  
Yet no one heard my footstep fall,  
None saw my shadow on the wall;  
Yet curses came with morning light,  
Where was the gold they hid at night?  
Where was the gold they loved so well?  
My heavy girle best could tell.

Three travellers cros'd by yonder shrine:  
I saw their polished pistols shine,  
And swore they were or should be mine.  
The first, his head was at my feet;  
The second I was glad to greet:



He met me like a man, his sword  
Damon's true, deserved its lord;  
Yet soon his heart's best blood ran red:  
I sought the third—the slave had fled.

Mr. Russel's music, announced as a new feature, is a blemish to the volume and not a beauty. But as it is agreeable to part from a book with a pleasant word, we may say how much pleased we have been with the last poem of the collection—a new version of that sweetest of all fairy tales, 'Melusine,'—which had been recently revived in our memory by M. Mendelssohn Bartholdy's captivating and spiritual music.

*Friendship's Offering for 1835.*—This Annual contains some pretty plates—none, however, which can rank high as works of art. The letter-press, as heretofore, bears marks of having been collected by one of taste and talent. We have good stories by Miss Mitford, the author of 'London in the Olden Time,' and H. D. Inglis—so we have Mary Howitt's 'Beatrice,' a courtly and graceful companion to 'Tibbie Inglis,' though hardly so sweet as that mountain maiden—and almost the first things we encounter in the book are three poems from the hand of Barry Cornwall—the second of which we transfer to our columns,—it being needless to say that they are all beautiful.

#### *The Fate of the Oak.*

The Owl to her mate is calling,  
The River his hoarse song sings,  
But the Oak is marked for falling,  
That has stood for a hundred springs.  
Hark! a blow,—and a dull sound follows;  
A second,—he bows his head:  
A third,—and the Wood's dark hollows  
New know that their King is dead.  
His arms from the trunk are riven,—  
His body all barked and squared,—  
And he's now, like a felon, driven,  
In chains, to the strong dock-yard.  
He's sawn through the middle, and turned,  
For the ribs of a frigate free,  
And he's caulked, and pitched, and burned,  
And now—he is fit for sea!  
Oh! now—with his wings outspread  
Like a ghost (if a ghost may be)  
He will triumph again, though dead,  
And be dreaded in every sea.  
The lightning will blaze about,  
And wrap him in flaming pride,  
And the thunder-loud cannon will shout  
In the fight, from his bold broadside.  
And when he has fought,—and won,  
And been honoured from shore to shore,  
And his journey on Earth is done,—  
Why, what can he ask for more?  
There is nought that a king can claim,  
Or a poet, or warrior bold,  
Save a rhyme, and a short lived name,  
And to mix with the common mould!

*The New Year's Token, or, a Christmas Present.*—This is the first season of a sort of compromise-book, that is to say, for the use of those who are a little past childhood, and not quite grown gentlemen and ladies. Now, one characteristic of the times we live in, has been stated to be the utter extinction of this class—and if it be true that there is no intermediate state between chrysalis and butterfly, such a miscellany was not wanted. Another reason for our pronouncing such an opinion is the utter insipidity of its contents. Its plates have figured in other books—Adam in Paradise, with the large melons beside him, has already done duty twice that we know of—and as for its letter-press, two pages from Mrs. Watts's or Mrs. Hall's really delightful Juvenile Annuals, are worth all that it contains, ten times over.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*'View of the Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Nation,'* by J. D. Lang, D.D.—A Preface stating why a book should not have been written, or at least published, is rather a startling novelty. Dr. Lang informs us that he had little personal knowledge of the subject he has undertaken to discuss; that, on ship-board, he had no opportunity of examining books, and that more important avocations prevented him, when in London, from availing himself of the library of the British Museum. Having thus established his own incompetency, he proceeds to investigate this question of ethnography with as much confidence as if he had before him the most full and satisfactory evidence, and gravely says, that "he will enable the reader to answer to his own entire satisfaction a question which has hitherto remained unanswered since the days of Columbus." He has not, however, enabled us to answer the question. With only such data before us, as hurried memoranda of information obtained in casual conversations, plausible guesses, and quotations from very common books, we are not able to pronounce any opinion on "the origin and migrations of the Polynesian nation." The inhabitants of these islands may have been Malays, or Tartars, or Hindús, for aught that has been established by Dr. Lang; and as the question itself possesses neither interest nor importance, we willingly leave it to rest in obscurity. We regret that Dr. Lang should so soon have perilled the same fairly due to his excellent account of New South Wales, by permitting himself to be seduced into the publication of this volume.

*'Sir Walter Scott's Prose Works. Vol. VI.'*—This volume of the new edition contains the Essays on Chivalry, Romance, and the Drama, contributed by their lamented author, to the Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica. As the labours of his life are thus collectedly set before us, it is impossible to avoid again and again, marvelling at the number of works which his hand found time to execute, and admiring the good-will with which all seem to have been completed. It was this beautiful and cheerful earnestness of his mind which gave to his style a charm which it will be long before we see equalled. The frontispiece to this volume is a view of Jerusalem; the vignette shows us Shakespeare's monument in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon.

*'The Natural Influence of Speech in raising Man above the Brute Creation.'*—Careless readers, a very numerous class, might be inclined to throw down this volume as a collection of trite truisms, strung together with very little regard to logical order, and disfigured by an affectation of fine writing. But a careful investigation has shown us, that the work contains some curious novelties which merit attention; for example, we are informed in the very first page, that "Man in a natural state is intelligent and noble;" a little startling perhaps, to such philosophers as have hitherto been of opinion, that a state of nature is synonymous with savage life; but our author proceeds, "by a natural state, I mean that condition in which his bodily and mental powers are improved," whence it indisputably follows, that a natural state and a state of nature are very different things. The following too is curious, and deserves to be generally known: "The bones of birds are employed by the savage for many useful purposes, and so are the bones of quadrupeds;" whether they use the flesh of these animals we are not informed. We are told, that "Brutes possess innate ideas"; the only proof given is, that they possess the faculty of memory, a species of proof that will be considered a novelty in psychology. In describing the progress of society, our author informs us that, "Sea-port towns will be esta-

blished for the convenience of foreign trade, and inland towns for the convenience of agriculturists and mechanics," that is to say, sea-ports are close to the sea, and inland towns are at a distance from it. Another piece of novel information is to be met with in the history of the uneducated savage; "he searches," it appears, "for food when he is hungry, for water when he is thirsty, and he sleeps when he is drowsy." We blush to confess, that we are not ourselves many degrees removed from savages. Of the author's theology we can afford but one specimen: "There is," he says, "a great deal of mystery in the Divine Government." The writer has been pleased to account for the astonishment with which the critics will peruse his volume, by telling us, that "Wonder arises from novelty acting on ignorance;" this, to be sure, is not easily reconciled with a subsequent statement, that "an ignorant man goes on generally without examining or wondering at anything," but then we console ourselves with his assurance, that, "strange as it may be, the most scientific wonder the most frequently." Having given specimens enough of reasoning, we conclude with style:—"The mind of man without the ennobling influence of speech, is like the worm which grovels on the earth; but with this faculty, it is like the same creature which, furnished with wings, and arrayed in gorgeous colours, disdains to crawl upon the ground while there is a glorious heaven spread above it, and an ocean of light in which it can bask, and dew-drops, richer to it than nectar, which it can sip, and honey on which it can feed; it rises, therefore, it plumes its beautiful wings, and makes them glitter in the golden fluid pouring from the noonday luminary."

*'The Art of being Happy, chiefly from the French of M. Dron, by Bourne Hall Draper.'*—This little work has already received a notice from our hands; the present edition is in part a reprint of the American one.

*'Cabinet Edition of the Bible.'*—This beautiful volume, published by Mr. Van Voorst, is illustrated with views by W. Westall, and historical subjects from the more celebrated pictures of ancient and modern masters. The work cannot with propriety be classed with the Annuals, though it resembles those butterfly volumes in beauty, because it is for all time; but it will be an admirable Christmas or birth-day present, and we recommend those who desire to gladden the eyes and hearts of their young friends, to look at it before they decide on purchasing any other.

*'Aislabie's Gospel of St. Matthew.'*—This is a more literal translation than the authorized version; a few notes are added of such merit, that we regret their rarity; all the author's remarks display a liberal spirit, and a cultivated mind.

*'Kenrick's Introduction to Greek Prose Composition.'*—This work is well arranged; the examples are chosen from the best Greek writers, the rules are accurate, and stated in perspicuous language; and the classical student will find that the exercises here given will lead him with little labour into an intimate acquaintance with the structure of the Greek language.

*'Reymann's Introduction to the German Language.'*—This is a valuable addition to our list of school-books: the arrangement is judicious, the rules concise and clearly expressed, the examples selected with considerable taste. The controversies in the preface should have been omitted.

*'Aislabie's Lessons in English Grammar, Third Edition.'*—The sale of the two preceding editions, is the best proof of this little work having been found useful in infant education.

*'P. Murphy's Weather Guide-book.'*—In the 90th page of this volume it is stated, that "almost everything depends on lunar action:"—the book itself is a proof of the aphorism.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE COLUMBUS.

BY J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

[The following lines were written by Mr. Knowles, during his recent passage from Liverpool to New York.]

Ye mariners that boldly ride  
The broad Atlantic wave,  
I sing of gallant ships the pride,  
A vessel staunch as brave!  
The darling of her hardy crew,  
A sea-gull under sail!  
Close-haul'd, or free, or lying-to,  
Or flying 'fore the gale.  
Twas on the 6th of August, she  
The British channel clear'd,  
The wind ahead—how readily  
She stayed, how close she steer'd!  
And how, with scarce a breath on deck,  
A ripple on the seas,  
As goodly way she seemed to make  
As others with a breeze!  
I watch'd her when the gale was on,  
The heavens with night o'ercast,  
Her cross-jack yard—main-top-sail gone,  
And fore-top-gallant mast!  
A span her bright horizon now,  
So huge the billow grew.  
Yet how she topp'd the mountain!—how  
She rode the tempest through!  
I saw her acut—the rattling wind,  
The more it raged, the more  
She flung the following wave behind,  
And spurned the wave before;  
Yet, smooth as inland barks, that spread  
No sail, obey no tide,  
Her way the lonely vessel sped,  
In dark and lonely pride!  
God speed the ship Columbus! may  
Her star-bright pennant shine  
Ahmad, at home, for many a day  
The boast of all the Line!  
God speed her noble Captain!—Land  
I dare defy, or sea,  
To find an abler to command,  
Or kindlier man than he.

September 16, 1834.

REGISTER OF ATMOSPHERICAL PHENOMENA  
AND THE TEMPERATURE OF THE SEA.

BY SIR J. P. W. HERSCHEL.

[The following Observations were made by this distinguished Philosopher on his late voyage, and are extracted, with permission, from a letter dated "Peldhausen, near Weyberg, Cape of Good Hope, July 7, 1834," addressed to Captain Horsburgh, Hydrographer to the Hon. East India Company.]

Our voyage was what doubtless a seaman would call dull and tame. We were handed over regularly from one fair wind to another, pursuing, almost to a nicety of coincidence, the line marked in your charts as the 'best probable track from England to India'—as far as 'Trinidad, where we turned the corner a little more abruptly than your line, keeping within, or north of it, and making, in fact, straight for the Cape. In so doing we still (with only about thirty-six hours exception) had uninterrupted favourable wind—and that exception was in fact so trifling, as hardly to deserve the name of an interruption. We saw no land the whole voyage, and it was particularly gratifying to receive a comfortable verification of astronomical theories, by seeing the Table Mountain right a-head on the morning of the 15th January, having gone to bed the night before with an assurance from the moon that such would be the case.

The Meteorological conclusions which result from such observations as I was able to make, are as follows:—

1. There is between the Tropics, and especially at the Equator, a permanent depression of the barometer below what exists beyond the Tropics in both hemispheres. The amount of

this depression I estimate at two-tenths of an inch, and although it was with great difficulty that any barometric observations could be made, and my attention was only drawn to the fact when we had already reached the Line, by noticing the general march of the few observations I had set down; yet, finding the atmospheric pressure recovering again as we proceeded, by the same degrees as it had diminished, I have not a doubt on my mind as to the general fact, especially as we had no storms nor violent weather of any kind the whole way.

2. The temperature of the sea rose with extreme regularity till we reached 4° N. latitude, where it attained its maximum; which, on the average of six days and nights observation, about the 6th Dec., was 81° 7' Fahr.

3. The temperature (in accordance with what Dr. Davy noticed in his voyage to Ceylon, and what perhaps has been elsewhere recorded,) sinks materially on near approach to land. This will best be seen by looking down the annexed Table, which contains our longitudes, latitudes, temperatures, and pressures, for every day of our voyage.

Date	Lat. at Noon.	Long. at Noon.	Min. Therm. in Night.	Max. Therm. in Day.	Temp. of Sea at Noon.	Barom. at or near Noon.
Nov. 14	49° 24' N.	5° 0' W.	—	—	—	—
15	49 4	6 30	—	—	—	—
16	49 36	8 13	—	—	—	—
17	47 51	10 15	—	—	—	—
18	46 8	12 20	—	—	—	—
19	44 14	13 20	—	—	—	—
20	41 39	15 27	—	63.4	—	—
21	38 56	16 54	63.0	59.2	—	—
22	35 58	18 8	69.9	—	—	—
23	33 20	19 6	63.2	64.1	—	—
24	30 37	19 56	61.3	70.1	—	—
25	27 51	21 0	65.4	68.1	—	—
26	25 7	22 40	66.6	69.1	—	—
27	22 7	24 6	64.4	70.4	—	—
28	18 51	25 56	71.4	74.6	73.1	30.00
29	15 37	25 44	—	76.3	70.0	—
30	13 37	24 40	74.4	76.3	76.5	—
Dec. 1	11 13	22 55	73.5	78.8	79.0	—
2	9 4	21 50	77.4	81.8	81.0	—
3	7 7	21 10	76.4	80.6	81.3	—
4	6 12	21 10	76.3	81.1	82.6	—
5	5 44	21 5	76.2	81.0	81.5	—
6	4 20	20 40	75.5	81.8	82.2	—
7	3 33	20 56	74.4	81.5	81.0	—
8	3 18	21 8	74.4	82.8	81.6	30.76
9	2 53	21 50	73.7	83.0	81.7	30.40
10	2 25	22 17	77.4	83.5	81.5	29.81
11	1 15	23 17	79.4	82.5	81.2	29.94
12	0 15	24 30	77.4	82.8	80.2	29.71
13	1 57	25 59	78.5	81.1	79.0	—
14	3 47	27 6	77.2	80.9	79.4	—
15	5 45	28 4	77.9	80.3	79.1	—
16	8 7	29 51	76.9	80.1	78.9	30.56
17	10 22	30 24	75.7	79.0	78.6	29.87
18	12 44	30 8	75.5	77.9	78.1	30.50
19	15 25	30 33	75.4	78.4	78.4	—
20	17 51	30 33	76.4	74.7	74.7	29.04
21	20 6	30 13	76.0	78.6	78.5	30.01
22	22 1	29 58	75.6	78.9	79.5	30.01
23	23 30	28 54	75.5	78.9	78.9	30.63
24	24 37	28 40	74.0	77.5	77.5	29.92
25	25 30	24 20	75.4	77.8	77.4	—
26	26 24	22 6	75.6	76.8	77.3	—
27	27 9	19 16	73.6	77.0	76.1	30.92
28	27 51	16 33	73.4	77.8	77.4	30.91
29	28 8	14 30	71.6	76.0	76.3	—
30	28 27	13 36	70.1	78.3	77.5	29.05
31	29 0	11 20	73.2	77.8	75.9	—
Jan. 1	29 27	9 10	73.5	—	76.5	29.95
2	29 27	6 47	—	73.0	74.0	29.06
3	29 19	7 12	68.0	72.0	72.5	30.03
4	30 40	6 50	67.4	72.8	72.6	30.12
5	31 40	4 49	65.4	73.5	71.0	—
6	32 19	2 12	69.4	73.0	70.3	—
7	32 59	0 10	68.0	73.8	67.5	29.81
8	34 21	3 38	59.4	65.0	61.5	29.91
9	35 8	4 54	62.0	64.6	67.0	30.01
10	33 32	6 57	62.4	64.4	60.5	30.09
11	33 0	9 37	63.4	71.2	61.1	—
12	34 16	11 49	69.9	65.0	61.2	29.01
13	34 35	14 42	63.0	67.6	70.5	29.93
14	34 11	16 38	—	70.8	68.3	—
15	Off Table Bay	—	54.0	—	59.5	—

The fluctuation of the temperature of the sea, from longitude 9° 37' to the Table Bay is

remarkable as contrasted with its regular progress during the rest of the voyage, and is rendered more striking by the observations (omitted above) of morning, and evening—as follows:

Jan.	S. Lat. Noon.	W. Long. Noon.	Sea Temperature at 9 A.M.	3 P.M.	6 P.M.
11	33 0	9 37	60.2	—	66.0
12	34 16	11 49	61.1	64.2	69.6
13	34 25	14 42	63.3	70.5	69.3
14	34 11	16 38	67.5	64.3	67.0
15	Off Table Bay	—	68.5	50.5	68.1

This remarkable variation seems attributable to the joint effect of an eddy current setting round the Cape Agulhas, and to the shoaling of the water.

UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF  
LORD NELSON.

[Continued from p. 749.]

We resume our notice of Nelson's glorious career, with his appointment to the *Agamemnon*, in January 1793. His ship was immediately ordered to the Mediterranean under Lord Hood; and the first act which followed the arrival of the fleet on that station, was a negotiation with the people of Toulon, and possession being taken provisionally of the port and city. "Before the British fleet entered," says Southey, "Nelson was sent with dispatches to Sir Wm. Hamilton, our envoy at the Court of Naples"—a fated introduction, it would seem, from subsequent events; though at that time Nelson is said to have seen in Lady Hamilton nothing but "a young woman of amiable manners, who was exceedingly kind to Josiah." (Mrs. Nelson's son by Dr. Nisbet). It was during this visit that the following letter was written:—

"Naples, Sept. 14th, 1793.

"My dear Sir—I am here with news of our most glorious and great success; but, alas! the fatigue of getting it has been so great that the fleet generally, and I am sorry to say, my ship most so, are knocked up. Day after day, week after week, month after month, we have not been two gun shots from Toulon. Famine has accomplished what force could not have done; not a boat has got into Toulon since our arrival, and we literally starved them into a surrender. The news here was received with the greatest satisfaction. The King was so anxious to hear of our success that he came afloat, and sent to me. He is to make me a visit on board to-morrow, and then I dine with him. I have already been to Portici with him. The Prime Minister (who is an Englishman), Sir John Acton, Bart., makes much of us. We are called the preservers of Italy. I am to carry the handsomest letter that can be penned in the King's own hand to Lord Hood, and six thousand Neapolitan troops to assist in preserving our possession. Please to send the enclosed to Mrs. Nelson. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and the Gentlemen; and believe me,

"My dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate,

"HORATIO NELSON."

"William Suckling, Esq."

His next service (for it was Nelson's good fortune never to be condemned to the inactivity which he dreaded worse than death,) was to join Commodore Linzee at Tunis, who had been sent thither on a mission of remonstrance to the Bey. Whilst on his voyage he discovered five sail of the enemy off Sardinia, and, alone, gave chase to them. One of them he so severely crippled, that, in spite of their great superiority of force, the rest permitted the *Agamemnon* to proceed on her way unmolested. The next letter we shall give must have been written during this cruise.

"Agamemnon, off Corsica,  
October 11th, 1793.

"My dear Sir,—I may possibly meet a vessel bound to Leghorn, when I may send this letter. Yesterday I spoke a ship from Gibraltar, by whom I got your letter of 26th of July—the only one I have received since I left England; and I may not be in the way for some time to come of getting any. When you favour me with a letter, direct it to the care of Mr. Udney, Consul at Leghorn; and I believe some part of the postage must be paid in London. I am on my way to Sardinia, and then have secret orders. If anything is to be got, I stand a fair chance. I was very few days in Toulon. The service for those landed is warm. On the 8th, at night, a very handsome action took place, commanded by a Lieutenant in the Navy, and 450 men, in which 150 of the enemy were killed, taken, or wounded, 3 mortars and 5 twenty-four pounders destroyed. The enemy possess the heights, from which shot and shells are continually thrown into the harbour. When the English troops from Gibraltar arrive to head the column, something very decisive will be undertaken. The Lord is very much pleased with my conduct about the troops at Naples, which I undertook without any authority whatever from him, and they arrived at Toulon before his requisition reached Naples. Only yesterday he told me he would make Suckling a Lieutenant as soon as possible. I think he will not be many weeks in the *Victory*. Our force now at Toulon, on shore, is twelve thousand five hundred men, and before November is out, will be 30,000, when the whole of this country will fall to us, for they hate the Convention. The white flag is flying in all the ships and forts, under which we fight on shore. My health never was better than at present, as is Josiah's; but I cannot but feel uneasy at the accounts you give me of Mrs. Nelson. I wish she was comfortably fixed in a house or good lodgings, in a place she liked; but I hope, and indeed believe, she will recover herself at Kentish Town, where I am certain every kind attention will be shown her. The Spaniards behave so infamously that I sincerely wish not one ship or soldier was in Toulon: they will do nothing but plunder and cut the throat of poor wretches who have surrendered to the British. Remember me in the kindest manner to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and Horace. Best compts. to Mr. Rumsey and family.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON."

Our negotiation with the Dey proved unsuccessful—the French having made their cause good with him.

Early in the next year, 1794, we find Nelson at the head of a small squadron off Bastia, having been dispatched to Corsica for the assistance of General Puoli and the Anti-Gallican party. His energy and activity on this station were indefatigable (our readers will find in the sequel an account from his own pen), and his services important in proportion. He burnt the only store-house of flour on the island possessed by the French—kept out all their supplies—intercepted their despatches. In the midst of such harassing operations he wrote the following letters.

"Agamemnon, off Bastia,  
March, 1, 1794.

"My dear Sir,—We are still in the busy scene of War—a situation in which I own I feel pleasure, more especially as my actions have given great satisfaction to my Commander in Chief. The blocking up of Corsica he left to me: it has been accomplished in the most complete manner—not a boat got in, or a single soldier landed, although 8000 men were embarked at Nice. On the 7th of Feb. Lord Hood took the

: Mr. Suckling's residence.

command off St. Fiorenzo, and I went off Bastia. We have had active service: four times I have been on shore with the troops, always successful, and induced all the Corsicans in this port to declare for us. The French kept them in great awe by quartering troops in every village. On the 23rd February we went against Bastia merely to reconnoitre: it turned into a battle, which lasted one hour and three quarters. I had the *Romulus* and *Tartar* frigates with me; we had a strong force against us; but the fire from *Agamemnon* was so strong and close, that the enemy ran from their guns, and only fired when we were past. We totally destroyed a battery of six guns just without the town. The Army is within four miles of Bastia. As soon as they are ready to act, I have no doubt Bastia will very soon be taken, although the enemy have 62 guns mounted, besides mortars. Your picture of Bastia is very like, only adding a citadel. We did the enemy great damage, as we learn from a Dane who had been with a cargo of corn, but who was glad to get away. Lord Hood is just arrived, but has not brought an older Captain than myself with him. I am to anchor and act with the Army. Maurice Suckling is not yet made a Lieutenant, but, I hope, will in time. Promotion is very slow, now Toulon is lost; and the additional Lieut. being taken away from the small ships, will make it the longer before it comes to his turn, as they are to be put into ships as vacancies happen. I should be glad he was made. Your letters give me great pleasure; and, I hope, when you feel leisure, you will indulge me by writing. The French have got three sail of the line in the outer road of Toulon ready for sea—a proof that all their stores were not burnt. I beg you will give my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and all your family. Best respects to Mr. Rumsey and family, who, I hope, are all well. I shall be very glad to shake you all again by the hand. Believe me

"Your most affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON."

"Agamemnon, off Bastia,  
March 18th, 1794.

"My dear Sir,—I shall begin by saying what has given me pleasure, and I am sure will you, that Lord Hood has made Suckling a Lieutenant—I trust he will be confirmed.

"We are still blocking up Bastia; the attack of which has been given up in a most extraordinary manner; what might, if it had not now have met the sanction of men of science, have been deemed a most impertinent observation, viz. that Bastia, from a place I had found on a much closer examination than our General Dundas, could be attacked to great advantage, I wrote Lord Hood requesting an Engineer and Artillery Officer might be sent to examine. To-day I have been with them, and their report is most favourable for an attack. Our weather is now but indifferent; but hitherto I have so close blocked up the place, that one pound of coarse bread sells for three livres. If the army will not take it we must, by some way or other. General Dundas has quitted the command, differing in opinion with Lord Hood. I have really nothing new to tell you; day after day we remain in the same state. Pray remember me to Mrs. Suckling, and kindly to Miss Suckling and all your family; and don't forget me to Mr. Rumsey and family. Believe me

"Your most affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON."

"Camp near Bastia, April 6th, 1794.

"My dear Sir,—Not knowing where Mrs. Nelson is, I shall trouble you to send my letter. You see by my date where we are, and hope in due time we shall be in Bastia. Our army is still at Fiorenzo, nor can the General be induced to move. Col. Vilette commands the troops

and marines landed from the fleet. What my situation is, is not to be described. I am every thing, yet nothing ostensible—enjoying the confidence of Lord Hood and Colonel Vilette, and the Captains landed with the seamen obeying my orders. We have been landed two days complete; are within 700 yards of the outworks, and 1800 of the Citadel. Our Battery will open in about 2 days, of 8 24-pounders and 8 mortars. I have little doubt of our success; and if we do, what a disgrace to the Fiorenzo wiseheads!—if we do not, it can only be owing to their neglect in not attacking the place with us. Lord Hood has only just sent to tell me of the opportunity for England. Pray remember me to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and family, Mr. Rumsey, and all friends; and believe me,

"Your most affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON."

"William Suckling, Esq."

In the midst of this sharp service we find him boasting "that his seamen were invincible, and minded shot no more than peas"; and again, in a letter of a later period (the 2nd of August), "Hallowell and myself," says he, "are always on the batteries with them, and the Jacks don't mind it." It was no wonder that, thus encouraged, his crew should become almost invincible. It is interesting, too, in these same letters, to advert to his handsome and repeated notices of young Hoste, whether in remembrance of the after career of that gallant officer, or as illustrative of the generous eagerness which Nelson always showed in distinguishing merit.

So pressed, Bastia was sure to yield; and it must not be forgotten that Nelson attacked it although the *extrema numerical inferiority of our forces was known to him, and purposely kept secret*, as will appear by these letters. No sooner was its reduction accomplished, than the *Agamemnon* was summoned to accompany Lord Hood in quest of the French Fleet, which it was rumoured had sailed from Toulon. For once they escaped, getting safely into Gourjean Roads; and Nelson returned to assist General Sir Charles Stuart in the siege of Calvi. Our next letter gives us his own account of these matters, and was written a few days after the loss of his eye. How light he made of this loss will be seen in the letters quoted by Clarke. They are full of feeling for his comrades' sufferings, but treat his own as trifles. "My eye (thus he concludes one of them) is almost in total darkness, but never mind, I can see very well with the other."

"Calvi, Camp, July 16th, 1794.

"My dear Sir,—It is a little ago since I have had the pleasure of hearing from you. A letter would give me real pleasure, and to say you are all well. I hear Captain Suckling is gone abroad, where I am sure he will acquit himself with honour to himself and friends, amongst which I hope I am considered in the strongest degree. To an officer, I feel, and assure you he does, that an opportunity to distinguish ourselves is our greatest happiness. What pleasure must those who are dear to us feel in reading of a gallant officer's conduct!

"I don't doubt but your son will return safe, and with every credit which an officer can receive—that he may, I most sincerely wish.

"You will probably have heard that I am landed here, although every person sees how much I am put in the back-ground at Bastia; yet my zeal for the honor of my country ought not to abate. On the 7th ult. our battery opened. Capt. Sericold of the Navy was killed on the 10th. You will be surprised when I say I was wounded in the head by stones from the merlon of our battery. My right eye is cut entirely down; but the surgeons flatter me I shall not entirely lose my sight of that eye. At present I can distinguish light from dark, but no object: it confined me one day, when, thank



God! I was enabled to attend to my duty. I feel the want of it; but such is the chance of war, it was within a hair's breadth of taking off my head. Lord Hood and myself were never better friends—*nor, although his letter does, did he wish to put me where I never was—in the rear.* Capt. Hunt, who lost his ship, he wanted to push forward for another—a young man who never was on a battery, or ever rendered any service during the siege: if any person ever says he did, then I submit to the character of a storyteller. Poor Serocold, who fell here, was determined to publish an advertisement, as he commanded a battery under my orders. The whole operations of the siege were carried on through Lord Hood's letters to me. I was the mover of it—I was the cause of its success. Sir G. Elliot will be my evidence, if any is required. I am not a little vexed, but shall not quarrel. We shall be successful here; and a stranger and a landman will probably do me that credit which a friend and Brother Officer has not given me. Best regards to every good friend.

"Believe me your most affectionate  
"William Suckling, Esq." "H. NELSON."

It was on the occasion of finding that his name was not mentioned in the *Gazette*, giving an account of these important services, that he uttered the memorable prophecy, "he would one day have a *Gazette* of his own."

The *Agamemnon* was, ere long, dispatched to Genoa, Nelson being intrusted with dispatches for Mr. Drake. He foresaw that there would be no probability of withstanding the entrance of the French into Italy, and appears to have wished for peace to be concluded on fair terms. About this time Lord Hood had returned to England to solicit reinforcements, and the command in the Mediterranean devolved upon Admiral Hotham. The following letters require no further explanation:—

"*Agamemnon*, Genoa Mole, Sept. 20th, 1794.

"My dear Sir,—*Agamemnon* is still on the wing, and will not rest, most probably, till she gets into Portsmouth, which I hope will be no great length of time, as Lord Hood is inclined to take me home with him, and turn us into a good 74; for although I have been offered every 74 which has fallen vacant in this country, yet I could not bring myself to part with a ship's company, with whom I have gone through such a series of hard service, as has never before. I believe, fallen to the lot of any one ship. We are sent here to keep peace and harmony with Genoa; and I believe none has been injured by the blockade but ourselves; for I am assured here it never was felt; for all ships which did not escape the vigilance of our cruisers went into the neighbouring ports, and small vessels carried their cargoes along shore, the underwriters paying the expenses. The breaking the neutrality of the Port in small states must ever be impolitic in the English, as we have more to lose by such a conduct than any other nation. The taking the frigate was useless to us, and gave the French party here great cause to complain of us. Our forcing the Tuscans into a war, was, in my opinion, equally impolitic. The Italian states must be claimed when the French turn their thoughts towards Italy; and, if you will allow them, will all unite against their common plunderers. Genoa is too rich and magnificent to allow (if anger does not get the better of their interest,) the *Sans Culottes* to enter their city. This is an aristocratical government, and therefore must be subverted instantly. I am the first ship here since our hostilities, and believe they are inclined to be civil. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and family; and I hope Captain Suckling was well when you heard last from him—don't forget me at Hampstead. Believe me

"Your most affectionate  
"HORATIO NELSON."

"*Agamemnon*, Leghorn, October 31st, 1794.

"My dear Sir,—Being driven back to this port last night by a gale of wind, I got Mrs. Nelson's letter, dated from Kentish Town. Your kindness to her will never be forgotten by me; and to Mrs. Suckling and Miss Suckling I feel infinitely obliged. I shall only tell you—what may not be believed in England—that the French have put together a fleet at Toulon; which could hardly be credited. Although many of them are old, yet they have fitted them well enough for an action, if it should be necessary. I send you a list of them on the other side. We don't seem to make much of the war. Our allies are our burden. Had we left the Continent to themselves, we should have done well, and at half the expense. The gale moderates, and I am just going to get under weigh again. Believe me, with every affectionate wish and regard,

"Your obliged

"HORATIO NELSON."

"I beg to be kindly remembered to every part of your family; comp<sup>d</sup>. to Mr. Mentz.

"*Sans Culotte*, 120, *Tonnant*, 80, *Duquesne*, 74, *Commerce de Bourdeaux*, 74, *Guaneux*, 74, *Censeur*, 74, *Heureux*, 74, four frigates, one corvette, in Goujenn Bay; *Languedoc*, 80, *Ca Ira*, 80, *Conquerant*, 74, *Guerrier*, 74, *Mercure*, 74, two frigates, and schooners, in the outer road of Toulon, and ready for sea; *Barras*, 74, *Souverain*, 74, *Aide*, 74, are ready for sea in the inner harbour, and two new frigates; *Hardi*, 64, guardship, at Toulon."

"*Agamemnon*, Leghorn, Nov. 28th.

"My dear Sir,—Perhaps you will say, I am but little obliged for this letter, as it encloses one for my dear wife; but I believe you will give me credit for writing as often as my situation will admit. I shall tell you our news, which will soon be interesting. Matters are fast drawing to a crisis in this country. Our transports, which have been detained at Toulon, since they carried over the garrison of Calvi, were liberated on the 20th Nov<sup>r</sup>; their mules, which had been taken from them, being sent on board, and 16 hours allowed them to depart. Not a man was allowed to go on shore during their stay; and the answers of Jean Bon St. André were insolent in the highest degree, to modest and proper requests. He sent a message to Lord Hood, not knowing of his departure, that, if he sent any more flags to the port of the mountain, he would burn the vessels. They have 15 sail of the line ready for sea, with which they say they will fight our fleet. Now, as Admiral Hotham is gone off Toulon with 13 sail of the line, they may if they please. I am, as you will believe, uneasy enough, for fear they will fight, and *Agamemnon* not present: it will almost break my heart; but I hope the best—that they are only boasting at present, and will be quiet till I am ready. The Admiral will return here, and I hope to be ready to accompany him the next time he goes to sea: it is misery for me to be laid up dismantled. Our friends in Corsica think the French intend them a visit. I am of a different opinion from the whole fleet, army, and viceroys. Port Especia is their object, I am convinced; and, if they get it, they will plague us more than ever. They have 7 sail of the line on the stocks at Toulon, which will all be launched next March, when they will have 22 sail of the line for the whole of next summer. The Genoese supply them with everything; and England has submitted to be humbled by such a paltry state. The Danes and Swedes are for over entering Toulon with timber: if they are stopped, they are bound to Genoa and Leghorn, from which place the wood, &c., is sent with little expense. The rascality of neutral powers we all know; therefore, I have only to

say, they are as bad as ever. I beg you will present my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and the rest of the family. Is Capt. Suckling still abroad? Pray remember me to him when you write, and don't forget me to Mr. Rumsey, and my friends at Hampstead; and believe me ever

"Your most affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON."

"William Suckling, Esq."

"*Agamemnon*, Dec. 5th, off Corsica.

"My dear Sir,—I am just returned from Tunis, where I have been under Commodore Linzee, to negotiate for a French convoy from the Levant. You will believe the English seldom get much by negotiation except the being laughed at, which we have been; and I don't like it. Had we taken, which in my opinion we ought to have done, the men-of-war and convoy, worth at least £300,000, how much better we could have negotiated;—given the Bey £50,000, he would have been glad to have put up with the insult offered to his dignity. The French sent him very great presents; and he bought, through fear of us, several rich cargoes, for one third of their value. The ships of war so much believed we should have attacked them, that, at first, they hauled their ships almost a-ground; but latterly almost insulted us. Thank God, Lord Hood, whom Linzee sent to for orders how to act, after having negotiated, ordered me from under his command, and to command a squadron of frigates off Corsica and the coast of Italy, to protect our trade, and that of our new ally, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and to prevent any ship or vessel, of whatever nation, from going into the port of Genoa. I consider this command as a very high comp<sup>t</sup>—there being five older Captains in the fleet.

"You will have heard of our little brush from Maurice, whom I wrote to from Tunis, by way of Spain: that the lord should be pleased with our conduct, you need not wonder at; I flatter myself he could not be otherwise. Had they been English, and we French, the case, I am sure, would have been different. I am now cruising for them: they are in St. Fiorenzo. Corsica, Dec. 8th:—I have been in sight of the French squadron all day, at anchor: they cannot be induced to come out, notwithstanding their great superiority. Remember me in the kindest manner to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and all the family. Believe me

"Your most affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON."

"Pray don't forget me to Mr. Rumsey.

"William Suckling, Esq."

The French, indeed, were now assuming a menacing attitude, threatening Corsica; and it was reported that the fleet was about to come out from Toulon, with express orders to engage the English ships. Early in 1795 Admiral Hotham cruised off that port to offer them the opportunity they professed to desire, and which was probably anticipated by no one with such burning impatience as Nelson. But Hotham appears to have been too slow a leader for one of his fiery nature; in fact, such an opinion is distinctly expressed in more than one of his letters. The two with which we shall close our sketch for this week (on the eve of brilliant achievements), were written during this period of expectation. The second, both as concerns the state and value of Corsica, and as breathing the just language of complaint for the neglect he had received, compared with his merits, will be found deeply interesting:—

"*Agamemnon*, Florence, Feb. 1st, 1795.

"My dear Sir,—Your letter, without date, but which I guess to be written about Christmas,

† We have some doubt whether this letter was not written in the December of the previous year.

I received two days ago; and although I have not very frequently been favoured with a sight of your writing, except on the outside of letters, yet I am always sure of your continued regard for me—a circumstance which I ever hold dear, and which it will ever be my pride to deserve. I don't think, at present, *Agamemnon* has any chance of coming home: we are too inferior to the enemy. Our Admiral is careful of us, and will not suffer a line-of-battle ship to get out of his sight. We sail the day after to-morrow, but I do not expect to do any good. I have taken advantage of your offer, and inclose a letter for Mrs. Nelson. With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and family, believe me ever

"Your much obliged and affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON.

"Best respects at Hamptstead."

"*Agamemnon*, St. Fiorenzo, Feb. 7th, 1793.

"My dear Sir,—This day twelvemonth saw the British troops land at this place, for the purpose of turning the French out of the island, and the more I see of its produce, and convenient ports for our fleets, the more I am satisfied of Lord Hood's great wisdom in getting possession of it; for had his lordship not come forward with a *bold plan*, all our trade and political consequence would have been lost in Italy; for, after the evacuation of Toulon, to what place were we to look for shelter for our fleet, and the numerous attendants of victuallers, store-ships, and transports? Genoa was inimical to us, and, by treaty, only five sail of the line could enter their ports at the same time. If we look at Tuscany, she was little better than forced to declare for us, and ever since wishing to get her neutrality again. Even the French consul, though not officially received, has not left Leghorn. All our trade, and of our allies, to Italy, must all pass close to Corsica: the enemy would have had the ports of this island full of row-galleys; and, from the great calms near the land, our ships of war could not have protected the trade—they can always be taken under your eye: therefore, on this account only, every man of common sense must see the necessity of possessing this island. The Spanish ports and Neapolitan are so improper, and (except Minorca, which is now only a fishing town, with a few slips for ship-building, everything being destroyed,) the distance from the scene of war, so distant that they could not have been used, even would the Dons have made us welcome, which I doubt.

"The loss to the French has been great indeed: all the ships built at Toulon have their sides, beams, decks, and straight timbers from this island. The pine of this island is of the finest texture I ever saw; and the tar, pitch, and hemp, although I believe the former not equal to Norway, yet were very much used in the yard at Toulon. So much for the benefit of it to us during the war; and, in peace, I see no reason but it may be as beneficial to England as any other part of the King's dominions. Every article of this island was suppressed, as it interfered with the produce of the S. of France. The large woods of olives must produce great quantities of fine oil, and the wine is much preferable to the wines of Italy. Our naval yards will be supplied with excellent wood; and, I dare say, the expence of keeping the island will be very trifling, and its importance to us very great. Other powers will certainly envy us; and the inhabitants will grow rich, and, I hope, happy, under our mild government. The difference is already visible: before, every Corsican carried his gun, for every district was at enmity with the other; many parts at war with the French, and none friendly with them; no single Frenchman could travel in this island—his death was certain. Now, not one man

in fifty carries arms: their swords are really turned into ploughshares; and we travel everywhere with only a stick. This day I have walked over 300 acres of fine wheat, which last year only served to feed a few goats; and if these great alterations are to be seen in the least fertile part of the island, what must be the change in the more fruitful? And when I reflect that I was the cause of re-attacking Bastia, after our *wise* generals gave it over, from not knowing the force, fancying it 2000 men; that it was I who, landing, joined the Corsicans, and with only my ship's party of marines, drove the French under the walls of Bastia; that it was I who, knowing the force in Bastia to be upwards of 4000 men, as I have now only ventured to tell Lord Hood, landed with only 1200 men, and kept the secret till within this week past;—what I must have felt during the whole siege may be easily conceived. Yet I am scarcely mentioned. I freely forgive, but cannot forget. This and much more ought to have been mentioned. It is known that, for two months, I blockaded Bastia with a squadron: only 50 sacks of flour got into the town. At St. Fiorenzo and Calvi, for two months before, nothing got in, and 4 French frigates could not get out, and are now ours. Yet my diligence is not mentioned, and others, for keeping succours out of Calvi for a few summer months, are handsomely mentioned. *Such things are.* I have got upon a subject near my heart, which is full when I think of the treatment I have received: every man who had any considerable share in the reduction, has got some place or other—I, only I, am without reward. The taking of Corsica, like the taking of St. Juan's, has cost me money. St. Juan's cost near £500; Corsica has cost me £300, an eye, and a cut across my back; and my money, I find, cannot be repaid me. Nothing but my anxious endeavour to serve my country makes me bear up against it; but I sometimes am ready to give all up. We are just going to sea, and I hope to God we shall meet the French fleet, which may give us all gold chains—who knows? Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Suckling and Miss Suckling; and believe me, in every situation, I feel myself

"Your much obliged and affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON.

"Best respects to Mr. Rumsey and family, and to Mr. Mentz. Forgive this letter: I have said a great deal too much of myself; but indeed it is all too true."

(To be continued.)

#### MUSIC IN THE PROVINCES.

*The Festivals at Hereford, Hull, and Birmingham.*

THESE three provincial festivals—carnivals, the full interest and gaiety of which can hardly be understood by those always resident in the metropolis, have now taken place, and it becomes our pleasant duty to say a few words on each, giving, of course, the place of honour to the Birmingham meeting. This, indeed, must have been an object of peculiar interest to every musical amateur; in addition to the novelties of a splendid music room and an organ, so magnificent that we find some of our contemporaries absolutely quarrelling with its size, the attraction of a new work, composed expressly for the occasion, was added; and the consequence of this enterprise and preparation has been, as might be expected, the utmost success in a financial point of view.

Our remarks will be confined to the novelty we have just alluded to, as, by abstaining from going through the 'Messiah,' and 'Israel in Egypt,' step by step, we shall have more space to speak of the new Oratorio by the Chevalier Neukomm; and we are induced to fix our attention on this composition, having noticed, on the part of certain of the provincial press, an attempt

to raise the cry of "Old Handel," by way of depreciating the music, now, for the first time, introduced to them. There is no style of criticism more easy than this sort of partisanship; no claim to sagacity which it gives less trouble to advance, than the one of decrying everything that is new, because it is so. This has been always the case on such occasions, and doubtless, in the days of Handel himself, there were many who snored at his sublime works, and talked of Purcell and Palestrina.

Our creed is precisely the reverse of this; we love and venerate what is good of every age, clime, and country, but are favourably disposed towards any new undertaking, because, even should it fail, the spirit of enterprise which produced it is worthy of recognition and honour. But to come from generalities to the instance before us, the Oratorio of 'David' has no need of such predisposition on our parts—it is a fresh, fine work, from the hand of a master; and if some of the effects are a little nearer the drama than we are accustomed to think discreet in sacred music, the error is on the right side.

With one exception, this Oratorio, on the whole, went well, though the relative positions of band and chorus struck us as anything but happy—the violins and other stringed instruments being smothered between the choir before, and the giant organ behind—the deep tones of which were aided no little by the introduction of the new bass wind instrument the Ophicleide. We have already mentioned the manner in which the subject of this Oratorio has been arranged and treated; we have first David brought before us as a shepherd—the pastoral introduction is charming and melodious; a sweet clarinet solo, however, gives us an opportunity of noticing what we consider one of the short-comings of the composition as a *solid* work, namely, the too constant use of solo instruments in the symphonies to the different songs, which, to our ears, gives the whole too light an effect for sacred music. We must here, too, mention our entire delight in Brahms's singing throughout this Oratorio—his part was written for him, and he did justice to it with spirit and success, as if resolved to show that Time has not yet won the mastery over him. Nor must we omit to speak of Stockhausen's delicious singing of her beautiful song 'Return, O David, return': this lady is a true artist, not only perfect in the cultivation of her voice, but also in the sincerity and good taste with which she never fails to possess herself of the meaning of the composer whose music is allotted to her. Throughout this suite of festivals, she has raised herself (if that could be,) in our good opinion. The chorus 'Behold the Giant,' which opens the scene of warfare in the valley of Elah, is a fine dramatic composition; and the duet 'Come unto me,' in which the Israelite and Philistine champions mutually defy each other, was most spiritedly given by Messrs. Brahms and Machin, the latter doing his utmost to gain himself honour in (we believe) his native town. The battle scene and chorus, 'He falls,' is also full of vivid and animating interest. Mrs. Knvett's song, 'Mighty Jehovah,' is rather tame, and the concluding chorus of the act, with the exception of the lovely canon, 'Who can proclaim,' and part of its final fugue, struck us as too operative.

The second act of this Oratorio opens with a masterly scene, in which the shadow which lay dark upon Saul is most strikingly portrayed—it was sung by Phillips. The repose of the subsequent passage, 'I will lay me down in peace,' told beautifully by contrast. We must pass the pieces which follow, (stopping for a moment to mention the chorus 'Haste thee away,' as full of character,) till we come to the battle scene and chorus 'O Israel, mourn,' which is, beyond doubt, the finest thing in the Oratorio—it is full of pathos and lamentation, and, to us, the

muffled drums and gong (which some of our contemporaries have inveighed against,) only deepened the character of the scene. The Oratorio concludes with a chorus hailing David as the crowned king: it is to be regretted that one effect (the one of the celestial 'Hosanna') was so completely lost by the want of time in the singers. We hope, however, to have many opportunities of hearing this amended.

Our hasty sketch of this Oratorio has yet extended to such a length, that it is out of our power to speak of the Concerts of this Festival. This is of less consequence, as the schemes of the evening performances on such occasions, are, for the most part, made up of songs, concerted pieces, &c. &c., which have been already repeated to satiety. When will the committees and conductors of these meetings remember that it is one thing to hear a composition on the stage, with all the adjuncts of action, costume, &c., and another to listen to it from an orchestra, and that the old glees and songs may, at last, be like the 'Cottage Maid' in the country circulating library, "quite worn out"?

Our limits, too, compel us to be brief concerning the meetings at Hull and Hereford. At the former, the novelties by Künzen and Romberg did not leave any favourable impression upon us; but we must remark that the enterprise of those who built the new and most excellent music hall at Hull, merited better encouragement than the loss which the statement of expenditure and receipts will show. Nor can we omit to speak in the highest terms of a new violinist we heard there, M. Nagel, whose finished style and brilliant execution deserve, and we hope will be acknowledged by, a Philharmonic audience.

The music at Hereford went off excellently well; the removal of the orchestra from the choir into the nave, answered entirely, and was a great improvement. Spohr's 'Last Judgment' was performed there for the first time, and was much relished.

On the whole, we have been much pleased with the improvement we have perceived in the bands and choruses of these three meetings over those of former occasions. A better taste on the part of their patrons also, appears on the advance; and we close our notice in the hope that we shall next year find that further steps have been made towards perfection.

#### UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF COLERIDGE.

In April 1819, Mr. Wordsworth announced his poem, 'Peter Bell,' and between the announcement and the publication a quix was written, advertised, and brought out, which purposely resembled the original in name, and by accident in metre. It was introduced to the Quaker or Friendly Public, with the significant motto, "I do affirm that I am the real Simon Pure." The skit was taken up by the Journals of the day, and merrily received. Lord Byron in a letter to Moore, dated Ravenna, August 1820, writes—"P.S. Did you write the lively quix on Peter Bell? It has wit enough to be yours, and almost too much to be any body else's now going. It was in Galignani the other day or week." Connected with these came "Two Poems, two Peters, two Bells," we are, by the kindness of a friend, enabled to submit a short correspondence, between Coleridge and the Publishers of Peter the Wag, not Peter the

"We understand the writer of the letter, in the name of the Publishers, to have been Mr. John Taylor, of the then firm of Taylor & Hessey. He is well known as the searching writer of the work entitled 'The Identity of Janus.' A note to him, from Sir James Mackintosh, referring to the subject of the text, is not destroyed, and runs thus:—

"Dear Sir,—Will you be so good as to let me have the parody on Wordsworth. I wish I could guess at the Author, as speciously as you did about Janus."

"Yours ever,  
"J. MACKINTOSH."

"Penton's Hotel, 37th April."

Waggoner,—of the Muffin-maker's Tinkler, and not the great Tom of Lincoln, which will not, we think, be uninteresting to our readers. The anxiety for the interest and the vindication of the genius of Mr. Wordsworth, with whom for many years Coleridge, as he says, had ceased by letters to have been in correspondence, are honourable to the sincerity and the feeling of the latter.

Friday, April 16th, 1819.

Highgate.

"Dear Sirs,—I hope, nay I feel confident, that you will interpret this note in its real sense, namely, as a proof of the esteem and respect which I entertain towards you both. Looking in the Times this morning, I was startled by an Advertisement of 'PETER BELL,' a lyrical Ballad, with a very significant Motto, from one of our Comedies of Charles the 2nd's reign, tho' what it signifies I wish to ascertain. 'Peter Bell' is a Poem of Mr. Wordsworth's—and I have not heard that it has been published by him. If it have, and with his name (I have reason to believe that he never publishes anonymously) and this now advertised be a ridicule on it, I have nothing to say. But if it have not, I have ventured to pledge myself for you, that you would not wittingly give the high respectability of your names to an attack on a Manuscript work, which no man could assail, but by a base breach of Trust. Merciful Heaven! no one could dare read a copy of verses at his own fire-side, if such a practice were endured by honest men! and that the poem itself should have been published by you, unless with Mr. Wordsworth's consent, is morally impossible. I just remember the first lines of Mr. W's 'Peter Bell.'"

There's something in a flying horse,  
There's something in a trim balloon,—  
But thro' the air I'll never float,  
Till I get a little Boat,—  
In shape just like the crescent moon;—  
And I have got a little Boat, &c. &c.

"Had it been in my power, I should have gone to Town, to see what this 'Peter Bell' (the true 'Simon Pure') is, and to have rectified any mistake I may have made, (tho' I can imagine no other, but that the Poem may have been published and I not have heard of it,) without mention of my preceding apprehensions. But as I could not do this, and really felt uneasy, I resolved to throw myself on your good opinion of the sincerity with which I subscribe myself,

"Dear Sirs,

"Yours most respectfully,

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

"To Messrs. Taylor & Hessey."

Fleet Street, 13th April, 1819.

"Dear Sir,—We enclose the little work, which has occasioned you so much perplexity, and we trust, that when you have looked it over, we shall still retain your good opinion.

"It was written by a sincere admirer of Mr. Wordsworth's Poetry, by a person who has been his advocate in every place, where he found an opportunity of expressing an opinion on the subject; and we really think, that when the original Poem is published, he will feel all that intense regard for its beauties, which distinguishes the true lover of Mr. W's Poetry. The immediate cause of his writing this burlesque imitation of the Idiot Boy, was the announcement of a new Poem, with so unlucky a title, as that of 'Peter Bell.' He thought that all Mr. W's excellencies might be displayed in some work, which should be free from those ridiculous associations which vulgar names give rise to, and as a friend he felt vexed, that unnecessary obstacles were thus again thrown in the way of Mr. W's popularity.

"You do not know the Author, nor are we at liberty to mention his name. There was no 'Malice prepense' in the undertaking we can assure you, for we happen to know, that it was

written in 5 hours after he first thought of such a thing, and it was printed in as many more. He never heard a line of the original Poem, nor did he know that it was in existence, till he saw the name in the Advertisements.

"We are placed in a situation which enables us to see the effect of these peculiarities, which this writer wishes Mr. Wordsworth to renounce, and we must say, that they grieve his friends, gladden his adversaries, and are the chief, if not the only impediments to the favourable reception of his Poems among all classes of readers.

"With many thanks for the kind interests you have taken in our favour on this occasion,

"We remain, Dear Sir,

"Yours very sincerely,

"TAYLOR & HESSEY."

"To S. T. Coleridge."

Thursday Afternoon,  
Highgate.

"Dear Sirs,—The Influenza which is at present going about has honored us with its particular attention, in the form of fever, weight in my limbs, and this from the day I received your letter and the true Simon Pure. Tho' I write with difficulty, I will not longer delay to assure you, that I should not have subjected myself to the charge of impertinent interference, had I been then aware, that Mr. Wordsworth's Poem had been announced publicly—for it is now many years since I have been in correspondence with him by letters. It is, according to my principles, all fair. The Satirist pretends to know nothing of the author but what he has drawn from his printed works, and implies nothing against his person and private character; all else is matter of Taste. I laughed heartily at all the Prose, notes included, and am confident, should have done so, and yet more heartily, had I been myself the barb of the joke. The writer, however, ought (as a man, I mean,) to recollect, that Mr. Wordsworth for full 16 years had been assailed weekly, monthly, and quarterly, with every species of wanton detraction and contempt—that my 'Literary Life,' was the first Critique, which, acknowledging and explaining his faults as a Poet, weighed these fairly against his merits, (and is there a Poet now alive who will pretend to believe himself equal in genius to Wordsworth?)—that during all these years, Mr. Wordsworth made no answer, displayed no resentment, and lastly, that from Cicero to Luther, Giordano Bruno, Milton, Dryden, Wolfe, John Browne, Hunter, &c. &c., I know but one instance (that of Benedict Spinoza,) of a man of great genius and original mind, who, on those very accounts, had been abused, misunderstood, decried, and (as far as the several ages permitted) persecuted, who has not been worried at last into a semblance of Egotism. The verdict of justice is ever the same; as to the quantum of merit due to a man comparatively, if the whole, or perhaps more than the whole, is given to a man, by his contemporaries generally, what wonder, if he feels little temptation to claim any in his own name?

"As to the Poem of the Satirist, it seems to me, like many of its predecessors of the same sort. A, we are to suppose, writes like a simpleton, and B writes tenfold more simpletonish. Ergo, B's wilful idiocy is a witty satire on A's childishness!! At the best this is but mimicry, buffoonery, not satire. When a man can imitate even stupidity, and even the blunders of a Dogberry, so as to render them, as Shakespeare has done, the vehicles of the most exquisite sense—this is indeed Wit. But be the verses what they may, they are all morally fair, and the Preface and Notes are very droll and clever.

"Yours, Dear Sirs,

"With unforgotten respect,

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

"Messrs. Taylor & Hessey."



## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We were on the point of registering a complaint at the absence of matters whereon to gossip this week, when it first occurred to us, that our columns contain rather an extraordinary share of "News from all nations" dispersed through them—and that policy, as well as necessity, might make us shorter than our wont in this article. We shall say nothing of what is the result of our own exertions; but for much, we are indebted to private friendship and public patronage. We have, indeed, latterly had frequent occasion to make acknowledgment of gratitude for services rendered to us by friends known and unknown; but this week we feel beggared even in thanks. They are, however, especially due for the valuable communication of Sir John Herschel. The *Athenæum* was the first paper to announce the safe arrival at the Cape of this distinguished philosopher; and we have this day the proud satisfaction of presenting our readers with the first scientific communication received from him. To private friendship we are further indebted for the interesting letters of Coleridge—and to the good wishes of volunteer correspondents for the copy of Mr. Sheridan Knowles's lines on the good ship Columbus, and for an original letter by the late Thomas Barker, of Lyndon, on Comets, in which mention is made of the Halley Comet; but the appearance of which letter is necessarily deferred for want of room.

There is, however, little stirring among us just now—and so many Parisian matters have come before us this week, that we have half fancied ourselves across the Channel, while tossing over a heap of periodicals—light—as the *Petit Courier des Dames*—and learned—as *L'Echo du Monde Savant*, and *Le Bulletin de la Société Géologique*, (from which last we may glean somewhat on a future occasion). The former, we are told on fair authority, is the best of all manuals for tasteful costume—and we can see for ourselves, that it contains abundance of chit-chat of the day. The latter two journals are weighted with more solid ware, and must be reserved for our graver mood. While we are at Paris, we may as well advert to an announcement of the re-appearance of Brambilla, whose bright eyes and rich voice still live in the memory of our opera visitors. We expect much from this singer.

Our announcement of forthcoming works of good promise had nearly been overlaid by all this foreign frivolity and science. Mr. Webster, Surgeon of H. M. S. Chanticleer, is, it appears, about to publish (by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty) the Narrative of his Voyage in that vessel during the years 1829, 1830, and 1831, when commanded by the late Captain Foster.—A History of Edward the Black Prince, by Mr. James; and the first volume of *The Transactions of the Entomological Society*, are also about to appear.

We understand that Mr. G. H. Rodwell has been honoured with the appointment of Musical Composer to H. R. H. the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria.

## THEATRICALS

## DRURY LANE.

"HAVE you seen Denvil?" is now the prevailing question in all theatrical circles; indeed, the only other question is—who shall say it first? It meets us, as friends or acquaintances meet us, at every turn, and is become as familiar to our ears as it would be to our eyes, were the walls chalked with "Have you seen Denvil?" "Try Denvil!" or "Use Drury Lane." The answers are "as plenty as blackberries," but by no means so like one another. In point of fact, they are almost as different as the white substance above alluded to is from the article of food denominated cheese. We have heard every degree of praise accorded

to him, from the most unlimited to the almost imperceptible; and on the other hand, every degree of fault has been found with him, from the slightest elevation of the nostrils down to the absolute and sturdy denial of all merit. Those who praise him do so upon totally different grounds, and those who find fault with him, cannot agree upon his defects. So much for private opinions concerning Mr. Denvil; for the public ones we must refer to the daily and weekly journals: and here again we find no two in a story about him; but yet, he it remarked, no one, as far as we have seen, which ventures to deny him the possession of considerable talent, for those which do not assign it to him positively, if attentively perused, will be found to give it him negatively. Since our last notice was written, he has twice repeated the character of *Shylock*, and each time (for we have watched him) beauties have been added, and blemishes removed. On Monday he played *Richard the Third*, and the opinions of the press on Tuesday, which were beginning to settle down a little, and to take some kind of tone from one another about his *Shylock*, were all thrown into a jumble again. Never perhaps was there a case in which doctors disagreed to such an extent—it is really quite amusing; but, let us be just—let us take care that what is fun to us, do not turn out to be death to the reputation of a clever and deserving man. Let consultations, if necessary, be held; let some general mode of treatment be agreed upon; for our readers may take our theatrical word for it, that the patient is too valuable an acquisition to the stage to be allowed to die.

The *True Sun* has collected the various opinions of Tuesday and placed them side by side, and curious and contradictory enough they certainly are. The *True Sun* itself seems to partake of the general difficulty in deciding on the merits of Mr. Denvil, though honestly inclined to do justice to "this puzzling actor," as the *Examiner* calls him. Now comes at the end of the week, after everybody else has said his say, and "last," though we trust not "least in the" public's "dear love"—the *Athenæum*—and thus he plays his part, "or rather thus, in our estimation, does Mr. Denvil play *his*." With due deference to our clever contemporary of the *True Sun*, and to all our other "worthy, clever, gifted, ingenious, and respectable contemporaries of all the other honourable and distinguished newspapers of this magnificent city," (as Mr. Simpson, of Vauxhall immortality, would say,) we see nothing at all puzzling about the performance of Mr. Denvil, either in *Shylock* or *Richard*. It is impossible (we should think) for any one at all conversant with theatricals to sit through that gentleman's representation, be it of the one part or the other, without being impressed with the notion that he has seen an actor of considerable power and of considerable originality both of thought and action. Well then—what are the objections? That in neither part is his acting perfect, and that in both it is unequal—granted: and when we have granted it, we have imported a tragic actor from the Kensington Theatre, at this moment better, decidedly better (in our opinion) than any one now engaged on the national boards, with originality, which no one in his line but himself has, to boot. Shall we then churlishly throw cold water upon the exertions of a man evidently ardent and zealous in his profession, because he is not, without London experience, what very, very few have ever been with it? Shall we, who are bordering upon a theatrical famine, reject a ship-load of talent which comes to our relief, because some few grains of it have been tainted by the bad air of the warehouses in which it has been detained? Surely not—let us rather be thankful for the good, assist in the easy removal of that which is indifferent, and give Mr. Denvil a permanent place upon our stage. Our opinion is, that if fair play be allowed him, he will not

only make that the first place, but hold himself firmly in it. He may disappoint our expectations, but we see no reason why he should; he has a good person—a face considerably above average—an agreeable and distinct voice, and considerable experience in his profession; he imitates nobody, and is altogether free from mannerism. We are not sure that he has not pleased as much by being totally unlike every other actor, as by anything else. He does not rush on to the stage, "as the manner of some is," and take it all to himself, nor does he seem to expect that when he is on it nobody else is to be listened to; he is content to be the principal person before the audience when his part calls on him to be so, and, until that moment arrives, he proceeds in his business with a most John Kemble-like or stoical (synonymous terms) indifference to the applause of the moment. We will not take to pieces either of the parts he has played, nor point out those scenes and passages which have pleased us most, and those in which he has most disappointed us. The contradictory opinions are already too numerous for us to swell the list, but we will say, in passing, that we think his tent scene in *Richard* fully equal to Ken's in point of effect, and more than equal to it in easy originality and natural conception. We know nothing of Mr. Denvil privately—we have not as yet even seen him off the stage; if he is a conceited man, and fancies that he has nothing to learn, he will perhaps have much to do to hold his ground; but if he is, as his demeanour upon the stage would seem to indicate, one fond of his art, and anxious to strengthen himself in his present position by resolutely disregarding all trick, and carefully improving a part each time he plays it, then we say, looking to what the mere advantage of London practice has done over and over again for actors possessing scarcely a tithe of his requisites, that nothing need stand between him and the highest honours of his profession.

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE AND OLYMPIC THEATRE.

We presume that Mr. Denvil has fancied that he was playing *Richard* to our *Richmond* while we have been writing our theatricals for the week, for he has driven us into a corner—and in that corner we must briefly notice a new piece at each of the above houses. The first is a historical drama, by Mr. Serle, in two acts, called 'The Widow Queen,' well constructed—cleverly written—respectably acted, and quite successful—and the second (a one act burletta, or rather farce, (we wish we might give up the farce of calling it a burletta, which it is not, and call the burletta a farce, which it is,) entitled 'A Friend in need.') The author of this is Mr. Richard Westmacott—author also of the popular farce of 'Hide and Seek'—and he has again shown his power of shaking the sides of an audience. It was particularly and deservedly successful, and is (one of those amusing bubbles which Madame Vestris continues to blow into the theatre from her merry and fantastic pipe, and which will continue to float agreeably before the audience until the next jostles against and causes it to burst.

## MISCELLANEA

*Boieldieu*.—Music, like Poetry, is losing her master spirits just now. It was with sorrow that we received the tidings of Boieldieu's death—for the sealing up of genius in the tomb must be always saddening. He was born at Rouen, so musical biographies state, in the year 1770—the newspapers, on the other hand, we observe, mention his age at about fifty-nine. About 1795, he first made his appearance in Paris, and began to compose his operas, in their particular style so unrivalled. He passed part of his life at the Court of the Emperor of Russia, being appointed *Maitre de chapelle* on

the death of Sarti, and some years ago, much to the astonishment of his friends, married a dancer of the name of Cloilde. The last work he brought out, 'Les deux Nuits,' was performed in 1829—since when, he had been much of an invalid, and had only recently before his death returned from a journey for the re-establishment of his health. We are indebted to a correspondent in Paris, for these outline facts of this brilliant musician's life and career—our friend too, attended a solemn service performed over his remains, which he describes as most imposing. "The mass," says he, "was one of Cherubini's, and was performed in the magnificent Hotel des Invalides—the Archbishop, it is said, objecting to its being celebrated in church, because Boieldieu had once been an actor. Cherubini (himself a veteran) presided over the orchestra of about 300 performers. It would be unfair to institute a comparison between this Mass and the Westminster Festival, if the result were not in favour of the former, but, strange as it may appear, although the Festival was so much stronger in band and chorus, the effect was grander at the Invalides. Among the distinguished musicians present, were Rossini (looking ill), Auber, Paer, Caraffa, Adam, &c. &c., and Nourrit and Lablache were among the singers." Thus far our correspondent. It would be hardly necessary anywhere else than in England, to refer to the 'Jean de Paris,' 'La Dame Blanche,' 'Le petit Chaperon rouge,' 'La Reine de Golconda,' and 'Les deux Nuits,' as Boieldieu's principal works. For lightness and melody, piquancy in the orchestral effects, and dramatic expression, they are almost unrivalled. Why is it that we hear none of them? at a time, too, when novelty is so much wanted at the Opera, and the comparatively borrowed music of Auber circulates so widely? We sometimes fancy, that during the pause which music seems making just now in Italy and Germany, France will come forward and take the lead. If so, it is surely only prudent to be ready to keep up with her; and we could not begin better than by doing honour due to the works of one of her most fascinating composers.

**Influence of the Moon upon the Atmosphere.**—An astronomer at Viviers has for some time been occupied in investigations on this subject. He states, among other results, that under lunar influence the barometer rises from the period when the moon is at 135 degrees from the meridian, towards the east, to the period when, having passed the meridian, it has retrograded as far as 90 degrees, towards the west;—that according to these observations, the moon weakens the barometrical pressure, so that the atmosphere would be much heavier, if the moon did not exist. The following are some further observations in relation to this subject. During the last 20 years, the number of wet days at the new moon, was 78; at its first quarter, 88; at full moon, 82; at the last quarter, 65; at the nearest distance to the moon, 96; and at the greatest distance from it, 84.

**St. Pierre.**—One of the last letters, written by St. Pierre, Author of 'Studies of Nature,' was in answer to Mr. Bucke, who had sent him a copy of his work on 'The Beauties and Sublimities of Nature.' In this letter, the old man, after expressing his thanks, made a strange allusion, strange in many respects, to a paragraph, which had recently appeared in the French papers, relative to a purse of louis, which Bonaparte had left upon his mantel-piece, soon after his return from his splendid campaign in Italy. "He certainly did leave a purse on my mantel-piece," he observes, "and I felt greatly obliged to him for so doing. But when I learnt, afterwards, that he had made several remarks, not very agreeable to me to hear—implying that he had been told, that to leave money on my table was not the easiest way of affronting the

Author of 'Paul and Virginia,' I began to consider, that I had done quite as much good in the world as he was ever likely to do; and that the few louis he had left, however large the sum might be considered in the eyes of the leaver, was only a small portion of the large sum he, and others of his stamp, had obtained from the occupation of Venice and many other fine cities of Italy."

**Louis Philip's Patronage of the Fine Arts.**—Louis Philip has lately sat to Gerard for his portrait, which is finished, and has been placed in the Louvre. Connoisseurs, however, say, that the artist has not treated the subject with his usual success, for though the portrait is a likeness, there is a stiffness and awkwardness about it, which have an unpleasant effect. The *Artiste*, in reference to this portrait, notices as a remarkable circumstance, that it is placed in the Louvre quite in an opposite direction to that where the portraits of Louis the Eighteenth and Charles the Tenth were hung. The King of the French patronizes the fine arts to a greater extent than ever. When Duke of Orleans, he had a very fine collection of paintings, by Horace Vernet, David, and various other modern artists, besides many of the old masters.

**Population of Paris.**—According to the last census, the number of the inhabitants of Paris amounts to 784,000, who reside in 29,000 houses. From this it would appear that, taking the average, there are 28 individuals to each house.

**Emigration.**—A New York paper says—The emigration into Canada through Quebec from June 1825, to August 1834, amounts, according to a table published in the Montreal Daily Advertiser, to one million one hundred and thirty-three thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight persons. The greatest number of emigrants in any one year was in 1832, when it amounted to 220,000.

**Level of the Baltic.**—(see *Athenæum*, No. 269).—The 'Commercial Gazette' of St. Petersburg, of May 28, has the following:—"It has been remarked that, during the last twenty years, the water in this port has become considerably lowered, and affords a new proof of the correctness of the observations made by the ancient inhabitants of the shores of the Baltic, that the bottom of this sea is continually rising; that the level and body of the water is gradually diminishing, and that the land is increasing on every side. According to the researches of the ancient naturalists, phenomena of this nature most frequently occur in the countries near the North Pole. We can quote as an example the lakes of Denmark, which have sunk so low that some of them are almost entirely without water. Sweden and Norway, 2500 years ago, formed one island. The town of Pites, in forty-five years became distant from the sea two miles, and the water receded from Loulea one mile in twenty-eight years. The ancient port of Lodisa is now four miles from the sea, and that of Westerwich two miles. At the time of the foundation of Torneo, large vessels could come close up to it—now it is in the middle of the peninsula. The islands of Errgsoe and Caroe, Apsoe and Testeroe, have been for many years joined to each other; and Louisee, Psalmodi, Magdelone, and many more, have become part of the mainland.—*New Monthly Mag.*

**Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin.**—It will be recollected that Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, (of the British navy) a native of Nantucket, when on a visit there, some years ago, founded, and liberally endowed, a public school, called the "Coffin school," for the particular education, however, of all the little Coffins, present or to come. He has lately permanently added 100*l.* sterling more per annum, for the support and extension of this school. The stock to produce this revenue he desires may be vested in the name of the governor of Massachusetts, or mayor of Boston,

for the time being, and its interest drawn for by said governor or mayor, to be applied as aforesaid.—*Niles' Register* (U. S.)

**Niagara.**—Great works have been accomplished in Canada, and others are about to be commenced, in the improvement of the navigation of the St. Lawrence. It is within the range of possibilities that some great city, to be located on Lake Superior, may be visited by vessels direct from Liverpool—though not of that "peculiar construction" with which Englishmen expected to ascend the cataract of Niagara, at the beginning of the late war! That cataract, however, is no longer an impassable barrier between the upper and lower lakes. A canal has been made round the falls, and the ascent or descent between Ontario and Erie is easy.—*Niles' Register*.

The Academy of Sciences at Lyons has just offered a gold medal, of the value of 600*l.*, for the best essay on this question—"What is the best system of Education and Public Instruction in a Constitutional Monarchy?"—*Times*.

#### EPICRAM FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

##### A New Fire-escape.

The house was on fire; Zeno, circled in flame,  
In vain call'd for aid—sure no case e'er was sadder;  
He escaped—Tell me how? Why, Antimachus came  
And lent him the use of his nose for a ladder.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

**Tough Yarns**, by the Old Sailor (author of *Greenwich Hospital*, &c.) embellished by George Cruikshank. De La Mancy, a novel, in 2 vols. by Joseph R. W. Lomas, Esq.

A new work by the author 'Cavendish,' entitled *Will Watch*.

On the 1st of January, (to be continued Quarterly) the First Part of a Series of 143 Plates of Roman Coins and Medals, with Introductory Observations, by the late Rev. John Glen King, D.D., F.R.S., F.S.A., &c.

A new edition of *Oriental Memoirs*, by James Forbes, Esq.; Edited by his Daughter the Countess de Montalembert.

**Just published.**—Guy Rivers, the Outlaw, a tale of Georgia, by the author of *Martin Faber*, 3 vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 6*s.*—*Ossa Humana*; or, the Bones of the Human Body, drawn from Nature, by R. B. Cumming, oblong folio, 2*l.*—*Dr. Weatherhead's Synopsis of Nosology*, 3*s.*—*Venables' Manual for Apothecaries' Hall*, 12mo. 7*s.*—*Stevenson on Cataract*, 18mo. 3*s.*—*Mead's Compendium of Pharmacy*, 18mo. 4*s.*—*Missionary Researches in America*, by Smith and Dwight, 8vo. 1*l.*—*Henshaw's Guide for True Pilgrims, with Life*, by T. Williams, 32mo. 1*s.*—*The Christian Keepsake*, 1835, 1*l.*—*Faber's Drawing-Room Scrap Book*, 1835, 12*s.*—*Selections from the English Poets*, from Spenser to Keats, with portrait, and 74 engravings by Heath, Finden, &c. 12mo. 12*s.*—*Crabbe's Life and Works*, 8 vols. 12mo. 5*s.* per volume.—*Scripture Text Cards*, 3rd edit. 5*s.*—*Prophetic Messenger*, for 1835, 2*s.* 9*d.*—*Job Critcham's Original Fables*, 84 woodcuts, by R. Cruikshank, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12*s.*—*Marsden's Symptoms and Treatment of Cholera*, post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—*Archery and Archness*, by Robin Hood, 12mo. 5*s.*—*The Metropolitan Ecclesiastical Directory*, by the Editor of the Cabinet Annual Register, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—*Wright's Present State of Aural Surgery*, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—*Devotional Reflections on the Psalms of David*, 18mo. 2*s.*—*Four Lectures on the Liturgy*, by the Rev. E. S. Appleyard, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—*The Friends*; or, the Influence of Religion, by M. A. E. Hansard, 12mo. 5*s.* 6*d.*—*New Year's Token for Youth*, &c. 1835, 6*s.*—*Quain's Anatomy*, 3rd edit. 8vo. 1*l.*—*Cutler on Dressing and Bandaging*, 8*vo.* 6*s.* 6*d.*—*Faustus*; a Tragedy, translated from the German of Goethe, 12mo. 5*s.*—*Shewell's Housekeeper's Account Book*, for 1835, 4to. 2*s.*—*McCulloch's Course of Elementary Reading*, 3rd edit. 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—*Criden's Concordance*, new edit. 4to. 2*l.*—*Wanostroek's Liturgie*, new edit. 12mo. 3*s.*—*Pretty Lessons in Verse*, for Good Children, 18mo. 2*s.*—*Practical Exercises in French Phraseology*, by Isidore Brunaur, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—*Chitty's General Practice of the Law*, Part 4, royal 8vo. 1*l.*—*Memoir of Thomas More*, by Emily Taylor, 12mo. 3*s.* 6*d.*—*Illustrations to the Amulet*, 1835, India proofs, 2*l.*—*Vathek*; from the Original French, 12mo. 5*s.*—*Archbold's Poor Laws*, 2nd edit. 12mo. 3*s.*

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. M. J.—A. M.—Aliquis—A. M. P. received.

In reply to N. B. never.

We are obliged to T. M., but decline. The MS. left for him.









# THE ATHENÆUM

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No. 365.

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
(J. HOLMES, FOUR'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*Voyage of H.M.S. Chanticleer, made in the years 1829, 1830, 1831, under the command of the late Capt. Henry Foster, R.N., F.R.S.* By W. H. B. Webster, surgeon of the vessel. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley.

THE *Chanticleer* was fitted out in 1827, for purely scientific purposes; the chief object being to ascertain the true figure of the earth, by pendulum experiments at corresponding latitudes in the northern and southern hemispheres. Another, and hardly a secondary object, was the establishment of meridians—or, in other words, ascertaining the exact difference of longitude, by means of chronometers, between the principal places visited. Captain Foster, a young and active man, already distinguished as a scientific officer, was appointed commander. He had served, as astronomer, in the Arctic expedition, under Sir Edward Parry; and the Royal Society, in testimony of their high approbation of the valuable observations made by him on that occasion, had presented him with the Copley medal. His appointment, therefore, was a subject for congratulation to all who took an interest in the success of the expedition; and, had he lived to complete the voyage, and to arrange and prepare his observations, the result would no doubt have fully realized the highest expectations. Much, we believe, was done; but the series of observations originally contemplated certainly remains to be perfected; and we must here express a hope that a chain of meridian distances will yet be carried quite round the world, and that England will have the honour of completing a work towards which she has already done so much, which will be in itself so valuable, and is so worthy an enlightened nation. Unfortunately, after braving all climates in the fulfilment of his anxious and arduous duties, Captain Foster lost his life by accidentally falling overboard in the river Chagres, on his return from Panama. The particulars of this melancholy event, it was our painful duty to first make known to the public, and they will be found in our paper of the 30th of April, 1831; indeed, we published a comprehensive outline of the whole voyage on the 14th of May following.

Mr. Webster, whose journal is now before us, went out as surgeon of the *Chanticleer*; which vessel, after being fitted up under Capt. Foster's directions, and furnished with the best collection of instruments that could be procured for the various observations contemplated, sailed from Falmouth in May, 1828. After touching at Madeira, and determining the longitude of Funchal, they sailed for Teneriffe, which again they left on the 21st. On the morning of the 23rd, says Mr. Webster—

"The surface of the sea was covered with very minute particles of something which ap-

peared like dust or the shavings of hemp. Having obtained some of it in a vessel, on examination I found it to be composed of very small worms, extremely slender and delicate, and about the hundredth part of an inch in length. They were of a brown colour in general, and acuminate at each extremity, having also a slight bending motion at times. Besides these, the water from which I had taken them contained a few hairy globules, about the size of a pin's head, which opened and contracted, having a bright glistening speck in their centre. There were besides these some little red capillary worms, bifurcated at one extremity, and some medusæ, of a chocolate colour, about the size of a pea. Captain Flinders, on his way out to Australia, mentions having observed a similar phenomenon. \* \* \* Captain Chandler, in 1766, says, 'In some parts of the sea are parcels of matter of different colours, sometimes red, sometimes yellow, floating on the surface. It appears like the sawdust of wood, and sailors say it is "the fry of the whale."'

It may be as well to observe here, that subsequently, in latitude 6° N., when becalmed, the sea was observed to be covered with the same dust; but, on examining the particles, they showed no signs of animation.

At St. Antonio they had instructions to stop for the purpose of including it in the chain of meridian distances.

Captain Foster "had no sooner landed," says Mr. Webster, "than a solitary negro made his appearance from among the rocks, and approached him, holding out a pumpkin for his acceptance. We had invaded his solitude, for this part of the island has no settlement, and he was naturally anxious to know the object of our visit. We soon made him comprehend that fish and vegetables would be acceptable, and the next minute he provided himself with a cane armed at one end with a nail, and to our surprise plunged into the sea. Here he continued floating and swimming about, supporting himself in the water with one hand, while with the other he made use of his weapon among the finny tribe, employing each hand alternately in this manner. This was to us altogether a novel mode of fishing; but not so to him, for in the space of two or three hours which were occupied by the observations, he had caught six fine cavalloes, weighing about nineteen pounds, besides several other small fish. With these spoils and ten pumpkins he came to Captain Foster and offered them for sale. He was a fine well-made man, and, although entirely alone, he appeared to be perfectly satisfied with his solitary condition. Captain Foster accompanied him to his cave, near to which he had a small piece of ground under cultivation, and on this, with the produce of his fishing expeditions, he depended for subsistence. His cave was small and confined; it was ill calculated to afford shelter in any other than a tropical climate, and appeared to be the residence of some wild animal rather than that of a man. A few leaves answered the purpose of a bed, and some broken calabashes were the only utensils it contained. The shortness of our stay prevented us from learning the reason of his having chosen this extraordinary mode of living; but we found that occasionally he

visited the people on the opposite side of the island."

Here the ship's company were gratified by a phenomenon of rare occurrence.

"About ten at night, while the vessel was sailing through the water at the rate of about five knots, the weather clear, and the stars shining brightly above us, our attention was suddenly attracted by a great number of dolphins sporting round the ship, and darting about in all directions with the swiftness of an arrow. The water was extremely brilliant, and appeared to be a sea of stars, so numerous were the specks of light; and the wake of the vessel, as she passed through it, was marked by one continued train of light. But beautiful as this was, we had been in some degree accustomed to it, and our attention was directed to the dolphins. We could distinctly see their whole form to a considerable depth below the surface of the water, from the bright light which they emitted, and were delighted with their gambols. A train of vivid light, not unlike that left by a rocket in its flight, but more continuous, suddenly appeared, and marked the dolphins to be in pursuit of prey; a cracking noise was repeatedly heard in various directions on the surface of the water, and we soon found that it proceeded from the blowing of these fishes, as we observed them again darting away in pursuit of their prey."

During the long calms by which the ship was delayed in the vicinity of the equator, many observations were made. The mean temperature of the air was ascertained to be 80°, and that of sea water at the surface the same; the temperature of rain water, 76° to 78°. Here too, in a fathomless sea, the sounding lead was frequently sent down to a depth of 400 fathoms, with Sykes's thermometer, and Dr. Marcet's iron water-bottle attached to it; and the surface water was invariably found to be 80°, and, at 400 fathoms below it, was 44° Fahrenheit; and the water brought up in Marcet's bottle always indicated a higher temperature than Sykes's thermometer.

On the 20th of June they reached Fernando Noronha, where they made fresh observations. On the 6th of July, they were off Abrolhos bank. Here, says Mr. Webster, "The question whether shoals and rocks produce any diminution in the temperature of the water near them now employed our attention, and we were very careful in making our observations on this bank; but with all our care we could discover no particular change, and concluded that the vicinity of shoals, within the tropics, is not denoted by any coolness in the water." The valuable observations of Sir John Herschel, given in our last paper, would lead to a different conclusion. On the 13th of July they came in sight of Cape Frio, and soon after entered the magnificent harbour of Rio Janeiro. Of Rio itself enough has of late been published. We shall proceed therefore with our account of the voyage.

The *Chanticleer* next touched at St. Catherine's. Mr. Webster observes—"In the



course of my ramble in the island, when gathering ferns, I was particularly struck by observing that each plant had formed for itself a bed of fine mould, of several inches in depth and extent; beyond the circle of its own immediate growth was naked rock; and this appeared so general, that I could not help attributing the extraordinary circumstance to their power of decomposing the rock, their fibrous roots penetrating into every crevice, and by expanding in growth, appearing to split it into the smallest fragments."

At Monte Video, or rather at Rat Island, in the river Plata, the first pendulum experiments were made. The difficulties to be overcome in erecting the apparatus and carrying on the observations, are laughably ridiculous. The description of Monte Video itself is full and satisfactory; but we must content ourselves with a few extracts. One curious fact incidentally mentioned is, that the cupola of the Cathedral is "roofed with good plates and dishes of Staffordshire blue ware," which must, we think, as Mr. Webster rather quaintly observes, have "an odd appearance." The idea is said to have originated with a native chief, to whom this was suggested itself as a substitute for Dutch tiles. We shall also quote the description of the carts and waggons in use there:—

"These primitive vehicles baffle all description, and belong to ages which have long since gone by. . . . The floor or bottom of the cart is formed of ponderous, misshapen pieces of timber: the carriage pole is also of equally huge and unwieldy dimensions. The sides of the cart are formed of rough stakes, lashed to the flooring by thongs of hide; and the wheels are remarkable for two good qualities—viz. large dimensions and strength, being about eight feet in height. To this vehicle are attached four, and sometimes six fine bullocks, in pairs, not yoked, but fastened by a heavy transverse spar resting on the back of their necks, and bearing their heads by its enormous weight to the ground. The harness is formed of hide, and this material is also sometimes applied to covering the cart. . . . Mules are used for light draught, and carrying packages, and horses also, for the people make no scruple of fastening a load to their tails. Such a thing seems almost incredible, but my own observation warrants my stating the fact."

The country about Monte Video, as is well known, is entirely destitute of wood.

"In their brick-kilns (says Mr. Webster) they burn bones, hoofs, and such other remains of animals. I have been even told by an old resident of Buenos Ayres, that he once sold a flock of sheep, amounting to two thousand, at 1s. 6d. per head, for the sole purpose of fuel for a brick-kiln. Their principal source of riches certainly consists in cattle; and in these extensive plains, bullocks, horses, dogs, ostriches, and game, of different kinds, roam at large, feeding on the luxurious herbage. The oxen are a fine breed, averaging in weight from seven to eight cwt. The jerked beef is the only form in which the meat is preserved; but the hide answers many purposes to the gauchos: they convert it into bags, panniers, harness, ropes, the bottoms of chairs; and the skin of a horse's leg, made soft and pliant by friction, serves the gaucho as boots. In the various uses to which they apply the hides of bullocks, that of punishment is not left out. It is related of them that they sew up their prisoners in a wet hide, leaving out the head and neck only, and in this condition lay them on the ground in the sun to dry.

In the process of drying, which the hide soon does by the powerful effects of the sun, it becomes contracted, and produces the most excruciating torments on the unfortunate prisoner by the increase of pressure; but if night arrives before he dies from its effects, the hide relaxes again with the moisture from the air, only to prolong his suffering on the next day, which generally is his last."

The observations being completed, the *Chanticleer* sailed on the 5th October, and reached Staten Land on the 25th. Up to this time the track of the vessel is known even to weariness; here, however, we meet with less familiar objects—we doubt, indeed, whether, except by whalers and sealers, for Captain Morrell's was a trading vessel, Staten Land has been visited by any one since Captain Cook. Here, while Captain Foster was employed on those observations which were the immediate object of his visit, Lieut. Kendall made a survey of the desolate island, the account of which, with Mr. Webster's descriptions, and extracts from Captain Morrell's (U.S.) Voyages, is now full and satisfactory. Hence they proceeded on their voyage to the New South Shetland group of islands, touching merely at Cape Horn, to which they were to return, and after a tempestuous voyage, they arrived at Deception Island, in latitude 63° south. Of this island Mr. Webster gives us the following interesting particulars:—

"A more dreary or more cheerless scene cannot be imagined than that which Deception Island of Shetland presented: the wild and solitary woods of Staten Island, which we had just left, lonely and uninviting as they appeared to us, were desirable to this. There the visitor, although far removed from the busy scenes of life, and destitute of the social comforts of civilized beings, finds vegetation flourishing; and in the animated face of nature there is much to gladden his heart and to employ his mind in its solitary glens; but here all is joyless and comfortless, huge masses of cinders and ashes lie strewn about, which imagination converts into the refuse of Vulcan's forge. No vestige of vegetation relieves the eye, tired of contemplating ashes and lava, from which it can find no other relief than snow: instead of grand and beautiful rocks towering above each other, and overhanging the water in magnificent precipices of awful height, their summits covered with Nature's richest mantle a beautiful foliage, we had here hills of black dust and ashes topped with snow, and enormous icebergs buried beneath immense loads of volcanic matter: instead of the variety of birds of elegant plumage which adorn other happier regions, hosts of penguins here strut about with stupid mien, harmless and happy in their dreary abode as they are unobtrusive of harm from man. . . .

"We had not a little difficulty to ascertain what the composition of the hill really was, to which we might be walking. The reverberating sound which attended our footsteps as we trod on some parts, indicated a hollowness which led us to imagine that some great chasm or vault, left by the volcano, was ready beneath to receive and to enclose us for good and all in its deep recess. The shores of some parts of the basin were formed of extensive beaches, which originated from the loose materials washed down from the hills, and spread level by the waves of the sea. A few watercourses might be seen here and there, fluctuating in quantity, and shifting in position from day to day, as the power of the sun varied in melting the snow and ice from whence they derived their source. Yesterday a rapid and broad rivulet might be seen hurrying down into the sea; to-day it is a

question, from its diminution, whether it is the same; and to-morrow not a vestige would remain of it to a superficial observer: but to him whose scrutinizing eye had scanned its former course, the furrow which it has left is only visible here and there. Frequently what the sun has thawed during the day becomes frozen during the night, for even in the midst of summer, here stern winter holds his unrelenting sway, and treasures up his eternal snows.

"A strange conflict of elements, and a no less singular contrariety of agents, are displayed in Deception Island; the dark colour of the ashes forming a striking contrast with the whiteness of the snow with which they are indissolubly combined; the beaches are reeking with hot steam, while the water of the sea, within a few feet distance, is at the freezing point; volumes of smoke and steam are rushing from the peaks of snow-clad hills, while prodigious masses of ice and snow are standing on the verge of boiling springs. Such are the scenes presented at Deception Island. . . .

"During our stay at Deception Island we observed no appearance of any active crater, although, as I have before remarked, the peaks of some of the mountains sent forth smoke; but the numerous hot springs with which the shore of the basin abounds, would indicate that the subterranean fire is merely abated and not extinguished. In our rambles about the hills, subterranean noises were frequently heard, and seemed much like the violent rushing of water underground. The hot springs to which I have before alluded, present a remarkable phenomenon in Deception Island. In many places on the shores of the basin, particularly between high and low water-mark of the tide, vast volumes of steam are seen rising from the ground for several hundred yards in extent. As the tide ebbes, the beach begins to send forth steam; and, in walking along the shore, a person is fairly enveloped in hot steam; while on one side he is hemmed in with towering icebergs, and on the other by the sea-water at a temperature not far from the freezing point. The hot water bubbles up through the beach, which in some places is of a stiff and compact nature; and on dipping into it a strong sulphureous odour is sent forth, the water at the same time becoming hotter, and, at a trifling depth from the surface, being within a few degrees of the boiling point. We found the temperature of the water issuing from these hot springs to be 155° Fahrenheit; and considerably higher near some beds of alum rock in some parts of the beach. There is also another very remarkable feature attending these springs in point of locality; they are not only confined to particular places, but also extend in narrow bands along the beach, nor does the heat from them extend to any distance around. The water belonging to them has a slight styptic flavour where it is near the alum rocks, and in other places it does not differ from common hot water, more particularly when it comes up through a bed of ashes.

"There can be little doubt that these thermal springs are the effects of some latent fire produced by the chemical agency of sulphureous earth and pyrites. Some of the lofty hills, especially Iceberg Hill over the observatory, was always sending forth steam. On examining the summit of it, a bed of hot sulphureous clay and some aluminous effluences were found to compose it, from which the same sort of steam arose as from the beach. The vapour generally forms a dense cloud over the hill, and encircles it like a wreath of mist.

"From the loose nature of the component parts of Deception Island, it is subject to great and constant changes. The loose materials of which these hills are formed, easily descend with the rapid streams produced by the melted

snow and ice; and this melting process displaces icebergs and detaches huge portions of the hills beneath which they lie. At times the streams proceeding from the snow-water are swollen by heavy rains, which expedite in no small degree the displacement of the ashes, depositing them in the gullies, filling up ravines, and forming banks near the sea-shore with what they carry down being again washed back by the surf.

"In addition to these effects of running water continually changing the face of the island, the action of the wind performs its part. Immense clouds, formed by minute particles of loose ashes, are swept from place to place by the violence of the wind. Columns of ashes mixed with snow are transported in various directions, for each are as loose as the sand of the desert. From the hills they are swept to the plains and into the basin, and from the plains they are carried again to the hills by the heavy gales, and whirlwinds produced by the latter; in fact this was one of the greatest annoyances we had while at the island, for black volcanic sand or ashes mixed with scorificaceous lava like the dross of a forge abounded most on the island. Some pieces of scoria resembled cinders or coke so closely, that we could scarcely persuade ourselves that they would not burn in the same manner and give out heat. A trial was made, and we soon found that they became melted into a vitreous substance: the pumice also ran in the same manner, although there was much less in proportion. Some of the compact lava also fused easily, thereby showing that it had not been subjected to so great a heat as we had been disposed to believe. . . .

"The temperature of the sea-water in the basin was not affected by the subterranean heat of the island, the surface being generally between 32° and 37° of Fahrenheit. One night during our stay, the surface of it was frozen entirely over; and this occurring in the middle of summer, may convey a tolerable idea of the climate of Deception Island.

"Vegetation is a word of very limited signification when applied with reference to Deception Island; for it would then include only the growth of a diminutive moss, and a striped coralloid lichen, identically the same as that which is found on the lofty hills of Cape Horn and Tierra del Fuego. The seaweeds are neither interesting nor numerous, nor is any variety of fish to be found in the basin. There were plenty of a small species of shrimps, but they were not fit to be eaten; and a small lizard-tailed starfish was more numerous than I had seen it anywhere. There was also a very handsome species of echinus or sea-egg. . . .

"Respecting the climate of South Shetland, the summer may be compared to a dull November in England, and the winter considered as one long starless and desolate night. A perpetual gloom prevails, which the glorious sun seldom or never penetrates so as to be distinctly seen for many hours together: and as for the stars, they and the moon are scarcely ever visible. Fine days are, 'like angels' visits, few and far between.' Situated in a high southern latitude and surrounded by a wide expanse of sea, the atmosphere of South Shetland is loaded with vapour, and everything is damp and humid. The sun's rays act feebly at all times; but in their most powerful form, there is nothing to collect or to acknowledge their genial influence, masses of snow and ice repress and overpower their effect. . . .

"It was found that putrefaction does not readily take place in the climate of Deception Island; for on opening a grave, which had attracted the attention of one of our officers, the body was found entire, and free from any unpleasant odour, although we had reason for believing that it had lain there some years. It

was supposed to have been deposited by the crew of some sealing vessel."

Here we must conclude for the present.

*Anne Grey: a Novel.* Edited by the Author of 'Granby.' 3 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

So far as concerns those delightful and useful books, (let the starched and scientific shako their heads at our epithet as they will,) which men call Novels, our lines have lately fallen in pleasant places. We have been lately revelling in the classic and vivid magnificence of Mr. Bulwer's picture of ancient life in the "fair southern clime," and laughing at the racy humour of Mr. Hood's 'Tynney Hall'; yet here is a third work, which, in spite of the impressions made by the gorgeous colouring of the former, and the quaint and nervous originality of the latter, has contrived unobtrusively to win its way with us, and to awaken a strong interest as we have threaded the mazes of its story.

In truth, we have an especial liking for pictures of every-day life; but a picture, as all the world knows, is something more than a hard and mechanical representation of an object. A literary artist, to deserve the name, must be a poet at heart: he must not merely describe the entrances and exits of his *dramatis personæ*—not content himself with finishing the silver vases and fruit upon the banquet table, and the rich dresses of the feasters with Flemish minuteness—he must make the hopes and fears of humanity, however they may be hidden under conventional modes and forms, his principal object: he must watch for the thousand little tenderesses and self-denials—the repressed enthusiasm—the cherished regrets, which lie concealed under the smooth surface of society; nor must he so much display these, as permit them to develop themselves to the eye of the patient and intelligent spectator. If a writer have such an eye for observation, and such a hand to work withal, he may render the most insipid of ball-room scenes interesting, and group the most commonplace of characters, so as to form a picturesque whole.

But in proportion as delineations of this kind require delicacy of conception as well as of expression, so have the failures in the attempt been numerous and signal. If the authoress of the work before us have not succeeded—not filled up her own outline to our entire satisfaction, the fault is one of inexperience, not of incapacity. Of all things to be attended to in this style of novel writing, an artless and spontaneous manner of narration is one of the most important. We should not be allowed to feel that a tale has been written, but that such things have happened within the sphere of our cognizance. The writer of 'Anne Grey' is too fond of showing us, by an exhibition of the wires with which she moves her puppets, that they are only creations, and not realities: and of convincing us that she has had full power to make difficulties and to unmake them, instead of possessing us with the assurance that the happiness or mischance she relates could not be helped, because it *was so*.

We have nothing to reveal of the plot of any novel, and can only speak, as usual, of the characters it involves. Anne Grey, the heroine, is much to our taste; but the entire

family (no relations, we are sure, to 'Vivian Grey,' or any of his kindred,) are well sketched; and their adopted inmate, upon whom the interest of the story depends, is firmly drawn with a darker pencil:—granting the data on which the authoress proceeds, the character is well supported, and its fate necessary as well as just. Sundry groups of neighbours are also exhibited with quiet humour. Here is a little scene at a country house, which gives a fair specimen of the authoress in her liveliest manner:—

"In the evening there was a good deal of talking, a little cardé playing, and there were some work-baskets in use: Miss Trevor's and Lady Marston's amongst the number; and Mrs. Grey was learning a new kind of knitting to make poor old men uncomfortable; and watching in the intervals of 'turn your worsted this way, and bring your pin that way,' the progress of the flirtation between Sophy and Lord Stoketon. Over went one knitting pin.

"A house in town," thought Mrs. Grey.

"Oh! not on that side the pin, my dear Madam," screamed Miss Trevor.

"Oh! dear no," said Mrs. Grey. Then over came the first coloured worsted, and back went the second, and all was going on well.

"A Brussels lace veil, certainly," cogitated Mrs. Grey.

"There is a little mistake there, I fear, interposed Miss Trevor.

"Oh, dear yes!" said Mrs. Grey.

"Oh, Mrs. Grey! how difficult a thing it was for Miss Trevor to teach you your knitting!"

And a peep at Sophy in a further stage of the delicate embarrassment may not be unamusing:—

"Sophy began to talk about Lord Stoketon, and to this subject Anne gave all her interest.

"Lord Stoketon had been very attentive that evening, and had said one or two 'very strange,' 'very particular things,' as Sophy confessed.

"What did Anne think of it?"

"Anne said she thought there could be no doubt of his partiality.

"Oh no!" said Sophy, neither looking pleased, nor very much the reverse.

"It was evident she did not wish to be assured by her confidante that Lord Stoketon was deeply in love with her. Of that she was convinced; but that of which she now wanted to be convinced, was whether she was in love with Lord Stoketon. This was the point on which Anne was to be useful.

"Sophy blushed, and sighed, and almost cried; and said he was so rich, and had such a beautiful place in the country, and such a good house in town. She wished she knew whether she liked him. She thought she ought to accept him if he proposed; and he almost—he had said something that evening; then a great effort, and a turn away of the head from Anne, and a sigh—and then was forced out, 'What do you think Captain Herbert would say, Anne, if he heard that I was going to be married?'

"There was the point then! And now Sophy feels much happier.—Now the confidante knows what is ailing, and all goes on smoothly. She can work at her difficulties. She can soften down Lord Stoketon's roughnesses. She can refine the gallant Captain away into a mere military coxcomb, a maker of love to all the pretty girls of a watering-place. A little polish makes Lord Stoketon perfect: a very little brighter polish shows Captain Herbert a mere puppet—a man of soft speeches, rings, and chains. A still less skilful hand might use a bolder measure, and place in simple truth, and in bright array before the eyes of the wavering fair one,—on the one side, houses, lands, carriages, jewels, coronet!—on the other, one gig—one showy horse—a small house by the road

side—a showy husband, using alone the showy gig, and the one showy horse, with the one showy, half-starved boy of all work—‘All for myself, none for my little wife at home!’

“This is what a skilful confidante might have done; but Anne Grey did not wish to be skilful for either party. She wished to know the truth—to see how far it would be desirable for Sophy’s happiness that she should marry Lord Stoketon. She did not believe that Sophy had any feeling that might be called attachment to Captain Herbert. Her vanity had been flattered, and she had a little sentiment about this tall, handsome Captain; and when she thought of the chance of being married to another, he came into her mind. She thought how tall, and how handsome he was, and how many sighs he had uttered for her, and how many compliments he had paid her. Still Lord Stoketon was very much in love with her, and that is a great point with a good-hearted girl. He was rich, and a very good match, and that was another grand point, and she could find no real objection to his character.

“Anne felt that Lord Stoketon could never have inspired her with a doubt as to whether she could accept him or not. She could not have loved him sufficiently, for there was nothing in his character to which she could have looked up with that admiration and respect which she thought so essential a feeling of a wife towards a husband. But she believed that Sophy would be very happy in accepting him; still in one respect only did she dare to advise, and that was with regard to Captain Herbert. She thought that Sophy ought to forget him, for even if he were a more estimable character, and she were certain of his attachment, poverty would forbid their union.

“Sophy received the advice well, and Lord Stoketon was already greatly indebted to Anne. Anne praised him, and said that she wished him to succeed; she begged that Sophy would examine her own feelings, and if she felt certain that she could not accept him, she urged her not to encourage him in hopes, that must end in disappointment to him; and Sophy kissed Anne, cried a little, and went to sleep, determined to forget Captain Herbert, and accept Lord Stoketon as soon as he should propose. She dreamt of Captain Herbert, and woke crying, because she thought he had been shot by Lord Stoketon.”

But to extract from a tale of this kind, is both difficult and unfair,—space being, above all things, required for the development of the minuter shades of feeling, in which its chief interest must consist. Here, therefore, we take our leave of sweet Anne Grey, perfectly satisfied with the termination of her perplexities,—and expressing a hope that she who has written them down will see cause to go on and prosper in her task of weaving fictions of this light, but not flimsy, texture.

*Uranography; or, a Description of the Heaven.* By AGASSON DE GRAUDSAGNE. [*Uranographie, ou, Description du Ciel.*] 1<sup>re</sup>, 2<sup>e</sup> & 3<sup>e</sup> Parties. Paris, au Bureau de la Bibliothèque Populaire.

THESE three numbers of the Library of Popular Instruction, published under the direction of the leading savans of France, may well bring the blush of shame into the cheek of Englishmen. Without any preliminary flourish of trumpets, the members of the French Association have published a series of useful works, many of which deserve to be translated. They are not compilations put together into clumsy mosaic, by some literary journeyman, who calls extensive

plunder extensive research, and who, when reproached with stupidity, thanks God that he is not liable to the eccentricities of genius; they are not published under the implied sanction of a committee, nine-tenths of whose members are utterly ignorant of their contents; they deal not in such stimulant topics as may be derived from the Newgate Calendar, and as yet they have not meddled with such interesting subjects as the shape of ancient jack-boots and the quantity of trimmings worn on our grandmother’s night-caps; their physical treatises not being written in the hurried and scanty intervals of professional avocations, are free from errors that would disgrace an attentive school-boy; their arithmetic is intelligible without a previous knowledge of algebra, and no portion of their natural history has been compiled by any “butterfly-observer, incapable of writing” his native language. Having described what the French treatises are not, it is our duty to give a specimen of what they are, and this cannot be better done, than by making some extracts from the admirable memoir on double stars, contributed by M. Arago, to the third number of the ‘*Uranographie*’; a subject of great interest to the scientific world, as Sir J. Herschel’s principal object in visiting the Cape is to examine the double stars in the southern hemisphere.

Having explained, that by double, triple, or quadruple stars, astronomers mean groups of two, three, or four stars, which appear extremely close to each other, M. Arago proceeds to state the reason why this peculiarity has attracted the attention of astronomers.

When we observe the heavens with a telescope, even in those regions where the stars are most abundant, as in “the milky way,” those stars within the field of vision are usually found distributed with considerable uniformity; the intervals by which they are separated, are nearly equal and very great. The more general this rule was, the more forcibly did the exceptions arrest the attention of astronomers. How could they avoid remarking, for instance, that the star Castor ( $\alpha$  *Geminorum*), which to the naked eye appears single, and is cited as such by the Greek and Arabian observers, is found, when examined by telescopes of high magnifying power, composed of two stars, one of the third, and the other of the fourth magnitude, placed almost in contact?

Sir W. Herschel was the first astronomer who examined multiple-stars with sustained attention; he classified the double stars according to the angular distance of the two stars, a system, however, that must soon be abandoned, for we shall soon see that this angular distance is subject to a considerable variation. We must, however, first notice another peculiarity:—

The two distinct stars of which double stars are composed, have generally very different intensities. It frequently happens that they are remarkable for a very decided difference of colour. (Thus, in the compound star  $\epsilon$  *Cancri*, the larger is of a beautiful bright yellow, the smaller of a rich indigo blue colour). Often the larger is ruddy or yellowish, still more frequently the smaller has a decided green or blue tinge. (In  $\epsilon$  *Serpentis* both are blue).

When these observations were first made, astronomers, supposing that this difference of colour arose from difference of distance, deemed that by a simple means of observation, the distance of the brighter star from the earth might be determined:—

This means, first proposed by Galileo, was put in practice by Dr. Long; Sir W. Herschel, a little later, applied it to the binary groups which had been already catalogued in his time, and which seemed to afford the most reasonable prospect of success; but, as happens to every body, though every body has not the candour to avow it, in looking for one thing, the celebrated astronomer of Slough found another. He discovered that generally the grouped stars of unequal magnitude are not, as had been previously supposed, independent stars accidentally placed nearly in the same line of vision; that their close union is not a simple effect of perspective, but that a connexion exists between these stars, that they form actual systems, that their relative positions are incessantly changing, and finally, that the smaller stars revolve round the larger, precisely as the planets of our system revolve round the sun.

It might, perhaps, have been more mathematically correct to say, that both stars revolve round their common centre of gravity. But, as our author has well observed, ordinary astronomical observations make us acquainted only with the successive positions of the smaller star in reference to the larger; now, if we practically collect only the elements of a relative motion, the orbit calculated from these elements can only be a relative orbit: in fact, it will be the curve which the smaller star will seem to describe to an observer stationary in the larger. Just in the same way we trace the paths of the planets in our system, only in their relations to the Sun, without taking into account any independent motion which that luminary itself may have through the realms of space.

M. Arago then enters into a minute description of the micrometrical observations by which the orbits of these secondary stars, if so they may be called, are determined, and gives a table of the elements of a few of these binary systems, as determined by Savary, Bessel, Encke, and Sir John Herschel.

Among these stars, there is one ( $\eta$  *Coronæ*) which has completed its revolution since first Sir W. Herschel determined its angle of position. (The periodic time is about forty-three years.) It is already far advanced in its second revolution. The earliest observations on  $\xi$  *Ursæ Majoris*, considered as a double star, were made in 1782. Its periodic time being fifty-eight years, the secondary star of  $\xi$  will have completed a revolution before our eyes in 1840. . . .

According to Sir W. Herschel, the star  $\pi$  *Serpentarii* is double. At the time when this celebrated observer first formed his catalogue of multiple stars, the two distinct stars of which  $\pi$  is composed, were easily discoverable. At present, they are so completely confounded, one is so exactly projected over the other, that Struve himself, though furnished with Fraunhofer’s great telescope, has not been able to discover the slightest trace of duplication. What would Bradley, Lacaille, and Mayer have said, if any one had told them that in the firmament which they studied so diligently, there were stars that concealed each other? The very contrary of  $\pi$  *Serpentarii*, is exhibited by  $\zeta$  *Orionis*. At the present day, it may easily be recognized as a double star, but in Sir W. Herschel’s catalogue, it is entered as decidedly single.

The branch of astronomy which treats of the displacements in the stellar system, is of very recent origin; consequently we must not be astonished, that very little is yet known respecting the motions of triple stars. Observations, however, have shown already, that the two paler stars in  $\epsilon$  *Cancri*, revolve round the principal star in the group. As to  $\psi$  *Cassiopeiæ*, which is composed of one very brilliant star, and two



smaller stars very close to each other, it is probable that one of the latter will be found to revolve round the other, and both to revolve round the brighter star.

Before passing to a different part of the subject, one other peculiarity in these binary systems deserves to be remarked, namely, the great eccentricity of the orbits of the secondary stars. By eccentricity is meant their difference from a circle, which is determined by the ratio between the distance of the centre from the focus of the ellipse, and the semi-major axis. In  $\epsilon$  *Ursæ Majoris*, it is 0.42, and in  $\gamma$  *Virginis*, it actually amounts to 0.83; now in the solar system, the eccentricity of Mercury is 0.21, of Pallas 0.24, of Juno 0.25, but in none of the other eight planets does it amount to 0.1. A plausible cause has been assigned for this remarkable difference. The masses of the planets of our system are but very small fractions of the mass of the Sun; whilst in these binary systems, the satellite and central star may be very nearly equal.

We are next to examine what results have been derived from the observation of these extraordinary bodies. The most remarkable is the confirmation of the universality of the Newtonian law, that the attractive force of bodies varies inversely as the square of the distance. Several comparisons have been made between the calculated and observed positions of the secondary stars, and the differences have not passed the limits of error which necessarily belong to this very difficult branch of micrometrical measurement.

The existence of attraction in the system composed of the sun and the planets that surround it, was an important fact, whose laws had been discovered, and whose consequences had been traced with wondrous success; but it did not thence follow that attractive force was inherent in matter, that large masses might not exist in other regions of the universe, which did not attract each other. Still less could we venture to pronounce on the generality of the law, that attractive force varies as the square of the distance. But now, thanks to the observations on double stars, these doubts are completely dissipated. More is not wanting to justify the lively interest that these variations in the relative position of the stars, have excited among astronomers.

M. Arago next shows how the masses of these stars may be calculated, and explains at great length how astronomers are able to determine the mass, or, as we may call it, the weight of the celestial bodies. He justly says, that this is the most difficult part of astronomy to explain to the uninitiated. When a popular lecturer tells his audience, that if the sun were placed in one scale of a balance, it would require 337,000 globes like the earth to counterpoise it, a feeling of incredulity is manifested by the entire assembly, and his proofs are regarded as an ingenious piece of sophistry. Our author has, however, explained the entire process of reasoning, in language that any man of ordinary education can understand; and has thus done for the most difficult part of astronomy, what Dr. Arnot has effected for physics. It would be idle to extract a portion of the reasoning, because it is intelligible only as a whole. Indeed, after this notice, we are assured that some publisher or other will procure a translation of the *Cranographie*; it is to be hoped that they will place it in competent hands.

M. Arago then explains how, from observations on the rotations of the binary systems, the distances of the stars may be determined, and speculates on the probability of the limits of error in the position or distance of the stars being greatly diminished at some future period. He then examines the value of double stars, as a test of the goodness of telescopes, and explains the use he has made of the doctrine of chances, or, as it might be better named, the calculus of probabilities, in his astronomical reasonings. He concludes with some brief speculations on the nature of nebulous stars, and states his opinion, that the recently noticed phenomenon of the Zodiacal light, seems to prove the existence of a solar atmosphere.

We have omitted our author's speculations on the difference of colour in the stars that form binary groups, because they are merely speculations, and because information on this very curious subject may soon be expected from Sir John Herschel. In a catalogue published by Mr. Dunlop in 1828, we find a group of stars of about three minutes diameter described in the southern celestial hemisphere, all of which are blue; the same astronomer describes also some stellar nebulae of a bluish tinge, and remarks, that no similar phenomena have been observed on this side of the equator. These facts, as well as the case of  $\delta$  *Serpentis*, prove that the bluish colour of certain stars is not a mere optical illusion. To the theory that these blue stars are suns in the process of being burned out, it may be replied, that a blue colour was not observed in the new star of 1572; at the time of its greatest incandescence (November 1572) it was of a brilliant white; in the following January it had changed to yellow, subsequently it was a dull red, and just before its total disappearance its light resembled the livid paleness of the planet Saturn.

It is assuredly unnecessary to add a single word of formal praise, after having enabled our readers to form a judgment for themselves, by a copious abstract of the memoir. M. Arago, by his treatise on double stars, and by his former essay on comets, has shown that men of the most exalted intelligence can be the most popular of all instructors, and know best how to render the truths of science familiar to the great mass of readers. He has also shown that modesty is the characteristic of true greatness of mind: this beautiful treatise on double stars is placed at the end of a modest unassuming volume; it has not been eulogized as an example of condescension, nor celebrated as a wonder, that a man so deeply engaged in professional and political life should have found time for its composition.

#### THE ANNUALS FOR 1835.

*The Amulet*.—The same exertion in an editor, united with the same liberal spirit on the part of the proprietors, cannot ensure equal success. The *'Amulet'* went on improving for many years; and the volumes for 1833 and 1834, were, so far as the illustrations are concerned, brought to that point of excellence at which, price being considered, the work must either retrograde or stand still. The present suffers by comparison with them; and yet one would think that Wilkie's *'Gipsy Mother,'* and Inskipp's

*'Lace Maker,'* and Uwins's *'Festa of Madonna dei Fiori,'* (which, by the way, deserved a better illustrative poem,) might content the most fastidious. The *'Lily,'* too, is fair, but something too shadowy for life. As regards the prose and verse which accompany this series of plates, we have much to admire. Mrs. Hall's *'Ronald Herbert,'* a tale of a selfish man, has stamen and character enough about it to set up a score of common Annual stories. Miss Mitford's *'Absent Member,'* too, is in her best manner: her odd characters are different from those of any other writer;—is it because she always writes with thorough good-nature and universal sympathy,—because the sun-light of the heart gladdens and beautifies every one of her pages? Mr. Bennett gives us an entertaining paper on the *'Water-Mole of Australia,'* Mrs. Gore, a spirited *'Song of the Vineyards,'* but it will be more to the purpose for us to quote than write, and our extract shall be—

#### *The Mother's Hope.*

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Is there, when the winds are singing  
In the happy summer time—  
When the raptur'd air is ringing  
With Earth's music, heavenward springing,  
Forest chirp, and village chime!—  
Is there, of the sounds that float  
Minglingly, a single note  
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,  
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted:  
Morn' bath touch'd her golden strings,  
Earth and sky their vows have plighted,  
Life and light are reunited,

Amid countless carollings:  
Yet, delicious as they are,

There's a sound that's sweeter far—  
One that makes the heart rejoice  
More than all,—the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,

Though it be a stranger's tone;  
Than the winds or waters dearer,  
More enchanting to the hearer;

For it answereth his own.  
But, of all its witching words,  
Sweeter than the songs of birds,  
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild  
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-march'd towers,

Haunted strains from rivulets,  
Hum of bees among the flowers,  
Rustling leaves, and silv'ry showers,—

These, ere long, the ear forgets;  
But in mine there is a sound  
Ringing on the whole year round—  
Heart-deep laughter that I heard  
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 'twas heard by ear far purer,

Fondlier form'd to catch the strain—  
Ere of one whose love is surer—  
Here, the mother, the endurer

Of the deepest shade of pain;  
Here the dew-dream bliss, to treasure  
Memories of that cry of pleasure;  
Here to hush, a life-time after,  
Echoes of that infant laughter.

Yes,—a mother's large affection

Hears with a mysterious sense—  
Breathings that evade detection,  
Whisper faint, and fine intention,

Thrill to her with power intense.  
Childhood's homed tones untaught  
Haveth she in loving thought—  
Tones that never thence depart,  
For she listens—with her heart.

#### *The Juvenile Forget-Me-Not, for 1835.*

This, though not so interesting to us children of a larger growth, as some volumes of previous years, fully bears us out in our comparison of last week. There is good sound purpose in every one of the stories; and a set of pretty illustrations, of which Sir Joshua's *'Crossing the Brook,'* and Penny Williams's *'Viola,'* deserve especial notice; and verse for every humour—some of it brave good poetry too—as the passages we

shall give, from Mary Howitt's 'Nautilus,' will sufficiently prove.

I like an Ocean breeze aloft  
In a little pearly boat—  
Pearl within, and round about,  
And a silken streamer out,  
Over the sea, over the sea,  
Merrily, merrily, saileth he!

Not for battle, not for pelf,  
Not to pleasure his own self,  
Sails he on for many a league;  
Nor knoweth hunger nor fatigue;  
Past many a rock, past many a shore,  
Nor shifts a sail, nor lifts an oar:  
Oh! the joy of sailing thus—  
Like a brave old Nautilus!

Thou didst laugh at sun and breeze  
On the new created seas:  
Thou wast with the dragon broods  
In the old sea-solitudes,  
Sailing in the new-made light  
With the curled-up Ammonites!  
Thou survived the awful shock  
That turned the ocean bed to rock,  
And changed its myriad living swarms  
To the marble's valued forms—

Thou wast there!—thy little boat,  
Airy voyager, kept aloft  
O'er the waters wild and dismal,  
O'er the yawning gulfs abysmal;  
Amid wreck and over-turning—  
Rock-imboding—heaving, burning!  
'Mid the tumult and the stir,  
Thou, stout ancient mariner,  
In that pearly boat of thine,  
Sat'st upon the troubled brine!

*The Token and Atlantic Souvenir for 1835.*  
—This stranger, from over seas, seems to have followed the fashion of the other Annuals of the year—and stood still. There is good prose among its contents—but the tales are of Italian Castles, and Russian Princesses, and the French Court—when we desired to hear of the backwoods, the prairies, and the clearings, and the delicious legends of the old Dutch settlers, which have haunted us since the days of Washington Irving. It is of such that an American Annual should be composed, if it is to have a sale on this side the water; and we were disappointed at not finding anything of the kind. We can, however, speak well of some of the papers—'The Haunted Mind,' and 'Children, what are they?' are both good of their kind—and Miss Leslie's 'Reading Parties,' is a pleasant caricature;—if it be not a caricature, why there are haughtier aristocratesses in America than in the "Old Country," for we never encountered anything half so insolent and absurd as the great lady of the village of Tamerton.

Of the plates we have not much to say; the two best, by Cheney, are after a head of Newton's and Edwin Landseer's 'Cottage Girl,' and the latter is very admirably engraved. If the proprietors will select from English pictures, they might choose better than the two *insanities* by Dawe, which conclude the series.

*The Comic Offering.*—Miss Sheridan, we fear, does not give us credit for the considerate kindness with which we always regard the 'Comic Offering;' but, in truth, her best friends, we find, cannot muster a congratulatory word on this occasion. 'The Author of Absurdities,' 'the Author of Eccentric Tales,' 'Sylvanus Crowquill,' and the rest, are no better than the "seven members of the peerage" who contributed, anonymously of course, to a former volume. Her own papers are the best, and might pass muster in better company.

### Jacquemont's Journey in India.

(Concluding Notice.)

We now fulfil our promise of pursuing to the end the route of our accomplished traveller. On leaving Cashmere he returned to the Punjab, and on this occasion was present at the great Hindû festival of the Unlocked, where, he observes, "I saw Asia in all its picturesque pomp."

"On the eve of the festival, the king had the kindness to have me shown the famous tank of Umbristair, in the centre of which is the golden temple in which they preserve the *Grant*, or sacred book of the Sikhs. The fanaticism and madness of the Akhalis or religious warriors, who always crowd into this sacred place, would threaten any European visitor with almost certain danger, if he had not a strong guard. It was not wanting on this occasion. I went to the temple on an elephant, with a strong escort of Sikh cavalry, the animal on which I was mounted pushing the formidable Akhalis to the right and left, without hurting any of them; and the temple was occupied by a regiment of Sikh infantry. In its precinct I paid a visit to an old man, celebrated for his sanctity; he was waiting for me, as was likewise the governor of the town, an equally respectable old man, who was there by the king's order, to conduct me through the temple. He took me by the hand, and led me all over it. If he had let me go, the Akhalis would no doubt have done me some ill turn; but I was sacred while under the arms of the old Dewa Sing. At night-fall, the temple, being already lighted with lamps, presented the image of Pandemonium. I humbly offered the *Grant* a nuzzer of three hundred rupees, being part of what the king had made me a present of the day before; and I received a small *khehat* in return."

After taking leave of his munificent friend, Runjeet Sing, Jacquemont had to traverse, what he calls "the pontifical states of the Punjab," a small mountainous district governed by the spiritual head of the Sikhs.

"From motives of policy, Runjeet pays this terrible old fellow every mark of respect. I thought that I should appease the Cerberus by throwing him a cake of a hundred rupees. But I was obliged to pass his fortress without being allowed to enter it, lest it should be defiled; and while I was encamped a few leagues further on, near the last village on his frontier, an order came for me to evacuate his heliopolis territory forthwith. As his heralds were terrible akhalis, carrying long guns, and matches ready lighted, I did not require to be told twice. I therefore pitched my tent in a valley separated from his dominions by a small chain of mountains. I here thought myself in a friendly country, because I was in the vicinity of one of the fortresses belonging to Sheer Sing, Runjeet's son; but the next morning, as I was about to mount my horse in order to continue my route, my old Sikh officer Radja Sing, showed me, with an embarrassed air, a score of ramabonds posted in front of my camp with their guns shouldered, barring my passage. My horsemen proposed breaking through them by charging with their lances; a silly proposal, which I rejected, with a shrug of my shoulders. Instead of doing this, I wrapped myself up in my splendid dressing-gown of white fastened Cashmere shawl, established myself comfortably in my arm-chair, and set about smoking my cigar and drinking a drop of brandy, as a preservative against the mountain fever. In this comatose attitude I played off a little diplomacy with the enemy. Eight months ago this adventure would have puzzled me very much; but being now well acquainted with these customs, I perceived that it was only one of the most vulgar common-places of Pun-

jabee manners. Some day or other by the fire-side I will give the details of this negotiation; suffice it for you at present to know, that, after a good deal of parley with my two officers, the hostile chief consented to approach me, and I complimented him on his vigilance, ordering him to call his people, upon whom I bestowed the same eulogiums; and that to their great amazement, I, with a majestic and patronising air, bestrode my white horse, bidding them adieu with a slight wave of my hand. They answered with a most respectful salaam, stammering forth some excuses (I do not yet know what for) and witnessed my departure, as confounded as so many geese, while my baggage passed forward."

Doubts have, it appears, been entertained as to the cause of the death of Mr. Moorcroft, one of the few European travellers, if not the only one, who has, of late years, penetrated into Cashmere. "Some," says Jacquemont, "report that he died of fever, others of poison; but I ascertained for a fact, that he and one of his companions were miserably killed with sabre and matchlock." On once again entering the territories subject to British rule, he thus writes:—

"On the 9th I crossed the Sutledge—with what joy!—I cannot express it. It seemed on my landing at Belaspore, that it was but a step to the Rue de l'Université."

"I have ceased to be the Plato of the world, the Socrates, the Aristotle of the age, the high and mighty lord Victor Jacquemont. I have no longer any right to cut off noses and ears, or to levy tribute. I shall never again be treated as I was by the rajah of Mouda, who received me as if I had been Runjeet himself, or the laud of the old lady his neighbour, as the ignorant Indians ludicrously term the British Company. On crossing the Sutledge, I lost all my lordly privileges, and am once more plain M. Victor Jacquemont, walking about alone, when I am pleased to have no other escort than my walkingstick. This change keeps me in perpetual good-humour. Notwithstanding the distance from the Himalaya to the good city of Paris, I feel that, by entering the territories subjected to British rule, I am brought some hundred miles nearer to it."

It seems strange to find a man writing from the Punjab about the three glorious days, and speculating on their consequences. What sort of a politician he would have made, may be inferred from the following:—

"My letters last winter expressed the enthusiasm with which the revolution inspired me, and the bitter regret I have sometimes felt at being so far from France at that memorable period. Since then my opinion concerning those great events has much changed. It has been modified, like your own, in proportion as I saw so many base, absurd, and ignoble consequences proceed from so noble a principle. . . . The hostile tone of all parties in the chamber is a deplorable error. Shall I tell you, my dear father, that I sometimes regret not being a deputy? I know not whether I am strangely deceiving myself; but it appears to me that an honest man, who would play the part of mediator, without art or craft, and simply by showing the acute pain he suffers from these bitter discussions between men so long united, and the misfortunes with which they threaten the country, would not speak in vain. The artifices of logic in what is termed the eloquence of the tribune, are too far-fetched; they almost always wound the self-love of those against whom they are exercised. Too great pains are taken to convince, and not enough to persuade. Some aim at oratorical display; I wish they would aim at touching the feelings: this is what I should try to do, if I were in the chamber under present circumstances."

A commentary on Lord Brougham's oratory is written in the same spirit:—

"I received from Neemuch the last gazettes of Calcutta, and this morning, on horseback on the road, read the sixteen immense columns of Lord Brougham's speech in the house of lords, on the 7th of October last. What talents! but what a perverted use of talent! What a disagreeable kind of talent is that which disgusts the hearer instead of conciliating him. If I were a public man I would study Lord Brougham in order not to resemble him; what is the use of that cutting irony, that bitter sarcasm, that supercilious pride?"

Here is an account of his visit to the Begum Snmro:—

"I forgot last year to relate to you my visit to the Begum (the Persian for princess) Snmro, at Serdihana, near Meerut. You must know, then, that Colonel Arnold introduced me to her one Sunday morning in the month of December last, whilst I was at Meerut with him. I breakfasted and dined with this old witch, and was even gallant enough to kiss her hand. Like a true John Bull, I had the honour of drinking wine with her at dinner. On my return to Meerut, on the following day, I received an invitation to dine with her on Christmas day. She must be a hundred years old, she is bent in two, and her face is shrivelled like dried raisins; she is, in fine, a sort of walking mummy, who still looks after all her affairs herself, listens to two or three secretaries at once, and at the same time dictates to as many others. Only four years ago, she caused some of her ministers and disgraced courtiers to be tied to the cannon's mouth, and fired off like shot. It is related of her, and the story is true, that about sixty or eighty years ago, she had a young female slave of whom she was jealous, buried alive, and that she gave her husband a natch (a bull) upon this horrible tomb. Her two European husbands met with violent deaths. She was, however, as cruel as she was cruel. Some Italian monks have gained possession of her mind, and inspired her with a tremendous fear of the devil. She has built a beautiful Catholic church at Serdihana, and a few days ago she wrote to the Government to request that, at her death, a portion of her domains may remain attached to the church to meet the expense of its service. She has addressed the Pope, asking to have a bishop at Serdihana; nevertheless she is not yet in her dotage."

A still more interesting account of his visit to Deewr:—

"From Ajmeer I made an excursion to Deewr, the capital of Mhairwarra, a mountainous country, inhabited by a race of men indigenous in India, and following no other industry, for centuries past, than that of freebooters, exercising their depredations in the adjacent plains of Marwar and Mewar. They have been, within the last ten years, miraculously converted to order and liberty; the latter however being only for the men. The husband buys his wife, the father sells his daughter, the son sells his mother. Among the women, dishonour consists not in being sold, but in being ill sold."

No Rajpoot chiefs, no mogul emperors, had ever been able to subdue them; fourteen years ago everything was to be done with them; and since six or seven years, everything is done already. A single man has worked that wonderful miracle of civilization; Major Henry Hall, the son-in-law of Colonel Pagan, of whom I have written to you at Delhi."

"The very worst characters of Mhairwarra, he secured them, confined them, or put them in irons at work on the roads. Those who had lived long by the sword without becoming notorious for wanton cruelty, he made them soldiers; they became in that capacity the keepers

of their former associates, and often of their chiefs; and the rest of the population was gained to the plough."

"Major Hall has shown to me, on the field, the corps which he has raised from amongst those former savages, and I have seen none in the Indian army in a higher state of discipline. He was justly proud of his good work, and spared no trouble to himself that I might see it thoroughly in the few hours I had to spend with him. Upwards of a hundred villagers were summoned from the neighbouring villages and hamlets; I conversed with them of their former mode of life, and of their present avocations. Most of these men had shed blood. He told me they knew not any other mode of life: it was a most miserable one by their account; they were naked and starving. Now, poor as is the soil of their small valleys and barren their hills, every hand being set at work, there is plenty of clothes, of food; and so sensible are they of the immense benefit conferred upon them by the British government, that willingly they pay to it already 500,000 francs, which they increase every year, as their national wealth admits of it."

Hear with what fears this most delightful of letter-writers contemplated appearing before the world as an author:—

"When the time comes to make an author's bow to the public, instead of epistolary visits to my friends, it will be a most trying moment to me: so much so, that if I could manage not to give my name with my prose I should consider myself very fortunate. The ground of that feeling usually termed modesty, is nothing in the world but suffering vanity, with which is mingled a sort of moral delicacy. Can you, without its costing an effort, expose how you think and feel, to men whose thoughts and feelings you know to be entirely opposed to yours, which they cannot even comprehend? I have never tried to portray scenes of nature and human life. I write much as I go along; but my notes are disorderly. It is not sufficient that I should make a choice among them; and before I undertake the arrangement and labour they will require, I must describe a number of plants and stones, and perhaps by that time I shall acquire a facility of writing which I have hitherto been unable to attain."

Here is an account of letter-writing among the natives:—

"If this be not a specimen of local character, seek it elsewhere, my dear De Marestre. Learn that it is even of the finest kind, and that royal and serene highnesses alone are treated with this paper.† But the writing only commences at the middle of the page, or even lower, if one desires to be still more stylish. During six or eight lines, a regular file firing is kept up, directed against the vanity of the correspondent. The high, the exalted, the sublime, the just, the merciful, the charitable, the generous, the mighty, the victorious, the invincible, the sage of high renown, the ornament of the universe, the pillar of the world, the great prince, the prince of princes, the king of kings, the master of the world, the arbiter of one's destinies, hail!—after this preamble, the business of their epistle is begun with protestations breathing unalterable friendship. The jasmine and the narcissus are the principal ingredients of these rose-water metaphors, nicely perfumed with this sweet essence. It is a wish as violent as the longing of a lady in the family way, to see the king of kings, and a cruel privation to be unable to do more than pay half a visit by means of a letter. At length, when the eloquence of the writer has become like a garden dried up by the parching winds of the desert, and in

which not a single flower remains to be culled or added to the epistolary nosegay, then he thinks of saying what he has to say. However simple the business may be, it is always couched in ambiguous terms, and accompanied with innumerable reservations. He then finishes in a laconic manner, like the Indians of Cooper, with 'That is all,' or 'I have said,'—or if he prides himself upon the highest refinement, he ends with 'after that, what could there remain for me to say?'

"When a virtuous woman wishes to write to her absent husband, she sends for an old priest, an intimate acquaintance of the family, and explains to him from behind a curtain what she has to communicate. The scribe, if he be sagacious, writes the despatch in the name of another person, and not of the wife—it being considered the height of vulgarity for a wife to write directly to her husband. Thus, if she has to inform him she has lately been brought to bed, a little boy of six years of age is often stated to be the person in the straw."

No one, from the highest to the lowest, seems to have come into communication with Jacquemont without parting from him with regret. When he left the territories of Runjeet Sing, he, of course, dismissed his attendants—their attachment is evident from the following incidental notice:—

"Runjeet Sing has presented Mirza Hede, my Persian secretary of Cashmere, with twelve hundred francs, and a pension of one thousand francs. I did not dismiss him at Belaspore without charging him with a farewell letter to the Maharajah. Poor Mirza writes me this in the overflowing of his heart, and promises me that himself, his mother, his brothers, and all his family, will offer up their prayers for my happiness during the rest of their lives. This really has affected me."

Towards the conclusion of the work the letters are naturally filled with European hopes and speculations—the when and the where he should embark—his prospects and his intentions. Here is a beautiful passage from one addressed to Mlle. Zoé N. de Saint Paul:—

"Do you know what occupied my thoughts this morning when returning from Ramgur on horseback?—our walk to Saint Cloud, which you recalled to my memory in so delightful a manner in your last note. You said that you had often returned alone to walk in that charming place. Indeed I have also frequently visited it in imagination since the day we were there together. I have since that period been in places of far superior beauty: the forests of North America in autumn, Hayti, Rio Janeiro, the Himalaya, and Cashmere: but since I have left them I return to them less often than to Saint Cloud. The temper of a traveller varies and follows the changes of the weather. This was a grey morning. The bullocks and camels, exposed all night to a dreadful storm, dragged themselves painfully along the wet roads. My horse, which had not escaped a single drop of this nocturnal deluge, drooped his ears, and did not obey the bridle. I was myself in a serious mood. I thought it would be melancholy to die without visiting once more together those places where we first knew each other. What happiness to meet there again! How much we should have to say to each other! I have seen and felt so much since that period!"

What an agony of grief must have followed the account of the death of such a man, received, too, without any note of preparation; and when his friends were rejoicing in the promised meeting! We entreat the reader not to close the notices of this delightful work without turning to p. 33 of this year's

† This letter was written upon a large roll of paper, called by us *Chinese paper*, bespangled with particles of gold.



volume of the *Athenæum*, and reading, once again, his last letter.

We have now only to commend the work very heartily to the reader. There is a lithographic portrait of Jacquemont prefixed, which is, however, but of little value; a biographical sketch by the translator (which we had not received when our first notice appeared); and a map, which is valuable and useful.

*The Atlantic Club-Book, being Sketches in Prose and Verse, by various Authors.* 2 vols. New York: Harper; London, Rich.

*Tales and Sketches—such as they are.* By W. L. Stone. Same publishers.

THE first of these works will be curious to an English reader, if he regard it as a specimen of the talent employed in the lighter periodicals current among our Transatlantic brethren. The Sketches and Tales, which form the greater part of the contents of the Atlantic Club-Book, are like the writings of most young men, in whom imagination and animal spirits have not been subdued (not tamed) into fanciful or lively grace, by a matured taste; and therefore, when collected they weary us, much as the off-hand talk of some confident boy, just at the age when the conceits of manhood are beginning to dawn upon him, becomes tiresome even to the most tolerant of listeners. If such be the general character of the lighter literature of America, its writers have much to learn—but there is rich material to fashion and polish; the national mind must, as yet, be fresh, compared with the mind of every other country, and we expect much from its future workings.

Besides the above-mentioned prose, this miscellany contains some sweet verses, from the pen of our favourite Bryant and others. Some of the more speculative papers are ingenious and lively, and less in the red-ochre style of colouring, than the pictures by which they are surrounded, and we shall extract from them one or two "notions," which will be interesting to the English reader, as coming from native American writers. The first, concerning birth, is from 'Sketches from the Springs,' by George P. Morris:—

"That 'no American should wish to trace his ancestry further back than the revolutionary war,' is a good sentiment. I admire and will stand by it. Yet while I disapprove, most heartily, of the conceited airs and slimy pretensions which certain little people arrogate to themselves on account of their birth-right, I cannot subscribe to one particle of the cant I am in the habit of hearing expressed on these subjects. It is not 'the same thing,' to me, at least, whether my father was a count or a coal-heaver, a prince or a pickpocket. I would have all my relations, past, present, and to come, good and respectable people, and should prefer the blood of the Howards to that of the convicts of Botany-bay—nor do I believe I am at all singular in these particulars. It is nothing more than a natural feeling. Still I would not think ill of a man on account of any misfortune that may have attended his birth, nor well of a man simply because he happened to be cradled in the lap of affluence and power. The first may be one of nature's noblemen, and the other a poor dog, notwithstanding all his splendor; and that this frequently happens, every day's experience affords us abundant testimony. That the claims of all to distinction should rest upon

one's own individual talents, deportment, and character, is also sound doctrine, and cannot be disputed: yet this is no reason why we should not have an honest and becoming pride in the genius, integrity, or gallant bearing of those from whom we sprung."

The second, a few words on New York, may not be unacceptable, after the translations we have lately published. It is extracted from N. P. Willis's 'Pencilings by the Way':—

"The one broad and long picture stamped upon the face of every street, creature, and countenance in this large city, is—*gaiety*! Nature designed New York for the greatest commercial emporium in the world, and it fulfils its destinies. Its situation is one of those wonderful accidents, if such it may be called without profanity, which startle and delight the observer of natural wonders. It is a nucleus of access. It seems to me, whenever I approach it by any of its avenues, that the original discoverer must have held his breath while he contemplated it as the site of a future city. There is the Sound, sweeping up to it with its majestic channel, from the sea, and giving a protected passage for its shore navigation to the east—the ocean itself swelling in from another quarter to the very feet of its 'merchant princes'—the Hudson opening two hundred miles into the heart of the most magnificent and productive state in the Union, threading valleys of such beauty as the world flocks to see, and washing the bases of noble mountains, and the feet of other cities, populous and prosperous—and, to the south, channels for its smaller navigation running parallel with the sea, and yet protected from its violence—and the city itself, rising by a gentle ascent from the bay on one side, and sinking as gently to the river on the other, leading off its refuse waters by natural drains, and washing its streets with every shower—what could the hand of nature have done more? Add to this the enterprise of the people, which has no seconded nature—beginning their canals where she stopped her rivers, and opening waters three hundred miles to her inland seas—and you have a picture of facility and prosperity, which, for the brief period it has existed, is unequalled in the history of the world.

"All this, of course, gives a character to the society, and every man feels its influence, whatever be his pursuits. There are here none of the professed idlers, such as you may find in Boston or Philadelphia. The gentleman, according to the dictionary, 'one who has no visible employment for his support,' is an uncommon, if not an unpopular character. The beaux have each a 'vocation.' The same wit that bewilders the belles at night, is exercised with hammer in hand at the morning auction. You will find the unexceptionable exquisite who shaved your wheel on Monday afternoon with his superb four-in-hand, ready to shave your nose with equal adroitness at his broker's box in Wall-street, at Tuesday noon. The man that gives you a dinner that would satisfy an emperor to-day, is the model of 'cent. per cent.' to-morrow—a slave to slate and pencil from daylight till three, and the prince of gay hospitality from that hour till morning. And all these incongruities harmonize perfectly. They are gentlemen of the first water, with one exception—they have no *cunni*. Business takes its place. Their pleasures are, of course, more delightful from the relief, and I think, on the whole, it makes a very pretty philosophy for happiness. I am willing, at any rate, that in our republican country the necessity of our nature for occupation should be consistent, as it is here, with the most fastidious claim to the title of 'gentleman.'"

As we turned over the leaves in quest of

these extracts, we came upon an Autumn scene, by Miss Fanny Kemble, the conclusion of which has so sweet and touching a beauty, and breathes, moreover, a certain remembrance of home, that we could not but extract it:—

Oh! not upon thy falling fields and fells  
In such rich garb doth autumn come to thee.  
My home! but o'er thy mountains and thy dells  
His footsteps fall slowly and solemnly.  
Nor flower nor bud remaineth there to him,  
Save the faint breathing rose, that, round the year,  
Its crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim,  
In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.  
O'er yellow stubble lands in mantle brown  
He wanders through the wan October light:  
Still as he goeth, slowly stripping down  
The garlands green that were the spring's delight.  
At noon and eve thin silver vapours rise  
Around his path: but sometimes at mid day  
He looks along the hills with gentle eyes,  
That make the yellow woods and fields seem gay.  
Yet something of sad sovereignty he hath—  
A sceptre crown'd with berries ruby red,  
And the cold sibilant wind bestows his path  
With wither'd leaves, that rustle 'neath his tread;  
And round him still, in melancholy state,  
Sweet solemn thoughts of death and of decay,  
In slow and hush'd attendance, ever wait,  
Telling how all things fair must pass away.

As for Mr. Stone's 'Tales and Sketches,' the motto irresistibly reminds us of the story of the thinker aloud, with whom the phrase was a catch-word, and who bowed his guest out with "Good evening, sir, I've greatly enjoyed your company—such as it is." We need add no further comment of our own.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD NELSON.

[Continued from p. 770.]

THE brilliant achievements we alluded to in our notice last week, of the 8th of March, 1794, and following days, in the course of which the *Agamemnon* (as Dr. Southey tells us,) had to fight on both sides of the ship at the same time, and the *Ca Ira* and *Censeur* both struck, must be too fresh in the memory of all those who are familiar with the career of Nelson to require more than a passing notice, especially as we find it mentioned in the next letter we shall place before our readers:—

"*Agamemnon*, Porto Esperia,  
"March 22nd, 1795.

"My dear Sir,—The event of our brush with the French fleet you will know long before this reaches you, and I know you will participate in the pleasure I must have felt in being the great cause of our success. Could I have been supported, I would have had *Ca Ira* on the 13th, which might probably have increased our success on the next day. The enemy, notwithstanding their red-hot shot and shells, must now be satisfied (or we are ready to give them further proofs) that England yet reigns mistress on the seas; and I verily believe our seamen have lost none of their courage, and sure I am that had the breeze continued so as to have allowed us to close with the enemy, we should have destroyed their whole fleet. They came out to fight us, and yet, when they found us, all their endeavours were used to avoid an action. But accidents will happen to us as to others: a few days after the action we met with a very heavy gale of wind, which has driven the *Illustrious* on shore; but we have some faint hopes she may yet be saved. Our prizes are almost retitled; and to-morrow we sail for Corsica. I beg leave to trouble you with a letter for Mrs. Nelson, and have to beg you will give my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and all the family, not forgetting Mr. Rumsey and family. Believe me ever

"Your most affectionate,  
"HORATIO NELSON."

Nelson appears to have been much vexed on this occasion by what he considered the over-cautiousness of his Admiral:—"Sure I am," says he, in a letter quoted by Dr. Southey, "had I commanded on the 14th, that either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape."

The tardiness of the Admiralty in seconding the achievements of our fleet, by sending them reinforcements, appears also to have galled his impatient spirit. He writes as follows:—

"Agamemnon, at Sea, April 24th, 1793.

"My dear Sir,—A signal is just made, signifying that a frigate will be sent to Leghorn this afternoon; therefore, I cannot allow her to leave us without writing you a line to say we are yet in being, and not swallowed up by the French. We are put to sea, not only as being more honourable, but also as much safer, than skulking in port: nor do I think that our small fleet would be a very easy conquest; but our zeal does not in the least justify the gross neglect of the new Admiralty Board. Lord Chatham was perhaps bad; in this fleet we find, from woful experience, that this is ten times worse.† Our merchants are ruined for want of convoy, which it has never been in our power to grant them. Had not our late action proved more distressing to the enemy than the Admiralty had any right to suppose, we should before this time have been driven out of the Mediterranean. Every moment I expect to see the enemy's fleet; for they must be as badly managed as ourselves, if they do not embrace the present favourable moment for any enterprise they may have in their heads. We hope soon to see Lord Hood, or some small reinforcement: the junction of a single Neapolitan ship of the line has this morning been to the English fleet absolutely matter for exultation,—so much neglected and forgotten are we at home. However, after all my complaints, I have no doubt but, if we can get close to the enemy, we shall defeat any plan of theirs; but we ought to have our ideas beyond mere defensive measures. Pray forward the enclosed to Bath; and remember me most kindly to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, every part of the family, and our friends at Hampstead, whom, next October, I hope to see as cheerful as ever. Believe me,

"My dear Sir,

"Your much obliged and affectionate  
"HORATIO NELSON."

"Leghorn, May 4th, 1793.

"My dear Sir,—Here we have been exactly one week, and can hear no accounts from England, nor have we for upwards of three weeks past. It is extraordinary that neither messenger nor post should arrive; but the great folks at home forget us at a distance. We hear nothing of our reinforcements, and yet six sail of the enemy have arrived upwards of five weeks at Toulon. Fortunately for us, we so much damaged the masts of the fleet in the last action, that they have not hitherto been able to get their fleet to sea before ours has been completely refitted. Reports of this day say that the French are sailed from Toulon with 18 or 20 sail of the line: if only the former, we shall be very happy to meet them, and I doubt not of obtaining a complete victory; if the latter, we shall come to no harm, but cannot, in the common course of events, expect any success against such a great superiority: 14 English, and 2 Neapolitans, is our force. We are waiting impatiently for more authentic accounts, which 24 hours will certainly give us. What can the new Board of Admiralty be after? Hotham is very much displeased with them, and certainly

† Earl Spencer succeeded Lord Chatham as First Lord of the Admiralty.

with reason. These ships left Brest in December last with the French grand fleet: had the fleet at Toulon only waited for this reinforcement, what a state we should have been in!—at this time most probably have lost Corsica, and the French would certainly have been at Rome, and our fleet retired in disgrace. Providence has ordered it otherwise, and every scheme of the enemy has hitherto been defeated in this country, and I hope will continue so, for it cannot be very long before Lord Hood arrives. The enemy have a great many small privateers at sea, and many of our merchant-ships are taken: one from Zante to London has just been brought in by a row-boat privateer, and, to the westward, great numbers are carried into Marseilles and Toulon. We are just on the eve of an exchange of prisoners; 3 vessels, full of English, being ready to sail from Toulon for this place, where the exchange is to be made; they will be of very great use to our weak fleet. The French minister at Genoa has given out that the preliminaries of peace with Spain are signed—if so, I suppose it is the same with Naples, and we shall lose our 2 sail of the line, which will be a heavy stroke upon us at the present moment. Pray remember me kindly to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and family—also at Hampstead; and believe me ever

"Your most affectionate and obliged

"HORATIO NELSON."

"I have not written to Mrs. Nelson by this post."

"June 7th, off Port Mahon.

"My dear Sir,—I have really not a moment to say pray send the enclosed to Mrs. Nelson, as probably she has left Bath. No reinforcements, nor do we hear of any arriving yet in the Mediterranean. The French have not yet sailed from Toulon, but all ready—21 sail of the line, 13 frigates. Truly sorry am I that Lord Hood does not command us: he is a great officer; and were he here, we should not now be skulking. With kindest remembrances, believe me

"Your afft.

"HORATIO NELSON."

The next is in a more cheerful spirit.

"Off Minorca, June 20th, 1793.

"My dear Sir,—I am almost afraid that, by the new regulations of post, I may be wrong to send you an enclosure: if so, will you have the goodness to tell me? Our reinforcements of men-of-war joined us on the 14th; but we are now awaiting the convoy, which, as the wind is fair, may be every hour expected. They say the enemy will come out, although we have got our reinforcements: if so, I do not think they will all go back again—so God send us a good and speedy meeting. I have some reason to expect I shall have the marines, or my flag. If they give me the last, I shall be half ruined; unless I am immediately employed in this country, I should, by the time I landed in England, be a loser, several hundred of pounds out of pocket. The former would be very pleasant, as it would give me additional pay, and not take me from actual service—which would distress me much, more especially as I almost believe these people will be mad enough to come out; for I own nothing could give me more pleasure than a good drubbing to them; and, in *Agamemnon*, we are so used to service, that there is not a man in the ship but what wishes to meet them. How is Mr. Ramsey?—remember me kindly to him;—the war over, I shall have great pleasure in taking him by the hand. My best wishes attend Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and every part of your family; and believe me ever

"Your most affectionate nephew,

"HORATIO NELSON."

The promotion to a colonelcy of marines, which he appears from the above to have been anticipating, took place soon after, and was announced to him by a letter from his father. It is impossible not to advert to the affectionate tone of this and all other similar letters which are presented to us by his biographers. The home feelings of Nelson appear to have remained strong in the midst of the absorbing interest of the service whereon he was engaged. We find him at one time remembering the poor at Burnham Thorpe (his native village,) with liberal new year's gifts; at another, desiring his wife to draw for 200*l.*, and present it to his father. The attachment he bore to his ship and crew (and consequently inspired them with,) was but another branch of the same tree of sound English feeling—the same which it was so delightful to recognize in the biography of his contemporary and friend, Collingwood.

This well-deserved promotion, Clarke tells us, was fixed for that particular date (July 24th), to give additional honour to the commemoration of Howe's victory; and it came at an opportune time to do away with the impression that his services at *Ischia* and *Calvi* had been overlooked.

His next service was to co-operate with the Austrian and Sardinian armies, under General de Vins, in driving the French from the Riviera di Genoa. Soon after his appointment, we find him writing home the following letter:—

"Leghorn, July 27th, 1793.

"My dear Sir,—I have, I hear, so many letters gone to the fleet and to Genoa, that I hope to have one of yours amongst them, and to hear that all my worthy friends at Kentish Town are well. I was blown in here yesterday morning by a heavy gale of wind, from my station off Genoa; at which place I am fixed to co-operate with the Austrian army, with 8 frigates under my command. The orders I have given, by the advice of the Ministers of Turin and Genoa, are strong; and I know not how my Admiral will approve of them, for they are, in a great measure, contrary to those he gave me; but the service requires strong and vigorous measures to bring the war to a conclusion. My orders are to take and detain all vessels (to whatever nations they may belong) bound to France. The Genoese begin to quake; Tuscany will do the same; and the Dey of Algiers seems the only power which England fears; but if we are to finish the war with France, we must not be disposed to stop at trifles: it has already continued much too long—more by an opposition, and fear of an opposition at home, than a want of power in England. We have much power here at present to do great things, if we know how to apply it. Hotham must get a new head—no man's heart is better, but that will not do without the other. If my conduct is approved of, in September we shall be at Nice, and perhaps across the Var, for Provence will, I am sure, declare for us the first opportunity. The weather is turning moderate, and I hope to get to sea this night, therefore I must conclude, begging you to present my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and our friends at Hampstead. Believe me ever

"Your most obliged and affectionate

"HORATIO NELSON."

On his voyage to his new destination, "he fell in," says Dr. Southey, "off Cape del Mele, with the enemy's fleet, who immediately gave his squadron chase." The uncertain wind of the Mediterranean was against him, and he had some difficulty in making his way back to St. Fiorenzo: the same cause prevented the fleet there from giving him any assistance; and when, at last, Admiral Hotham was able to get under weigh, the enemy had retired. It was four days before our fleet came up with them; and even

then, the fickleness of the weather prevented a general action. *L'Alcide*, however, struck, but was accidentally burned. The *Agamemnon* with the *Cumberland*, Captain Rowley, were on the point of renewing the action, when the state of the weather made it necessary for the Admiral to call them off.

Nelson now proceeded to Genoa; and perhaps the services which he had to undertake, though less glorious than some of his sea-triumphs, are no less honourable. The blockade which he carried on, upon his own responsibility in the first instance, required unshattering activity; and this was maintained in spite of a body shattered almost to ruin. The indecision and sluggishness of General de Vins, who hung back from the plan of attack he had concerted with Nelson, under pretence of the want of co-operation from the Piedmontese and Neapolitans, and his subsequent misconstruction of the strong remonstrances of the English Commander, must have harassed the latter severely; and we find him complaining, on the one hand, of his deficiency of spirit and sincerity; and, on the other, lamenting the resignation of Lord Hood, who, he thought, would have presently put matters on a different footing. "There was no unity," says Dr. Southey, "in the views of the allied powers, no cordiality in their co-operation, no energy in their councils;" and the defeat and disgrace of General de Vins, and the subsequent termination of the campaign, by the French possessing themselves of the Genoese coast from Savona to Voltri, might fairly have been foretold from the beginning. The next two letters were written while on this wearying service. The latter, it will be seen, refers to an offer of a seat in parliament, made to him at that time.

"*Agamemnon*, off Marseilles,  
October 27th, 1795.

"My dear Sir.—Although I seldom have the pleasure of hearing immediately from yourself, yet Mrs. Nelson never fails of telling me of your health, the goodness of which, she well knows, gives me real satisfaction. The campaign of our Allies, the Austrians and Piedmontese, is, I suppose, almost over, not that I am in the secret. When it commenced, my situation with this army has convinced me, by ocular demonstration, of the facility of Continental Alliances. The conduct of the Court of Vienna, whatever may be said by the House of Commons to the contrary, is nothing but deception: I am certain, if it appears to that Court to be their interest to make peace with France, it will be instantly done. What is Austria better than Prussia, or *vice versa*?—in one respect, Prussia perhaps may be better than Austria: the moment he got our money he finished the farce. Austria, I fear, may induce us to give her more, for to a certainty she will not carry on another campaign without more money; but it appears to me that the continuance or cessation of the war depends entirely on the French nation themselves: it will now be seen whether they are willing to receive and join the Count d'Artois and have Royalty; or if they oppose him, that they are determined to be a Republic. If the first, at this moment of writing all must be nearly finished; if they destroy the emigrants landed at Charette, it is clear the French nation wish to be a Republic; and the best thing we can do, is to make the best and quickest peace we can: the landing the Emigrants is our last trial; and if that fail, we have done our utmost to place Louis upon the throne. To me, I own, all Frenchmen are alike: I despise them all. They are (even those who are fed by us) false and treacherous: even Louis XVIII. receives our money, and will not follow our advice, and keep up the dignity of the King of France at Verona.

"Fame with her wings and long tongue has proclaimed that prizes (and, of course, riches are imagined,) have fallen most abundantly on the

*Agamemnon*. I wish I could tell you it is true; if the *Golden Fleece* is condemned, which I very much doubt, from the number who share for her—9 of us—if I get 5 or 600 pounds, what a valuable prize she must be! My others, although pretty numerous, are scarcely anything; for I assure you, that if, at the conclusion of the war, I save my pay for the *Agamemnon*, I shall feel myself extremely fortunate. Everything is by comparison: except one or two line of battle ships, we are the only one who has got a pound; and they must, from the expenses of a fleet, have spent a little fortune—so far I feel highly fortunate. As the armies are quiet, the Admiral has given me directions to look after the French fleet at Toulon (whilst he lies quiet in Leghorn roads); and as I know of no person so active as myself, here I am with one frigate off Marseilles—not a vessel to be seen; but before I close my letter, I hope to say we have a prize. Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Suckling, Miss Suckling, and every part of the family. Is Captain Suckling still on the Continent?"

"*Nor. 2nd.*—No success, although I have been indefatigable. The seamen have all deserted the ships in Toulon, therefore, as a fleet, they cannot come to sea again. In France they had a very fine harvest, and bread is by no means dear or scarce. The Spanish vessels now fill Marseilles with every comfort and luxury. Peace, I believe, will yet be with us before next January; at least I hope so, if it can be had on honourable terms. Believe me

"Your most obliged and affectionate

Nephew.

"HORATIO NELSON."

"*Agamemnon*, Vados Ray,  
Nov. 6th, 1795.

"Dear Sir,—I have just received your letter of Sept. 29th, and will be open and sincere in my declaration, that I will not attempt to come into parliament but in support of the real Whig interest,—I mean, the Portland interest; and I must know that those principles are truly acceptable to that party which you conceive would give me its support. My pretensions are only a long series of services performed for my country; and if that part of my country who may honour me with their confidence in parliament, think me an eligible person to serve them in the House of Commons, the same zeal shall manifest itself there as it has done so repeatedly in their service in action against the French. I have only to say, that I have been more than one hundred times actually engaged in battle, at sea and on shore, against the French, since the commencement of this war, and that I have been twice wounded. If these gentlemen are satisfied, the Duke of Portland must be applied to, through Lord Walpole and Lady Walpole; for although I have so often seen the French shot, yet truly I have seen little of their money. I can have no doubt of Lord Hood's good wishes to serve me, and I will write to him on the subject; nor will Admiral Cornwallis, I am confident, withhold his assistance. Lord Conway is my friend and acquaintance, and a more honourable man, I am confident, does not grace the Navy of England; therefore, if I am joined with him, the same Admiralty interest will support us both. If it is necessary that I should be in England, the Duke of Portland must make application for the *Agamemnon* to be ordered home; but I should hope that, being now actually in the most active service in the Mediterranean, it will not be necessary (for I should not much like a land voyage); therefore, if it is necessary, I should hope *Agamemnon* will be ordered home. Thus, my dear Sir, I have been plain, and cannot well be misunderstood. Believe me ever

"Your most obliged humble servant,

"HORATIO NELSON."

(If without address.)

These were the last letters dated from on board the *Agamemnon*; and we cannot, therefore, come to a better halting place. The next, and last portion, will be laid before our readers next week, together with Fac-similes of his Autograph at three different periods of his life.

#### CAPTAIN BACK AND THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

To the published accounts, which will be found below, we have great pleasure in having it in our power to add a copy of Back's warm-hearted letter to Commander Ross. How strangely has the wheel of fortune turned round! Back left us, aided by public sympathy, in the hope of ex-tracting Ross and his gallant crew from their perilous situation, or ascertaining what had been their melancholy fate; and now the Rosses are at home with us, reading of the privations and difficulties with which Back and his handful of followers are contending.

Letters from Captain Back were received on Wednesday morning at the office of the Royal Geographical Society, the latest date being the 29th of April last, when the intelligence had just reached him of Captain Ross's return.

Their contents are of a mixed character. He and his party were all well, with the exception of Augustus, the Esquimaux interpreter, who had accompanied Sir John Franklin in both his journeys, and was now dispatched by the Hudson's Bay Company to join this third enterprise, but perished by the way. The winter had, indeed, been extraordinarily severe. "We have had," says Captain Back, "a most distressing winter in this more than Siberian solitude, where desolation reigns in unbroken repose. Even the animals have fled from us, as it were by instinct, and many, very many, of the unhappy natives have fallen victims to famine in situations the most revolting to human nature. The fish also, on which I in some measure relied, left us; in places which we were told never before failed, we have not caught a fish; and during the whole season scarcely a living creature has been seen, except on one occasion a raven, which in wheeling over the house startled me with his croak, so uniform was the silence around us. I ran out, but when it saw me it screamed, and again made off to the Western Mountains, in the dark shade of which it was speedily lost. My party has been thus much dispersed in quest of food; and every messenger has brought me tidings of their encountering severe privations. Mr. McLeod (an agent of the Hudson's Bay Company, attached to the party,) and his family, are at this moment somewhere on the Lake, fishing; and you may imagine what it costs me to see them also exposed to the rigours of this severest of all winters, for the mean of three thermometers has been far below the lowest we ever sustained in our former expeditions. After this narrative you may believe that, in spite of all my care and economy, some part of the provision laid up for our voyage has been necessarily consumed. The most experienced man in the country could not have foreseen this; nor was there any possibility of avoiding it. My anxiety is immeasurable on account of it; but I still hope that the Indians may be enabled to procure us dry food, or, in short, something that may afford sustenance, so that the fondest wishes of my heart may not be frustrated. Of that, however, in one sense there is no danger; for, come the worst, I can always reduce my men, and go in our boat. Do not, therefore, let this affect you, for I feel confident of overcoming it. Another misfortune is, that, pinched as we were for provisions, we must drag our boats and luggage almost 100 miles over rock and ice before we can reach open water. This we have ascertained through the winter; but, never mind, this also shall be done; and it will be a new



feature in discovery. In our former expeditions we had none of these tremendous obstructions to contend with, though we had to take our bark canoes some distance on sledges. But I have a perfect confidence in my men, and they, good fellows, think I cannot err," &c.

The above was written before the arrival of the express announcing Captain Ross's return; and, pressed for time, only a few lines are added subsequent to that event. They are, however, so characteristic of the gallant writer, that they ought not to be omitted:—

"April 25, 1831.

"I have this moment received your dispatch, with an account of Ross's return. I am all gratitude and happiness. My heart is too full to write; but I shall pay attention to all that is recommended to me; of this assure the Committee. What a triumph is this return of Ross's to us all, who 'hoped against hope!' And what do the cronkers say? Will they acknowledge the lesson afforded by it of the power of stubborn perseverance?"

From a private letter it may be interesting to some to add also the following scrip:—

"My day is chiefly spent thus:—Before breakfast I read a portion of Scripture, and afterwards attend to my observations, study, draw (I have plenty of pencil sketches), work up my survey, take notes, &c. At the same time I keep my eye on whatever duty is going on; have our evening school twice a week, and read the service in French and English every Sunday. My guitar is cracked, and jars abominably; but you will not be surprised at this when I add that I have been obliged to grease my hands daily to prevent their cracking also, for such is the dryness of the atmosphere that nothing can stand it."

It may also allay the anxiety of friends and relations to add that Hearne found abundance of game along the banks of the Klen-ee-cho; so that as the season advances Captain Back's hunters may reasonably be expected to be equally fortunate. His prudence, based on a long experience, may also be relied on, as well as his enterprise. His buoyancy of temper, and the confidence reposed in him by his companions, will support all their spirits. In a word, his task is arduous—more arduous than had been imagined previous to the receipt of those letters; but it could not be in better hands. And it is very satisfactory to know, from other letters received by the Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company, that ample supplies have been since forwarded to him, which will support him through the winter. Early next spring he and his whole party will set forward on their return.

The following is a copy of Back's letter to Commander Ross:—

"Fort Reliance, May 2nd, 1834.

"My dear Ross,—Accept the warmest congratulations of my heart at your safe and happy return to your country and friends. Those friends will inform you of the interest we all took in your fate; and though some slight apathy was evinced by a few, yet the ready cheerfulness of the many to assist us in promoting this expedition, must ever be a source of the greatest gratification to your uncle and yourself. For my part, my purpose is answered; and were it not that the public has a right to my services in attempting to perform what remains to be done on this coast, this year should have seen me also among you. What hardships you must have suffered,—how gallantly maintained,—and how providentially have you been preserved at last! That good-hearted person, your brother, was the last with whom I shook hands at Liverpool; and I have a letter from him for you. Nor must I forget to mention the exertions of our friend, Bromley,

whose feeling for you was little less than a relation's. It was he who first called on me after my return from Italy, and informed me of Dr. Richardson's failure with government, as well as of your father's anxieties on the subject. But all these things we will talk over when we meet. In the meantime convey my kindest regards to your uncle and your family; and, with 'one cheer more' for your safety, believe me,

"My dear Ross,

"Your sincere friend,

"Geo. Back."

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

A grand Morning Concert was given at the Mansion House on Thursday, for the benefit of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, and, upon the whole, was a successful performance. The band went uncommonly well under the conduct of Moschles, who played his 'Anticipations of Scotland,' with his usual exquisite finish and brilliancy. Madame Stockhausen, too, delighted us with the Chevalier Neukomm's lively and fresh vintage song, and the graceful bolero by Dessauer, which she has made her own. Mrs. Wood sang 'We met,' a song unworthy of a "grand concert"—so was Miss Betts's ballad—if we could have heard it through the load of cadences with which she covered up its meagreness. The same remark will apply to Signor Degrez's 'Say you'll remember.' We had hoped that this ballad nuisance was becoming extinct. The other pieces were mostly well known Italian airs and duets, in which Miss Bruce, Signor Giubilei, Mr. E. Taylor, and Signor Degrez took part. Miss Postans was new to us—and has a rich clear contralto voice—her song, 'Se ni abbandoni,' was well executed, with, perhaps, too many changes, but these may be chargeable on her master—and we hope to hear her sing more interesting music in a simpler style. Mori should not play an air which De Beriot's perfect and refined performance has placed among our choicest musical recollections.

What with the Amateur Festival, (if, indeed, it may now keep that name, after the accession to its forces of the principal instrumentalists and singers in the profession) and the coming concerts of British Musicians, our ears will have had little pause since the close of last season. We have thought a good deal upon the latter establishment, and, during the progress of its meetings, shall take some opportunity of fairly examining whether English music has been heretofore encouraged as it merits or not.

Another attempt is being made to establish a German periodical in London. The second number of 'Deutsches Leben, Kunst, und Poesie,' (German Life, Art, and Poetry,) now before us, contains a strange article on Caspar Hauser, in which the editor gives some extracts from a pamphlet, published by himself early in the present year, at Strassburg. The purport is to show the probability that Hauser was a prince of the house of Baden. The writer draws a horrible picture of the late sovereign Ludwig, who succeeded his nephew Charles as grand-duke in 1818, and died in 1829, imputing to him not only incest with his stepmother, but also a participation in the death of Charles, and of the only two male children born by his princess, the niece of the Empress Josephine. Some of the circumstances which are alleged to have accompanied these events are romantic enough. Thus we are told, that before the death of each of the infant princes, the *White Lady*, the family spectre of the house of Baden, which always appears shortly before a member of that princely family dies, bent sorrowfully over the cradle, and the female attendants were too much terrified to attempt to disturb her. The part of the *White Lady* is re-

ported to have been enacted by the before-mentioned step-mother of Ludwig, who is supposed to have availed herself of that disguise to strangle both these children, that she might open the way to the throne for her paramour, and her own sons, who are alleged to be the fruit of his criminal intercourse, and not of her left hand marriage with the grand-duke Charles Frederic. The eldest of these princes is the present sovereign of Baden.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### KING'S COLLEGE.

##### The Plurality of Worlds.

[We intended to give a full report of Mr. Moseley's able introductory lecture on Astronomy, delivered last week, but we find that its length would exceed all reasonable limits; we shall therefore confine ourselves to what was said on the above interesting subject.]

It, said the Lecturer, we find among these distant groups or systems of suns, the same equal description of areas, and the same ratio of periodic times, we conclude that the stars of each system attract one another—that the force by which they are attracted varies inversely as the square of the distance, and is therefore similar to gravity—and lastly, that motion is there governed by the same laws as here. Now we do find this to be the case. The motions of double stars have been very accurately observed, among others, by Sir J. Herschel; and he has ascertained that their motion is subject to these laws. He has accurately determined the periodic times, the *axes majores*, and eccentricities of eight of them; and in every respect does he find the relations which exist between the planetary motions, to obtain among the bodies which compose these far remote systems. What, then, is the conclusion?—that all these multiplied and isolated systems which people space, and of which the universe is the aggregate, are subject to the same laws of motion and force as obtain here. Thus the laws of gravitation and motion, which Newton showed to embrace at once the fall of bodies at the earth's surface, and the phenomena of our planetary system, must be extended to the region of the fixed stars, and are universal. With us all matter is crowded with life, every interstice in it is but the habitat of some organized living agent, or the space wherein some form of vegetable life develops itself. Now the matter of the planetary bodies is analogous to ours in every other respect—why not in *this* too, that it is the appointed dwelling place of organized living beings? and if of the subordinate classes of these, why not of intelligent living beings? Surely, in the absence of all evidence of an opposite state of things, we are bound to conclude by far the most probable supposition to be, that our planet, which is in every other respect a sample of the other bodies of our system, resembles them in this also; they, as well as ourselves, have their day and night, their summer and their winter—why, as with us, should not these changes be coupled with the phenomena of animal and vegetable life? What a prodigious field of speculation is thus opened to our view! Mercury, for instance, completes his year in about one quarter of ours, and he receives about seven times as much heat from the sun. What, then, is the vegetation, and what the class of living beings suited to this rapid change of seasons and glowing temperature? Jupiter's year is nearly twice of ours, and each of his seasons is thus three years in length—what gigantic vegetation is that which goes through this toilsome period of change? His day is about ten hours long. What development of animal life is that whose periods of repose come more than twice as frequently as our own? Four bright moons illumine the short night of this planet. Why is this short period of repose brightened almost into daylight?

But if it be by far the most probable of the

two hypotheses to suppose that the planets of our own system, because of the analogy they bear in other respects to our own planet, display with it the wonders of animal and vegetable creation—then must the planetary systems which unquestionably surround the stars, too, having a direct analogy to those of our system, be admitted to be, like them, but the means, but the agents, in the dissemination of life through all space; thus all the boundless fields through which the stars of heaven take their course, are peopled with beings who bow before God in speechless thanksgiving for the enjoyment of the blessing of life, or whose privilege it is to offer to him the incense of reason and of the understanding.

### THEATRICALS

#### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, *BERTRAM*. With *THE REGENT*. And *MR. AND MRS. PHINGLE*.  
On Monday, *RICHARD THE THIRD*. And *DER FREISCHUTZ*.  
On Tuesday, a Comic Opera. With *THE REGENT*. And other Entertainments.  
On Wednesday, there will be no Performance.

#### THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, *CINDERELLA*. With *NELL GWYNNE*.  
On Monday, *CINDERELLA*.  
On Tuesday, there will be no Performance.  
On Wednesday, first time, the Dramatic Poem of *MANFRED*, by Lord Byron.  
On Thursday, *UNA DIAVOLO*.

#### DRURY LANE.

Mr. Denzil played *Bertram*, in the tragedy so called, on Monday last at Drury Lane. It was a performance of very considerable power and very considerable feeling, and it will materially assist to strengthen and consolidate the reputation which this gentleman is rapidly acquiring for himself. The part is one (and one of the best) of those which were written for or rather, as the theatrical phrase is, *at* Mr. Kean, and therefore, it is one in which, fifteen, ten, or even five years ago, no actor but himself could have been allowed the slightest merit, let him play it as he might—luckily, however, for Mr. Denzil, the life of a play-goer is only a portion of the life of a man. The exclusive race of people called “Keanites,” are not now the sole inhabitants of Drury Lane Theatre; and another actor, if he have merit, may get it acknowledged even in Mr. Kean’s greatest parts. Mr. Denzil steered a middle course between those more quiet and highly poetical touches of Mr. Kean’s, upon which the judicious hung with delight, and those more startling effects, or rather defects, over which they grieved. If there was less in his performance entitled to praise of the highest degree, there was less—far less—to find fault with or even to wish altered. He was loudly and deservedly applauded.

On Saturday last, a new petite comedy in two acts, called “*The Regent*,” was produced here, and met with unequivocal success. It is a neat and skilful adaptation by Mr. Planché, who, if he does take largely from the French, at least does it openly, which is more than some of our original dramatists of by-gone days, who are constantly being found out in their pilferings, did. Moreover, Mr. Planché takes from the French, as many of our gallant naval commanders have done—he captures their *batiment*, takes it into dock, fits it for our service, sends it out again, and beats the builders with it. He certainly did all this with “*Secret Service*,” whether he has done so in the present instance, we cannot say, not having read the original, but he has produced a very lively attractive piece, which is very well supported by the acting of Mr. Vining, Mr. Bartley, Mr. Cooper, Mrs. Humby, Mrs. Cramer, Miss Lee, &c. &c.

#### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A burletta, in two acts, by Mr. Bernard, was presented on Thursday for the first time. It has several very droll incidents—one character

—and almost no plot; but perfection in all its branches is not to be expected in trifles of this sort; and the main object of such pieces, an hour’s laugh for the audience, was fully attained. Mr. *Icarus Hawk* (Mr. Liston) is a gentleman who ruins himself, and destroys other peoples’ inventions, by a passion for altering, or, as he terms it, improving everything. He delights in finding things wrong, in order that he may have the pleasure of putting them right—and he even rejoices in the prospect of a wife full of imperfections, because it will be so interesting to improve her. This is the character, and it is not only well sketched, but filled in with considerable spirit. There is a *tableau vivant* at the end of the first act, in which Madame Vestris personates Queen Elizabeth, in a very correct and splendid dress—and in which Mr. Liston, who has possessed himself clandestinely of the dress intended for her lover, personates the Earl of Leicester. Besides this, he afterwards appears as a broom-girl, and Madame Vestris and Miss Pincoff appear as two Savoyard girls, and execute a grotesque dance with much spirit and effect. Madame also sang two new songs, which were well received. Perhaps, the most amusing thing in the whole, was Mr. Liston’s appearance in his private dress, which is a fac-simile of the peculiar costume invented, and worn by a foreign Count, well known in the fashionable circles, to the few, and in his cabriolet, to the many. The imitation was not recognized by the whole house, but those who knew it, relished it highly. The piece was extremely well received.

#### ADELPHI THEATRE.

A new murder-odrama has been produced at this theatre, with great applause this week, it is entitled, “*The March of Crime*.” We are guilty of the bad taste of not liking such pieces, but while people will go in crowds to see them, we cannot blame the management for producing them, and truth calls upon us to tell those who do like them, that “*The March of Crime*,” is very good of its kind. We cannot but wonder that the taste for them is not worn out; for crime has become so common in this theatre, that half-a-dozen murders more or less can make very little difference in an evening’s entertainment—and yet, it is not worn out, as the vociferous applause on Monday night clearly proves. It is idle for us to threaten the Adelphi people with our critical knife—the weapons they have constantly at their throats, make it sink into insignificance; besides, while people are found to cry at them, they will laugh at us.

### MISCELLANEA

*Coleridge’s Will.*—The *St. James’s Chronicle* contains a copy of this interesting document. Unfortunately, the length of it precludes the possibility of our inserting the whole, but the following are the paragraphs of most personal interest:—he directs, that Mr. Green, of Lincoln’s Inn Fields, “the dear friend, the companion, partner, and helpmate of my worthiest studies,” shall have the option of purchasing his library, at “such price as he shall himself determine, inasmuch as their chief value will be dependent on his possession of them.”

“The pictures and engravings belonging to me, in the house of my dear friends, James and Ann Gillman (my more than friends, the guardians of my health, happiness, and interests, during the fourteen years of my life that I have enjoyed the proofs of their constant, zealous, and disinterested affection as an inmate and member of their family), I give and bequeath to Ann Gillman, the wife of my dear friend my love for whom, and my sense of her unintermitted goodness, and never-weary kindness to me, I hope and humbly trust will follow me as a part of my abiding, being in that state into which I hope to rise, through the merits and mediation and the efficacious power of the Son of God incarnate, in the blessed Jesus, whom I believe in my heart, and confess with my mouth, to have been from everlasting the Way and the Truth, and to have become man, that for fallen and sinful men he might be the

resurrection and the life. And further I hereby tell my children Hartley, Derwent, and Sara that I have but little to leave them, but I hope and indeed confidently believe, that they will regard it as a part of their inheritance, when I thus bequeath to them my affection and gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, and to the dear friend, the companion, partner, and helpmate of my worthless studies, Mr. Joseph Henry Green. Further to Mr. Gillman, as the most expressive way in which I can only mark my relation to him, and in respect of a great and good man, revered by us both, I leave the manuscript volume lettered *Artist*. Manuscript—Birds, Achmanns, Knights, presented to me by my dear friend and patron, the Right Honorable John Lubbock Esq., who of all the men that I have had the means of knowing, during my life, appears to me eminently to deserve to be characterized as ο καλός ἄνθρωπος ο φιλόκαλος.

“To Mr. Green himself I can only bequeath my assurance, grounded on a faith equally precious to him as to me, of a continuance of those prayers which I have so many years offered for his temporal and spiritual well-being.

“To my daughter, Sara Coleridge, exemplary in all the relations of life in which she hath been placed, a blessing to both her parents, and to her mother the rich reward which the anxious fulfilment of her maternal duties had, humanly speaking, merited, I bequeath the presentation copy of the *Georgina Heptagloton*, given me by my highly-respected friend, William Sotheby, Esquire. And it is my wish that Sara should never part with this volume; but that if she should marry and should have a daughter, it may descend to her, or if daughters, to her eldest daughter, as a memento, that her mother’s accomplishments, and her unusual attainments in ancient and modern languages, were not so much or so justly the object of admiration, as their co-existence with piety, simplicity, and characteristic meekness, in short, with modesty and character so perfectly feminine. And for this purpose I have recorded this my wish, in the same or equivalent words, on the first title page of this splendid work.

“To my daughter-in-law, Mary Coleridge, the wife of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, whom I have loved that I have been permitted to see, and to have seen as to esteem and love on my own judgment, and to be grateful for her on my own account as well as in behalf of my dear son,—I give the interlarded copy of the *Forest*, corrected by myself, and with sundry notes and additions in my own handwriting, in trust for my grandson, Derwent Coleridge, that if it should please God to preserve his life, he may possess some memento of his paternal grandfather, who blesses him unseen, and fervently commends him to the Great Father in Heaven, whose face his angels evermore behold.”—*Malt.* v. 16.

“And further, as a relief to my own feelings by the opportunity of mentioning their names, that I regard of my executor, that a small plain gold mourning ring, with my hair, may be presented to the following persons, namely:—1. To my oldest friend and ever-beloved schoolfellow, Charles Lamb—and in the deep and almost life-long affection of which this is the slender record, as equally beloved sister, Mary Lamb, will know herself to be included.—2. To my old and very kind friend, Basil Montagu, Esq.—3. To Thomas Poole, Esq., of Nether-Stowey. The dedicatory Poem to my *Juvenile Poems*, and my *Tears in Solitude*, render it unnecessary to say more than that, what I then, in my young manhood thought and felt, I now, a grey-headed man, still think and feel.—4. To Mr. Josiah Wade, whose zealous friendship and important services during my residence at Bristol I never have forgotten, or whose reason and memory remain, can forget.—5. To my friend, dear to me by a double bond in his father’s right, and in his own, Laurence Wood.—6. To Miss Sarah Hutchinson.

“To Robert Southey and to William Wordsworth my children have a debt of gratitude and reverential affection on their own account, and the sentiments have left on record in my literary life, and in my Poems, and which are the convictions of the present moment, supersede the necessity of any other mention of my regard and respect.

“There is one thing yet on my heart to say, so far as it may consist with entire submission to the Divine will, namely, that I have too little proposed to my dear temporal interests, either of fortune or literary reputation, and that the sole regret I now feel at the annals of my mortal state, arises out of my inability to make a present provision for my dear Hartley, my first-born, who might not his feelings at ease and his mind at liberty from the depressing anxieties of *to do*, and to send him from the necessity of diverting the thoughts, with which it hath pleased God to contrast him, to subjects of temporary interest, knowing that it is with him, and ever has been with myself, that his powers and the ability and disposition to exert them, are greatest when the motives from without are least or of least urgency. But with earnest prayer, and through a faithful Mediator, I commit him, with his dear bones and sister, to the care and providence of the Father in Heaven, and affectionately leave this my last injunction—My dear children, *love one another*.”

The will is dated September 17, 1833, and a codicil July 2, 1833.

**Belgrave Literary and Scientific Institution.**—The first half-yearly meeting of this institution was held on Monday evening last; the Earl of Munster in the chair. It appeared from the Report, that the number of members is 220; that the library, which is daily increasing, already contains upwards of 1500 volumes, a large proportion of which had been presented by members of the institution, including a recent present of the 'Yverdun Encyclopedia,' in 58 vols. 4to. from the Earl of Munster, and of a curious Oriental MS. from Lord Byron. The list of lectures announced for the present season includes the names of many individuals eminent in science and literature: among these may be mentioned, Drs. Grant, Turner, Birkbeck, Hope, Ritchie, and others. The evening meetings, held once a fortnight, were referred to as among the most pleasing and useful branches of the institution. The financial statement recorded various donations of money from private members of the institution; also a life subscription of 25 guineas from P. Hesketh Fleetwood, Esq. M.P., and a donation of 10 guineas from the Rev. Henry Blunt, A.M., vice-presidents of the institution. A plan for erecting a more commodious building for the purposes of the institution, was alluded to in the Report; and it was stated that, so soon as it was more matured, its details would be submitted to a general meeting of the members. The adoption of the Report was moved by the Rev. Perceval Frye, and carried unanimously. The Earl of Munster, after he had quitted the chair, in replying to a vote of thanks—as cordially given as they were well deserved, (for his Lordship has taken an active, and almost personal, interest in the success of the institution)—expressed his conviction that it would meet with yet more distinguished patronage, and more extended success. —*Daily Papers.*

**Canning's Life Raft.**—On Tuesday Mr. Canning personally experimented with his raft in the Thames. The raft can be formed of three spars, or yards, or planks, or any similar thing, that may be at hand in a few minutes. They are simply lashed together transversely, as a garden chair, the lower ends having barrels or floats attached to them, the upper ones being connected by ropes, so as to form a cradle for the reception of the wrecked sailor. As far as river experiments go, Mr. Canning completely succeeded: the apparatus was towed down the river by a steam-boat, and, to try its efficacy, was forced against the abutment of the bridges in passing them, Mr. Canning being in the safety cradle, and escaped unhurt. It is said to be capable of weathering the heaviest seas, and of effecting the object in view, where life boats would be dashed to pieces. A model may be seen at the National Gallery of Practical Science.

**Junction of the Rhine with the Danube.**—The following particulars are given in a private letter from Munich, dated October 8:—The government of Bavaria is now anxiously occupied with the consideration of a plan for uniting the Rhine with the Danube by means of a canal. According to the law which received the sanction of the Bavarian Chambers, the canal will be completed by a company of shareholders, but the government is to have the power to take one-quarter of the shares. The maximum of toll which the proprietors of the canal are authorized to exact, during 99 years, is fixed at one-third of the price which would be charged by waggon for the same distance. The canal will have its source in the Danube, near Kellheim. Its course will follow the valley of the small river d'Altmühl and the Sulz, as far as Neumark; from thence the canal will pass in the direction of Nuremberg, and pass the river Reignitz, by Furth and Bamberg. Its length will be 592,543 Bavarian feet, or 23½ German miles. Its breadth

will be 54 Bavarian feet, and its depth 34. The highest elevation of the canal will be 273 feet above the surface of the Danube, near Kellheim, and 630 feet above the surface of the Reignitz, near Bamberg. This elevation will be attained by means of 94 locks. —*Morning Herald.*

**Iron Rail Road in Egypt.**—A Paris paper contains a letter from Alexandria, which states, that the rail-road is to commence at Choubrah, will pass near to Cairo, and thence by the sides of Mokotam, to its termination at Suez. Goods landed at Alexandria, are to be sent by steam-boats to Alfé by the canal of Mack-Modie, and from thence to Choubrah by the Nile. From Choubrah, they will be conveyed by waggons to Suez, whence they will be passed on by steam to Bombay.

**Iron Steam-Boat.**—Wednesday morning, the 13th instant, arrived at our wharf, at five minutes after ten o'clock, Mr. G. B. Lamar's Iron Steam-boat *John Randolph*, from Savannah, which she left at ten o'clock on the morning of the 11th instant, having a tow boat, one of the very largest description, very deeply laden, drawing upwards of two feet more water than the steam-boat, and another boat of the ordinary size, also deeply laden; the traverse from Savannah to Augusta having thus been performed in 71½ hours, notwithstanding the detention on the upper part of the river, from its low stage, which prevented the boat running part of the night preceding her arrival. We have been thus minute in stating the foregoing circumstances, as some doubts had been entertained and expressed, in consequence of some peculiarities in her construction, and her very light draught of water, of her ability and capacity to tow up heavy-laden boats against the powerful current of the Savannah river, which doubts must now be removed. We have been at some pains in obtaining the most precise information on the interesting subject of this boat, which gives rise to a new era, not only in our local concerns, but also in those of our common country. The dimensions of the boat are 110 feet in length, 22 feet beam, and 7 feet 6 inches deep. Her bottom, and for 3 feet up her sides, is of the best English rolled iron of 5-16ths of an inch in thickness, and all above of the same description, a quarter of an inch thick. Her engine and machinery, weigh about seventeen tons, and her single boiler twelve tons; with her wood and water on board she draws but 2 feet 6 inches. She was framed and put together in the manufactory of William Laird & Son, at Liverpool, who also sent workmen out to recruit her here. Her engine is a condensing one, of thirty-six horse-power, with a five feet stroke, intended to work expansively under a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. It is from the manufactory of Fawcett, Preston & Co. of Liverpool, whose engines are solely used by the Steam Company, and whose superiority, from their first introduction on this river, still deservedly maintain their well-acquired reputation. If our time would permit, there are several interesting circumstances connected with this boat which it would have given us pleasure on the present occasion to communicate; but we have now to confine ourselves to the two following circumstances: first, that with all their talk of iron steam-boats on the other side of the water, as yet no iron steam-boat has been set afloat in any way to be compared to the *John Randolph*, and secondly, in corroboration of the fact, and at the same time highly flattering to the enterprise of our countrymen, we have seen, addressed to the owner of the *John Randolph*, a letter from an eminent professor of literature in this country, soliciting on behalf of a friend at Vienna in Germany, the model and description of the iron boat for the purpose of constructing similar vessels for the navigation of the Danube. —*Augusta Herald, U.S.*

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

**The Mardens and the Darentys**, by Miss Pardoe. Young Hearts, a Tale.

A Translation of Schlegel's *Philosophy of History*.

Notes on Italy and Rhenish Germany, with professional notices of the climate of Italy, and the Mineral Springs of Germany, by Edwin Lee, Esq.

A Journey throughout Ireland, during the Spring, Summer and Autumn of 1834.

Mr. Valpy is preparing for early publication, a new Edition of *Howell's Life of Johnson*, in six monthly 5s. volumes, interspersed with many anecdotes and documents never before published. Johnson's Journey to the Hebrides, and his Tour into Wales, will be given in this Edition.

*Just published.*—Philip Van Artevelde, by H. Taylor, 2 vols. 12mo. 2nd edit. 12s.—Fisher's Drawing Room Scrap Book, for 1835, 21s.—Statutes at Large, 4th Vol. XIII. Part II. 4 & 5 Wm. IV. 18s.—Exley's Physical Optics, 8vo. 5s.—Crittwell's Housekeeper's Account Book, for 1835, 4to. 2s.—Recollections of the Eighteenth Century, from the French of the Marchioness de Créquy, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—An Account of the Present State of the Island of Puerto Rico, by Colonel Flinter, 8vo. 6s.—Tear's One Step further in Stenography, cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Hours of Thought, in Prose and Verse, 32mo. 1s.—Hansard's Debates, Vol. XXIV. (the 4th of the Session of 1834), 30s.—Kidd's Domestic Library: or, Family Adviser, 18mo. 7s. 6d.—Kidd's Useful Library: or, Invalid's Companion, 18mo. 6s.—Paul's Grecian Antiquities, 2nd edit. 12mo. 7s.—Lenny's Man of Business, 3s. 6d.—Whewell's Dynamics, Part II. 8vo. 12s. 6d.—Oxford and Cambridge Nuts to Crack, with 6 Plates, fc. 8vo. 7s.—Goode's Book Reformed Parliament, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Tytus Hall: a novel, by T. Hood, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—The Lady's Oracle; or, Complete Nursery Book, 1s.—Burton's Compendium of Law of Real Property, 8vo. 20s.—The Musical Gem, for 1835, 15s.—Memoir of H. More, by Roberts, 2nd edit. 4 vols. 8vo. 30s.—Anne Grey, a novel, edited by the Author of Granby, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Citation and Examination of Wm. Shakespeare, and others for Deceitful Stealing, &c. from Original MS., post 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Helen, by Miss Edgeworth, 3 vols. 8vo. new edit. 31s. 6d.—Swinburne's Farmer's Account Book, new edit. folio, 9s.—The Wife's Book; or, Marriage Present, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Freeman's Farmer's Account Book, cheap edition, (adapted for estates from 50 to 200 acres), 4to. 5s.—Brougham on Cholera, cr. 8vo. 5s. 6d.—The Kerpake, for 1835, 21s.—Poems, by Mrs. Richardson, 2nd Series, cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Anatomy of the Seasons, Weather Guide Book, &c. by P. Murphy, Esq. 8vo. 12s.—Explanation of the principal Parables of the New Testament, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Evangelical Biography, containing the Memoirs of Rowland Hill, With force, and Dr. Waugh, 18mo. Portraits, 2s. 6d.—Méthode facile pour apprendre la Langue Anglaise aux Français, et aux Français qui parlent le Français, par L. P. de Porquet, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Anecdotes of Christian Missions, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Hamilton's complete Chatechism of Counterpoint, Melody, and Composition, 18mo. 2s.—Percy's Key to the New Testament, new edit. 18mo. 2s.—The Martyr of Verulam, and other Poems, by Thomas Ragg, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Markham's Spelling, new edit. 12mo. 1s.—Tables of Greek Grammar, 12mo. 1s.; on sheet, 1s.; mounted on millboard, 2s.—Talboys' (of Oxford) Catalogue of Modern Greek and Latin Poets, &c. Part IV. 8vo. 1s.—The Abolition of the Corn Laws, by a Yorkshireman, 8vo. 1s.—Practical Illustrations of the New Poor Laws, exemplified in the Management of the Poor in the Parish of Tottenham, 8vo. 1s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. H. and W. Q.—Maths. received.

For all the songs, odes, poems, and the infinite varieties of verse on 'The late Conflagration of the Houses of Parliament,' we return thanks in this general acknowledgment,—our obligations, in the language of the auctioneers, being 'too numerous to particularise.'

We cannot answer the question of 'Administrator Athenæi.' The account we referred to may be found in Sharon Turner.

'Gyrn' and all other correspondents must understand, that we have not the power, without loss of more time than we could possibly spare, of answering questions, respecting the Meteorological Tables of the Royal Society. Gyrn is however informed that an Abstract of the Society's Transactions, from 1800 to 1830, is published.

We have received a letter from Dr. Rushman, complaining of some inaccuracies in our notice of a communication made by him to the Medical Section of the British Association, during the late meeting at Edinburgh. He says, that the worms were discovered in the blood of a boy, and not of a woman; that their identification with the worms found in ditch-water, has been accounted for in a pamphlet which he has published on the subject; and that, having carefully examined the statements made by the mother of the boy, he can see no ground for the charge of imposture brought against her by the surgeons of the Dumfries Hospital.



## ADVERTISEMENTS

## UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—EVENING

LECTURES—Session 1845-6.  
**LATIN**—Tuesday and Friday, at 7 o'clock. On the Formation of the Latin Language; the Principles of its Prosody and its Metres.  
**GREEK**—Monday and Thursday, at 7 o'clock. On Aristophanes.  
**SANSKRIT**—Tuesday and Friday, at 6 o'clock.  
**HISTORY**—Tuesday, at 7, and Friday, at half-past 7 o'clock.  
 Fee, 42s.  
**LAW**—Monday and Wednesday, at a quarter before 7, and Friday, at half-past 6 o'clock. Fee, 4s.  
 THOMAS COATES, Sec.

Council Room, 16th Oct. 1845.

**THE BELGRAVE LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION**—At the next EVENING MEETING, on MONDAY, 27th inst., Mr. J. S. EISENELL will read a Paper "On Commerce, and the Mode of its Influence in the Production of Wealth."—To commence at 8 o'clock.  
 A Lecture every Tuesday Evening at the same hour.  
 (By order of the Council.)  
 CURTIS H. EDMONDS, Secretary.

## MARYLEBONE LITERARY and SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION.

17, Edgware Road, Portico Square.  
 Patron—The Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor.  
 President—John Henning, Esq.

The following Lectures will be delivered during the ensuing Quarter—

By John Walth, Esq.—(On the Relation between Cause and Effect.)

Dr. Lynch—On Nutrition.

John Henning, Esq.—On Chemistry.

Henry Walker, Esq.—On the various kinds of Fire-arms.

Dr. Walsingham Smith—On the Formation of the Blood.

Samuel Butler, Esq.—On the Function of the Poisson.

Frederick Coddridge, Esq.—On the Philosophy of Vision.

John Britton, Esq.—On the Principles of Architecture.

For A. A. article, Esq.—On Mental and Moral Discipline.

Hand Moulding, Esq.—On the Art of Knowledge.

Rev. Dr. Liddell, Esq.—On the History of the Calculating Machine.

The Reading-room, supplied with a variety of Morning, Evening, and Foreign Newspapers, with every Periodical Work of merit, is open from nine in the morning till eight at night.

A valuable and extensive Library of encyclopædic and reference, to which has recently been presented the *Pantheon*, directed, by order of the Hon. Commissioners of the Royal Board, is open daily to Members; and Classes are established for instruction in Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, the French Language, and Music.—Subscriptions, two guineas per annum.

J. H. CARPENT, Hon. Sec.

## THE WINTER EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, NEWPORT-STREET, PAUL MALL EAST, comprising Works of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and English Schools, is NOW OPEN from 10 till dusk.

Admission, 1s.  
 R. B. DAVIS, Secretary.

## Sales by Auction.

## MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS AND NOVELS.

By Messrs. SOLE TRAVELLERS, and GRIMMOND, at their Rooms, 22, Fleet Street, THIS DAY (Saturday), and the following days (Sundays excepted), at half past 12 o'clock each day.

## COMPRISING Montfaucon's Antiquities,

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Upon entering the Steppes he describes a scene and practice of which we were not aware:—

A great enjoyment was afforded us by the *Steppe* conflagrations, at this time universal. In order to extirpate the noxious *thyrus* (*stipa capillata*), the sharp points of which pierce through the thick coat of the sheep into its bowels, and gradually destroy it, and to manure the ground with the ashes, it is usual to set extensive districts on fire; and these running flames reminded us of the beautiful passage in Cooper's 'Prairie.' We were not exposed to similar danger, although the flames in many places crossed our path, and our horses were driven through flame and smoke: on the contrary, these conflagrations, of which we at one time counted more than twenty in sight upon the vast flat, afforded us much variety, and, at night, a marvellously beautiful spectacle. Where they ran along the hills, they perfectly resembled volcanoes; and the double illumination of the country, by the flames and by the soft light of the waning moon, afforded a prospect so

magnificent, as I have seldom or never beheld. This prospect displayed itself in most beauty as we reached the top of the hill bounding the Dniester valley; for here, blended with the beauties of the fiery mountain and the double illumination, the brightness of the strongly irradiated river, which, like a silver ribbon, yet half glowing in the fires of the neighbouring hills, wound itself betwixt them.

At a large village in their way to Odessa, our travellers (Herr von Behr was accompanied by his son) lighted upon the celebration of Easter eve.

Had we ourselves not been interested by the scene, we should hardly have prevailed upon our *praddi* (brotherkin, as the post-boys are familiarly called in Russia,) to pass it by: it is the most important epoch of the whole year. The fasts are in Russia more rigid than elsewhere, and scrupulously observed. Not only no flesh, but no butter, milk, eggs, cheese, nothing, in short, produced by a warm-blooded animal, may be eaten during fasts. • • • • After such fasting, the Saturday night of the first Easter holiday is impatiently expected. Round the churches, in all villages and small towns, are lines of carts, freighted with provisions of all kinds, but especially with Easter lambs, and Easter cakes (dough kneaded with eggs, pressed flat and baked), not forgetting the brandy bottle. About this church, which, like all Russian churches, looks well at a distance, the whole population was ranged, kneeling and in prayer—though I would not too curiously inquire whether at this moment their devotion might not be directed even more to the eatables, so long untasted, than to the Redeemer of the world. But it is certain that this assembled multitude, of every age, and both sexes, in groups, with lights, lamps, and torches of pine, presented a singular spectacle—awful as a religious solemnity, although so grotesque, that it was impossible to forbear laughing at the queer groups, and single figures with most remarkable physiognomies, who languishingly ogled the piles of food. At length the anxiously-expected minute draws near—the decisive midnight hour strikes—the folding-doors of the illuminated church fly open, and the clergyman, in full canonicals, issues forth, attended by the church servants in due form: the solemn words, "Christ is risen!" are heard from his lips, and loudly repeated by all present. This moment is imposing: again the religious character prevails, and elevates the mind. After the usual prayers, all rise up, embrace and kiss each other; the clergyman walks towards the carts, sprinkles them with holy water, and pronounces a blessing. And now all rush upon the food: it is the uproar of a hungry pack of hounds. The tiny lights become immense fires, at which all boil, roast, broil, fry. The feasting and rioting last through the night, until the bells, with their single-toned tolling, summon the revellers to church; in order to visit which, they previously go home, and assume their holiday garb.

Odessa is thus described:—

Odessa lies without the custom-house line, which obstructs its intercourse with Russia; and, in the opinion of the best judges, it would do well to abandon those privileges of a free port, (despite the tempting sound of free port,) which cause the obstruction. Even at a dis-

tance, it is easy, by the many fine buildings, to recognize this grand town, which—thanks to its favourable situation, and the care of its governors, the Duke of Richelieu, to whom a monument is erected upon the new *Boulevard*, the most beautiful spot in the town, and the wealthy Count Woronzow, who undertakes, at his own expense, those improvements which government, from economical motives, rejects—has, from a fishing village, in the course of fifty years, risen to be one of the finest, richest, and most flourishing towns in Russia—her large port, constantly harbouring several hundred vessels of the first magnitude, and of all nations, and capable of receiving as many thousands. As Odessa rises towards the east, and the hill descends beneath it precipitously to the sea, its full splendour is not immediately seen—nor does its entrance, resembling a village, promise much; but its regularity and beauty gradually increase as we approach the port. The streets are right-lined, cutting each other at right angles; they are broad, and everywhere adorned with beautiful stone houses and palaces, amongst which a mass of crown buildings, appropriated to public establishments, barracks, depôts, and magazines, distinguish themselves. • • • • Odessa contains 50,000 souls; but its size is immense, beyond all proportion to its population—resembling in this respect most Russian towns, of which the immoderately broad streets, large squares, and houses, mostly inhabited by a single family, occupy a great extent of ground. • • • • The principal language in use at Odessa is Italian, on account of the great trade with Italy. The people speak Russian and Greek (Romaine rather), but one likewise hears English, French, and German. All Oriental languages are spoken; and perhaps no other town affords such a variety of tongues. The, so called, *Boulevard*, lately built upon the highest ridge of the hill, above the port, is one of the most beautiful streets in existence. On one side, bounded by a line of palaces—on the other, planted with beautiful trees and flowers—it is calculated for a public mall, and as such diligently used by the fashionables. From every point of this elevated station, you command the most enchanting views over the boundless Black Sea, over the bay, the innumerable vessels, the throng and bustle in the port and on the quays—a living picture, that changes every instant, and which one can, therefore, never tire of contemplating. • • • • At the upper end, commanding the *Boulevard* itself, as well as the harbour, is the magnificent newly-built palace of Odessa's benefactor, the governor-general, Count Woronzow, with its grand facade and Italian roof. On its southern side lies a deep and lofty orangery, surrounded with galleries everywhere connecting it with the palace. The most delightful gardens, adorned with the rarest plants of southern climes, extend from the rock down to the sea-shore, and with their temples and bowers, occupying the best points of view, constitute a whole that may well rank with the most beautiful gardens in Europe. The interior is said to be arranged with inventive magnificence, luxury, and taste, combined with comfort. I regretted, upon every account, that the admirable owner, to whose goodness I am so much indebted, was then absent upon a two years' journey, through Germany, to England. • • • •

The streets are so wide, that they afford no protection from sun or wind, and lofty trees or shady alleys are not to be thought of upon this rock.† The rock upon which the town stands, and the neighbouring rocks, from which the houses are built, are a calcareous muscle-stone (*Q*<sup>a</sup>—porous lime-stone), so friable that it cannot be used for pavement. This explains the frightful dust and bottomless mud that alternately prevail. Of these, the mud is the least evil, as the dust, driven by the violent winds, from which Odessa, open to the sea, and surrounded on the other side by Steppes, is unsheltered, rises in formidable and intolerable clouds, noxious alike to the lungs and to the eyes. On the other hand, the mud is so deep, that, by the Bazaar, at the extremity of the town, where some spots of green marsh still remain, it is said that oxen have often sunk, and disappeared—as a Jew once did, rescue being impossible, as none durst venture near the yielding ground. A pavement of granite flags, for foot passengers, is begun, but at an immense cost, as the granite is brought from Trieste. • • • The rich, in order to escape the dust, spend the summer in country houses on the sea-shore.

From Odessa, our travellers repaired to the Anhalt colony; and Dehr describes his pleasure at finding the dead Steppe called into life, by his directions, sent from distant Germany. Some account of this settlement may not be uninteresting, beginning with that of the original steppe.

A steppe is a seemingly infinite level—a green ocean—here and there bordered with little hills (*kurgans*), of which by and bye. The first sight of these enormous green levels is grateful to the eye, especially at the season of my visit, when the strongest green prevails, and masses of tulips, yellow butter-cups, blue-bells, small hyacinths, and narcissuses, transform these meadows into a garden, displaying them to the eye like a carpet in which a skillful hand has wrought the loveliest flowers amidst the brightest green enamel. At length, however, despite their beauty, their uniformity grows wearisome. But now the steppes are everywhere under cultivation; the crown has no more of them left to give away; villages and single farms arise on all sides, and much of the description I have given is no longer applicable. Immense herds of cattle, of every kind, animate the desert, and offer variety to the traveller, who, with pleasure and surprise, discovers amongst them herds of camels—these animals being used as teams by many landed proprietors, especially by the Tartars, because able to draw equal loads with twice the speed of oxen. The young camels look very comical, and are still uglier than the old ones. But the chief inhabitants of these deserts are great flocks of sheep, mostly the fat-tailed (*kirgis*), and the black and grey Crimeans, and great *tabunes* (herds) of half-wild horses, cows, and oxen, large goats, &c. Swarms of birds people the air. • • • One peculiarity of the steppes, which no naturalist has as yet sufficiently explained, is the optical illusion which makes one always see a distant lake between oneself and the *kurgans* that mark the horizon, and always erroneously; for there are but few steppe streams, and these, including the mighty Salgyr, that rushes from the mountains, are nearly dried up by the summer heats; whilst the little pools, formed in the hollows by the melting of the snow, vanish in the early spring, and produce the mowing grass wanted for winter fodder. The merinos, which never get anything but grass or hay, thrive better on this wholesome food, suited to their nature, than on the arti-

ficial fodder given them in Germany. • • • The wolves are kept off by armed shepherds and stout wolf-dogs, and the sheep are driven at night into well-secured buildings. The proprietors who have not such, and the Tartars, suffer dreadful ravages from the wolves. • • • After the breeding of merinos, the breeding of horses offers a profitable income; their keep costing little, and the care of them not interfering with that of the sheep. • • • *Tabunes* of two or three hundred are committed to the charge of a single *tabunshik* (groom), who troubles himself about them only in storms of wind or snow: upon such occasions they will run before the wind, stray, and lose themselves in the steppes; and, to keep them together, he must ride round and round them incessantly. At other times the *tabune* is left to the conduct of the stallions, who maintain the strictest police amongst the mares subjected to them. • • •

The third branch of steppe produce is wine, which will become very profitable, and which I have, therefore, promoted to the utmost. • • • Plantations of wood, whereof the steppes have hitherto been destitute, are the more important, as only by woods can the evils of the climate—i.e. the violent equinoctial storms and the lasting droughts—be remedied; since, upon these flats, only woods can break the force of the wind, and attract the fertilizing clouds. Accordingly, the government has long sought, and now more than ever seeks, to encourage the sowing and planting of forest trees. It is thwarted herein by the Tartars, who, like all nomadic races, even when settled, entertain an actual hatred for trees; as also by the indolence of the landowners, who, caring little for the future, seek the greatest possible present profit.

From Ascania Nova, as this colony is named, in honour of the original title of the princely family of Anhalt, our travellers repaired to the southern Crimea, chiefly, it should seem, to examine the Crimean vineyards. Count Woronzow has there most successfully carried the culture of the vine, and manufacture of wine, to a great extent. At Sympheropol, our travellers drank wines of his growth; of which we are told—

Their strength, after two or three years' keeping, equalled that of Madeira and Spanish wine, and they retained the flavour of the lands whence the stocks were brought.

The southern extremity of the Crimea, where little or nothing that can be called a road yet exists, the travellers explored upon Tartar horses, with Tartar equipments. Thus they reached Sebastapol, the chief naval station of the Crimea; where they found immense dockyards, men-of-war of all sizes, and in all states of progress, &c.—but not, it should seem, the utmost refinement of polished society.

The Admiral invited us to tea; and we met a delightful party: many beautiful young ladies, and officers, a highly-cultivated Livonian family, with four pretty daughters, a very beautiful and polished Greek lady, named Camemina, whose lively conversation we long remembered with pleasure, and some German physicians, glad enough to meet with countrymen. The evening passed agreeably, amidst music and dancing. Delicate sweetmeats and fruit were handed round; but one *only spoon* was laid beside the liquid sweetmeats, with which the company, one after the other, without previous cleansing, eat them.

Our party left Sebastapol on St. George's day, when a grand pilgrimage is made to St. George's monastery.

What a surprising spectacle awaited us, as, turning the mountain, we suddenly halted upon a steep rock, over the previously unseen sea,

amidst a confusion of men and carriages! We advanced close to the edge, where one of the loveliest pictures I ever saw presented itself: before us, the boundless sea, pretty foot-paths winding down to the shore, under the shade of lofty trees, and covered with promenaders of all ages and both sexes; those at the bottom, from our elevated position, looking scarcely larger than emmets; and, on the right, the promontory, a precipitous rock, called the *Aja Burun*, on which formerly stood the blood-stained temple of Diana. • • • To the left, an easy declivity, bearing on its summit the beautiful monastery, with its golden cross and dome, partly quarried out of the rock. The way thither, before us, was covered with pilgrims and their attendants; the steppe, behind us, was filled with cars, horses, and people, whose numbers seemed continually increasing. A complete market was established in the midst, calculated to feed throughout the day a body of many thousands of human beings, to form which, Sebastapol, Balaklava, and all the neighbouring Greek villages, had contributed the bulk of their population, and to satisfy the various wants of different ranks, ages, and races; for it was well known that none would depart before evening, and that the orgies would, by the majority, be prolonged far into the night.

Our travellers did not stay to share the revelry of the pilgrims, but proceeded on their way. After passing Balaklava, the commercial port of the Crimea, what had as yet been merely a ride with a few difficulties, assumed a more serious aspect. At Kikkeneis they got fresh horses—

And, in truth, it was needful; for now began that portion of our Crimean ride which offered the most original and extraordinary views—magnificent groups of rocks, with pyramids, balls, dice, points, and teeth, of all shapes—but also, as these were to be climbed over, the most dangerous, or rather, what appeared so; for, with these horses, liassome, active, and more accustomed to the rock-paths than even the mules of Switzerland and Spain, there is in reality nothing to fear; and we soon became so confident, that, even in the most abrupt and precipitous passes, we never looked at the road, but, leaving the guidance wholly to the animals, and merely so securing the bridle as not to drop it, enjoyed the grandeur of the grotesque masses of rock, which we climbed over and crept through. • • •

Our path, leading over fragments of rock along the sea-shore, appeared to be blocked by the promontory: I still fancied it would turn to the left, up the hill; when this proved a mistake, my curiosity as to which way it could possibly lead became excessive. It went right up the rock which stopped the way. We suddenly perceived a narrow track that wound zig-zag up the precipitous front. I thought it the track of the goats and chamois, which were stationed upon every crag, destroying the young shoots of the plants; but our horses at once prepared to climb this only continuation of our path, and completed the arduous task with their usual vigour and activity.

From this fearful chaos of rocks, the travellers entered upon a more smiling scene, chiefly the domain of Count Woronzow.

From Simais to Alupka the country is a garden. The road traverses the thriving olive plantations of Count Woronzow. What this admirable man has done, and daily does, for the prosperity of the Crimea is not to be told. He expends the greater part of his immense income (now a million of rubles,) upon the six or seven domains, to be severally described. He sends for vines and vine cuttings from every wine country: from Asia, from Madeira, and

† What then are the trees on the Boulevard?—Shrubs only!

from the Cape; and from their fruit he produces excellent wine. . . . The strength of the wine produced under a southern sun, and the protection and reflection of rocks, from a chalk or slate soil, is incredible. . . .

We were nobly entertained in the Castle, and in the evening admired, from the balcony, the beautiful and unique situation of Alupka—a new creation of the Count's, which some half century since was a mere ruin of serpentine rock.

But, upon the beauties of Alupka, we need not dwell, as they are merely a heightened repetition of those of the Count's Odessa garden. And we will now take our leave of August von Behr, or, at least, of the *steppes* and the Crimea; for we intend hereafter to gather a few more extracts from other parts of his travels.

#### LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.

*A Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural History.* By William Swainson, Esq., F.R.S. &c. London: Longman.

THE importance of the series to which the present work belongs, and the interest attached to the first volume of a system which is to reform all our zoological knowledge, and constitute a new era in the history of British physical science, have determined us on affording it a full consideration, and examining into its pretensions and performances somewhat in detail.

Mr. Swainson has divided his subject into four parts: the first is occupied in tracing the rise and progress of zoology; the second in declaiming on the general nature and advantages of the study of natural history; the third treats of the principles on which natural history relies for its successful prosecution, and develops the author's views regarding systems; while the fourth discusses the present state of zoological science in Britain, and suggests certain means calculated to ensure its encouragement and extension.

The first part then is historical. Its object is to trace the revolutions of the science in the lives and labours of its most distinguished votaries; and for this purpose were required a few accurate facts on which to found, by cautious generalization, brief but comprehensive sketches of character. Mr. Swainson's facts are not accurate, and his sketches of character are feeble and erroneous. He seems incapable of forming a just conception of the peculiar genius or merits of the men whom he attempts to describe. Perhaps this may be accounted for by the well-known axiom,—“for in all cases the less is comprehended of the greater.” Pliny, without doubt one of the most learned men of all antiquity,—Pliny, the very type of encyclopædists,—Pliny, whose works contain, as he himself informs us, extracts from more than two thousand volumes—is characterized by Mr. Swainson as deficient in—what do you suppose, gentle reader?—in *erudition*! We fear Mr. Swainson might have sought for this deficiency nearer home. Turning the page, we meet the singular information, that Belon “seems to have made the history of birds his *exclusive* study.” We must confess that we had known him better by his labours on fish; but to prove

that his attention was not very exclusively confined to any one branch of natural history, we may just cite the title of one of his books:—*Portraits d'oiseaux, animaux, serpens, herbes, arbres, hommes et femmes d'Arabie et d'Egypte*; or of another,—*Observations de plusieurs singularités et choses memorables, trouvées en Grèce, en Asie, en Judée, en Egypte, &c.*;—in neither of which does there appear any remarkable want of variety. “A taste for natural history,” says our author, “had hitherto been confined to the Continent; but, in the year 1634, it had at length reached England; and the *Theatrum Insectorum* of Moffet came forth as the first zoological work ever printed in Britain.” On which we beg to observe, that Wotton, and others of our naturalists, were known previous to the date mentioned; and though their works may have issued from a foreign press, yet that this cannot be asserted of the works of the learned Dr. Cuius, whose *Libellus de Canibus Britannicis* bears on its title-page ‘*Londini, 1570*.’ Nor does our author's bibliographical knowledge become more correct as we approach nearer our own days. “Merrem [Merrem], he tells us, “took up the examination of the much neglected class of reptiles, intending to treat upon them in detail; but, unfortunately, the work only reached the second number.” The work to which he alludes did reach a third number, which appeared in 1821; but Merrem's complete work on reptiles, the *Versuch eines Systems der Amphibien*, which is a systematic catalogue of the entire class, and which is referred to as a textbook by all naturalists, seems to have been totally unknown to our author, as he never once alludes to it, though published at Marburg in 1820.

Our author has taken a fancy to depreciate Cuvier and the whole school of comparative anatomists, (whom, indeed, he scarcely notices,) as if their labours had had no effect on the progress of zoology. It appears to us that he estimates them exactly in proportion as he understood them. We may be allowed, however, to inquire why he has not made the slightest allusion to Wilson, the American ornithologist. He, at least, did not belong to the hated school, and his labours appeared not unworthy of being taken advantage of when our author was preparing for press his former volumes, which we find designated in the present work alternately as the *Fauna Boreali-Americana*, which is right, the *Fauna Americani Boreali*, which is wrong, the *Fauna Americana Borealia*, which is also wrong, and the *Northern Zoology*, which is meant as a translation. And this reminds us that Mr. Swainson must have suffered his classical knowledge to fall sadly into decay before he could have obliged us with such a plural for *chrysalis* as *chrysalis*—for *hiatus* as *hiati*,—or declined *Pachydermata* in such a manner as to have found out *Pachydermate*.

We turn with more pleasure to the second part of the work, in which the inducements to the study of natural history are stated in a natural, easy, and sometimes even affecting, manner. The following is a favourable specimen:—

“In tracing thus far the advantages of natural history, the recorded opinions of others have been confirmed by our own experience.

But there remains one period of our existence at which its effects upon our mind can at present be only imagined, although we humbly trust we may have the power of confirming our present belief from experience. We allude to the feelings that result from such pursuits when old age comes upon us; and when we naturally look back to the route we have chosen for the journey of life. That our present ardour will subside, we can well imagine; but we believe that it will never degenerate into indifference. It has, indeed, been mercifully ordered by Providence, that our interest in temporal things should progressively diminish in proportion as our time draws near for quitting them. But if our recreations have been innocent, and our pursuits intellectual, they cannot, in the nature of things, leave behind them regret or disappointment—much less can they inflict remorse. We can imagine, therefore, that the old age of a true naturalist,—one who looks from the created to the Creator,—must be peculiarly happy. He may have had his share of the sorrows and disappointments incidental to mortality; but they have neither originated in the sensuality or intemperance of his amusements, nor in the ambitious nature of his pursuits. Neither wealth, nor titles, nor honours, have ever had the power to lure him from his peaceful studies; and he is, therefore, exempt from the committal of those mean artifices and unworthy acts by which such distinctions are too often gained. We can imagine such a man looking back on the quiet path he has trodden, with something of the same feeling with which we contemplate, from a mossy seat, the vista of a green embowered lane, nigh to which is the public road, sultry and dusty, thronged with crossing vehicles and jostling crowds. Although no longer fit for active exertion, we can still fancy him contemplating his collections—the acquisitions of his youth, and the study of his manhood—with that complacency which we feel towards an old companion. Every object in his little museum has its own story; the scenes and incidents of youth are brought back to his recollection in all their freshness; and the memory, dwelling on these green spots in the desert of life, will oftentimes be prevented from recalling others of a less cheering nature. He looks abroad in the spring of the year, and sees the face of nature renewed with the same beauty and freshness as when he contemplated her in the spring of youth. That season of his life has long passed away; but he knows that he, too, will be renewed—that his winter will be changed to an eternal spring; and with firm but humble confidence in the promises of his God, he resigns the contemplation of His sublunary works, in the sure and certain hope of seeing those which are heavenly.”

The third part is intended to explain the author's views regarding systems of classification, and is vague, unsatisfactory, and inconclusive. The assertions are strong, but unsupported by proof; and we are constantly tantalized with the assurance that they are capable of demonstration, while none such is ever afforded. The doctrines which he himself advocates constitute what its supporters choose to term the Natural System, and may be comprehended in two general propositions:—“First, that the progression of the affinities of nature is circular—that is, that every natural group has its objects disposed in a revolving series, so that the last joins to the first as well as to that by which it was preceded; and, secondly, that three of these circles always unite among themselves and form a larger circle.” These two great truths we are told, are learned from the doctrines of ana-

“L'un des hommes les plus laborieux et les plus érudits de l'antiquité.”—Cuvier, *Hist. Nat. des Poissons*, l. 23.



logy and affinity, which the author proceeds to define as follows:—

"By the first, we understand an external resemblance or similitude to another object, which is nevertheless different in its form, structure, habits, or some other important circumstance: here the resemblance is consequently superficial. By affinity, on the other hand, we imply such a resemblance in those characters just mentioned, and such a strong similarity in the detail of the structure of the two animals, that they are only kept distinct by a few peculiarities of secondary importance."

Now for their knowledge of affinity, as far as it results from the details of structure, the author and his school are chiefly indebted to the comparative anatomists, whom, nevertheless, he treats with such condescending hauteur; but the relations of analogy (by which it appears he intends resemblance, though we need scarcely stop to say these are matters totally distinct,) have chiefly been sought out by the exertions of himself and his brethren,—and behold the specimens which he produces of the value of their labours:—

"It is a common and a just comparison to liken the vulture and the eagle to the lion; the two first being among birds what the latter is among quadrupeds,—the tyrants of their respective races.

'The eagle, he is lord above,  
'The lion lord below.'

This comparison, moreover, is rendered doubly accurate by a singular analogy of structure, which, as we do not remember to have seen it noticed, may be here advantageously introduced. The lion,—apparently to prevent the adhesion and drying of fragments of his bloody meal upon his skin, where it might putrefy and create sores,—is provided with a bushy mane, which prevents the blood or gore from coming into immediate contact with his skin, and which he can thus shake off with ease. Now, if we look to the greatest number of the vultures, we find that nature, to effect the same purpose, has given to them a similar provision. They also have a mane upon their neck,—not, indeed, of hairs, but of feathers longer than the others, and generally so stiff and glossy, that any substance which may come upon them can be shaken off with ease. The vulture is then the lion among birds; and affords one of the thousand proofs, that relations of analogy can be found in animals of different classes, no less than between others more closely related. From these proofs, which come home to the conviction of all, the student will readily perceive that there are relations of analogy as well as relations of affinity; and he will plainly see the theoretical difference between them, disconnected from any particular system or theory. To deny the existence of such relations, is to deny the existence of our senses."

Perhaps the author means the evidence of our senses.

Again—

"What, for instance, can be more perfect than the analogy between the Bengal tiger and the African zebra?—both of them striped in so peculiar a manner as to be unlike all other quadrupeds, and both so wild and untameable as to have resisted every effort employed for their domestication."

On which sentences we shall simply remark, that the reasoning is absurd, the analogy ridiculous, and the whole comes nearer what is commonly designated "twaddle" than we had reason to expect in a work which modestly professes "not only to stimulate the diffusion of knowledge, but to

raise the tone of the public mind, and to awaken a taste for the contemplation of the works of nature." The reasoning is absurd; for, if the lion is provided with a mane, and the vulture with a ruff, to prevent the remains of their respective meals from drying on their skins and there producing putrefying sores, why have we not these unpleasant records of their "bloody banquets" on the necks of the lioness or eagle, which want this ornament? Why is the tiger—why is every other beast of prey, safe from ulcerations without the protection of a mane?—or why have we not a succession of sores on the head and neck of several of the vulture kind, in whom they are perfectly bare, and uncovered by a single feather? But the analogy is still more ridiculous:—"they are both striped." Undoubtedly they are, and so is many a Manchester calico,—ergo, there is an analogy between a Bengal tiger and a Manchester calico; or, a crow and a coal-pit are both black, and both begin with a c, and "to deny the existence of such relations would be to deny the existence of our senses." The fact, indeed, of the resemblance in all these cases is perfectly undeniable; but, previous to Mr. Swainson, we are not aware that many philosophers had made use of such facts as proofs, except perhaps Fluellin, in his celebrated analogy between the rivers in Monmouth and Macedonia—"Tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers; and there is salmon in both."

Other analogies, however, are objectionable on more serious grounds; and we fear that, in his anxiety to prove a favourite theory, Mr. Swainson has suffered himself to overlook facts of which he could not but be aware. Thus, in speaking of the structure of mouth to be found in animals that live by suction, he says, "Nature has evidently made this structure a leading distinction of particular groups throughout the animal circle; for we find that, in every class, some are suctorial, while others are not; and that this habit is *always* accompanied by a uniformity in the general shape of the rostrum or mouth, which, as suited to such functions, is *always* very long and slender." Now, on reading this sentence, it occurred to us that the leech was an evident exception, as, within our experience, we had never found it to possess either "rostrum, beak, trunk, proboscis, or very long and slender mouth:" judge, therefore, of our astonishment when, on turning over the page, we found the leech actually cited as an example of the structure in question! This is a point about which there can be no argument: the leeches which we have seen had not the above structure,—perhaps those which Mr. Swainson has examined had.

On another point, however, we can be more positive. There is but one Sloanian collection in the world, which, after the death of Sir Hans, was solely deposited in the British Museum. On this point we presume Mr. Swainson and we are agreed: it follows, therefore, that our experience in this particular instance should be perfectly uniform with his. Hear then, frat, his story:—

"A few years ago, when the zoological collections of the Museum formed the subject of a debate in the House of Commons, and some censures were cast upon the little care then bestowed upon them, it was positively asserted by a ministerial member, since elevated to the

peerage, that Sir H. Sloane's insects were all in good preservation. And this assertion was suffered to remain uncontradicted, from sheer ignorance in the opposition members, who appeared to know as little about the matter under discussion as if it related to the Museum of China. The fact being that no insects, as then preserved, could by any possibility have existed so long."

Colman once said or sung that—

"What's impossible can't be,  
And very seldom comes to pass;"

and we now acknowledge the full force and justice of the little reservation made in the words *very seldom*;—as no later than this morning we had the pleasure of seeing with our own eyes a considerable number of these identical insects, which, we have Mr. Swainson's authority for asserting, cannot now, "by any possibility," be in existence! To be as particular as possible, we may mention that the insects we saw were *lepidoptera* and *coleoptera*, collected by Petiver, and transferred from his museum to that of Sir Hans Sloane. Many of the former were a good deal faded in colour, from exposure to light; of the latter, we may instance a *prionus*, which, on minute examination, appeared to be, without doubt, the identical specimen represented in Tab. xlvii. fig. 1, of the 'Catalogus Classicus,' &c., of Petiver, published in 1709, and which therefore must have been preserved many years previous to the date which renders its present existence beyond the reach of possibility. We can only say it is a very pretty specimen of the ghost of an insect.

We have scarce left ourselves room to speak of the fourth and last part of Mr. Swainson's volume; which, indeed, we do not regret, as it is principally occupied with querulous complaints of the little honour done to men of science, and the little encouragement given to their works. Under the former head, he insists on the necessity of pensions or salaries to men engaged in philosophical researches; and tells us—

"The most ordinary mind must immediately perceive that studies such as theirs are quite inconsistent with the ordinary business and concerns of life: that they cannot be pursued together, and that, if the depths of science are to be fathomed, and new discoveries brought to light, the task can only be achieved by those whose time is at their own command, whose attention is not divided or distracted by avocations purely worldly, and whose circumstances are such as to make them free from pecuniary cares."

It comforts us to think that our mind cannot be one of "the most ordinary;" for we perceive no such thing. Cuvier made those observations on Molluscs, on which depended so much of his future fame, when he was a tutor in Normandy. Hundreds of like examples might be cited; but we shall content ourselves with one of our own age, and in our own country—John Dalton—friend John Dalton—who, to his honour be it told, has, through a long and blameless life, by his daily labour gained his daily bread; and what name now holds a fairer place in British science than thine, John Dalton?

We are equally at issue with Mr. Swainson respecting his comparative estimate of the encouragement given on the Continent, and here, to the publication of expensive works on zoological science. It is true that the French and Bavarian governments will

undertake the expenses of bringing out, in splendid style, the works of naturalists who have travelled in their service; and here we think their example might with advantage be imitated by our ministry; but when such works are published, where do they meet with their principal sale but in the English market? The list may boast of continental emperors, and kings, and counts, but do not English names always bear a proud proportion amongst the actual purchasers of the work? What country but England could, at this moment, enable Mr. Gould to publish with profit, and without the aid of kings or princes, his beautiful ornithological plates? or why does Mr. Audubon bring out here his magnificent and most expensive 'Birds of America,' if superior patronage and remuneration were to be obtained elsewhere? These are facts that speak for themselves. Still, we confess, that much yet remains to be done before pure zoological science, in England, can be made as profitable as it is laborious to its votaries. We would as gladly as Mr. Swainson, hail any additional tendency in the public mind towards natural researches; but improvements of this kind depend much on gradual and careful cultivation, and any attempt to force them by injudicious patronage, or indiscriminate bounties, we should deprecate, as more likely to do harm than good. We have no fear for the results, if zoology be only put on a par with the other sciences, and admitted, as in all reason it should be, to share the attention which they receive at our colleges and universities.

### *The Adventures of Kâmrûp.*

(Second Notice.)

ACCORDING to our promise, we proceed to give some account of the perils that the Hindû musician encountered in his voyage. After the wreck of Kâmrûp's vessel, Rasrang was picked up by a ship: his adventures on board will remind our readers of the history of Jonah:—

Soon after he went on board, a fierce hurricane arose; the sailors in confusion began to inquire the cause. "A few moments ago," said they, "we scarcely felt the breeze; the stranger must consequently have brought on this storm." They then came to Rasrang, declaring that his evil destiny had brought them into danger; and that therefore they would convey him no farther, but throw him again into the sea.

In spite of his remonstrances they fulfilled their threat. Fortunately, however, he soon discovered an island overgrown with jungle, which he swam towards, and at length landed, overcome by hunger and fatigue. He found it inhabited, but he could find no vestige of fruit or corn. When he solicited food from the inhabitants, they replied:—

"You are ignorant, it appears, that you are in the island of Ekli, on which no person has heretofore landed, and which no one has ever quitted. It contains neither fruit trees nor ani-

mals fit for food; there are no vegetables; and agriculture is wholly unknown. All the inhabitants of our island are engaged in the coral fishery. Once a year, at a fixed period, a vessel comes laden with provisions of every description, which the mariners exchange for our pearls and coral. During an entire year, this cargo, of which every one receives a stated portion, constitutes our only support. You see, from what we have said, that we can spare you no provisions without exposing ourselves to die of hunger."

By going round daily, and begging a morsel from each of the islanders, Rasrang contrived to support life until the ship of which he had heard paid its annual visit. The mariners, however, long refused to take him on board, and finally received him on the condition of his abstaining from asking an explanation of any strange event he might witness. The vessel put to sea; no sooner was she out of sight of land than the crew threw the entire cargo overboard. Rasrang's curiosity overcame his discretion; he asked for an explanation, and was immediately sentenced "to walk the plank." Before being consigned to the deep, he was informed of the nature of the singular practice he had witnessed:—

"We are," said the crew, "the guardians of the sea-girt islands. Innumerable islands cover the ocean, and God, whose mercy is over all his works, takes care that they should be furnished with provisions. Some of them produce neither animals nor vegetables fit for the use of man. We are ordered to load our vessel in the fertile islands, and to supply the others with an annual cargo of provisions. Every year, on a fixed day, we reach their coasts and assist them with victuals; but as we have no need of what they bestow in return, we cast it into the sea."

Rasrang, having received this explanation, was thrown overboard. After a long and hazardous struggle with the waves he reached another island, whose inhabitants received him with much kindness. He remained there some months, repaying by his music the hospitality of the islanders. On a sudden the islanders were seized with inexplicable grief and consternation. He inquired the cause:—

"Alas!" they replied, "what is it you ask?—the calamity by which we have been threatened these five years, is about to fall upon us. A comet in its irregular course is about to fall upon and consume our island; it is for this reason that you behold us abandoned to sorrow. We are about to quit this land to escape death; we shall willingly resign our property to save our lives."

Rasrang was eager to accompany them; but the islanders, persuaded that his evil destiny was one cause of their calamity, refused to receive him on board, and he was left alone. After remaining for some time in despair, he found a boat, of which he resolved to make use when the moment of danger arrived.

He then went into the city to seek for some provisions, and reached the gates at the moment that the sun was setting. At that instant the comet appeared above the horizon, and the island was drenched with flames. The earth became a glowing fire, and flames arose from everything on its surface. Rasrang, terrified, hastily quitted the city, and gained the bank of the river where his frail skiff lay; but he had the grief of seeing it catch fire before his eyes and burn to ashes. "Divine Providence!" he exclaimed, "how fearful is thy wrath! Never during my life have I been witness to such a horrible conflagration."

In the meantime, the fire, hurried onwards by the wind, spread to every part of the island; the soil glowed beneath his feet like iron in the furnace. Rasrang hurried from side to side, shouting for aid in all the agonies of despair, and at last threw himself into the sea, reckless of life.

He was, however, wafted by the wave to the island of Serendib, where he had the good fortune to acquire the favour of one of the petty princes, at whose court he was found by Kâmrûp.

Since the appearance of our former article on this subject, we have received from Paris a copy of Baron de Sacy's *Memoir on the origin of the 'Arabian Nights,'* with a request that we should fairly examine the evidence he has adduced before pronouncing a definitive opinion. The Baron indisputably proves that all the tales in the collection, with the exception of Sindbad's voyages, which he regards as a distinct work, have now a perfect Arabic and Moslem character; he thinks that Massoudi, in the passage quoted by Langlès and Von Hammer, must have alluded to some wholly distinct work; and he adds, that the tales, being written in the vulgar dialect of Egypt, were probably composed during the temporary supremacy of the Egyptian Sultans. Now we may safely assent to every word of this statement, and still believe that the more imaginative fictions in these tales were borrowed from India or Persia, but have been disguised and disfigured by the attempts of successive reciters, to accommodate them to Mohammedan taste and Mohammedan prejudices. Nobody questions the claim of the Arabians to the tales as they now appear: the point in controversy is, whether the outlines of the stories have not been taken from an ancient source; and this, we think, would be decisively established if the Sanscrit original of Kâmrûp could be discovered, or if the materials from which the Hindustani poet derived his version of the story could be ascertained. The matter, however, is not of great importance: a dispute about the skeletons of popular fiction is truly *pugna de paupere regno*.

*Warleigh; or, the Fatal Oak, a Legend of Devon.* By Mrs. Bray, Author of 'Fitz of Fitz-Ford,' &c. 3 vols. London: Longman & Co.

THE events recorded in this historical legend happened in Devonshire during the last year of the reign of Charles the First. There are valiant Cavaliers and canting Roundheads—old crones who play the spy or deal in "destiny's dark counsels"—villain knights who murder and betray—young ladies who love poetry and the moon—and young gentlemen who boast and brawl, and make love;—nor are ruder characters wanting: we have heroic robbers, and noble-minded peasants—in short, all such persons as the district supplied, high and low, rich and poor, are freely, and often effectively, introduced. The outline of the story may be briefly related: a few resolute cavaliers determine to attempt the release of King Charles from prison; their plans are betrayed by a treacherous friend, who, in delivering them to Cromwell, has his own guilt as a murderer made manifest by accident or miracle,—it seems not settled which; his victims are released, and

† In PÉRONNET'S *Bulletin des Sciences Naturelles*, tome xix. p. 376, which happens to be at our hand, we find a curious confirmation of the opinion we have advanced. Speaking of the number of subscribers to Wood's 'Index Testaceologicus,' he says,—"Nous croyons curieux de faire connaître leur nombre pour l'Angleterre seulement, pour un volume en 8vo, du prix de 166 fr., sur les coquilles: c'est une somme curieuse, que les libraires et les auteurs apprécieront, et qui leur permettra de comparer les chances de débit en Angleterre et dans les autres pays. Ce nombre s'élève à 280, sur lesquels 31 femmes; celui des souscripteurs étrangers est de 6. Certainement tout le royaume de l'Europe n'en produirait pas autant, peut-être pas la moitié."—F.

he is degraded, and dies mysteriously—again by the spirit, it is thought, of those whom he murdered. The merit of the legend of Warleigh appears not to lie in the story, for, though it abounds in pretty love passages, and scenes in which the manners and superstitions of Devonshire are cleverly illustrated, we cannot disguise from ourselves that its claims to originality are far from strong.

The way in which the story is handled is more to our liking; the conversations, though sometimes tedious, are often dramatic, and the characters, though not always doing what we could wish, have generally pretty, and often striking things to say. Our authoress describes well, but, for whole chapters, she does little else; she is much too minute; she lays down the scene on which she displays her characters with the elaborate fidelity of a district surveyor, and pencils trees, and stones, and running streams, like one called on to make oath to the truth of all she delineates. Yet, amid her prolixity, she indulges us with dashes of description as bright as they are forcible, and those who, like ourselves, have the patience to go through her immeasurable conversations, will be repaid with some touches of human nature. There is, however, too much said, and too little done—a fault not peculiar to Mrs. Bray.

She has also committed a sin which is rare in woman: in the distribution of punishment she is poetically unjust. The legend has led her astray. She laboured hard to interest us in young Amias Radcliffe, the most sensible, honourable, and gentlemanly of all her characters; but no sooner does she succeed, and fortune begins to smile, than she most remorselessly and needlessly cuts him off, and that, too, by the very hand which had murdered his father and usurped his inheritance. We were not prepared for this: as his body lay stretched and bleeding before us, we expected every moment to see signs of returning life; and when the last breath escaped from his lips we closed the book, and nothing but the hope of revenge induced us to open it again. This is far from right. Had the authoress desired to know, by experiment, how handsome a young fellow would look in death-linen, she might have taken Sir William Bastard, a well-proportioned man, or Reginald Elford, or Colonel Holborn; but to deprive her narrative of the advantage of one who looked well, thought well, fought well, and felt well, on all occasions, was unwise as well as unjust: besides, he would have made an interesting bridegroom to either Gertrude Copplestone, Robina Edgumbe, or Agnes Piper.

One extract will suffice as a specimen of the work. We spoke of an old crone, half spy and half sorceress; we introduce her because a Devonshire superstition is connected with her first appearance. Agnes Piper had heard of a charmed or holy well, which, like the magic mirrors of our romances, revealed the future to those who dared to look into its waters; on approaching it she found the sorceress, Dame Gee, at the brink:—

“As she now, therefore, saw the ancient sibyl bending over the dread pool, she felt like one who fears, yet who expects, and almost hopes, to have an excited imagination gratified by some supernatural sign or wonder, yet without exactly knowing what to expect or what to desire might

appear. She advanced, however, towards the holy well; and as the old woman looked upon her young visitant drawing near, Agnes had a full view of her dark and ill-omened countenance, whose expression was at once indicative of sense and cunning; and, even in its most composed state, had a quick or haughty glance at command, with a supercilious air that seemed to declare to every one with whom she spoke how much she was their superior in the proud possession of natural intellectual powers.

“‘Good day, Dame,’ said Agnes; ‘you are busy at the well, I see, this morning: have any of the villagers been to consult you, or to learn who stole a horn spoon?’ She added, endeavouring to talk cheerfully to the old woman, and as if she was not afraid of her, ‘These, and a thousand more wonders, people say you can determine by the bubbles the water makes in answer to your questions.’

“‘You would seem to doubt, young lady,’ said Dame Gee, ‘the truth of these things; but your belief in the powers of the well is too firm to be shaken by doubts, though your priest should start them. For once, however, you are mistaken; no villager has made token by the holy well this morning. I came, as you see, to dip this pitcher of water for a special purpose: at cock-crow, this day, the surly old groom, Ralph, brought me a message from the housekeeper at Mount Edgumbe.’

“‘Indeed!’ said Agnes: ‘I left Mount Edgumbe to take an early walk down to the beach, to see how the ocean looked after the storm: and, as I thought, I left my chamber before the housekeeper was stirring.’

“‘She has not been in bed all night, so Ralph said,’ replied Dame Gee: ‘for one of the men, whom, it seems, Sir Piers saved from death on the sea, is like enough to find it on land. He is dangerously hurt, and I am sent for privately, by the old housekeeper, to come up, and try a charm upon him this morning.’

“‘Nay, now, good dame, try something better than that,’ said Agnes: ‘I should have more faith in one of your herb plasters for a hurt, or a mess of featherfew and organs drink to compose him to sleep.’

“The witch answered the first part of this bold speech with a scowl not at all pleasant to Agnes, who feared she might have said too much.

“‘What! Lady,’ exclaimed Dame Gee, ‘do you scoff at my art, whilst at the very moment you do so, you are burning with curiosity to call it into action for your own service? I know where your thoughts are; and that you would learn tidings of the absent. Wherefore not say so at once, when there is none to hear you, but her who could satisfy your desires? Away with this! there needs no masking with me. Do not I know, that whilst you lived for two years with your grandam at Exeter, there were fine doings unknown to your father?’

“Agnes was perfectly confounded: she had not a word to answer; for she was conscience-struck, though from such a quarter. She turned pale, but could not command presence of mind enough to know what to say.

“Dame Gee saw her confusion. ‘Come,’ she said, ‘young lady, I will spare you pain: I will do your bidding without waiting your commands. Do you stand there, and be silent; and when I wave this ashen bough thrice’ (she took up a short staff, or wand, that lay beside the pitcher she had been filling), ‘ay, thrice over the well, the spirit of the spring shall make known his answer. Look on this dark pool! It is black, yet clear as the chamber mirror that reflects thy beauty. Look into it!’

“Agnes did so, and saw with surprise how well it would have served her as a glass, did she need it, to bind up her flowing locks.

“‘It is a deep and fearful pool,’ said Dame

Gee: ‘for truth lies within it; and makes known the hidden secrets of things to those who deem to lift the veil. Mark me, maiden. If the man or woman enquired after by me, as I stand thus and make sign, be well, the water will instantly bubble up; if sick, it changes colour fast as an evening cloud; but if dead! there comes no change. Dost thou mark me?’

“‘I do,’ said Agnes, as her heart beat quick, and in spite of herself she became nearly overpowered by the terrors in part excited by the demeanour of the witch, and in part by the vivacity of her own imagination.

“‘Place a silver tester, if thou hast one, on yonder dark stone by the water’s brink,’ said the hag; ‘it is the token to the spirit: it must be silver.’

“Agnes, trembling, obeyed.

“‘Now stand up, and fear not,’ continued Dame Gee: ‘thou art not the first maiden whom I have seen look like the sheeted dead, as she has peered on the brink of this holy well. Not long since, there came to me one who was a wife; who would know if her husband, then in durance to the Parliament, for he was a sequestered churchman, might be alive or dead. I saw her eager eye, her breathless anxiety, as I called his name. The water made no change; but when I looked on her again, she was changed, and fearfully. Black confusion was in her mind; anguish and the bitter pussion of speechless woe. She went home, when straight came the tidings that her husband had been murdered! The widow lives; but so lives that not an hour passes, but she thinks death comes but slow to her, though he came so fast to him she still most laments. Now shall the pool speak of thy fortunes and thy friend.’

“‘I will not look on it,’ exclaimed Agnes, in a tone of horror; ‘I dare not.’

“‘Nay, you must not flinch,’ said the hag, who seemed to delight in the terrors she had excited in the mind of the young lady. ‘You shall look on it,’ and seizing Agnes by the arm, she said, as she held her fast, ‘Be silent; speak not till I have made the sign! Now tell me, spirit of the waters, and tell me true, if Reginald Elford yet lives or not:—

In health or in wealth,  
In weal or in woe,  
If dead or alive, tell me so!

Thrice the hag waved her wand; and looking herself upon the well, at the moment she made the terrified Agnes do so likewise, she uttered an exclamation of surprise. Agnes screamed; and Dame Gee was astonished at her own work, like one of those wizards who may be supposed to feel surprised by the actual appearance of the devil, whilst only pretending to raise him up; for what could equal her astonishment, or the affright of Agnes, when they beheld a human head, wearing a large slouched hat, reflected distinctly in the dark pool; the appearance being immediately followed by a young man catching Agnes in his arms as, from terror, she was falling to the earth.”

Without stopping to qualify what we have to say by a list of exceptions, we may express our fears that the novels of these later days are too slim of texture to survive the tear and wear of the rough road which leads to posterity. The picturesque abounds too much; singularity of situation usurps the place of sentiment; and we have too many long conversations and descriptions. In former times, character and sentiment and action were packed in small compass; original remarks, and bright touches of nature, and sagacious observations on human life, were not only frequent, but overflowing. See how much of this lives and breathes in the pages of Smollett and Fielding. The manufacture of romances, like that of muslin, appears now to



be carried on by steam; the demand of the public is promptly supplied; the appetite seems rather to be soothed than satisfied, and the writers of fiction, like the writers of newspapers, supply the article for the day with an avidity that is astonishing. When all this will conclude no one can say—as yet the end is not.

*The Lyre and Sword of Charles Theodore Körner, with a Life of the Author, &c.*  
Translated from the German by W. B. Chorley. London: Hamilton & Co.

When we read the letters of Collingwood, or the songs of Körner, we see, to our inexpressible comfort, that all chivalry is not gone out of the world; that there still burns, here and there, in some consecrated shrine, that flame of piety, bravery and charity, which made up the ideal of a true knight—gentle and fearless—daring all and resigned to all—incapable of wilful offence—implacable only to injustice and baseness. Perhaps, indeed, the earth could not produce two finer specimens than these; more in harmony, or more in contrast. The young, fiery, enthusiastic, poetical volunteer—the redresser of the wrongs of humbled and bleeding Germany; the mature, calm, disciplined, and dauntless assertor of the naval supremacy of triumphant England; both equally brave and tender, devout and devoted, high-minded and lowly-hearted.

Körner's lyrical poems are among the few things of which no familiarity can deaden the effect. We read them the hundredth time, as we read them the first,—with tearful eyes and a full and beating heart. The secret of this is—need it be said?—the earnestness, the reality, the deep passion, the soaring exaltation, the lowly prostration of soul. No one can for an instant imagine them to be written under the influence of factitious excitement; no one can for an instant doubt that it was with "death set boldly before his open eyes," as he himself says, that these astonishing poems were produced. Here are none of the mawkish plaints and sick fancies of fashionable young gentlemen who are

as dead as night,

and because they have neither energy and magnanimity enough to be useful, nor humility enough to bear the burden of life meekly and hopefully. We profess ourselves hard-hearted: we have no tears for poetical sorrows, and we even hold that the world has small loss of the young romanticists who kill themselves because it is not sublime enough for them to live in. But here we have a man in the flower of youth, with all the ardour of passion and the solemnity of conviction, offering up his young hope and love, and life, for his country;—for the virtue and the religion he regarded as inextricably involved in that country's deliverance. This is the rich and living spring which sent forth such a torrent of eloquence and poetry. Let no man think that such will arise out of the languid pool of selfish discontent.

It is not, indeed, the lot of many to draw inspiration from events like those which awakened Körner's genius; but it is the inward and not the outward world which determines the truth, purity, and elevation of poetry. As a proof of this we need only cite Wordsworth.

We congratulate the English public on having a translation of these poems. From what we have said, it will be manifest that they are extremely difficult to render, and that it is necessary to be warmed by a portion of the same divine fire in order to catch something of the ardent and vigorous expression. The translator obviously comes to his task with this great qualification—profound and fervent sympathy in Körner's feelings.

"In addition (says he, in his interesting preface,) to the interest of their having been written in the camp, two other attributes give deep power over the heart to the songs of this young warrior: the full spirit of sincere, pious devotion in Körner to his country's war, as to the service for which God had called him, blended with entire resignation and reliance, through all the varied fortunes of the cause of freedom, in the holy purposes of the Almighty will;—and his firm presage, from the very moment of his joining the German army, that for him there would be no victorious returning; but that his life was to be offered up for his Father-land: a presage too soon and mournfully confirmed. The high, cheerful courage which graced his bright military career was no ways damped, but the rather quickened, by this clear prospect of an early death. He had counted the cost; and life was to him already, as it were, given up for his country, and in the hands of God. The moment of surrendering his trust might be near; therefore his day's work was to be done diligently."

And again,

"The translator is not blind to many of the disadvantages under which this attempt to express the form, as well as spirit, of these German songs comes before an English reader. He has preserved the metres of the 'Lyre and Sword' literally, with no deviation from the original. Keeping these, every attempt has been made that his powers would support, to give English to the thoughts and words of Körner. Between the merits of this mode of translation, and of a version allowing more scope, it would open a disputed question here to attempt to decide. He has chosen the form which appeared to him best fitting the spirit of the Lyre he has ventured to touch, with unskilful, but with no irreverent hands. How far he is successful, the feelings of his English readers must determine. He is anxious only that the original should, in no respect, be judged of with disparagement from this translation. Any fault in these songs, at all breaking the general impression of the whole, almost certainly belongs to his English alone."

The following passage from the affecting 'Mémorial of Theodore Körner,' by his father, while it gives us the key to much that was most noble, manly, and peculiar in his son, exemplifies that reverence for the inspirations of heaven, that delicate conscientiousness, as to their direction and use, of which we find few examples in this book-making age.

"Even from his very childhood, young Körner had, moreover, displayed the highest poetical genius. His father, however, thought it right barely to tolerate, but by no means to encourage, the boy's earliest attempts; having too high a general conception of poetry not to be anxiously careful, in an instance which touched him so nearly, that the mere inclination might not be mistaken for the revered call: bare facility of production affording here no sufficient criterion."

"Schiller and Göthe were the favourite authors in his father's house; and Schiller's Lyrics were, probably, the first poems which the boy read. All that was high-souled stirred him mightily; but not until long afterwards, and at

first with the awe of earnest devotion, did he himself write serious poetry."

And again,

"What his father now desired was, not the preparation for any particular employment, but the complete mental accomplishments of a nobly gifted man. For such a man alone did he deem entitled to give his inward feelings utterance aloud in poetry."

Nor did he imagine that the poetical temperament was to excuse him from the business of life, or disqualify him for the rigours of science. He chose the occupation of mining:—

"As a counterpoise to the predominant inclination which he showed for all that the Greeks call after the Muses, he required a sort of mental gymnastics; and in the study of physics, natural history, mechanics, and chemistry, there were sufficient difficulties for this purpose, and which allured rather than daunted him. . . ."

"Körner entered upon the practical study of mining with great zeal; shrank from no toil, and was soon quite at home in the particularities of a miner's life."

His father gives the following account of the nurture and character of his religious feelings:—

"From this time more earnestness and depth might be discerned in the spirit of his poetry; and a pious, true, old German cast of thought became particularly conspicuous. He had never been taught to know religion as a gloomy task-mistress—a destroyer of innocent pleasures—but as a friend exalting his soul. All his education had borne the aim of drawing him towards her by nobler impulses than fear; and he had early accustomed himself to reverence all that is holy. Hence came the openness and warmth with which his heart embraced the spirit of Christianity. His religious sonnets were composed, without any external influence, from the force of his inmost feelings, at the age when the daring courage of strong and thoughtless youth guided his leading impulses; and the sincerity of these poems is proved by the fact, that they belong not to any of the modes of this kind of poetry. He wrote on this subject, in a confidential letter, 'I think the sonnet especially suited to this class of compositions; for, in its measured verses, there lie a peace and love, wherein the true, simple stories of Holy Writ find their right place.'"

A passage of a letter to his father, further exemplifies this spirit:—

"Shall not then the religion, for which our fathers fought and died, even now animate us? and shall not these tones speak to many a soul which yet lives in its purity? There flowed such a noble spirit of religious inspiration in the times of the thirty years' war and before—which breathed even over their poetry."

It was after Körner was established at Vienna to his heart's content; after he had risen to eminence as a poet; after he was betrothed in the presence of his approving parents to "the bright being who was born to be his guardian angel," (to use his father's words,) that he arose at the first call of his country, and girded on his sword, and went out to die. These are the words in which he acquaints his father with his determination:—

"Now, when I know how far this world's happiness can reach; now, when all the stars of good fortune shine over me, fair and propitious; now is it, by my God, a noble spirit which stirs in me: now do I give a mighty proof that no offering is too great for man's highest blessing—the freedom of his country! . . ."

"Shall I be cowardly content, with my Lyre to arouse my conquering brothers, by sounding

after them songs of triumph? No! I know what anxious fears thou must suffer for me; I know how my mother will weep! God comfort her! I cannot spare you this sorrow. That I offer up my life is no great thing; but that this life is twined with all the flower-wreaths of friendship, happiness, and love; and that *thus* I offer it: that I fling behind me the dear pleasure given by the feeling, that I had caused you no trouble, no pain; *this is an offering to be weighed against Freedom alone.*"

He entered the Freischaaer or volunteer corps of Lutzow, and a few days afterwards it was solemnly blessed in a village church not far from Zobten. In his letters, he gives the following account of the ceremony:—

"After the song (which we shall give hereafter) had been sung, the clergyman of the village, named Peters, delivered a powerful discourse, which sank to the hearts of each amongst us. Not an eye remained dry. At its end, he bade each of us take a solemn oath to spare neither life nor goods, and to meet joyfully either victory or death, in the cause of mankind, of our Father-land, and of our holy faith. We swore! Then he threw himself upon his knees, and prayed to God for a blessing upon His soldiers. By the Almighty! this was a moment, when, in every breast, devotion, even to death, burned with a flame of fire; when all hearts beat worthy of heroes! The military oath, solemnly pronounced and repeated by all, and sworn over the drawn swords of the officers, and the singing 'A sure defence shall be our God,' concluded this noble ceremony."

The forebodings of his undaunted heart did not deceive him. He heard the call from the grave, and he prepared to meet it as became a man. He died at the age of twenty-two, as he had lived—spotless, heroic, resigned. He was killed in an engagement with the French, in the dominions of the Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, and was buried under an oak, the sacred tree of his country. This spot was given to his father by the Duke, and by the side of the poet and soldier lies his only sister, who just lived to finish a portrait of him, and then followed him to the tomb.

We have, perhaps, dwelt too long on an often repeated history, for our business is that of critics, not biographers; but if ever there was a man whose life was in his works,—whose works were unintelligible without a knowledge of his life, it is Körner. The deliverance of his country, which he died to achieve, was the one absorbing and inspiring theme. As a poet, however, his talents were of a very high order—as a lyrical poet, of the highest. They have the force and the fervour, the varied and easy, yet majestic rhythm of Campbell's best odes together with a solemnity which those do not reach.

It is time to pass to the merits of the translations. We have already said that Mr. Chorley has entered into the spirit of the originals. To say that the vividness of meaning is sometimes obscured, sometimes enfeebled, by translation, is saying no more than we may say of every metrical translation whatever; the translator cannot follow throughout the poet's inspiration—he has not one of his own. He takes the framework, and here and there finds a sculptured stone that will suit the plan designed—the rest must be as it can be—composition, brick, and mortar—whatever can be made to fit. We are very far from wishing to discourage metrical translations—very far from being insensible to

the value of metre, or from imagining that song can be represented by that which is not song. On the contrary, we think it a great thing to get that general conception of the matter and the form, which such a translator as Mr. Chorley gives us, together with such occasional gleams of the exact order in which the author's thoughts follow each other, and the exact clothing they take, as the occasional resemblances and felicities of language permit. This is all that can be expected or achieved, and for this we are extremely grateful. We only crave, on the behalf of authors, that readers, who judge them in translations, should distinctly understand the nature of their materials for judging.

As a specimen of Mr. Chorley's translations, we give the celebrated Prayer during fight—perhaps the most sublime of Körner's noble hymns.

#### Prayer During Fight.

Father, I call on Thee!  
Clouds of the cannon smoke round me are wreathing,  
Thunders in blazing flames round me are breathing,  
Guides of battles, I call on Thee!  
Father, oh, lead Thou me!  
Father, oh, lead Thou me!  
Lead me in victory, lead me in dying:  
Lord, I acknowledge Thy hand on me lying;  
Lord, as Thou wilt, then lead Thou me.  
God, I acknowledge Thee!  
God, I acknowledge Thee!  
In falling murmurs the Autumn leaves under,  
As in the storm of the fight's pealing thunder,  
Fountains of Grace, I acknowledge Thee!  
Father, oh, bless Thou me!  
Father, oh, bless Thou me!  
My life I trust to thee, Father in Heaven,  
Thou canst remake it, Thou hast it given;  
In life and in death, oh, bless Thou me!  
Father, all praise to Thee!  
Father, all praise to Thee!  
We for no riches of earth are contending,  
All that is holy our swords are defending;  
Then dying, conquering, still praise we Thee;  
God, oh, dispose of me!  
God, oh, dispose of me!  
When death's loud thunder my last breath is halting!  
When in my open veins life-blood is falling:  
Thou, my God, then oh dispose of me!  
Father, I call on Thee!

Here, however, the inexorable necessities of rhythm have forced the translator on some changes which we cannot but deplore:—

Brüllend umwölkt mich der Dampf der Geschütze  
Sprühend umsacken mich rasselsnde Blitze—  
are very inadequately represented by the second and third lines—indeed, "thunders breathing in hissing flames," is an expression which Körner would never have used—nor Mr. Chorley either, if he could have helped it.

Line 3, stanza 2. The original is,  
Lord, I acknowledge thy commands.  
"Thy hand on me lying," gives an idea of patient suffering, rather than of obedience to a call to action.

Stanza 3, lines 2 and 3, the author says,  
In the autumnal rustling of the leaves,  
As in the thunder of the battle, &c.

Stanza 4, line 2,  
Into thy hand I commit my life,  
loses by being rendered,  
My life I trust to thee, &c.

Line 4, we question whether,  
In life and in death, oh, bless thou me,  
has the exact meaning of "*Zum leben, zum sterben segne mich.*" It seems to us rather "Bless (or sanctify) me whether for life or for death."

Stanza 5, line 5,  
"Gott dir ergeb' ich mich." (God, to thee I surrender myself, or give myself up,) is feebly rendered by "God, oh! dispose of me."

These may appear slight and carping objections, but, upon what delicate shades of expression do some of the most exquisite

beauties of poetry turn! We can conscientiously add, that the other portions of the poem are very faithfully and happily rendered, and that the difficulties are probably such as no metrical translator could have surmounted.

We are tempted to give one or two more specimens of very excellent versions. The following is the hymn before alluded to:—

#### Hymn, FOR THE SOLEMN CONSECRATION OF THE PRUSSIAN FREE CORPS.

Here meet we in God's holy walls,  
Hold through our trust unbroken;  
Forth to the fight our duty calls,  
And burning hearts have spoken;  
For what in fields of conquest leads,  
From God himself that fire proceeds;  
Give our Lord all the glory!  
Where'er the battle's dangers are,  
Our trust the Lord is solely;  
For duty and our rights we war,  
And for our country holy;  
Thou, if we save our Fatherland,  
The Lord hath done this through our hand,  
Give our Lord all the glory!

Thus the mad, fearless overbold  
Of tyranny is broken;  
Thus, to all hearts, hath Freedom's glow  
In holy fire-tongues spoken.  
Then on! through storms of battle grim,  
God is with us, and we with Him!  
Give our Lord all the glory!

By Him with fame's thirst roused, have all  
Arms for the just cause taken;  
To every breast hath come His call,  
Up!—German people, waken!  
He leads, were't even through death our way,  
Up to His Freedom's morning ray:  
Give our Lord all the glory!

We have compared this, word for word, and can vouch for its fidelity. Its poetical force and beauty our readers must feel. The following dedication is one of the most affecting of Körner's poems, as showing his religious sense of the vocation of the bard and the warrior; of the duty of every man to dedicate both lyre and sword at the altar, and to hold all his gifts in trust for his country. We see also that he, from the first, regarded his life as devoted; he had no *arrière pensée*—no gay visions of fame and glory on earth.

#### Inscription.

Yours—all of you, who yet, with love unshaken,  
On the wild, fearless Lyre, and singer, think:  
Whose forms, whose'er their memories I waken,  
Into my soul, with peace and pleasure sink!  
—Yours is the song! Be my gift gladly taken!  
Oft hath my wild heart caused you deep to drink  
The cup of bitterness, through hours of mourning,  
Yet hath not changed your trust, my love returning.  
Still, still be kind! The German flag is flying  
O'er Freedom's camp, high in my Fatherland;  
And holy voices of our dead are crying,  
"Ye poets, up! for German Freedom stand!"  
The bold heart asks no more—but, glad replying,  
Hears battle's raging music storm at hand;  
The Lyre is mute—the naked swords are ringing:  
Come out, my sword! thou mayst thy song be sing-  
ing!

Lo! peals the fight! Farewell, my own true-hearted!  
This page bears love's warm greeting home to you,  
And oft, right oft, shall speak of the departed,  
Shall to his form keep your kind memories true;  
Should I be missed when th' conquerors home have  
started,

Weep not—my happy lot with every view,  
For what I sing, my lyre-strings freely sweeping,  
That hath my sword's free stroke to fight been keeping.  
This was not a flash of enthusiasm, but a profound, inflexible purpose. The end corresponded with the beginning. These are the words in which he takes leave of life:—

#### Leave-taking from Life.

The deep wound burns—my parched lips coldly  
quiver—  
I feel, by my faint heart's unsteady beating,  
That the last pulse of my young life life is fleeing—  
God, to thy hands my spirit I deliver!  
How sounds of coming death all harshly sever  
The fair dream-music, where bright forms were meet-  
ing!  
Yet, courage! what hath given my heart true greeting,  
I shall yet keep to dwell with me for ever!

And all towards which my worship bore ascended,  
What my hot youth, with fiercest zeal defended,  
Now viewed in Freedom—once with Love all blended,  
I see, as a light seraph, o'er me flying—  
And whilst each fainting sense is slowly dying,  
It wafts sweet airs with Heaven's more fragrant  
sighing!

The eleventh line is obscured in the translation.

Whether I called it Freedom or Love,  
is literal, and clear.

We consider ourselves and the public as under great obligations to Mr. Chorley for his zealous, and, on the whole, very successful endeavour to put Körner into English. He is one of those writers of whom it is a misfortune to be ignorant; and, though the critic must miss some of the technical perfections of the poet, there remains enough of the pure heroic spirit to stir every heart that is not rendered dull and feeble by an inane and self-regarding existence. Körner had, as we see, no original taste for a military life, nor for that success in pillage and carnage which the French call glory. He sung, he girded on his sword, he fought and died, because these were the services which his country and mankind wanted of him. Had he lived in other times, he would have served them in other ways; and, instead of calling the youth of Germany, trumpet-tongued, to battle, he would have shown them other duties on earth—other openings to heaven.

*Voyage of H.M.S. Chanticleer, made in the years 1829, 1830, 1831, under the command of the late Capt. Henry Foster, R.N., F.R.S. By W. H. B. Webster, Surgeon of the Vessel.*

[Second Notice.]

On leaving South Shetland, the *Chanticleer* returned to Cape Horn, and on the 27th of March anchored in St. Martin's Cove. Mr. Webster gives us a melancholy picture of the inhabitants of that remote and stormy region—the Fuegians—they appear lost in a sort of desponding apathy.

"A very little labour seemed to exhaust them; and instead of doing it themselves, they were continually applying to our men to cut wood for their fire. They would even ask them to launch their canoes, and appeared to possess neither the spirit of industry nor exertion; and in consequence of not employing themselves in pursuits which required exercise, they seemed to be weak and incapable of undergoing labour."

Their dwellings are miserable huts of leaves, insufficient to keep out the violent and almost perpetual rains to which that district is subject.

"In one of my visits to their wigwams, with the view of instructing them how to be useful to themselves and to each other, a red pocket-handkerchief attracted their attention. This I presented to the youngest female in the company, which consisted of five persons. The girl, to my great surprise, deliberately tore it into ribands, and began to ornament her hair with it; she also tied some pieces round her wrist, having previously offered me some dried fish in return for my present. We had given them fish-hooks, lines, knives, needles and thread, scissors, &c. and I endeavoured to instruct them how to use the latter articles, so essential to the economy and manufacture of dress among ourselves. The Fuegians are decidedly a tractable and docile people, fully capable of receiving instruction: and I took no small pains in teaching one of the women the art of using a needle and thread to the best of my humble abilities in that line. I thought I should have succeeded

by the attention which was paid to me by my pupil; for, although my performance was none of the best, it was still sufficient to 'teach the young idea.' But, alas, it was all to no purpose. I might have spared my trouble; for the woman on whom my pains had been bestowed, deliberately made a hole with the needle and then drew the thread out of it, and proceeded quietly to insert it into the hole the needle had made. This was the more provoking, because, in spite of all my instruction, she still persisted in doing it. ••

"The canoes of the Fuegians are constructed principally of the bark of the beech-tree wrapped and secured round a series of half-hoops of the wood of the same tree, which serve as ribs, and are placed at short distances apart. They are plastered with clay, which renders them heavy, although they are not more than nine feet in length. The upper sides of the canoe are kept together by means of three thwarts or cross pieces, and the persons in them are generally seated on the bottom. They never make use of a sail, but invariably propel them with paddles; a small fire is generally seen in the middle of them; and they use a little cup made of a peculiar flat sea-weed much resembling leather, for the purpose of baling the water out of it. The canoe constitutes the principal riches of a Fuegian family; it affords them the means of transporting themselves from one place to another, and also enables them to obtain the principal part of their food."

Hermite Island, which some of the party explored, is described as a desolate place, "broken into a series of rocky hills, with the ground beneath them, wet and swampy, covered with peat moss and decayed vegetable matter, and the hills clothed to the very summit with a dense forest of trees and shrubs, and abounding with streams of fresh water, which may be seen tumbling down the sides in all directions, rendering it unpleasant to walk any distance from the shore."

Mr. Webster gives us some interesting observations on the climate of Cape Horn, and combats the opinion advanced by Dr. Foster in 1772, and more recently in 1825, by the Report of the Commissioners of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on the voyage of M. Duperry—that the southern hemisphere is decidedly colder than the northern. In the parallel of 55° north (Cape Horn being considered as under the parallel of 55° south,) are to be found, the Baltic, Denmark, Koningaberg, Moscow, Kamschatka, Tobolsk, Labrador, &c. &c., where the winters are marked by frosts of extreme severity. The climate of Cape Horn is, on the other hand, distinguished by rains which fall (to quote Crabbe) "as if the world were drowned," and most terrific storms of wind. A comparison of the natural productions of the two hemispheres makes for Mr. Webster's side of the argument—parrots and humming-birds being found at 55° south. The habits of the natives, also, may be attended to with reference to the question; the Fuegian Indians being perfectly naked—the Canadian, the North American, the Esquimaux, the Russian, and the natives of Kamschatka, being muffled up in furs and blankets. "The fact appears to be," says Mr. Webster in conclusion, "that a low mean temperature prevails throughout the year in the southern seas: at Cape Horn the sun produces but little effect in the summer, and there is no intensity of heat for a few months, as in the northern regions, owing, in my opinion, to the disproportionate expanse of ocean to that of land,

On the 24th of May, the *Chanticleer* set sail for the Cape of Good Hope, and came to an anchor in Mossel Bay on the 27th of June. The contrast between the storm, and rain, and gloom of the American continent, and "the heavenly weather of the African one," appears to have equally surprised and delighted the voyagers. However, there is little to detain us there, when we have mentioned that the oysters of the Bay are so famous, that epicures come from Cape Town (a distance of three hundred miles,) merely to feast upon them. On the 7th of July, the *Chanticleer* weighed anchor for Table Bay, which she reached on the 16th.

We have heard so much of the Cape in these later years, that we shall only pick out for extract what strikes us as new. The Dutch settler shows well in Mr. Webster's pages.

"In so distant and outlandish a place as the Cape colony, it is not to be expected that inns or taverns are common on the road. But the primitive genuine hospitality of the Dutch farmers, scattered over this immense tract of country, amply compensates for the deficiency. •••

"The Dutch farmer lives in a lonely sequestered vale, rich in flocks and herds, and abundantly blessed with the means of good living. Sometimes, like a patriarch, he presides over a family of eighteen or twenty children and a vast retinue of slaves, when his station is one of no mean order. He sits at the head of his table with his hat on, his pipe generally stuck in it by way of ornament. Previous to dinner, a small tub of water is brought to him, in which his face, hands, and feet are washed. The tub is then taken to the next in importance in the family, who is generally the eldest son or the mother, who go through the same process; and afterwards the whole group do the same in their turn. After this is concluded, a little boy, generally some adopted or favourite slave, stands up and chants a long poetical grace, to which the most respectful attention is paid, and the repast commences. No one can stay too long at the house of a Dutchman, nor can he ever wear out his blunt hospitality. When you talk of leaving, the boor is distressed, and immediately asks with the utmost simplicity, 'An't I nice?—An't wife nice?—An't slaves good?' If business be advanced as the excuse to go, he urges you to stay with 'Never mind the business now, do it another time.' If you still persist, he is sorry; concern and regret are expressed by the whole family; and his slaves are drawn up to witness your departure. He expects no other acknowledgment of his attention than a pinch of snuff to each of the slaves, who, when they get it, immediately commence rubbing their teeth with it.

"The Dutch at the Cape appear to agree with the Spanish proverb that 'haste comes from the devil,' for they are most dilatory persons in transacting business. If a Dutchman calls on a person there, and you ask him about the health of his wife, give him some refreshment and plenty of conversation, the probability is that he will go away without transacting the business he came upon. He departs highly satisfied with you, and calls you 'a nice man,' and even 'a Christian man.'"

The account of a trip into the country, is one of the pleasantest parts of the volume.

"After rather a tedious journey we descried a house in the distance, which, I was informed, was the habitation of which I was in search. As the vehicle drew up to the door, the attention of the slaves was attracted, and there seemed to be an eager inquisitiveness as to what manner of person I might be. Shortly, however, I was met by the owner of the house, and greeted by the smiling face of a fine old Dutch



lady, who, I afterwards found, was his mother-in-law. • • •

"The first thing that attracted my attention was a swarm of bees that had attached themselves to the parlour window, occupying the space between the shutter and the glass. On inquiring about them, I found that they had taken a liking to the situation for several years, and always persisted in swarming there, although repeatedly driven away. After the fear of being stung by them was got over, I contemplated the labours of these little creatures with much pleasure, and they frequently afterwards occupied my attention. They are much smaller than our bees, and appear to be far less irritable, and I was informed that they work during the whole year. They kept the house well supplied with honey, the comb being taken away about eight times in the course of the year, or about every six weeks. • • •

"It was not long after my arrival when dinner was announced, and we proceeded forthwith to discuss the good cheer which had been prepared. In the afternoon we strolled into the garden, an inclosure formed by lofty myrtle hedges. It abounded in flowers of various kinds, which owed their fine condition to the moist nature of the soil. • • •

"A bower in one part of the garden, formed by flowering myrtles and the luxuriant vine, thickly studded with clusters of grapes, and profusely ornamented with the rich passion-flower, afforded a delightful retreat from the heat of the sun. A profusion of roses and geraniums met the eye in all directions, and at some distance without the garden was a sedge mere, full of reeds, from many of which depended the nests of finches; a method which this bird instinctively adopts to secure itself from the attacks of snakes. • • •

"When I was left by myself at night, I could not help remarking the extraordinary stillness around. Accustomed as I had been to the busy active scenes of a ship, where something incessantly is going forward, where even the stillness of midnight is invaded by the walk of the watch on deck, and the voices of the sentinels now and then, the silence of my new abode absolutely startled me. But my attention was soon attracted by the novelty of my apartment. There was ample space in it; far different to the cooped-up cabin of the *Chanticleer*. The walls and floor were formed of cow-dung, and the odour arising from it was yet strong, so that I thought, if such a thing was healthy, as it is considered by some, that I should have it now in perfection. The brown walls had a sombre appearance, which was rather relieved by a gay festoon edging. • • •

"A small dressing-table was placed in the window, covered with a large white napkin fringed with lace: and a bouquet of roses and stocks added their perfume to the apartment. The bed was neat and clean, the pillow-case was made principally of netted lace, and the sheets were scented with fragrant herbs. • • •

"About six on the following morning a slave brought me a cup of coffee, esteemed by the Dutch as a good stomachic. This is the first meal of the many which they take in the course of the day. At nine they breakfast, for the coffee beforehand, whatever may be taken with it, goes for nothing, and it is a substantial meal of eggs, fish, meat, bill tongue, or venison ham, besides the usual potation of good tea; this, which one would consider sufficient to last them till the evening at least, is followed at eleven by what they call a tiffin, meaning a luncheon. Dinner is served at two in the afternoon, consisting of plenty of all sorts of provision. Coffee is handed round at half-past three with delicious sweetmeats, which it is the custom to eat with tiny silver forks. At six they assemble to tea; and a good hot supper at nine closes the list of

meals, which in the course of the day an honest and hospitable Dutch family impose on themselves. No wonder they become stout, with rubicund faces, or that the gout is a common disease among them. • • •

"On the following morning I rose early and sallied forth to enjoy the fresh air. I had not been gone very long, when, returning to take my coffee, which had been left on the table to cool, I was rather surprised on finding it upset, and in the middle of my bed, to my great astonishment, was a new-laid egg, yet warm! The fact was, that I had inadvertently left my room door open, and my neighbours, the fowls, had taken the advantage of their good fortune and found their way into the apartment; so that, while some were making free with the contents of the table, another, more considerate, had left me a new egg for my breakfast!"

A few pages afterwards we have an interesting chapter on the climate and natural productions of the Cape, and a circumstantial account of the curious meteorological phenomenon observable on Table Mountain at particular times of the year, called by the inhabitants "the Table Cloth." From the Cape the *Chanticleer* proceeded to St. Helena, a spot, concerning which, it would seem as if we had nothing new to hear. In fact, the absorbing interest of its central object, Napoleon's grave, is quite sufficient to account for mere voyagers having little else to talk about. The vessel's next station was the Island of Ascension, so famous for its turtle. Here, too, there is nothing to be told which will bear extract: Captain Foster, however, made some valuable meteorological observations. Fernando Noronha, to which island (or, more properly, group of islands) they next proceeded, with its luxuriant vegetation and beautiful scenery, must have been nothing less than enchanting, after the barrenness of their last halting-place.

On the 18th of July the *Chanticleer* sailed from Fernando Noronha, and a few days afterwards arrived at Maranham. Of this town and Para, Mr. Webster gives us sufficiently full descriptions, but nothing which calls for extract. On the 29th of October the voyagers reached Port Spain in the Island of Trinidad; both the capital and the island seem to have left a favourable impression upon the journalist. Among the natural productions of the latter, we must not forget the extraordinary pitch-lake, of which an account appeared in a former *Athenæum*. They left Port Spain on the 8th of December for La Guayra, and proceeded thence to Porto Bello on the 22nd of the same month. The account that Mr. Webster gives of its desolation and decay, is graphic:—

"As soon as we became acquainted with Porto Bello and its people, we found little reason for wishing to renew that acquaintance at another time. In 1831, at the time of our visit, it had not the smallest pretensions to the name of 'town,' and scarcely that of a village. We found it containing about five hundred inhabitants, huddled together in mud huts, or taking up their residence with bats and vampires in the old ruins of some of the more respectable buildings. But throughout the whole place all was decay, everything appeared to be mildewed, worm-eaten, and rotten. We found the remains of some noble forts, and some beautiful pieces of brass ordnance; the castle and the custom-house had been spacious and elegant buildings, the pillars of the arcades being faced with coral. We found noble flights of stairs in some of the buildings, propped up with stakes; the rooms were spacious but unsafe to

tread, and plants were springing up from the sills of the windows; the walls were moss-grown, and the rain found an ample number of cracks and crevices whereby to enter.

"The large bell of the castle, which had once summoned its inmates to the banquet, now lay rusting in neglect; the superb and costly balance of the scales, which had formerly been used to weighing the treasures of the earth, was lying corroded and useless; the balconies of the houses were falling, and gradually used as firewood by the remaining inhabitants; the stairs of the best houses were dangerous to ascend, every joint of timber was rotting and everything bespoke decay; the streets, which had been once paved with madrepores, were the resort of herds of wolves, frogs and toads; and, to complete the picture of destruction, even the churches were hastening to ruin. One had fallen indeed, and the other was rapidly approaching the same condition. This description applies to the better portion of the town, composed of thirty houses; the other is a mean assemblage of miserable huts, built for the most part on the edge of a morass. Such was the condition in which we found the once celebrated Porto Bello."

The contrast between the wretched poverty of the inhabitants (the Governor himself being destitute of the necessaries of life), and their universal passion for tawdry decoration of every sort, is striking.

We have now reached our present limit, and may perhaps return to the volumes again, though we have nearly traced this expedition to its close. The details of Captain Foster's untimely loss, when he had brought his labours to so successful a completion, and his burial under a lonely tree, by the side of the river Chagres, as told by Lieutenant Williams, are simple, and, to us, affecting. What a list of bright names might we not number of those from amongst us who have fallen in the pursuit of science and discovery!

#### EDINBURGH CABINET LIBRARY.

*The Lives of Eminent Zoologists, Vol. I.—Aristotle to Linnaeus.* By W. Macgillivray. A.M., F.R.S.E., &c. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd; London, Simpkin & Marshall.

THESE biographies are in general written in a pleasing natural manner, and, having said this, we have given them all the praise to which they are entitled. They evince no research, no labour; they only tell us what we knew before, of persons with whom every one was acquainted, and they neither supply us with new views of character, nor tend to introduce to public notice any whose merits were not already sufficiently acknowledged. From the preface we learn that "the authorities which have been consulted in preparing those Lives, are too numerous to be mentioned here;" and it strikes us that the difficulty must have extended to the body of the work, as we find nothing mentioned there which might not have been extracted from the 'Biographie Universelle,' the pages of 'Rees's Encyclopædia,' the prefaces to the works of the naturalists, and two or three other sources equally accessible. The incidents in the life of Linnaeus are collected, with scarcely any other variation than that of omitting some of the most interesting, from the more perfect publications of Sir J. Smith and M. Fée; but Mr. Macgillivray has subjoined a tolerably good analysis of his works, which appears to have been made from personal acquaintance. These are as many observations as the merits of the work will justify.

we shall conclude with a few extracts, the best and least common we can find.

Here is Linnæus's own account of his introduction to Professor Burmann:—

"Arriving at Amsterdam with a recommendation to Professor Burmann, he was kindly received by that gentleman, who was then occupied with his description of the plants of Ceylon. Linnæus himself relates the occurrences which took place during this interview: 'Do you wish to see my plants?' asked Burmann, 'which of them would you inspect?' He held out one, and observed, 'It is very rare.' I begged a single flower, which I examined after softening it in my mouth, and pronounced it to be a species of *laurus*. 'It is not a *laurus*,' said Burmann. 'But it is,' said I; 'it is the cinnamon-tree.' 'It certainly is the cinnamon,' rejoined Burmann. I then convinced him that this tree was a species of *laurus*, and so of other plants. At length he said, 'Will you help me with my work on Ceylon, and you shall lodge with myself.' To this proposal the other assented, delighted with the prospect of at once adding to his reputation and his knowledge."

The origin of his acquaintance with Jussieu was equally creditable:—

"He reached Paris in the beginning of May 1738, and was kindly received by the two Jussieus, one of whom was the successor of Tournefort. It is related by M. Fee, that on his arrival he went first to the Garden of Plants, where Bernard de Jussieu was describing some exotics in Latin. There was one which the demonstrator had not yet determined, and which seemed to puzzle him. The Swede looked on in silence, but, observing the hesitation of the learned professor, cried out, 'Hæc planta faciem Americanam habet.' It has the appearance of an American plant.' Jussieu, surprised, turned about quickly and exclaimed, 'You are Linnæus.' 'I am, sir,' was the reply. The lecture was stopped, and Bernard gave the learned stranger an affectionate welcome. Through the kind offices of these amiable men and excellent botanists, he was introduced to many of the literati of Paris, and obtained access to the libraries, collections of natural objects, and public institutions."

But this sketch of his private life, from the pen of his favourite pupil Fabricius, shows him in a point of view at once amiable and full of interest:—

"We were three, Kuhn, Zœga, and I, all foreigners. In summer we followed him into the country. In winter we lived facing his house, and he came to us almost every day in his short robe-de-chambre, with a green fur cap on his head, and a pipe in his hand. He came for half an hour, but stopped a whole one, and many times two. His conversation on these occasions was extremely sprightly and pleasant. It consisted either of anecdotes relative to the learned in his profession with whom he got acquainted in foreign countries, or in clearing up our doubts, or giving us other kinds of instruction. He used to laugh then most heartily, and displayed a serenity and an openness of countenance, which proved how much his soul was susceptible of amity and good fellowship."

"Our life was much happier when we resided in the country. Our habitation was about half a quarter of a league distant from his house at Hammarby, in a farm-house, where we kept our own furniture and other requisites for house-keeping. He rose very early in summer, and mostly about four o'clock. At six he came to us, because his house was then building, breakfasted with us, and gave lectures upon the natural orders of plants as long as he pleased, and generally till about ten o'clock. We then wandered about till twelve upon the adjacent rocks, the productions of which afforded us plenty of

entertainment. In the afternoon we repaired to his garden, and in the evening we usually played at the Swedish game of triset in company with his wife."

"On Sundays the whole family usually came to spend the day with us. We sent for a peasant who played on an instrument resembling a violin, to the sound of which we danced in the barn of our farm-house. Our balls certainly were not very splendid,—the company was but small, the music superlatively rustic, and no change in the dances, which were constantly either minuets or Polish; but, regardless of these defects, we passed our time very merrily. While we were dancing, the old man, who smoked his pipe with Zœga, who was deformed and emaciated, became a spectator of our amusement, and sometimes, though very rarely, danced a Polish dance, in which he excelled every one of us young men. He was extremely delighted whenever he saw us in high glee, nay, if we even became very noisy. Had he not always found us so, he would have manifested his apprehension that we were not sufficiently entertained."

With this we shall conclude: the book is, on the whole, pleasant, and may teach something to those who know nothing.

*Translations into English Verse from the Poems of Davyth ap Gwilym, a Welsh bard of the Fourteenth Century.* London: Hooper.

THE title of this work will be sufficient for the many, who will pass it by, dreading some dry preliminary disquisition about *Eisteddfods* and *Pennillion* singing, with plates of barbarous harps, strung with horse-hair, (the very mention of which sets the teeth on edge,) and long catalogues of bards, whose names and birth-places are not to be pronounced by Christian men. We cannot wonder at this, when we remember how often antiquarians contrive to make their darling theme distasteful, by parading us through the weary pilgrimage of research they have undergone, when we only want to know at what point they have arrived,—or when we think how much good labour has been wasted by silent and secluded men upon subjects whose only interest lies in the excitement of pursuit.

This modest volume, however, deserves a better fate. It contains much genuine and antique poetry; and this is the more curious for being linked with traditions illustrative of manners current in one of the most primitive, and certainly one of the most lovely, districts in our island. To our fancy, there is something higher-toned in these Cambrian remains, than we find either in the fragments of old Irish minstrelsy, or Scottish song. We have traced the same character in the music to which they were allied; and giving to the credit of Scotland all praise for homely and domestic pathos, and awarding the palm of passion, ranging between the extremes of mad mirth and poignant despair, to the Irish melodies, we should characterize Welsh music by a certain ancestral dignity which pervades its strains, and gives an elevation to them even when they concern such matters as a chase or a love-tryst, and which breathes the spirit of a people to this day proud in their memories of the past,—zealously treasuring up, as old gold, the superstitions and legends of their forefathers, and with them the prejudice of a suspicion against all innovations and strangers. Our

remarks, of course, refer to the poetry as well as the music of the three countries.

The volume before us is prefaced by a pleasant memoir, drawn from the stores of Dr. Pugh. Davyth ap Gwilym lived in the fourteenth century, and was contemporary with Chaucer. According to tradition, he was of a noble family, but with the bar sinister in his escutcheon. He was called by his contemporaries, the "Demetion Nightingale;" and from his long attachment to one lady, to whom he addressed no less than 117 poems, he has been likened to Petrarch:—"But," says the writer of the memoir prefixed to this volume, "in all the peculiarities of his genius, our bard approaches more nearly to Burns than to any poet, whether of his own or other countries. He has the same originality, the same intense sympathy with nature, and, above all, the same magic transitions from satire and railery to wild sublimity and deep pathos." Petrarch, however, as his Will testifies, was not so purely spiritual in his affections as his sonnets would lead us to believe; and, if there be any faith in the following pleasant tradition, Davyth ap Gwilym was a little like Petrarch:—

"Davyth ap Gwilym—so runs the tale—paid his addresses to no fewer than twenty-four damsels at the same time. Having an inclination, on a particular occasion, to divert himself at their expense, he made an appointment with each unknown to the rest, to meet him under a certain tree, at a specified hour, fixing the same time for all. Our poet himself took care to be on the spot before the period of meeting, and, having ascended the tree, he had the satisfaction of finding, that not one of his faithful innamoratos failed in her engagement. When they were all assembled, feelings of inquisitive wonder took the place of the gentler emotions, to which, it is probable, they had before yielded: and, when at length the stratagem, of which they had been the dupes, became known, the only sentiment that inspired the group was that of indignant vengeance against the unfortunate bard, which they failed not to vent in reproaches loud and long. The author of the plot, who, from his ambushade above, had perceived the gathering storm, had recourse to his muse for an expedient to allay it, or, at least, to divert its fury from the object to which it was at first directed. Emerging partially from the foliage, in which he had been enveloped, he replied to the menaces of the disappointed fair-ones, which even extended to his life—in an extemporary stanza, of which the following translation will convey some idea:—

Oh, let the fair and gentle one!  
Who oft by the summer sun,  
To meet me in these shades was won—  
Let her strike first, and she will find  
The poet to his fate resigned!

"The effect was such as our poet had, perhaps, anticipated. Taunts and recriminations were banded about by the exasperated assembly, who forgot their common resentment against the bard in this new cause for commotion. The tradition adds, that the contriver of the stratagem had the good fortune to escape un molested in the confusion of the conflict, being thus indebted to his muse for his protection from a catastrophe of no very agreeable nature."

Our notice must conclude with two or three specimens, taken almost at random:—

May.

Many a poet in his lay  
Told me May would come again;  
Truly sang the bards—for May  
Yesterday began to reign!

She is like a bounteous lord,  
Gold enough she gives to me;  
Gold—such as we poets hoard—  
"Florins" of the mead and tree,  
Hazel flowers and "fleurs-de-lis,"  
Underneath her leafy wings,  
I am safe from treason's stings:  
I am full of wrath with May,  
That she will not always stay!  
Maidens never hear of love,  
But when she has plumed the grove,  
Giver of the gift of song  
To the poet's heart and tongue,  
May! majestic child of heaven,  
To the earth in glory given!  
Verdant hills, days long and clear,  
Come when she is hovering near.  
Stars, ye cannot journey on  
Joyously when she is gone!  
Ye are not so glossy bright,  
Blackbirds, when she takes her flight.  
Sweetest art thou, nightingale;  
Poet, thou canst tell thy tale  
With a lighter heart, when May  
Rales with all her bright array.

#### The Echo Rock.

The bard accuses the echo of having prevented him from meeting Morryth.

Yon old bald rock and ragged stones,  
That peer and totter o'er the dell,  
And murmur forth unearthly tones,  
Like some base witch that casts a spell,  
Blabble more wildly after mine  
Than seven-locked Merddin! the insane!  
As that inquisitive summit near  
I watched for Morryth to appear,  
By those delusive tones betrayed,  
Our footsteps far amander strayed:  
Like old Hugh Cadarn's omen twins,  
I called to her—and she to me—  
But still, with wicked mimicry,  
That traitor answered us again;  
And to the softest tones I sighed,  
He still perfidiously replied:  
And thus we failed, "my golden glaive,"  
To meet beside the mountain cataract.  
O lady, of thy voice beware!  
In yonder rocky citadels  
A profligate pretender dwells,  
Who fabricates thy accents there.  
Yon bellowing crag with trumpet's voice,  
Bare as the ramparts of the sky,  
Hobgoblins in its depths rejoice,  
Or dogs amid its caverns cry.  
Its tones are like the scream of pain  
Of gander, by the nightmare slain,  
Or the hoarse wailing of a bound  
Within a stony vessel bound,  
Or hag that strives with hollow sound  
To terrify the country round,—  
Disastrous voice, perfidious guide,  
That kept me from my lady's side!

#### To the Lark.

He asks the Lark to be his envoy to Morryth.

Sentinel of the dawning light!  
Reverberator of the Spring!  
How sweetly, nobly wild thy flight,  
Thy boundless journeying,  
Far from thy brethren of the woods, alone,  
A hermit chorister before God's throne!  
Oh, wilt thou chant yon heart's for me,  
Yon starry turret's height,  
Thou interlude of melody,  
"Twixt darkness and the light!  
And find—(heav'n's blessings on thy pinions rest!)  
My lady love—the moonlight of the west!  
No woodland caroller art thou,  
Far from the archer's eye,  
Thy course is o'er the mountain's brow,  
Thy music in the sky!  
Then fearless be thy flight and strong,  
Thou earthly demisen of angel song!

The vigour and freshness of these fine old verses must in some degree evaporate in translation; but enough remains to make this volume welcome.

† 'Merddin Wyllt,' or 'Merddin of the seven locks,' an ancient Welsh poet who was at times affected with madness in consequence of having killed his nephew.

‡ This is an allusion to an old Welsh mythological story, that a personage of the name of Hu Cadarn caused a deluge to subside by dragging a beaver out of the waters with two 'hump-backed oxen.'

§ In the original the imagery is so rich and diversified, that it is almost impossible to give a close translation. The preceding must be considered therefore in the light of an imitation,—an expression of the leading ideas,—rather than as a complete and accurate translation.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### OF CERTAINTY IN TASTE.

BY SIR CHARLES MORGAN.

"Et sapit et morum sentit."

Pleasure and pain are ultimate facts in the animal economy. To perceive, and to judge them, is the same act; and simply to name them, is to define their character. To the percipient, their quality is matter of absolute certainty, and their nature cannot be made clearer by reasoning. But this distinctness of our sensations is confined to the being in whom they exist. No language can explain to the inexperienced bystander what is passing within, or convey to him the remotest idea of the impression in question. He must have felt the affection himself before he can understand it. The sensorium of each individual is, therefore, at once its own world, and its own law; and all judgments of external nature in its relations to sensation can have no other standard. This truth is embodied in the familiar adage, *de gustibus non est disputandum*.

But this very intensity of our own sensations, the certainty we feel of what passes within us, creates a disposition at every instant to dispute the tastes of others, and to assert the supremacy of our own judgments in matters of feeling. The constant operation of this tendency has led to inquiries into the nature and causes of our sensations; and to an attempt to discover some general and abstract type of beauty and of good, by which the particular sensations of individuals may be safely compared.

Experience, however, exhibits a marked and rather extensive range of differences in the results of sensitive impression, when made by the same object on several individuals. If a picture, for example, be presented to the consideration of a mixed company, the judgments passed upon it will be widely different: *quod homines, tot sententias*. In some, perhaps, it will excite no sensation of pleasure or pain whatever; and scarcely any idea, beyond that of a variously-coloured canvas. The greater number will, in all likelihood, praise or censure it in the gross; thereby proving, that their sensations concerning it are vague and indistinct. A few, more discriminating, will each seize upon some speciality for remark—its colouring, grouping, drawing, design, or execution; and, judging the picture exclusively on that ground, prove that their pleasure is of a different origin from that of their neighbour.

On the other hand, there are, confessedly, certain points on which most sane men agree: there are particular forms, colours, and sounds, in nature and art, which generally please, and the manner in which their combinations affect mankind at large, is visibly subordinated to general laws. The more any art is cultivated, the greater is the tendency in its professors to lay down certain rules for governing their designs;—and to believe that there exists in nature something absolute and definable, by which individual taste may be estimated and corrected. It is, however, chiefly by the contemplation of generalities that the mind is led to this conclusion; for, the more it descends to particulars, the greater is the evidence of innate and acquired differences of feeling between man and man, and the greater the difficulty of getting society to agree on specific truths.

Pressed upon by two orders of facts thus contradictory, philosophy has hitherto been unable to arrive at any universally admitted opinions, concerning abstract beauty, or the possibility of arriving at certainty in matters of taste. This obscurity, overhanging a subject after the lapse of so many ages of dispute, is clearly referable to the mode in which it has been treated, and to the bad metaphysics in which it has been involved. The doctrines of taste lie not in that imaginary world, yecept, "the eternal nature of

things;" nor do they depend merely upon the physical properties of external nature. Taste is altogether an affair of sensation; and its laws are, and can be, no other than those of the living machines of which sensation is the attribute. The theory of taste is part of the natural history of man; and, if its doctrines are of uncertain application, it is only in as far as that history is incomplete, or is ill-understood by the æsthetic philosopher.

If there be any physiological truth more clearly ascertained than another, it is this: that nature is made up of individuals—that species and genus are the figments of the human brain—and that their common identity is obtained by the ideal abstraction of an infinity of particulars. The sensitive susceptibilities of individual men, like their minute organization, are strictly personal; and they differ as to a multitude of nameless phenomena, not only in different persons, but in the same individual at different epochs of his existence. This may be affirmed, generally, of all our pleasures and pains; but it is more exquisitely true, with respect to the more refined and delicate sensations, to which the term Taste is more especially confined.

In respect to these sensations, mankind may be roughly divided into three classes—the intellectual—the sensitive—and the sensual. The first class embraces those in whom the reflective faculties predominate over the organs of sense; their vitality is internal, and is habitually concentrated on the operations of their own minds, almost to the exclusion of the phenomena of the external world, where these are not immediately concerned in the preservation of life. In the second class, on the contrary, the intellect is all abroad: all the external impressions are vivid; and, the parties being occupied but little with reflection, they exist almost entirely in their sensations. The third class contains those whose moral existence is of the lowest order—whose nature is most purely animal—and whose being is principally wrapped in the gratification of their appetites. The types of these classes are sometimes found in considerable accuracy and perfection: more usually, it is a simple predominance of one set of faculties over the others, that constitutes the sub-genus. The predominance exists under an infinity of shades and gradations; and each shade is accompanied by its own especial range of sensibility and affection, from external objects. The devotees to the fine arts belong, principally, to the second class; for, the qualities of objects must be distinctly perceived before they can become the causes of pleasure, or of pain. The intensity of that pleasure or pain, however, seems to depend on some other peculiarity of the constitution. The power of perceiving, though essential to a susceptibility to emotion, does not always awaken it. There are men, in whom deformity, when rendered an object of distinct cognizance, excites no disgust, and who behold the most admirable works of art and nature with a stupid indifference.

Besides these broader distinctions between man and man, which may be designated as temperaments of the sentient complex, there are personal idiosyncracies as to minutest particulars, too numerous for arrangement. Some persons exhibit in their observation of the arts a peculiar sensibility to form; others to colour; others again, uninfluenced by form or colour, are especially alive to the pleasures of sound. There are men exclusively affected by sequent sounds, on whom the combinations of harmony produce no definite effect; and there are exquisite harmonists, who are little touched by the effects of melody. There are also those who (probably through defect of the organ of sense) dislike music of all sorts. Descending to more minute particulars, there are persons exclusively attached to vocal music; others requiring the stimulus of powerful bands; some touched by martial, others by plaintive mu-



lodies. Savage nations appear generally to affect the minor keys. The amateurs of painting may, in like manner, be divided into three distinct classes—those most touched by the ideal—those chiefly curious as to the mechanical departments of art—and, lastly, the lovers of nature, who are the most powerfully affected by the beautiful in landscape. The determination to any one of these preferences, whether it be considered as innate, or acquired, is a fact which detracts from the universality of the principles of taste. The preference is a phenomenon natural to the being in which it is manifested: and, as it is a natural, so it is a true taste. Between the several schools of painting, therefore, there can be no common *beau idéal* to which to appeal: on the contrary, each has its own laws—its own canons of criticism; and the same picture may be perfection to one man, without exciting an emotion of pleasure in another. Who then shall decide between them? Another great physiological truth that bears against the certainty of taste, is, that the specific pleasures and pains attached to externals in any one organization, are liable to be loosened from the causes by which they were originally excited. It is a law of the animal economy, that use shall blunt the force of sensitive impression, while it develops the intellectual clearness of the idea excited by an external. Thus, experience in the arts, by diminishing enthusiasm, abates the sum of pleasure derivable from that source; and a greater degree of merit becomes requisite to produce an equal sum of agreeable effect: at the same time, the increasing accuracy of perception opens a new range of ideas for comparison; and that which formerly excited pleasure as a merit, may be afterwards a source of pain as a defect. Every new sensation that we receive may be rendered a means of modifying the range of pleasures and pains; and there is, consequently, an education both of the organs of sense and of the intellect, that unsettles taste, and subjects it to a perpetually progressive refinement. Under the influence of habitual exercise, the eye sees more and more of its object,† and the mind judges with greater *finesse*. The observer thus arrives at a more exquisite perception of beauty, and rejects with disgust the objects of his previous admiration. It is by these means that a single artist, dissatisfied with the works of his predecessors, and with his own progress, may be driven to look beyond what actually exists in art, and to go in search of hidden sources of beauty, by which, when attained, he creates new standards of excellence, to influence the general sentiments of an entire nation. Each age thus acquires a taste of its own; and the hard lines and unreal flatness of Giotto, which were, to Dante, the perfection of painting, were thus rendered intolerable, when Raffael and Domenichino had taught Italy a better style. Dante's criticism on Cimabue,

Credette Cimabue nella pittura  
Tenere lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto li grido,

contains the whole history of the arts. *Le mieux est l'ennemi du bon*; and, for aught we can tell, a future race of artists may lay open a new series of beauties, that will discredit all that has hitherto been effected in painting and sculpture. In judging, therefore, of any specific work of art, the learned critic makes reference to the age in which it was produced; and, by a curious particularity in the phenomena of sensation, not only does the intellect decide in favour of any work, which exceeds the average merit of its own time, but the sensorium derives pleasure from it when so judged; whereas, if viewed without reference to such a principle, pain might be the only result.‡

Connected with this law of the economy, is an uncertainty in taste, of an opposite tendency.

The liability to satiety, leading to the pursuit of novelty, produces, from time to time, a conventional and vitiated love of certain mere extravagances, by which the arts are degraded.

Agnosca il buon socrate, agnosca il bello,  
Ed oggetto si segue ognor novello.

Such caprices, indeed, are seldom permanent; nor are they, even for the time, largely participated by those, who feel, or who think for themselves. Still, while the fashion lasts, the pleasure excited is real; and it detracts, *pro tanto*, from the universality of principles. Occasionally, however, traces of such ephemeral judgments may remain to after times, and modify, to a certain extent, the sensibility of future generations.

In enthusiastic temperaments, it is the sensation of pleasure or pain which a work of art excites, that fixes the attention upon it, and provokes criticism. Such persons judge *because they feel*. There are others in whom this process is reversed. The love of the arts, as marking a finer organization, is regarded as a distinction; and many are drawn to their study by vanity, ambition, and the instinct of imitation. This class, if they really feel, *feel because they judge*. Their pleasures pass through their understanding, and are founded on the perception of fitness, rather than on mere physical sensation. The certainty of their judgments does not extend beyond the sphere of their experience, and is confined usually to some particular school or master, beyond which, their notions are vague, vacillating, and undirected by general principle, or by sentiment. These stop-watch critics, as Sterne has called the brotherhood, form a school of taste apart, and their judgments follow a different law from that which directs the opinions of the man of feeling. Their "Correggio and stuff" disgusts the genuine enthusiast; but still it is their taste.

A large part of the pleasures of taste arises from association of ideas, a circumstance powerfully tending to vary men's affections by works of art. The simplest sensations we receive, involve a judgment: we judge that we are changed in our own being, by the sensation; and we judge something concerning its external cause.† In our ordinary existence, there are very few sensations that do not excite several such judgments; and such judgments, when of frequent occurrence, become so closely associated with the sensation, as to be mistaken for a part of itself. Thus, to take a familiar instance, the unlearned think they see distance. There are certain particular forms, which, by a very obvious causation, provoke judgments concerning the utility of the object, and this judgment powerfully influences our sense of its beauty. A high-blooded racer, and a strong bony cart-horse, are diametrically opposed to each other, in the details of their form. There is in each of these animals, however, a certain symmetry of parts which fits it especially for a specific purpose; and the specimen that possesses these distinctives in an exquisite degree, is, in both cases, deemed beautiful. It is true, that as far as natural objects are concerned, there may be a necessary harmony in the parts, whose organization all tends to one given end: so that the perfection of function and beauty may go together; but we apply the epithet of beautiful to artificial machinery, and speak even of a beautiful experiment in chemistry. In these cases, the pleasure derived from a sense of the utility connected with a form, seems to the percipient to flow from the form itself, and to be really a physical quality. By a similar mental process, moral antipathies engender the idea of ugliness, while physical deformity sometimes excites moral aversion. Hogarth's warring line of beauty, is to many persons odious in a serpent, and in all serpentine movements; and it is likely that the popular reputation of the toad for possessing

poisonous qualities, is derived from the unpleasant aspect of the animal. The influence of this association is strong in our perceptions of physiognomy. A sinister expression of countenance destroys the effect of beauty of feature; while an expression of benevolence redeems a face decidedly plain. If by time or accident, such associations become discovered, the judgments also respecting beauty are changed. A spider is considered beautiful by those, whose nursery notions are superseded by juster impressions of the industry, sagacity, and harmlessness (to ourselves) of the animal. The story of 'Beauty and the Beast' is an illustration of this law.

It is a matter of surprise to many, that objects, in themselves ugly, may become agreeable in imitation. A trim architectural drawing of a commodious house, is less pleasing than the picture of a dilapidated cabin; a soldier in regimentals makes a less effective picture than a beggar in rags; and a park is not so picturesque as a wild forest. This seems to result from an association of ideas. The idea of utility is in this case totally discovered from the sensation, and is superseded by another. The pleasure excited by picturesque objects consists in a certain exaltation and poetic enthusiasm; and experience abundantly shows, that the organization is the most susceptible of this condition, when the frame is braced by exercise, and by the pure air of the country. It is then, that visible objects produce their strongest effect, and that the senses go as it were abroad, in search of the sources of this species of pleasure. The escape, too, from the trammels of society, and from the low cares of business, favours this predisposition. It should seem, then, that those objects which habitually present themselves to contemplation, in such moments of exaltation, have a tendency to reproduce the state, when seen in imitation; while the familiar objects of our artificial life in cities, tend, when painted, to chill and to narrow the feelings. In the works of man, also, straight lines (the shortest in statistics, as in geometry) predominate; their beauty, therefore, is naturally small, consisting principally in utility; and it disappears when that utility becomes too obviously a secondary consideration. In these works also, all is violence and restraint: they are indications of difficulties surmounted, of labour exerted, and of a mind painfully fixed on a few disgraceful ideas. In nature, on the contrary, the productions seem more spontaneous; its pleasures appear a free gift of Providence to man, inviting the mind to repose, to rove, and to tranquil enjoyment. Almost every natural object, therefore, pleases in painting, from its power of producing an associated reminiscence of the excitement which that or similar objects have occasioned in the original. One almost fancies the cool breath of the wind passes over one's face in viewing a well-painted piece of forest scenery; and all the pleasing reverie of "the melancholy Jacques" seizes on the mind, as the contemplation lingers over it.

What the picturesque is in art, the noble is in poetry. A recurrence to the miserable necessities of humanity, destroys alike the sublime of both; and it is the moral association that makes the beauty of either. Whatever tends to disturb this association of ideas, destroys the picturesque; a group of modern hunting squares, in red coats, would assuredly spoil the effect of forest scenery, as far as this beauty is concerned; whereas a boar hunt, conducted by persons habited in the costume of a remote and poetic age, would enhance it. Further, it may be remarked, that any other association capable of producing the same tone of mind, creates picturesque beauty. A fine piece of Greek architecture, recently constructed, however beautiful, will not be deemed picturesque; but the same forms and proportions, partially overthrown, and ruined, become picturesque, by the grandeur of the

† Condillac, Logique.

‡ The pictures of Van Eyck and Hemelink, by many are esteemed absolutely barbarous, for want of the power or the will to enter into such considerations.

§ De Tracy, Ideologie.

historic ideas they are calculated to recall. Certain forms, not improbably, receive this quality through an exaltation of mind, produced by a more sense of the art, bestowed on their representation. All broken forms, creating minute diversities of lights and shades,—the fluttering rags of the beggar,—the lichen on the stone,—the diversity of rock, &c. &c. require a far higher exercise of imitative power to reproduce, than smoother, and in themselves more elegant forms. The pleasure which the knowledge of this fact creates, and the feeling it excites, constitute the charm of the accurate imitations of the Dutch school.

Inappropriateness, by interfering with association, destroys picturesque effects. The sea, which paints so well in a woodland scene, has no such charm if placed in a garden; nor would the peasant's cottage be picturesque, as part of a street of palaces.

To the sense of picturesque beauty, education and a cultivated enlargement of mind powerfully contribute. In proportion to the variety of the beholder's knowledge, is the sphere of his possible associations. A work of art, acting upon the *elegans formarum spectator*, the accomplished amateur and scholar, excites long trains of reflection, embracing numerous analogies in the physical and ideal world, comparisons with former experience, poetic illustrations, historical remembrances, speculations on cause and effect, &c. &c. by which an enthusiastic elevation or ecstasy of the mind is begotten—an exaltation of which the ruder intellect is not susceptible. This pleasure, though reflective, is ultimately referred to the senses, with whose impressions it is so intimately connected, and to the external objects by which they are excited. In this vast and extended field, circumstances are all-powerful to determine specific tastes. The Dutch, who, by nature and social position, were cut off from the access of such enthusiasm, had little feeling for ideal beauty. They saw in the arts nothing that was not imitative; and they had no taste for anything in representation, but the naked matter of fact. Whatever transcends the ordinary aspect of ordinary nature, was lost upon them; and their minds, preoccupied with the positive ideas of commerce, were excited by the metallic lustre of a brass pot, or an effect of light on a glass bottle, well represented, more than by all the splendour of a landscape of Claude, or the divine beauty of a Madonna of Murillo.

Inasmuch, then, as every man is born with his own peculiar temperament, and is exposed by the accidents of life to his own specific moral and intellectual education, he is liable to be affected, in his own peculiar manner, by external objects. The same is true, also, respecting nations; inasmuch, that each separate community has its own specific taste in literature and the arts, and cannot be brought to acknowledge beauties which do not harmonize with it. But amidst the infinite varieties of idiosyncrasy, temperament, and education, there is a general tendency in the human organization towards a middle term, or common character, which lies equally distant from all extremes. To this middle term, no man perhaps has ever absolutely attained; yet all approach it in some particulars. To it, as M. Quetelet, of Brussels, has well observed, all general reasoning on man, whether physiological, moral, political, statistic, or æsthetic, should be referred. It is the universal scope of all abstract reasoning on our nature. It is by the contemplation of the largest number of individuals, that the most accurate notion of this middle man is derived, and by abstracting from each all that is personal and exceptional, we arrive at what is embraced by the term human nature.

By the study of this middle man, the philosophical artist is enabled to arrive at certain general truths, or principles of taste, which are

susceptible of a more or less happy application, in his attempts to captivate the applause of society, by his labours. To this middle nature alone is any abstract doctrine at all applicable. But the tendency of society and civilization, is to bring all men nearer to such a type; and the cultivation of the intellectual powers, consequently, produces a closer agreement of opinion, as to the sources of pleasurable sensation. What thus takes place among individuals, occurs equally among nations. The steps by which society in one country advances in civilization, may differ in many particulars from those of others. The "middle man," or ideal type of humanity, therefore, differs in each. The Frenchman differs in his tastes, as in his prejudices, from him of Germany, or of England, as to almost everything, not derived from the common fountains of classical antiquity, or of the Christian religion. The Italian, Flemish, French, and English schools of painting, stand upon distinct canons of criticism, derived from distinct habits, respecting pain and pleasure; and they are perfect incommensurably. But from the moment when the printing press, and improvements in communication, brought the nations of Europe into a closer contact, these national peculiarities began to give way; and a continual approach has been making towards a middle nature, which will eventually constitute the common type of civilized man. The French, under this progress, have abandoned their ancient tastes in tragedy. Shakspeare is esteemed in Paris, and Goethe has his admirers in London.

But if the doctrines of taste are calculated upon this middle nature, it is obvious that, as in every individual, there is a more or less near approach to that condition,—and as there is a large mass of particulars which are common to all, the susceptibilities to pleasure and pain (however they may differ in different persons,) must be governed by one common law in every man. There are, accordingly, some principles of taste arising out of these universals, which are equally universal; and upon which every sane man is agreed. The certainty of these principles is absolute. Next in order to these, are the points on which all large communities are agreed. The maxims of taste, governing any great national school of art, are certain, with respect to all the individuals rigorously bred in that school; and the individual who presumes to impugn them on the spot, will infallibly lose his character, there, for taste and judgment. After such national peculiarities, follow the peculiarities of taste arising from differences of temperament and idiosyncrasy. These, respectively, are sufficiently common to be acknowledged as part and parcel of humanity; and a man is not sent to Coventry or to Bedlam for confessing that he indulges them. There are other less common deviations of feeling and judgment, which are laughed at as eccentricities and oddities, or, haply, repudiated as affectations; while the lowest degree of toleration only is given to the still less frequent peculiarities, which are attributed to vicious or defective organization.

Good taste therefore stands upon the same foundation as orthodoxy in religion: it exists only by the suffrage of the majority. To each man his own affections are the standards of taste, as his opinions are the standards of orthodoxy, and it is only when he meets with a formidable opposition from a numerous body differently constituted from himself, that he can be persuaded to tolerate any deviations from these standards: an isolated individual necessarily knows no others. "*Lorsqu'on sent, on tient à son sentiment parcequ'on est sûr de ne point se tromper.*" Experience alone can teach us that other men are differently affected, and that their affections are entitled to an equal respect with our own. Thus it is that knowledge of the world cures

men of arrogance and intolerance, and enlarges their sympathies. The steps of this progress are distinct. We first sympathize only in the affections which we have ourselves experienced; afterwards we learn to tolerate those the most analogous to our own; and finally, we are patient of feelings, which, not sharing ourselves, we yet perceive to be common to many sane and worthy fellow creatures.

In proportion as our idea of human nature is extended, by the aspect of man under a greater variety of circumstances, the field of taste is enlarged, and the tolerance of other forms than those which the individual has been accustomed to regard as pleasing, insensibly leads to a change in his own sensations.

In proportion, then, as a judgment or sentiment is divergent from the feelings common to society, it is censured as bad in morals, erroneous in opinion, or false in taste. We do not insist on our friend's liking the same meats as ourselves, because diversity on this point is of every day's experience; so society tolerates the forms of religion with which it is familiar, while it refuses liberty of conscience in favour of opinions which are new and strange. Whatever, on the contrary, is common to the majority, passes for truth, rectitude, and good taste. The preference of one art or one school over another is sufficiently common to exempt it from the imputation of bad taste; but if we should meet with an individual delighted with the music of a penny trumpet, in ecstasies over a drawing on a Chinese saucer, or preferring a Nuremberg doll to a statue by Chantrey, it would be a great stretch of charity not to set him down as utterly mad.

A feeling for the fine arts being, however, the result of a peculiar organization, common only to a few individuals, and the sensitive faculties being capable of great development by exercise, it has come to pass that the civilized world has taken its judgments very much at second hand. *Cultibet in arte sua credendum*, is here a maxim of especial applicability. The rules of taste are generally adopted from the professors of art, and, in proportion as the arts are cultivated, a greater certainty is given to such rules, and the more safely may bad taste be inferred from their violation. But rules, after all, are only the means to an end; the great fundamental consideration is the effect produced. If that be consonant to the feelings of the sensitive and the educated, the main end of art is obtained. In all, therefore, that is not merely mechanical, rules are conventional chains, and genius is right in neglecting them. Still, to violate a rule without obtaining a redeeming excellence, is bad taste—to obtain new beauties, no matter how, is good taste. In modern music, discords are used which would have startled and shocked the ancient theorists; in these cases success alone justifies; and public opinion, consequently, is the sole criterion of right and wrong.

If due consideration be given to what is universal in the nature of man, and what is divergent and particular to individuals, there can be little difficulty in determining the bounds of taste as a science, and of deciding what is and what is not within its domain.

There are objects which confessedly affect all mankind alike—the murmuring of waters, the singing of birds, the freshness of the morning, the still repose of evening, the majestic spectacle of the starry heavens, the refreshing verdure of the earth, produce their common influence upon the well-organized of all natures and ages. With respect to these, and to other such generalities of our nature, general reasonings may be indulged, and a corps of doctrine laid down, which, as a theory, may be made to throw valuable light on the subject of art. But, even within this limit, the application to specific instances is difficult and fallacious.

The comparison of such archetypal ideas

† Bozzelli, 'Esquisses politiques,' &c.

with individual works of art is a pure operation of judgment; and the judgment of the individual is the result of his personal tastes, of the degree of culture his senses have received, of his associations and his prejudices;—while rules thus obtained are worth nearly nothing when applied to what is absolutely new in art. The most experienced critics often err, and but seldom agree with each other, if not as to the specific merits of a master or a work, at least as to the relative degree in which these merits are predicable. With respect to the mass of mankind, the little unity of opinion subsisting among them may, after all, arise as much out of deference for established authorities, as from a want of common feeling.

It is, however, on the ideal points that this difficulty is chiefly felt; with respect to the mechanical departments, decision is more easy. Errors of drawing, or of perspective, are matters of demonstration; a false insertion of a muscle can be compared with the human subject; a displaced line can be detected by a diagram: even defects of drawing and aerial perspective may be shown by comparison. It is on these little matters that little critics are great; but when the more transcendent order of ideas and sensations comes in question, there is no criterion but feeling, which, in each individual, is a definite *fact sui generis*, from which there is no appeal but to the feelings of another observer; and whatever is so circumstanced remains an object of endless and unsatisfactory debate.

#### UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD NELSON.

(Concluded from p. 786.)

From the time when Sir John Jervis (afterwards Lord St. Vincent,) assumed the command of the Mediterranean fleet, the star of Nelson appears to have risen rapidly. The perfect confidence with which he inspired the new Admiral is touched upon by both his biographers. In a letter to Mrs. Nelson, given by Clarke, he says, "The fleet were not a little surprised at my leaving them so soon, (for his station in the Gulf of Genoa,) and I fancy there was some degree of envy attached to the surprise; for one captain told me, 'You did just as you pleased in Lord Hood's time,—the same in Admiral Hotham's,—and now again with Sir John Jervis: it makes no difference to you who is commander-in-chief.'"

The French had, however, by the boldness and celerity of their operations, taken such hold of Italy, that their progress was not to be impeded by Nelson; though his gallant capturing, with the assistance of Captain Cockburn, in the *Meleager*, of six vessels, laden with ordnance stores for the siege of Mantua, must not be passed over. "I grieve," says he, characteristically, in one of his letters to Sir J. Jervis, "when the French have any good fortune at sea;" and he must have felt no little mortification when Corsica, in which, as we have seen, he took such a peculiar interest, was given up by the British cabinet. True to his own character, however, we find him protecting the removal of the property of his countrymen. Nor less is it an index of his untiring energy, that, worn out and shattered as his body was by incessant service, he refrained from going to the baths of Pisa, to which he had been ordered, because he disliked to ask for leave of absence.

After the evacuation of Corsica, Nelson hoisted his broad pendant on board the *Minerve*, and proceeded, with the *Blanche*, to Porto Ferrajo, to superintend a similar measure there. On his way, he captured the *Ceres*; and his generous courtesy to her captain, Don Jacobo Stuart, to whom he returned his sword, as an acknow-

ledgment of the bravery he had shown during the action, and of his own respect for the Spaniard's high ancestry, is recorded by his biographers.

Having performed his duty at Porto Ferrajo, Nelson was about to leave the Mediterranean, accompanied by the respect and honour of all with whom he had acted; and he had hitherto reaped little else in the way of reward. His fear of a general action taking place before he could join the fleet was most happily unfounded. The following letter was written soon after his removal to the *Captain*, and not long before the memorable engagement off Cape St. Vincent:—

"*Captain, off Gibraltar Bay, Nov. 29, 1796.*

"My dear Sir,—It would, you may believe, have given me no small satisfaction to have received a letter from your own hand, and to have conveyed to me that you enjoy that good health which I most sincerely wish you, as well as a continuance of every family felicity: it is not in my nature to forget, for an instant, the many acts of kindness you have shown me during the whole course of my life. I can only endeavour to give you the satisfaction of knowing that it has not been thrown away on an unworthy object. My professional reputation is the only riches I am likely to acquire in this war; what profit that will bring me time only can determine, however it is satisfactory to myself, and I believe will be so to you; this day has brought me from Lord Spencer, the fullest and handsomest approbation of my spirited, dignified, and temperate conduct both at Leghorn and Genoa, and my first lieutenant is made a captain. A share of a galleon, and I want no more, but God knows, ambition has no end. How is Mrs. Suckling, Mr. Rumsey, Miss Suckling, and every part of your family? I am interested that all should be happy, and contribute to make you so. You will hear how we are deserted, but our commander in chief is a host in himself, and I hope yet to assist him in beating the Dons, which we shall do if we have a proper force to seek them out. The Admiralty have confirmed me as an established Commodore, they have done handsomely by me. The Smyrna convoy goes on for England; we have towed them from Corsica, and I hope they will arrive safe. I venture to tell you the Admiralty always forward letters to the Mediterranean by the cutters, which almost every week come to us—therefore pray write me a line.

"Dec. 2nd.—It was yesterday before we anchored, and I am sorry to hear of several fish ships being taken by the Spaniards. The Admiral has sent out a squadron to secure our Newfoundland convoy, which is hourly expected. As to our future movements I am totally ignorant—nor do I care what they are. I shall continue to exert myself in every way for the honour of my country—and in every situation believe me your most affectionate nephew,

"HORATIO NELSON.

"You will not forget to remember me to Mrs. St. Miss Suckling, Mr. Rumsey and family, Mr. Merce, and all other friends."

"Wm. Suckling, Esq."

To enter into any particulars of a triumph so signal and so remarkable as that victory, must be needless;—it can never be forgotten by Englishmen. But the daring intrepidity of Nelson, in boarding the *San Nicolas* from the deck of the *San Joseph*,—Nelson's *patent bridge*, as he calls it in the subsequent letter—and his watchword, "Westminster Abbey, or victory," claim a passing notice: nor can we forget the old man-of-war's man "bundling up the swords of the Spanish officers," to use Collingwood's quaint and graphic phrase. Nelson's own account, too, which follows, will add something to the particulars already before the world:—

"*Irresistible, off Lagos Bay, Feb. 23, 1797.*

"My dear Sir,—It was not till yesterday that I heard from Captain Naylor, of the *Marines*, and by a letter of Nov. 21st, from Mrs. Nelson, that I heard of my friend Miss Suckling's marriage, or I should not have been so long in sending my congratulations on what I hope will turn out so pleasing an event. I have known her from her earliest days, and know that a better heart does not inhabit any breast; pray write to her from me, and assure her from my heart I wish her every felicity. The event of the late battle has been most glorious for England, and you will receive pleasure from the share I had in making it a most brilliant day, the most of any I know in the annals of England. Nelson's *patent bridge* for boarding first-rates will be a saying never forgotten in this fleet, where all do me the justice that I deserve. The *Victory*, and every ship in the fleet, passing the glorious group, gave me three cheers. My hurt at the moment was nothing, but since it has been attended with a suppression of urine, but the inflammation is gone off, and I am nearly recovered. It is not impossible but we may meet the Dons again on our route to Lisbon, but I fancy I am to stay at sea when the fleet enters the Tagus. You will observe that I have changed my ship: the *Captain* will never be fit to receive me again, and the Admiralty must send me a new ship. I beg my best and kindest remembrances to Mrs. Suckling, Mr. Rumsey, and all our friends at Hampstead, and believe me ever your most obliged and affectionate Nephew,

"HORATIO NELSON."

This is the last letter we have which was written with Nelson's gallant right hand. Honours now began to flow in upon him: he had the Order of the Bath given him, in addition to the rank of Rear-Admiral, to which he had been before promoted. In the year 1797, almost immediately after the battle off Cape St. Vincent, this extraordinary man was engaged in the blockade of Cadiz. He had then been transferred to the *Theseus*—a ship, the crew of which had been concerned in the general mutiny; but when Nelson took the command of her, we are told by Clarke, that a letter was dropped on the quarter-deck, with these words:—"Success attend Admiral Nelson.—God bless Captain Miller: we thank them for the officers they have placed over us; we are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop in our veins to support them; and the name of *Theseus* shall be immortalized as high as her captain's."

While on the Cadiz station the night action in the boats took place, in which the hero's life was so severely perilled, and only saved by the devotion of one John Sykes, his coxswain. Clarke remarks that, "as if it had been in the original and true spirit of chivalry, the renowned Sir Horatio Nelson was destined to keep the vigils of knighthood during the perilous night of July 13th, 1797"—"a night which," he says himself, in his own dry, simple way, "he wished to make a warm one of."

Immediately upon this followed the expedition to Teneriffe, and the affair off Santa Cruz, in which Nelson lost his right arm. He owed the preservation of his life on this occasion to Josiah Nisbet—his step-son. The gallantry of his conduct, in climbing up the vessel's side, in his maimed condition, and the tenderness of his refusing to go on board the *Seahorse*, (the first of the fleet they reached) "lest he should alarm Mrs. Freemantle," are but manifestations of the spirit of bravery and gentleness, the union of which was, of old, thought necessary to the perfection of a hero's character. "I feel confident," he says, in a letter to the Duke of Clarence, "for your sorrow for my accident; but I assure your R. H. that not a scrap of the ardour with which I have hitherto served our king has been shot away."



It was necessary for him to return to England in consequence of the unskillful manner in which the arm had been dressed. Southey may well call the memorial of his services which he presented on this occasion, "an extraordinary document," for we can scarcely believe that such a catalogue of hazards, and labours, and triumphs, could have been claimed by right by any other champion, ancient or modern—and he was yet far from the close of his career!

He was ordered home in the *Seahorse*—the two letters which follow explain themselves.

"*Seahorse, off Scilly, Aug. 30, 1797.*"

"My dear Sir,—As I can write but slowly, I am forced to begin my letter a great way from Portsmouth, where, please God, I am bound. I have ever been a trouble to you, and am likely so to continue, as I have now to request you will have the goodness to ask the collector of the Customs at Portsmouth to take care of my wine and such things as I may place under his care, till I can find a hut to put my mutilated carcass in. It is my intention to set off directly for Bath, if the Admiral can give me leave of absence, but to be in London in one week. Pray remember me kindly to Mrs. Suckling and all my good friends near you, and believe me,

"Your most affectionate Nephew,  
"HORATIO NELSON."

"Bath, Wednesday, Sept. 6, 1797."

"My dear Sir,—I beg you will accept the united thanks of my dear husband and myself for your kind enquiries and truly friendly invitation to your house, which we would have accepted had it not been for the necessity of my husband's arm being dressed every day by a surgeon. We purpose being in London the middle of next week. I have written to Mr. M. Nelson to take us a lodging, and as soon as my husband can do without a surgeon we shall spend some time with you. Earl Spencer has written a handsome letter, and is to be in town next week. My husband's spirits are very good, although he suffers a good deal of pain—the arm is taken off very high, near the shoulder. Opium procures him rest, and last night he was pretty quiet. The corporation have handsomely congratulated him on his safe arrival. Such a letter from Lord Hood—it does him honour, and I have forgot the ill treatment of former years which my good man received from him. Everything which concerns my husband I know you feel interested in, therefore shall not make any excuses for what I have told you. Mrs. Suckling will excuse my writing, but make her my best thanks. My husband's love to you and Mrs. Suckling; Mr. Nelson desires to be remembered sincerely to you, Mrs. S. and family.

"Yours sincerely,  
"FRANCIS H. NELSON."

"Pray remember me most kindly to Mr. Rumsey."

"H. NELSON."

At this point we must leave the hero—the notes which follow being so brief as hardly to require any connecting links—and, besides, chiefly referring to private matters; with which his career as a commander had little to do. We are spared, too, the necessity of alluding to Neapolitan matters, or that fatal infatuation which followed his long residence in that city. His noble death is yet "freshly remembered," and has found a befitting chronicler in the most classic of modern biographers.

"141, Bond Street, Sept. 25, 1797."

"My dear Sir,—I feel very much obliged by your kind enquiries. I am at present under the care of Mr. Cruikshanks, but may be some time before I am perfectly recovered. Your good father tells me you are in great hopes of the Lt.-colonelcy. I sincerely wish you success. Lady Nelson joins me in best respects to Mrs.

† His uncle, Mr. Wm. Suckling, died in the year 1790.

Suckling, and believe me, dear Sir, your most obliged,

"HORATIO NELSON."

"You must excuse short letters."

"Major Suckling, 3rd Regt. Dragoon Guards."

"Bath, Jan. 3, 1796."

"My dear Sir,—I most heartily congratulate you on the attainment of your wishes for the Major, and it gave me real pleasure to read his promotion in the Gazette as Lieut.-Colonel; he has been a most fortunate man to rise to the top in one regiment; it is what can scarcely be obtained by any interest or money. I have the pleasure to tell you that I never have of late years seen my father so well. He joins with Lady Nelson and myself in wishing you, Mrs. Suckling, Mr. Rumsey, and all your family very many happy returns of this season, and believe me, my dear Sir,

"Your most obliged and affectionate,

"HORATIO NELSON."

"You must excuse short letters from me."

"William Suckling, Esq."

"St. Helen's, Ap. 9, 1799."

"My dear Sir,—I cannot quit England without thanking you and Mrs. Suckling for the great kindness you both have shown to my dear wife and myself; and, my heart, I wish you health and every other blessing; and I hope soon to meet you in peace. With my kindest respects to Mrs. Suckling and all your family, believe me

"Your most obliged and affectionate

Nephew,

"HORATIO NELSON."

"Your pipe of wine to be left in London. I have requested the collector to write you where and when your wine will be sent."

"William Suckling, Esq."

"Palermo, August 22nd, 1790."

"My Dear Madam,—It was only yesterday that your letter of May 27th reached me. I can easily conceive the great affliction you must have suffered in losing two friends so justly dear to you. My dear Uncle, God only knows with what disinterested affection I loved him, and if I can in any manner be useful to those he has left behind, they may command me. I rejoice that my dear friend has done what satisfied you; rest assured I shall do what you wish me respecting the estate, and if you and Mr. Hume will sign a power of attorney and send it out to me, I shall sign it; but to say the truth, the trust is in such very good hands, that I see no occasion for my acting; but in this and all other matters, which can add to your comfort, I am at your disposal, for believe me with the sincerest esteem,

"Your obliged and affectionate friend,

"NELSON."

"Excuse this short letter, for my time is more than employed in writing. I know it will give you pleasure to hear, that his Sicilian Majesty has created me Duke of Bronte, and has annexed an estate of 3000*l.* sterling a year, both title and estate at my disposal, together with a magnificent diamond-hilted sword.—Make my regards acceptable to all the family, and I must not forget Price and Hickman."

"Mrs. Suckling."

"Feb. 27th, off Malta."

"My dear Madam,—I am only this day favoured with your letter of November, and have immediately signed the powers of attorney, which, I trust, will satisfy all parties; nothing, believe me, will ever give me greater pleasure than fulfilling the will of my dear Uncle. I can say little good of myself: I am far from well; but ever believe me,

"Your most affectionate friend,

"BRONTE NELSON."

"Mrs. Suckling."

"Nov. 16th, 1800."

"My dear Madam,—It is my full intention to come to you some morning very soon, of which I will give you notice. I regret exceedingly not having had the pleasure of seeing you; but my time hitherto has not been my own. I beg my best respects to Miss Rumsey; and believe me ever

"Your obliged

"NELSON OF THE NILE."

"I congratulate you and the family on the good sale of the Suffolk estate."

"Mrs. Suckling."

"(Post mark, 7th January, 1801.)"

"My dear Madam,—I am truly concerned that it has not been in my power to come and see you at Hampstead; but the days have been so short, and I have been so pressed for time, that this must plead my excuse; and I am just on the eve of going to Portsmouth, therefore I fear it will be the spring before I can do myself that pleasure. I rejoice that the estates have sold so well, and as Mr. Hume tells me, that I have given him full authority to do the needful, it is not necessary for me to act beyond what I have done. Respecting the legacy left by my dear Uncle, I have to request you will pay it to Mrs. William Nelson, who is now with my brother at No. 6, Stafford Street, Dover Street, and her receipt shall be a full discharge. I beg my compliments to Miss Rumsey, and that you will ever believe me

"Your obliged servant,

"Mrs. Suckling." "NELSON."

"July 7th, 1801, Dolman's Hotel."

"My dear Sir,—I send you Mr. Yorke's answer to my letter, therefore very soon you must have an appointment. Send back the letter; and ever believe me

"Yours most sincerely,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

"Lt.-Col. Suckling."

"(Without date.)"

"My dear Suckling,—I deferred answering your truly interesting letter, till I could see a little into my affairs, and, on your account, I am sorry to say, that I find myself in debt to my agents; however, I can find money's worth to pay them, and I hope to be able soon to advance you 300*l.* As to getting a place, you must see I can neither do it for my father or brothers; but do you cheer up, and don't be cast down. Sensible men will not value you the less for not being at this moment rich; and you may, my dear Suckling, always rely on all the kindness in my power to show you, not only on your own account, but from my real affection to your dear good father; and believe me ever

"Your affectionate

"NELSON."

"Comp<sup>d</sup>. to Mrs. Suckling."

"Lt.-Col. Suckling."

"April 15th, 1802."

"My dear Suckling,—Many thanks for your kind present of oysters. I yesterday saw Colonel Yorke, and he has promised me that he will take the first opportunity of removing you into a permanent and better situation. I left a memorandum with him, that Norwich would be most desirable after Chatham; but he really seemed disposed to do everything which we can desire.

"Ever yours faithfully,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

"William Suckling, Esq."

We have now only to offer to our readers the autographs promised last week. The one is dated March 9, 1786—the second immediately after the loss of his good right arm, and was of course written with his left hand—and the last in April 1802.

## AUTOGRAPHS OF LORD NELSON.

March 9<sup>th</sup> 1786

I am with the greatest affection your  
Oblig'd Nephew  
Horatio Nelson

Seahorse off Scilly Aug: 30<sup>th</sup>  
1797

My Dear Sir,  
As I can write but slowly  
I am forced to begin my letter a great  
way from Portsmouth where please God  
I am bound —

And believe me your most  
Affectionate Nephew  
Horatio Nelson

Ever yours faithfully  
Nelson

Apr: 15<sup>th</sup> 1802

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE  
AND ART.

It would seem strange if we were to call the gloomy and suicidal month of November the poet's month; and yet, to judge by the magazines we have cut open, the title would not be misapplied. *Blackwood*, for instance, gives us delightful papers on 'Oehlenschlaeger's Aladdin,' and 'Edmund Spenser;' the opening pages of which last are full of poetry of the highest order. We have also a *Noctes*,—somewhat too gastronomic, it is true; but with the Shepherd in presence, who prophesies (O second Daniel!) the destruction of the Houses of Parliament,—and a wild, dreamy churchyard Eclogue, by Aird, reminding us of some of Richter's most poetical and spiritual visions.—*Tait*, too, has for the month cast by much of his politics, and given us a good number,—with a dramatic sketch by the Corn-Law Rhymers,—a just and reverential Review of Southey,—and more Notices of Coleridge, by the Opium-Eater: these are a little discursive, and somewhat tainted by prejudice, but are valuable as contributions towards a future biography.—*Fraser* is, on the whole, a very good number; and we mention it, although somewhat hurried, and obliged to defer our notice of other magazines, because a hiccupping swaggerer therein threatens to tear "our critiques to pieces," and insinuates that our judgment is warped by personal feeling. Now, a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, if in no other, ought to know that it is not very long since we were accused of an affectation of liberality, for over-praising, as it was said, the very party referred to,—but enough of this. We suggest to him the following text for his promised paper:—"The *Athenæum* is a journal we feel pleasure in mentioning as one of the most gratifying instances of combined talent and integrity now presented by the periodical literature of England."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

Among the forthcoming novelties is the Belgian novel, by Lady Morgan, which we some time since announced, and which will, we understand, appear early in December,—also a German tale, descriptive of the Age of Rudolph II., by Lord Albert Conyngham,—'The Pilgrims of Walsingham,' by Miss Strickland,—'Chances and Changes,' by the author of 'Six Weeks on the Loire,'—a new work on America, by C. D. Arfwedson,—and 'Annals of the Coinage of China,' by Samuel Birch, with engraved specimens from works heretofore published, and from pieces in the British Museum.

The Society of British Musicians commenced its proceedings on Monday, with a full room, and an audience disposed to enjoy and to sympathise. We, too, feel so much interest in an Association which has professedly for its object the advancement of art among us without reference to "filthy lucre," that we shall consider this performance as merely a note of preparation, and mention only that which we can mention with satisfaction to ourselves. It must be understood, however, that the same measure of criticism cannot be applied to any other than a *first* concert. We were pleased and interested by Mr. Macfarlen's Symphony—both from the youth of the composer, and the enthusiasm and originality discernible throughout his work—it gives good promise of excellence; the trio of the Minuet in particular struck us as full of fine bold fancy, and the conclusion to the finale was at once clever and animating. We are not, at this instant, able to remember any work of similar length from the pen of a native writer which has given us so much pleasure. Mr. Lucas's violoncello solo was most honourable to him, and beautifully played. Mr. Tinney's overture also contained passages of considerable effect and spirit. Of the band we shall speak on another occasion.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE  
PARIS ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

August 4.—M. Lassiz offered to proceed to Madrid, at his own expense, under the auspices of the Academy, for the purpose of studying the cholera morbus, and confirming the efficacy of that mode of treating the disease which he had formerly communicated to the members.

M. H. Dufa proposed to make a voyage to the Indian Ocean, with a view of prosecuting researches in natural history; he was willing to take the expense upon himself, provided the Academy would procure for him the assistance of the government to ensure him protection in those countries belonging to foreign powers.

M. C. Chevalier presented a microscope for examination, which he had made for the Physical department of the College of France, and in which he had introduced some improvements.

M. Vallot forwarded some observations on the *Veronica* mas of the ancients, formerly employed in medicine, but now fallen into disuse; he believes this to have arisen from a mistake, in supposing the *Veronica officinalis* to be the plant in question, instead of the *Veronica montana*.

M. Segnier read a report upon the hydrostatic balloon of M. Gregoire; its object is to measure the depth of water, and it consists of a float of cork or hollow metal, and of a weight sufficiently heavy to drag the former to the bottom, where the float is separated from the weight by means of a trigger, and the depth is estimated by the time which intervenes between the descent and re-appearance of the float. The idea appears to have been originally suggested by an officer of the navy, but the machine was not found to answer, and it was remarked that the influence of currents would have a considerable effect on the results.

M. A. de Jussieu presented a report on the description of the Flora of Timor, by M. Decaisne; M. Decaisne observes that the proportion of Monocotyledonous to Dicotyledonous plants in that island was 1 to 4½, being precisely the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Brown in the equinoctial regions of Africa and New Holland. Among the Monocotyledons, the grasses occupy 1/3, the ferns and Cyperaceæ each 1/5, while, in the Dicotyledons, the leguminous plants amount to 1/7, the Euphorbiaceæ 1/15, the Urticæ and Compositæ 1/18, the Malvaceæ 1/22, the Acanthaceæ, Convolvulaceæ, Rubiaceæ, and Rutaceæ 1/30, the myrtles, Verbenas, Solanææ, and Labiate plants 1/38. The vegetation of Timor has many similarities with that of the Indian continent, particularly in the families of the Urticææ, Acanthaceæ, Malvaceæ, Amarantaceæ, and especially the fig trees.

M. Boussingault read a memoir containing the result of some researches on the composition of the atmosphere; among other things he states the possibility of recognizing the presence of miasmata as well as of an hydrogenous principle in the air.

Aug. 16.—M. de Grandagne, having intimated his intention to ascend in a balloon on the following day, expressed a wish that the Academy should point out any observations which he might be enabled to make in furtherance of the interests of science, upon which M. Arago suggested an examination of the proportionate diminution of temperature at various degrees of elevation; for this purpose he was provided with barometers and thermometers, and, for the purpose of comparison, corresponding observations were directed to be made at the observatory.

M. Bourjot St.-Hilaire presented a memoir, entitled 'Considerations on the Anatomy of the pelvis and posterior extremities of Birds,' serving to demonstrate the superior adaptation to walking than to flight in certain groups, and also to arrange the grand divisions of this class of the vertebrata, according to the law of the balancing

of organs. It is intended to complete the labours of M. l'Herminier and M. de Blainville, on the sterno-humeral apparatus, by showing the opposition in the arrangement of parts, according as the animal is destined for walking or flying.

Aug. 18.—M. José Roura, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Barcelona, sent a letter, suggesting an improvement in the oxygen-hydrogen illumination of Capt. Drummond, by substituting the sulphate for the carbonate of lime; the former is powdered, mixed into a paste with some gum, and then cut into small pieces; the jet of oxygen and hydrogen upon it produces a most brilliant light, sulphurous acid and water are disengaged, and an oxide of calcium remains. M. Arago observed that the French light-house commission were engaged in effecting a similar plan of illumination; after some experience, it was proved that the light emitted was equal to that of 20,000 Argand lamps, but this intensity is not constant, because the heat soon hardens the lime, so as to require frequent removal or snuffing, to allow the flame to operate upon the fresh particles; another inconvenience is, that the light produced by a luminous body of such small dimensions as a cylinder of lime, can have but a very slight divergence, and when upon the horizon, its appearance at each point from a revolving light would be almost instantaneous, so that navigators may fail in perceiving it, and be unable to discover the situation of the lighthouse.

M. Julia de Fontenelle presented some observations upon marsh vapours, suggested by the recent memoir of M. Boussingault on atmospheric miasmata, in which he concludes that marsh vapour generally contains 1/25 of atmospheric air more highly oxygenated than the ordinary atmosphere, besides carbonic acid, hydrochlorate of lime, hydrochlorate of sulphur, and sulphate and carbonate of lime.

M. Dumas presented a new kind of alcohol, which he and M. Pelégot had obtained from wood.

Sept. 1.—M. Chevalier presented a sealed packet, containing an account of a plan for making paper, which would prevent all possibility of any alteration of writing.

M. Rang intimated that he had received from Senegal four young specimens of the *Anodonta rubens*, Lam., and that, although enveloped in cotton for two months, they were still alive; he had learnt that these animals live eight months of the year out of water, upon the grounds suddenly abandoned by the river, and that they remain during six of these months exposed to the ardent heat of Senegal.

M. Dumas presented, in the names of MM. Benle and Enderby, an oil which they had obtained by the distillation of caoutchouc.

M. Julia de Fontenelle read a report, in reply to a question submitted to the Society, on the nutritive properties of gelatine; he concludes, that though it will not of itself afford adequate nutrition, yet, when combined with other aliments, it is exceedingly nutritious.

Sept. 8.—M. Wallet presented an instrument called Ualopanopique, intended to assist aged and weak-sighted persons in reading.

M. l'Herminier, of Guadaloupe, forwarded a specimen of the Guanchero, in spirits of wine; this bird is so rare, that although it was discovered by MM. Humboldt and Bonpland in 1799 in the Cueva del Guanchero, it has never before found its way into any European collection; it is the only example known of a nocturnal bird among the *Passeres dentirostræ*.

Sept. 15.—A letter was received from M. Devillo, on the discovery of an antique foot measure of bronze, found in the forest of Maulevrier, near Caudebec, among some Roman remains: it is four millimetres in breadth, and about two in thickness; it folds into two equal parts, and is 292 millimetres in length.



## THEATRICALS

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

Wednesday, first time, THE COUNCIL OF THREE. With the Music by Maritani.

## THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Every Evening, the Dramatic Poem of MANFRED, by Lord Byron.

## COVENT GARDEN.

Lord Byron's dramatic poem, 'Manfred,' was produced on Wednesday, and produced on so liberal a scale of expenditure, as to make one fancy that money must be found instead of lost at the great theatres: however that may be, we rejoice that we are not obliged to find it. The house was crowded in every part at an early hour, and we should think that a very considerable portion of the audience paid for their admission—at the same time it was evident that a considerable portion did not. The free-list, according to the bills, was stopped. It might be so—but the free-people were not. Sufficient proof of this was to be found in the vociferous manner in which these people, who always injure the cause they are intended to support, insisted upon an encore of the overture. We happened not to hear it the first time, and to arrive just after it had commenced for the second. The uproar between the pros and cons continued almost without interruption to the end of it—but during a partial lull of the storm, we heard a few bars, and with our usual penetration, were enabled at once to form, even from them, a correct judgment of the whole composition. We, therefore, beg to say, that we differ *in toto* from a Morning Paper of Thursday, which contained a long criticism, to show that Mr. Bishop's new overture was not what it ought to have been, and we here record our opinion, that Carl Maria Von Weber's overture to 'The Ruler of the Spirits,' as played at Covent Garden before Lord Byron's 'Manfred,' on Wednesday last, is a production of great and decided merit. Of the poem itself, it is unnecessary to speak. Its melancholy beauties and its misty grandeur, are as well known as its meaning or its moral are ill understood. As to its fitness for theatrical representation, there were no rules by which that could be determined. To do so, an experiment had to be made; and to make it, great expense had to be incurred. The management has gone boldly to work—the experiment has been made, and, as we think, it has succeeded. In this opinion, we find ourselves confirmed by all the Morning Papers but one, and, in that one, the article is written in such a spirit of ill-humour, with almost everybody and every thing, that criticism is sacrificed to a determination to find fault; and we can only conclude, that the critic was labouring under a severe tooth-ache. All persons concerned in the production of this drama exerted themselves to the utmost—with more or less effect, of course, according to their opportunities and abilities—but all, as we said, to the utmost. Mr. Denzil enacted the part of the hero, or rather sustained it, for there is little to act, with very considerable judgment, and, in the more energetic parts, with very powerful effect. His performance was unequal, and so tame in the earlier parts, that we began to fear he had been taking ludanum: but we were mistaken—he was only cautious, and would not pull his trigger until he was sure of his mark—that mark was the earnest and hearty applause of the audience, and when he did pull his trigger, down it came. We have praised Mr. Denzil heretofore, for not over-doing his part—but every Scylla has its Charybdis, and a part may be under-done. His waking up may be dated from the commencement of his scene with the *Witch of the Alps*—and in this scene he entitled himself to the highest praise that can be given to an actor—with choice of his own epithets. We shall not soon

forget the manner in which he made the beautiful lines tell, beginning,

She was like me in lineaments.

The speech too which follows the inquiry of the Witch—"With thy hand?"

Not with my hand, but heart—which broke her heart, It gazed on mine, and withered. I have shed Blood, but not her's—and yet her blood was shed—I saw—and could not staunch it—

was given to perfection—and so were several other subsequent speeches—and his dying scene was excellent. Miss Ellen Tree's appearance as the *Witch of the Alps*, was most lovely and most effective. The music by Mr. Bishop is very clever, but more calculated for the profound musician than the general hearer, and the scenery confers theatrical immortality upon those admirable artists, the Messrs. Grieve. Upon the whole, we should think 'Manfred' not unlikely to draw considerable monies to the treasury. We can promise those whom the novelty of the attempt may attract to see it, that the pains and expense which have been bestowed upon the execution, will repay them for the trouble.

## ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A new opera, called 'Herman, or the Broken Spear,'—the words by some Mister *Aston*, and the music by Mr. Thompson, of Edinburgh, was brought forward here last Monday. The piece is a very poor concern. The words of the songs, &c., are something better than the prose, but we cannot with justice praise them highly. There is about four times too much music, to begin with; and therefore it had better be cut, if it is meant to go on with. This, which ought to have been a light musical piece, in two acts, was as long as an Italian opera, and longer than many—to wit, three hours and a half. Did the composer think he might never have another opportunity, that he poured such volleys of music in upon us? Truly, he need have been under no such alarm; for, although from the heaviness of the piece, and the quantity of time it occupied, we have no great desire to see it again, there were evidences of talent, if not of genius, on his part, that may cause a future work, when better suited, to be very acceptable. The soli and chorus, 'Whin's for the chase, the glorious chase,' is a most lively, spirited, dramatic, and effective composition. Mr. Phillips's drinking song also is deserving of high praise; to which list may be added the trio in the finale to the first act, 'I tremble with dismay,' and one or two other things, which we have not room to mention. Mrs. Weylett being ill, her part was filled by Miss Sonerville. Mr. Phillips sang with his usual taste, and rather more than his usual energy. Mr. Wilson was not quite at home; but he had, perhaps, been hurried. Let us, however, take this opportunity of recommending all those who would like to hear a very charming ballad sung more exquisitely than any man or any lady (always excepting Miss Stephens,) ever sang any ballad before, to see the little piece at this theatre, called 'Cramond Brigg,' and hear Mr. Wilson sing 'The wee thing;' we pledge ourselves that this 'wee thing' is a great thing to hear, and that if all else were wrong in the evening, this would of itself be amply worth the price of admission, and the amount of travelling expenses from any place within twenty miles of London.

## MISCELLANEA

*Amateur Festival at Exeter Hall.*—The first of these oratorios took place on Thursday evening, consisting of a selection of sacred music, chiefly from the works of Handel, with the 'Gloria' from Mozart's twelfth Mass—a Motett by the same composer—and Beethoven's 'Hallelujah.' As we must defer a detailed account of the performances till next week, we only mention their having commenced, that we

may express our very great satisfaction in the precision and attention of the chorus, which is in excellent order; and the hearing of which, ought to go far to set the question at rest, of our middle classes being musical or not. The Mass music went perfectly.

*The Hon. Wm. R. Spencer.*—It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of the Hon. W. R. Spencer, son of the late Lord Charles Spencer, and nephew of the late Duke of Marlborough. From his early youth he associated with the most distinguished political and literary characters of every country; and in every society his brilliant talents, his conversational powers, and his elegant and profound classical attainments, excited universal admiration. To these were united a simplicity and fascination of manners which attracted the regard of all who approached within their influence; and perhaps there never existed a person so singularly gifted who could so accommodate himself to the most inferior understandings, or who enjoyed such a degree of popularity amongst all classes. He was the author, at an early age, of the admired and spirited translation of Burger's *Lenora*, and since of many beautiful and popular original poems. The bad state of his health compelled him for the last two years to withdraw himself from that society of which he had been so bright an ornament; but till within three weeks of his death he retained his remarkable powers of conversation to such a degree, that the few persons whom he still admitted to his society could not believe that he was as ill as, unhappily with too much truth, he represented himself to be.—*Galvani's Messenger.*—He wrote also a comedy called 'Urania; or, The Illuminée,' which was performed with success about thirty years ago at Drury Lane, and in 1811 he published a volume of Poems.

*Thomas Cunningham.*—We regret to state, that Mr. Thomas Cunningham died on the 24th of October, at his house in Princess Street, Lambeth, in the 56th year of his age. He was a native of Galloway; a skilful mechanic; a good scholar, and a kind and warm-hearted man; and for twenty-four years chief clerk to the distinguished Rennie, and his sons Sir John and George. But he had other merits, which entitle him to a notice in this paper: he was a poet of no common genius, and a writer of prose fiction, at once pathetic and humorous. Of his skill in song, the following beautiful composition will speak, it has been printed as the work of Burns, and is not unworthy:—

## THE HILLS O' GALLOWAY.

Among the birks sae blythe an' gay,  
I met my Julia hameward gaun;  
The lilies chauntit on the spray,  
The lambskins loupit on the lawn;  
On ilka bowen the sword was mawn,  
The brans wi' gowans bunkit bra',  
An' gloomins' pluid o' gray was thrawn  
Oot ower the hills o' Galloway.  
Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,  
An' fragrance winc'd a-lang the lea,  
As down we sat the flowers among,  
Upon the banks o' stately Dee.  
My Julia's arms encircled me,  
An' saftly gladd the hours awa',  
Till dawning' coot a glimmerin' e'e  
Upon the hills o' Galloway.  
It was owen sheep, an' kye,  
It was goud, it was gear,  
This fitted e'e was hae, quoth I,  
The warld's drumlie glows to cheer;  
But gie to me my Julia dear,  
Ye powers wha rowe this virethen ba',  
An' O! sae blythe tho' hie I'll steer  
Among the hills o' Galloway.  
When gloamin' dunnert up the hill,  
An' our guidman has hame the yowes,  
Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill  
That ower the main meand'ring flows;  
Or tuit among the wrogy knowes,  
My barked pipe I'll sweetly blow,  
An' sing the streams, the straths, and bowes,  
The hills an' daks o' Galloway.  
An' when auld Scotia's heathy hills,  
Her rural nymphs an' joyous swains,

Her flow'ry wilds an' wimpling rills,  
Awake nœ mair my canty strains;  
Where friendship dwells, an' freedom reigns,  
Where beather blooms, an' muircocks craw,  
O! dig my grave, and hide my bones  
Among the hills o' Galloway.

As he has left many short poems, songs, and prose tales, it is likely that his brother Allan will compose a brief account of his life, and publish a selection from his works.

*Drawings with Pen and Ink.*—Mr. Minasi has this week submitted to our examination, some very extraordinary specimens of his skill in this unpromising branch of art. We could not but wonder at his untiring patience, and the beautiful result; but how he is to be remunerated for such works, which can only be multiplied by the same endless labour, remains to us a mystery.

*Savoy.*—According to the French Papers, it is in contemplation to join, by means of a suspension bridge, the summits of two mountains, at several hundred feet distance, on the route from Annecy to Geneva. This bridge, which will be at an elevation of more than 250 feet above the torrent, will replace the old bridge, which was destroyed by the Austrians in 1814, and effect a saving of a distance of nearly three miles.

*Persian Geography.*—The following curious extract has been sent to us by a friend. It is translated from a Persian work entitled *Jāma-at-tawārikh*, or *Universal History*, by Rashid-ad-din, who commenced it in the year of the

Hijrah 714 (A.D. 1314).—"Ireland (Irlanda) is an island in the midst of the Ocean. From the excellence of its soil, poisonous reptiles and rats are not produced upon it. The people are long-lived, red-haired, tall, strong and brave. There is a fountain of water there, into which, if a piece of wood is thrown, in the course of one week its surface becomes stone.—The larger island is called England (Inglaterra). In it is a mountain which has numerous mines of gold, silver, copper, lead, and iron. Fruit trees are abundant. Amongst the wonders of that land is a tree which produces birds. It is thus: At the time of blossom a sort of bag appears upon the tree: within this the bird is attached by its beak. When the fruit is ripe, the bird makes a hole with its beak and comes out. They keep it two years, by which time it grows to the size of a goose or duck. It is the common meat of the people of that country.—In both these islands there are sheep, from the wool of which they make cyprus and scarlet cloths.—The king of both these islands is called Scotland."

#### [ADVERTISEMENT.]

The first Volume of Mr. MURRAY'S *VARIORUM EDITION OF ROSSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON*, printed uniformly with the *LIFE AND WORKS OF BYRON* AND OF *CHAMBERLAIN*, and embellished with Engravings by the Fintona, after Drawings taken on the spot by Stanfield, will be published on the 1st of January next.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

*Just published.*—The *Fruit Cultivator*, by John Rogers, Nurseryman, formerly of the Royal Gardens,

12mo. 6s.—Sopwith's *Treatise on Isometrical Drawing*, 8vo. 16s.—Pompeii, illustrated with Views, by Cooke, 2 vols. imp. folio, 8s. 8s.—Gordon on Locomotion, 2nd edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Griffin's *Chemical Recreations*, new edit. 18mo. 3s.—*Lectures on Surgery, Medical and Operative*, by W. Lawrence, 3s. 6d.—Valpy's *History of England*, Vol. X. 5s.—Thelwall's *Thoughts in Affliction*, 2nd edit. 16mo. 2s. 6d.—Rev. J. Pratt's *Life of Brainerd*, (Christian Family Library), 5s.—Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau, 3rd edit. 8s. 7s. 6d.—Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, Vol. LX. (Germany, Vol. I.) 6s.—Warleigh; a novel, by Mrs. Bray, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31s. 6d.—Maite Brun's *Geography*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 15s.—Garrington's *Collected Poems*, 3 vols. 8s. 10s.—Leaves from the *Memorandum Book of Alfred Crowquill*, No. 1. 2s.—*Library of Romance*, Vol. XIII. (The Siege of Vienna), 8s. 6s.—Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister, 8s. 4s. 6d.—The *Musical Talisman*, 4to. 10s.—The *Musical Bijou*, 4to. 15s.—The *Sacred Musical Gift*, folio, 10s. 6d.—*Romance of History: Italy*, Vol. III. 6s.—Williams's *Abstracts of the Acts*, continued by Bell, 1834, 8s.—*Sacred Classics*, Vol. XI. (Beveridge's Private Thoughts), 3s. 6d.—A New Interpretation of a portion of the 3rd Chapter of Genesis, 8vo. 6s.—France, &c. by H. L. Bulwer, Esq. M.P. 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—The *Life of the Emperor Napoleon*, by H. Lee, Vol. I. 8vo. 18s.—Woodhouse's *Lectures on the Law of England*, 2nd edit. with Notes, by W. R. Williams, D.C.L. 3 vols. 12mo. 30s.—Leighton's *Works*, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—Townson's *Practical Discourses*, 8vo. 16s. 6d.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. we cannot answer.—S. H.—E.—received.—T. K.—declined.

We are obliged to J. B., although we have some fears that the MS. cannot be made available.

*Erratum.*—The name of the gentleman referred to in Captain Bark's letter, to Commander Ross, inserted last week, is *Beverley*, and not "Bromley" as printed.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR OCTOBER.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY,

AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1834.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
W 1	30.174	57.4	30.119	60.4	50	54.1	61.2	47.4	61.4		N	Fine and cloudless.—A.M. Light breeze. P.M. Light wind.
● T 2	30.104	56.5	30.064	59.7	51	52.6	62.6	45.3	62.6		E	Fine and cloudless. A.M. Light breeze and wind. P.M. Very clear.
F 3	30.190	55.3	30.181	58.3	47	48.6	60.6	44.3	60.7		E	A.M. Strong haze—cloudless. P.M. Fine—bazy.
8 4	30.219	55.6	30.185	60.2	52	52.3	66.7	46.7	66.7		E	A.M. Strong fog. P.M. Clear and cloudless.
⊙ 5	30.192	57.7	30.180	61.7	51	54.4	68.4	49.3	70.2		SE	A.M. Strong haze—cloudless. P.M. Fine and cloudless—light cloudiness.
M 6	30.259	60.3	30.200	63.2	56	56.4	68.8	53.8	70.2		SSW	Fine and cloudless—bazy.
T 7	30.230	62.9	30.193	65.3	60	60.4	67.6	55.9	68.3		WNW	Fine and cloudless—light streaked cloudiness.—Evening, clear.
W 8	30.178	63.0	30.108	64.8	58	58.9	63.3	56.5	64.3		WSW	A.M. Lightly cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine and clear—light breeze and clouds.
T 9	29.982	63.2	29.901	65.7	60	61.7	65.7	58.3	66.4		SSW	Light wind.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. P.M. Fine—light soft clouds.
F 10	29.999	61.4	30.010	62.0	49	55.9	57.7	54.8	59.4		N	Fine—light clouds and wind.—Clear, p.m.
8 11	30.116	55.3	30.069	58.6	45	47.4	57.6	42.4	57.7		N	Fine.—A.M. Cloudless. P.M. Clear—thin Succession clouds, and light wind.
⊙ 12	30.146	55.7	30.142	58.4	47	50.8	58.3	46.6	58.7		N	Hazy.—Fine—light cloudiness, p.m. Evening, local haze—clouds.
M 13	30.120	57.2	30.003	59.2	54	54.9	60.3	49.5	61.6		SW	Fine and cloudless.—A few light clouds and cloudiness, a.m.
T 14	29.768	57.6	29.691	60.7	57	58.3	62.4	50.3	63.6		SSW	Fine—very floating clouds.—Clear, p.m.—Showers, soon and evening.
W 15	29.770	56.7	29.723	59.2	48	51.7	55.9	49.3	56.7	.058	WSW	Fine—light Succession clouds.—Clear—light wind, p.m.
T 16	29.707	54.4	29.430	57.6	49	50.0	57.9	42.3	58.3		S	Unsteady wind.—A.M. Fair & clear—light rain. P.M. Cloudy—light rain, i.e., due to clear—light clouds—light unsteady breeze.
○ F 17	29.307	55.8	29.415	57.7	48	53.6	51.2	49.4	57.3	.025	WNW	Strong unsteady breeze.—A.M. Fine and clear. P.M. Heavy rain—dark.
8 18	29.590	52.3	29.715	54.4	43	47.6	51.3	42.2	51.7	.094	WNW	Fine—light clouds & cloudiness—light brisk wind.—Evening, clear.
⊙ 19	30.036	49.7	29.938	53.3	42	45.4	54.2	38.3	56.6		WSW	Lightly cloudy.—A.M. Light haze. P.M. Light breeze and depression.
M 20	29.774	53.8	29.749	55.7	53	56.8	59.0	44.6	59.4		S	Light clouds and breeze.—A.M. Lightly cloudy. Noon, shower.
T 21	29.987	54.7	30.188	55.2	53	53.3	51.3	50.3	56.3		WSW	A.M. Fair and clear.
W 22	29.943	51.4	29.820	53.7	48	49.4	55.3	39.8	55.3		SW var.	A.M. Fine and cloudless—light breeze. P.M. Fair—lightly cloudy—light wind.
T 23	29.615	53.9	29.576	55.5	52	53.8	54.3	48.7	55.7		WSW	Lightly overcast & bazy.—light unsteady breeze.—Ex. light rain.
F 24	29.757	46.3	29.796	48.2	26	38.5	43.4	34.1	43.4		WSW	Light brisk unsteady wind.—A.M. Lowering—depression.
8 25	30.080	45.7	30.131	48.6	38	42.3	47.5	37.4	47.7	.008	NW var.	P.M. Fair and clear—lightly cloudy.
⊙ 26	30.344	43.7	30.412	47.3	38	41.1	48.2	35.9	48.2		NW var.	Light fresh breeze.—A.M. Fine and cloudless. P.M. Lightly cloudy. Evening, clear.
M 27	30.404	45.3	30.419	48.4	46	46.8	53.3	37.3	53.3		N	Fine—light thin clouds—light brisk wind.
T 28	30.485	49.0	30.523	50.7	49	51.6	52.5	45.7	63.3		NW var.	Fine—nearly cloudless—light wind.
W 29	30.665	50.2	30.618	50.7	45	48.2	49.2	46.8	49.3		N	Lightly overcast and cloudy—light haze.
T 30	30.480	49.8	30.371	52.7	47	47.5	52.2	45.7	52.3		N	Lightly overcast—light wind.
F 31	30.215	50.1	30.151	53.4	49	49.8	56.3	43.3	56.6		SW	Overcast—hazy.
											SW	Lightly cloudy—light haze and wind.
											WSW	Fine—lightly cloudy—light cloudiness, haze, and wind.
MEANS..	30.059	54.3	30.034	56.8	48.7	51.4	57.2	46.2	58.2	Sum. .185		Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capillary and reduced to 32° Fahr. .... { 9 A.M. 29.996 3 P.M. 29.964

\*. Height of Cistern of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge—43 feet 2 1/2 in.—Ditto, above the presumed mean level of the Sea—66 feet.—External Thermom. is 2 ft. higher than Barom. Cistern.—Height of Receiver of Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House—79 feet.







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# THE ATHENÆUM

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(J. HOLMES, TUCKER'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*Mémoires de l'Institut Royal de France, Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Tome X. Paris: Imprimerie Royale; London, Richter.*

THE increasing anxiety of the learned throughout Europe to extend the intellectual intercourse of nations, and make known what each has done for the advancement of every branch of knowledge, is most gratifying to all who, like ourselves, desire to see science and literature "the very bond of peace" among nations. Our own humble exertions in forwarding the good cause are known to our readers; but we look upon every work sent to us from abroad, still more when from a distinguished Society like that of L'Institut Royal, not merely as an honourable testimony that our labours are appreciated, but as a pleasant proof that they have not been altogether unsuccessful. The value of the Memoirs published by the Academy of Inscriptions, is known to all scholars; it deserves, however, to be made known, that many of these Memoirs are not addressed exclusively to the learned, but discuss topics of general interest. A brief analysis of the articles contained in the volume before us will enable our readers to judge how much has been contributed to the store of general knowledge by the recent labours of the literary department of the French Institute.

The first memoir, by Baron de Sacy, discusses the historical value of the synchronisms established by Hamza Isfahani between the kings of Persia and two ancient Arabian dynasties; he shows, that Hamza is as inaccurate in his chronology as the herd of oriental writers, and that he cannot be relied upon as an authority.

The second memoir, also contributed by the Baron, investigates the origin of 'The Arabian Nights.' The Baron claims for the Saracens the honour of having invented these stories, whose literary merit he thinks has been greatly exaggerated. We do not agree with either of his conclusions, but having more than once stated our own opinions, it is unnecessary to dwell upon the subject.

A third memoir describes two Arabic inscriptions on papyrus, contained among the Egyptian antiquities purchased by Drovetti. They seem to prove that the present Arabic alphabet (the Neshki) was used in the age of Mohammed, and was anterior to the Cufic. The foundation appears too narrow for the support of such an hypothesis.

The fourth memoir is a continuation of the Baron's former investigation into the religious tenets of the Druses. It is generally known that the Druses are an off-set from the Ismaelians or Assassins, who have chosen for their prophet, Hakem, an Egyptian Khaliph, a monster of cruelty and vice. It appears, from one of the pieces translated by Baron de Sacy, that the Khaliph's extravagant debaucheries and wanton murders had

excited disgust among some portion of his besotted subjects, who presented a remonstrance on the subject. The answer was not a denial of the crimes, but an assertion that they formed a sublime allegory, full of instruction to true believers; every one of the charges is stated with disgusting minuteness, and the allegorical significations deduced transcend all former specimens of perverted ingenuity. One, as an example, may amuse our readers:—

The putting to death of Sarvaid and Homam was a lesson to those who chose to reflect upon it, and served to remove unbelief from those who made it the subject of their meditations. They were the two best wrestlers (in Cairo), and each headed a body of factions partisans. They are the emblems of Mohammed and Ali, and their destruction signifies the abolition of the two laws, literal Mohammedanism (the Soanite creed), and allegorical Mohammedanism (the creed of the Shi'ahs).

It deserves also to be remarked, that the union of divinity and humanity in the person of Hakem is more strongly urged in these Druse documents, than in those which were published in the Museum Borgianum.

The next article is a memoir on the state of the Natural Sciences among the people of Eastern Asia, by the late M. Abel Rémusat. This lamented scholar shows, that the Chinese have had a systematic Natural History from, at least, two centuries before the Christian era—that their symbolic alphabet necessarily forced them to adopt an orderly nomenclature, and, consequently, suggested a system of classification; but he hints what he might have stated broadly, that these very facilities have led Chinese students to rest satisfied with the knowledge of names, without investigating the things themselves.

Three memoirs, contributed by M. Letronne, follow; one only possesses general interest, the examination of the accounts given by the ancients of the vocal statue of Memnon. (See M. Letronne's Letter, *Athenæum*, ante, p. 690.)

We have next a very curious treatise, both in a zoological and historical point of view, on the animals exhibited in the circus at the public games of the Romans. The author, M. Mongez, shows that many animals, now very rarely seen in Europe, such as the giraffe and the rhinoceros, were not uncommon in the Roman exhibitions. In describing the means by which the wild animals were taken, he declares that Pliny's account of the lion being rendered harmless if a cloth be thrown over his eyes, has been confirmed by recent travellers; but we do not feel quite satisfied with his authorities.

Another memoir, interesting to classical scholars, has been contributed by M. Dureau de la Malle, 'On the condition of the free population of Italy under the supremacy of the Roman republic.' The author has, as yet, only investigated the state of agricultural labourers; he shows, that the Romans in the country found the labour of slaves dearer than that of free men, and proves that the

slave population of Italy was much smaller than is usually supposed.

M. Pouqueville has contributed a 'Memoir on the French Commerce with the Levant, from the beginning of the Sixth to the close of the Seventeenth Century.' After a brief survey of the state of ancient commerce and the routes it traversed, the author shows that the trade of Marseilles with the East scarcely suffered any interruption from the conquests of the Franks, and that the successors of Clovis, so early as the middle of the sixth century, had formed commercial treaties with the Byzantine emperors. In the ninth century, Jerusalem seems to have been a place of great commercial importance, for M. Pouqueville has discovered the journal of a voyage undertaken by St. Arculf, about that period, in which he states, that "a fair is held annually in Jerusalem every 15th of September, where merchants assemble from every country in perfect freedom." He adds, "amongst them are to be found, pilgrims, men of letters, and persons whose profession it is to collect anecdotes, that they may be able on their return to relate amusing histories in the houses of the nobility." The monk Bernard, who visited Jerusalem A.D. 870, adds, that "the Holy City contained a bazaar, (for the use of which, each merchant paid two golden crowns annually,) a caravanserai, and library." These circumstances will, perhaps, account sufficiently for the tinge of orientalism found in the popular literature of Europe before the time of the Crusades. M. Pouqueville does not regard Peter the Hermit as a mere enthusiast; he shows that he was employed by the Frank merchants settled in Palestine, to plead their cause to the French monarch, and point out the dangers to which their commerce was exposed from the ferocity of the Seljukian Turks, who had overthrown the Sarracenic empire. Passing lightly over the time of the Crusades, our author traces the gradual establishment of the Amalfitan Code, the basis of maritime and commercial law in modern Europe; he shows that this code was not, as has been supposed, devised by the Italian merchants, but was a revival of the legislations of the Rhodians, and the Romans of the Lower Empire. He next examines the origin of consular establishments in the Levant, and states that though traces of them may be found in the eleventh century, they were not fixed upon a firm basis before the foundation of the Latin empire at Constantinople in the thirteenth century. From a curious statute of the city of Marseilles, bearing date the 2nd of April, A.D. 1253, it appears that the commercial cities in the south of France had not only the privilege of electing their own magistrates and consuls, but that they could regulate their commercial relations with foreign states, independently of the royal authority.

The election of consuls (says this statute) belongs exclusively to our Podestat or Chief Magistrate, who shall choose them after having

asked the advice of the syndics, counsellors, heads of guilds and other officers of the city. They must be chosen from the best families in Marseilles.

Four years afterwards, when the city submitted to Charles of Anjou, it was stipulated that consuls should be elected as heretofore, but that the suzerain should have a Veto on the appointment. This was the golden age of French commerce; the people of Marseilles in alliance with the Jews, supplanted the Greeks in the Levantine and Mediterranean markets, while the Venetians and Genoese were as yet scarcely known in a mercantile character. But the wars in which the Counts of Provence engaged to maintain the claims of the house of Anjou to the thrones of Naples and Sicily, proved fatal to the trade of Marseilles and the neighbouring towns; and Levantine commerce had almost wholly ceased when the Turks captured Constantinople. The commerce of Venice was founded on the ruins of that of Provence; during the two centuries that "the Queen of the Adriatic" flourished in her glory, the south of France, and, indeed, the whole of the kingdom, was distracted by internal commotions that diverted attention from trade. The commerce of Marseilles began to revive under Louis XI., who published an edict somewhat similar to the English Navigation Act, prohibiting the importation of spices or any Levantine goods into France, except in French vessels. So low had the people of Marseilles sunk at this period, that their trade was carried on under the Venetian flag, and their merchants had to rely on the protection of Venetian consuls. Louis XI. sent consuls to the different Mohammedan states, but the Turks did not concede to them the privileges which their predecessors had enjoyed under the Saracens, for Khalil, an Arabic author of this period, speaking of the consuls at Alexandria, says,

"They are great lords sent by the Franks of different nations; they are a kind of hostages, for when any of these nations does anything injurious to Islamism, we hold the consul accountable."

Matters continued in this unsatisfactory state until the reign of Francis I., who entered into a treaty offensive and defensive with the Sublime Porte, (A.D. 1536.) One of the stipulations was,

The King (of France) shall preserve for ever full and entire sovereignty over his subjects settled in the Levant, and they shall in no case be tried before any tribunals save those of his ambassadors and consuls.

Some remembrance of their old communal liberty seems to have been revived at this time among the citizens of Marseilles, for when a consul appointed by the King presented his letters of appointment to their council for registration, they expressly declared that their acceptance of the nomination should be "without prejudice to their liberties, statutes, privileges, and franchises." This was, however, an expiring effort, the appointment of consuls soon became a branch of the royal prerogative, and was regularly turned out by Louis XIV. In conclusion, M. Pouqueville investigates the formation of a commercial code in France, but this part of his subject is interesting only to the legal antiquarian.

The next memoir is 'On the origin of the Peerage in France and England, by M. Ber-

nardi.' It contains little new information, and leaves untouched the great question of the difference between the Parliaments established nearly at the same time in both nations.

The last memoir is on the law of customs, or what we should call the common law of France, by M. Pardessus, a subject interesting only to French antiquarians.

*Francesca Carrara.* By the Author of 'Romance and Reality.' London: Bentley.

It is worth noting as characteristic of the literature of to-day, that the same most gracious and reasonable public who reject with indifference—nay more, impatience—the labour of the poet when offered to them in the forms of measured lines and stanzas, encourage and enjoy his visions and fancies, when they come forth in the pretence of a prose garb. It would seem as if Rhyme and Reason, so long united in the adage, were now divorced in popular opinion—but that still the utilitarians of the times we live in have no objection to drink of the cup that charmed (and they would say intoxicated) their forefathers—provided they can partake of its enchantments "under the prose."

In plain English, our poets are turned novelists, and our novelists talk poetry. The Lady of the 'Improvisatrice' and the 'Golden Violet,' gives us her subtle fancies and eloquent descriptions in three volumes instead of one—in chapters instead of cantos. In her present book she has adapted herself to her new style of writing much more successfully than on a former occasion. There is less attempt at brilliancy and point, and more nature than before; we, therefore, like 'Francesca Carrara,' by many degrees, better than its predecessor. Were we disposed to be hypercritical, we might insinuate that the scenes at the Court of France (slippery ground for even Mercury himself to tread) read too much like the fruits of research into old memoirs and collections of *ana*, instead of being naturally incorporated with the story—that the historical characters are rather disclosed to our view arranged in *tableaux*, than in a series of vivid and easy sketches breathed upon the canvas by an artist imbued with the spirit of that brilliant time and place. We might object to a too frequent use of aphorisms and reflections, which the story ought itself to suggest to the contemplative, and which are only hindrances in the way of the butterfly-reader; but we will rather dwell upon the delicate and true pictures of that beautiful riddle, a woman's heart, with which Miss Landon presents us—and upon her very many beautiful descriptions of feeling and natural scenery, not a few of which are melancholy and musical as the flow of some ruined fountain in a deserted garden, which seems to lament for those who placed the urn and planted the flowers around it,—now passed away for ever!

But we must return from our similes to plain prose, or, what will be still better, open the book and let it speak for itself, our lips, as is their wont, being sealed as to the mysteries of its plot. The chapter we give, almost entire, requires no elucidating words—of such contrasts is life made up.

The day had been intensely hot, and, in Guido's weak state, it overpowered the little

strength which he had left; but towards evening he grew even more feverish, his senses wandered, and strong spasms of pain alone seemed to recall him to his actual existence. The recollection of that interview with Marie Mancini haunted him. He fancied she was coming, would start at the least noise, and ask mournfully if he was to die without seeing her.

"Francesca sought every means to soothe him, but in vain. Even her sweet and beloved voice fell unheeded on his ear; and it was late before, quite worn out, he fell into a deep slumber."

"There was a strange character of mournful beauty flung over the scene passing in that chamber of death—one that a painter would have chosen when, disappointed with the world, and smitten by some deep sorrow, he seeks refuge in the lovely creations of his art, selecting a melancholy subject, and investing it with the gloom felt within. At the far extremity of the room, placed on a little round old-fashioned table, was a lamp, whose red gleam made a small bright circle on the wall, as if to enhance the darkness which surrounded it. Drawn towards the window was the bed whereon Guido was laid. The curtains were all flung back to admit the air, and the lattices were thrown open to the utmost. The long tendrils and slender leaves of the honeysuckle formed a dark outline, just pencilled on the air, and swayed gently to and fro; for a soft wind agitated the boughs. The moon, directly opposite, flung into the room a long and tremulous line of light, which fell on Guido's face, as he reclined on the pillows which supported his head; he needed the support, for a feeling of suffocation was his constant complaint. It was the face of a statue—so pure, so pale, with the features transparent, like the delicate carving of highly polished marble; the long dark lash resting on the cheek, and the thick curls upon the brow, were the sole likeness to humanity. One emaciated hand lay on the counterpane, the other was held by Francesca, whose profile was seen, like a gentle shadow, bending over him. . . ."

"The moonbeam grew fainter—the corpse-like features became indistinct. She knew her eyes were fixed upon them, but they could not penetrate the awful obscurity. A stupor stole over her; she was conscious, but paralysed; and her eyelids dropped, as if to shut out some fearful object. She still felt that Guido's cold hand clasped her own, and she remained motionless—the fear of disturbing him paramount to every other fear."

"She felt the grasp relax, and started at once from the shuddering torpor which had oppressed her. It had been upon her longer than she deemed, for the chill white light of coming day-break was glimmering through the lattice. Guido was rousing, too, but he was convulsed with some fierce agony; his teeth were set, the veins rose upon his temples, and the dew hung upon his brow."

"Francesca raised his head tenderly, and endeavoured to make him swallow a few drops of a medicine that stood by. Her care was successful, and at last he revived. His eyes opened, wide and wandering, and filled with a strange, unnatural light; while his features relaxed from their ghastly contraction, but wore still a wild and unusual expression."

"I have seen her!" he muttered, in a faint tone; "we shall never meet again. Farewell, Marie, for ever!"

"Dearest Guido," whispered Francesca, "do not agitate yourself. Your sleep seems to have done you little good."

"He drank from the cup which she put to his lips, and sunk back on the pillow, pale and exhausted, but so composed, that she allowed Lucy, who just then entered the room, to watch by Guido during her customary short absence."

"We, too, will leave them, and passing beyond seas, record a strange scene that took place at the Hôtel de Soissons that night.

"It was even later than usual when the Comtesse quitted a brilliant *réunion* of all that was gayest in the royal circle, elate with the glittering triumph of gratified vanity, and reading in such success the sure prognostic of more solidly successful ambition. Restless and excited, she could not retire to sleep: but her hair once unbound from its knots of pearls, and a loose wrapping dress thrown round her, she dismissed her attendants, and, drawing a little writing-table to her fauteuil, prepared to exhaust some of her gaiety in letter-writing. She had a thousand flattering and lively things to say, and she was now in the mood for them.

"This is a pleasant hour in human existence—the hour after some unusually agreeable fête—agreeable from its homage to yourself; just enough fatigued for languor, but not for weariness—enough to make you enjoy the loosened hair, the careless robe, and the indolent arm-chair; while the spirits are still in a state of excitement, the tones of the music, or yet more musical words, still floating in your ear; your own light replies yet living on the memory, and the fancy animated by their vivid recollection.

"In such a mood the Comtesse de Soissons drew towards her the fragrant scrolls on which she intended to record a thousand graceful flatteries, all to forward the same object—her own interest. 'Nay!' exclaimed she, flinging down the pen, 'that seems scarcely earnest enough! Praise should be given unguardedly and eagerly—rather as it were a relief to express one's feeling!'

"The sentence died unfinished on her lips. She started from her seat, for, directly opposite to her stood Guido da Carrara, pale, sad, but with his large dark eyes fixed upon her, with that deep expression of tenderness, once so familiar to her sight, but now wild and melancholy—ay, and something fearful, in their gaze. Marie's cheek blanched as she looked upon him. She strove to scream, but in vain; all her former love—the only real feeling which she had ever known—beat passionately within her heart; a gush of unutterable tenderness, strangely mixed with vague terror, arose upon her mind. Still he stood pale, sorrowful, and motionless, while Marie found every other feeling gradually lost in terror. The air grew chill around, and her knees trembled beneath her weight.

"Guido!" she exclaimed, in a voice choked with emotion, 'for God's sake, speak!'

"Still the figure moved not—spoke not—but continued to fix upon her the same look of reproach and love. All the gentle scenes of their youth seemed to grow present before her; she felt that she had never loved but him, and that all other hopes and ties were but as a vain dream.

"I care not if I die," exclaimed she, impetuously; 'let my head rest but once again on that heart once so dearly mine!'

"Marie sprang forwards. She attempted to clasp the hands of her visitor, but her hands closed on the empty air. She staggered as with a blow; again she met that mournful face turned towards her, but even as she looked it melted into air. She glanced hurriedly round, but Guido was gone!—yet the door remained closed. She shrieked his name, but all was still as the grave. She threw a searching glance round the chamber, but in the effort sank senseless on the ground."

The length of our extract will preclude the possibility of our giving any other, save a short scene in which there is much power: it is of a girl witnessing an execution:—

"With a light yet hurried step, she went up stairs, and approached the lattice. At first she could not force herself to look out; but the agony of endurance grew insupportable, and she leant forth. Her worst fears were not realised; but there was enough to alarm her in the unusual aspect of the place. It was now about six o'clock, and that first freshness was on the air, which is to the day what youth is to life,—so light, so elastic, so sweet, and so brief; the roofs of the thatched buildings glittered with the moisture rapidly drying up; the fragrant breath of the cows, the long lingered odour from the hay-ricks, were so perceptible on the clear atmosphere; long shadows came down from the house and the trees, but they only made more visible the golden transparency of the sunshine.

"O God!" cried Francesca, 'this contrast of the glad external world is dreadful to that within!'

"The farm-yard, though morning was upon it, showed none of its usual morning activity; the hinds stood staring and bewildered in knots of some two or three, who appeared as though they sought to draw nigh to each other for protection, not companionship, and cast half-sullen, half-scared looks at the intruders on their own domain. The soldiers were scattered about, some talking to each other with the most careless indifference, others collected round a gaunt-looking sergeant, who was reading from a small Bible, and whose nasal accents were audible, though Francesca could not catch the words. A small body of dismounted troopers were lounging near the gate, waiting for their leader's call to boot and saddle; but there was one party that riveted her eye—six men, of grave and determined bearing, who stood apart, leaning upon their carbines. The domestic fowls alone seemed undisturbed by the unusual visitors, unless a more than ordinary noise of chirping and fluttering marked something of fear; but the large house-dog could not be quieted, and kept up that savage bark and growl which indicated its consciousness of intrusion and danger. Suddenly all eyes turned in one direction, and Major Johnstone came from the house, followed by the prisoner and four soldiers. Francis stepped lightly forward, and flung round a glance of the most careless contempt; and as he passed below the window, Francesca could hear him humming the notes of a popular loyalist song peculiarly obnoxious to the rigid fanatic. The insult caused many a dark brow to turn scowling upon him; but he paid them back glance for glance, and met every frown with a smile. He reached the appointed place; and, at a sign from Major Johnstone, one of the troopers drew out a handkerchief, and attempted to bind his eyes. The prisoner flung him off with a force scarcely to be expected from one of his slight figure, and, turning quickly, said, 'Let me die like a man!—whatever is my death, let me face it!' No further effort was made to blindfold him; but the carbineers formed their deadly rank, looking, however, towards their commander for the signal.

"I will myself give the word!" cried Evelyn. 'When I take off my hat, fire.'

"Francesca had hitherto looked on with that sort of charmed gaze with which the fascinated bird watches the gray and glittering eye of the serpent which forces it to its doom; but womanly terror now mastering strong excitement, she knelt down, and, hiding her face in her hands, muttered incoherent ejaculations of prayer.

"Major Johnstone had, by a stern gesture of assent, marked his permission for the prisoner to give his own death signal; and Francis, after a leisurely survey, expressive of the utmost contumely of the iron faces that darkened round him, raised his hand to his head;—every carbine was raised, too, in preparation; and the

sudden rise of the steel tubes flashed like some strange meteor in the sun.

"God save King Charles!" exclaimed the reckless cavalier, and flung his white plumed hat in the air.

"A loud burst of musketry rang far away into the distant forest; many echoes took it up, and repeated the mimic thunder; a strange screaming rose from the startled birds;—but loud above them all was heard the shriek of a woman."

It is in such scenes as the above that the merit of this book lies, in our opinion; and not in those wherein the Mancinis, and Cardinal Mazarin, and Christina of Sweden, figure. The deeper that Miss Landon works her simpler vein of feeling, the richer will be the ore she will find, and the more delightful will be her fictions, whether told in prose or verse.

*Missionary Researches in Armenia.* By Eli Smith and H. G. O. Dwight, Missionaries from the American Board of Missions. To which is prefixed a *Memoir of the Geography and Ancient History of Armenia.* By the Author of 'The Modern Traveller.' London: Wightman.

THE announcement of this work led us to form expectations which have not been fully answered: in truth, we have read parts of it with much pain. To Christian missionaries an abundant measure of Christian charity is above all things necessary; but the authors of the 'Researches in Armenia' display, in every page, a narrow sectarian spirit, such as ought not to have been found in the writings of educated men at the present day. The use of the word "Papist," as a term of reproach, is confined in England to the mere vulgar—a respectable controversialist scarce allows it to drop from his pen; yet no other name do Messrs. Smith and Dwight give to the professors of the Roman Catholic religion, whom they denounce in terms that must have been selected from the oratorical displays in Barebones' parliament. This intolerance is badly calculated to give a reader confidence in any of the statements made by them respecting the moral and religious condition of the people they visited. We naturally suspect that, having in their own minds associated sinful conduct with erroneous belief, they may have been led involuntarily to exaggerate the vices of those who differed from them in creed. When authors tell us in one passage, that the papal Armenians are morally and intellectually superior to those who adhere to the old national creed, and in another declare that the progress of Romanism among the Armenians is an evil of the greatest magnitude, we smile at their logic while we blush for their prejudices.

We gladly drop the words of censure that have been wrung from us, and turn to themes of praise. The attention bestowed on the condition of the Eastern churches by the American Board of Missions is highly honourable to that body. These churches have existed through ages of bitter and incessant persecution,—like the bush of Moses, burning without being consumed. If, when their establishments were broken, their congregations dispersed, and their records destroyed, erroneous traditions too frequently usurped the place of sound doctrines, let us not too hastily reproach them with their errors.

The Armenians, as a people, are known



to every one: like the Jews and Parsees they are scattered abroad over the face of the earth, without losing their national character. Little, however, is generally known of their country, though its history is intimately blended with that of the Persian and Byzantine empires, and in no small degree with that of the first Crusaders. A very able summary of Armenian Geography and History has been prefixed to this volume by its English editor, Mr. Josiah Conder: it is, indeed, almost a perfect specimen of judicious compilation. Unfortunately, we are bound, while bestowing this well-merited applause, to reprehend a practice more common than we had supposed, of authors employed to edit the works of others taking that opportunity to recommend their own. 'The Modern Traveller' is a good work, and has often received our commendation; but Mr. Conder has quoted it much too often in his Introduction and in the notes.

The Armenians in Turkey first engaged the attention of our missionaries; and they found the national Armenians engaged in stimulating the Turks to persecute their papal brethren. A few words will explain the reason of the Turks thus interfering in a sectarian dispute, and at the same time show the dangers which might arise from the incautious zeal of European missionaries. It is a fundamental law of Turkey, that each of the tolerated religions should have a recognized head in the capital, responsible to the government for the conduct of his flock. Those who form a new sect, of course, withdraw their allegiance from this spiritual head,—he consequently declares that he is no longer responsible for them, and they forthwith cease to belong to the class of protected subjects.

The case of the papal Armenians illustrates its operation, and is, therefore, full of instruction to protestant missionaries. Their numbers at the capital and in other places were considerable; they were, as a body, more intelligent than their countrymen; among them were men to whom uncommon wealth and official station gave great influence; and European sympathy was altogether on their side. Still they were every where obliged to rank as a part of the flock of the patriarch. They could have no churches of their own; their priests could not wear the clerical garb, nor be known as such, except under the shadow of European influence; and at baptisms, marriages, and burials, they were obliged to call upon the Armenian clergy, and pay them the accustomed fees. Such, very nearly, was their situation even at Angora, where they amounted to many thousands, while the Armenians were only a few hundred. The Sultan, having been informed of the part the Persian Armenians had taken in the late war of Russia with Persia, deemed it necessary, when anti-papal, in the beginning of 1828, a rupture with the same power himself, to remind the patriarch that he must be responsible for the good conduct of his nation. He replied, that for all who belonged to his flock he would readily be responsible; but that there were some who did not acknowledge his authority, and for them he could not pledge himself. The names of such were demanded; and he sent them in. The persecution which came upon them, when thus placed in the predicament of an unacknowledged dissenting sect, is well known. The banishment of the laity seems to have been almost peculiar to the capital and its suburbs, and was ordered under the pretence that every one must return to his own city, and of course they to Angora from whence they had come. But the persecution was felt in

the most distant parts, and even in the Kùrdish pashalik of Bayezed their priests were searched out and banished."

The national Armenians are more inclined to the Greek than the Latin church; and hence thousands of them have withdrawn from the Turkish to the Russian dominions,—permission to do so, without forfeiture of property, having formed a prominent article in the late treaty. It is amusing to find that the Turks learned the value of their Christian subjects just at the moment they were about to lose them.

The opening of the Black Sea has already led to important commercial results; and as the Armenians are the principal managers of the carrying trade between the Caucasian provinces and the sea-ports, it is gratifying to find that they are favourably disposed towards the British nation.

"No nation bears so good a character in Armenia as the English. A high idea is entertained of their neatness, rank, and liberality; and the stranger can receive no higher compliment, in the estimation of his host, than to be called a real Englishman."

From Armenia the missionaries proceeded to Georgia, one of the most interesting countries of the Caucasus: we are soon likely to have an opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to the calamitous struggle in which the independence of the Georgians was destroyed; for we learn from St. Petersburg that Prince Theimuraz, the last of the Georgian royal family, is about to publish the History of Georgia, written by his brother King David, with notes illustrating his campaigns against the Lezhis and the Turks of Kars. Of Georgian history and Georgian literature the missionaries tell us nothing; but they give an animated picture of Tiflis, the capital of the province:—

"Tiflis has the appearance of an excessively busy and populous place. Its streets present not only a crowded, but, unlike many oriental cities, a lively scene. Every person seems hurried by business. Nor is the variety of costumes, representing different nations and tongues, many of which are curious and strange, the least noticeable feature of the scene. The Russian soldier stands sentry at the corners of the streets, in a coarse great-coat, concealing the want of a better uniform, and even of decent clothing. The Russian subaltern jostles carelessly along in a little cloth cap, narrow-skirted coat, and tight pantaloons, with epaulettes dangling in front of naturally round shoulders. In perfect contrast to him stands the stately Turk, if not in person, yet represented by some emigrant Armenian, with turbaned head and bagging shawl. The Georgian priest appears, cane in hand, with a green gown, long hair, and broad brimmed hat, while black flowing robes and a cylindrical kambekin cap mark his clerical brother of the Armenian church. The dark Lezgy, with the two-edged *kama* (short sword), the most deadly of all instruments of death, dangling at his side, seems prowling for its victim as an avenger of blood. The city-bred Armenian merchant waits upon his customers, snugly dressed in an embroidered frock-coat, gay calico frock, red silk shirt, and ample green trowsers also of silk. The tall lank Georgian peasant, with an upright conical sheepskin cap, and scantily clothed, looks as independent in his *yapanji* (cloak of felt), as Diogenes in his tub. His old oppressor, the Persian, is known by more flowing robes, smoothly combed beard, and nicely dented cap. In the midst of his swine appears the half-clad Mingrelian, with bonnet like a tortoise-shell tied loosely upon his head. And in

a drove of spirited horses is a hardy mountaineer, whose round cap with a shaggy flourish of sheepskin dangling over his eyes, and the breast of his coat wrought into a cartridge box, show him to be a Circassian."

The road from Shoosha towards Eriván is well described:—

"Our course lay directly over the mountains, which rose behind, and towered far above our mountain citadel, and had for several weeks been the resting place of dark clouds, that to our impatient eye threatened daily to cover them with impassable snow-drifts. We issued from the Eriván gate, and descending awhile, came upon the top of the ridge which connects, in this direction, the base of the rock of Shoosha with the mountain. We were still so elevated, that the objects at the bottom of the ravines on either side, could be but indistinctly seen, and the steepness of the declivity along which we descended into that on the left, put the carefulness of our horses to a severe test. We finished the descent without accident, and then, following a path little better than a goat's track, over sloping rocks and along the edge of chasms, we traced the torrent that washes the bed of the ravine, to the very top of the mountain.

"Though we had yet found no road more difficult, we enjoyed it much. Our spirits, cheered by feelings of returning health and freedom to move again after so long a confinement, and by the providential deliverance we had experienced from the pestilence by which a thousand had fallen at our side, and ten thousand at our right hand, were additionally exhilarated by a smiling November's sun, which, shining through a cloudless sky, warmed without oppressing us. How charming, too, was the crystal stream that murmured by us, after the briny wells of Shoosha! We felt as if we could swallow enough to quench an elephant's thirst, merely for the pleasure of drinking. The party-coloured leaves, too, silently dropping from the oak, maple, beech, hawthorn, and other trees, which covered the sides of the mountain, and partly shaded our path, threw over our feelings a tinge of pleasing melancholy. And nothing interrupted the general stillness, but the sudden start of a lizard among the leaves, or the bark of a dog of some straggling nomad, who, with tardy steps, was edging his way to join his companions already in their winter-quarters on the banks of the Koor. The height of the mountain may be estimated from the fact, that it divides the waters of the Koor from those of the Aras. We found the topmost ridge entirely destitute of trees, as if even they had retired before the winds and snows that in winter make their sporting place; and the green sward that covered it, seemed only to add to its bleakness."

We have a serious accusation brought against an Armenian bishop, who jested with rather unbecoming levity on the efforts made by missionaries to convert the Mohammedans:—

"We inquired if the Armenians had ever employed missionaries or their vartabels (priests) to convert them. No, he replied, and if we attempted it what should we preach to them? They believe in God now, and have good prayers. We could only preach to them the Trinity and the divinity of Christ. We reminded him that Christianity differs in many other very important points from Mohammedanism. How superior, for example, is the heaven of the Bible to that of the Koran. His answer was, 'Why as to that, I will tell you what a vartabel once said to a Moslem.—If I were sure that your paradise is a reality, I should wish to be there!'"

But the worthy bishop should no more be taken literally than Moore, who similarly says:

If Mahomet would but receive me,  
And Paradise be what he paints,  
I'm greatly afraid, God forgive me!  
I'd worship the eyes of his saints.

The general character, however, of the Armenian bishops is not the best possible.

"You will ask, what spiritual services do the diocesan render their people? It is said that they sometimes preach upon special occasions, but we heard of no instance except at Tebriz. They sometimes send out their *vartabéd*s to preach, and make visitations as their vicars, but very rarely, and then only to collect contributions. Not an instance is known where a bishop keeps his *vartabéd*s preaching for the instruction of his charge; so that, instead of hearing the gospel proclaimed, the people rarely listen to a sermon, the sole object of which is not to get money. If ever the bishop makes a visitation of his diocese in person, it has the same pecuniary object. The result is, that his approach, or that of his vicar, is looked upon as a great calamity. As confirmation, however, in the Armenian church devolves not upon bishops, and as ordination, their principal duty, can be done in their convents, they never, in these parts, trouble themselves with personally visiting their dioceses."

Our missionaries were even more shocked by the ceremonies used at the installation of a Catholicos (an archbishop), than by the profane jest of the Armenian prelate:—

"Plain but substantial dishes of meat and *piláv*, followed by a variety of confectionaries, were soon served up, to the abundant satisfaction of our hunger; and a *vartabéd*, continually passing to and fro between the tables, with a jar of wine, occasioned a flow of mirth from some of our fellow-guests, which proved that the kindred appetite had no reason to complain. The dessert was addressed solely to another sense, usually not so exclusively provided for upon similar occasions. It was a single apple, which each smelled of, and then passed to his neighbour. The mind was also fed during the repast, by a long story about Echmiádzin, read by a monk from a sort of orchestra above us. A still longer oration followed, pronounced from a manuscript by the *vartabéd* at the head of the table, and containing, we imagined from its length, and the names that occurred, a relation of events in general, from Adam to Prince Bebutoff. A toast, followed by the blessing, finished the ceremonies. The peasants who filled the court without, accompanied the toast with a straggling salute of musketry; and a band of strolling musicians added their discordant notes to complete the deafening confusion.—Such was the Sabbath we spent at Echmiádzin, the residence of the head of the Armenian church, and esteemed the most holy spot in the country! and such the profanation of that sacred day, not committed by uncontrollable contemners of religious order, but directed as an appendage to a religious ceremony, by the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of the nation."

The missionaries proceeded across the frontiers of Persia to Tabriz, then under the immediate rule of Abbas Mirza; they assure us that the merits of this prince were greatly exaggerated; and if their representation be correct, his death should be regarded as a national benefit. We are slow, however, in assenting to statements so directly contradicted by the evidence of all other travellers that have visited Persia. The Armenians of Tabriz, or Tebriz as the missionaries call it, seem to be a precious race of—we need not say what.

"Of the moral character of the Armenians of Tebriz, we received the worst impression. Their priests are unprincipled hirelings, and besides other irregularities, are given to much wine. The people are accused of the basest ingratitude. The English, out of regard to their professing the same religion, have always done much to

protect them, but have received no thanks. Particularly did they when the Russians were marching upon Tebriz, take many into their families as servants, merely to defend their lives from the rage of the Moslems, who suspected them of acting as spies. Letters from these same persons were afterwards intercepted, declaring to the Russians that they would have helped them to enter the city much sooner, had not the English prevented their giving the proper information. One day, we were informed, the *kaim-makám* (lieutenant of the prince) warned the ambassador to caution the English to keep all their servants within doors, as every other Armenian was to be slain that night. Not only was the caution given, but English sergeants were stationed as sentinels at all the avenues to the Armenian quarter, to prevent the massacre, and the next day a promise was obtained from the *kaim-makám*, that they should not be touched. And yet they conducted themselves, after the entrance of the Russians, in such a manner, that, to avoid their insolence, was one reason why the English left the city."

The duplicity and deceit of the Persians are proverbial; and the following anecdote proves that the missionaries are not always on their guard against the tricks practised on their credulity:—

"Not many years since, a missionary, as he was passing through a city in Persia had an audience of the prince royal, and obtained from him, as he supposed, most liberal offers of patronage and support for a missionary school. But when we were at Tebriz, the khan, who acted as interpreter, boasted of having most egregiously deceived both. During a long conversation, he so perverted the remarks of each, in converting them from one language to the other, as to make the missionary propose to the prince a school for teaching only the language and the learning of the English, and argue in its favour, when in fact his proposal and his arguments were all religious, and to make the prince, with no more than such a mere literary institution in mind, approve most fully an attempt to give Persian children a Christian education, and promise to send his own sons. The missionary and the prince separated equally gratified, the one at having secured such high patronage for his benevolent projects, and the other at the literary prospects opening to his children; and the khan now amuses his friends by the relation of his dexterous duplicity."

The missionaries visited the remnant of the ancient Chaldean and Nestorian churches in northern Persia; they found the priests and people of both in a state of deplorable ignorance. We were greatly amused with the description given of a Chaldean wedding. After the bridegroom had paid a large dowry, and made considerable presents to all the relations of his bride, whose demands were anything but moderate, he was permitted to receive the lady into his house:—

"At the first sign of her coming, the bridegroom, who had remained at home, mounted his terrace with a few of his friends. As she drew near, one held a tray of fruit before him, and another poured goblets of wine down his throat, all shouting at every draught. A lump of butter was brought the bride, which she stuck upon the door-post as she entered, to signify that her coming brought plenty and fruitfulness to the house. The last of the demands made, in accordance with marriage customs here, upon the purse of the poor bridegroom, was now met by a promise to her of a new dress, before she would be seated. The court was immediately filled with a crowd of men and women, who continued dancing by torch-light, to the sound of music, until a late hour. The wine-jar was soon reported to be exhausted, although it had

contained about 150 bottles. Another of the same size was soon opened, and when we returned from Oorniah, ten days afterward, that too was empty. Tired of such amusements, we retired to our room and to sleep, leaving a request to be awaked to witness the marriage."

"We were called an hour after midnight, and hastened to the church, where it was to take place. The espoused parties came with no attendance. At the altar, the friend of the bridegroom and the bridemaid stood between them, and during the ceremony repeatedly whispered in the ear of each. They were once brought together for a moment to join hands; but the bride held back so resolutely, that the union was not effected without much persuasion, and even force. When together, they were observed to be more intent upon treading on each other's toes than upon joining hands; for you must know, that whichever had his toes well mashed at that critical moment, was to be obedient to the other through life. A ring was dipped in wine and water by the priest, and given to the bridegroom to be put by him upon the finger of the bride; and the ceremony was consummated by crowning the head of each with a garland. The communion ought to have been given them before leaving the church, and, as a preparation, they had actually been made to confess during the evening; but the priest declared that, after so much drinking and carousing, he would not administer it. Two attendants, with a cymbal and a bell, led the way from the church; the priest and deacon followed them, chanting from their books; and thus the married couple were conducted home."

The Russians seem to be more popular in north-eastern Persia than in their own Caucasian provinces; indeed, the Kurds seem anxious to receive them as masters:—

"As we passed along, an old Kurdish shepherd by the side of the path, cried out, 'Ahu! you are just the men I have been wanting to see for a long time. Our governor here oppresses, beats, and kills us. This is Kurdistan; the Kurds are many, and the *Kazul-bashes* (Persians) are few. When are you coming to take the country and allow us a chance to beat and kill them?' He supposed we were Russians; and the inhabitants of a Kurdish village not far beyond, seemed equally glad to see us, and asked when we came from Erivan."

Our missionaries seem to entertain better hopes of the Nestorians than of any other division of Asiatic Christians.

A direct trade having been opened this year between the port of London and Trebizond, we shall extract the description of this ancient commercial mart. Its glories have faded since the time that it was the capital of an empire:—

"It is prettily situated along an open shore, at the foot of a hill, which rises behind and commands it, and intercepts the view of mountains at a distance. Hardly any remains of its ancient times appear, except perhaps the piers of a harbour, now used only for *kayiks* or small craft; and a distant view left us doubtful whether even they are anything but natural ledges of rocks just beneath the water. Its present walls, or at least a part of them along the coast, now in a falling state, probably date back to the times of the Comneni. Many of its inhabitants, especially the Christians, live without the walls, on the east; and numerous fruit-trees, among which their houses are interspersed and almost hidden, surround them with rural charms. The olive, grape, fig, and orange, find here a congenial climate; and the lemon too is cultivated with success, but does not come to maturity in the open air. From the warmth of the climate, fevers are not uncommon."

mon in the autumn, but we did not learn that it is esteemed especially unhealthy. . . .

"In trade, Trebizond has long since eclipsed its parent, Sinope, and all its sister ports along the coast. It is now the principal port on the southern shore of the Black Sea, and almost the only one visited by European vessels. Still its harbour is bad, and its trade small. Some vessels anchor here in an open road on the east, and others, for more security, stop at Platana, some distance to the west. Six or eight European vessels only were in port when we were there, and that, I believe, was an unusual number. They all come from Constantinople, and bring little besides salt, and a few European goods for the Persian market. Having discharged these, they proceed to Redoot-kühah, Taganrog, Odessa, or elsewhere, for a return cargo, but rarely find one here. Native vessels, however, often sail directly for the capital. Of course, there is occasional communication with almost every important port in the Black Sea. Besides the English consul already mentioned, who adds to his official functions the employment of a merchant, there is also a consul for the French, and another for the Sardinian nations. Add to these the *attaches* of their consulates, and hardly another European resident is found in the place."

We now close this volume, regretting that sectarian prejudices are mixed up with the valuable information it contains, and trusting that the attention of less partial, but equally intelligent, travellers will be directed to the countries visited by the American missionaries.

*The Keepsake for 1835.* Edited by F. M. Reynolds. London: Longman & Co.

THIS Annual, always gay in its garb, elegant in its illustrations, and courtly in its contents, is this year as gay, as elegant, and as courtly as usual; but no more. It is, however, a fitting table-book for a lady's boudoir; though, to those who deal in graver matters, custom may have somewhat diminished their admiration for such highly-finished plates, and such high-born historiettes and lyrics, as form the greater part of its contents. Sir Thomas Lawrence's 'Lady Beresford' makes a queenly frontispiece to the volume; and Boxall's 'Novel' (but is it a novel that the fair dreamer holds in her hand, and is it not a letter?) is in his best manner. The gentleman in 'The Sledge,' would, we suspect, prove of Patagonian stature were he to rise, but the plate is a spirited one, and well accompanied by some lively *vers de société*, by Mr. E. Fitzgerald; Chalon's 'La Valière' is sumptuous in her sorrow, and the 'German Lovers' is a repetition from one of Retzsch's charming illustrations to Schiller's *Song of the Bell*. Catermole's 'Lady Blanche' is sweet, and his 'Lord Surry and the Fair Geraldine' treated in his own picturesque way; though he has rather too strong a tendency towards shrouding beards and staring eyes for our taste. We have three subjects from the pencil of Miss Sharpe—'Gipsy Children caught in the Storm,' 'The Love Quarrel,' (painted for the agonizing scene in Ravenswood Hall, when the Master comes back just as Lucy has signed the contract), and 'The Widow,' illustrated with some feeling lines by Lady Blessington.

The letter-press is fully equal to the prose and verse, which this Annual has given us of later years. Mr. Bernal's 'Aunt Mansfield' is amusing; and Mrs. Gore and Mrs.

Shelley give us tales not unworthy of their well-founded reputations. 'The Ghost Story' also made us laugh, though we fancy we have read something very like it before. For extract, we shall give a few sweet and impassioned stanzas, from Mrs. Norton's poem, which illustrates Chalon's *La Valière*.

Once, once again, my weary footsteps come  
Slowly to seek the old accustomed spot;  
And my sad eyes are turn'd towards thy home,  
Thine—which was ours—where I am now forgot!  
Where others gaze upon thy kindly brow—  
Where others hear that long familiar voice—  
Where young fair cheeks beneath thy praises glow—  
Greet thee with smiles, and while I weep rejoice—  
Nor dream of her, whom midnight's quiet star  
Still hods a lonely wretch—so near, and yet so far!  
So near, the well-known songs with lingering sound  
Float towards me on the wild inconstant breeze;  
Swelling and dying mournfully around,  
Or lost amid the dark and rustling trees.  
And while, with aching heart, I bend to weep,  
I glean from the rich harvest of their mirth—  
Laughter and music, mingling, as in sleep—  
Vague, scatter'd tones, that seem not of the Earth—  
Some wandering melody, without the words—  
Some burst of louder joy—my own harp's stricken chords!

Ah! didst thou know how desolate it seems  
To sit alone, where we two sate of yore,  
To let my weak heart wander forth in dreams,  
And then remember—I am loved no more!  
To hear those songs, like echoes of the past,  
Faintly repeat the tale of days long gone—  
(Spring days of joy and youth, which flew so fast,  
When music pleas'd thee from my voice alone),  
Then, though thy heart hath burst love's bonds in twain,  
Thou couldst not bear to hear those happy songs again!  
I sit alone!—and not for hours or days  
(Though days apart seemed tedious to me then),  
But for long years of life!—that thought outweighs  
All other griefs,—all other sense of pain.  
I sit alone, when early morning breaks  
With spreading radiance o'er the brightening skies  
When the full harvest, where the ripe corn shakes,  
Golden and gleaming in the sunset hue;  
And when the wild bird wings its weary way  
Back to its welcome nest, where fades the lingering day.

Then comes my fever:—in the quiet night,  
When through the blue depth glides the unconscious moon,  
For then the palace casement's glittering light  
Streams forth and tells me thou art not alone.  
Then come those memories of light words, which chance  
With love's own seal upon the heart hath set;  
Those sudden flashings of a careless glance—  
Those struggles to remember and forget:  
Those agonizing guesses where thou art—  
Whose voice is in thy ear—whose love is in thy heart.

We should also mention among the poetry, a fine fragment by Sir Aubrey de Vere, and Mr. Bernal's easy and pleasing 'December Carol.'

#### *Behr's Travels in the East of Europe.*

[Second Notice.]

HAVING given, as continuously as might be, the information afforded us by August von Behr, touching the Steppes, the Crimea, and Odessa, we now proceed to select a few miscellaneous extracts from the preceding and subsequent portions of the author's official journey;—and, first, from the first. Behr's road from Silesia led him through Galicia; and here, after various misadventures, he and his son had the good luck to meet at Wicliczka a large party of Russian generals and their ladies, to whom Prince Lichtenstein was about to do the honours of the salt-mines. This party they joined.

Visitors were formerly let down, and drawn up, through the shaft, by a rope fastened to a chain; but since the Emperor—a great technologist, an especial amateur and patron of all manufactures and mechanism—visited this mine some years ago, a staircase has been contrived, the steps being for the most part cut out of the salt-bed, and boarded over.

After we were clad in miner's frocks, as a protection against the moisture of the salt

crystals, and provided with mine-lights, we began our journey in long lines. Ten staircases, each of three flights of nine steps—to wit, 270 steps—lead to the first story. . . . The skilfully vaulted roofs of these immense halls—in working out which care is taken to leave as much of the salt rock as is necessary to support the arch—are magnificent; and the reflection of the mass of torches and miner's lamps, carried by a company of more than fifty persons, from the millions of salt crystals, produced a splendid effect, especially as the most interesting points were further illuminated by stationing there people with large pine-torches, and lighting small fires upon the lofty projections of the salt rock. The effect was indescribably grand and beautiful. A passage, by water, in the second story, is peculiarly interesting. The lake, which is pretty deep, winds through two immense rock caverns; and the effect of the boat, with its abundant lights, as it turned from the one cavern to the other, illuminating the dark walls, whose crystals sparkled like diamonds, was most striking.

Amongst the most remarkable points is a water-fall,† which, picturesquely beautiful, pours over a monstrous rock: this was duly lighted with pine-torches; and we, standing thirty fathoms below, upon the staircase beside the falling water, enjoyed a magnificent sight. . . .

In the loftiest hall, a chandelier has been fashioned, and left in the proper place: it has an admirable effect. But what is most beautiful, is a chapel, with all its appurtenances—as, altar-piece, lights, flower-wreaths, images, &c., which may be really termed a work of art. . . . It is only a pity that these works of art are so short-lived, dissolving away in a very few years. . . . The greatest surprise still awaited us. By the directions, and at the expense of Prince Lichtenstein, what is called the ball-room, an immense oblong, very lofty, with polished walls and smoothed floor, was illuminated with coloured lamps, and adorned with transparencies, that had been used at the time of the Emperor's visit. . . .

To amuse the ladies, and show how the horses here employed are brought in and taken away—though many are born and die in this subterranean region, without having ever seen daylight—a fine young grey undertook an aerial excursion. All over secured with girths, that met over his back in a central point, into which a hook was inserted, he was raised by a rope attached to a windlass that we saw at a dizzy height, perpendicularly over our heads. The poor animal, as he felt himself forcibly lifted, struggled hard to keep his hold of the ground, and, upon first losing it, pawed and kicked with all four feet; but almost immediately, as though instinctively perceiving the danger to which his struggles would expose him, he resigned himself to his fate—did not move a limb, but hung as if dead. . . .

These halls are in number more than a hundred. . . . The number of the workmen, with their superintendents, &c., exceeds a thousand; and the yearly sale of salt—which is divided into four sorts, the crystal-clear, in veins, and the greenish, grey, and black, in layers—amounts to upwards of a million and a half of hundred weight.

When the writer had discharged all his duties at the Anhalt colony in the Steppes, Ascania Nova, his official duties summoned him to Petersburg; but finding that, for some unexplained reason, he had a few weeks, or rather days, at his own disposal, he resolved to indulge himself and his son with a peep at Turkey. They accordingly

† It is a peculiarity of these mines, that the water in their subterranean lakes, situated amidst salt rocks, is fresh.



embarked at Odessa, in a Genoese vessel, bound for Constantinople. For our traveller's description of the beauties of the Bosphorus, which he likens, but prefers, to those of the Rhine, we cannot make room, but must at once reach Buyakdere.

Here, and in the adjacent Therapia, now reside the whole *corps diplomatique*, with their dragomans and dependents—the Austrian inter-nuncio's, whose hotel is in Galata, alone excepted. The ambassadors have been compelled to inhabit these, their summer retreats, the winter through, since the great fire, which last year annihilated Pera, burning down more than 12,000 houses, robbed them of their splendid hotels. Many noble Greek families likewise reside here; as that of the Princess Maurocordato, for whom I had letters and presents (from a son studying at Berlin).

This amiable family, a mother and four beautiful accomplished daughters, so eagerly and cordially pressed us to take up our abode with them, that we could not, and indeed would not, refuse. Nothing could be more welcome than this invitation; for we knew not where to go. Inns there are none here, any more than at Constantinople, where the only inn, kept by an Italian, at Pera, is likewise burnt. The princess and her daughters inhabited a very spacious house, with balconies, close upon the sea. They were all highly accomplished, very musical, spoke French fluently; and a brother of the princess, a handsome man, still in his prime, who dwelt in the house, with two young men, her sons-in-law, who went and came, completed the circle, now amounting to ten persons, of both sexes.

The gardens of Buyakdere and Therapia display all the luxuriance of southern vegetation. The glow of the roses, the aromatic effluvia of orange-flowers and jessamines, which actually filled the air; a thousand splendidly flowering shrubs and plants, unknown to us even by name; thickets of blossoming myrtles and laurels; tall and branchy oleanders, in all their pomp, and interspersed gigantic cypresses, with their dark shade, made a Paradise of these gardens. The rows of houses, of Buyakdere, and of all the villages, hamlets, and towns, upon the Bosphorus, are ranged along a narrow filthy street, close to the sea-shore, but which it is best not to look at. But the finest sight was the noble gulf,—here resembling an immense lake, for no issue was perceptible. The walk on the quay, along the houses of the diplomatists, who, enjoying the view of the sea, have built themselves pavilions and bath-houses out in the sea, is unparalleled.

On Ascension-day an excursion was proposed to Bielograd, the central point of the great reservoir, that, through aqueducts of miles in length, supplies Constantinople with fresh water. Our party was joined by other friendly families. Early in the morning three large gaudily-painted waggons, harnessed with teams of oxen, whose yokes were covered with ribbons and tassels, were at the door. The waggons themselves were decked out with *tricolor* ribbons and ornaments; so that the whole looked cheerful and gay, if not very convenient, for of springs there were no symptoms. After quantities of provisions, in great baskets, had been stowed in one waggon, cushions and carpets were laid in the other two; and the ladies, in picturesque attitudes, half sitting, half lying, took their places upon them. This is the only way in which ladies can move, unless they choose to be carried in litters and palanquins. We, men, mounted spirited little horses. The great works of the several aqueducts that convey the water from the three principal reservoirs about Bielograd, are admirably colossal, and seem built for eternity.

• • • We walked to a deep lake, formed by a stream that superabundantly supplies one of the reservoirs. The reservoir itself is of marble—a magnificent work. Many parties of Franks and Greeks were encamped on pretty spots in the wood, or upon the banks of the lake; the gentlemen enjoying themselves before a battery of bottles, whilst the ladies cooked the fish they had caught.

Our servants had brought all the cushions from the waggons. Wine and liqueurs, with sherbet, lemonade, and other cooling drinks, were handed round. A large carpet was spread upon the turf, covered with a snow-white cloth, and loaded with all sorts of hot and cold dishes.

I knew not what it meant when I saw a mass of green boughs, just broken from the overshadowing trees, heaped up on the middle of the table-cloth, and stared not a little when a sheep, roasted whole, with his head and legs, was placed on the pile. Great pieces were carved and served round, but for the most part remained untouched, more delicate viands being preferred. Such a colossal *rdit* is, according to Greek custom, essential to a banquet. Our servants, with all the bullock-drivers and horse-boys, could consume but a part of our leavings; and only the neighbouring villagers, who, anticipating this conclusion, had come in a body as spectators, and to whom all was made over, could accomplish the feat.

After a few days spent amidst the pleasures of Buyakdere, our travellers proceeded to Constantinople; where, although they remained scarcely more than eight and forty hours, fear of the plague, and surfeiting at a *fast*, afforded them divers adventures, some of which would not peculiarly interest our readers. Two, however, are worth extracting. Father and son were bent upon seeing the Sultan, and managed to arrive on the morning of a Friday—

On which day, the Sultan, as a true believer, leaves his palace at noon, and rides to a neighbouring mosque, there to perform his devotions. The only difficulty is to know in which of his many palaces, and he has upwards of thirty in and about Constantinople, he has slept; for he passes the night now in one, now in another, and the one he has selected can never be ascertained until late the following morning. We sent out spies, promised large rewards, and were lucky enough to learn that he had passed the night in his castle at Tophana, on the sea-shore.

Thither they hastened, and waited patiently for an hour, under a broiling sun.

The time did not seem long. We were chiefly amused by the guards, in their new European uniforms. Discipline did not appear to be particularly strict amongst them. They would give their muskets to the care of a neighbour, leave their ranks for an indefinite time, drink sherbet and iced water, or eat bread, at their own discretion. Some little discrepancy was also observable between their lower limbs and their uniforms; as many had retained their yellow slippers, and almost all were bare-legged. Many dealers in cool drinks, bread, and cakes, were driving a good trade, finding not a few customers besides the soldiers. At length, a commotion amongst the people, and yet more, the appearance of a messenger, with a great stick, followed by the commander-in-chief, the hurrying into place of the guards, and the presenting of arms, indicated the approach of the Sultan. The golden gates unfolded, and a pompous train moved forth. It was opened by a division of horse-guards; then came the chief officers of the household, in rich Oriental attire; after them the Sultan's saddle-horses, fine Arabians of the noblest race, but something over fat, led by two grooms

each; the bridles and housings of the animals were wrought with gold and silver, and set with jewels. They were followed by court attendants, state officials, and the great dignitaries of the empire, in splendid dresses, some on foot, some on horseback. Last appeared the Sultan, on horseback, escorted by another division of the guard. The whole foot-guard, which had hitherto stood under arms, and saluted in the true European fashion, now fell in; and the whole train set forward to the nearest mosque. The Sultan sat calmly and majestically upon his fine Arab. His face is pale, but full of expression and dignity; it is graced with a handsome, round, black beard. He is like the prints we have of him, but begins to show age. His dress was not brilliant, but of the national costume: a large, plain, green *caftan* enveloped him; a white and coloured turban covered his head; he had yellow boots, gold stirrups, and a mighty sabre, richly set with jewels, and fastened to his girdle, hung low down on his left side. He held the bridle carelessly; and, with these sagacious, well-trained horses, that seem one with their rider, understanding his every word, the bridle may indeed be superfluous. We bowed respectfully, taking off our hats; a gracious inclination of the head, and wave of the hand, thanked us. Few of the crowd prostrated themselves after the Turkish fashion: many made European bows; the most folded their arms, after touching their mouths and foreheads, and bent their bodies.

Leaving the Sultan, our travellers visited the old original *Porte*, where the ministers have their offices.

We walked about the great halls, with inlaid and matted floors, after having pulled off our boots—an awkward business; for, not being provided, like the Turks, with soft yellow slippers within the boots, our stocking-feet, soiled by the boots, made a sorry appearance. We were still laughing at each other, when the folding doors were thrown open, and a mass of people rushed in, to hear judgment pronounced. "In with them!" exclaimed our *cicerone*; "such an opportunity does not recur." We pressed through, and stood in the inner room of the Grand Vizier, a bearded, respectable, spectacle-wearing personage, who, seated in an easy chair, observed the motley crowd, whilst a sort of secretary read aloud the judgments pronounced, from which there was no appeal. The worthy minister did not, however, long indulge us in looking and listening,—a pleasure, indeed, small enough, as we understood nothing, and could only endeavour, as good physiognomists, to discover the favourable or unfavourable verdict from the countenances of the parties. The Frank dogs, with their dirty stockings, amongst the honourable, faithful Moslems, probably caught the Grand Vizier's eye: he waved his hand, and we were civilly given to understand, by signs, that we had no business there.

From Constantinople our travellers were hurried rather sooner than they had proposed, in order to take advantage of that rare occurrence, a favourable wind for returning northward through the Bosphorus; and from Odessa they made the best of their way to Petersburg. We find little of interest in their rapid progress through Russia, except the account of Moscow, as it has risen, much changed, from its glorious ashes. In that ancient capital of the Czars they spent some days. One of the first things that surprised Herr von Behr, was the wealth he found in the Coronation church in the Kremlin:—

Enormous treasures in gold, silver, and jewels. "How happens it," I inquired,

"that these treasures are still here, after the French invasion?—could you carry away all?" "We carried away much," was the answer; "but what we could not remove—what fell into French hands, returned to the rightful owner. The Cossacks recovered it at Beresina and Wilna, and were far too religious not to restore church treasures, though they made no scruple of retaining private property." . . .

He who saw Moscow before 1812, would scarcely recognize it. Then wooden huts adjoined palaces—the most abject poverty, the greatest opulence; its aspect was then more extraordinary, more Oriental. Now you merely see the finest capital of Europe: new stone houses, built in the most modern style; wide streets, spacious squares; the ground floor almost uniformly occupied by shops, with some German, very few French, and mostly Russian *fascias*.† *Restaurateurs*, coffee-houses, billiard-tables, *coiffeurs*, everywhere,—one might fancy oneself at Paris, did not the multitude of churches—upwards of 300—of all sorts, some in pure Oriental taste, with turban-shaped domes, seemingly wound round with copper, coloured green, gold, red, or blue, remind us that we are in the regenerated metropolis of the old Czars. No traces of French destruction are perceptible. . . .

One of the peculiar beauties and conveniences of Moscow is the great *gastinoidvor* (sale-house), opposite the Kremlin. . . . Here, from ten o'clock till four, assemble all who want to buy or to gaze. The throng is immense, and the large streets and squares in the neighbourhood are crowded with equipages of every description. Here, in long, covered, stone galleries, protected from rain and wind, and lighted by glass skylights, one may purchase whatever can be desired or thought of, and that cheap, from the great competition. Here are likewise *restaurateurs*, coffee-houses, and refreshment stalls, offering excellent cool beverages, prepared from various sorts of fruits. But a stranger is quickly bewildered, and will do well to take a guide, or he may run himself to death ere he finds what he wants; whole streets being occupied by one sort of merchandise, which, if it affords the purchaser ample choice, makes it difficult to find the specific article sought. . . .

In Moscow one must adopt a new measure of distances. I asked for an acquaintance, and was answered, "He lives in this very street;" but I drove three miles before I reached his house. . . .

At Moscow reside such of the high nobility as are not confined to Petersburg by official duties. . . . The hospitality formerly exercised here was not merely Oriental—it passed all ordinary bounds. . . . There were houses where not only every stranger once introduced had a general invitation to dinner, where actual open house was constantly kept, but where, further, once a week the great park was thrown open, every decently dressed person admitted, often to the number of 2 or 3000, and all were hospitably entertained. In the gardens, bands of music were stationed; in the apartments there was dancing, play, &c. . . . Most families had become embarrassed. And now came the conflagration; everything was lost; everything had to be procured anew. The houses were rebuilt, larger and more magnificent than before; but most families, deep in debt, are ruined.

Moscow is thus externally more magnificent than it was; but its internal splendours are lost, and it would be an indigent town, but for the manufactures newly established there, which have given it a new and different impulse.

† It is necessary to explain that this is the technical name of the board over a shop, announcing its nature and its owner's name!

The place now abounds with German manufacturers and tradesmen.

Petersburgh has been so often described, and is now so well known, together with the domestic and simple habits of the present Emperor and Empress, that we find nothing new in the large portion of Behr's second volume devoted to this Imperial residence. We are more tempted by the little-known island of Rugen; but of this a few words may suffice:—

Here the resident wealthy Prince has, within the last twenty-five years, founded a most delightful sea-bathing place, with neat houses, excellent baths, theatre, &c.

But the great charm of this bathing-place is the beautiful park that surrounds as well the town as the old castle, now improved with great taste, and converted into a tasteful modern palace.

This park, as also the Prince's fruit and flower garden, aviary, menagerie, &c., are open to the public. But the chief attraction of Putbus (the queer name of the Rugen bathing-place, now, we are told, highly fashionable in the north of Germany,) lies in the rides about this strange island, which seems to be formed by a tiny archipelago, all connected with one centre island by long, narrow necks of land; thus offering a multiplicity of bold projecting points, and of sheltered bays. One of these bays is the lake, celebrated in pagan times, wherein the awful goddess Hertha was annually bathed; and the devoted attendants upon her priests, who had officiated as her bathers, were forthwith drowned. Its description shows it well chosen for such rites; and with it we conclude:—

The *Herthaburg* is an immense, high and thick wall of earth, surrounded and covered with moss-grown beeches; before it lies the equally round, somewhat larger, black-looking *Hertha* sea, or lake, encircled with firs and beeches, lonely and gloomy. The water is said to be unfathomable. . . . It is encircled by high woody hills, and no outlet is perceptible.

*The North American Review*, No. LXXXV. October, 1834. Boston (U.S.): Bowen; London, Kennett.

We have often, on previous occasions, recommended that one or other of the leading American periodicals should be taken in by every literary institution and reading society. We are still too *insular* in our tastes; and great is the benefit which we lose by not opening our doors more widely to the minds of foreign lands. Were we to hold more full and unprejudiced communication with these, our own spirits would be amazingly freshened; our thoughts would be directed into channels wherein they have never flowed before, and our labours be rewarded by the discovery of mines of new treasure.

Commending thus heartily, as we have always done, the *Reviews of America* to the notice of our English readers, we are induced to notice the October number of the periodical before us, in a yet more particular manner. It contains many good articles: one upon Coleridge—another upon Italian Drama—two (more national in subject than the above,) on the diplomatic Correspondence of the United States of America, and the Washington Papers—and a third (the *first* of the number), upon American Periodical Literature, from which we shall extract the principal

facts, with as few connecting words of our own as possible.

After a preliminary paragraph or two—

"Recent as is the origin of periodical literature with us Americans, (says the writer of the article,) we are not herein very much behind the rest of the world. The fact, on its first statement, may excite surprise, accustomed as we are to a different way of doing such things; but sure it is, that every political revolution, from the beginning of time down to the movement which subsided into the English Commonwealth, was somehow effected without so much as the help of newspapers. The first thing of the sort is said to have been issued at Venice, in the year 1531; that is, ninety years before the Plymouth settlers came over. . . . The first English periodical of the kind is said to date from 1558, when the Spanish Armada was in the channel. There was no other for about twenty-five years, when they began to multiply. . . .

"France was a little later than England in respect to newspapers, the first having been set up in that kingdom in 1631; and the rest of the continent of Europe later yet."

An enumeration of the principal English and French periodicals of those early days is given, and the history proceeds thus:—

"Printing, which had been earlier practised in other parts of the continent, that is, in Pers and Mexico, was introduced into the English colonies as early as 1639, when, as the ancient records of the college mention, Mr. Jona or Jesse Glover, gave to the college 'a fount of Printing Letters,' and some gentlemen of Amsterdam 'gave towards furnishing of a Printing Press with letters, forty-nine pounds and something more.' The college employed their press under the management of Stephen Daye, a rather incompetent person, as appears, for about ten years, at the end of which time it was placed under the care of Samuel Green. It was thirty-five years after its appearance at Cambridge, before the art had proceeded as far as Boston; and fifty years before its coming to Philadelphia, which was the next step. In all this time, and indeed for many years more, the invention of newspapers, of which, as we observed, there is no trace whatever, even in the parent country, till within about thirty years of the landing at Plymouth, had not been adopted. . . .

"The publication of the first newspaper in these colonies, in fact, began about the same time with the first Scottish Gazette, in the year 1704. It was called 'The Boston News-Letter, published by authority.' . . . The printer was Bartholomew Green, son of Samuel, whom we have mentioned as printer to the college; a person of consideration, and several years a deacon of the Old South Church. Among other subjects of commendation urged in his obituary, is his 'caution of publishing anything offensive, light, or hurtful.' The proprietor, however, for the first eighteen years, was John Campbell, a Scotchman by birth, the postmaster of the town, whose office, without supposing it to have exercised, in him, the sharp intuition of his countrywoman, the post-mistress of St. Ronan's Well, naturally gave him the freest access to intelligence useful to his work. At the end of eighteen years it fell into the hands of Green, and by him and his successors was continued till the evacuation of Boston by the British troops in 1776, being in later years the organ of the Tory party, and the only paper continued in Boston through the siege.

"William Brooker, being appointed Campbell's successor in the post office, resolved to turn his official advantage to a similar account, and accordingly, Dec. 21st, 1719, set up the second newspaper in the colonies, called the *Boston Gazette*, employing James Franklin for his printer. In two or three months after, Brooker, in his turn, was superseded by Philip Musgrave,

who accordingly coming into possession of the newspaper, gave the printing of it to Samuel Kneeland, a former apprentice of Green, who issued it for eight years. \* \*

"At the end of this term, a new postmaster, coming into possession of the Gazette, naturally looked to his own line of patronage in the way of printing; and Kneeland, experiencing the common lot of dependents on the great, and thrown again upon his own resources by a like turn in the wheel to that on which he had risen, indemnified himself by setting up the New England Journal on his private account."

This Journal, with some changes, was carried on till the year 1752.

"Meanwhile, there had been a great episode in the newspaper history; great, as the event connects itself with an immortal name. The first number of the New England Courant, the third journal in Boston, which was continued but six years, was issued August 17th, 1721, by James Franklin, who, as was mentioned above, had been previously employed a short time in printing the Gazette. The two first papers had helped each other, for the News Letter languished till the Gazette was set up, and never languished after. But the profits of collision have a limit; and in order to get forward under the disadvantages of so undue a competition, as that of two other newspapers in such a village, it was needful to strike some new and bold stroke for popularity. Franklin took the obvious course of free and offensive comment on the respected men and opinions of the day. \* \* He was aided in his editorial labours by a society called by moderate people, the 'Free-thinkers,' and qualified by others with the less euphonious appellation of 'the Hell-fire Club.' But the master-spirit in the Courant's better days was Franklin's brother Benjamin, then a boy apprenticed in the office. The paper provoked the severe displeasure of the clergy and the government, which the latter did not fail to manifest in the processes of legislative and judicial action. All this it might have continued, with good management and a portion of the popular favour, to brave or evade, and thrive upon, but Franklin was indiscreet enough to quarrel with his brother; and with his elopement to Philadelphia, the glory departed from the Courant, and its weak life soon expired. After Benjamin had abstracted himself, the Courant continued to be published in his name, as it had been for some time before—though he was a minor—in consequence of an order of the General Court forbidding its publication on the part of James."

"Four years after the Courant had come to its end, the Weekly Rehearsal was set on foot by the famous Jeremy Gridley, afterwards attorney general of Massachusetts Bay, then a young lawyer of brilliant promise. At the end of a year he wearied of the work, on which he had expended much classical lore, and the labour of weekly essays full of sense and entertainment; and it went into the hands of Thomas Fleet, an Englishman by birth, and a printer by trade, who had brought himself into trouble in London by his antipathy to the high church party, manifested in a studied affront to the procession in honour of Dr. Sacheverel. \* \* Fleet was a humorist—a man of talent and energy, and possessing uncommon resources, in his mind and experience, for his present undertaking. His satire was generally good-natured, and always free and copious. He fully preserved the latter strain, and somewhat abandoned the former, in an attack on Whitefield, then at the height of his popularity. For some unexplained reason he changed the name of the Rehearsal, after printing it about two years, to that of the Boston Evening Post. This he continued thirteen years longer, to the time of his death, and it was undoubtedly much the best paper of its time. It

was brought down by his two sons to the month of the Lexington battle."

"Before the year 1750, only two newspapers, in addition to what have been mentioned, were established in Boston—the Weekly Post Boy in 1734, and the Independent Advertiser in 1748. The first, which was continued about twenty years, was, like others before, established by a postmaster; that official, it would seem, in our ancient times, not being expected, more than an aspiring statesman in the modern, to be without a paper of his own. The latter, set up in 1748, was, through its short life of two years, of political importance; and, among other leading names in the whig circles, is said to have had Samuel Adams for one of its contributors."

"The two first newspapers in the colonies, out of Boston, were the American Weekly Mercury, printed in Philadelphia by Andrew Bradford, begun Dec. 22nd, 1719, and the New York Gazette by William Bradford, dating from Oct. 16th, 1728. Up to the year 1750, besides the seven Boston papers already spoken of, the whole number undertaken in British America was thirteen, viz. the Rhode Island Gazette, begun in Newport in 1732; in New York, the New York Gazette, already mentioned, and three others; in Pennsylvania, the American Weekly Mercury, mentioned before—the Pennsylvania Gazette, purchased by Franklin in 1729, within a year after its establishment, and conducted by him for thirty years—and two others, one in German; the Maryland Gazette, published at Annapolis, and dating from 1728; the Virginia Gazette, from 1736; and two successive South Carolina Gazettes, at Charleston, from 1731 and 1734."

"In the excited times which followed the year 1750, the French war then about coming on, and afterwards the disputes which eventuated in the revolutionary struggle, the number of newspapers increased with comparative rapidity. We shall not undertake to follow their history further; but before leaving this part of our subject, will select a few facts illustrative of similarity or difference between their remote and their recent relations to the community which they illuminated, and partially of the taste, resources, manners, and feelings of the times."

"The first papers were commonly printed on a half sheet of pot paper. Occasionally, when there was a special press of matter, like what now calls for a supplement, a whole sheet was used. Sometimes they were printed in folio, sometimes in quarto, no scrupulous regard being had to the convenience of binding. The News-Letter introduced itself with an advertisement as follows:—

"This News-letter is to be continued weekly; and all persons who have any Houses, Lands, Tenements, Farms, Ships, Vessels, Goods, Wares, or Merchandizes, &c., to be sold or let, or servants runaway, or goods stole or lost, may have the same inserted at a reasonable rate, from twelve pence to five shillings, and not to exceed, who may agree with Nicholas Boune for the same at his shop next door to Major Davis', apothecary in Boston, near the Old Meeting House. All persons in town and country may have said News-letter weekly upon reasonable terms, agreeing with John Campbell, postmaster of New England, at Boston, for the same."

"There were only four or five post-offices at this time in British America. There was one advertisement in the News-letter's first number, and two in the second."

After some time, Campbell "found it impossible," as he states, "to carry on all the public news of Europe with half a sheet a week," and therefore enlarged his paper by giving an occasional sheet. The increasing avidity for news might suggest this; and really, from his own statement, it is not ex-

traordinary that, if his customers desired to have news at all, they should be pleased with the change. He announces some months after that it had been successful. "He has printed every other week a sheet, whereby that which seemed old in the former half sheets becomes new now by the sheet, which is easy to be seen by any one who will be at the pains to trace back former years, and even this time twelve months; we were then thirteen months behind with our foreign news, beyond Great Britain, now less than five months, so that by the sheet we have retrieved about eight months since January last."

Another project is thus set forth:—

"If he does not print a sheet every other week this winter time, he designs to make it up in the spring, when ships do arrive from Great Britain. And for the advantage of the post-office, an entire sheet of paper, one half with the news, and the other half good writing paper to write their letter on, may also be had there for every one that pleases to have it every Monday."

"This latter scheme seems to have been the postmaster's honorarium to the editor's patrons, in the way of charging their letters with only newspaper postage."

"Campbell skirmished with the Gazette, on its first demonstration of poaching on his manor; but it treated him rather magnanimously, and he soon had the sense to see that it rather multiplied than divided patronage. His sore trial was in the institution of Franklin's Courant, whose heavy hand was against every man's."

The News-Letter, upon Campbell's death, at the age of seventy-five, fell into the hands of one Green; and we are told "assumed and preserved a more temperate and conciliating tone."

From newspapers we come to periodicals.

"Of periodical literature, in our country, in its less ephemeral forms, we find, as might be expected, very little, before the Revolution. The Boston Weekly Magazine, which appeared March 2nd, 1743, on a half sheet octavo, reached only its fourth week. The Christian History, also issued once a week, and in the same form, was originated by the revival under Whitefield and his associates, and was continued from 1743 to 1746. The American Magazine and Historical Chronicle was of more pretension and longevity. It was issued monthly for more than three years from 1743, consisting of sixty octavo pages, edited by Jeremy Gridley, after his retirement from the Rehearsal. The New England Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure, containing sixty pages, 12mo., did not survive, in 1758, its fourth monthly number. \* \*

"The Royal American Magazine, by the veteran Isaiah Thomas, began the year 1774; but the times were not auspicious to works of that character, and it languished but a year. There was a monthly magazine printed at Woodbridge in New Jersey, for two years, from 1758, under the title of the New American Magazine. It had honourable supervision, its editor, Samuel Nevil, being Judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, Speaker of the House of Assembly, and Mayor of Amboy. Besides this, and the Boston works, there was no other attempt of the kind before the Revolution, except the following in Pennsylvania. The American Magazine, or Monthly View of the British Colonies, which merely breathed to expire in 1741. The General Magazine, by Franklin, nearly contemporaneous with that just mentioned, which owed its birth to some discontent of Franklin at not being admitted into the partnership of the former, and which scarcely outlived the object of its animosity. The American Magazine, by a society of gentlemen, 'veritatis cultores, fraudis inimici,' who, in 1767, found only a three months' market



for their commodity. The American Magazine, of a year's continuance, through 1769, to which were subjoined the transactions of the American Philosophical Society, Nichola, a Frenchman, its editor, being an academican. The Royal Spiritual Magazine, or Christian's Grand Treasury, issued through some months of 1771. And finally, the Pennsylvania Magazine, begun with the year 1775, by Robert Aitken, a work which owed its celebrity, which continued till the hot martial times, mainly to frequent contributions of Thomas Paine.

"If this enumeration is complete, which, of course, we would not affirm it to be, twelve periodicals, of a class above newspapers, had been set on foot before the Revolution, in British America: viz., five in Boston, one in New Jersey, and six in Philadelphia. No one of them, however, survived that great political shock, nor was the aspect of the remaining quarter of that century upon such enterprises much more benign. Having led this form of literature forth from its cradle, it would hardly be worth our while to proceed with it step by step in its leading-strings; and we know of nothing of the sort, within the period in question, which exerted any particular influence, marked any memorable progress, attracted any distinguished notice, or on any account demands now special commemoration."

"The present century opened more auspiciously to this cause, the first number of the famous Portfolio having been published on the third day of January, 1801. Many of our readers remember the interest with which its eight quarto pages used to be unfolded in its earlier and best days, when, having been issued in Philadelphia on Saturday, it arrived in Boston with the speed of the mail, on the second following Sunday morning. Joseph Dennie was undoubtedly a person of brilliant qualities, and, both in society and in his writings, of uncommon fascination."

A long character of Dennie is given, after which we come to a name more familiar to English ears.

"Brown, another of our great early names in elegant literature,—early with us, though first bruited within half a century,—and a name with claims to commemoration at least more solid and elaborate, had meanwhile added to his high consideration by his novels of Edgar Huntly, Clara Howard, and Jane Talbot, and on the strength of the reputation which these won for him, set up, in 1803, the Literary Magazine and American Register; and in 1806, an Annual Register; the gravest periodical enterprise, this latter, which the country had yet witnessed. He carried it through five volumes, and the former work through eight, conducting the two together, besides occasional contributions to the Portfolio and other works, with most praiseworthy industry, distinguished and various talent, and a very sober, enlightened, and generous spirit. The last volume of the Register was issued but a few weeks before his death."

And as we come still nearer our own times, we have the mention of a literary *olla*, in which Irving made, we believe, his *début* as a writer.

"Salmagundi, there is of course no describing. But we, who are old enough, 'cannot but remember such things were, and were most dear to us.' To its contemporaries, its name is its history. To speak it, is to evoke the spirits of the crowd of bright fancies which it stood for, and make them rush again in their motley, if now and procession, through the mind. Unfortunates, who were not its contemporaries, if they will not read its own five hundred 18mo. pages, may do the next best thing by conning its fifty fruitful pages of index. It began and ended with 1807."

"But, though thus, from the starting-point of the century, seduced away to the South by the

mention of the Portfolio, it is time for us to be again at our own home, where the press meanwhile had not been rusting. Phineas Adams, who was graduated at Cambridge in 1793 or 1801, being engaged in teaching at Boston, in 1803, issued in November of that year, from the press of E. Lincoln, under the editorial name of Sylvanus Perce, the first number of the Monthly Anthology, consisting of forty-eight pages octavo. He is understood to have been aided by Rev. Dr. Channing, and his distinguished and lamented elder brother. • • • The seventh number was issued by Munroe and Francis, under the editorship of the Rev. Mr. Emerson, of the First Church, though without his name, the change being noticed only in general terms. • • •

"Mr. Emerson had associated with himself some literary friends, enabling him to announce his work as 'conducted by a society of gentlemen.' This was the beginning of the famous Anthology Club. Its resident members met weekly in the evening, to arrange the matter for the coming number, and enjoy each others' society. The records of those meetings, which have been preserved, are sure to be objects hereafter,—they are objects already,—of a stronger interest than that of curiosity."

"Though there was a most honorable uniformity in the principles of criticism maintained in the Anthology, there was, as was to be expected, and indeed desired, no great uniformity of matter in its pages, where the talents and tastes of contributors were so various; nor any great uniformity of merit, where all had other objects, which, sometimes more, sometimes less, drew them away from this. But there are jewels of speculation, criticism, and taste, scattered with no grudging hand over its pages. They wrote as convenience allowed, fancy prompted, or some serious occasion dictated, as of course they wrote gratuitously, the income of their work never so much as defraying the charge of their meetings. The literary taste and spirit which they animated in each other, and the feeling for letters which they excited in this community, have produced and are producing very palpable and increasingly important results. And they erected one monument to their association, far more durable than their work, or any interest directly attaching to it. The Boston Athenæum was first the Anthology Reading Room. Mr. Shaw, long afterwards its devoted and indefatigable patron, first proposed the plan. Several members of the club, among whom the Rev. Dr. Gardiner is particularly commemorated, gave books; the number was increased by contributions of other public-spirited individuals; and the collection was first deposited in a room on Pemberton's hill. When it became too large to find accommodation there, it was removed, we think about 1812, to a house in Tremont Street, next north of King's Chapel cemetery, and lastly, about ten years ago, to the establishment provided for it in Pearl Street by the munificence of Mr. Perkins."

"On late works of note among us, we shall, for obvious reasons, forbear from particular comment."

The reasons which influenced the American editors to give us a mere outline of the history of the periodical literature from that period to the present, induce us to close our abstract, which we conclude with this summary:—

"We will add only some brief statements, touching the comparative amount of periodical publication at different periods of our history. In the year 1750, four newspapers only were issued in New England, all of them in Boston, and seven in the other colonies, viz., two in New York, three in Pennsylvania, one in Virginia, and one in South Carolina. In 1775, there were seven in Massachusetts, one in New Hampshire, two in Rhode Island, and three in Connecticut,

(thirteen in all New England,) three in New York, eight in Pennsylvania, two in Maryland, two in Virginia, two in North Carolina, three in South Carolina, and one in Georgia; making twenty-one in all, in the Southern provinces, and thirty-four in the territory of the now United States. Soon after the Revolution war, daily papers, instead of weekly as heretofore, were introduced in Philadelphia and New York; but we had none here till so late as 1813. In 1800, according to Thomas, at least one hundred and fifty newspapers were printed in the United States; and in 1810, three hundred and fifty, already nearly half as many again as in the British islands. The same writer computed the number of single papers, then annually issued here, at twenty-two millions and a half. A French document, inserted in the American Almanac of the current year, gives the number of newspapers in the United States at eight hundred and forty; while all Europe has only a little over two thousand; all Asia but twenty-seven; Great Britain four hundred and eighty; Austria and Russia each eighty; and Spain but twelve; making in the United States a newspaper for less than every fourteen thousand souls; in Europe, one for every hundred and six thousand souls; and in Asia one for every fourteen millions; or a thousand times as many, in proportion to the population, in our country, as in the latter continent. The learned editor, however, of the Almanac, reckons the number of our newspapers last year at not less than twelve hundred; the number in Massachusetts alone having reached a hundred, including forty-three in Boston. The other periodical literature in Boston, last year, was diffused through no less than forty-seven publications, viz. three semi-monthly, twenty-two monthly, five two-monthly, seven quarterly, one semi-annual, and nine annual, including six almanacs. We have heard it confidently stated, in a highly trustworthy quarter, that apart from newspapers and religious magazines, the periodical publications of this city exceed the sum of those of the rest of the country. But we cannot ourselves vouch for the fact."

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Octavia Elphinstone, a Manz Story; and Lois, a Drama, founded on a legend in the noble family of —, by Miss Anne Tallant.*—Of all places trodden by the feet of tourists, and the contrivers of fictions, we have often thought that few offered a fairer field for the novelist than the Isle of Man, whether we look at it as one of the strongholds in which credulity and superstition still linger on in decrepitude, or as a place of meeting for all the odds and ends of society. Of these rich and comparatively unexhausted materials, Miss Tallant has not availed herself, as she might have done; her story, it is true, does hinge upon an incident, which could alone happen in a place where laws and forms hold a loose rein; but its chief interest, instead of arising from the adventures of the ruined, the reckless, and the eccentric, who take up their abode in that region of cheap cards and wine which pays no duty, lies in the tracing of the waywardness of a woman's heart, and its gradual change from the likeness of a comet, to one of those placid fixed stars, which throw so beautiful a light over domestic life. The authoress has fulfilled her task with delicacy, and made the agent of such a change (a lover, of course) as little formal and unprepossessing as a Lord Townly can be. The story is told by a confidante of the heroine; who is herself a pleasant, discreet, and lovable person, and finds a husband as well as her friend, which is just as it should be. Miss Tallant is less successful in her drama than in her tale.

*The Collected Poems of the late H. T. Carlington, Edited by his Son. 2 vols.*—Mr. Car-

ington was a lover of nature, and delighted to pour forth the overflowing of his heart in verse; his 'Dartmoor' was favourably received by the public, and many of his minor poems have a local fame. It is a graceful and becoming thing in his son, thus to collect them together; and we may add, that he has introduced them with a brief biographical notice, written with modesty and feeling.

'*The Governour*.'—This work was originally published by Sir T. Eliot, in the reign of Henry VIII., and is now republished by one of his descendants, in the hope that it will produce beneficial results "in times like the present, rife, as they are said to be, with anarchy, and a seditious spirit of turbulent democracy." These benevolent hopes are likely to be disappointed; for, to the author of 'The Governour' may be applied the description Chremes gives of Sostrata, "*Magno conati magnas nugas dedit*,"—"the old woman takes a great deal of trouble to talk a great deal of nonsense."

'*Philip Van Artevelde*. Second Edition.'—Here is a poem in two goodly volumes, with none of the artificial and meretricious glitter of the modern school about it, arrived at a second edition within a few months! Our opinion of the work was fully expressed on its first publication, and we need not therefore add, that its success has been to us a source of unmingled gratification. It is indeed a subject of honest congratulation to all who take an interest in the moral advancement of society, for it is a hope realised.

'*De la Macy, a tale of Real Life*.'—The class of fictions to which this story belongs, is worn out; an incident unsupported by character, costume, or scenery, will now, we fear, hardly carry the patient reader through two volumes. The characters of this novel are, with little exception, fearfully vicious or transcendently good, and a story compounded of their aggressions and endurance can have no closer resemblance to a chapter out of the book of real life, than one of those black and white monstrosities, we find upon Chinese screens, has to natural scenery or its human tenants.

'*Herbert's Country Parson, &c. with Sacred Poems*. A New Edition.'—Another neat edition of some of the verses of the quaint, and gentlemanly, and, more than all, devout old poet, with a prefatory extract from Walton's Life. If we look into such a cabinet of antiquity as this little volume, it is impossible not to advert to the change which has passed over the taste of both writers and readers since its contents were collected.

'*A Tribute to Learning, Fame, Science, and Genius*, by C. F. Cort, West Ham, Essex, Wintonize Scholæ Abbatine Hydensis Alumnus; Carolo Richards Clerk Magistro. Preb. Edin.'—The Duke's criticism on the play of the Athenian mechanics, might well be applied here; and we exclaim, "Well roared, Lion!" to a poet who begins his song with Homer, touches every art, science, era, cycle, and century, much as connectedly as the Bard of the 'Groves of Blarney,' and, without once taking breath by the way, concludes his canticle with a splendid puff of the steel manufactured by the late Mr. Cort, and "his invention of rolling, and his exertions for introducing the puddling process to the public attention."

'*Sonnets, and other Short Poems, chiefly on Sacred Subjects*, by Samuel Hinde, D.D.'—The verses which this volume contains are based on texts of Scripture, and not *de-based* by that meanness of phræology, or more objectionable familiarity of language, which makes so much of the verse self-styled sacred, somewhat profane.

'*Thorpe's Anglo-Saxon Version of Apollonius of Tyre*.'—Mr. Thorpe has done good service to the cause of Anglo-Saxon literature, by trans-

cribing and publishing this interesting specimen of England's early language. Its value being principally philological, we need not give any particulars of the story further than to mention, that on it was founded the play of 'Pericles of Tyre,' attributed to Shakspeare.

'*Annus; or, a Memoir of the Year MDCCCXXXII, written by itself, with an Introductory Preface by the Year MDCCCXXXIV, also a Testimonial by MDCCCXXXIII*.'—We cannot make up our minds as to whether the preamble of this will and testament, or the document itself, or its codicil, be the driest performance, and shall not again try to unravel the mystery.

'*Minutes of Evidence &c. relating to Medical Education and Practice*.'—A cheap reprint of the Parliamentary Report of the Evidence taken before the Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to inquire into the state of Medical Education and Practice in the United Kingdom. This edition is published by the proprietors of the *Lancet*, and professes to be, and we have no doubt is, verbatim.

'*Everett's Panorama of Manchester*.'—A complete and satisfactory description of this metropolis of manufactures: with a preliminary sketch of its history.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

##### THE AMATEUR FESTIVAL AT EXETER HALL.

If there be one view above another in which the Fine Arts appear to us peculiarly interesting, and worthy of all respect, it is when they are practically adopted by the middle classes during the short intervals of leisure permitted them by the active business of life,—when they cheer the merchant or craftsman's resting-place on his daily journey through this careful world, as well as minister to the luxury of the noble and unemployed; and the enjoyment which they give in such a position is equalled in degree by the strength which they receive from being thus widely and rationally disseminated among the people. It is for both these reasons, that we have always pleasure in hearing of the establishment, and watching the progress, of choral societies. They have done and are doing much for the cultivation of music in this country. We should be glad indeed, if the education of the hands of our amateurs kept pace with the training of their voices,—if we could hear more of quartets at home, as well as choruses abroad; but, for the present, we must content ourselves with hoping that instrumental music will yet have its turn, and be thankful for what is set before us.

We are then in no humour to be extreme in our criticism upon the performances at Exeter Hall; and, indeed, they have, as a whole, gone off wonderfully well. The precision of the chorus we mentioned in our last: justice compels us to remark that it was not seconded by the band as it deserved. There was a certain *scratchingness* in the violins,—a want of mellowness in the full orchestra, (the drums were absolutely *thumped*, and not played upon,) and a poverty of effect in the accompaniments to the songs, owing to the small number of instruments employed, which by no means kept pace with the strength and steadiness of the chorus; and we must put on record our opinion, that the employment of an amateur for conductor is not advisable, when some of those over whom he holds authority are professional. The chorus, moreover, was too entirely separated into two divisions, especially for the single choruses, which, to nine-tenths of the audience in the room, must have sounded *split in half*. Thus much for the general features of this interesting meeting.

*First Performance, Thursday, Oct. 30.*—This commenced with the stately opening of Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum*: he has not left a much finer specimen of his powers behind him

than the chorus 'To thee, cherubim,' which went gloriously. A selection from 'Judas Maccabeus' followed. The almost peerless chorus, 'Fallen is the foe,' wanted mellowness. The 'Gloria,' from Mozart's Twelfth Mass, was so great a treat, that we must lift up our voices against the scrap system—and ask, why the entire work was not performed:—it is full of beauty. Another instance of the un-wisdom of the mutilating system was furnished in the course of the evening, by the omission of the splendid and little-known chorus, 'No more to Ammon's God and King,' after the air which precedes it. The Motet, by Mozart, which opened the second part, went very well. There was some unsteadiness in Beethoven's 'Hallelujah.' We were much struck with the chorus from Jephtha.—When his loud voice in thunder spoke—not having heard it for some time. It is one of Handel's master-pieces.

In the solos, Mrs. W. Knyvett, Miss C. Novello, and Mr. Phillips, deserve most honourable mention: the first lady for her 'Farewell, ye limpid springs'; the second, for her perfect and classical singing of Mozart's music; and Mr. Phillips, for the beautiful air, 'O Lord, have mercy upon me,'—a song of which we never grow weary, more especially when given as he gave it. Miss Bruce is too fond of gracing Handel's music with worn-out opera cadences; and Mr. Sapio carries breadth of style to the extreme of squareness; but his 'Lord, remember David,' was beautifully sung. Mr. Turner has a voice the possession of which ought to excite his diligence; but as yet he is far from being fit to succeed Braham, and should avoid the boldness of choosing his great songs, when his passion and pathos are still fresh in our memories. Mr. Leffler is a sound, straightforward, though not a very interesting singer; Mr. G. Pyne a clear and efficient *alto*; but no familiarity with this unnatural voice can ever make it agreeable to our ears.

*Second Performance, Nov. 3.*—The first part of the 'Creation,' and an additional air and chorus or two from the same work, were performed on this occasion, with the greater part of Handel's incomparable 'Israel in Egypt.' A few miscellaneous pieces of music were likewise added to the first part. It is needless to repeat our opinion of the excellence of the chorus, and the want of proportion of the band,—and of most of the music we took occasion to speak in our notice of the Abbey meeting: we shall, therefore, only make a few passing remarks on this performance, which was appreciated (as it deserved) by a crowded audience.

In the 'Creation,' we must courteously protest against Mrs. W. Knyvett's version of 'With verdure clad.' She, of all singers we know, is the last person from whom we wish to hear fantastic changes on classical music; and we mention this song as the solitary specimen of bad taste with which we have to charge her. We must allude to Beethoven's exquisite 'Benedictus,' (which, as far as the voices went, was most deliciously and impressively sung—the solo parts being taken by Miss C. Novello and her brother, Mad. Garcia, and Mr. Hawkins,) to entreat that we may be allowed to hear the rest of the magnificent Mass, of which it forms a part, performed on the same grand scale. Mr. Turner sang the solo 'Glory to God' well. Of 'Israel in Egypt' we have nothing new to say, save that it gives us the highest degree of pleasure of which we are capable in music—that the Hallelujah chorus was rapturously *encored*, and that we are half-inclined to cancel our remonstrance against Mrs. W. Knyvett's flourishes and trills in the 'Creation,' for the sake of her 'Sing ye to the Lord,' which was as jubilant and dignified as our hearts could desire. We shall seek long in modern music before we shall find anything that excites us as strongly as this simple recitative.

*Third Performance, Nov. 5.*—On this occasion, the 'Messiah' was given, and on the whole given well. The choruses, 'For unto us a child is born,' and the 'Hallelujah,' were *entered*. The attraction of this magnificent oratorio seems rather to increase than diminish in the metropolis, for the room was crowded; and it is to be noted, as a sign of the times, that many of the audience brought copies of the music with them, to enjoy the luxury of following it upon the book. When shall we have the delight of hearing the songs, 'O thou that tellest,' and 'He was despised,' restored to an efficient *contralto* singer? Mr. Lefler took Phillips's song of 'Why do the nations,' and sung it well, though over-confidently—a bass voice may be too bold.—Mr. Turner, the declamatory air, 'Thou shalt dash them.' He, too, forces for effect, instead of letting it come naturally. These two singers, as yet little known to the public, are capable of much, and we offer them the above hints in all friendliness.

On the whole, this meeting has surpassed our expectations, and we conclude our notice of it in pleasant anticipation of many more to come. Its great success has induced the directors to give an extra performance. On a future occasion, we shall hope for a more efficient band, and larger drafts upon the comparatively neglected stores of Catholic church music. Why is Mozart's 'Requiem' allowed to remain unheard, year after year? We hope that some society, amateur or professional, will give our question the most satisfactory answer it can receive in the shape of a steady orchestra, a well-trained chorus, and an intelligent conductor.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We can now say a word or two on the remainder of the periodicals for the month. The *New Monthly*, as usual, contains many lively and brilliant papers: Gilbert Gurney continues his experiences; and the writer of 'My Hobby' (by the way, this must be the identical steed upon which Lenore took her night-ride,) relates the most fearful adventures possible in a graphic and stirring manner.—The *Metropolitan* opens with the first chapter of Captain Murray's new novel; and the *Monthly* continues to converse with his friend the Spanish Liberal.—The *Court Magazine* is peculiarly light and pleasant this month—just what a Court Magazine should be, with an engraving from the very sweet portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Ashley, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and one of Sir Egerton Brydges' imaginary Dialogues on Poetry.—How can we speak otherwise than gently of the *Gentleman's Magazine*?—seeing that Sylvanus Urban has paid us the highest compliment (according to Dr. Johnson,) which can be paid to authors—and delicately interwoven a part of our notice of Coleridge into its obituary sketch.—The *Asiatic Journal*, the *United Service Journal*, and the *New Sporting Magazine*, are always pleasant to meet with, because we are sure of finding what we seek in them—information or amusement with reference to one particular subject.—The *British Magazine*, too, swerves not a hair's breadth from its ancient high-church principles.—We have seen better numbers of the *Monthly Repository*; but we are never disappointed of finding nervous and original thinking, and enlightened far-seeing views of art in its pages.

We must notice the Illustrations to the 'Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual for 1855.' They are many and various in subject, and, as a whole, carefully engraved, though perhaps not ranking very high as works of art. In particular, we think that the burin might have done something more for excellent Leang-a-Fā, the Chinese evangelist. The 'Pass of the great Fish River,' engraved by Goodall, after Purser, is a beautiful scene, and new to our eyes; and 'Sidon,' by the same artist, after a painting by

Cusani, is bright and glowing. The scene of the 'Feast of Lanterns' is pleasing from its strangeness;—after all, we suspect that the painters of the pearly old-fashioned china cups have a good deal of truth on their side. Chisholm's 'Widow's Mite' is sweet and simple; and Miss Hannah More's 'Cowslip Green' makes a very pretty vignette for the title-page. It would be bringing grave and merry matters rather too close together, were we here to begin to talk about G. Cruikshank's inimitable 'Comic Almanac,' so it must even 'hide its time.'

It is rumoured that a Music Hall is to be built forthwith, for the express purpose of holding oratorios and concerts on a grand scale, and that the scheme has been warmly taken up by some of the nobility. We hope that this is true: such a room is wanted; for the experience of the last ten days has convinced us that Exeter Hall is not good for musical purposes; and many conscientious persons object to the use of churches for oratorios. We should like to hear the experiment tried of a performance in Westminster Hall.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Nov. 3.—J. G. Children, Esq. Sec. R.S. President, in the chair.—Various British and foreign works upon Entomology were presented to the Society, and thanks ordered to be returned for the same to the respective donors. A letter was read from Mr. Johnstone, of the Island of Grenada, acknowledging the arrival of the report of the committee appointed to investigate the ravages of the cane-fly in that island. The following papers were read: Remarks on innumerable quantities of the dead bodies of *Galeruca tanacetii* observed on the coast of Lincolnshire, by W. W. Saunders, F.L.S.; On the Tarsi of Insects, with reference to the superiority of the tarsal system of the coleoptera, and in opposition to the views of Mr. MacLeay, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. &c.; Observations on the ravages of *Limnoria terebrans*, a minute crustaceous animal, allied to the woodlice, upon the piles, &c. of marine erections, with the suggestion of remedies against the same, by the Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S., &c.; specimens of wood attacked by the insects, as well as of the insects, were exhibited.

Mr. Westwood communicated an account of the injuries done to barley and turnips by several species of insects, which were also exhibited, belonging to the genera *Chanon* and *Eucolia*, as well as the pupa of a dipterous insect which, from its destructive habits, it was feared might prove to be the *Musca Frit*, which, according to Linnaeus, annually destroys one-tenth of the crops of barley in Sweden.—Mr. R. H. Lewis exhibited some living specimens of beetles captured by himself in North America, nine weeks since, and which he had preserved alive, without their having taken any food during that period.—A lengthened discussion on the various communications took place.—Mr. Yuzell suggested, (notwithstanding the statement of Mr. Children, that insects which he had placed in solution of corrosive sublimate, had revived after twenty minutes' immersion,) that the saturation of piles and other marine wood-work with such solution, might, by the formation of a new compound of the vegetable juices with the corrosive sublimate, as effectually prevent the attacks of insects as the not less injurious ravages of the dry rot, or other causes of decay.

The first Part of the Society's Transactions was announced as ready for delivery.

WESTMINSTER MEDICAL SOCIETY.—The first meeting of this Society for the twenty-sixth session took place at their rooms in Windmill Street, on Saturday the 18th ult. The two first evenings were principally occupied in the elec-

tion of officers: Dr. Addison was chosen President, Dr. Johnson and Mr. Quain, Vice Presidents. On Saturday last a paper was read by Dr. Epps, 'On Atmospheric Vicissitudes.' The object of the essay was to show the influence of atmospheric changes on the mental and physical character of man in health, and demonstrate the phenomena of its action on the human constitution during disease. Dr. Epps illustrated his subject by some interesting facts, among which he instanced the superior mental and physical strength of the black population in America compared with the white, as well as the manifest increase in their number when a similar comparison is made; arguing from this and other instances, that considerable and important political changes might be a natural sequence. The influence of temperature and climate on diseased states of the human constitution, was illustrated by facts drawn from the history of pulmonary consumption. It appears that Phthisis is little known in Stockholm—that Clot Bey, in a recent work published in Egypt, shows the sanatory influence of its climate on thoracic diseases, and reports the extreme rarity of tubercular affections in that country; that, although one-fourth of the deaths in England proceed from consumption, yet a similar proportion happen in Paris—that, by reference to bills of mortality, the average number of deaths in Rome is found to be one in twenty-one—Naples, one in twenty-eight—Paris, one in thirty-two—while, in London and Leeds, we observe it one in fifty-four, and in our agricultural districts one in seventy-four. From these data, it was argued by the different speakers who took part in the debate, among whom were Dr. Johnson, Mr. Costello, and Mr. Chinnock, that the atmospheric vicissitudes of this climate are beneficial to health, and tend to improve the physical strength of man. The fallacy of sending consumptive patients to foreign countries, was also insisted upon; and it was recommended that the most salubrious spots in our island, from their geological position, or other favourable circumstances in this island, should be selected for the resort of those labouring under that disease.

The discussion of the subject is to be resumed at the next meeting.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The weekly meetings of this Society recommenced on Wednesday evening, William Pole, Esq. Vice President, in the chair.—A more than ordinary number of communications were announced as having been received during the vacation, many of them relating to improvements in ship-building; and, indeed, the majority on mechanical subjects.

Several alterations and repairs have taken place in the Society's premises since the last meeting in June. The series of paintings by Barry have been thoroughly cleaned; the paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, of the late Lords Romney and Viscount Falkstone, Vice Presidents of the Society, have also been cleaned and varnished.

The Evening Illustrations, on the plan of last session, will begin on Tuesday. The subject, 'Microscopic Animalculæ,' by R. E. Grant, M.D., Professor of Zoology, &c., at the London University.

#### THEATRICALS

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.  
This Evening, CATO, TURNING THE TABLES, and THE REVENGE.  
Wednesday and Friday, CATO.  
'The Consul of Trece' is postponed.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.  
This Evening, MANFRED, and CINDERELLA.  
'Manfred' will be repeated every Evening.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.  
The only novelty of the week is scarcely deserving the name of one. It is merely another edition of a French piece called 'Ketty,' which was used long ago at Covent Garden Theatre, as



part of an opera called 'The Romance of a Day.' In the present instance some ingenuity has been shown in making an elegant little original into a particularly dull translation. Mrs. Hooper, formerly Miss Brothers, of Drury Lane Theatre, made her *début* at this house in *Genevieve*, the heroine. She played the part with much neatness, point, and feeling, and was rewarded with considerable applause. Mr. Serle enacted the lover, and gave evidence of so much good sense that it was impossible to doubt his knowing, among other things, that the part did not suit him. He should buy his love ready-made, for he never gives us the idea of a man who can spare time to make it. The rest of the acting was as dull as the piece. There was a Mr. Rumball, who had a bale of sermons intrusted to him to dispose of, which he retailed by the yard; and there was a Mr. Wright, who made his first appearance in the comic character of the piece—and a more disagreeably intrusive performance we have seldom witnessed. We have no wish to throw cold water upon anybody's ardour, but if Mr. Wright hopes to be tolerated on the London stage, he must set about altering his style, we should say *in toto*. His part is the hackneyed one of a silly bumpkin lover, who fancies that his love is returned, and is undeceived by being, as usual, unceremoniously kicked off, at the end, to make way for his better. Mr. Wright played it throughout with the disagreeable and beseeching whine of a schoolboy who is in constant fear of a bigger boy's taking his cake, and marked the final loss of his lady as the other would that of his cake, by a volley of vacant broken-hearted blubbering. Far from being funny, his performance was not only distressing, but it projected so far out of the structure to which it belonged, as to form a nuisance—we regret being compelled to indite it. But stay—we had almost forgotten that we are writing about an "Operetta." The music is by Mr. Macfarren, and, as far as we could judge from the very imperfect manner in which it was given, it seemed rather good as well as pretty. There was an overture—an opening chorus—a song most wretchedly sung by a Mr. Aldridge, who, we are sorry to say, was saluted at the end of it by sounds still less musical than his own voice—and a finale. We complained of too much music in the last opera at this house, and in the present one the defect has been supplied by another. We can say nothing of the poetry, as we inquired in vain for a book of the Song.

## MISCELLANEA

We regret to learn that Charles Parbury, Esq. of the firm of Parbury and Allen, publishers to the East India Company, died suddenly on the 6th instant, in the 57th year of his age.

**Crosby Hall.**—Mr. Willement's splendid present of a stained glass window has been placed in Crosby Hall. It contains, among other decorations, the arms of the adjoining Priory of St. Helen; those of Sir John Crosby, by whom the hall was erected; and those of the Grocers' Company, who have contributed largely to the restoration fund. A second subscription, to complete the repairs of this venerable fabric, has been entered into, to which the Alderman of the ward, W. T. Copeland, Esq. M. P., has contributed 100l.

**Scientific Institutions in Cheshire.**—We have received the outline of an admirable lecture on Geology, delivered at Macclesfield, on Thursday, October 30th, by the Rev. Edward Stanley, rector of Alderley. The rev. lecturer lamented that in a county so wealthy, so populous, and so highly respectable as Cheshire, there was not a single literary or scientific institution. He pointed out the beneficial results of such establishments to public morals and the general

welfare of the community, fostering as they do a taste for rational pursuits, and consequently superseding those which are frivolous, irrational, or otherwise objectionable. He then ably vindicated geological science from the charge of being opposed to revelation, and directed the attention of his auditors to many singular facts, connected with the geology of Cheshire, which he illustrated by specimens collected in his own parish. The lecture was altogether one of the most interesting of which we have heard for some time, and it has produced such an effect in Macclesfield, that plans are in a state of forward preparation for establishing a literary and scientific institution, connected with a Museum of Geology and Natural History, in that town. We trust that Mr. Stanley's example will be generally imitated by the clergy, and by persons of influence throughout the country; the progress of science is a matter of national interest; its advance cannot be checked, but it is of the highest importance, that those who are qualified to act as guides, should take care that the progress is made in a right direction.

**The Thames Tunnel.**—We are glad to hear that this vast undertaking has at length obtained the aid of government. The sum of 250,000l. it is said, is to be advanced for its completion; the work will therefore be forthwith resumed under the superintendence of the original projector.

**Aurora Borealis.**—(From the *Durham Advertiser*.)—A very singular and beautiful exhibition of the Aurora Borealis was witnessed from the neighbourhood of this city, on the evening of Thursday, the 23rd ult., in the shape of a well-defined arch or beam of light extending from the horizon (nearly due west) towards the east, but passing considerably south of the zenith—its length being above 90°, its breadth scarcely 2°. In the hope that this notice of it may reach the eye of some distant observer, we give our minutes of it taken at the time. 8.51' Greenwich time, bright beam of Aurora rising from the western horizon, and passing through  $\gamma$  Aquilæ. 8.53' beam moved a little north of  $\gamma$  Aquilæ. 8.56' beam moving southward, approaching Atair ( $\alpha$  Aquilæ), and passing through the midst of the four stars in the head of the Dolphin, (many beams of Aurora rising at this time from the horizon due N. or somewhat E. of N. but perceptibly gliding westward). 8.58' beam stationary, passing over Atair. 9.5' beam fading and moving northwards, passing again over  $\gamma$  Aquilæ. 9.18' beam still distinctly visible, but wider than before, passing over  $\gamma$  Aquilæ—another beam of similar and greater width becoming visible a few degrees to the N. of  $\gamma$  Aquilæ, and extending across the heavens to Algol. 9.28' beam still visible, but much faded, again a little to the N. of  $\gamma$  Aquilæ. 9.33' beam no longer visible. The wind (which had blown tempestuously for the preceding two or three days from the W. and N.) was at this time brisk from N.W. The air clear and frosty. Barom. 30.15.

**Microscopes.**—At a late sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, a comparison was made of the merits of different microscopes lately invented. M. Selligues, first, in 1824, constructed a microscope with achromatic glasses. M. Amici sought to improve vastly upon Selligues, and, after much thought and labour, produced a microscope that was valued at 1000 francs. "Lebailif," (we translate the lively reporter of the *National*.) "that scientific amateur, who was wont to gather around him all the observers and artists of Paris, possessed a variety of microscopes. He purchased the new one of M. Amici. The magnificent instrument was placed on the table. How it eclipsed all the other microscopes! beggarly things that cost 50 crowns, whilst it cost 40l. But, great was the disappointment of the observers—the light was lost in the com-

plexity of glasses, and many objects became utterly undiscernible in the new microscope. M. Lebailif, immediately seizing a few glasses and a tube of pasteboard, improvised a microscope far superior to this most expensive complication. M. Treceourt caught the idea, ground the glasses himself, and produced the reduced achromatic microscope. This has two systems of eye glasses; but its principal characteristic is its object glass, consisting of three achromatized lenses. This triple mode is much preferable to the double of Selligues. This microscope costs 6l. sterling, with 1l. more for each magnifying system additional. By means of these, the microscope may magnify 2,250 times. But up to 1000 times the object remains admirably clear and perfect."

**A Travelling Nuisance.**—Sir, I am a great lover of fresh air, and when business calls me from London I delight in rushing through it on the roof of some well-appointed coach. But, alas! no sooner do we get off the stones than out come the cigars. Pray, sir, cannot you, or some of your readers, contrive a plan by which these chimneys may be made to consume their own smoke?—SNIPP.—*Mechanic's Mag.*

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

The three remaining parts of *The Road Book to Italy*, by Mr. Brockedon, will be published early next year; the complete volume will contain twenty Vues.

Mr. Thomas Taylor, author of 'A Life of Cowper,' is preparing for publication, a *Life of the Right Rev. Reginald Heber*, late Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

An Introduction to the Study of Shakespeare, by Rhce Williams.

A series of Catechetical Lessons, by Rachel Howard, of Ackworth, with 12 engravings by Zeiter.

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*Just published.*—Musical Reminiscences, by the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, 12mo. 8s.—Tom Cingle's *Legs*, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.—Griffith's *Spiritual Life*, 12mo. 6s.—Shelley's Works, Vol. 11, royal 18mo. 8s.—Songs, by Barry Cornwall, 18mo. 5s.—*Letters and Essays*, by Richard Sharpe, 3rd edit. 18mo. 6s.—Pitman's *School Shakespeare*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 14s.—Turner's *Chemistry*, 5th edit. 8vo. 21s.—Inter-angled Translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, Books 1–VI, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Rev. Dr. Card's Dissertation on the Antiquities of the Priory of Great Malvern, 4to. 8s.—Deum compared with Christianity, by the Rev. E. Chichester, 2nd edit. 3 vols. 8s. 18s.—Taylor's Hymns for Infant Minds, 2nd edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d.—The Omnipotence of the Deity, by Robert Montgomery, A. B. 13th edit. revised and enlarged. 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Adcock's Engineer's Pocket Book, with Almanack, 1835, 12mo. 6s. 6d. 8s. 6d.—Poincaré's Theory of Rotatory Motion, translated from the French, with Notes, by Charles Whittier, 8vo. 6s.—Robinson's Ancient History, new edit. 17mo. 9s. 6d.—The Nursery Offering; or, Children's Gift, for 1835, 4s. 6d.—Bruton's Compendium of Mechanics, 6th edit. 12mo. 5s.—The Principles of Ophthalmic Surgery, by John Walker, 6s. 5s. 6d.—*Essays on Taste*, and the Pleasures of Imagination, by Joseph Addison, (from the Spectator), 8vo. 2s. 6d.—*De la Mors*; a tale of real life, 2 vols. royal 12mo. 20s.—Heath's Book of Beauty, for 1835, edited by the Countess of Blessington, 21s.—Good's Study of Medicine, edited by Samuel Cooper, 4th edit. 4 vols. 8vo. 63s.—Albott's Young Christian, 32mo. 1s.—Dodsley's Economy of Human Life, with 12 engravings on steel, 18mo. 5s.—Gray's Elegy, each stanza illustrated, cr. 8vo. 9s.—Alphabet of Electricity, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Bennie's Hand Book of Botany, 18mo. 2s.—Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, 8vo. 12s.—The Lover's Own Book, 18mo. 1s.—The Book of Courtship, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Will Watch, by the author of *Cavendish*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—An Exposition of Chap. 12, 13, & 14, of 1st Corinthians, with observations on the present State of the Church, by the author of *Explanatory and Practical Comments on the New Testament*, 8vo. 3s.—Two Discourses, preached at the Ordination of the Rev. Thomas Morell, Jun. at Ullesthorpe, Leicestershire, by the Rev. N. Morell, and J. Storer, 8vo. 1s.—Twenty Sermons, preached in St. Mary's Chapel of Ease, by the Rev. Hugh White, A.M. 8vo. 3rd edit. 10s. 6d.—The Short Hand Writer's Pocket Guide, (by which 100 words may be written in a minute), by John Gardener, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—The Gen. a modern Poetical Miscellany, edited by Ralph Peck, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Spiritual Honey, 12mo. 3s.—Bagster on the Management of Bees, 12mo. 6s. 6d.—Roberts's History of Lyme Regis, and Charmouth, 12mo. 6s.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

## SCHOOL OF PHYSIC IN IRELAND.

THE Professors will commence their Lectures at Hospital Attendance on MONDAY, the 3rd of NOVEMBER, at the following hours:—

At Nine o'clock the Hospital will be visited by the Clinical Lecturer.  
At Eleven o'clock, Dr. Crumpton will Lecture on the Materia Medica and Pharmacy.  
At One o'clock, Dr. Macartney, on Anatomy.  
At Two o'clock, Dr. Macartney, on Chemistry.  
At Three o'clock, Dr. Lendrick, on the Practice of Medicine.  
At Four o'clock, Dr. Graves, on the Institute of Medicine.  
Dr. Allman's Lectures and Demonstrations on Botany, will commence in the last week of April, and end before the middle of July.

A separate Course of Lectures on Surgery will be delivered by Dr. Macartney.  
Clinical Lectures will be delivered on two days in the week by Dr. Lendrick and Dr. Graves.

The Lectures on Midwifery by Dr. Montgomery, Professor to the College of Physicians, will be delivered at Ten o'clock.  
Pupils desirous of attending Practical Midwifery, may have an opportunity of doing so by applying to Dr. Montgomery.

The Lectures on Anatomy, Chemistry, and Botany, will be delivered in Trinity College; the Clinical Lectures and the Lectures on Materia Medica, Practice of Medicine, and Midwifery, will be given in St. Patrick's Dean's Hospital.

Demonstrations will be given in Trinity College by Dr. Macartney, Dr. Nolan, and Mr. Carile.  
Operating Pupils instructed in General and Pharmaceutical Chemistry, at the Chemical Laboratory, Trinity College.

Pupils qualified to act as Clinical Clerks, and desirous to avail themselves of the advantages of the appointment, are requested to apply without delay to the Clinical Lecturers.

According to a recent regulation of the Board of the University, the Degree of M.B. may be obtained after somewhat more than one year, dated from graduation in Arts.

The License of the King and Queen's College of Physicians may be obtained by Non-graduates, after a period of four years occupied in Medical study, as prescribed by the College.

(Signed) G. A. KENNEDY, M.D.

Registrar to the College of Physicians.

Dublin, 15th Sept. 1851.

## Sales by Auction.

## LAW LIBRARY.

By Messrs. SOUTHWELL, 90, and GRIMSTON, at their Rooms, 21, Fleet-street, THIS DAY, SATURDAY, Nov. 5, 1851, at Twelve for One o'clock precisely.

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## On THURSDAY, November 13,

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1000	21	15	10	30
1000	26	14	10	35
1000	18	14	4	35
1000	33	19	3	38
1000	30	19	3	45
1000	45	8	8	80
1000	2	2	4	85
1000	63	13	4	60
				410

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"We need add to our notice of the Magazine a brief reference to this prominent production, published in Worcester. We did not see the second number, but the third is a marked improvement on the first. There is in it a touch of seriousness which must have been missed by some multitude, and a touch of earnestness which speaks a mind not ruled by the thousand petty dissipation and pursuits of the moment. There are two articles in it, on natural history, full of personal observation, which are almost worthy of Gilbert White and Gmelin."

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# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 368.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1834.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE.

[This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.]

(J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*A Journey throughout Ireland, during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1834.*  
By Henry D. Inglis. 2 vols. London: Whittaker & Co.

THE most striking, and the most valuable characteristic of this work is its strict honesty; we have often had to lament the difficulty of obtaining accurate information respecting the state of Ireland, most writers on the subject having yielded to the prejudices of party, if not to the extent of uttering falsehood, at least to the scarcely less culpable suppression of the truth. We rejoice, then, to have before us the evidence of a traveller like Mr. Inglis, whose work bears in every page the stamp and impress of veracity. We shall pass over, for the present, all that is merely descriptive of scenery in these volumes, though thus we must deprive our readers of some admirable delineations which evince great graphic power, and confine ourselves to an examination of the state and condition of the Irish peasantry, and of the causes that have rendered and still keep so large a portion of British subjects miserable themselves, and the authors of misery to others. We say *causes*, for it is worse than idle to lay the charge of Ireland's accumulated evils on any isolated part of the system of society in that unhappy country; the entire is unsound; there is much to be censured, much to be condemned in every thing and every person;—there is also something to be praised. We have more than once stated that the worst evils of Ireland are those beyond the reach of any direct legislative remedy: acts of parliament cannot render landlords humane, tradesmen provident, and factions peaceable; the great reform of Ireland must be the work of the Irish themselves; and until they become sensible of this truth, until they banish the delusion that parliament possesses the attributes of omnipotence, and that a change in the form of government will be a panacea for all diseases in the social constitution, they will remain ignorant of the nature of the ills they suffer, and incapable of devising a remedy. Valuable as this work is to Englishmen, because it contains a faithful description of a country with whose prosperity that of England is identified, it will, if read aright, be infinitely more valuable to Irishmen, for it shows them in true colours to themselves. Would to Heaven that they could be persuaded of the accuracy of the portraiture, even though forced to exclaim with Phaeton,

We feel these charges galling to our pride,  
And worse, we feel they cannot be denied.

The state of the poor, even in Dublin, may be estimated by the following account of what Mr. Inglis saw at a cattle-show:—

"I was very favourably situated for observing among the crowd collected, some of those little traits which throw light upon character and condition. I remarked in particular, the great

engerness of every one to get a little employment, and earn a penny or two. I observed another less equivocal proof of low condition. After the cattle had been fed, the half-eaten turnips became the perquisite of the crowd of ragged boys and girls without. Many and fierce were the scrambles for these precious relics; and a half-gnawed turnip, when once secured, was guarded with the most vigilant jealousy, and was lent for a mouthful to another longing tendermian, as much apparently as an act of extraordinary favour, as if the root had been a pine-apple. Yet these mouthfuls were freely given; and I have seen, that where two boys contended who should take charge of a gentleman's horse, the boy who obtained the preference and got the penny or twopenny, divided it with his rival. These were pleasing traits; and were indicative of that generosity of character which displays itself in so many kindly shapes; but which is perhaps also in some degree the parent of that improvidence, to which the evils of absenteeism are partly to be ascribed."

We must also extract the account of the Mendicity Institution:—

"When I visited the Dublin Mendicity Society, there were 2145 persons on the charity, of whom 200 were Protestants. The finances were then at a very low ebb; and the directors of the institution were threatening a procession of the mendicants through the streets, by way of warming the charity of the spectators. This, I understand, has once or twice been resorted to; and I confess, I cannot conceive anything more disgraceful to a civilised community. The English reader, who has never visited Ireland, can have no conception of a spectacle such as this. What a contrast to the gaiety of Grafton-street, would be the filth, and rags, and absolute nakedness, which I saw concentrated in the court of the institution! The support of this charity is a heavy tax upon the benevolent feelings of the Protestant population: 50*l.* is subscribed by the Protestant, for 1*l.* that is subscribed by the Catholic population. I was sorry to learn this; for although it be true that wealth lies chiefly amongst the Protestants, yet it is the middle classes, rather than the wealthy, who support this institution; and 50*l.* for 1*l.* is surely out of proportion."

It was once our fate to witness one of these processions of the mendicants, and never shall we forget the exhibition. Helpless infancy tottered near still more helpless age, the victim of disease was by the side of an iron frame broken down by hunger, and looked the less pitiable object; on one brow was despair, on another the scowl of suppressed vengeance; curses, not loud, but deep, were the only sounds in the procession; and when alms were asked, it was in a tone of mockery that sounded like "Moody madness laughing wild amid severest woe." But we will quit the city for the country. At the very first step Mr. Inglis found one of the worst evils that afflicts the south and west of Ireland:—

"High rent was the universal complaint; and the complaint was fully borne out, by the wretched manner in which I found the people—Catholic and Protestant—living. And if the question be put to them, why they take land at a rent which they know it will not bear,—the reply is

always the same: how were they to live? what could they do? From which answer we at once arrive at the truth,—that competition for land in Ireland, is but the outbiddings of desperate circumstances."

One would suppose that the landlords of Ireland, if for no other purpose than to keep up their rents, would encourage the establishment of manufactories, but Irish landlords have a logic peculiarly their own. David Malcomson, a truly benevolent and enterprising gentleman of Clonmel, established a cotton manufactory near the village of Mayfield, which is conducted with great skill, and greater liberality. A father could scarcely be more solicitous for the welfare of his children than this worthy member of the Society of Friends for the comfort of every one in his employment. His factory has proved a national blessing.

"The most marked improvement has taken place in the neighbourhood, since the establishment of this manufactory: not in lodging only, but in food also, a great change has taken place; and although high wages, which leave a surplus, are some incentive to intoxication, it is a fact, that not an hour's labour is ever lost in the factory, owing to the dissipated habits of those employed in it."

Now let us see how he has been rewarded by those whose tenantry he has benefited:—

"I regretted deeply to learn, not from the proprietor of the mill only, but from other sources, that Lord Waterford's family have thrown every obstacle in the way of this establishment; and that, only the other day, an attempt had been made to take advantage of some manorial rights, and to demolish the mill dams. Pity it is, that the aristocracy should, even by open acts, separate themselves from the interests of the people around them. The enterprising Quaker who has established this factory, has done more for the neighbourhood, than Lord Waterford and all the Beresfords have ever done; and his lordship's pride ought to be, less in his magnificent domain, and fine stud, than in the comfortable condition of the surrounding peasantry, and in the establishment which has produced it."

And yet people speak of the ingratitude that deprived the Beresfords of the representation of the county of Waterford;—by the way, we are glad to find that good effects have resulted from that lesson:—

"The defeat of the Waterford family in the election for the county, was felt by them as a severe blow; but it has had its uses: more attention is now paid to the interests and comforts of the tenantry; and it is universally admitted, that the property has recently been, and is at present, under excellent management."

We must now see another specimen of the benevolence and wisdom of Irish landowners:—

"I had heard, even in England, of the wretched condition of a town in the county of Kilkenny, called Cullen; and finding that this town was but eight miles from Kilkenny, I devoted a day to Cullen. I never travelled through a more pleasing and smiling country, than that which lies between Kilkenny and Cullen; and I never entered a town reflecting so much disgrace

upon the owner of it, as this. In so execrable a condition are the streets of this town, that the mail coach, in passing through it, is allowed twelve minutes extra; an indulgence which can surprise no one who drives, or rather attempts to drive through the street; for no one who has the use of his limbs, would consent to be driven. And yet, will it be credited, that a toll is levied on the entrance into the town, of every article of consumption; and that not one shilling of the money so received, is laid out for the benefit of the town. The potatoes, coal, butter-milk, with which the poor wretches who inhabit this place supply their necessities, are subject to a toll, which used to produce 250*l.* per annum. . . . It was with some difficulty that I obtained a sight of the table of tolls; but I insisted on my right to see it; and satisfied myself, that potatoes and butter-milk, the food of the poor, pay a toll to Lord Clifden, who, out of the revenue of about 20,000*l.* per annum, which he draws from this neighbourhood, lays out not one farthing for the benefit of his people. . . . Let any one who desires to see a specimen of an absentee town, visit Callen. And Lord Clifden is the more reprehensible, since he occasionally visits the country, and is not ignorant of its condition. It is true, that his lordship drives as rapidly through his town as the state of the street will admit; but it happened fortunately, that upon one occasion, the carriage broke down; and this patriotic and tender-hearted nobleman was forced to hear the execrations of the crowd of naked and starving wretches who thronged around him.

"Nor is the country around Callen fortunate in its other landlords. The land of Lord Dysart, another large proprietor, is frightfully rack-rented. Land, at a distance from any market, is let at 4*l.* and 4*l.* 10*s.* per acre; and I know of five acres let at a rent, the whole produce of which would barely pay the rent of one acre. The Marquis of Ormonde is another proprietor; but his land is not so much over-set; and the general opinion appears to be, that he is anxious to do right."

That outrages should occur under such a system as this, is far from surprising; the only wonder is, that they are not of more frequent occurrence. Mr. Inglis gives us the following candid account of Irish crimes; we have only to add, that competition for land has produced a thousand-fold more acts of violence than tithe, and we shall soon discover the reason why tithe has been made to bear all the blame:—

"Almost every outrage and murder that has disgraced Ireland, has arisen out of one of two causes—either competition for land, or tithes; and, until means be found for reducing the former, and till the latter be finally and justly settled, it will be in the power of any restless, wrongheaded, or interested man to agitate Ireland. Competition for land can only be diminished by employing the people; but I greatly fear, that no scrutiny, however strict and impartial, into the revenues of the Protestant church, and that even no application of the surplus, will be satisfactory to the land occupiers of Ireland. Here, as every where else, in the south, I heard the strongest objections to tithe in any shape; and a curious instance came to my knowledge, of the determination of farmers to get rid of tithe. A farmer agreed to pay 30*l.* an acre for a certain quantity of land; the landlord being bound to pay tithe and all other dues. On rent day the tenant arrives, and, before paying his rent, asks what tithe the landlord pays? 'Why do you wish to know that,' says the landlord, 'what is it to you what tithe I pay? you pay me 30*l.*, and I take tithe and every burden of your land.' 'I know that,' says the farmer; 'but I'll not only not pay tithe myself, but your honour shan't pay it either.' The tenant ordered the landlord his

rent, deducting whatever tithe he, the landlord, paid; and the rent is, at this moment, unpaid."

In the list of bad landlords we find one name that we could scarcely have expected:

"If you ask an innkeeper, or an innkeeper's wife, anywhere in O'Connell's district, what sort of a man their landlord is? 'Och, and sure he's the best o' landlords!—he takes the childer by the hand, and he wouldn't be over proud to drink tax with the landlady.' But if you step into a cabin, the holder of which owns Daniel O'Connell, Esq., as his landlord, and if you ask the same question, he'll scratch his head, and say little any way. Shortly before I visited Cahir-sveen, there was a road-presentation in that neighbourhood, and the rate-payers, who have now a vote in these matters, refused at first to pass it, unless the O'Connells would pay two-thirds of the expense; because, said they, 'the O'Connells have lived long enough out of road presentations!'"

But we must not confine ourselves solely to the Black List; there are good landlords in Ireland: we shall quote the account of one whose example is worthy of imitation:—

"Many absentee properties are quite as well managed as if the proprietors were resident: and as one example of this, I may name the large estates of Mr. Stanley, in this neighbourhood (Tipperary). I found only one opinion as to the excellent management of these estates:—rents are moderate, and the tenantry well treated; and from my own observation, I can speak to the generally comfortable condition of things upon this property. A reading society, of which I believe the agent upon the property is librarian, has been instituted for the benefit of Mr. Stanley's tenantry; and the project, I understood to be perfectly successful."

Merited praise is also bestowed on the Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of Lansdowne. As the latter nobleman has been frequently maligned as a harsh landlord, it is a simple act of justice to extract Mr. Inglis's account of his property:—

"Formerly, the greater part of this property was held in large farms, by lessees, who sub-let these lands in small portions, and therefore became middle-men. As these leases have dropped, by death, or otherwise, the estates, so held, have been divided into farms of equal size, and let to tenants holding immediately under Lord Lansdowne, who has erected, upon each farm, a comfortable dwelling-house, the whole expense of which, excepting labour, has been defrayed by his lordship.

"Riding through this part of Kerry, one is immediately struck by the absence of mud cabins, and, by the presence of these new farm-like houses, everywhere dotting the slopes. Such things being rarities, I did not content myself with a distant view; but visited ten or twelve of these houses, and they seemed to me well suited to the wants of the individuals by whom they were occupied. There was nothing of pretension about them. I found them to be built of lime-mortar, rough-cast, with chimneys, and with two apartments inside; and generally containing a sufficiency of furniture, and a fair portion of comfort,—speaking always, let it be recollected, with reference to the character and habits of the people. And, what is most important of all, I did not find that the tenants were paying exorbitant rents. One tenant, occupying a little farm of nine acres, with one of these houses, paid 2*l.* 13*s.* for his possession; that is, about six shillings an acre."

Mr. Inglis does not give a very favourable account of the Catholic priesthood; his description of the mode in which voluntary contributions are gathered, reminds us of the answer given to a gentleman, who, seeing

some persons pass by, heavily fettered, and escorted by dragoons, asked "who they were." He was told "They are volunteers to the Tipperary Militia."

"I am sorry to be obliged, in this place (Cahir), to record a fact, to which I could not have given credit on any evidence, less conclusive than that of my own eyes. The Roman Catholic chapel is newly erected, and is yet unfinished; and I was told, that the anxiety to obtain funds for its completion, gave rise to the enactment of some curious scenes at the door. I went there, about ten o'clock; and I certainly did witness a scene of a most singular kind. The gates were shut, and four men stood by. One had a silver salver, to receive the larger contributions: two were provided with wooden ladders, for the copper offerings; and these they shook in the ears of every one who approached: and one man, the priest, stood, just within the gate, armed with a shillelah. No one was admitted who did not contribute! I saw a man attempt to pass without contributing; and I saw the priest push and buffet the man, and, at length, strike him several times with his stick, and knock his hat off his head! This is no matter of hearsay. I saw it: and I saw from thirty to forty persons kneeling outside of the gate, on the high road,—poor persons, who had not a halfpenny to spare. To be more and more sure, that this was the cause of their remaining without, I gave some halfpence amongst them, and saw them admitted."

Such scenes unfortunately are of frequent occurrence; they may be taken for a tolerably correct description of every voluntary tribute raised in Ireland within the century. The following fact deserves also to be noticed:—

"It is a curious fact, and a fact that consists with my knowledge, that Catholic emigrants send their remittances to the care, not of the Catholic priest, but of the Protestant clergyman, to be distributed by him among those pointed out. The same respect for, and reliance on, the Protestant clergyman, is evinced in other ways. It is not at all unusual, for Catholics possessed of a little money, to leave the Protestant clergyman their executor, in preference to their own priest, or to any other individual."

But Mr. Inglis is as prompt to record the delinquencies of the church of England as of the church of Rome:—

"I found in one part of this county (Longford), great want of accommodation for the Protestant congregation. I allude to the parish of the Union of Kilglass. There is monstrous abuse here. The bishop is rector, and draws from four to five hundred pounds per annum; and yet there is no church or Protestant service in the parish. His lordship, on being respectfully written to on the subject, replied, that 'there was service in the next parish!'"

The worst evil of Ireland, and that which no legislation can remedy, is the total disunion, in many cases amounting to actual hatred, between landlord and tenant. The feeling evinced in the following anecdote is unfortunately general:—

"The resident landlords of the county of Longford, are, with few exceptions, an unimproving race; and I regretted to find, that between them and the lower orders, there was not the best understanding. A wealthy and unembarrassed baronet, on being asked, why he did not embellish his domain, which stood greatly in need of it, and thus give some employment to the people, said, 'he made it a rule to circumscribe, within the least possible limits, his intercourse with the lower orders.' It is not every landlord who might choose so to express himself; but I fear there are too many who so act. I have generally found the land-owners extremely ignorant of the real condition of the poor: and



how, indeed, are they to gain their knowledge, unless they specially seek it? They do not themselves hire labourers; they do not call on the small farmer for rent; they do not themselves eject or drive for rent; and it is not to the hall, but to the farm-house, that the mendicant, and the mendicant's wife, and the orphan child, and the unemployed labourer, carry their sack, and their petition. The landlord has his gate-house, beyond which the vigilant porter permits no unwelcome visitor to pass."

We must conclude for the present with the description of a grievance, for the continued existence of which the rulers of the country are in a great degree responsible:—

"Trading magistrates are not yet extinct in the county Longford: value is still occasionally received for magisterial protection, in the shape of labour,—such as, a winter-cutting of turf being brought to a man's door. Neither is there much co-operation among the magistracy. They take pleasure in thwarting each other; and it is not unusual for persons imprisoned by the warrant of one magistrate, to be forthwith liberated by the warrant of another. This, I think, ought not to be possible. Crime can never be effectually repressed, where such a state of things exists; and every week's new experience in Ireland, more and more convinced me, that the establishment of a general stipendiary magistracy, would be one great step towards the civilization and pacification of the country."

We have passed over many passages worthy of remark, though our quotations have been confined to the first volume; but next week we trust to resume our examination of this excellent work.

*The Betrothed.* From the Italian of Alessandro Manzoni. London: Bentley.

THE literature and science of modern Europe stand deeply indebted to the accident of the great conquering horde of the north having, on its triumph over the Roman empire, been split into many separate and independent states. The Romans, when their borrowings from the Greek are deducted, exhibited, in their best days, few tokens of a diversified genius, or an inventive faculty; and when, in the fulness of their conquests, they had given the impress of their own mind to the subdued nations of the then civilized world, they only enthralled its energies by the uniformity of mediocrity which they induced. For several centuries before the ultimate destruction of their empire the human intellect was stationary, and even retrograde. These were the true *bassi tempi*, in which nothing was created, in which language was corrupted, and thought unproductive. But when the Roman sway was utterly overthrown, and the independent nations of England, France, Italy, and Germany started into existence, the work of regeneration, conducted simultaneously by each, proceeded from many different centres; and mind, left to its own resources, was emancipated from authority. The earlier steps of the process, it is true, may have been rendered slower and less certain by that cause; but the ultimate results have been richer and more exuberant.

Down to the French Revolution, the nations of Europe may be considered as having abstained from all literary co-operation, and as having wandered in search of the beautiful and the true, in neglect, if not in ignorance, of each other's proceedings; for if the literature of France obtained a certain partial

pre-eminence in some foreign courts, imitation was rather exerted in adopting its systems in their integrity, than in grafting them upon the several national stocks; and their influence therefore rarely extended to the people. Notwithstanding then the tendency to uniformity, produced by a common religious faith, and a common veneration for classical monuments, each different centre of knowledge gave birth to its own models of taste and beauty; and the literature of every nation was peculiar and distinct. England, more especially, attained to a greater vigour and originality of thought and style, through the limitation of its intercourse with the continent; and Germany, from the same cause, has derived the same effect.

Within the last half century, however, the march of events has given civilization an opposite direction. Commerce and war, the steam-engine and the Macadamized road, have brought nations into closer and more frequent contact; and leave has been given to *litterati*, in common with all other classes, to import improvements, to imitate foreign models, and to adopt the peculiarities of style and matter which are popular in other countries. It is thus that Shakspere and Goethe have made their way to Paris; that German metaphysics have become popular in France; that Romanticism has found its proselytes in London; and that Byron and Walter Scott are known and imitated wherever there is leisure to read and intellects to write.

From the last author, in particular, the continent has borrowed much, and largely; and from his pages Italy derived a new and sudden inspiration in the department of fictitious narrative. The early Italians, (whose short and pithy *novelle* are little more than brief anecdotes,) with all the warmth of their poetic imagination, have produced scarcely one prose work of imagination; and the greatest story-tellers out of the East have dealt the least in tales of passion, character, or romantic and adventurous interest. Yet the history of the small Italian states, their wars and civil dissensions, have all the passionate violence of personal disputes; they teem with materials for the novelist, and seem to invite him to embody their striking situations, and to delineate their bold and deeply-shaded Protagonists. Nothing of this sort, however, exists in the original literature of the country; and with the exception of a few obscure and almost abortive imitations of the *Minerva-Press* school, '*Giacopo Ortis*' is, we believe, the first readable novel in the Italian language.

For this peculiarity many concurring causes may be cited. One, perhaps, of the most leading will be acknowledged in the singular disposition of the people, who, all-ardent and excitable as they are, yet want that reflective temperament which delights in abstractions. Children of impulse and of sense, they are too eager to enjoy, to waste their time on the refinements and metaphysics of love.

Again, the Italians live much in the open air; and they are further prevented by the reigning despotisms from a frank reciprocation of thought and expansion of feeling, which develop the domesticity of the northerners. Italian character therefore shows few of those shades of difference which imaginative writers delight to paint. Of this verity, the comedies of Goldoni and of Notti are striking illustra-

tions—the characters being all conventional, and the personages mutually interchangeable through the several pieces.

At length, however, the success and reputation of the English historic novel crossed the Alps; and the example of Sir Walter Scott roused the ambition of Manzoni to compete with him on his own field, and to add a new leaf to the garland of the Italian muses. '*I Promessi Sposi*,' the original of the translated volume now before us, was the first fruit of this impulse; and the applause which it has gained, both from natives and foreigners, has at once domiciliated the class to which it belongs as a favourite branch of Italian literature.

The great object of this novel, like those of the school from which it is derived, is to paint a particular epoch of society, and to preserve the traits of a combination fast passing into oblivion before the refinement of the nineteenth century and the growing spirit of equality of revolutionized Europe. The moment selected is that in which feudalism had received its great check, and in which the overbearing and self-willed barons were compelled to confine the exercise of their despotism to the villagers huddled round their crenelled towers; or if they venture to indulge their insolence in the great cities, obtained only a cramped and limited licence from the supreme authority. It is curious, however, to observe, that these *Prepotenti*, these lawless and insolent contempters of humanity, who made their will avouch their most tyrannical caprices, still lingered in the society of the smaller Italian towns to a very recent date. Da Ponte, the once well-known *Poeta del teatro* of the London Opera House, whose *Memoirs* are full of amusing anecdotes, and deserve to be better known than they are, describes a rencontre he had with a specimen of the genus in Padua, from whose vengeance he had some difficulty in escaping.

'*The Betrothed*,' written by an Italian, and for Italians, is yet a novel possessing powerful resources for interesting the English reader. It is a novel of romance and adventure; and it depicts with vigour a state of society wholly new to the generality of English readers. To the Englishman it is further interesting, as the first reflection of a light kindled at the flames of English genius. Worked up, too, in the story, there is an elaborate and appalling description of the great plague at Milan, which alone would make the fortune of a modern novel, and would stand a comparison with Boccaccio's Florentine Pestilence, or Defoe's Plague of London. We mention these things for the sake of those among our readers, to whom the stores of Italian literature are not accessible, and for whose especial use this translation has been made. To those conversant with the language in which the original is written, '*I Promessi Sposi*' and its author, Manzoni, are familiar as household words. It will not be expected that we should enter upon the details of a story so long before the public; and, truth to tell, we want the courage to wade through a translation, which, in its style and execution, is not the most inviting. To those whose ears have not been opened to the music of the *dolce favella Italiana*, but who love a stirring romance, and are curious concerning humanity in all its phases, '*The Betrothed*'

will doubtless prove an acceptable present; and Mr. Bentley has, we think, done the public good service in adding it to his STANDARD NOVELS.

*The Comic Almanack, for 1835.* With Twelve Illustrations of the Months, by George Cruikshank. London: Tilt.

Tuts shall be our Almanack! From its first page, (counting the cover as such) with the Zodiacal signs—wherein "Pisces" are represented by two toppers drinking a match—and "Taurus" is set forth in the form of a keen, well-wigged politician, devouring the 'John Bull'—to its last, with the representation of the seasons, in which a shy sportsman personates Autumn, and Summer sits under a tree, hot and helpless, in the incarnation of a Mrs. Daniel Lambert—this merry little book teems with drollery; and we infinitely prefer the prognostications of the sapient Figidum Funnidos, to the more thrilling prophecies of Francis Moore, Physician.

In addition to all proper and required information, we are here presented with twelve capital illustrations of the months by G. Cruikshank, and some of the best calculated predictions of the weather we have ever seen, as, for instance, that for December:—

"Take note, frost and snow may be expected this month, but be not sure of their coming, then shall you not be disappointed, and if it be fine summer weather, then I say again, bethink you of the comet."

Besides these, there are other facetiæ, both in prose and verse—but the pencil beats the pen hollow—and the February scene, with its cataracts in the kennels, which we see the old lady in the pattens can never cross, and its postman groaning under the load of twopenny love, in the shape of valentines, is worthy of Hogarth. In March, wind is the merry devil who plays the tricks, and the ladies discomposed by his roistering impertinence, and the bald man—who innocently assaults a chance passenger full in the face with his umbrella—are only exceeded by the dripping belles in April—wherein rain is the master-spirit. May is illustrated by the gambols of Jack in the Green. But, as our readers may like to see a specimen of the letter-press, we will take them to Strand-on-the-Green, and give them a specimen or two of Mr. Gible's experiences, whose diary supersedes the customary Gardener's Calendar:—

"March 21, 1834.—Mrs. G. bent on a rural retirement, and declaring this a dog-cheap bargain.

"27th.—All safe arrived—only one pier-glass split into four, and best tea-set, bought as 32 pieces, converted into 32 dozen. However, Mrs. G. observes, that being by the river side, we must have a marine grotto, and the pieces of looking-glass, mixed with the bits of blue and gold china, will make a fine glitter among the moss and shells.

"April 1.—Rain falling, river rising, cellars filling.

"2nd.—Ducks swimming into the parlour—moved to the first floor for safety—Musical Tom (my youngest) splashing about barbelled in the kitchen, and shouting 'four feet water in the hold.'—A leak sprung in the next onion field—all my land under water. Dick, perched on a window sill, angling for roach in the garden.

"9th.—Buried an old hen at the foot of a

plum-tree, by the light of the full moon—am told it will then bear egg-plums.

"19th.—Potatoe eyes always an eye-sore, so have planted a bed with every eye nicely cut away, by which I hope to grow a crop as smooth as my hand and as blind as moles.—Look for the Horticultural Society's gold medal for this bright idea.

"May 13th.—Finished my new hot water pipes for the conservatory, all heated by the kitchen fire—a scheme of my own—Cook had a regular flare-up with so much company yesterday, so the water was boiling hot all day—by night the plants looked like scalded gooseberries. This morning, all my pipes united in a joint—ran on the cistern, which answered their draughts to the last, and the spare water from the greenhouse floor was soaking into the breakfast parlour. The inventor just arrived—says it's all quite regular—the cracked joints will close of themselves in time—I wonder when.

"June 12th.—Suppose I want exercise.—Wife blows me up, and says I get puffy; so, to keep all smooth with her and the garden walks, drag the great roller about for two hours, morning and night.

"23rd.—Fill up odd time in watching fruit trees with a rattle, for the birds perch on the sham cats and build nests in the mawkins. What with opening and shutting the cucumber-frames, according to the sun, wind, and clouds, plenty to do.—Charged the garden-engine with lime-water—set Dick and Tom to play upon the caterpillars. They have so whitewashed the three Miss Blackets, that I have two velvet bonnets, a silk pelisse, and a cashmere shawl to pay for.

"July 18th.—The Cherub Gible's potatoes not coming up to time, tried the ground and found them rotting.

"14th.—Half my time taken up in driving the butterflies off the gooseberry trees. Left my weeding-gloves stuck on a stick last night—put them on this morning, and smashed five slugs in one, and seven earwigs in the other.—Mem. Old gloves the best slug-trap.

"August 5.—My cucumber frames yield plenty of fruit—have gathered not less than twenty, worth twopence each—cost me only five pounds six shillings and sevenpence."

The learned societies, and the venders of patent medicines also contribute their share to our amusement.

To return to the illustrations, (in which, after all, lies the attraction of the book,) June gives us Somerset House in all its glory—July, Vauxhall, with the indefatigable and verbose master of the ceremonies—August an oyster carnival—September the humours of Bartholomew Fair—October a country-coach and its passengers, who have expended their substance and good looks in the metropolis—November a Guy Faux scene—and December, last and best of all, a jovial Christmas dinner, with the buxom mistress of the house laughing at the head of the table, and the master laughing at the foot, to the obvious peril of the sides of his next neighbour—the stout lady with the teeth—and a servant man unable to keep his gravity as he brings in that glory which hath not yet utterly departed from old England—a plum pudding.

We counsel all who would enjoy a merry hour in this month of fogs and long faces, to send for this Almanack without delay, and we are sure they will not think their half-crown thrown away.

*The Cabinet of Friendship. A Tribute to the Memory of the late John Aitken, Editor of 'Constable's Miscellany.'* Edited by W. C. Taylor, A.B., T.C.D. London: Whittaker & Co.

As we are not endowed with the powers of the Shadowless Man in 'Peter Schlemihl,' who contrived, from a scrap of cloth he drew out of his pocket, to stretch a sumptuous tent over the heads of a goodly company of revellers, some of the numberless volumes of light literature which are just now crowding upon us, must need wait for space and leisure. But here is one we cannot pass by, even though we have to squeeze our goodwill and good word into a corner. This volume, to which many well-known and skilful hands have lent their aid, is collected for the benefit of the widow of one whose lot was the too common fate of a literary man—an early grave!—and no inheritance but his good name to leave behind him. To those, then, who will act, as well as feel, we commend it: they will find among its contents a good story by Mr. James—a lively Scotch fairy tale by one of the Misses Corbet—a translation from Wallenstein's 'Camp,' by Mr. G. Moir—some poetry by Mr. T. Roscoe—a piece of learned pleasantries by the editor—in short, as much variety of song and story as can be packed into the compass of four hundred and forty-four pages.

*Journal d'un Déporté non jugé. 1834.*  
(Printed for private circulation.)

Monsieur de Barbé Marbois, well known as minister, ambassador, and chief judge, as also for a History of Louisiana, of which province he negotiated the sale, wrote an interesting account of his *fructidorisation*, as the French say—in plain English, his transportation, by a *coup d'état* of the Executive Directors to the pestilential regions of Cayenne and Sinnamari, in 1797. He wrote while suffering under the cruel sentence, but never thought of printing till now—and which he has done merely for his friends: from one of whom we have obtained the favour of a copy for perusal, with liberty to give such extracts as we think likely to interest the English reader.

Barbé Marbois, a member of the *Conseil des Anciens*, was included with fifteen of his colleagues in a proscription that was in reality directed against the press; since all the respectable editors and proprietors of journals, to the number of forty-two, were on the fatal list, though most of them, from their superior capabilities of getting information in time, were able to escape the blow. The sixteen representatives, too aged (they were nearly all between 50 and 60 years old), and too proud of their political dignity and principles, to allow of flight, were seized, thrown by sixes into iron cages on wheels, without trial or sentence, and jolted off to Rochefort; the cages and their contents being deposited in dungeons each night.

My companions (says M. de Barbé Marbois) had had the consolation of conversing, previous to their departure, with their wives and children: I, eighty leagues distant from my family, remained anxious and ignorant how my

+ Carnot, however, did escape, whilst Bartholomew, another director, scorned even to step aside from the blow.

poor wife would bear the news of my incarceration. A stranger in France, my Eliza reckoned, on quitting Philadelphia, never to be separated from me. She had passed her childhood in the troubles of the American revolution. A fugitive with her father, proscribed, like other royalists, she had hoped to find tranquillity in France; but there another revolution awaited her. In these circumstances, a husband's presence and support were all in all to her. I thought upon this, borne away as I was irrevocably from her, and this was the bitterest of my reflections. On the morning of my departure for Blois, Cordubar came to bid me ascend to the lodge of the porter: I obeyed—and in a moment my wife was in my arms. Eliza had come upwards of 100 leagues to bid me an eternal adieu. We had but a few minutes to be together. She hastily informed me, that, passing through Paris, she had seen some friends, who had given her hopes that we should not be sent, for the winter at least, farther than Oleron. She spoke of my aged mother—of our child—but we had subjects for endless concern, and but a quarter of an hour to satisfy it in. With the consent of Cordubar, and on the condition that Eliza would preserve silence, I conducted her into the damp chapel, where we had slept, and where my companions were only waiting for me to depart. I introduced them to my wife. The apparition of a woman, beautiful, courageous, superior to the weakness of her constitution, moved all who were present. The keepers signified to her to depart. My heart was broken. I embraced her for the last time. In her trouble, she exclaimed—instead of *Adieu*—that she would return. I cried out, in the presence of the magistrates of Blois, "Solicit my trial, but never my pardon." I afterwards learned that, on traversing the court, and seeing our cages drawn up, she fainted away. A captain of *gendarmerie*, perceiving that her domestic was unable to support her, offered her his arm: for this act he was dismissed from his place, by order of the Directory.

M. de Marbois has here concealed the full truth—the completion of this scene. His wife, on recovering from her swoon, had lost her reason: nor did she ever recover her senses, being obliged to remain in confinement till her death, which took place a few months since. No sooner had the prisoners arrived at Rochefort than they were removed from their cages, and hurried on board a wretched vessel, where their fare was worse than the hole in which they were huddled, and their treatment worse than that experienced from the gaolers along the road.

One of us, not being able to reach the bread, asked one of our guardians, a youth of 15 or 16, to hand it to him: the boy paid no attention at first, and at last flung the bread rudely to him who asked it—it was Pichegru. "When the sun is down," observed the General, "cowards look big in the dark." "Mind what you say," rejoined the boy to the conqueror of Belgium; "and take care whom you speak to in such a tone."

They were a long time on their voyage before they could form a conjecture as to whither they were bound. At length, getting into warmer latitudes, a large box, which had hitherto been kept closely covered upon deck, was opened, and Barthélemy discovered a bread-tree plant. "We are going to Cayenne," said he: "Lareveillere Lepaux has been for months impatient about sending this plant out to Guyana."

There is one characteristic in these volumes that rather mars the impression they would otherwise excite: it is, that a considerable portion of the suffering proceeds from hunger. Hunger certainly is a suffering that one can deeply sympathize with. What so tragic, for example, as Ugolino's? and Pellico's is not less dignified, and scarcely less touching. But whether it is that M. de Marbois has dwelt too much upon it, or treated it in too light a manner, one is as often inclined to smile at, as commiserate, the sad pinchings of stomach experienced by the *déportés*—yet the poor men were almost starved.

One night a carpenter came, and mysteriously sawed an aperture in the wooden partition of our dungeon. Soon after a leg of mutton and two loaves made their appearance through the aperture. It was some compassionate officers, who thus risked dismissal to send us their supper. Though known to have a good appetite, yet my character for justice was such, that I was intrusted with dividing the prize in the dark. Perhaps the portions were not precisely equal. I kept the shank myself, and certainly there was some meat attached to it. Methought every part of my body was alive to seize its share of the much-wanted aliment. The silence was broken but by mastication. We were concord and happiness itself, when Ramel, the insatiable Ramel, thought fit to ask for his second piece. I was petrified. There was none. "You are eating yet," he exclaimed. It was true: I had been carver. But hungry stomachs will not hear reason; and all my comrades rose in rebellion against me. Bourdon, the jacobin, made a terrible hubbub. Each thought he had been the worst off. I appealed to Barthélemy and Laffor: they were silent; even my friend, of thirty years' standing, would not speak for me. I then appealed to Brotier, the mathematician—equally in vain. All condemned—all bore me rancour; and I suffered more than can be imagined from the injustice—quite as much, perhaps, as I had suffered from that other piece of calumny, equally untrue, of my having been a party to the Treaty of Pilnitz.

They landed at Cayenne in November: their deportation had taken place in September. Collot d'Herbois and Billaud Varennes, two of the infamous and sanguinary jacobins, had undergone the same punishment, and had preceded the present criminals to Cayenne. The inhabitants had as great a horror of the Terrorists as they showed themselves kind and feeling towards Marbois and his companions. There were some exceptions: Lavilleheumois, for example, was lodged in the house of a republican zealot, who thus addressed him:—

"Collot was here before you—Collot, who demolished Lyons, and blew its inhabitants before his cannon; but public safety was his excuse. He was the father of the French republic: it was at his suggestion that royalty was abolished. He was rewarded by being banished to this unfeeling spot, where the colonists received and treated him barbarously. Despair caused him a fever; yet he feared to take the medicines they gave him. He called for wine, drank it to excess, and died. Not a stone marks his tomb. You, you—royalist, are inhabiting his chamber—you sleep in his bed—and, living or dead, you will not want friends, whilst he perished without one. Such is the reward of patriotism."

Cayenne, however, was considered too salubrious and comfortable for the exiles: they were dispatched from thence to Sinnamari.

Here we have the history of the end of another Terrorist:—

After the death of Collot, Billaud Varennes was sent to Sinnamari. He disembarked there on the 27th of October, 1795. Thunderstorms are rare at this time of the year; yet there was a tremendous one at the landing of Billaud. The colonists and Indians saw in the storm the declaration of Heaven pronounced against the great criminal. It was with difficulty that he found a lodging, and that which did receive him was immediately abandoned by every one else. He was soon reduced to utter solitude. He amused himself by teaching a parakeet to speak, and carrying it on his hand in his walks. One day, a bird of prey pounced upon it, and devoured it before his eyes. The death of a pet bird brought tears to the eye that had seen and had ordered so many executions. Yet his demeanour at Sinnamari was reserved, decent, equable, equally free from baseness as from arrogance. I never spoke to him, although he passed four times a day before my cabin.

The ill-fated exiles occupied themselves as they could; those, however, who took to agriculture and hard work, died. M. de Marbois commenced with carpenter's work; he made barrows, desks, a sun-dial; tried his hand even at a clock, but proved not so successful as Louis XVI. He then took to sketching, even portraits, much more to the satisfaction of his black than of his white customers; but even the negroes were not satisfied with a representation of their faces in profile, and pleaded hard to have "the other eye and the other ear put in."

His companions, however, could find no occupation to reconcile them to exile. "Pichegru used to get Aubry, Delarue, and Ramel together in the evenings. He was ever engaged in warlike exercises, drawing his bow, sculling his canoe, and was soon as adroit as an Indian; so that I quickly saw his intention of escaping in the disguise of one." With this view perhaps, in order to become better acquainted with the *Galibis*, as the Indians of those regions are called, and also to accustom the governor to occasional absence, a few of them made a visit to Simapo, an Indian establishment not far off. The work contains a very interesting sketch of their manners and mode of life.

The women sometimes, in the presence of the men, kissed me on the mouth, not without some inconvenience from a mode they have of adorning their chins. They pierce a hole beneath their lower lip, and introduce into it eight or ten pins, which remain with their points outwards, hanging down or protruding like a beard, and offering a formidable barrier to whoever might be bold enough to approach them with gallant intentions.

On the left bank of the Sinnamari, opposite the village of Simapo, there is the habitation of an Indian who is member of no tribe. Like the savage in Dryden,

He is free as nature first made man  
Ere the base laws of mortals began,  
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Ouravagare belonged to a distant tribe, which had been dispersed and destroyed by war. He took refuge at Simapo, the chief of which had just died. He offered to replace him; he was refused; and he then asked permission to live in the midst of the new tribe, but not as a member of it, in complete independence. This too was denied; so he established himself alone on the other side of the Sinnamari. His wife

: The present Duchesse de Plaisance, so remarkable for her love of, and residence in, Greece.



nd children form a community of seven, over which he rules with absolute power.

But we must hasten onwards. Eight of the *déportés*, with Pichegru at their head, planned an escape. Marbois refused to join in the scheme. He shrunk from the confiscation of his property, which would follow, and which would leave his wife and children unprovided for. On the 3rd of June 1798, the eight took advantage of a short absence of the General, and set off at nightfall to gain a bark at some distance from the town. They completely succeeded, and were able in a few days to gain a neighbouring Dutch colony, whence most of them, Pichegru amongst the rest, made their way to England.—We may return to this work.

*Will Watch; from the Autobiography of a British Officer.* By the Author of 'Cavendish,' &c. 3 vols. London: Cochrane & Co.

Mr. Jerrold having led the way by founding a drama upon Gay's most delightful and touching 'Black-eyed Susan,' the author of 'Cavendish' follows his example, and has made that fine rough sea-song, 'Will Watch,' the text of his new novel. The vein, now first wrought, will, we fear, be found inexhaustible.—Dibdin alone having left half a hundred heroes and heroines only waiting to have their histories written. What a busy time, then, is coming for the readers of romances, and their still more luckless critics! It requires no small degree of nerve to anticipate without shrinking the days when the 'Lass of Richmond Hill' will make her appearance in three volumes,—when "My own dear Somebody's" adventures are set forth in six books, each garnished with pithy and choice mottoes,—and when 'Mad Bess' and 'Crazy Jane' (considerately coupled together,) are announced as forming the forthcoming volume of a Family Cabinet Collection of Romances!

This contrivance for multiplying fictions, however, being as yet only in its infancy, we have had time to read through the novel before us deliberately,—and not without pleasure. The story, it is true, is too much smothered among long extracts from fictitious journals, and other hindrances; and the heroine does little more than walk across the stage twice, and—stop, we are bound not to anticipate the last pages of the third volume;—but there are stirring scenes to be found in the book,—here and there a character; and Will Watch and his Amazonian mother, and his little sister, Fanny, form a group which we see with our mind's eye after we have closed its pages.

The story refers, as may be supposed, to the time of the late war: and its author brings upon the scene many of our great naval heroes,—the Earl St. Vincent and Lord Nelson, among others; but we have too lately been looking at the realities of the lives of these brave men, to be contented with their fictitious portraits, as here set before us. Admiral Fleke, with his familiar, Corporal Royal, and the Memoirs he dictated to the same, is better done;—there is heart in the character, and it is maintained unchanged till death. Captain Burgess, too, with his most laconic grace after dinner—"Had enough"—is not unmiss; nei-

ther is Captain Carrington, with his incessant allusion to the learned Vanderbruggius; but it is a mistake to imagine that "one swallow makes a summer,"—that one catch-word, or comical attitude, constitutes a character. The most one-idea'd creations of the master of modern fiction,—such as Dominic Sampson and Dugald Dalgetty, have something distinctive to give them mark and humanity, beside the constant prosing of the one about the "Lion of the North," or the other's most effectively simple "Prodigious!"

It is not difficult to select extracts from this book, the merit of which rather lies in scenes than in a coherent story. Our readers may like to hear a little of the hero's autobiography:—

"'Ye see, Sir,' proceeded Will, 'my father was a Kentish man, and the earliest thing I recollect about him, or myself either, is being dandled about by a tall, stout, rough old chap, some six feet high, with a nor'wester tarpauline shipped on his knowledge-box, a reg'lar sea-built pea-jacket on, and a pair of jack boots coming up to his middle. Ah, Sir, he was the chap for a natty fellow! Every hair in his beard would a done for a tooth-pick; fifty tons o' chalk coming down from the cliffs surge-o! would never a made half the row that his old boots kicked up, in clattering over the shingle at low tide; and as for his voice,—there, Sir, he'd stun a hundred boatswains, pipes and all, and not be out o' breath at the end of it:—ah, Sir, he was the right sort o' fellow, I don't doubt; but ye see, Sir, I never knew much of him, for happening to haul his head-yards rather of a sudden one fine morning, he paid slap off before the wind, and was out o' sight to-leeward, before my old mother could cry out Jack Robinson, and even that I'm thinking wouldn't have stopped him.—However, says she, all's one for that, and when a man's time is come why 'way aloft! and when a fellow's glass is out, why top-sides down and turn him, and no piping about it, either here or there. So the old 'oman takes to black's and drops o' brandy, and in six months she's spliced again, taut as ever.'

"'And how old was the old 'oman when she married again, Will?"

"'Oh, seven or eight and twenty or thirty, Sir, or thereaway. \* \* \* Let me see, I wasn't much more than a year old, I believe, for ye see my father hadn't been married long—but let that stand.—Held hard a minute, Sir, where was I? Oh my old mother—well, you see, Sir, instead of splicing in again with one of the right old craft, she gets a hold on some mechanical timber-reef chap—not that he hadn't all his limbs of the reg'lar sort o' flesh and blood, and they no light ones, but he was a stiff-headed fellow, you see, Sir, a reg'lar pia-wau-wau-picked-up-along-shore-hauler!'

"'What do you mean by that, Watch?"

"'Hea, Sir! why I hardly know how to make it out to ye: but ye see—ye see, Sir,—to be short and sweet, Sir, it's a sort o' fellow I wouldn't give a quid for.'

We had intended to give our readers a peep at Admiral Fleke over his Memoirs, and at his secretary, who read him to sleep every night with the portion that day indited, and who, on being charged with bad spelling, and confronted with Johnson's Dictionary, exclaims (and, we think, not without cause,) "Why, where now, Mister Charles, is the use of your honour's being so prejudiced to what this chap says, or t'other chap says?—I should like to know what's the use o' my being Admiral's secretary, if my word's not as good as anybody

else's." But perhaps the description of the smugglers' cave, and the final scene before it, will better bear being detached.

"We at length arrived before a perpendicular wall as it were of the chalk, some twenty or thirty feet in height. Behind us, in a little semicircle, rose the rocks, which completely shut us out from the view of the attacking party, and between us and the wall, lay a tiny lake, some fifteen yards across, half as many in depth, and about twice as many in length. It was formed by the flowing of the sea into a natural chasm, left by the cliff as it fell; and we could distinctly hear the gentle gurgling of the water to our right, reverberating along through the tortuous passage which communicated with the ocean; thus supplying this little reservoir with water, without allowing its calmness to be affected by the sea without. The sun shining down over the rocks, which completely surrounded this little loch, lit up its white and shining bed in a manner truly beautiful to behold; while the depth of the water, seemingly even greater than it was, added a lovely tinge of blue, beautifully contrasted with the vivid hues of the orange-coloured star-fish, which, clinging to the rocks beneath, dotted at intervals the distant bottom. In one or two places, the wild and stunted shrubs grew down close to the water-line, and the shadows of a couple of young ash trees were seen playing on its sparkling surface. The passage across was by a very slippery causeway, not more than a foot broad at the widest, and formed by the edges of some ponderous fragments of the cliff, which had fallen across the pool almost in its centre. Altogether it was one of the loveliest little spots that I think I ever beheld, and thus suddenly brought before the eye without notice or warning, seemed more like the fond dream of some warm imagination, than one of those many pieces of nature which the universal mother has scattered at random through this lovely world!—heedless alike, whether there is an eye to admire, or a foot to profane them."

After many rescues and escapes, Will Watch is at last fairly attacked in his stronghold. The siege laid to this, is too much spun out, but its conclusion is brief and fearful:—

"For a moment, I thought I could perceive a tall stout figure, surmounted by the cocked hat which marked out the distracted mother, amid the very hottest of the fight that was to decide the destinies of her son.—But this might have been thought alone.—The apparition flashed before my eyes, and then again was lost. Will, I could distinguish nowhere, though doubtless he must have been present with his men, and while I was yet trying to pick him out from among the Patagonians so busy in the work of slaughter and defence—a sudden startling light burst forth over sea and sky, and gave the brief blaze of noon-day to the little bay around; while almost at the same moment, an awful and tremendous blast issued forth from the rugged mouth of the cavern, so long lit up by the fire of both parties.—Before its terrific breath was whirled like chaff upon the wind, a mingled mass of many objects—darkling in the fierce and ruddy glow, like missiles from the mouth of some vast and overloaded bomb. A long line of light darted upwards above the cliff, like the fire of an extended line, flanking each wing of the cavern.—The cave itself—the ramp—the rocks—the very promontory of which they were but parts, seemed instinct with life and motion, as if heaved forward by the last tremendous struggles of its imprisoned Titans, while the very earth trembled beneath us."

"It falls—it falls!"—shrieked Royal—utterly bewildered at the dread spectacle, and folding me in such a suffocating clasp that I could scarcely breathe.

"The beetling precipice, heaved thus forward from its bed, now tottered for a few brief seconds, as if undecided in its fall.—A deep and frightful chasm already yawned behind it, while the besiegers, who but an instant before were pressing forward in an eager swarm, now at the imminent risk of life and limb—leaped—dashed and ran down the steep ramp in the wildest confusion and dismay!—Shrieks the most harrowing that ever pierced the ear of man, rose fearfully on high, as the gigantic mass of solid mountain, urged far beyond its poise, came thundering to the sea, with a sight and sound that mocked the din of armies or the shock of battle. Broken into a thousand fragments by its fall, and sweeping and hurling everything before it, the shattered cliff roared onward till it met the waves. The furious waters of the last, were now dashed on high into one solid jet of foam, and seemed to emulate in height the fallen mound that had so long and so lately held them at resistless bay: even the solid ground beneath our feet rose and fell like the sister element that had beat upon its bed for centuries! Echo after echo now seemed to take up their everlasting note. Fall after fall was heard reverberating along the cliffs around and above us, and there we stood in momentary apprehension of being added to the dreadful number of the victims, by the concussion shaking down some of the adjacent rocks upon our heads. Slowly, and with a terrible suspense, the din gradually died away into the far distance of either side, and there lay before us the tremendous ruin we had just seen wrought!—There perished friend and foe in one vast grave!"

On the whole, the lighter as well as the graver scenes of this book give us the impression, that its author might and will do better.

The appendix "containing the statement and correspondence relative to Capt. Marryat," will be considered generally as the most piquant morsel in the three volumes. Our readers probably know from the proceedings at Bow Street, of the personal rencontre between Mr. Neale and the Captain, in consequence of the refusal of the latter to give Mr. Neale what is called satisfaction. In this the Captain was, beyond all doubt, right. If a gentleman can put up with a wrong or an insult for twelve or fifteen months—many months, by Mr. Neale's own confession—it is universally admitted that he must put up with it for ever; and we quite agree with Capt. Marryat, that, time and circumstances considered, the whole affair looks very like an ingenious advertisement of the present novel. Still, the notice in *The Metropolitan*, coupled with the personal intercourse and kindness once existing between the parties, as fairly to be inferred from the Captain's admitted revision of 'Cavendish,' require explanation, and we presume the public will shortly be favoured with "a counterblast."

#### POOR LAWS.

An Act for the Amendment and better Administration of the Laws relating to the Poor, in England and Wales, by John Tidd Pratt, Esq. Second Edition.—To this edition, Mr. Pratt has prefixed a preface, giving an outline of the provisions of the Act, and explaining the intended object and effect of some of those enactments, upon which much misconception has prevailed, and considerable dissatisfaction has been ex-

pressed. To those who are called upon to administer the poor laws, the perusal of this preface may afford some useful hints, although, of course, in the construction of the questionable clauses, doubts may yet prevail, notwithstanding the explanations of one of the framers of the statute.

*Money-penny on the Poor Laws of Scotland.*—A fit companion for the Act regulating the government of the Poor in England and Wales, and at this time a work of great general interest, in all parts of the kingdom. A correct knowledge of the progress and present state of the system of poor laws in Scotland, may here be acquired, and its comparative advantages and defects duly estimated. Those whose inclination, or duty, leads them to consider this difficult and important subject, will not find their time misspent by looking over the statements and remarks contained in this volume.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF THE POPOCATEPETL, THE HIGHEST POINT OF THE MEXICAN ANDES, 18,000 FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA.

[The following interesting narrative is translated from a letter addressed by Baron Gros, Chief Secretary to the French Legation in Mexico, to a friend at Paris.]

Mexico, 15th May, 1831.

THE valley of Mexico is one of the most picturesque in the world; it is bounded on the S.E. by a range of mountains, from which two volcanoes rise up, known by the Indian names of Iztacihuatl and Popocatepetl. Their peaks, always covered with snow, are at sixteen and eighteen thousand English feet above the level of the sea. The crest of the former, the nearer to Mexico, runs from N.W. to S.E., and is irregularly rent. The latter is a perfect cone. It somewhat resembles Mount Atna, but does not, like that mountain, rise from a plain. The Popocatepetl is on the side of the platform of the Cordillera Mountains. On one side, the N.W., the forests of fir which surround it terminate at the foot of the valley, and the last trees are mingled with the wheat, Indian corn, and such other European plants, as grow at that height; but, towards the S.E. the forests continue further down. They, however, become gradually thinner, very soon disappear altogether, and are superseded by the sugar-cane, the cochineal-tree, and all the rich and varied vegetation of tropical regions. A traveller, by starting from the volcanic sands, a little above the boundary of vegetation, and coming down in a straight line into the valley of Cuautin-Amilpas, would, in a few hours have gone through all climates, and could gather all the plants which grow between the Pole and the Equator.

It follows from this, that the snow which is on the S.E. side, must in certain cases be influenced by the breezes of warm air, which constantly rise up from the valley of Cuautin. The snow partly melts in the dry season, and whilst the north of the volcanic cone is perpetually covered with snow and ice down to the fir nearest to the top of the volcano, the lava and porphyry on the south side are bare.

This, therefore, is the side on which to look for a passage when wishing to ascend to the summit of this mountain, the highest in North America. I tried it last year with a different result.

You know how my first attempt proved unsuccessful. M. de Gerolt and myself were overtaken by one of those tropical storms, of which in Europe you can form no idea. It became indispensable to pass the night amongst the wet firs which grow on the brink of the sands; we had but a cloth stretched with cords over a tree half thrown down, to shelter us from the rain, the hail, and the snow, and we considered ourselves fortunate in having thought of wrapping up our

clothes, for a change, in the cloth which was destined to be so useful to us. You have probably not forgotten the storm over our heads, and that which rent the trees below us, and those horizontal flashes of lightning which produced so disagreeable an effect upon my travelling companion; and then our six hours idle walk in the snow, after having been abandoned by our guides, and our blindness for several days, brought on by the reflection of the sun, and our fatigues, our sufferings, our want of courage, the loss of strength, and in time the painful necessity of giving up our enterprise, when we had but twelve or thirteen hundred feet to climb before arriving at the summit, the promised land.

This year we have met with nothing of the kind; we have had a run of the most favourable circumstances. We profited by the experience of last year, and the 20th April at thirty-seven minutes after two in the afternoon, I planted on the highest peak of the Mexican Andes a flag, which had never floated on so a high a spot before.

We had finished all our preparations in the beginning of April; we had barometers, a miner's compass, for want of a theodolite, which is too heavy to be carried up to such a height, some thermometers, one of those little *anémilips* by Breuzin for heating water, a good telescope and a hygroscope. All these instruments had been compared with those here, belonging to General D. Juan de Orlegozo, and to Professor D. Joaquin Velasquez de Leon, in order to enable us on our return to compare the results of the experiments made at the same hours by those gentlemen in Mexico, and by us whilst on our journey. I had had a tent made for shelter; and we were supplied with hatchets, saws, ropes and iron-shod bamboos: these latter are indispensable in expeditions of this nature; mine was fifteen feet long, and I intended to leave it behind us on the top of the volcano. I took good care not to communicate this project to my companions: it was possible we might fail in our expedition, and I did not wish to sell the lion's skin before I had killed the lion.

On the morning of the 15th we started; we had with us three Mexican servants and three dragoons—we each had a second horse and a mule of burthen. In two days we reached Zacualpam-Amilpas, where Mr. Egerton, an English painter, who was to be of the party, soon joined us. We had planned to remain at this place until the time should seem most opportune for making the attempt.

Whilst waiting for the so much wished-for opportunity, I spent my time in carefully examining, with the aid of a telescope, the summit of the volcano, and I made drawings, as accurately as possible, of the rocks, the ravines, and the courses of the lava which are on this side. We then searched on the paper for the direction which promised the most success, for we well knew the guides would leave us the instant we reached the perpetual snow.

At length, on the 27th, we commenced our march, and reached Oamisa at three in the afternoon. We sent for the same guides we had made use of last year. They are Indians of the village of Atlautla, which is at the very foot of the Popocatepetl: we took three. We laid in provisions for four days, and the next morning by seven o'clock we had begun, with our mules and horses, to ascend the mountain. At one o'clock we arrived at the Vaqueria, a veritable Swiss chalet, which is used as a shelter by the keepers of a numerous herd of cows, and is the last inhabited spot on the mountain. At three o'clock we arrived at the point where vegetation ceases: this we did by ways which might almost be said to be beaten, for we had occasion but once to make use of our hatchets. As you are acquainted with the Alps, I have nothing to say on those admirable forests

of oak, of fir, and of larch, which we passed through. They resemble each other in both hemispheres except that at the foot of these there are large flocks of *guacamaías*, (a large green parrot with a red head,) which are not to be met with at Chamouny or at Sallanches. There are also in the forest lions of a small species, *jaguars*, wolves, deer, and a great number of wild cats, but we did not see a single one of these animals.

As you get higher up in the wood, the fir-trees become scarcer, and of less size. Near the sands they may be said to be dwarfs, and all the branches are bent downwards, as if seeking below a less rarefied air. After these firs, for the most part lying down and nearly rotten, you meet but with some tufts of a sort of currant-tree, with black fruit: and then here and there clumps of a yellowish moss, which grows in a half circle in the midst of scattered pumice-stone, lava, and basalt—in short, there is no longer any vegetation, and I did not even see lichen on the rocks. One then begins to feel that one is in a sphere wherein it is not possible to live. Respiration is difficult: a certain melancholy, which is not without its agreeableness, comes over you; but, in truth, I cannot exactly define the sensations I experienced when entering these deserts.

The instant you have left the wood, about one-third the height of the volcanic cone, you see only an immense extent of purple sand, which is in some parts so extremely fine, that it is blown by the wind into the most perfect ridges. Blocks of porphyry, scattered here and there, break in upon the monotony of the scene. The top of the undulations in the sand is crowned with numerous little pumice-stones of a yellowish colour, which seem to have been heaped up by the wind. In short, from the summit of some of the volcanic rocks, masses of porphyry and black lava descend, intersecting the ridges of sand, and lose themselves in the forest. The highest part of the volcano is completely covered with snow, and this snow has a so much more brilliant effect that the sky is of a blue almost black. A few footsteps of wolves and jaguars were visible on the sands near the wood.

After having for a short time admired this sad and singular sight, we returned into the forest; the tent was pitched near to the prostrate tree where we last year passed so dreadful a night; fires were lighted, and, whilst our mosses were preparing our beds and repast, we endeavoured to get a little higher up, in order to accustom our lungs to breathe an air so little congenial to them.

We had returned by six o'clock. Fahrenheit's thermometer was at 50°. The barometer at 19.120 (English inches); water boiled at 90° of the centigrade thermometer. The humid zone of the hygroscope appeared at 36°, and disappeared at 37° of the interior thermometer, whilst the exterior marked 50°.

Having finished our experiments, we made our preparations for the next day. In the night we suffered from the cold.

On the 29th, at three o'clock in the morning, we started, with a fine moonlight, warmly clad, the face and eyes sheltered with green spectacles, and a gauze of the same colour, which wrapped up the whole of our heads. Of my fling I had made a belt. We were seven: the three guides already mentioned, M. Gerolt, the Prussian Consul General, Mr. Egerton, an English artist, Luciano Lopez, his Mexican servant, and myself. We each of us had a little bag containing bread and a flask of sugar and water. The Indians carried our instruments, and some provisions. We walked behind each other, taking care to tread in the same steps as the foremost guide, in order to have firmer ground. Of course each man carried his iron-shod bamboo. We advanced very slowly, and were obliged to rest

at about every fifteen paces to take breath. The sugar and water was of immense service, for, being obliged to keep the mouth open to breathe, the throat became parched, and a few drops of sugar and water every five minutes prevented the pain becoming unbearable. We zig-zagged and went sideways: the ascent is so steep, that it would have been dangerous, and next to impossible, to have gone up in a straight line.

By the time the sun appeared above the horizon, we had reached a great height, when we observed a singular phenomenon, but such as has already been seen on the banks of the Rhine. The shadow of the whole of the volcano was completely visible on the atmosphere. It was an immense circle of shade, through which we could see the whole country to the horizon, and which rose afterwards far above it, terminating by a vapour moving from south to north, the circle descending and becoming more and more transparent as the sun rose, and in about two or three minutes it was entirely dispersed.

At nine o'clock we reached the celebrated Pico del Fraile, beyond which we could not get last year. Our names, which we then imprinted with a hammer, remained perfect, only the first letters, towards the west, were become of a clear yellow colour.

This peak is a pile of reddish circular rocks, such as is to be found on one of the crests which runs down from the summit. Its perpendicular height is from eighty to one hundred feet, the diameter is about fifty. It terminates in a point, and is distinctly visible from Mexico.

Our guides had consented to go thus far, but nothing could induce them to go farther. I do not think they were more tired than we were, but certainly they were under the influence of some superstitious fear.

Our way to the Pico was long and fatiguing, but not dangerous. We had not yet met with any snow, and it had not been necessary, as last year, to climb up with our hands. I felt less oppression than I had feared I should, and my pulse beat but 120 per minute. We were full of courage, had plenty of time before us, and the clearest sky.

We had planned to halt at the Pico del Fraile, and to recruit our strength by a light breakfast. I thought it would be imprudent when at that elevation to eat much, or to drink spirituous liquors, for the nervous system is excited to an inconceivable degree. We, therefore, took no more than a little bread, and a little of the white meat of a fowl, with a glass of weak wine and water; and after one hour's rest at the foot of the Pico, we resumed our journey.

At nine o'clock the thermometer was at four centigrade degrees; the barometer at 16.472; water boiled at eighteen centigrade degrees. I did not make any hygrometrical observation. The sky was of a much darker blue than on the preceding day. Unfortunately, we had no instrument wherewith to measure its density.

At ten o'clock we were on our way without our guides, and, having to carry our instruments, we found them tremendously heavy.

It is necessary to pass in front of the Pico, and to turn round it on the right. After having got beyond the Fraile, there is, on the left, or rather on its prolongation, a crowning, which terminates at a mass of rocks which exfoliate like slate. They rise up to about 150 feet perpendicular. The summit is covered with snow, and long stagonites of ice fill up the crevices. There is no outlet on this side. On the right is a tolerably deep ravine, which, from afar, we had taken for the remains of a crater. It extends in a straight line from the top of the volcano to the nearest fir-trees, and is intersected with basalts of lava and porphyry, and, at particular places, is crossed by perpendicular walls of rock and immense heaps of snow; but it was easy to see that, by making some circuits, the summit of the

volcano might be reached that way. We, therefore, went down into this hollow, and, without losing sight of one another, each took different roads: M. de Gerolt the middle; I walked on the left, and Mr. Egerton, with Luciano, between us. I thought mine to be the best path, but I was mistaken; I nearly broke my neck a hundred times; and, if I again undertake the journey, I shall go by the bottom of the ravine.

When we could get upon the snow, we walked with greater facility. It was furrowed by the wind and sun, and was like a fresh-ploughed field; and, as the furrows were parallel to the horizon, they served as steps. On the sands and rocks there was real danger, for the least inattention or false step would have been fatal. At twelve o'clock we had reached the summit of those perpendicular rocks I have before mentioned; but our strength was beginning to fail us, and, after every eight or ten steps, we were compelled to make a long rest to take breath, and to allow the circulation of the blood to quiet itself a little.

Though we were in the midst of snow, we felt no inconvenience from the cold, except when drinking, or when we touched the metal parts of our instruments. But it was necessary to call aloud to be heard at twenty paces; the air was indeed so rarefied at that height, that I tried in vain to whistle, and Mr. Egerton had the greatest difficulty in obtaining a sound from a small horn he had brought with him.

At half-past two M. de Gerolt was on the highest point of the volcano. He skipped about with joy, and made me a sign indicating that there was an abyss at his feet. At thirty-seven minutes after two o'clock I had attained the summit, and I was on the highest edge of the crater. Here all my fatigues were over; breathing was no longer difficult; I was body and soul absorbed in the sight I had before me, and I felt a new life. I was in a state of supreme satisfaction, difficult to be described; and I also leaped in my turn, to encourage Mr. Egerton, who still had some awkward passes to get over.

The crater is an immense abyss, nearly round, bulging considerably to the north, and with some sinuosities to the south. It may be a league in circumference, and eight hundred or a thousand feet in perpendicular depth. Its edge is not horizontal; it lowers towards the east with sufficient steepness to create a difference of one hundred and fifty feet in the height of the two opposite points. Notwithstanding this, the diameter of the centre is so great, and the height at which it is so immense, that, from whatever part of the plain you look at the volcano, that part of the edge which presents itself to your view always appears to be the highest.

The walls of the abyss are perpendicular. Three large horizontal strata are perfectly visible, perpendicularly striped at almost equal distances by black and greyish lines. The bottom is a funnel formed by the detached parts which have from time to time fallen down, and which now do so daily. On the inside of the edge, down to fifteen or twenty feet, are layers, black, red, and whitish, very thin, supporting blocks of volcanic rock, which, however, fall occasionally into the crater. The bottom and the inclined plane of the funnel are covered with an immense quantity of blocks of pure sulphur. From the middle of this abyss, masses of white vapour ascend with great force, but disperse when about half way up the crater. Some also escape from openings in the slope of the funnel, and others from seven principal fissures, between the layers which form the very edge of the crater; but these do not rise to above fifteen or twenty feet.

The openings in the bottom are round, and surrounded by a circle of pure sulphur. There is no doubt that these vapours, which escape with so much force, must carry with them large quantities of sulphur in a state of sublimation, which are deposited on the stones and



around the vent-holes. So much sulphurous acid gas escapes, that it was offensive to us on the summit. The exterior of the edge of the crater is free from snow; but within, on the side where the sun does not shine, there is a quantity of stagonites of ice down to the beginning of the third stratum. The highest summit of the volcano is a small platform of about twenty feet diameter, with some of that purple sand which is so abundant at the base of the cone.

You will easily feel how imposing such a sight must be. Such masses of lava, of porphyry, of red and black scoria, those whirlwinds of vapour, those stagonites, the sulphur, the snow; in short, this strange confusion of ice and fire which we met with at eighteen thousand feet in the air, remarkably excited our imaginations. We should have liked to have gone all round, but we had not time, and I believe we had not sufficient strength.

At three o'clock the thermometer was at  $-1-4$  centigrades. The moist belt of the hygroscope appeared at  $34^{\circ}$ , and disappeared at  $33^{\circ}$  of the interior Fahrenheit thermometer, whilst the exterior thermometer was at  $40^{\circ}$ .

In consequence of the violence of the wind we were unable to light the spirit-of-wine lamp for boiling water; but that which was much more unfortunate was, that in turning over the barometer for the purpose of running the quicksilver into the ball, some globules of air got into the tube: the instrument became comparatively useless.

If you read attentively the description I have given you of the volcano, you will, no doubt, be struck with two things. The first is the singular disposition of the apertures through which the vapours exhale. They are at the bottom, and in a circle; so that those yellowish walls, a thousand feet high, and of a league in circumference, appear as a screen to chimney flues conducting the vapour to the highest level of the ground. The second is the extraordinary coating of the interior of the crater. All those layers of lava, of sand, of stone, which form the mass of the volcano, are of the same nature on the outside as on the inside of the crater:—on the outside, however, all is black, purple, and red; whilst on the inside a dirty white and yellowish hue prevails. There is therefore either a decomposition of the volcanic substances by the sulphurous gas, or a deposit of sulphur on the edges—perhaps both. We unfortunately could not get any of these whitish substances; and M. de Gerolt, who tried, was near paying dearly for his imprudence. He had descended by an inclined plane in one of the rents of the crater; but the sand was giving way under his feet, and he was sliding down towards the abyss, when he was fortunate enough to save himself with his iron-shod stick. It would, no doubt, have been insignificant to have had such a grave; but my travelling companion's ambition did not seem to extend so far.

If we were well agreed on this point, there was one on which we were not equally so. This was a strong and prolonged noise, which we heard at times from the interior of the volcano. We felt no motion, and nothing was thrown up from below. M. de Gerolt admitted that this noise was such as might be made by detached stones from the upper part of the crater falling down on the inclined plane which forms the bottom; now I twice saw blocks of a tolerable size detach themselves: I watched them as long as possible, and the noise we heard corresponded precisely with the shocks they met with in falling. I therefore think that the kind of lengthened detonations which occasionally occurred, proceeded from similar causes. M. de Gerolt spoke of subterranean action, and of the expansive force of the vapour. We were perhaps both right, for if, owing to causes easy to conceive, the stones were to obstruct the vent-holes, the vapour would

not be long ere it would disengage itself with violence and noise from the obstacles opposed to its passage.

You have doubtless read in the histories of the Conquest, that Don Diego Ordaz, one of Cortes' officers, went up to the volcano for sulphur to make powder. There were perhaps at that time some fissures on the side of the mountain where it deposited itself, as is now to be seen in Italy. I do not think it is possible to get at that which is in the crater; and it is probable that in Fernand Cortes' time the volcano was more active than at present. There are millions of quintals of sulphur at the bottom of the funnel; the air is infected by the emanations. I have no doubt, that a person let down would be suffocated by the sulphurous vapour before having reached a depth of two hundred feet. Now, two hundred feet are not a fourth of the distance to the yellow masses which cover the bottom. Even supposing that one could breathe therein, the ropes required to go only to the nearest inclined plane would have to be of a prodigious length; and how are they to be got up to the top of the volcano, when it is so difficult to get there oneself, and that the least weight is almost an intolerable burthen? I am therefore of opinion, that if Diego Ordaz gathered sulphur on the Popocatepetl, it could only have been at a little above the volcanic sands, and not in the crater.

By half-past three we had terminated our experiments, made sketches, and fixed our flag on the highest point of the volcano. At four o'clock we were in the hollow way opposite the Pico del Fraile, where our guides were waiting for us. We made them a sign to return to the tent, and we continued to descend by a different route from that which we had ascended. At five we were on the borders of the wood. We observed several blocks of porphyry which had fallen recently from the summit: probably at the time of the earthquakes on the 13th and 15th of March. They had made a deep furrow from the top of the sands to midway down the mountain; but as the accelerated motion had caused them to rebound in rolling to the place where they were, their further progress was marked by deep holes made at each rebound. At six o'clock we were under the tent, but too tired and too much agitated to be able to sleep. When awake I spoke of the crater; and if I contrived to get to sleep, the oppression came on again, and I suddenly awoke.

The next morning, 30th April, at seven o'clock, the camp was broken up; at nine, we were at the Rancho, and at twelve, at Ozumba.

We collected a large quantity of plants and flowers in the forest: amongst others, a shrub, which I think has not yet been described, nearly similar to our red laurel, but the flowers of which are like our lily of the valley, white clusters with a reddish hue.

In the court-yard of the house we lodged at, at Ozumba, I put up a telescope, looking on the summit of the volcano; and for two days this court-yard was filled with persons who came to take a view of our flag floating in the wind. By this means I gave an undeniable proof of what we had done,—a thing indispensable in a country where the people are not disposed, and for very good reason, always to believe what is told them.

On the 2nd of May we were in Mexico, recovered from our fatigues, and very well pleased with our excursion. We shall repeat it in the beginning of November.

In short, the Popocatepetl is a volcano, whose fires are not dead, though its eruptions must have ceased many centuries before the conquest.

[Here follows an abstract of the foregoing observations. We shall extract only what is new.] Over-head the sky was of a blue nearly

black; the horizon was at a prodigious height, almost confounding itself with the sky. We could distinctly see Orizaba to the east, and the volcano of Toluca to the west; Mexico and its lakes appeared at our feet; the Izalciuhatl we saw without its presenting any appearance of a crater: finally, I do not think that I exaggerate when I say we could see for 60 leagues around us; but all was confused, and as if in a transparent fog.

We were excessively fatigued. I had a violent head-ache and a very strong pressure on the temples; my pulse was at 145 per minute, —only 108 after taking a little rest; but I was very little more oppressed than when at the Pico del Fraile. We all four were deadly pale; our eyes sunk in their orbits, and our lips were of a livid blue. When we rested on the rocks, with our hands above our heads, or laid down on the sand, with our eyes shut, our mouths open, and without masks, we looked like so many dead bodies. Though aware of this beforehand, I experienced a very disagreeable sensation when closely looking at one of my companions.

At the Pico del Fraile we saw, as last year, a crow; and when we had reached the summit, we saw two of those birds flying at two hundred feet below us. As far up as the Pico, which is the boundary of the perpetual snow, under the stones which have preserved some moisture, are to be found a species of large woodlice, nearly in a torpid state. They were the last living things we met with on the ground.

We are not the first persons who have reached the top of the volcano. Many attempts have been made, which have failed from different causes. When arrived at a certain height, some travellers have been seized with a vomiting of blood, which compelled them to abandon their enterprise. In 1825, and in 1830, some Englishmen reached the crater. Mr. Glennie (William) was the first, I believe, who reached it. He gave a plain straightforward account of what he had seen; but a friend of the marvellous got hold of it, to enlarge upon and publish in the Mexican journals. Mention is therein made of columns, of porticos, of Chinese bridges of ice, of which we saw nothing, and of continual eruptions, none of which took place before us.

#### VISIT OF PROFESSOR AGASSIZ TO MR. MANTELL'S MUSEUM AT BRIGHTON.

LAST week, Professor Agassiz visited the Museum of Mr. Gideon Mantell, at Brighton, purposely to examine the splendid collection of Fossil Fishes, discovered by that gentleman in the chalk hills of the South Downs. A distinguished scientific friend had the gratification of being present, and thus writes to us:—

"M. Agassiz expressed his extreme delight and astonishment at seeing the internal structure of many of the fishes so fully displayed. 'In other collections (he said), in various parts of Europe, I have seen the external forms of fossil fishes in high preservation; but I never expected to see the interior organization and structure laid open in the distinct manner which has here been effected by the consummate anatomical skill of Mr. Mantell. No museum I have hitherto examined presents anything of the kind comparable to the collection now before me.' The great attention M. Agassiz has bestowed on this department of natural history enabled him to throw much light on some of the specimens. He confirmed, in general, the conclusions of Mr. Mantell, particularly with respect to that remarkable elongated cylindrical mass, seen within the bodies of some of the fossil fishes, which, in the earlier specimens, Mr. Mantell supposed to be the air-bladder, but which he had recently informed me, he believed to be the stomach or colon. One of the specimens of fish resembles the

Amin of Carolina; and M. Agassiz has lately dissected a specimen of a fish, sent from the United States, which presents a great analogy to the fossil fish, and has corroborated the opinion, that the internal mass was the stomach. M. Agassiz further confirmed the character given by Mr. Mantell (in his valuable work on the 'Geology of the South-east of England,') of several of the Ichthyolites in his museum, as belonging to the families of *Salmo* and *Zeus*, or *Dory*, of which, according to M. Agassiz, there are several extinct species in Mr. Mantell's museum. The jaw and teeth of an animal resembling, in some respects, the jaw of a crocodile, but differing in other particulars (see 'Geology of the South-east of England,' p. 153). M. Agassiz says, belongs to an extinct class of animals, which he calls *Sauroid* Fishes, or fishes that had a structure approaching that of *Saurians* or *Lizards*.

"For the information of your readers who have not seen Mr. Mantell's museum, it may be proper to state, that the fossil fish in this collection, unlike those generally discovered in the strata below or above the chalk, preserve their natural rotundity of form. In some specimens, the mouth is open, as if in the act of swallowing, and where the internal structure is exposed, the stomach is round and uncompresssed. This fact is of considerable importance, as it proves that the animal perished by some sudden evolution of mineral matter, which encaused the body before the putrefactive process had commenced, and enabled it to resist the pressure of many hundred feet of chalk deposited over it. Besides the collection of fossil fishes, there is also, we believe, a more complete collection of Fossil Zoophytes and Shells, from the chalk, than can be seen in any other museum; but its chief glory consists in the remains of enormous reptiles, discovered by Mr. Mantell in the Wealds of Sussex, to which he has recently made many important additions, since the removal of the museum from Lewes. To Mr. Mantell we are entirely indebted for our knowledge of the *Iguanodon*, a terrestrial reptile, approaching closely in form to the *Iguana* of the West Indies, but from 70 to 100 feet in length. One thigh-bone is three feet eight inches in length, and about thirty-four inches in circumference at the condyles: a group of four vertebrae of the tail, each of which is nearly twenty-four inches in circumference, prove the gigantic size of the animal. Through the kindness of some of his scientific friends in Brighton, Mr. Mantell has obtained possession of the skeleton of this animal, found the last summer at Maidstone, which is now in his museum; and though several of the bones are mutilated or lost, it has enabled Mr. Mantell to make out the osteology of some parts of this extraordinary animal which were before obscure. The toe-bones are, some of them, very large, and closely resemble those of the *hippopotamus*: these Mr. Mantell believes to be metatarsal, belonging to the hind feet, while the bones of the fore feet, or fingers, are comparatively slender, like those of the recent *Iguana*: a supposition rendered probable, when we reflect that the latter reptile climbed trees, and therefore required prehensile feet; but the monstrous *Iguanodon* would in vain have sought for a tree on which to suspend his colossal form, and would want a firm support for his enormous carcase. The claw-bones, which Mr. Mantell has recently discovered, tend to confirm this conjecture: they resemble in form those of the land-tortoise. From the size of the thigh-bone before mentioned, we may infer that the thigh itself, when clothed with muscles and integuments, and covered with scales, must have been as big as the body of a large ox. Though numerous teeth of the *Iguanodon* have been discovered, it is greatly to be regretted that no

head or jawbone has yet been found; but the recent discovery of so large a portion of the skeleton, in one mass, as that from Maidstone, has fully confirmed Mr. Mantell's inferences from the detached and broken bones found before in Tilgate Forest.

"A large portion of another skeleton of a different reptile, which Mr. Mantell calls the *Hytasaurus*, or fossil *Lizard*, presents some remarkable characters,—particularly a row of terrific spines, which were probably erect on the back, and in this respect realized the forms of the fabled dragons of romance.

"M. Agassiz spent four days chiefly in examining the fossil fishes; and he regretted that his engagements as Professor in a foreign university compelled him to return so soon. During his visit, I had several times the pleasure of meeting M. Agassiz and Mr. Mantell in the museum, with Dr. Buckland, Dr. Faraday, Mr. Lyell, Mr. Bakewell, and Mr. Ricardo.—B."

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

EVERY day brings us fresh tidings of winter: publishers are bestirring themselves with announcements of coming works; painters putting the fruits of their summer rambles in form for the spring exhibitions; and learned and scientific institutions opening their doors again. The Society of Arts has announced the subjects of their Evening Illustrations for the approaching season. On the 11th, as we announced, Dr. R. Grant delivered a lecture on Microscopic Animalculæ, reported in this day's paper. The rest will be as follows: On the 9th of December, Dr. Birkbeck on the Preservation of Timber, and other vegetable substances; on the 13th of January, 1835, Mr. A. Aikin on the Natural and Commercial History of Cotton; on the 10th of February, Mr. J. Rofe, Jun. on the Construction of Roofs; on the 10th of March, Mr. A. Aikin on Limestone and Calcareous Cements; on the 14th of April, Mr. J. Savage on Bridge-building and the principles of Arches; on the 12th of May, Mr. J. Wicksted on the Distribution of Water in the Metropolis; and on the 9th of June, Mr. Gardner on the Trigonometrical Survey of the British Islands.

Such of our readers as were interested by Lady Morgan's warm-hearted appeal on behalf of Mrs. Belzoni, (which appeared in our columns last year,) will learn with pleasure that the embarrassments of that unfortunate lady have been at last relieved, by the grant of a well-merited pension.

At Mr. Evans's sale of part of the Library and MSS. of the late Daniel Lysons, during the past week, many curious and valuable works were brought to the hammer. Among the MSS. a collection of letters from Canning, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, which, we are told, brought good prices.—A further division of Mr. Heber's library is to be offered for sale, by the same party, early next month.

The Italian Opera is still in a state of uncertainty, and no rumours current, as to our prospects for next season, upon which we can place much dependence. We wish that some of our influential amateurs would take up the matter, and see if some of the abuses so forcibly pointed out by Lord Mount Edgumbe cannot be remedied. Between the enormous rent asked, and the enormous demands of the principal artists engaged, every manager seems to have only one of two roads before him—from the Haymarket to the King's Bench, or the Bankruptcy Court.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 10.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—This being the first meeting of the Society for the season, there was a numerous attendance of members, and a long list was read of presents of books and maps made to the library during the recess.

Afterwards, the following were exhibited:—1. Two charts of the Quorra, by Lieutenant Allen, R.N. (who accompanied Mr. Lander in his last expedition); one on six sheets, with elevations of the banks, and the other a reduction of it on one sheet. These were contrasted with a chart of the river, as previously laid down, with very imperfect means, by Mr. Lander; and it was observed, that the latitudes remarkably coincide, but the longitudes differ, Mr. Lander's being in some places almost 2° too far East. The true mean course of the river below Rabba is nearly N.N.E. and S.S.W.—2. A detailed map, on a large scale, of Van Diemen's Land, sent by the Surveyor General of that colony to the Colonial Office, and thence lent to the Society for exhibition.—3. A similar map, but on a smaller scale, of New South Wales, also lent by the Colonial Office.—4. Two beautiful maps, or rather models, being in relief, one of central Europe, the other of southern Italy, sent by Messrs. Richter, Sals Square.—5. A detailed map of the borough of Marylebone, sent by Mr. Britton.

Afterwards were read the minutes of the last meeting, which, consisting chiefly of the letters received from Captain Back in June last, were followed by those which arrived lately, both illustrated by a map on a large scale, showing his position and operations up to May last. The evening concluded with extracts from a MS. journal of Travels, recently made in the Beylik of Tunis, by Sir Grenville Temple, Bart., and illustrated by a map and about eighty very beautiful and highly-finished drawings, which were suspended in the room. The portion extracted related to the ruins yet visible on the ancient site of Carthage.

"Early on the following morning," says this traveller, "I walked to the site of the great Carthage, and, although prepared to find but few vestiges of its former grandeur, my heart sunk within me when, on ascending one of its hills from the summit of which the eye embraces a view of the whole surrounding country, I beheld nothing more than a few scattered and shapeless masses of masonry. Two wretched villages, Maalabab and Dowar-es-shatt, the Marabout of Sidi-Abd-el-laziz, and the little Fort of St. Louis, in which were interred the remains of Louis IX. of France, are the only inhabited spots within the vast precincts of the ancient walls; and the scene that was once animated by the presence of nearly a million of active and warlike inhabitants, is now buried in the silence of the grave, no living soul appearing, except occasionally a soldier going or returning from the Fort, or the solitary and motionless figure of an Arab watching his flocks from the summit of the fragment of some former temple or palace. In short, solitude and silence hold undisputed sway over the whole scene—a scene which impresses on the mind a feeling of melancholy, difficult to shake off."

A brief review of the history and misfortunes of Carthage, into which Sir Grenville Temple then enters, will explain, he thinks, why so few of its remains have survived to the present day, and why none, even of these, can be positively asserted to be coeval with the ancient, or original town, excepting perhaps the public cisterns, and the aqueduct which supplied them. We shall endeavour, therefore, here chiefly to abridge his account of these constructions.

The best preserved is the lesser set of cisterns situated under Fort St. Louis. They form an oblong square of 449 feet in length, by 114 in

breadth, and consist of eighteen cisterns, each ninety-three feet long, by nineteen feet eight inches wide; and to the summit of the vault the height is twenty-seven feet six inches; but the cisterns themselves are only capable of containing a depth of seventeen feet of water. On each side of the building, along its length, runs a gallery six feet six inches wide, which opens on each of the cisterns; and, at the N.E. end are two large and deep wells, which do not communicate with the other reservoirs. At the angles of the opposite extremity are two circular rooms, with little domes or cupolas, one of which only now remains; and there were also two similar ones at the end of the tenth cistern, counting from the S.W. These rooms may probably have been the residences of the persons appointed to take care of the reservoirs, which were not supplied by the aqueduct, but solely by rain water, which, falling from the roof, was conducted below by earthen pipes. These cisterns, as well as all the other buildings extant at Carthage, were built with small, irregular-shaped stones, imbedded in a great quantity of very hard mortar.

The larger set of cisterns are seen at Maullakuh, and may be said, indeed, to constitute this village itself, as, though in a much greater state of dilapidation, they are almost all inhabited, or used as stables. Thirteen of them may be yet counted, but there evidently existed a great many more. They were supplied with water, brought by the aqueduct from Zaghwan, after a course of fifty-two miles; and received it by a channel three feet wide, which also supplied some large adjoining edifices, the ruins of which are seen in and round the village. Among others, may be yet traced the foundations of an amphitheatre, whose extreme length was three hundred feet by two hundred and thirty feet, and the dimensions of the arena one hundred and eighty by one hundred feet. This building, when required for a *naumachia*, appears to have been supplied with water from the aqueduct; and between it and the present hovels of Dowar-es-shatt, are the traces also of a circus.

The aqueduct itself has been almost totally overthrown; yet its huge fragments are distinctly seen stretching across the plain from Maullakuh to the hills above Arriana, and are compared, by Sir Grenville Temple, to the "bleached vertebrae of some enormous serpent." The best preserved portions are to be seen near the sources of the Nilean, in the plain which extends from the hills of the Mahommedeah towards Uthina; and again about four miles beyond the Mannoosba. Though originally, it is believed, constructed by the early Carthaginians, it has been rebuilt and repaired by successive occupants of their country. The most ancient, and consequently the Punic portion, is of stone cut in embossments; and has also stone arches, on several of which are seen cut letters or numbers, made by the workmen, to define the places they were to occupy. Where some of these stones have fallen, their place seems to have been supplied at later periods, by stone slabs or large bricks. Other parts of the aqueduct are constructed entirely of mud; and others again, of that mixture of small stones and mortar, already adverted to, as employed in the construction of the cisterns.

The measurements and proportions of the several parts of the aqueduct, differ as much as the materials of which they were built. The Punic pillars, or supports, measure generally eight feet six inches by ten feet one inch, with an open interval between them of fourteen feet one inch. Three, constructed of mud, are fourteen feet seven inches by twelve feet two inches, with intervals of ten feet fifteen inches, and even twenty feet, between them. The height varies of course, according to the level of the plain; in some places rising to ninety-eight feet, but not in general exceeding sixty-six feet. The water-course was arched above and grooved below,

about five feet high by three feet one inch broad, and everywhere lined with a very hard cement. The mud portion of the work is composed of several layers of this material, three and a half feet in height, and joined to each other by a cement; these appear to have been constructed, by filling frames, in a manner still in use in the Regency of Tunis. Between the several layers are still to be seen beams of wood in perfect preservation, which are either remains of scaffolding, or were thus placed to give additional strength to the structure.

The thanks of the Society were unanimously voted to Sir Grenville Temple, for his very interesting communication; and a general wish was expressed in the room, that the MS. from which this portion was taken, might speedily be published. So accessible as the Beylik of Tunis is, it may, indeed, be wondered at, that so little is known of its interior: the greater part of which Sir Grenville Temple seems to have visited with little difficulty. And, judging from his drawings, the general accuracy of which, so far as their localities were known, we heard attested in the room by another traveller, Mr. Catherwood, recently returned from the same quarter, we should judge, that details regarding it, would be of extreme interest both to the antiquarian and comparative geographer.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Nor. 5.—The first meeting of the Society for the season.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., in the chair. The customary routine business having been disposed of, including the announcement of numerous presents to the Society's library, the Secretary read a memoir communicated by W. Newnam, Esq., of Farnham, on the diseases of literary men—a subject well fitted to the occasion, and treated with much intelligence and good feeling. The writer's first object was, to trace the principal causes of those maladies to which men of genius, and persons in general devoted to literary exertion, are more peculiarly liable. These maladies consist chiefly of functional derangement of the nervous system and digestive organs—degenerating, if the sources of injury be not removed, into organic disorder, and total destruction both of physical and intellectual health. The cause of these evils exist, not, as is sometimes supposed, in the sedentary habits of the student, but in the over-stimulated state of the brain. Every organ and function, but the nutritive system especially, is dependent for its healthy action upon a due supply of the nervous influence; but this supply is cut off by an excessive expenditure of the cerebral energy in intellectual labour. The argument was pursued, first, through an examination of the functions of the brain itself, and the respective effects upon that organ of the several kinds and degrees of mental exertion; and, secondly, of the organs dependent upon the brain for support. Among the reasons urged by Mr. Newnam for cure and moderation in the exercise of the intellectual faculties, are these: that while the body has many organs adapted to its different functions, the mind has only the brain for its organ; that the vital functions of every other organ are dependent upon the influence of the brain; and that while every other organ acquires power by exercise, the brain, if employed beyond a certain point, loses power. Having pointed out the danger and indicated the symptoms of incipient cerebral disorder, the writer proceeded to show the means by which may be secured the largest amount of intellectual exertion, with the least possible injury to the physical and mental powers. This part of the memoir was arranged under the following heads, each comprising some valuable hints to our literary friends—viz. the regulation of the passions, order in intellectual pursuits, intermission and change of employment, the cultivation of friendly and relative society, bodily

exercise, sleep, the agency of the atmosphere upon the physical economy, clothing, and diet. By concentrating the results of extensive inquiry and experience upon the important subject he had chosen to treat, the writer produced a memoir, which, if less technically learned than some which are brought before the Society, was certainly well calculated to answer the design of being practically useful, with which he stated it to have been undertaken.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nor. 5, being the first evening of meeting for the session, the Society assembled at their apartments in Somerset House, George Bellas Greenough, Esq., the President, being in the chair.

A paper by Prof. Agassiz, of Neuchatel, was read, giving an outline of his Classification of Fishes founded on their scales, and an account of the geological distribution of Fossil Fishes.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—The first Illustration of the Session took place on Tuesday evening. The subject, 'Microscopic Animalcules,' by Dr. Grant, Professor of Zoology, &c., at the London University.

Dr. Grant adduced many interesting and important facts connected with animalcules. In alluding to their immense number and fertile generation, he stated that within the same animalcule had been discovered four, or even five, generations of the species. He combated the opinion formerly held, that animalcules subsisted by absorption; and, as, by the assistance of the microscope, and other contrivances, a mouth, and numerous sacs or stomachs (to the number of 120 in one animal), have been discovered, he considered it probable that an alimentary canal, and the organs of digestion, also exist. He alluded to their tenacity of life, and stated that, in water which had been boiled to an extreme heat, and placed in a bottle hermetically sealed, they were still found; and that, on the stagnant waters, pools, &c., which they inhabit, becoming dry, the animalcules still remain, in apparently an inanimate state, and on again being exposed to moisture they revivify: from the action of the wind on this living dust, the Lecturer endeavoured to account for the existence of the same species in all quarters of the globe, in salt water and in fresh. He alluded to the mistaken belief, that some zoophytes were formed merely of incrustations of animalcules. Dr. Grant stated, that, on a single zoophyte, he had calculated 500,000,000 animalcules, and that these form its food. He expatiated on the curious construction of animalcules, and illustrated the subject by drawings.

In the ante-room, a painting as large as life, by Barry, of Adam and Eve, was exhibited, which bears some fine touches of the artist in his best days. It was presented to the society by R. H. Solly, Esq.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES.	Lioness Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	Geological Society.....	p. 9, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts.....	p. 7, P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature.....	Three, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society.....	p. 8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.

#### FINE ARTS

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUR table is absolutely smiling with beauty: we have ladies of every complexion and expression of countenance, awaiting our notice and judgment. It would be discourteous to let them wait one unnecessary moment; and, as their simultaneous arrival has somewhat amused us, we could not address ourselves to our task in a more suitable or complimentary humour.



To begin, Mr. George Hayter and Mr. Bromley give us a full-length portrait of the Princess Victoria, and the engraving is a good one. There is something of artifice and stiffness in the figure, which detracts from the general effect of the picture; but some old author has sadly said, that "Royalty has no youth," and the presence of this formality may ensure the truth of the portrait.

Mr. Wood's 'Promise'—two half-length female figures in a circular frame, is well engraved by Phillips. The girls are both beautiful, but we have seen many like groups, which have pleased us more than the one before us; and every repetition of the subject must of necessity increase its difficulty.

The next engraving—the frontispiece to Heath's forthcoming '*Book of Beauty*'—is one which may be spoken of without any qualification. We have seen the days when the price of these nineteen engravings, with their accompanying letter-press, would have been given for this charming portrait of the Countess of Wilton, painted by Lawrence (of course), and engraved by Thomson. There is a true patrician ease and sweetness about it, which have never been exceeded: it will be long, we fear, before such features will again find such a hand to do them justice. The next illustration to the '*Book of Beauty*,' Lady Elizabeth Leveson Gower, painted by Bostock, and engraved by Ryall, is also delightful: the antique dress harmonizes well (which is strange) with her young, innocent face, and her long light ringlets;—these look (as Mr. Bulwer says in one of his novels) "as if a sunbeam had been caught in them, which was unable to get loose." Mr. Chalon's portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, in a sort of Corinna dress, is bright and sparkling, perhaps a little too much so; and it is a relief to turn from it to Sir Joshua's gracefully simple portrait of the Duchess of Gordon, which shows in most happy contrast among the works of modern artists, and, we hope, is not the last of its kind we shall see in future numbers of this collection. For the rest, Mr. Stone is Mr. Stone always, and Mr. Parriss rather too fond of fine clothes. Mr. E. Landseer's portrait of Lady Georgiana Russell shows us a sweet contemplative face, but we cannot admire the arrangement of the hair, nor perceive the wisdom of our ladies of the nineteenth century in dressing after the fashion of Predegonde and Clotilda. The features of Mr. Faulkner's 'Helen' are rather too pronounced; she is, we suspect, a maiden, who has known, or is to know, deep sorrow. Mr. Chalon's 'Fountain Nymph' is shadowy and poetical; she seems almost melting into the cool water, but her tresses are too redundant, even for Undine herself. We have, however, turned back twice to look at her. The rest of the subjects are of commoner order than the above.

'The Biblical Keepsake.'—This, we suppose, must be numbered among the Annuals for 1835. It is a collection of the choicest views, engraved by the Messrs. Finden, in illustration of the Bible. If we do not speak of the beauty of these, it is because we have already paid to them our just tribute of admiration, when they first came before us. We may, however, add, that now they are thus bound together, they form an interesting and beautiful volume, which ought, and will be, a welcome present to all classes—gay as well as grave.

An Illustration of the Human Head.—Three plates by Mary Baldwin Williamson, representing the head, the muscles of the head, and the bones of the head. They are drawn in a tolerably good style on stone, and may be of use to juvenile artists, for whom, it is said, they are intended.

## THEATRICALS

### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

THIS Evening, (first time) the new Operable Drama, *RED MASK; or, the Council of Three*. With the Name of 'Il Bravo,' by Mariani.

### THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

Every Evening, *MANFRED*.

### ADELPHI THEATRE.

ANOTHER novelty, by Mr. Buckstone, has been produced here with success, under the title of '*Agnes de Vere, or, the Broken Heart*.' It is, we understand, a translation from the French; and yet it is very much of that school which our Gallic neighbours were in the habit of so loudly blaming in us. There are but three principal characters in the serious portion; one of whom is shot, a second poisoned, and the third dies of a broken heart. "Something too much of this," we said; but the rest of the audience did not say so; and, to be candid, we do not believe they even thought so. To the success of the comic parts of the drama, Mrs. Keeley, Mr. Buckstone and his serpent, were equally instrumental.

### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

ANOTHER new burletta was brought out on Monday last, called '*Name the Winner*.' It was well supported by Mr. Liston, Mrs. Orger, Mrs. Knight, &c., and seemed to excite considerable mirth in the audience. Its reception would have been still more favourable, had it not fallen off towards the end; in short, if it had been better wound up, it would naturally have gone better. Its author is Dr. Millingen.

We have to congratulate Madame Vestris on an acquisition to her company, in the person of a Miss Malcolm, who is a very animated little actress, and who has made quite a little hit in Mr. Planche's little farce of '*My Daughter, Sir*.'

## MISCELLANEA

*Corneille.*—An imposing and interesting ceremony lately took place at Rouen, the inauguration of a statue to the memory of Corneille. This statue is formed of an enormous mass of bronze, weighing altogether 4540 kilograms, and was executed under the direction of M. Gregoire, the architect. The principal civil and military authorities of Rouen were present at the ceremony, as well as deputations from various literary and scientific bodies, and great numbers of ladies and gentlemen connected with the town. The persons whose presence excited the greatest interest, were the following surviving members of the family of the great Corneille: Mademoiselle Jeanne Marie Corneille, M. Alexis Corneille, Inspector of the Academy of Rouen, his lady and children, M. Joseph Michel Corneille, and M. Xavier Corneille; both these latter gentlemen have official occupations at Rouen. M. Dumas, in the name of the Dramatic Commission, passed an eloquent eulogium on the merits of the poet, and the conclusion of his address was hailed with salvos of artillery. The whole ceremony passed off with great éclat.

*Artesian Wells.*—The construction of the Artesian well at the Abattoir de Grenelle, is proceeding with activity. The works have been carried to a depth of 450 feet, a greater depth than has ever been yet attained in Paris. The engineer, M. Mulet, has undertaken to bore to the depth of 1200 feet, if no spring of water be previously met with.

*Discoveries in India.*—A French paper states, that a Russian traveller, M. Honigberger, who recently travelled through India, has made some curious discoveries. Besides a collection of antiques in marble, bronze and sculptured stone, M. Honigberger, has brought home some rare medals, two of which are of gold. One of these medals, which he found among the stone monu-

ments, in the environs of Kabûl, may be regarded as an important discovery, as it bears the effigy of a King (Kadphises) with whose name, Europeans have hitherto been unacquainted; nor has it been mentioned in history: on the obverse is the bust of an old man. His head is bald, and there is no emblem of royalty about him. The head is surrounded by the legend "*Kadphises Basileus*," and some other letters are perceptible, but not very distinctly. The reverse exhibits the figure of a naked youth, whose head bears some remains of a cap. There is an inscription on this side, in ancient Pehlvi characters. Another medal which the traveller has brought with him, represents an Indian prince at full length, who has in his right hand a species of trident. The reverse bears the effigy of a man, by whose side is an animal with horns, supposed to be the Indian sacred cow. The other portion of M. Honigberger's collection consists of Bactrian medals in silver, a large size Demetrius, a small Euthydemus, and a small Hormisdas, all of which are in tolerable preservation.

*Siam.*—[The following is extracted from a letter lately received by the Bishop of Pignerol, in Savoy, from a Roman Catholic missionary in that country.]—Siam is a very fertile country, and yet it is thinly peopled, and badly cultivated. Though larger than France, it has not one-tenth of the inhabitants. On comparing the births and deaths for a period of ten years, it appears that the population decreases at the rate of one-ninth every year. Thus, in less than a century, the land would be a desert, if the constant influx and settlement of foreigners, for the sake of trade, did not supply the deficiency. Already it contains as many Chinese as Siamese. Several causes concur in producing this terrible depopulation: in the first place, polygamy—for the rich have from forty to fifty wives—the late king had a thousand; secondly, the great number of the *talapouts* (priests),—in Bangkok and its district, they may be estimated at one-fourth of the inhabitants. Another cause is the extreme filthiness of these people. They build their houses upon dunghills; moreover, in this hot climate, they live with their hogs, whose accumulated excrements diffuse a horrible stench. If we add to this, that the Siamese are in the habit of feeding upon all sorts of unwholesome things, it will not appear surprising that they should be seized and carried off by many fatal disorders—as cholera morbus, dysentery, fevers of various kinds, cholæ, &c. They are subject also to a peculiar kind of disease, which they call "being seized by the wind." Persons in their usual health suddenly drop down insensible: if a patient does not die within the first twenty-four hours, he speedily recovers. Many a time have I been summoned in the night to persons so affected, for the purpose of administering extreme unction, and next morning I have found them over a large dish of meat and rice. The combination of all these circumstances is sufficient to account for the feeble constitution of the Siamese. They have much less strength than Europeans; the least bodily exercise fatigues them. Hence the Chinese physicians would not fail to distinguish a European from a hundred Asiatics, even though they did not see him, merely by feeling his pulse.

*New South Wales.*—Major Mitchell, the Surveyor General, at Sydney, was about to set out on an exploring tour into the interior. No expense had been spared in fitting out the expedition with every thing necessary for so important a duty. It is much to be regretted that no naturalist or other scientific person is ever employed to accompany these missions, from the want of which more than half the advantage to be derived from them is generally lost. All we com-

monly obtain is an uncertain description of the existence and course of certain streams and rivers and two or three high hills.—*Hobart Town Courier*.

**Antidote to Arsenic.**—The French papers state, that a surgeon of Göttingen has just discovered, that the peroxide of iron is a powerful antidote to arsenic. Twelve parts of hydrate of peroxide of iron are necessary to neutralize completely one part of oxide of arsenic. It is prepared by pouring nitric acid into a very pure solution of sulphate of iron, precipitated by ammoniac, and well washed. Experiments with this antidote have been tried upon rabbits and other animals, with complete success. One advantage of it is, that no injury can be done by too large a dose. In cases where large quantities of arsenic have been taken, it has been found useful first to encourage vomiting.

**Large Mass of Silver.**—A mass of silver was lately found in the mines of Konigsberg, (says a letter from Christiana,) supposed to be the largest ever discovered. It forms a mass of pure silver, of the weight of 304 kilogrammes. The net produce of these mines for the five months preceding, amounted to 1820 kilogrammes, and for the whole year 2660 kilogrammes, of pure silver.

**Population of France.**—According to a recent calculation, the population of France was estimated at 32,663,072 inhabitants; but it appears by an official table, inserted in the *Bulletin des Lois*, that the total population amounts only to 32,569,223.

**Comets.**—We are indebted to the kindness of a correspondent as acknowledged heretofore, for a copy of the following letter, written in 1793, by Mr. Thomas Barker, on the subject of Comets, and in which mention is made of Halley's Comet, the re-appearance of which is expected in 1835. While on this subject, we may remind our readers, that a paper on the Halley Comet, by Dr. Hartman, of Berlin, appeared in the *Athenæum* of Jan. 29, 1831.

Sir,—I have too long neglected answering your letter, and acknowledging the favour of a copy of your Book, for which I return you thanks; and I have in the mean time look'd among my papers, and found a plan of the visible path of the great Comet of 1744, of which I here send a copy. That Comet before it's appearing so bright in February 1744, was seen from Oct. 22 to Nov. 1, 1743. I did not know Mr. Morris myself, but think his name was Gael Morris; and I have a letter from my grandfather the Rev. Mr. Whiston, containing those three observations as from Mr. Morris, and no more, which I have inserted in my book as his. The Comet was then in opposition to the Sun, very far distant, and moving slowly, and probably he then lost sight of it. It began to be seen again Dec. 23, being visible to the naked eye, though small, and but little tail, moving about 2° in a day. As it came nearer it increased very much, both in brightness and tail, which was 8 or 10 degrees long Jan. 22, and very broad at the end; 14 degrees the 26th, and reaching to the head of Andromeda. Feb. 5 it was brighter than any of the fix'd stars, and redder. Feb. 6 the body measured 12" long and 8" broad, and across the atmosphere 2° 6". Feb. 13 the tail was 16° long, and crooked, and for several days it was seen both morning and evening. The last time I saw it was Feb. 18th, in the morning, then moving 2° in a day; it was brighter than Venus, and the tail very crook'd, the end pointing 40° more easterly than the bottom. I saw the lower part of the tail after the sun was risen, and the Comet itself till between 11 and 12. Perhaps the Comet might have been seen a day or two longer, but it was cloudy, and then it got too near the sun, and into south latitude. But it was seen by Pascon Thomas, in February and March, who was then coming home with Anson, and was east of the Cape of Good Hope, as he mentions in his Journal of the voyage.

Sir Isaac Newton's method of finding a Comet's orbit, I could construe very readily, when I was in frequent practice of it, though it is a very long process to do it accurately; so that I do not wonder that others have endeavoured to find out a shorter way. I suppose all methods must be in some measure by guess at first, and then corrected by trial. Before I had fixed on making my Table of the Parabola to every fifth minute, I had tried some other intervals, and had gone a good way in making one to tenths of a degree; but thought it better to conform to the usual method of degrees and minutes. I have copies of those numbers I had before calculated, but as I completed the Table in one way, those imperfect series are now of little use.

I gave in my Pamphlet on Comets, a table of the angle and distance of the Comets of 1680 and 1682, to be used in drawing their Parabolas; as I find I have calculated no other Comets, those of 1661 and 1764, I here send a Table of them. I do not remember why I did that of 1764, but that of 1661 was in expectation of its return in 1789, but I think nobody saw it then. If it did come at all, and was at its perihelion in July, it might be always so much behind the sun, and so far off, that it might pass by unseen. There has been only one Comet yet return'd when it was expected, that of 1682 in 1759, which having now been seen probably 3 times at least, it seems to be confirm'd, yet in that the periods were not equal. The attraction of the planets seems to have great influence on the motion of Comets, and perhaps sometimes so much, that they may not be known when they come again; for we have orbits of Comets of several hundred years standing, which are not known to have come again, and among all the Comets, which by more careful watching, have been so often seen of late years, hardly any appear to have been one of those which had been seen before. A French astronomer, I think it was Clairaut, calculated the effects of the attraction of the several planets on the Comet of 1682, before it's return in 1759, and I think it came within a fortnight of the time he set.

I am, Sir, with all due respect,

Your humble servant,

THO. BARKER.

Lyndon, Rutland,  
Sep. 3, 1793.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Just published.—Cameron's Fruits of Education, 2nd edit. 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Hall's Counsels to his Children, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Hall's Advice to his Grandchildren, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Antibon's Sallust, 12mo. new edit. by Boyd, 5s.—Meadow's Italian Dictionary, 18mo. 7s. 6d.—Biblical Keepsake, for 1835, deny 8vo. 21s.—Comic Almanack, for 1835, with 12 plates by Gen. Cruikshank, 2s. 6d.—Harrison's Digest, 2nd edit. 3 vols. 8vo. 3s. 12s.—Civil Engineer, Part III. 21s.—Memoirs of the Rev. Henry Martyn, B.D. by the Rev. John Nargent, M.A. 12mo. 12th edit. 7s. 6d.—Historia Technica Anglicana, by Thomas Rose, 12mo. 7s.—Library of Useful Knowledge, (Natural Philosophy, Vol. III.) 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Aiken's Calendar of Nature, 18mo. new edit. with numerous woodcuts, 1s. 6d.—Voyage of His Majesty's Ship Chanticleer, by Webster, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Rudiments of the French Language, by the late L. T. Ventouillan, 12mo. 2nd edit. revised by P. J. Watteau, 3s. 6d.—The Presentation Bible, with 22 engravings, post 8vo. 23s.—The Stranger's Companion through London, 1s.—Reynolds's Arithmetic, 12mo. new edit. 2s.—Harrison's Songs in the Night, 32mo. new edit. 1s. 6d.—Sermons, by the Rev. H. R. Maude, L.L.B. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Home Happiness; or, Three Weeks in Snow, 6s. 5s.—Memorials of Two Sisters, 2nd edit. 12mo. 5s. 6d.—Gurney's Essays on Love to God, 32mo. 2s. 6d.—Juvenalis et Persius, Rupert, 8vo. 14s.—Aristotle, Orlando Furioso, (Panizzi,) 4 vols. cr. 8vo. 24s.—Bloxam's Monumental Architecture, cr. 8vo. 12s.—Everest's Popular View of Homoeopathy, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Phædri Fabular, 8vo. 4s.—Lives of Celebrated Female Sovereigns, by Mrs. Jameson, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—Topography of Rome and its Vicinity, by Sir W. Gell, 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.—Symington on the Atonement, 2nd edit. 8vo. 10s.—Professor Phillips's Guide to Geology, 12mo. 5s.—McKenzie on the Eye, 2nd edit. royal 8vo. 25s.—The Instructor, 3 vols. 18mo. 6s.—Popular Physiology, by Percival B. Lord, M.B. 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Notes on Italy and Rhenish Germany, by E. Lee, 12mo. 5s.—The Excitement, 1835, 18mo. 4s. 6d.—New View of Time, post 8vo. 4s.—Backstone's Dramas, Vol. I. royal 12mo. portrait, and 6 wood engravings, 7s.—Rev. C. Girdlestone's Course of Sermons for the Year, 2 vols. 12mo. 14s.—Poems on Sacred Subjects, by Maria Grace Saffary, post 8vo. 7s.—Kern's Lyre and Sword, translated by W. B. Chorley, royal 32mo. 4s. 6d. or 5s. 6d.—Conversations between Mrs. Scott and her Daughter, 18mo. 3s.—Sacred Offering, for 1835, 4s. 6d.—Village Reminiscences, by an Old Maid, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Life of Henry Salt, by J. J. Halle, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mary.—Rev. D.—L.—F. H.—A weekly reader.—L. L. R.—J. B.—A. G.—Anthus—received.

A. A.—As early as possible.

We have received from Carlisle, Plymouth, and Paris, Meteorological Tables for the month of October. We are of course greatly obliged to our correspondents, but it is impossible that we could publish their several contributions, without occupying more space than could with propriety be spared to one subject, however interesting to particular readers. The Tables of the Royal Society are a standard of authority to which all can refer.

We have received the *Liverpool Chronicle*, wherein it is stated, on the authority of the American Consul, that the story which appeared some time since in the *Athenæum*, translated from *The Morgenblatt*, relating to Captain Robinson having confined his mate in a hen-coop, is but the application of an old story to a most respectable man, wholly incapable of conduct so cruel and absurd.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.  
WORSLEY SCHOLARSHIPS FOR THE EDUCATION OF MISSIONARIES TO THE EAST.

**TWO SCHOLARS will be ELECTED** under this Endowment in the course of the present Term; and Persons who are desirous of becoming Candidates, or of making inquiries in behalf of others, are requested to apply to the Secretary, from whom they will receive all the information which they may require. Applications and testimonials from Candidates must be sent in on or before Monday the 1st of December.  
W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.  
Oct. 10, 1834.

#### SCHOOL OF PHYSIC IN IRELAND.

**THE Professors commenced their Lectures** and Hospital Attendance on MONDAY, the 3rd of NOVEMBER, at the following hours:—  
At Nine o'clock the Hospital will be visited by the Clinical Lecturer.

At Eleven o'clock, Dr. Crampton will Lecture on the Materia Medica and Pharmacy.  
At One o'clock, Dr. Macartney, on Anatomy.  
At Two o'clock, Dr. Barker, on Chemistry.  
At Three o'clock, Dr. Leach, on the Practice of Medicine.  
At Four o'clock, Dr. Graves, on the Institutes of Medicine.  
Dr. Aliman's Lectures and Demonstrations on Botany, will commence in the last week of April, and end before the middle of July.

A separate Course of Lectures on Surgery will be delivered by Dr. Macartney.

Clinical Lectures will be delivered on two days in the week by Dr. Leach and Dr. Graves.

The Lectures on Midwifery by Dr. Montgomery, Professor to the College of Physicians, will be delivered at Ten o'clock. Pupils desirous of attending Practical Midwifery, may have an opportunity of doing so by applying to Dr. Montgomery.

The Lectures on Anatomy, Chemistry, and Botany, will be delivered in Trinity College; the Clinical Lectures and the Lectures on Materia Medica, Practice of Medicine, Institutes of Medicine, and Midwifery, will be given in St. Patrick Don's Hospital.

Demonstrations will be given in Trinity College by Dr. Macartney, Dr. Nelson, and Mr. Farlow.  
Operating Table, instructed in General and Pharmaceutical Chemistry, at the Chemical Laboratory, Trinity College.

Pupils qualified to act as Clinical Clerks, and desirous to avail themselves of the advantages of the appointment, are requested to apply without delay to the Clerk of Lecturers.

According to a recent regulation in the Board of the University, the degree of M.D. may be obtained after somewhat more than one year, dated from graduation in Arts.

The degree of M.D. and Queen's College of Physicians may be obtained by Non-graduates, after a period of four years occupied in Medical study, as prescribed by the College.

(Signed) G. A. KENNEDY, M.D.

Registrar to the College of Physicians.

Dublin, 15th Sept. 1834.

#### LIVERPOOL ROYAL INSTITUTION.

**WANTED A Person to fill the Office of CURATOR to the MUSEUM.** He will be required to be particularly acquainted with the best methods of putting up and preserving Specimens in Natural History, and to possess a general knowledge of the different branches of that science. Applications to be addressed to Dr. Reynolds, Royal Institution, Liverpool.

**THE WINTER EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS, SCULPTORS, PAINTERS, &c.** Fall, Male, East, comprising Works of the Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and English Schools, is NOW OPEN from 9 to 10 the Morning till dusk.

Admission, 1s.  
R. B. DAVIS, Secretary.

#### Sales by Auction.

**ANCIENT WEAPONS, SUITS OF ARMOUR, PRESERVED BIRDS, &c.**  
By Messrs. SOUTHGATE, SON, and GRIMSTON, at their Rooms, 28, Fleet street, THIS DAY (Saturday), November 13, at 12 for 1 o'clock.

**ANCIENT WEAPONS AND ARMOUR,** the Property of EDWARD LESLIE, Esq., residing into the County, including 11 complete Suits of Armour, Chain Mail, curious Swords, Battle Axes, Halberds, Pistols, Daggs, Maces, locks, Cross-bows, and various other Implements of Warfare, from the time of Henry III. to George IV.; the whole in excellent preservation; nearly 100 cases of Preserved Birds, &c. Books on Armour, Costumes, &c.  
May be viewed, and Catalogues (price 1s.) had at the Rooms.

**STATIONERY AND ACCOUNT BOOKS,** On TUESDAY, Nov. 14th, and following Day, Consisting of Printing, Writing, and various other Papers, Ledgers, Day and other Account Books; together with an Assortment of useful Miscellaneous Stationery, including the Stock of a Stationer's Business.

**MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF BOOKS,** On THURSDAY, November 20, and following Days, Being an extensive Collection of Works in every department of Literature; together with a valuable assortment of Books from Holland.  
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Being the JOURNAL of a NATURALIST  
In those Countries, &c. &c. 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835.  
By GEORGE BENNETT, Esq. F.R.S.  
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## REVIEWS

*The Invention of the Mariner's Compass.*  
[Lettre à M. le Baron A. de Humboldt sur l'Invention de la Boussole.] Par M. J. Klaproth. Paris: Dondey Dupré; London, Dulau.

THERE are few European nations that have not at some time or other arrogated to themselves the honour of having invented the mariner's compass; but none more successfully than the Italians, whose claims have been, until of late days, generally regarded as established. It was decided that the inventor of this precious instrument was Flavio Gioia, a native of Amalfi, in the kingdom of Naples; and so precise were the historians, that they assigned the very date of invention, stating that it was made either A.D. 1302 or 1303. But, though thus circumstantially related, the statement rested on no satisfactory evidence; and when it was discovered that Chinese and Arabian authors had spoken of the magnet's polarity before the commencement of the fourteenth century, it began to be suspected that the Amalfitans, whose commerce with the East was so extensive, had been merely the introducers of this invention into Europe. Great obscurity, however, still rested over the question: in January last, Baron Humboldt wrote to M. Klaproth, requesting some information respecting the epochs, 1st, when the Chinese discovered the polarity of the magnet, and, 2nd, when they began to apply it to the purposes of navigation. M. Klaproth has replied in the work before us, which, besides elucidating this curious point in the history of human civilization, contains a great variety of interesting particulars respecting the state of magnetic knowledge in remote countries and ages.

We shall begin our examination of this work by investigating the claims of the Chinese to the invention of the compass; and, first, we find that the author of a *Natural History*, published before the year 1117, describes not only the polarity of the needle, but its declination, which Columbus is usually supposed to have first discovered in 1492. The author says,

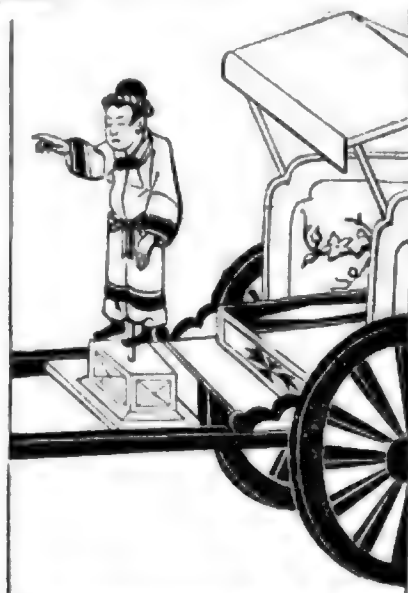
"When a steel point is rubbed with a magnet it acquires the property of pointing to the south (a point of the compass regarded by the Chinese as their *kibleh*, or sacred aspect); nevertheless it declines a little towards the east, and does not point due south. Therefore mariners take a thread of new cotton, which they attach to the needle by means of a bit of wax, about the size of a grain of mustard, and suspend it in a place where there is no wind. Then the needle points constantly to the south. If the needle be placed in a slender reed, it still points southwards with a declination towards the east."

Now, the declination thus pointed out does not exceed four degrees, a quantity that would scarcely have been appreciated, had the polarity of the needle been a recent discovery; so that there is decisive evidence of this know-

ledge being old in China, before we can find any trace of its existence in Europe. The first direct mention of the magnetized needle is to be found in the Great Encyclopædia of Hiu Tchin, which was completed A.D. 121, and in which mention is made of the stone that gives polarity to the needle; this would, of course, settle the entire question, had the quotation been made directly from Hiu Tchin; but it is made at second-hand from modern compilers, who have extracted from this great work; and therefore M. Klaproth finds it necessary to support his case by indirect testimony.

Gaubil, whose history of China is as yet unrivalled, declares that he found mention made of the compass, and its construction fully described, in a work published towards the close of the Han dynasty; that is, early in the third century of the Christian era. The Encyclopædia Poui-wen-yun-fou declares that, under the Tsin dynasty (from A.D. 265 to A.D. 419,) magnetized needles began to be used for the purposes of navigation.

But a still more remarkable proof of the Chinese claims to this invention, is to be found in the history of the magnetic chariots, whose origin is lost in the obscurity of the mythological ages. The accompanying figure of one of these chariots is taken from the 33rd volume of the Great Japanese Encyclopædia.



The figure in front of the chariot was made of some light material; it was fixed upon a pivot, and its finger invariably pointed to the south, which, as we have already said, was the *kibleh* or sacred point of the Chinese, to which they always turned when performing their devotions. It is intimated rather obscurely, that these magnetic chariots were first invented for a religious purpose, namely, to enable the devout to discover their *kibleh* when the sun and stars were obscured by clouds—a purpose to which the compass is frequently

applied in the present day by Mohammedan nations; but there are very full descriptions of the use made of these chariots in directing the march of armies and guiding ambassadors. M. Klaproth has collected, from Chinese authorities, many curious anecdotes of the use made of these chariots; under the Tsin dynasty they formed a part of every royal procession. In the *Tsin-tchi*, or history of that dynasty, we find—

"The wooden figure placed on the magnetic car resembled a genius wearing a dress made of feathers; whatever was the position of the car, the hand of the genius always pointed to the south. When the emperor went in state, one of these cars headed the procession, and served to indicate the cardinal points."

In the history of the second Tchao dynasty, which lasted from A.D. 319 to A.D. 351, we read,—

"The Chang-Pang (president of the board of works,) ordered Kiai Fei, who was distinguished by his great skill in constructing every kind of instrument, to build a number of magnetic chariots, which were sent as presents to the principal grandees of the empire."

There are several accounts of the manner in which the magnetic figures were constructed: as our readers have probably anticipated, a magnetized bar passed through the arm of the figure; and the only variety of ingenuity displayed by the architects was in balancing the figure upon its pivot.

The antiquity of these magnetic chariots is established incontrovertibly; the step from them to the compass is so very easy, that we may safely assert that the one must have led immediately to the other. The water-compass appears to have been the first used both in Asia and Europe: we shall presently quote a description of it from Bailak, which is substantially the same as that given both by Chinese and Latin writers: it deserves to be remarked, that the Koreans continued to use the water-compass so late as the middle of the last century.

Let us now see how the European claims stand. The author begins by proving that the ancients, though acquainted with the attractive power, were ignorant of the polarity of the magnet; and he relies principally on the omission of this extraordinary property in the beautiful description of the loadstone in the fifth Idyllium of Claudian. There is, however, a semblance of contrary evidence: Albertus Magnus quotes from the Arabic version of a Treatise on Stones, ascribed to Aristotle, a passage in which the polarity of the loadstone is very distinctly referred to; but M. Klaproth successfully shows that this pretended translation was, in reality, a compilation from the works of various philosophers, both in the East and West, and that the passage in question could not have been composed by a Greek writer. He next investigates the nomenclature of the magnet in the principal languages of Europe and Asia. This philological excursion presents some curious results, showing that, in countries the most remote, analogous names have



been given to the magnet, derived from its most striking properties. Thus, in French, it is called *Aimant*, from its attractive power, fancifully compared to love; in Sanscrit, *Thounbaka*, "the kisser"; in Chinese, *Thou Chy*, "the loving stone," because, as we are told by a Chinese naturalist of the eighth century, "the magnet entices iron like a tender mother inviting her children to her arms."

The earliest notice of the magnet's polarity in Europe dates toward the close of the twelfth century. There are, however, claims made for two earlier notices that deserve a brief investigation. Professor Hansteen, in a number of the *Norwegian Magazine of Natural History*, maintains that the polarized needle was known in Iceland during the eleventh century. He quotes, as his authority, the curious old history called the *Landnamabok*, in which it is stated—

"Floke Vilgedarson, who discovered Iceland for the third time, sailed about the year 868 from Rogaland, in Norway, to search for Gardansholm (Iceland). He took with him three ravens to serve as his guides. The old northern navigators used to let birds fly from their barks when in the open sea; if the birds returned to the ship, the sailors presumed that there was no land in sight; but if they flew off, the vessels were steered in the direction of their flight. In order to consecrate the ravens for this purpose, Floke offered a great sacrifice at Snærsund, for at this time the use of magnets (*leider-stein*) was unknown to the northern navigators."

Now, as Arius Polyhistor, the author of the *Landnamabok*, lived about the close of the eleventh century, this passage, if genuine, would prove that the polarity of the magnet was previously known. But Prof. Könitz, in an article recently published in Schweigger's *Physical Journal*, has shown that the chapter in which this passage occurs was written, not by Arius, but by his learned editor, Hanks Erlandsum, who died in 1334.

The second asserted notice of the magnet is thus brought forward by Fournier, in his '*Hydrographie*,' published at Paris, A.D. 1667.

"There are some obscure passages in the works of the Nubian geographer, Idrisi, from which persons have inferred that, in his day, the magnet was used in navigation."

The Sheriff Idrisi produced his great geographical work in the year 1153, to illustrate a silver globe that had been made for Roger, King of Sicily; it is a work of great importance, both geographically and historically; and we rejoice to see that a translation of it has been announced by the Oriental Translation Committee. But we have not been so fortunate as to find any such passage as that described by M. Fournier; and the researches of our friends have been equally unsuccessful.

The first clear mention of the magnet's polarity is found in a very curious satirical piece called '*La Bible*,' written by Guyot de Provins about the year 1190. The writer bitterly attacks the Pope, who, he says, should be the polar star of Christendom. He then describes the magnetized needle, not as an invention recently made, but as a matter popularly known. This is also the case with the accounts given by Jacobus Vibrensis in his '*Historia Orientalis*,' written A.D. 1201; nay, his contemporary Guathier d'Espinois introduces it as a simile in a popular song. Brunetto, who visited England in the reign

of Henry III., declares that he was shown a magnetized needle by the illustrious Friar Bacon, who explained its properties to him. M. Klaproth infers, from the sudden notoriety which the magnet seems to have acquired, that its use may have been practically known to sailors before it engaged the attention of the learned.

The mode in which the magnet, or magnetized needle, was used in the thirteenth century, is very curious. It is thus described by Bailak, an Arabian author, who published his '*Merchant's Treasure*' in the 681st year of the Hegira (A.D. 1282).

"The captains that navigate the Syrian sea, when the night is so dark that they cannot see a star by which they might determine the cardinal points, fill a vessel with water, and shelter it from the wind. Then they take a needle, which they stick into a splinter of wood, or a reed, in the form of a cross, and throw it upon the surface of the water. Afterwards they take a piece of load-stone, large enough to fill the hand, which they bring near the surface of the water, and they give the water a motion towards the right by stirring it, so that the needle begins to revolve. Then they suddenly withdraw their hands, and the needle certainly points north and south. I saw them do this with my own eyes, while voyaging from Tripoli, in Syria, to Alexandria, in the 640th year of the Hegira (A.D. 1242)."

We have tried this experiment with success, and can therefore confirm the accuracy of Bailak. He goes on to describe another species of compass:—

"They say that the captains who navigate the Indian seas use, instead of the needle and splinter, a sort of fish made of hollow iron, which, when thrown into the water, swims upon the surface, and points out the north and south with its head and tail. The reason of its swimming is, that all metallic bodies, however hard or heavy, float when they are hollowed so as to displace a quantity of water greater than their own weight."

From these testimonies it results, that the polarity of the magnetic needle was used to guide navigators in the Syrian seas, at least so early as the beginning of the thirteenth century; but that there is no trace of its being either an European or Arabian invention, for the authors by whom it is mentioned speak of it as something common and well known.

M. Klaproth also investigates the fiction of magnetic mountains, supposed to attract the iron of ships, and thus cause their destruction. He shows that this fiction was generally received as a fact by all the maritime nations of Asia; and that Chinese historians assign to this mountain the very position which it has in the voyages of Sindbad; another proof of our theory respecting the origin of these celebrated voyages. (See review of Kämpf, *Athenæum*, No. 364.)

Finally, our author declares, that the Chinese were the first to discover the cause of the tidal motions; and that they were acquainted with the art of printing, and the composition of gunpowder, centuries before the age of Faustus and Friar Bacon. We trust that M. Klaproth will continue his researches on these interesting subjects; there are few Orientalists who can so well combine amusement with instruction; and seldom indeed have these qualities been more happily united than in this *Essay on the Invention of the Compass*.

*Musical Reminiscences, containing an Account of the Italian Opera in England from 1773.* 4th edit. Continued to the present time, and including the Festival in Westminster Abbey. By the Earl of Mount Edgumbe. London: Andrews.

THE circumstance of this agreeable little volume having reached a fourth edition, might be considered as a sufficient testimony to its merits—but some of our readers may, like ourselves, be fond of speculating on the past and the future, even in the midst of the enjoyment of the present; and an abstract of that part of its contents which concerns the progress and prospects of that region of enchantment before the scenes, and misère behind—the Italian Opera in London, may not be altogether unacceptable, though we can hardly hope to string together the bright names of the *cantatrici* of other days, with so much unaffected and refined ease as the writer of the *Reminiscences* before us.

These are not the lists wherein to break a lance with Lord Mount Edgumbe, on behalf of certain opinions of our own, which we must think sound, and which he would denounce as dangerous and heretical. It is hardly to be expected, that one whose taste was formed upon the pure and melodious writings of the Italian musicians belonging to the period of his early life, should do justice to the greater brilliancy and variety of those of the modern school;—but we must express our conviction of the correct elegance of his taste, so far as it goes; while we cannot but think that the true confession of faith of the nineteenth century, is to admire and enjoy the best works of art, to whatever age, or school, or country they may belong, with a certain gentle leaning towards all that is new and enterprising, and which promises to us an enlargement of our resources.

The Earl begins his *Reminiscences* with Millico, Rauzzini, and Gabrielli, so famed for her fantasies—but he does not tell so much of any of these artists, save concerning Gabrielli's "care as she tucked up her great hoop, as she sidled into the flames of Carthage." If our memory serve us right, she was *passée* when she appeared in London, and both from Mad. d'Arblay's lively account of her *début*, and the notice in these pages, her success here was trifling compared with the honours she received in her own country. After her departure, the parts of prima donna were taken by Miss Cecilia Davies, (L'Inglesina, as she was called on the continent,) whom all contemporary writers praise as being a refined and instructed singer. She is yet surviving in London, we fear under the pressure of the worst ills of old age—what a long life has music lived since she charmed the town in the '*Vestale*,' or '*Didone*,' or '*Semiramide*' of those days! We have also notices of Galli, Roncaglia, &c. &c. and Aguiari, (of whom so striking an account is given us by Mad. d'Arblay). In the season of 1778 and 1779, arrived Pacchierotti, the celebrated *musico*, of whom all writers speak as belonging to the good old days, and therefore not to be replaced by anything modern. We have said that we shall break no lance with the author of these *Reminiscences*, or we could say much concerning his most obvious predilection for a species of voice, which, being totally unnatural, can never, to our thinking, have de-

served admiration on sound principles of taste. Pacchierotti appears to have made friends wherever he went, by the gentleness of his disposition, and his enthusiasm in his profession, and to have eclipsed all that went before him (since the days of the celebrated Farinelli) in pathetic expression as well as brilliancy of execution. Sestini, Allegranti, and Sig. Tasea, (who sung at the Commemoration,) are also mentioned as belonging to the comic opera, as well as a host of other inferior singers; and this division of the Reminiscences closes with the year 1785.

We will, for a moment, glance at the music in vogue during the period we have just passed over. Among the names of the composers, we find those of Sacchini, Piccini, Paisiello, Anfossi, Rauzzini, Berton, and others still less remembered—the three first of these even are now scarcely more than talked about, though the delicious and simple melodies of Paisiello deserve a better fate, and, as *musica di camera*, ought never to lose their attraction.

As our purpose is to take a brief view of the Opera, we are constrained to pass the third section of the Reminiscences, which chiefly concern a continental ramble during the years 1783, 4, and 5, just noticing that the Lord Mount Edgumbe expresses his disappointment, on the whole, with the state of music in Italy, and mentions, that in the smaller towns the "*bellissimi balli*" were the chief attraction. We have met with the same remark in other travellers; and it may be, perhaps, accounted for, by defining the Italian gift of music to be chiefly vocal and melodious,—and supposing that the best singers and composers were lured by the prospect of gain to the principal cities, at home or abroad, leaving behind them musical *impulse*, but not steady cultivation, without which no permanent satisfaction or excellence is to be expected, and the presence of which draws the line of distinction between the Italian and German schools.

The season of 1785 was brought to a premature end by the bankruptcy of the lessee (an inevitable consequence, it would seem, of the management of this favourite establishment). In 1786 the Opera opened with Madame Mara, who made her first appearance on the stage in a *pasticcio* opera, and afterwards in Sacchini's '*Perseo*;' Rubinelli arrived in the spring, and, in the course of the next year, "several new operas" (we are told) were produced: '*Alceste*,' by Gresnich, '*La Vestale*,' by Rauzzini, '*Armida*,' by Mortellari, and Handel's '*Giulio Cesare*,' revived to tempt George III. to visit the theatre. Rubinelli is characterized as being the most simple, Marchesi the most brilliant, and Pacchierotti the most touching, singer of the three great *musici* of those days. Benini and Mengozzi were the support of the comic operas, and, in 1787, they were superseded by Signora Storace and Morelli, who, from having been Lord Cowper's running footman at Florence, became *primo buffo*. They came out in Paisiello's '*Gli Schiavi per Amore*.' Rubinelli left England in 1788, and Mara's engagement terminated. Bennucci (the original Figaro of Mozart's '*Nozze*') took the lead as first buffo, comic operas only being performed till the arrival of Marchesi, who made his *début* in Sarti's '*Giulio Sabino*,' and of whom we have already quoted Lord Mount Edgumbe's opinion. The next season was

remarkable for its want of novelty, unless the dancing of Madlle. Guimard, then approaching the tender age of sixty, may be so called: it was terminated prematurely by the Opera House being burnt to the ground. During the next season, operas were given at "the Little Theatre in the Haymarket," with Marchesi and Mara for the principal singers. The Opera House was rebuilt; but, before it could be opened, the Pantheon had been decorated and arranged as a theatre, and was opened with Pacchierotti, Mara, for the serious, and Casentini and Morelli for comic operas. We cannot make room for the strifes between the old and new dynasty, which were somewhat opportunely ended by the burning of the Pantheon, and the re-opening of the King's Theatre in 1793. Nor do we find any names of new composers during the period we have just passed over, save that of Guglielmi, whose music, full of sweet mediocrity for anything that we have ever heard, deserved no better fate than it has found.

The only novelty of the first season of the new house was the engagement of Michael Kelly, "who," says Lord Mount Edgumbe, "had retained so much of the English vulgarity of manner, that he was never greatly liked at this theatre." Mara was then on the wane, and occasionally performed on the English stage without any decided success.

Lord Mount Edgumbe gives us a long and animated notice of Banti, who is evidently "the bright particular star" of his recollections. She began life as a *cantante di piazza*, and, on the strength of a superb voice, and the possession of much natural feeling, gained the first honours in her profession, without much trouble or industry. Her first appearance was in Bianchi's '*Semiramide*,' which is preferred by our author to Rossini's opera on the same subject (with its pieces "as long as if they would never end"). In 1800 she performed for her benefit in an opera composed by her panegyrist, in which also appeared Rossini, the last of the *musici*, till Velluti startled the town half a dozen years ago with his '*Popol d'Egitto*.' Banti's appearance in two grand operas by Glück, '*Alceste*,' and '*Ifigenia in Tauride*,' is also mentioned: nothing is said of the music of these magnificent pieces. In 1802 she took her leave of England, when Mrs. Billington performed with her in Portugallo's '*Merope*,' and the stage was crowded with ladies, so great was the anxiety to witness this appearance of the rival queens. In 1803 Mrs. Billington was *prima donna*, Viganoni taking Banti's part. So much has been written concerning the charming voice and perfect execution of this far-famed woman, that it is enough to mention her name here. In 1804 she sung in contrast with Grassini, whose *cantabiles* were as celebrated as her *bravura* singing. Grassini may be perhaps called the first of the modern *contraltos*, and her engagement may be especially noticed as being marked by the production of Winter's '*Ratto di Proserpina*,' the music of which has not yet grown obsolete. In the course of the next few seasons, Braham appeared on the stage of the King's Theatre, and, were we critically instead of historically disposed, we could not do better than transcribe at full Lord Mount Edgumbe's just and searching remarks upon the merits and defects of this great singer, who has since that period (and twenty-five years in the history of music is something

like fifty in that of any other art) has maintained his station at the head of our English singers, without his supremacy being ever in danger.

We may remark during this period, the revival of Bach's '*La Clemenza di Scipione*,' and the introduction of Mozart to this country in '*La Clemenza di Tito*;' Grassini also performed in Cimarosa's delightful '*Gli Orazj e Curiazj*,' in Winter's '*Zaira*,' and Paer's '*Camilla*.'

On the retirement of Mrs. Billington and Grassini, the first with her great powers totally unimpaired, Catalani burst forth like a meteor to the amazement and delight of the musical world. On looking back, we can only compare the sensation she excited, to that caused by the first appearance of that master-spirit of instrumentalists, Paganini. Lord Mount Edgumbe does, indeed, bear his testimony against her "outrageous displays of execution," and adds an anecdote so droll, that there is no resisting it, though somewhat irrelevant to the present subject. It is given in a note to the opinion of a late noble statesman, who, hearing a remark "on the extreme *difficuly* of some performance, observed that he wished it was *impossible*."

"This *bon mot*," says Lord Mount Edgumbe in a note, "has been given to Dr. Johnson—but I have reason to know it was said by the noble Lord alluded to, of whom a similar one is recorded, confirming his distaste for music. Being asked why he did not subscribe to the Antient Concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it, that his brother, the Bishop of Worcester, did, 'Oh!' replied his Lordship, 'if I were as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too.'"

It is curious, however, to find Lord Mount Edgumbe speaking of Catalani at a later period with much more lenity, and we cannot but think that a similar increase of familiarity with what might be displeasing at first, from its very strangeness, would have led him to do justice to the fascinating composer of two works so perfect in their opposite styles, as '*La Cenerentola*' and '*Otello*.'

To us, Catalani was always more astonishing than pleasing, and latterly she indulged in such *violences* and extravagances of style, as were almost painful to hear. Still she was a wonderful woman, and deserves honour as the Queen of a false school. Upon the engagement and partial success of Bertinotti Radicati, who sang in Mozart's '*Così fan tutte*' and '*Plauto Magico*,' together with Naldi, Catalani made herself so disagreeably predominant, by her love of admiration and supreme power, (M. Valabreque's "*Ma femme et quatre poupées*," is not yet forgotten,) that half of the opera company seceded to the Pantheon, which had been rebuilt and re-opened as a theatre. Here, we may notice, that Miss Stephens made her first appearance on any stage. The speculation, however, was not very successful; and a rumour of insecurity having been attached to the Pantheon, it was abandoned till its late metamorphosis.

Catalani left England in 1813. Lord Mount Edgumbe considers her as the first of the *cantatrici*, who broke down the distinction between serious and comic opera, by appearing in both, and follows this with a retrospect of the most successful of the *opere buffe*. In the course of this, we do not find any notice of commanding excellence, either among the singers or the music they

performed. Tramezzani's name must, however, be mentioned; and Mrs. Bland's casual appearance on the Italian stage:—Martini's 'Cosa rara,' and Pucitta's 'Caccia di Enrico,' are now alike forgotten. Lord Mount Edgumbe characterizes the three great female singers, as he had done the *musici*, in a few words—Grassini as all grace, Catalani as all fire, and Banti as all feeling.

We now come nearer to our own times, and our labour draws to its close, as Lord Mount Edgumbe passes over the succeeding seasons very summarily, and makes no peculiar mention of what we should have thought an era in the life of any opera-goer, the production of 'Don Giovanni' under the management of Mr. Ayrton. The latter part of the book is professedly chiefly written from hearsay, and to this we attribute no little of its author's severity upon Rossini. No one has mourned over this master's mannerism more than ourselves—but to speak of him, as a composer, slightly or indifferently, or reproachfully, is, we think, "professing" something "too much."

To speak of the long list of bright names which follow, from Camporese down to Grisi, would be needless; as even those who have passed away, seem to have vanished but yesterday; and the temptation to expatiate would be stronger to ourselves, than its fruits could be pleasing to our readers. The supplement contains an interesting comparison between the Abbey meeting of the past summer, and the celebrated Commemoration—but this, too, would lead us into speculation and controversy; and we have therefore confined ourselves to the notices of the Opera, as likely to be most interesting.

*A Journey throughout Ireland, during the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1834.*  
By Henry D. Inglis. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

We have seen, that Mr. Inglis attributes the greater part of the misery he witnessed, in the south and west of Ireland, to the exorbitant rents demanded by the landlords. This is no recent discovery; nor is it, as has been insinuated by those who ought to know better, the simple result of the fall of prices at the close of the war. A very intelligent English tourist, who travelled through Ireland in 1779, informs us,

"The landed gentlemen (of Ireland) make as much or more of their estates than any in the three kingdoms, while the lands, for equal goodness, produce the least. The consequences of this, with respect to the different classes, are obvious: the landlords first get all that is made of the land, and the tenants for their labour get poverty and potatoes."—*Tour through Ireland, 1779.*

We find the subject touched, with a very delicate hand, in the Report on the state of the Irish Poor, presented to the House of Commons in 1830, generally attributed to the pen of Mr. Spring Rice; but the evidence appended to the Report supplies many startling facts, which ought to have been brought more prominently forward. Mr. Pierce Mahony informs us, that where tenants are accustomed to give their labour as payment, rents are highest and wages are lowest.

"1<sup>st</sup>. Where the land is charged at too high a price, and a set off is allowed for the wages, what rate of wages is allowed on that account?—It is less in the district I spoke of. At the time

I resided there, the rate of wages was 8d. and 1s. money payment, and it was 6d. and 8d. where land was part of the bargain with the labourer, so that he got less wages, though he paid more rent."

Mr. John Dyas gives still more remarkable evidence:—

"242. Have you known instances, under the present system, in which the execution of public works is made, not a matter of money-payment, but a satisfaction of arrears of rents and credits given in the rent account of the labourer?—In many cases I have known, where the tenant has become in arrear, when the landlord comes to get his rack-rent, the tenant says to him, 'if you get me a road to employ my horses, I will try by every exertion to make up your rent,' and he holds the presentment; and that is the way a great many of the rents have been paid, by taxing the remainder of the unfortunate landholders of the barony."

We might add to these, the testimony of the late Rev. Dr. Doyle, of his great theological opponent, the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, and of Major-General Bourke; but we must now turn to our author's account of the causes that induce landlords to adopt such short-sighted policy:—

"One great cause of the oppression of landlords throughout the west of Ireland, is the improvidence of the upper classes. So many of them are distressed men, that their own necessities force them to be hard on tenants, and prompt them to grasp at the highest rent offered. Thus, every clam which lives by land, becomes necessitous: improvements,—where every shilling is wanted by the farmer to pay his rent, and by the landlord, to keep his head above water, are impossible: and the labour market being over-stocked, the necessities of the poor are taken advantage of; and the services of the labourer (who frequently works fourteen hours a day), are paid at the rate of sixpence, and even of five-pence,—which, during a part of the time I was in Ireland, scarcely sufficed to purchase one stone of potatoes."

There is no doubt that Mr. Inglis will raise a host of opponents, by mentioning the names of those landlords whose estates were worst managed. But had he not done so, his book would have been useless. Vague generalities never have done, and never will do any good. Indeed, unless it had been authenticated by the mention of the landlord's name, we doubt if the following account would have been credited in England:—

"Mr. Wynn's tenants are, with very few exceptions, in arrear; but he is one of those short-sighted landlords, who is resolved at all costs to keep up the nominal amount of his rent-roll. His rents are taken in dribbles,—in shillings and copper; and agents have been known to accompany tenants to market with their produce, lest any part of its value should escape the landlord's pocket. This gentleman has been at great pains to establish a Protestant tenantry on his estate; and in the appearance of their houses, &c., there is some neatness, and some shew of comfort: but these are not, in reality, in any better condition than the other tenantry. None of them are able to do more than barely to subsist; and they, as well as the Catholic tenantry, are generally in arrear: indeed, I found no one exception. The whole land in this barony averages 2*l*. 5*s*. per acre. In the county, it is supposed, that, excluding bog and mountain land, it averages 2*s*.; and good cultivated land may average 2*l*. There is no living, and paying such rents."

But enough, and more than enough, of the Irish landlords; let us cast a glance at the

peasantry, and extract the account of a faction-fight, on a small scale:—

"Any one to see an Irish fight, for the first time, would conclude that a score or two must inevitably be put *hors-de-combat*. The very flourish of a regular shillelah, and the shout that accompanies it, seem to be the immediate precursors of a fractured skull; but the affair, though bad enough, is not so fatal as it appears to be; the shillelahs, no doubt, do sometimes descend upon a head, which is forthwith a broken head; but they oftener descend upon each other; and the fight soon becomes one of personal strength. The parties close and grapple; and the most powerful man throws his adversary: fair play is but little attended to: two or three often attack a single man; nor is there a cessation of blows, even when a man is on the ground. On the present occasion, five or six were disabled; but there was no homicide; and after a *scrimmage*, which lasted perhaps ten minutes, the Joyces remained masters of the field."

We spare our readers the descriptions of miserable hovels, wretchedness and poverty, which abound in Munster and Connaught; they are necessarily the results of the present system, and must not only continue, but daily become worse until that system be altered. The Irish need not look beyond the precincts of their own island for an example of the social happiness within their reach. Ulster presents a complete contrast to the districts of the south and west. Mr. Inglis observed a remarkable difference on entering the northern province:—

"I was greatly struck in the course of this day's journey with the very improved appearance of the peasantry. A ragged, rather than a whole coat, was now a rarity: and the clean and tidy appearance of the women and girls, was equally a novel, as it was an agreeable sight. The farm-houses, too, were of a superior order: I do not mean merely that they were larger, or better built; this can be accomplished by any improving and considerate landlord. The improvement was visible in things which depend upon the occupant. Most of the houses had inclosures, and clumps of sheltering trees; and the epithet, 'slovenly,' could rarely have found any subject for its application."

It is frequently said, that religion is the chief cause of this difference, and that if Munster and Connaught ceased to be Roman Catholic, they would soon rival Protestant Ulster in prosperity. Mr. Inglis will not permit Protestantism to lay this flattering unction to its soul:—

"The landlord is not a distressed man, and therefore does not grasp at such exorbitant rents. The farmer can save a little money, and is therefore able to give some employment. The competition for land is less, because there is more employment, and more resources for the lower orders. The manufacturer and merchant are not men of expense, extravagance, and display; they mind their business, accumulate capital, employ it in wholesome enterprise, and give employment. What has Protestantism to do with this? The land-owners, merchants, manufacturers, are indeed Protestants; but so are the great majority of land-owners throughout Ireland: and so are the merchants, and many of the tradesmen of Dublin, and the merchants of Cork, and Waterford, and many other places. But the merchant of Cork is hunting, while he of Belfast is at his desk; and the tradesman of Dublin is in his jaunting car, and entertaining company at his box at Kingston, while the tradesman of Derry, Coleraine, or Belfast, is minding his shop."

It may be asked, why we consider Mr.



Ingliš's account of the state of Ireland an important authority, since he remained only a few months in the country, and had previously little or no acquaintance with it. We answer, first, that the evils of Ireland are all on the surface, and require no laborious investigation for their detection; and secondly, that Mr. Ingliš's inquiries were judicious in themselves, and made in the manner most likely to ensure the discovery of truth:—

"But I possessed another, and still greater advantage. In most of my voyages of discovery, among the mountains and valleys, as well as in the suburbs of the towns, I was accompanied by my wife. Some may smile at this acknowledgment; but all who know anything of the Irish peasantry, will at once perceive the importance of this advantage. In so miserable a condition are the peasantry of Ireland, and so little good understanding is there between the upper and the lower ranks, that the sight of a well-dressed person approaching the cabin door, or the farm inclosure, instantly begets suspicion. The appearance of a female as quickly disarms it. Drivers, and agents, and tithe-proctors, and excise officers, are not accompanied in their visits, by ladies; nor indeed, any official person. So small too, is the intercourse between the aristocracy of Ireland, and the lower orders, that the visit of a lady to a cabin, is regarded as a peculiar condescension, and is met by a proportional confidence: and moreover, does not everybody know, how amity and confidence are won, by little kindnesses shewn to the children of an Irish mother; and that a halfpenny to one, and a penny to another, and kind inquiries, beget a world of good-will."

We do not recommend this as a complete work: we could point out many trifling inaccuracies, and a few slips of style; but the charm of these volumes is the tone of affectionate sincerity preserved throughout. Mr. Ingliš grew to love Ireland, or, as the peasants expressed it in their own poetic idiom, "his heart warmed to the country;" a deeper feeling than ordinary philanthropy has dictated the lessons of advice he has given to all classes: to hope that they will produce all the good intended, would be presumptuous; but we have a confident trust that they will not be wholly ineffectual.

Here we should stop, if Ireland had not one evil peculiarly its own, by which all the rest are aggravated incalculably. It is needless to say, that we mean the animosity between Catholic and Protestant, which we greatly fear is on the increase. Mr. Ingliš ascribes much of the religious rancour found among the lower orders, to the education received by the priests at Maynooth:—

"I found the old foreign educated priest, a gentleman; a man of frank, easy deportment, and good general information; but by no means, in general, so good a Catholic, as his brother of Maynooth: *As*, I found, either a coarse, vulgarminded man,—or a stiff, close, and very conceited man; but, in every instance, Popish to the back-bone: learned, I dare say, in theology; but profoundly ignorant of all that liberalizes the mind: a hot zealot in religion; and fully impressed with, or professing to be impressed with, a sense of his consequence and influence. I need not surely say, that I found exceptions; that I found some, whom the monkish austerities, and narrow education of Maynooth, had left unscathed; and that I found very many,—I might say, the greater proportion,—who, notwithstanding the defects of education which clove to them, were charitable and heedful of the poor; and who grudged no privations in the exercise of their religious duties. This

latter trait is indeed universal among the Popish priesthood; and it would be well, if the zeal of the Protestant clergy approached, even in a very remote degree, to that of their Catholic brethren."

We have more than once in the *Athenæum* declared our opinion, that the establishment at Maynooth was a blunder, and that, as the Dublin University is already open to dissenters of every denomination, it would have been easy to superadd a faculty of Catholic Theology to that establishment. The close of a long article is not the place to discuss the merit or demerit of such a project; but we strenuously recommend Mr. Ingliš's account of Maynooth to all who feel interested in the future welfare of Ireland, and especially to those who have learned to fear the dangers of clerical education. In doing so, however, we must not be understood to condemn the Catholic religion; we simply confine ourselves to the system of education provided for its priesthood in Ireland, which we have good reason to believe is less liberal than in any European country—Spain and Portugal not excepted.

#### *The Topography of Rome and its Vicinity.*

By Sir W. Gell, M.A., F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

Sir William Gell has, with great learning and exertion, identified the positions of those cities in the Campagna di Roma which were the competitors and rivals of Rome in its infancy, and which were absorbed in its growing greatness. He has thus thrown much light on the early wars of the republic, and explained the nature of the several contests which Rome had to sustain for the supremacy of Latium. Sir William is as implicit in his belief of the old historians as Niebuhr is strenuous in scepticism: he thinks that Livy and Dionysius deserve to be credited as much as Hume and Rapin; and he certainly proves that existing remains serve to confirm some of their suspected statements. He is least successful in his attempt to demonstrate the Lydian origin of the Etruscans. He supposes that the Tyrrhene Pelasgians may have settled in Lydia,—may have been expelled by the natives,—may have wandered over the Grecian seas in search of habitations,—and may have been repulsed everywhere until they reached Italy. These are bare possibilities, not very probable separately, but constituting a very high degree of improbability when taken together. Niebuhr has proved beyond doubt, that the Tuscan was a compound nation: the mass of the people consisted of the Etruscans, a people of Celtic origin, and a small dominant race or caste, the Tyrrheni, who were certainly Pelasgi. The language of Etruria belonged to the former people, just as English is in its essence Anglo-Saxon; the prevalent form of government, and the arts of social life, were introduced by the conquering race, as was the case in England after the Norman conquest.

The origin of the Latin people, and the Roman city, has not been rendered one whit clearer by Sir William's researches. The Latins must have been a compound people, for they spoke a compound language. Blüm has an observation on the subject that deserves our attention: he says, "The names of all agricultural implements, and

all terms of pasture and tillage, are derived from *Æolic* Greek; but all phrases belonging to war, hunting, and the habits of nomad life, are pure *Oscan*." Civilization, then, must have come to the Oscans, or old inhabitants of Latium, from abroad, and the civilizing people must have been of Greek, that is, Pelasgic origin; for the *Æolian* nations preserved more of the Pelasgic forms than any other branch of the conquering Hellenes.

We have before (see *Athenæum*, No. 173.) explained the fable of *Æneas* leading a colony to Latium, by showing that *Æneas* was not an unusual name among the Pelasgi, who had a city named *Ænus* in every country where they settled. A less decided similarity of name has often given rise to a more elaborate legend.

*The Jewish Gil Blas.* Edited and annotated by an Unprejudiced Person. [*Der Jüdische Gil Blas.*] 8vo. Leipzig: Fries; London, Black & Young.

Or all the numberless imitations of *Gil Blas* we have chanced to meet with, this least attempts to emulate the wit, variety, incidents, and dramatic development of character of the original. The pretensions to its title rest solely upon the autobiographical *protagonist's* living in different capacities in three several families, but even thus the title ought to be qualified as the Austriaco-Jewish *Gil Blas*, the scene being laid wholly in Moravia, Bohemia, Vienna, and Presburg, excluding even the rest of Germany; whilst a Jewish *Gil Blas* should introduce us into Jewish families all over Europe at least, if not in Mohammedan countries. But despite these exceptions, the work deserves commendation, and affords much curious information touching the condition, customs, and manners of the children of Israel domiciliated in the states subject to the house of Austria. Much of this information is indeed given in statements and arguments unsuited to our columns; but there are passages of a different description, and from these we shall select a few extracts.

We begin with some account of the *Spiegel* family, the only one of the three described which is at all vividly placed before us, and which the *pseudo* *Gil Blas*, Nathan Maier, enters as preceptor. We must, however, premise that, at Prague, where the *Spiegels* reside, the Jews appear to intrust commercial affairs chiefly to their women, whom, true to their Oriental origin, they hold as of an inferior nature to men, without, like the Moslems, softening their contempt by tenderness and indulgence. An uneducated old Jewish usurer, named Zapp, finding himself despised by his brethren—

Thought to earn the esteem of the world, if he selected for the husband of his only daughter, an indigent youth of devout life, who was a diligent student of the Talmud. Old *Spiegel* (the father of the youth so selected) made no objection to connect himself with a man who, although universally contemned, promised to insure to his future son-in-law a life free from worldly cares, upon the single condition that such son-in-law should devote his days and nights to the uninterrupted study of the Talmud. This condition was, to the younger *Spiegel*, the chosen bridegroom, a recommendation, as binding him to pursue a favourite occupation, which he deemed conducive to his salvation.

After the death of old Zapp, his daughter, Leah Spiegel, enlarged her warehouse, began to frequent the Pilsen fairs, and plumed herself, in conversation with other women, upon having a husband who sat at home and studied.

Two sons and a daughter were the fruits of this marriage. The two sons differed strikingly in disposition. Kalman, the elder, from his earliest youth, discovered a capacity for trade, and when I first knew him, though scarcely twenty years old, he was already his mother's active assistant. Lieberman, the younger, inclined more to the favourite pursuits of his father the Rabbi Asriel Spiegel, and I was the chosen instructor, under whose guidance his pious studies were to be prosecuted.

Zipora, the daughter, a lovely blooming girl of eighteen, inclining more to household cares than to commerce, was charged with the management of the family affairs, especially of the kitchen. For one only female servant was kept, and when that is the case, a Christian maid is always preferred to one of our own faith, for the very intelligible reason that upon the Sabbath-day (the Jewish Sabbath, it will be remembered, is from Friday evening to Saturday evening) a Christian maid can perform all those domestic offices which are forbidden to Jews. But such a menial cannot be trusted in the kitchen, as her ignorance of the prohibition to mingle milk, or any of its products, with flesh-meat,<sup>†</sup> or her wilful violation of it in her cookery, might induce unintentional transgression. Zipora, therefore, managed the kitchen.

• • A shy shrinking from men, which Zipora could never lay aside when strangers of our sex visited the family, enhanced, in my eyes, her truly feminine excellence, but I had taught in the paternal house more than a year, without seeing my sentiments for her repaid even by a kindly glance. Afterwards an illness, brought on by cold, and which for a few days assumed a serious character, afforded me the first pleasing symptoms of my feelings being silently shared. For at midnight, when the whole house was at rest, she was still unwearied in her care, passing from the kitchen to my sick room, and back to her kitchen, now blowing the coals in the stove, or trying the warmth of the camphor bags by touching her cheek with them, now making tea, and incessantly busied for me.

The chief scene or mart of Jewish traffic is graphically described. Its name we confess not quite to understand, but conclude it is the denomination of the Jew's Quarter, or the Jew's allotted market-place, at Prague; though why that quarter or market should be called the *Tandelmarkt*, meaning toy market, we do not see.

The *Tandelmarkt* might well stand the Praguers instead of an Exchange. • • The native, like the foreigner, whose way leads him to the theatre or the university, is astonished, so near to those temples of the Muses, to see before him, camp fashion, a mass of human beings, more than the eye can comprehend, with shops, stalls, &c., and not even to miss the uproar of an encamped army. Old women, in whose wrinkled faces may be read the eternal complaint of starvation-times, are wrangling with their husbands; the subject of dispute being some lost country clown of a customer, with whom a bargain was thought to be half struck: the husband justifies himself, but the wife is not to be appraised, and complains to her gossip and neighbour hag that she cannot leave her counter for an instant without loss in her business. A similar war of words is carrying on hard by, between the she-moorer and her shop-girls, only so far different that its subject is the low price taken of some lucky purchaser. Further

on, are two women quarrelling about a customer, reduced by the one from the other: the bystanders endeavour to mediate a peace, but are foiled by the exasperation of the belligerents. A host of idle shop girls are offering all sorts of goods to the passengers, nor can we blame the pretty screeners for the annoyance. It is their especial duty, and a consequence of the inconvenient practice of using all the floors of the houses as separate shops. The wares in the shops in the third and fourth stories, are of course unobserved by persons in the street. But as the proprietor of one of those upstairs shops has as much of taxes and tolls to pay as his more fortunate neighbour on the ground-floor, he must needs take such means as he has of drawing attention to his merchandize. • •

Only cloth-mercers and leather-sellers dispense with the services of the weaker sex; every other branch of trade is preferably committed to the daughters of Eve. The banker's shop, and that of the dealer in old books,<sup>‡</sup> are alike the fourteen-hours' station of these tender creatures, upon every day of the year that is not a holiday. If the passer-by feels himself moved to compassion at the sad sight of a delicately formed maiden, panting under the burthen of a sack of gold carried on her shoulders, he will be provoked to irrepressible laughter, if, pausing at a bookstall, he has occasion to ask a pretty woman, busily knitting, for an erudite work upon Theology or Jurisprudence, and is invited in soft accents to follow. The knitter lays aside her stocking, requests a neighbour to have an eye to the stall, flings a shawl over her shoulders, and making her way nimbly through the crowd of buyers and sellers, flies swiftly up several flights of decayed stairs, rattles with her keys at the door of her little store-room, sets her ladder, and climbs it in search of the desired volumes; while the lover of old books may meditate upon the proportions of a handsome leg, or prepare to receive the fair seeker in his arms, should she miss her footing on the ladder. • • •

On the Friday evening, so soon as the closed shops promise them a double holiday,<sup>§</sup> these shop-girls, so disdained by the high-born Christian young ladies, each her bunch of keys in her knitting bag, skip away to the circulating library, to procure a supply for that evening and the next day. Most girls of this class have Schiller's poems and dramas by heart, and quote lines or passages of this their favourite author with surprising correctness. • • If offered a common-place novel of the day, they fling it contemptuously aside, with the remark, "That is mere fairy-tale jargon; I prefer something sublime."

But the death-bed and obsequies of Rabbi Asriel offer perhaps the most peculiar and characteristic scenes. The worthy man's recovery from a severe illness is, it should be stated, rendered hopeless by his rigid observance of the fasts and devotional exercises prescribed at certain seasons by the Judaic ritual:—

It was about eleven in the morning when those foretokens of death that cannot be mistaken appeared. • • Despite the bright noon-tide, candles were put into the chandeliers, and, with the great twelve-armed sabbath lamp, were lighted, as usual at the death of a devout man, and the members of the Funeral Fraternity<sup>†</sup> were summoned. • • The space before the house was quickly filled with men of all ages and conditions, whose moistened eyes were fixed upon the windows, upon the lights, and on the

busy movements of the funeral-brethren, who had already crowded into the house. Upon the lowest steps of the stairs stood members of the association, to guard the entrance, lest a stranger should steal in. To surround the bed of a dying man, is, in their eyes, a privilege of the association, over the maintenance of which they jealously watch. Upwards of half a hundred men now filled the sick room, heedlessly precipitating the dying man's end, by corrupting yet further the unwholesome air, through the admixture of the exhalations of so many human bodies with the effluvia of the tallow candles. "Is not Rabbi Nachum amongst you?" asked the invalid after a pause, half raising himself in his bed. "No, but he will soon be here," was the answer, in a deep bass voice, from amidst the crowd. And again a profound silence reigned.

As Rabbi Nachum entered the room, Asriel's countenance lighted up for the last time with a gleam of joy, ere his life's sun wholly set. "Thou art come then, brother Nachum," murmured the dying man to his friend; and turning to the crowd he added, "Now you may begin your prayers."

When the Rabbi is dead, the President of the brotherhood calls upon one Schamis, an officer of the society, whose business it is to designate by name every individual to whom any specific office about the corpse is allotted.

This officer must be fully possessed of the date of every member's admission into the society, since an older member, who should be called subsequently to one of less standing, would be deeply offended by such degradation.

Schamis now approached his President to inquire, who, out of the mass present, were to be preferred; since few only could be employed in the simple office of laying out the corpse.

This, we are told in a note, consists in taking the body from the bed, laying it upon the floor, covering it with a cloth, and placing a *soul-light* beside the head. Soon after this is done, those men present themselves, whose trade it is, by reading chapters of the Bible, to protect the dead body from the evil spirits, who have power over it whilst above ground, and even in the grave until completely destroyed by putrefaction: upon which last account the coffins are slightly put together, that the damp earth may hasten the process. The day of the funeral is more propitious to the zeal of the Burying Brotherhood.

On the window seats of the room in which the corpse lay, stood large bottles of ordinary wine. This was to be sprinkled over the corpse when washed. Old Schamis mounted a bench to be better seen, and read over the names of those appointed to officiate. There was now occupation for the majority, since the body was to be raised from the ground, undressed, and nine times sprinkled. A different person might officiate in each operation.

Moreover a separate individual was appointed to purify every limb of the dead body. The same held good as to the separate pieces of the corpse's clothing. When all these ceremonies were gone through, other members were called to carry the corpse down stairs; and at every few steps, the bearers were ordered to pause, that they might change places with others, and the greater number participate in the honour of the office.

When we reached the door, I was desired to take my former pupil, the son of the deceased, by the hand, and lead him before the bier, (the elder brother was absent). The relations formed a circle around us two. Immensely long poles were affixed to the bier, that the greater number of persons might have an opportunity of paying

<sup>†</sup> The Prague Jew is not permitted to deal in any but old books, or any but old iron.

<sup>‡</sup> The Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Sunday.

<sup>§</sup> A voluntary highly-revered association, which from religious motives undertakes the last offices to the dying and the dead.

<sup>†</sup> The prohibition to smother the kid in its mother's milk is so interpreted.

the last honours to Rabbi Aziel, by bearing his earthly remains.

Rabbi Samuel, the spiritual head of the congregation, stood at his house door awaiting the procession. • • His eyes were fixed in the direction whence it was expected. • • Amidst the dark level, which the hats of the closely packed attendants on the corse offered to the gazer's eye, floated in the distance a white point. It was the corse, which lay upon the bier, covered only with a yellow *talar* (a sort of robe). The bearers were changed at short intervals, and the suppressed sobs of many hundreds, mingled with the voices of those, who in talkative zeal narrated to their neighbours some noble trait of the dead man, formed a dull roaring, not unlike the rushing of the winter torrent, as, swollen by the mountain snow, it pours over rocks and stones. Many a female face gazed from an open window, after the flood of men; but whenever they were observed, a threatening "Windows shut!" resounded from the street, and the terrified women, hastily shrinking back, closed the shutters; for, according to popular Jewish notions, the presence of a woman near a corse, must magnetically attract the angel of death, who first gained power over mankind through Eve, and who, circling greedily round every corse as his acquired booty, might, from the sight of a female head, gain new power to turn his sword against some of the funeral train, and thus seize a new victim of his ravenous hunger.

Rabbi Samuel joins the procession, and accompanies it to the old cemetery, where he, as the head of the Synagogue, pronounces a sort of funeral eulogy upon the departed. Then, as it has long been forbidden to inter dead bodies in this cemetery, because situated within the city, the corse is placed in a hearse, and thus conveyed to the new rural burying ground, where some religious ceremony is performed. At length the grave itself is reached.

The hearse stopped before the yawning grave. Again the voice of Schamis was heard; and those whom he summoned stepped proudly from the throng. With strong arms they pushed back the hinder covering of the hearse, and took out the corse. Others again received the burden from them, and laid it upon the bier; others took the poles of the bier upon their shoulders, and bore it the few steps to the grave's edge. Others now laid the body in its frail coffin, and lowered it with cords into the grave.

All was now completed, and the grave-diggers prepared to fill in the earth with their shovels. The crowd dispersed; but the greater number followed my pupil, the mourning son of the deceased, into the room of the guardian of the cemetery, where, for the first time, Liehman Spiegel prayed the *Kadiach*, which according to Jewish belief, has a beneficial effect upon the soul of the deceased.

Herewith the ceremonial concludes, and the funeral attendants disperse; and herewith we ourselves likewise propose to conclude, but first, we must needs tell our readers what the *Kadiach* (Anglicè *Holy*) is: a matter explained to us in one of the notes of the impartial Editor, who professes to be a preceptor in the now wealthy and ennobled Nathan Maier's family. It seems that the Rabbi Akiba, once upon a time, met a man charred from head to foot, carrying a large bundle of wood, and panting, wheezing, and staggering sadly under his load. The surprised Rabbi asked what all this meant, and learned that the man was dead and buried, and condemned for his sins to dwell in that abode which must not be named to ears polite; but that, after every burning, he was

regularly restored to life, in order to fetch fuel for his next conflagration. The pitying Rabbi, who thought this was too much punishment for any sin whatever, promised the ghost to do something for his relief, and dismissed him to his burning. The Rabbi then devised this especial *Kadiach* prayer, taught it to the young son of the deceased sinner, and directed the boy to say it, with ten men to repeat a sort of burthen belonging to it, three times a day for a year. At the end of the year the ghost's sufferings were over. And who can wonder, that it should ever since have been an important object to every Jew, not absolutely immaculate, to leave behind him a son capable of praying the *Kadiach*? Daughters can be of no use in this way, on account of woman's before-mentioned natural inferiority.

*Prospectus of the Grand-ducal Lyceum at Manheim. [Programm der Grossherzoglichen Lyceum in Manheim.] Manheim: 1834.*

This little pamphlet contains a simple statement of the course of study, the duties of the professors, and the number and classification of the scholars in the Lyceum or High School of Manheim. This institution was founded by the Grand Duke of Baden, in 1807; and the pages before us render an account of its operations and success down to the 11th of September of the present year.

Whilst the attention of the French and English public has been called to the system of education adopted in the primary schools and the universities of Germany, for the amelioration of the lower classes, and the more profound instruction of the higher orders of society, we are induced to offer a few remarks on a Report which gives us a striking and a pleasing picture of the schools in which the students are prepared for the courses of academical tuition. The spirit in which it is drawn up is characterized by that sincere and persevering love of knowledge and of mankind in which all the seminaries of Germany have been instituted and are conducted. To each separate class in that country, means of education are allotted conducive to the ends of an humble or an eminent career; and every citizen is prepared, by the studies best suited to his future occupations, for the special duties of his profession, and the general ends of virtuous and reflecting patriotism.

The authors of this Report—

Hail the new institutions, which have this year sprung up in Manheim, with sincere pleasure. The infant schools which have been recently founded may seem to have but little to do with the studies of the Lyceum, yet even they will doubtless foster some talents which would otherwise have been lost. The Trades School, which is projected, will, on the other hand, relieve the benches of the Lyceum from many an occupant whose station and whose tastes unfit him for the course of study it prescribes. Whilst the new Academy of Art furnishes fresh encouragement to professors, whose desire it is to perfect the Good and the True by the Beautiful, and to cherish that pure love of Art which cannot exist without a firm attachment to Knowledge. For they are convinced that it is to their system of instruction, founded upon religion, and to a constant study of the works of classical antiquity, that they are indebted for their success in their own city,

and their increasing reputation in the more distant parts of Germany.

The pupils are 274 in number; they are not admitted till their ninth or tenth year; they are divided into six classes, each of which has a master at its head; while two other professors teach mathematics and logic, natural history and geography, to the whole school. The religious instruction is conducted by ministers of the Catholic and Protestant communions. The study of German is carefully attended to; and the pupils of the highest class are made to read the classics of their language critically, and to commence the history of their literature by an exposition of five cantos of the '*Niebelungen Lied*.' The Latin and Greek seem to be carried about as far as they are in England—with, however, the main difference which is observable all over the Continent—namely, that Latin composition, or the appropriation of a dead form of language to ideas drawn from totally different sources, is comparatively neglected; whilst the sense and feeling of the classical authors is carefully instilled into the learner, together with their vocabulary and their idiom. It is surely by awakening the lively sympathies of thought in the scholar, that a graceful activity can be given to his otherwise passive mind,—that language can be divested of its repulsiveness, and antiquity shown forth in all its dignity.

The best qualification for public life in England, is an English public school: imperfect as the course of instruction may sometimes be, no other establishments offer so many incentives to a manly energy and an independent courage. In Germany, the future servants of the state (no inconsiderable part of the whole educated population,) are taken under its especial protection from their boyhood, and the distinctions of future life generally depend on the qualities they have manifested, and the success they have obtained in the schools and universities. With all this, we are almost inclined to assent to the assertion of a witty friend,—that "the English are ignorant men, and the Germans learned babies." Nor do we hold this to be a loss or a reproach to them, if, with the political helplessness, they have preserved the simplicity and the innocence of childhood.

In the present rage for experimental education, we are not surprised to see half-a-dozen English names in the list of the pupils at Manheim: as far as our experience goes, few continental schools offer so many advantages, and so few drawbacks; but the expediency of thus expatriating the tastes and habits of a future Englishman, still remains a matter of doubt in our eyes.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Sister's Tragedy, in five Acts*.'—There is sufficient indication of talent, in parts of this play, to induce us to withhold some rather uncomfortable remarks upon others. It is in no danger of being acted, though the author, in his preface, seems rather to anticipate such a circumstance! But if it should be, there are plenty of ladies on the stage, more than equal to the performance of his heroine, although he is of opinion that to accomplish it successfully will require talents not inferior to those of an O'Neill.—There is one passage in the preface, in relation to the bare-faced plagia-



risms with which the play teems, so cool and curious in itself, that we really must extract it.

"In the conduct of the plot, some passages and situations occur, which may probably suggest to the reader, the idea of plagiarism, and as having been borrowed from the chief storehouse of dramatic inspiration. They have not been intentionally so borrowed; when wanted, they offered themselves, and I paused not to inquire whence they came; I found them most fitted to my purpose, and they were appropriated;" (would a judge of poetry direct an acquittal upon this defence?) "and if the shreds and patches of the mantle of the Great Master, have in any way served to embellish the homely garb of my tragedy, I do not affect to disclaim, but acknowledge them gratefully."

After such an avowal as this, our readers will not be surprised, that we cannot afford room to extract so large a portion of the play, as is formed by those passages, which kindly volunteered their services to the author, and touching which, he "paused not to inquire whence they came." We will however just give a brace of specimens, for which we shall not have to look further than pages 2 and 3:—

But we shall see  
Ere long methinks, the funeral trappings changed  
For the gay pageant, and the merry feast  
Of a most gracious wedding.

Let us see, what "the chief storehouse of dramatic inspiration" says upon this subject:—

The funeral bak'd meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Again,

His bounty is unbounded as the sea,  
is unquestionably sufficiently like Juliet's line,

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,  
to "suggest," as the author delicately terms it, "the idea of plagiarism."—Really we may say to him, as one foreign composer said to another, who had cribbed whole pages from his work, "Mais, Monsieur, c'est de s'abuser de la permission de voler."

'*Sir Robert the Bruce; a Play in five acts.*'—A note at the end of this play, says "These imperfect pages owe their origin to a few months of indifferent health, during which, the piece was undertaken as a source of relaxation; and but for this circumstance, it is very improbable that the author would have employed his pen in a work of imagination."—We sincerely regret the author's indisposition, and lament that the sale of the work to which it gave rise, is not likely to do anything towards paying the doctor's bill. We fully agree with him, that his "pages are imperfect," and fearing another like result, from another like cause, we do hope on his account, and on our own, that he may never be ill again.

'*Married Life, a Comedy in three Acts*, by J. B. Buckstone.'—As this play was noticed in our theatrical corner, at the time of its production, it is unnecessary to say more than that it forms No. 7 of a series, which is to include all the dramatic works of this popular actor and clever author.

'*Cokesley's Aristophanes. The Birds.*'—We rejoice to see a good edition of this play—the liveliest and most fanciful of political satires. Mr. Cokesley's notes leave no important difficulty unexplained, while they do not encumber the student with the lumber of trifling dissertations. The incorporation of the *scholia* with the commentary is an improvement, and so is the addition of stage directions to every scene. It would, perhaps, have been better had Süvern's theory been noticed at greater length in the preface. His proofs that this comedy was a satire on the Sicilian expedition seem to us conclusive; and in this point of view the play throws important light on the political condition of Athens during one of the most interesting periods of its history. We should gladly also have seen a few quotations from Cary's very

spirited version of this play, that students might have an opportunity of comparing the capabilities of the Greek and English languages.

'*Fleurs de Poésie Moderne.*'—A useful and beautiful little volume, containing judicious selections from the works of A. De Lamartine, Victor Hugo, De Béranger, and C. Delavigne; introduced by a pleasant preface, evidently written by a young and enthusiastic admirer.

'*Denham on Education.*'—The spirit of practical piety which pervades these letters,—the principles they inculcate,—their moderate tone, equally remote from asceticism on the one hand, or laxity on the other,—render this work a safe and useful guide to parents.

'*Planck's Sacred Philology.*'—This admirable work has been translated by Dr. Turner, for the Biblical Cabinet, a series already enriched, by the treatises of the most eminent German divines. It should form part of the library of every theological student.

But we must now turn to professional matters—and, as those learned in law and in physic equally solicit our opinion, shall clear our table, so far as possible, of some works that have remained there longer than we can well excuse.

'*Observations on Functional Affections of the Spinal Cord*, by W. Griffin, M.D., and D. Griffin, M.R.C.S.'—This is a valuable work, if viewed as a collection of cases, tending to elucidate the pathology and therapeutics of a very obscure class of diseases. It not only explains, that numerous diseases may be accurately simulated, by symptoms arising solely from local irritations in the spinal cord, but exemplifies the fact, less understood, or less attended to, that these diseases may in their turn, by a sort of reflex action, produce corresponding spinal irritations. The theoretical parts of the work, however, and the inferences drawn, appear to us in many cases more than doubtful; consequently we could not recommend its being placed in the hands of students, but think it may, with much advantage, be consulted by the matured practitioner, who will be able to separate the facts from the fancies—to choose the good, and reject the evil.

'*The Present State of Aural Surgery*, by W. Wright, Surgeon-Aurist to her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, &c. &c.—We noticed only the other day in Piccadilly, an inscription over a shop door, informing us, that the proprietor was Bread and Biscuit Baker to his Royal Highness the late Duke of York. We presume that both he and Mr. Wright, hold sinecure appointments. We have had lately no less than three little works on Aural Surgery, written by three Professors of the Art in our metropolis, and each of them, it appears, had before written other works. Some ingenious French physiologist once started the theory, that little men are more active than big men, because it is a law of nature that all men should in equal times fill equal space, and consequently the little men are obliged to multiply their bulk by increased velocity. Perhaps it is on this principle, that the gentlemen who denominate themselves Surgeon-Aurists are in such a constant flutter of publication. Certain adventitious motives, however, are too obvious to be overlooked. These gentlemen have each discovered infallible means of curing diseases of the ear, of which the others are totally ignorant, and they each evince a laudable anxiety that the public should in all cases have the benefit of their increased lights and improved practice. But there is a further, and we must admit a less amiable, object to be served; for, not content like Sir Solomon and his wife, with each puffing at his own farthing rushlight, they must each imitate the watchman, by attempting to turn down that of their neighbours. Thus Mr. Curtis began by abusing the whole world—which, to be sure, was open and many: next came Mr. Stevenson,

who abused the whole world and Mr. Curtis; and now comes Mr. Wright, who anarls at all former professors, fairly devours poor Mr. Curtis, and takes a smart bite out of Mr. Stevenson. In short, these gentlemen Aurists are mighty like the celebrated Kilkenny cats—they eat one another up: but, unfortunately, we have to swallow all their tales.

'*The Practice upon Writ of Trial*, &c. by G. B. Mansel, Esq.'—Extracts from Mr. Mansel's Common Place Book, upon the subject of the Writ of Trial, and many other matters, which, by some ingenuity, may be connected with that proceeding. Works like this can neither advance the reputation of the author, nor furnish the practitioner with that information which the title-page would lead him to expect.

'*Lectures on Therapeutics and Hygiene*, by Alexander Kilgour, M.D.'—The author writes in general like a man of sense, but unfortunately he has nothing new to tell us. He has made no observations or experiments for himself; he is therefore reduced to collecting those of others, and reasoning with respect to them. This is little more than compilation: we consider him capable of better things.

'*Prideaux's Directions to Churchwardens*, 9th Edition, by R. P. Tyrwhitt, Esq.'—An esteemed and valuable work, much improved, and adapted to modern use, by the judicious and careful notes of the present editor. An appendix containing an abstract of the Select Vestry Act, a knowledge of which is indispensable to many of those, for whose information and assistance the work is intended, must also add to its utility, especially as it is prepared and printed in a form that makes it easy and intelligible to all classes of readers.

'*Cutler on Dressing and Bandaging.*'—Our old respected lecturer on Surgery used to say, that for the proper application of a bandage, nothing further was required than "a common roller and common sense." Fully agreeing with him in principle, and conceiving that matters of practice can never be learned from a book, we are inclined to doubt the usefulness of the present publication.

'*The Parish Officer's Legal Adviser*, compiled by John Brady, revised by J. N. Mahon, Esq. Barrister-at-Law.'—Another work, containing in a small compass a variety of legal information, applicable to the duties and liabilities of Parish Officers. The arrangement is good, and the means of ascertaining the correctness of the positions of law laid down, are afforded by a reference to the cases and treatises whence they have been selected. The compilation and revision appear to have been carefully attended to, and no doubt parish authorities will find this, for common purposes, a useful and safe substitute for larger and more expensive works.

'*Mead's Compendium of Pharmacy.*'—This is a little work, explaining the rationale of the formulæ prescribed in the London Pharmacopæia, for the preparation of different substances used in medicine. It exhibits the several decompositions and recompositions, that take place, by means of diagrams, similar to those employed by Dr. Boswell Reid, of Edinburgh, in his elements of chemistry. The use of these diagrams adds, we conceive, much clearness to description. We do not consider our author's views, regarding the therapeutic effects of certain agents as always judicious.

'*Okey's Digest of the Law, Usage, and Custom, affecting the Commercial and Civil Intercom of Great Britain and France.* Fourth Edition.'—In this edition, the author has inserted the French Charter, as accepted by the present King of the French, and has also noticed such decisions of the French and English Courts, as have taken place since the previous edition, and come within the scope of his work. To the

English lawyer, who is occasionally called upon to advise upon questions respecting the rights and remedies of either British or French subjects, in matters arising out of the intercourse between the two countries, this Digest will be of ready and essential service; and, judging from the accuracy of the statements as to the rules of English law, we feel assured it may be made use of with equal advantage and confidence on the other side of the channel.

'*Walker's Principles of Ophthalmic Surgery.*'—We had some time since the pleasure of noticing a little work of Mr. Walker's on the 'Physiology of the Iris,' and of commending the views there supported, as, if not very original, at least generally sound and judicious. The greater part of them is to be found embodied in his present publication, which is a sort of Manual of Ophthalmic Surgery, and will be found convenient to the student and young practitioner.

'*Ossa Humana*, by R. B. Cumming.'—These are lithographic plates of the human bones, drawn apparently with much care and attention, and on the whole creditable to the author, who is a pupil at St. George's Hospital. As he is a young artist, we may just hint, that his principal defect lies in the management of his shades, a matter of no little importance, in delineating such irregular surfaces as he has undertaken to represent. Thus, in plate 1, fig. 6, the internal face of the occipital bone appears nearly flat, in place of giving the idea of its cotyloid figure; and in plate 7, figures 1 and 2 represent the front and back views of the os innominatum, but so imperfectly shaded, that were we not aided by other circumstances, we should have some hesitation in saying which was the inside and which the out. We may also add, that a little attention to his Latin would probably enable Mr. Cumming to give the names of the parts he describes with more accuracy, and that every change in orthography is not to be looked on as an improvement. Thus the words *branche* and *hornes*, would look as well without the additional *s*; *maeolus* has usually a double *l*, and *serated* a double *r*; *lumber*, when meant to express belonging to the loins, is more usually spelt *lumbur*; and *nervous accessories*, is neither Latin nor English for the accessory nerve. We point out these mistakes, in the hope that Mr. Cumming may benefit by our observations; a little care would have prevented most, if not all of them; and carefulness is a habit which, of all others, a young author should labour to acquire.

'*Smith's Errors of the Social System.*'—There is some merit in this little pamphlet; but the author's theories are very crude, and he clearly is not aware of their ultimate tendency.

'*Appleyard's Lectures on the Liturgy.*'—A useful explanation of the nature and design of the Liturgy, written in plain and simple language.

'*Connel's English Grammar.*'—All Mr. Connel's school-books are good; and this, though it has few pretensions to novelty, either in design or execution, maintains the character of the compiler's preceding works.

'*Ranson's History of France.*'—A school-book constructed on the exploded system of question and answer, has little chance of success in the present day, and the work before us would not have merited success in any day.

'*Le Trésor de l'Ecolier Français.*'—A work that has reached its fourteenth edition does not require to have its merits made known: it will be sufficient to say that it deserves the favour it has received.

'*The Father's Book.*'—A reprint of an American work, containing many excellent practical suggestions on domestic education, worthy the attention of every parent.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE OF LORD NELSON.

It is most gratifying to us, both as an assurance of the strong interest which the publication of the Nelson Letters excited, and as an instance of the friendly good-will to which this paper is so largely beholden, to be able this week to lay before our readers a further series of letters from the hand of the Hero of the Nile. We are indebted for them to the great kindness of Dr. Baird, to whom they are all addressed. This gentleman was with Lord Nelson as Physician of the Fleet in the Baltic, and was afterwards appointed Commissioner of the Sick and Wounded Board.

These letters naturally arrange themselves into two divisions—those of the first, are illustrative of that tenderness of heart and affection for his officers, which we have had occasion to allude to before, and call for no explanatory words of our own.

"*Amazon*, Sept. 20, 1801.

"My dear Doctor,—Your kind letter has given me hopes of my dear Parker; he is my child, for I found him in distress. I am prepared for the worst, although I still hope. Pray tell me as often as you can. Would I could be useful, I would come on shore and nurse him; I rely on your abilities, and if his life is to be spared, that you, under the blessing of God, are fully equal to be the instrument. Say everything which is kind for me to Mrs. Parker, and if my Parker remembers me, say God bless him—and do you believe me, your most obliged and thankful friend,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

"I have been in real misery.

"Hawkins will come off night or day."

† Parker was an officer, aide-de-camp under Nelson at the time that he undertook the destruction of the French Flotilla at Boulogne—on which occasion he received the wound to which this and the following letters refer—and which, it will be seen, caused his death.

"*Amazon*, Sept. 21, 1801.

"My dear Doctor,—Many thanks for your truly comfortable letter, and I trust that nature, watched and encouraged by your abilities, will yet get him up again. I will send some Madeira in the course of the day; my steward is on shore at this moment with the key of the store-room. Make my best respects to Mr. Parker; and to our dear Parker, say everything which is kind (at proper times). You cannot, be assured, say too much of what my feelings are towards him, and also to Langford; and do you believe me your truly obliged,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

‡ His father.

§ Langford, another of Nelson's Lieutenants.

"My dear Sir,—Although dear Parker has had but a bad night, yet with your nursing I have great hopes; and, let what will happen, great consolation from your abilities and affectionate disposition, and believe me ever your obliged,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

"Make my respects to Mr. Parker, and to our Parker; say everything which is kind from me when it is proper. I am miserably sea-sick."

"† past 11, Sept. 23, 1801."

"My dear Sir,—I will not quite despair, but must not be too sanguine in my hopes. Your kindness is everything. I send a line from Lady Hamilton—best respects to Mr. Parker, and believe me your truly obliged,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

"Sept. 23, 1801."

"*Amazon*, Sept. 24th, 1801.

"My dear Sir,—I am truly sorry to hear that you have been so unwell—but, indeed, I am not

surprised at it, for your kind fatigue for others has drawn health from you to them. I shall probably be here by Sunday, and then I hope you will allow me to see my son, dear Parker; to you I shall always think I owe his life, and I beg that you will ever consider me as your most obliged

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

"Remember me most kindly to Langford, and give my good wishes to Mr. Skelton, † and all the wounded at the hospital."

† Another of his Lieutenants.

"*Amazon*, Sept. 20th, 1801.

"My dear Sir,—Although the contents of your letter were not unexpected, yet I am sure you will judge of my feelings—I feel all has been done which was possible: God's will be done. I beg that his hair may be cut off and given to me: it shall remain and be buried with me. What must the poor father feel when he is gone! I shall request Capt. Sutton and Bedford to arrange the funeral, and I wish you to ask Ad<sup>l</sup> Lutwidge † to announce it by telegraph to the Admiralty: the Board ought to direct every honour to be paid to the memory of such an excellent gallant officer. Say every kind thing to the poor father, and believe me your obliged and affectionate

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

† Commander-in-Chief at Deal.

"*Amazon*, Sept. 27th, 1801.

"My dear Sir,—I should be a wretch if I did not feel sensible of all your kindness to my dear Parker; we have the melancholy consolation to think that everything was done which professional skill and the kindest friendship could dictate. God's will be done; but if I was to say I was content, I should lie—but I shall endeavour to submit with all the fortitude I am able. Poor Mr. Parker! What a son has he lost! My pen fails to express my feelings, except that I shall for life consider myself

"Your obliged,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

"*Amazon*, Oct. 6th, 1801.

"My dear Doctor,—I am truly sorry that my little remembrance\* of your goodness to a set of brave men should have deprived me of the pleasure of your company; I beg I may see you at dinner to-morrow: and I hope to see you, where your humane disposition will be of the greatest service, at the sick and hurt board, to effect which, nothing shall be wanting on the part of

"Your truly obliged,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

\* The "little remembrance" alluded to above, was a silver vase, with the following inscription:—"Presented to Andrew Baird, Esq., M.D. as a mark of esteem for his humane attention to the gallant officers and men who were wounded off Boulogne on the 16th of August, 1801. From their Commander-in-Chief, Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Bronte."

"*Amazon*, Oct. 11, 1801.

"My dear Doctor,—I will send to the Gannet for Smart Tickets. Will you dine here? Can you cure madness? for I am mad to read that our damn'd scoundrels § dragged a Frenchman's carriage. I am ashamed for my country. The letter-boat can bring you off at half-past two.

"Ever your obliged,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

§ This alludes to the mob drawing the carriage of General Lauriston, when he arrived in London with overtures of peace.

The four next letters are no less interesting, though referring rather to professional than private matters. They were written when Lord Nelson was off the Toulon station, and to all who take interest in the "wooden walls of Old England," will be valuable as containing the hero's sentiments on a very important subject.

"March 10th, 1804.

"My dear Sir.—Many thanks for your kind letter of 30th Oct. I am sure no man is more able to place our hospitals in a proper state than yourself, and that you always bear in mind not to be penny-wise and pound-foolish. A small sum, well laid out, will keep fleets healthy; but it requires large sums to make a sickly fleet healthy, besides the immense loss of personal services. Health cannot be dearly bought at any price,—if the fleet is never sickly. By general exertions, we have done well; but we have not a place that we can be sure of supplies from. Spain will not give us a live animal; Naples dare not; and Sardinia ought not, but that is the only place we have a chance for fresh provisions. God knows how many days—it will not be many—that island will be out of the hands of the French.

"I hope to hold out till after the battle; but, as you know, mine is a wretched constitution, and my sight is getting very, very bad. I rejoice to hear the Earl† is so well. Believe me ever

"Yours faithfully and obliged,  
"Dr. Baird." "NELSON & BRONTE."  
† Earl St. Vincent.

"Victory, May 30th, 1804.

"My dear Sir.—I have many thanks to give you for your truly kind letter of Jan. 24th. From what we hear about Buonaparte's being Emperor, perhaps it will bring about a peace; and if we give up Malta, it will be unnecessary to make a naval hospital. I have sent Dr. Snipe to look at the place, with Sir Alex. Ball, and to take care that we have the ground with the house; for, with the ground, it is the most healthy and eligible situation in Valette Harbour; without it, confined with 4 bare walls, it would be the very worst place in the place, for the heat would be intolerable.

"The health of this fleet cannot be exceeded; and I really believe that my shattered carcass is in the worst plight of the whole fleet. I have had a sort of rheumatic fever, they tell me; but I have felt the blood gushing up the left side of my head, and the moment it covers the brain, I am fast asleep: I am now better of that; and with violent pain in my side, and night-sweats, with heat in the evening, and quite flushed. The pain in my head, nor spasms, I have not had for some time."

"With every kind wish for your health and happiness, I am always,

"My dear Doctor,  
"Your much obliged friend,  
"NELSON & BRONTE."

"I wish it may be in [my] power to be useful to your friend, Mr. Hunnicks, on board the *Itouan*; but I see no prospect at present."

"Victory, off Toulon, August.

"My dear Sir.—I feel much obliged by your kind letter of July 3rd. Mr. Yates\* shall be certainly attended to whenever the *Amazon* joins; we have such reports of Lord St. Vincent having left the Admiralty, that I am completely at a loss to whom to write, beyond the forms of office, and, from your account of the bad state of his health, I fear that the report is true. As to my health, thank God, I have not had a finger ache since I left England. The fleet is healthy; but the last ships out, although they came to sea *wretches*, are, generally speaking, in the most healthy condition—they are in the best humour, which is a great conductor to health. I am obliged to turn myself to every corner which is open to us for supplies—from Malta the passage is so very long, that everything we have sent for has spoiled. I am now at work in Spain, and have procured some bullocks, and a good supply of onions—the latter we have found the greatest

\* Assistant-Surgeon.

advantage from; it has appeared odd to me, but all the ships' companies who have served here under the war (I mean that have not been paid off) are full of the scurvy. I am sure, from the high opinion which I entertain of your judgment, that whatever regulations you have recommended will be of great use; the health of our seamen is invaluable, and to purchase that no expense ought to be spared. I shall answer the Board's letter relative to Mr. Burd,† and I shall send occasionally to Gibraltar to inquire into the conduct of the hospital. Are you going to establish an hospital at Malta, or are we to go on the old way? When I send Dr. Snipe there, his report shall be sent to your Board. I beg my respects to Dr. Harness and Weir, and believe me, my dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful humble servant,

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

† Mr. Burd was Surgeon of Gibraltar Hospital.

‡ Dr. Snipe was Physician to the Fleet at that time; Sir Alexander Ball Commissioner at Malta.

"Victory, Sept. 22nd, 1804.

"My dear Sir.—I feel truly sensible of all your kindness and good wishes, for which I hope soon to thank you in person. We have been very near losing Dr. Snipe, in appearance by a consumptive complaint, but he is getting better; he is indefatigable in his duty, to which, and to his trip to Sicily about the lemon-juice for England, we attribute his very serious complaint, spitting blood, &c. My complaints have not been so violent, but are sufficient to make me require a few months rest. Since the 16th June 1803, I have never set my foot outside the ship. Experience teaches us that this climate is the worst in the world for hectic complaints, at least it is so at sea. Of the few men we have lost, nine in ten are dead of consumption. Upon the best mode of keeping a fleet healthy much may be said, and much must be done—there are various opinions—suffice it for me, that although other places may be better, yet that we have no sick. We shall talk of this and many other matters before any great length of time; when you see the Earl remember me kindly to him, and believe me, my dear Doctor,

"Yours most faithfully,  
"NELSON AND BRONTE."

#### CAPTAIN BACK.

When the last letters arrived from this gallant young officer, we were enabled to add to his official dispatch a private communication to Captain (late Commander) James Ross. We have still more pleasure now in publishing his letter, on the same occasion, to Sir John Franklin, because it mentions his receipt, while writing, of a small supply of deer, and thus confirms the hopes that his hunters may, in some degree, have made up, before his departure for the coast, for any deficiency in his more regular supplies.

"Fort Reliance, April 12th, 1834.

"My Dear Franklin.—In my last letter, which in all probability you will get at the same time as this, you will receive a short account of our progress—and to that, I have not anything so favourable as I could wish to add. Our winter has been unusually severe, the mean of three thermometers having been several degrees lower than our lowest at Bear Lake; the animals and fish for sale, and much distress, suffering, and deaths have unhappily followed among the natives. My own men, thank God, are, generally speaking, well, though they have frequently been three, and even four, days without food of any kind. My companion, Mr. King, and myself, have, for a long time, been living on half a pound of pemmican, and a little flour each a day. Still, as the warm weather comes on, the animals will become more numerous, and we may yet make up the deficiency of our coast voyage provision; but, if not, I have made up my mind to select seven of the best men, and

make the attempt in one, instead of two boats. It may not be prudent, but it is an extreme case, and there must be an extreme remedy. My boats are now building thirty miles from the house—a long portage—and a much longer of one hundred miles, principally over lakes, will have to be accomplished before we can get to open water: this is annoying, but there is no avoiding it, and I see my way clear.

"I hope to be at the mouth of the Thibou-cho-dezoth about the 10th of July, when circumstances will determine whether I go eastward or westward first. The needle, you will be pleased to know, is constantly affected, and is of such delicacy, that I have seen it more when acted on by a small faint beam in a clear blue sky. The telescope, to read off with, is an admirable appendage to the instrument, for it always keeps you at the same distance, and at the same time enables you to detect the slightest action without the possibility of a mistake. (At this moment two Indians have arrived with their usual 'Eitthen-dolah,' but I am overjoyed to find they have seventeen deer *en cache*. Think you I am happy!) The needle is seldom perfectly steady during the day, consequently I invariably take the extremes E. and W. In short, I shall be much disappointed if these observations, to which I am paying the closest attention, do not afford considerable interest to all of you, and, as everything is complete, so far as I know, I do trust they will be satisfactory. I am under many obligations to Beaufort, Beechey, and Professor Christie, on this and other subjects; and you may rest satisfied that no exertion shall be wanting on my part to meet their approbation, and prove that I was not so long under your excellent command without endeavouring to follow the good and steady example you always set me.

"God bless you, my dear Franklin; pray make my kind regards to your lady, and believe me always,

"Most faithfully yours,  
"GEORGE BACK."  
"April 15th."

"I have just received the account of Ross's providential and happy arrival, and am overjoyed beyond measure.

"G. B."

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

POLITICAL affairs are at this moment too much in the minds and mouths of men to allow of many rumours concerning lighter and livelier matters. When we have said that the new administration at the Opera House is yet unformed—that portrait painters are sitting with their arms across, speculating who is to be the next hero of the day—and that Mr. Bulwer has already improved the time by announcing a pamphlet upon the present crisis—we have told about the sum of what we know concerning the future.

As to the past and the present, we have some little more to say. We have received the second number of the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*: its contents are more varied than those of the preceding number. Among the most interesting articles are a History of the Primitive Syrian Church at Malabar; an Essay on Female Infanticide, by Lieut. Ramsay; an Account of that extraordinary race, the Phansigars, or gang-robbers, and the Shudgashids, or tribe of jugglers; a minute Description of Sindh, peculiarly valuable at the present moment, on account of the proposed establishment of steam navigation on the Indus. Botanical Sketches of His Royal Highness Abbas Mirza and Colonel Mackenzie; and an account of the Presidency of Fort St. George, by Ramanawami Naidu. We are surprised that more attention has not been paid to the various



able collections of Colonel Mackenzie, by those who are interested in the affairs of India. Such a mass of important materials for illustrating the religion, history, laws, and social condition of Hindustan, would, in any other European country, have been published at the public expense. Here, with the materials collected, with such an excellent editor as Capt. Harkness on the spot, with an urgent necessity for the diffusion of accurate information respecting Indian affairs—neither the East India Company nor the Board of Control offer aid to the Asiatic Society to preserve these literary treasures. We fear, that, unless something be done quickly, the Colonel's labours will be allowed to sink into oblivion, and thus the most valuable mass of Oriental matter ever collected will be lost to the nation.

We must also (not intending to hold a court for the Fine Arts this week,) speak of the new Variorum edition of Gray's *Elegy*, published by Mr. Van Voorst, in which every verse is graced by an illustration beautifully engraved on wood. Mr. Constable's "ivy-mantled tower" is a delightful landscape, as is also his vignette to the verse beginning—

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn"—

which has all the glowing freshness of the first healthy hours of day. Mr. Dewint's design of labourers removing the fallen tree, is full of effect, admirably rendered by Williams; and Mr. Boxall's group of a Mother, with the small bare-headed babe on her knee, and other children clinging about her, is graceful enough to have been sketched by Stothard himself. Mr. Landseer's idea of the "neglected spot" is fine and powerful; and Mr. Calcott's group, showing the youthful administration of justice by "some village Hampden," upon a "petty tyrant," is full of character. We cannot stay to particularize all the subjects which have pleased us, but shall conclude with the concluding one by Mr. Hart, a most effective drawing of a lonely tomb, which must be regarded rather as an emblematical tail-piece, than the last resting-place of the

"Youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

We see announced in the daily papers the death of a patriarch in the Arts, Janus Heath, the engraver, at the age of 78. Mr. Heath had withdrawn from the busy world of Art for some years, and latterly resided, we believe, altogether in the country. He commenced his professional life at a time when Bell, in his British Poets, and Harrison, in his Novels, &c., first introduced the fashion of elegant book embellishment, breaking through the vile and tasteless style of illustration which had deformed the earlier English press, and thus leading the way to the rich and beautiful succession of embellished works which has carried us, in that department of Art, far beyond all other nations. To Mr. Heath was committed the greater number of the plates, and those from the designs of Stothard are amongst the most exquisite gems of their kind. But, numerous as were his plates for the illustrations of books, his labours were not confined to them. Amongst his more celebrated performances may be particularly noticed, the 'Dead Soldier,' after Wright; the 'Death of Major Pearson,' after Copley; the 'Riots in Broad Street,' after Wheatley; the 'Death of Lord Nelson,' after West; the 'Statue of Mr. Pitt, at Cambridge,' by Nollekens; and the whole-length of 'General Washington,' after American Stewart.

It was in the delicate and elegant, rather than in the bold and powerful, that Mr. Heath excelled; his great competitor, Sharp, was his superior in the latter qualities. Mr. Heath was one of the Six Associate Engravers of the Royal Academy.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE meetings of the Royal Society for the session, commenced on Thursday last, November 20th, J. W. Lubbock, Esq., V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.—The greater part of the time of the evening was occupied in the reading, by the Secretaries, of the abstracts of the numerous papers which had been laid before the Society, at its last meeting in June, and in the announcement of the donations made to the Society since that period. The following gentlemen were, by ballot, elected Auditors of the Treasurer's accounts, viz. H. T. De la Beche, Esq., Henry Holland, M.D., Herbert Mayo, Esq., Sir John Rennie, and the Rev. W. Whewell. The following were proposed as candidates for election as Fellows of the Royal Society; namely, Martin Tapper, Esq., of New Burlington Street; John Hamett, M.D. of Birmingham; John Edye, Esq., Surveyor in His Majesty's Navy, and A. W. Beetham, Esq. of Forest Lodge, Tulse Hill, Surrey.

Two papers were read; the first, by Mr. Lubbock, entitled, 'On the Determination of the Terms in the Disturbing Function of the Fourth Order, as regards the Eccentricities and Inclinations which give rise to Secular Inequalities,' and the second, by Mr. Ivory, entitled, 'Note on the Astronomical Refractions.'

## ORIENTAL TRANSLATION FUND.

At the last meeting of the Committee of this Institution (Nov. 10th), complete copies of the following works were presented:—'Kāmrap,' the second Miscellaneous Volume of the Ethiopic Didascalia; and the first *livraison* of the 'Harivansa';—as the second *livraison* is said to be in a state of considerable forwardness, we have deferred our notice of this Hindū poem until a larger portion of it comes before us.

Arrangements were made for putting immediately to press, at Oxford, Professor Wilson's Translation of the 'Vishnu Purana': it will be illustrated with copious notes, and may be expected to appear early in the ensuing summer.

M. Dupuis, vice-consul at Tripoli, offered to the Committee a History of the Wazirs (viziers or governors) of Barbary. His proposals for a translation of this curious and interesting work were sanctioned unanimously.

It was notified on the part of Professor Fleischer, that his translation of the 'Khatun-Námeh' (a Turkish account of the Chinese empire,) was completed. It was resolved, that the translation should be published, together with the Turkish text, and that some eminent Chinese scholar should be employed to contribute illustrative notes. (We believe that Professor Stanislas Julien will be requested to supply the required commentary.)

A translation of Salouhi's 'History of the Temple of Jerusalem,' from the Arabic, by the Rev. — Reynolds, was offered to the Committee. We have reason to hope that it will be accepted, and feel assured that this extraordinary specimen of Oriental traditions will not be among the least interesting works published at the expense of the Fund.

Signor Gayangos, of Madrid, sent to the Committee a more perfect copy of 'Ibn Batuta's Travels' than that translated by Professor Lee: still it is not complete, and we hope that the Society will exert itself to procure a perfect manuscript, and publish the translation of the whole, with notes better calculated to elucidate the author than to show the learning of the translator.

A portion of Mr. Shea's translation of the 'Dabistán' was submitted to the Committee;

\* We have been obliged by unavoidable circumstances to delay our notice of these works until next week.

and all the members expressed their approbation of the ability shown by the translator of this very interesting, but very difficult account of the religions of the East. The Earl of Munster proposed that the chapter on Hindū mythology should be submitted to some Sanscrit scholar, who might supply explanatory notes. The proposal was at once adopted. We suggest, in addition, the propriety of a close comparison between the account of the Magians in the 'Dabistán' and the precepts of the 'Zend-avesta.' We cannot pass over this topic without expressing our regret, that no one has yet appeared disposed to follow out Colebrooke's researches into the analogies between the philosophic schools of Greece and of India. France and Germany have given us theorists enough on the subject; but a plain common-sense investigator of the subject is wanting,—and where can we look for another Colebrooke?

It was mentioned in the meeting, that Klaproth's History of the Japanese Dairis, or Ecclesiastical Emperors, would speedily appear, and also Biuloblotzky's translation of the Hebrew Chronicle. Mr. Bird's History of Gujerat was also mentioned as nearly ready.

## STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

As this Society is now established, and has come into active operation, it may be interesting to the general reader, if we introduce our notice of the first seasonal meeting, by stating generally what are the contemplated objects of the Society, as announced in the prospectus issued by the Provisional Committee, Messrs. Hallam, Babbage, Jones, and Drinkwater.

It is established for the purpose of procuring, arranging, and publishing facts calculated to illustrate the condition and prospects of Society; and the first and most essential rule of its conduct will be, to exclude carefully all opinions from its transactions and publications—to confine its attention rigorously to facts,—and, as far as it may be found possible, to facts which can be stated numerically and arranged in tables.

The first monthly meeting for the season was held on Monday evening, at the rooms in St. Martin's Place, and very numerous attended. The Marquis of Lansdowne, (President,) took the chair, and the following papers were read by the Secretaries. The first, by Charles Hope Maclean, Esq., contained an Account of the Proceedings of the Statistical Section of the British Association held at Edinburgh in September last. The second, by Woronzow Greig, Esq., treated on the Character and Condition of the Irish Labourer; while the third, by G. R. Porter, Esq., was entitled, An Analysis of the Accounts and Depositors of the Devon and Exeter Savings Bank, accompanied with a few remarks upon the nature and advantage of that Institution.

The announcement of a long list of Fellows elected since the anniversary meeting in May, and of the individuals who had made donations of books, &c. to the Society during the same period, was received with much satisfaction, and after passing a vote of thanks to the three above-mentioned gentlemen, for the valuable information they had communicated to the meeting in their respective papers, the members retired to an adjoining room, where tea and coffee had been provided for their refreshment; it being, as we understand, and, as we think, wisely, the intention of the Society to follow in this respect, the example of the Royal and other Institutions.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Nov. 20.—Hudson Gurney, Esq., V.P., in the chair. The Society resumed its weekly meetings after the summer vacation, and the usual routine business having been disposed of,—reading the minutes of the proceedings of the last meeting, testimonials of candidates for election into the Society, and a list of books, &c. presented during the vacation, with the names of the donors, to

whom the thanks of the Society were voted—the Secretary proceeded to read such communications as he had received in furtherance of the objects of the Society. The first was from Mr. Doubleday, presenting a cast in lead from the ruins, of the Seal of St. Stephen's Chapel, in a box made from the wood of a beam which had formed part of the constructions of the Painted Chamber. Sir H. Ellis read next a letter from Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart. a Fellow of the Society, inclosing a communication from Mr. Farmer Dukes, of Shrewsbury, descriptive of some pike and spear heads, which had been dug up lately at the Wrekin, in the county of Salop, and of which metal casts were laid on the table. They are evidently of the period of the Roman domination in England; and it is suggested by Mr. Dukes, from the locality in which they were discovered, that they may be relics of the battle which decided the fate of Caractacus.

The Bishop of Chichester, who was present, communicated a description by Mr. King, a medallist of Chichester, of a colossal head lately discovered in digging for a drain near to the chapel of the Episcopal Palace of that city, and which Mr. King believes to be a head of Edward I.; that it was of a person of royal dignity, seems evident from the crown, but the drawings of it exhibited with the manuscript, do not convey an idea of the commonly received likeness of that monarch. Mr. King's paper contained also drawings, a description of, and speculations on some Egyptian antiquities, now in the possession of the Literary and Philosophical Institution of Chichester, which were discovered at Thebes in 1823.

The last communication read was introductory to an account of some antiquities discovered in the Caribbean Islands, which, with the objects themselves, was deferred to a future evening.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 19.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—A paper by Mr. Austen, F.G.S., was first read, on an 'Ancient Beach containing recent Marine Shells, thirty feet above the level of the Sea, at Hope's Nose, near Babbacombe; and on the Watcomb Fault.'

A communication was afterwards commenced, entitled, 'Some Facts in the Geology of the Central and Western Portions of North America, collected principally from the Statements and unpublished Notes of recent Travellers,' by Mr. Rogers, F.G.S., of Philadelphia.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society.....	Nine, P.M.
	Zoological Society (Scientific)	
TUE.	Business.....	8 P.M.
	Medico-Chirurgical Society.....	8 P.M.
	Medico-Botanical Society.....	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts.....	7 P.M.
	Royal Society.....	8 P.M.
TH.	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.

#### MUSIC

##### SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

This Society gave its second Concert on Monday evening. The band was better, though its violins wanted nerve and clearness; and the custom of changing leaders and conductors cannot but have an injurious effect upon the performances. Some of the vocal pieces failed in consequence of a want of consent between the voices and orchestra; and we are sorry to state that (with one exception) they were not so distributed as to receive more than a very moderate share of justice. We do not say this out of captiousness, but there is no overlooking the mediocrity of the singers engaged for this evening, although we shall not mention names. The exception was Miss Birch, whose singing of Mr. W. S. Bennett's elegant canzonet, 'In native loveliness,' must have satisfied its composer. Of the compositions which were new to us, the majority bear out our opinion

expressed a few weeks ago, that our rising English composers want a decided mind and manner of their own. We have tried in vain to recall one striking *motivo*, one new harmonic change, one fresh arrangement of familiar phrases, either in the overtures or symphony given in the course of the evening. Mr. Attwood's Coronation Anthem, 'O Lord, grant the King a long life,' is too fragmentary a composition to please us; his *terzetto* 'Qual silenzio,' went so unsteadily that we were in momentary fear of what is familiarly called a "break down." Mr. Barnett's two pieces from the 'Mountain Sylph,' (particularly the bass song and chorus,) were hardly allowed a fair chance of success. After what we have found it our duty to say, it is especially pleasant to us to be able to notice Mr. W. S. Bennett's pianoforte concerto with almost unqualified praise. His playing was finished and expressive, but it is of the composition we would speak particularly, as being full of sweet and natural melodies, and wrought throughout in a masterly manner, without any of the trick or eccentricity into which young writers are so apt to fall, by way of showing their cleverness. He has nothing to do but to go on and prosper, and we hope to hear much more of his music. Mr. Banister's violin solo was moderately well played; the piece was by Blagrove—who has heard De Bériot's music, and pilfered a little of what he has heard. Mr. G. Macfarren's overture was hardly equal to his symphony performed at the first concert.

#### THEATRICALS

##### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. On Monday, the New Opera of THE RED MASK. And other Entertainments. On Tuesday, a New Farce (in Two Acts), TAM O'SHANTER. THE RED MASK every other Evening. THE REGENT Three times a Week.

##### THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, MANFRED; and CINDERELLA. Monday, THE LOVER OF THE DEW; Jago, Mr. Vandenhell. And THE SPOON, a New Ballet. MANFRED every other Evening.

##### DRURY LANE.

THE Opera of 'Il Bravo,'—music by Mariani,—founded on Mr. Cooper's novel, 'The Bravo,' has been adapted to our stage by Messrs. Planché and T. Cooke, and was produced on Saturday last, under the title of 'The Red Mask, or the Council of Three.' Mr. Planché has adhered more closely than his foreign predecessor to the novel, and the result has been the production of a better and more interesting drama. It would be an affront to Mr. Cooper, the American author, to suppose it necessary to give even a sketch of the plot; but it would be a greater affront to Mr. Cooper, the English actor, not to allude to the great interest which the public have manifested for the safety of his head. On the first night all went smoothly and creditably to authors, composers, artists, actors, and singers, up to the catastrophe—when the public indignation was aroused by the "decapitation of the Bravo,"—a representation of which delightful ceremony, as to all but the exact moment at which the head is supposed to leave the body, actually took place in sight of the audience. It appears that conflicting opinions existed previously to the experiment being made, as to whether an English audience would like such an exhibition,—subsequently, we should think, there could be but one. The Press was loud in its denunciations; and, on the second night, public opinion was deferred to, and an alteration took place. We most fully concur in the propriety of some alteration, and, had we come early enough, we should have been among the first to call for it; but we do not like that which has been made. The other extreme has been resorted to—the Bravo is pardoned,—and one Mr. Cooper's tale is sacrificed to save another Mr. Cooper's head. However,

it is too late to ask for more changes—and, as the public are satisfied, why should not we be? Indeed, those who are not satisfied with this opera must be most unreasonable; for it is one which, in point of merit, has not often been surpassed,—in point of splendour, never. As a drama, it has more interest about it than any other operatic one we could name; as an opera, it contains a great deal of music which is full of melody, and, consequently, cannot fail to be pleasing, although there is nothing powerfully striking, or perhaps very original. As an exhibition of a series of works of Art, it is difficult to say whether it causes most wonder, or most delight: indeed, Mr. Stanfield's works, in this department of his art, have now got so far beyond praise, that praise hobbles after, and tries in vain to come up with them. As a spectacle, it has been produced with great care, and seemingly without regard to expense; and, finally, as a whole, it presents an entertainment replete with attraction—including, as it does, in addition to what we have said, singing of a very superior order, by Miss Shirreff, Mr. E. Seguin, Mr. Templeton, &c.; and acting, creditable to all concerned,—but excellent on the part of Mr. Younge, and perfect on that of Miss Ellen Tree. This young lady had no opportunity for producing any great effect until the third act; but when it came, it was a noble one, and nobly did she turn it to account. A piece of acting—we beg pardon—a piece of nature—more brilliant, more beautiful, or more exquisitely touching, never rung upon the hearts nor moistened the eyes of a spell-bound audience. The applause which followed her exit was long and loud, but it would not have been beyond her desert if it lasted for a month. Miss Ellen Tree, no less from her personal advantages, than from her superior merit, has long held the first place in the serious drama of the metropolis; but still, she was first, more because there was nobody before her, than because it was out of the question that there ever should be. As far as this part is concerned, she may now take that place as a matter of right; for that she should be surpassed in it, is impossible;—indeed, seeing that she has now proved that her talents rise in proportion to the demand made upon them, we may safely congratulate her upon there being no chance of her throne being even disputed. Her acting on Saturday last was fully equal to the brightest and best efforts of Miss O'Neill.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Schleiermacher.*—We have just received from Berlin a prospectus or proposal for the formation of some worthy and appropriate monument to the memory of the learned, eloquent, and pious Schleiermacher. The incuriousness and indifference of this country with regard to the learned men and works of Europe, leave us no hope that, as a call, it will meet with any answer. Nevertheless, as a remarkable incident, it is at least well worth recording, and we shall give some extracts. The names of the illustrious brothers von Humboldt, of von Savigny, of Steffens, and others, leaders of this enterprise, show in what reverence learning and eloquence, enlisted in the cause of religion, are held in Prussia. "PROPOSAL."

"The generally-expressed wish to found some worthy monument to the memory, and in the name, of Schleiermacher, has induced us, in concert with the widow of the deceased, to combine our efforts for the foundation of a commemorative endowment. The aim of this endowment, conceived, as it appears to us, in the spirit and character of the departed, and appropriate to the qualities which so eminently distinguished him, is as follows:—To encourage and maintain during their studies (which must be directed to no exclusive por-

tion, and limited by no one-sided views of theology,) such of the theological students of the University of Berlin, as can produce complete and satisfactory testimonials of their having passed through a thorough fundamental course of philological study at school, and have distinguished themselves at the University, not only for learning and good conduct, but for speculative talent, so as to afford well-grounded hope of eminence and utility in a philosophical and theological career. It is intended that young men who fulfil these conditions should be placed in a situation to devote themselves exclusively, and with minds undisturbed by pecuniary anxieties, to their studies, for the entire period of their University career, and, in cases which the trustees of the endowment shall unanimously concur in thinking peculiarly urgent, shall receive a continuation of such assistance after the period of their academical studies is terminated. By such an institution we hope best to keep alive among us the memory of Schleiermacher, and of the inestimable value of his life and doctrine; and to transmit those sentiments to a remote posterity; since the men who receive its benefits,—the living monuments of his influence,—will set him before them as the object of their emulation, and will ever gratefully acknowledge that their uninterrupted course of study through the loftier regions of philosophy and sacred letters is indissolubly connected with his great name. • • • We, therefore, invite all who honour and revere the memory of Schleiermacher (and the number of those who owe to him the culture of their heart and mind is extremely great) to lend us their aid towards the execution of this project. As we are ready to receive contributions either from Berlin or elsewhere, and publicly to account for the same, we shall immediately provide that both in Germany, and in every country from which we can venture to expect sympathy in our undertaking, friends or admirers of Schleiermacher may co-operate with us in collecting such contributions."

(Signed)—WILH. V. HUMBOLDT, ALEX. V. HUMBOLDT, and ten others.)

*The Temperature of the Sea.* [From a known and valued correspondent.]—With much interest have I examined the observations on the temperature of the sea, by Sir John Herschel, given in No. 364 of your excellent Journal, for Saturday, October 15th, which seem to corroborate the observations of Dr. Davy, and other scientific men, that the temperature of the sea is less over banks contiguous to land, than it is farther out in deep water. I was therefore, surprised, to see in your next number, for October 25th, the conclusion drawn by the officers of H.M.S. Chanticleer,—"that the vicinity of shoals, within the tropics, is not denoted by any coolness in the water." This conclusion seems to have been made upon some observations, taken on the *Abrilhas Bank*, which extends far out from the land of Brazil, consisting generally of detached patches of coral; and it might reasonably be expected, that the oceanic stream in passing over these coral shoals, would lose a smaller portion of heat, than it would over extensive banks contiguous to the land. Clay and loam being of a cold nature, it seems probable that the sea may be cooled more speedily in contact with a bottom of clay and mud, than it would be over coral banks, where a portion of heat, perhaps, is evolved from the living matter, of which these banks are constructed.—I have several times observed a phenomenon within the tropics, and near the equator, which was attributed to a diminution of temperature in the atmosphere, over shoal banks, where a deep sea environed them: for in sailing with a steady breeze, while in deep water, as soon as the edge of these shoal banks was entered, the sails immediately flapped to the masts from a failure of the wind, and after pass-

ing over them, or tacking to regain the deep sea, the regular breeze instantly returned. The diminution of temperature over these banks, no doubt, arrested the regular current of the wind.—A good swimmer is very sensible of a deficiency of temperature in shoal water, when the sea is smooth, if a convenient place be found, where a deep and shoal sea lie contiguous. For if the deep part be entered by a swimmer, the sea will be found much warmer there, than in a few feet of water close to the shore. But in stormy weather, with a heavy surf, beating against a rocky shore, or beach of pebbles, or coarse sand, the temperature of the sea is increased by friction: at least, this appears to me to have been the cause of my feeling the sea always warmer than usual, when amusing myself in a high surf during stormy weather.

*Population of Warsaw.*—According to a French statistical journal, the present population of the city of Warsaw, exclusive of the garrison, is 129,000 persons, of whom 85,957 are Catholics, 8713 Lutherans, 775 Schismatic Greeks, 323 of the Reformed church, 33,034 are Israelites. The number of houses in Warsaw is 2966.

*Substitute for Coffee and Snuff.*—A curious discovery is spoken of by *Le Poleur*, no other than a plant, which it is only necessary to look at when there is a desire to sneeze! and which when reduced to powder, makes a delicious beverage, somewhat similar to coffee.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

*The Life and Times of William the Third, King of England, and Stadtholder of Holland, by the Hon. A. Trevor.*

*The History of Germany.*

*Domestic Life in England, from the earliest period, to the present time.*

*Twenty Sermons, by the late Rev. William Howells. Faustus; a dramatic Mystery.—The First Walpurgis Night.—The Bible of Corinth; translated from the German of Goethe, by John Anster.*

*Short What; a sketch of its History, &c. by Major A. Mr. Loudon announces a new publication, to be entitled, *Arboretum Britannicum; or, Portraits from Nature, to a scale of a quarter of an inch to a foot, of all the trees of ten years' growth, which endure the open air in Britain; drawn from trees within ten miles of London: with botanical specimens of the flowers, and fruit, or seeds of each tree, to a scale of two inches to a foot.**

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## REVIEWS

*Miscellaneous Translations from Oriental Languages.* Vol. II.

*The Ethiopic Didascalia; or, Apostolical Constitutions of the Abyssinian Church.* Edited and Translated by T. P. Platt, Esq. Published for the Oriental Translation Committee by R. Bentley.

THE second miscellaneous volume published by the Oriental Translation Committee, possesses more varied and general interest than most of their previous publications. It contains six articles, of which four are historical, one religious, and one agricultural; the last is the only one that we could have spared.

The first is a genealogical catalogue of the kings of Armenia, compiled by Prince Hubboff, who claimed descent from that ancient line of monarchs; it is more exact than the tables prefixed to the common editions of Moses Khronensis, and brief historical anecdotes are related of the principal persons mentioned. The Armenian accounts of the great Mithridatic war, and of Pompey's campaigns in the East, tend to illustrate the narratives of the Latin authors, and make us acquainted with some new facts concealed by Roman pride or distorted by Roman prejudice. Some curious information is given respecting the state of the Armenian kingdom in Cilicia during the two first crusades, which elucidate Vartan's History, already published by the Committee.

The second is an extract from the Akbar-Námeh, or history of the Emperor Akbar, written by his celebrated vizier Abul-Fazl. This, we trust, is designed merely as a specimen, for the Committee could assuredly render no better service to Indian History than by procuring a translation of the entire work. Akbar stands alone among Asiatic sovereigns; liberal, enlightened, tolerant, brave in the field, wise in council, his only error was commencing reforms for which his subjects were not prepared. But though anxious to see an English version of the Akbar-Námeh, we should recommend the translator to omit Abul-Fazl's declamatory preambles, with much of his redundant rhetoric. He lived in the worst age of Persian literature, when the taste for florid ornament had attained its most extravagant height; and we should be sorry if these exuberances, more the fault of the age than the author, should create a distaste for his interesting narrative and perspicuous reasoning. The portion translated, is the history of the siege of Chaitúr, a fortress celebrated for its strength. The defence and attack were equally obstinate, and Abul-Fazl gives a very vivid description of the incidents that occurred, especially the explosion of a mine, which, through the mismanagement of the engineers, did considerable injury to the besiegers. We, however, feel more interested in the account given of Akbar's behaviour.

"Very frequently the monarch was in person present in the trenches close to the fort, and

it was his amusement to fire at the troops of the garrison as they exposed themselves from time to time. On one occasion, as he was making his usual circuit of the works, once passing near the gate of Lakuhtah, where the imperial troops were carrying on under cover the necessary operations of the siege, he took his stand behind the parapet, and proceeded, according to custom, to fire through the openings, or loop-holes, at the people of the garrison. Many of his courtiers were in attendance, and among these Jalál Khán, for the purpose of screening the person of his master, was standing close by, resting the target which he carried on the top of the parapet, and thus covered, he was observing the fire kept up by the besieged. The soldiers at work in the trench, or battery, were expressing their admiration of the extraordinary skill of one of the musketeers of the garrison, who defended one of the works opposite to them, and by whose single fire numerous casualties had been produced among them, when a shot from the same skilful hand, aimed at the target, passed through Jalál Khán's ear, without, however, any farther injury. The emperor observed to Jalál, that the man by whom he had been wounded did not seem disposed to show himself; but that if he would exhibit only one glimpse of his person, he would engage to avenge him of his wound. Then levelling his fusil at the matchlock of the same markman, the muzzle of which was presented through the loop-hole, the emperor fired—to fire and hit his object was one and the same thing. At the moment it was not known that the shot had taken effect, although even then it was so surmised, as the musket was seen to drop; but at the termination of the siege it was ascertained that the man actually fell by the emperor's hand; that his name was Ismáíl, and that he was commander of the musketeers of the garrison. Such an incident taking place before their eyes could not but fill the soldiery with redoubled confidence in the undoubted ascendancy of their sovereign's fortune."

The concluding scene of the siege will remind our readers of the fate of Sardanapalus, not the only example in Oriental history of the heroism with which despair may inspire the most effeminate and cowardly.

"Jubbár Kuli Divánah came and reported that not a man of the enemy was to be seen at the breach, and almost at the same instant the interior of the fort appeared on fire in several places. The attendants on the emperor were indulging in a variety of conjectures as to the meaning of this conflagration, when Rájáh Bahgwántás set the matter at rest by explaining that this was the Johar fire; adding, that in Hindustán, on the occurrence of a catastrophe such as was likely to happen on this memorable night, it was the custom to prepare a pile of sandalwood and odoriferous drugs, together with dry fuel and other combustibles smothered with oil, and placing those in whom they could confide in charge of their women, with instructions to set fire to the pile and consume these unoffending and hapless females to ashes, the instant it was ascertained that the conflict had terminated fatally, and that the men were slain.

"In fact, on the morning which dawned in victory to the imperial arms, it was ascertained that the shot discharged by the royal Akbar had actually taken effect on the person of Jaimal

Pátá, the governor of the fort, and at once decided the fate of Chaitúr and his own. The Johar conflagration was found to ascend from the mansions of Pátá of the Seisádhá tribe, and one of the Ráná's most confidential ministers, of the Rahtúra, of whom a certain Sáhib was the chief, and of Aisúrdas the leader of the Cháháns, in which there were consumed to the number altogether of three hundred helpless females."

The next article is a singular piece of secret Turkish history translated by Col. Gordon, detailing the intrigues which in the year 1807 led to the deposition of Mustáfá, and the restoration of his throne to the gallant and unfortunate Selim. It throws much light on the nature of the obstacles that Mahmoud has had to encounter in his efforts to reform the government of Constantinople. The following sketch of the proceedings of the Janissaries will show how necessary it was for Mahmoud to get rid of those insolent cohorts:—

"Sultán Mustáfá (on whom be the mercy and peace of God!) having been raised to the throne with indecent violence and precipitation, and being unable to fulfil promises made to the soldiery, his hungry and naked supporters plundered the riches of the men of rank slain by the sword on his accession, and squandered sums equal in value to the treasure of Bádáver, and amounting to fifty or sixty thousand purses, while the victorious pupils of Bektásh, burning the veil of moderation with a fury like that of hell fire, put up to suction the effects of the ministers who had remained to conduct the business in the capital. Thus the rage of the soldiery overcame the respect due to the crown, and their victory over the great men of the empire being complete, the abuses they committed both at Constantinople and in the camp, were past all bearing, and their excesses reached to a pitch beyond which they could not go. As the actual possessor of the throne paid no attention to their proceedings, those villains were thus encouraged to extend and prolong their atrocious career, while the wise and peaceable portion of the community was utterly cast down and confounded."

But Mahmoud has still to contend with the Ulema, or corporation of Turkish priests and lawyers, to whom the following description is as applicable now as ever it was:—

"The difficulty was this, that the ministers, (Ulema) putting on a show of legality and probity, (with a rosary in their hands and a tooth-pick in their girdles,) outwardly attentive to fasting and prayer, but inwardly bestriding negligence and tyranny, making the battlements of piety a curtain to cover their treachery, had, according to their hypocrisy, engaged cordially to support each other."

As a specimen of Turkish humour, we may notice the comparison of a vizier puzzled by contradictory opinions, to "a dog between two villages," and the following description of a cabinet council:—

"Nézir Aghá, and the other pretended sages, who surrounded the emperor, insisted that Alemdár Páshá, (the prime mover of the revolution,) was a faithful servant, and his power the right arm of the monarchy; while the Sultán (Mustáfá) himself treating the Vazir's fears as

groundless and absurd, taxed him with folly, and would not listen to his words. In vain that minister tore his bosom with clamour and outcries; a parcel of men, wise in their own conceit, railed at him with open mouths, and turned as deaf an ear as though he had called to the dead."

The fourth article is the Ritual of the Buddhist priesthood, translated from the original Pali, by Mr. Clough, Wesleyan Missionary in Ceylon. In this very curious document, will be found confirmation strong of the identity of Buddhism, with the corruptions introduced into the Eastern churches by Bardesanea, Mani, and other heresiarchs. Prof. Neumann has strongly insisted on this fact in his preface to the Catechism of the Shamans, and pointed out the striking similarity between the ecclesiastical discipline proposed by Maui, and that which is now established in Buddhistic countries; but the Ritual, translated by Mr. Clough, will be found, on comparison, almost exactly the same ceremonial as the Manichean fragments collected by Beausobre.

The treatise on Persian Horticulture contains little worthy of notice, except perhaps the following mode of accounting for trees being found in unusual soils, which merits a place in Cruikshank's Comic Almanack.

"If any lasting and productive tree be found on a different soil from that which it is adapted for, as described above, such casual growth is accounted for from the four causes, namely, that underneath the tree there might be hidden a treasure, or the tomb of a sage, or that the ruler of the country is fortunate and auspicious, or the unwearied exertion and good conduct of the planter."

The last article is an extract from a portion of Timur's Autobiography, which had not been previously translated. It contains an account of the Grand Festival, with which the conqueror celebrated his triumph over Ilderim Báyezid, or, as we more commonly call him, Bajazet. It is to be regretted that the Committee do not make some exertions to complete their translation of this extraordinary specimen of imperial autobiography. It is far too important a work to be thus published by piecemeal.

The history of the Didascalia, which is also before us, may be very briefly told:—

In the beginning of the last century, Mr. Whiston, equally remarkable for his extensive learning and eccentric theories, declared that the Canon of the New Testament was imperfect without the Apostolical Constitutions; he granted, indeed, that the Greek work, published under that name, was spurious, or, at least, greatly corrupted, but he maintained, that some of the Oriental churches probably possessed genuine versions, by which the nature of the doctrine that the apostles taught, could be satisfactorily ascertained. Dr. Grabe attacked Whiston's conjecture with greater severity than the occasion demanded, and proved, that, at least, the Arabic version of the Constitutions was an incorrect representation of the Apostolical Doctrine, a work known to have existed in the fourth century. About ten years ago, the Ethiopic version of the Didascalia was obtained by the Bible Society's agent at Malta, and transmitted to this country; Mr. Platt resolved to translate it, as a valuable contribution to our store of ecclesiastical knowledge, since it illustrates the ancient

condition, and the present creed, of the Coptic and Abyssinian churches.

Works published in the Amharic or Abyssinian language are so rare, that it has been deemed advisable to publish the original text: the types for this purpose were lent by the Bible Society;—a fact we record the more willingly, because the managers of that institution have on many occasions exerted themselves in the cause of oriental literature, without receiving due acknowledgment for their services.

The Didascalia do not possess the importance attributed to them by Whiston; the Ethiopic work is a corrupt version of a corrupt original, and, therefore, throws little or no light on the doctrine and discipline of the early Christian Church. It contains, however, enough to prove that Ludolf was justified in declaring that the Ethiopic church resembled the Lutheran more closely than the Roman, and consequently vindicates the character of that laborious and enthusiastic scholar from the charges of misrepresentation brought against him by the Jesuit missionaries.

*Young Hearts; a Novel.* By a Recluse; with a Preface by Miss Jane Porter. 3 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

The introductory words to this work are few and touching. "It was not to write a tale of animated amusement, a story of gentle admonition, which were her only motives when taking up the pen in her little boudoir of deep retirement. It was to cheer a drooping heart that sat near her; it was to disperse the tears of affliction from beloved eyes looking on her; it was to say to that disconsolate mourner—intreat me not to leave thee! whither thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy lot shall be my lot; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." We will not lift the veil higher from the domestic scene than Jane Porter has so tenderly done; we turn to the work, a tale of gentle admonition, written with much earnestness and not a little knowledge of life and manners.

The story, however, is not the chief attraction of the work; nor would it be safe to assert that it abides with the volatile Mary Belville and the gay Harry Mordaunt; in truth it resides, as is often the case in written tale and story, with the humbler accessories of the plot. Yet we mean not to say that the story is uninteresting, or that the heroine and hero are not remarkably well-bred and agreeable persons; the narrative is sinuous enough in its course, and the principal actors are much on the stage, and flirt and woo, and dispute and quarrel, and wed as their own wills or the destinies decree. Nay, there is a good kind-hearted old general; a country sibyl, who gives rational advice and tells fortunes; a steward, knavish and tyrannical, and his daughter Cathleen, who stumbles by keeping company above her condition—all of whom contribute to the interest of the tale—yet all would be insufficient without little Betty Higginbottom with her Papa and Pompey. The rustic ease, unaffected simplicity, and overflowing kindness of these characters, give light and life to all the work: in them, good breeding has not yet prevailed against the clouded shoe; we love to hear Bess amid her errands of charity and love, talk of the way in which she tied up flowers

for Covent Garden Market, before the golden shower of thirty thousand pounds descended on her; nor love we less the spirit of the market gardener still strong in her papa, notwithstanding the stately admonitions of his imperious spouse. We cannot, however, disguise from ourselves, that sixteen is a very tender age to be intrusted with a large fortune, let the heart of the holder be ever so single and kind; that the heiress has a touch too much of the hoyden, the father more of the spade and dibble than seems necessary, and the mother a great deal too much of the essentially vulgar and ignorant. Indeed, Mrs. Higginbottom commits greater havoc amid the king's English, than a cow could do in her daughter's flower garden.

We advise all young ladies who are timid in matters of true love, to read this novel; it is a lamp in their path, to light, not to mislead. They will see how much offence they can give an admirer with safety; how much of the north pole they may put into their looks, without actually chilling a lover to ice, and when they have driven some poor man distracted from their presence, how they may bring him rejoicing back to matrimony and repentance.

#### THE ANNUALS FOR 1835.

*The Book of Beauty.* Edited by the Countess of Blessington. London: Longman & Co. *The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.* Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts.

In the 'Book of Beauty' proceed, as it has hitherto done, its presumptuous title may yet be justified. It is the only one of the *Annals* which has progressively improved, and the present is a truly graceful and beautiful volume. Of the splendid series of plates we have heretofore spoken; they form, of course, the chief attraction; but the literature, with which we are now concerned, is pleasant and various in its character: two or three of the portraits are illustrated with feminine taste and delicacy by the editor. The younger D'Israeli has contributed a delightful little romance; Walter S. Landor, an excellent imaginary dialogue between Addison and Steele;—there is a clever tale by Lord Albert Conyngham; a poem by Barry Cornwall, containing one of his sweetest songs; and prose and verse by the author of the 'Heliotrope,' Mrs. Shelley, Lady C. Bury, Ralph Bernal, Leitch Ritchie, Thomas Moore, N. P. Willis, and other known writers. We must, however, be content with stealing a gem of Moore's.

#### *The Boat of Life.*

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Let's take this world as some wide scene,  
Through which, in frail but buoyant boat,  
With skies now rude, and now serene,  
Together thou and I must float;  
Beholding oft, on either shore,  
Bright spots where we should love to stay;  
But time flies swift his flying car,  
And on we speed—away, away.

Should chilling winds and rain come on,  
We'll raise our awning 'gainst the shower;  
Sit closer till the storm is gone,  
And smiling wait a sunnier hour.  
And if that summer hour should shine,  
We'll know its brightness cannot stay,  
And, happy while 'tis thine and mine,  
Complain not when it fades away.

Thus reach we both, at last, that fall  
Down which Life's currents all must go—  
The dark, the brilliant, destined all,  
To sink into the void below:  
Nor ev'n that hour shall want its charms,  
If side by side still fond we keep,  
And calmly, in each other's arms  
Together linked, go down the steep.

'The New Year's Gift' has always been a favourite with us: we infinitely prefer such fresh and lively stories as Mary Howitt, and Mrs. Watts, and Mrs. Hall set before us in their books for the delight of the young, to the sentiment or sorrow provided for children of a larger growth in most of the Annuals of greater pretension. This volume, so far as its letter-press is concerned, keeps up its reputation and our regard. The 'School Reminiscences,' by the author of the 'Book of the Seasons,' are capital, and the two rhymed dialogues, the 'Day of Hard Work,' and the 'Day of Disaster,' will make the sides of many a little reader shake with mirth as he or she cries out, "Dear! how like talking!" The 'Night Scene in a Poor Man's House,' by Mary Howitt, is full of power, and the deep unexaggerated pathos of real life. She has written much for this book, and written well; her 'May-fair' is an excellent bustling picture of a country carnival, but her 'Girl and the Dove' has a sort of quaint gracefulness about it which will adorn our columns, and we therefore extract it:—

My father is served by an old henchman,  
My mother by the stately Mistress Ann,  
My brother by a little foot-page so free,  
And this true dove it serveth me.

The old henchman he is rude and rough,  
His foot it is heavy, his speech as gruff;  
Whilst Mistress Ann cannot smile if she would,  
With her pursed-up mouth, and her pinched-up hood.

The little foot-page he is bold and vain,  
And needeth as much as a horse the rein;  
But my own true dove it is meek and wise,  
And I read its heart in its gentle eyes.

My father's squire, the henchman old,  
He serveth him not for love, but gold;  
And away this day from the hall would flee,  
Could he win but a nobler serving-fee.

And the Mistress Ann she would not stay  
To wait on my mother a single day,  
Although she has served her for many a year,  
Were it not for winning the silken gear.

And that light foot-page with the swinging feather,  
I know what keeps master and man together;  
The master has gold in a purse so full,  
And he knows how to spend far better than spare.

But the dove that was taken from the chestnut-tree,  
For nothing but love it serveth me;  
I bade it begone on a morn of May,  
But it looked in my eyes and begged to stay.

I showed it the woods so green and fair;  
I bade it list to the breezy air,  
To the coo of the doves so wild and low,  
But it clung to my hand, and would not go.

Ay, then, let the little foot-page go gay,  
Music his master as best he may;  
Let the Mistress Ann be grave as an owl,  
And the henchman put on his darkest scowl:

I like far better than all the three,  
The true little dove that serveth me,  
That is always merry and kind and good,  
And hath left for me its own greenwood.

The remainder of the contents of the volume are written by well-known hands, and are sufficiently varied and amusing.

*Artistic Journey through England and Belgium, &c.* [Kunstreise durch England und Belgien.] By J. D. Passavant. Frankfurt: Schermerber; London, Black & Young.

No book has been much more wanted for a long time than a breviary of the fine works in Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture scattered through England. Nowhere has it been more wanted than in England itself, for most Englishmen stalk over the land with as little knowledge about the miracles of art in their way as so many Turkish ambassadors. Yet, perhaps, no kingdom, save Italy itself, could exhibit such a catalogue of masterpieces,—at all events in painting. By a breviary we mean a volume like the present, or less! what might be called "a nice

little book," with the place where, time when, way how, every considerable work in the fine arts was to be seen, its subject, character, date, migrations, requisite measures, author's name, and no more. This, if complete, would be sufficient. Fine-spun critiques, antiquarian discussions, prefaces, poetry, whether in verse or prose, should be eschewed altogether—left to particular treatises. Brevity, portability, authenticity, would be the essential attributes of such a book, everything else irrelevant. Indeed we might propose to publishers a breviary of this kind, not for England alone, but every kingdom of Europe rich in works of art. How many and what miserable Guides, is a tourist through Italy compelled to purchase, if he would not depend on *ciceroni*, who consider it unprofessional to tell plain truth even if they know it! Scarce one Guide but is at the same time bald and trashy, filled with little you wish to know, and a deal of what you are glad to forget. We acknowledge, however, that the breviaries above-mentioned would require in the compilers a degree of knowledge, discrimination, diligence, and good faith, which are as rarely found together as the same number of cardinal virtues. In the meantime, therefore, we might recommend M. Passavant's work as a substitute for the English manual, if it did not happen, unfortunately, to be in German.

Our author's knowledge is extensive and accurate, his discrimination scientific, his diligence quite national. As to his good faith, no doubt from the best motive, he declares in his preface (p. viii.) that, "should we miss remarks upon some works attributed to the great masters, we are to understand that he only passes them over, not to injure by discovery of the truth." This is, to be sure, but a negative kind of honesty, which however may be the most we ought to expect from a critic. The public might indeed plead that as much is often learned from the analysis of a pretended Raphael or Claude as of a real. Nevertheless, to have opinions such as our author's, even upon the latter alone, is desirable. His volume contains, together with notices of the principal works in painting, sculpture, and architecture throughout England, like notices of the collections of designs at the British Museum, Buckingham House, Oxford, and Chatsworth; a Catalogue (with remarks) of Charles the First's gallery; another of the Orleans (with the names of the purchasers and prices paid); an account of the present state of the three arts in England, with critiques upon their chief professors; and a brief view of contemporary engraving:—all this, as well as the artistic journey through Belgium, followed by some remarks on the old Cologne school of painting, by a memoir of *Meister Gerhard* the dome-builder, and concluded by a section on the ancient cathedral of Frankfurt, two monogrammatic tables and eight engravings, complete the work of 450 pages. From a review of this syllabus it is obvious that too much is attempted: England alone might well occupy 450 pages of large print, and the inference arises that some portions of the work must be neglected. This is precisely the case. Not only does the author, as we have said, dispatch our engravings with a superficial glance, but hands us over to deputy remarks upon most of our villa collections, and scarce favours us with even a

flying opinion about our noblest specimens of architecture, such as Westminster Abbey, York Minster, &c. As for Belgium, nothing can be more meagre and unsatisfactory; a few straggling notices of some old-school pictures make up this part of the 'Artistic Journey.' M. Passavant had, to be sure, a right to publish what he pleased, to bind up an account of the wooden bench at Winchester, of the Pall-mall *Garofalo*, and *Hans Memling's* relic-boxes, under the name of 'Artistic Journey through England and Belgium';—he might have done this if he pleased, but we cannot help regretting he did not rather please to complete both his subjects instead of leaving one half finished and the other scarce begun. We may be selfish in this regret, for, notwithstanding what our very respectable author's work supplies, we still want a breviary of the fine arts in England.

Our idea of the author's merits as a connoisseur we have expressed generally above; the nature of his work precludes any lengthened details upon its execution. We may add, however, that it is singularly free, on the whole, from studied entanglement of phrase, and mystification of meaning, such as German writers too often seek to pass off for profundity, while it is, in truth, mere shallowness. Muddy the smallest pool, and we cannot at first sight be sure it is not as deep as the bay of Portugal. Were we to hint a fault, on the score of criticism, to our author, it would be, an overlooking to the antiquated—a love of the rust rather than the metal beneath it. For example, we should have preferred a critique on St. Stephen's, Walbrook (not at all noticed), to that on the Winchester wooden stool aforesaid; and the total reticence about Rubens and Vandyck, in an artistic tour through *Flanders*, to make room for minute details about Van Eyck, Memling, and Stuerbout, evince the *penchant* we allude to. As an antiquarian, our author may indeed choose to illustrate subjects most agreeable to the brotherhood; but as our object is a public one, we think it right to consider his work in relationship to the general reader. We are ourselves aware how the simplicity, expression, and earnest feeling of the old masters wind around the heart of an amateur; and we have often regretted the apparent uncongeniality of these merits, at their highest degree, with those of grandeur in outline, ease, and refinement. Nevertheless, as it is certain that these opposite merits have been united, at least in some cases, by the Greek statuary, Raphael, &c.; we are for keeping the mind open to the claims of both classes, so as to appreciate them severally; and thus encourage art to its summit—their conjunction. May we hope that this hint will have some weight with our author in his projected *Life of Raphael*? Whether or not, we shall still hail the work: Raphael's fame cannot be intrusted to a Frenchman, who, amidst all his *esprit*, is nationally deficient in poetic feeling: we only deprecate German affectation of too much soul, lest the *Life of Raphael* should be still a desideratum, though written by M. Passavant and Quatremère de Quincy.

Our notice of this volume might now conclude, were there not in its section upon Living British Artists one or two paragraphs which call for a commentary. Adverting with just disdain to the state of historical



painting in England, our author takes upon himself to account for it philosophically. One would think but little of the talent for perceiving "the connexions of innermost high relations," which he attributes as a specialty to his compatriots, the Germans, was requisite to solve a problem not altogether undemonstrable by that plain, practical sense with which, as with the refuse of genius, he endows the English. Art shone late among us, for the same reason that it shone later still among the Americans, inasmuch as England and America are on the outskirts of Europe, farther from the radiating centre of art—Italy. Among us, too, precisely when art arose, the great protector and promoter of it fell—Catholicism. What profounder "spiritual depths" is it necessary to dive into for an answer? Why should M. Passavant fine-draw his philosophy for any other causes? But no, these are too obvious to please a transcendental high Dutchman. He will have it that the English are not a sufficiently "contemplative nation" for the higher provinces of art!—that they are of too *mechanic* a turn, too much given up to the *active*, for the "deep poetical" condition required in dealers with history upon stone or canvas! Now as to the mechanic and the active, did our author forget that the very same argument by which he proves the absurdity of other philosophications about us, also proves this of his own? The *Flennings* were just as much devoted to active and mechanic life as the English are, yet, by his proper showing, they twice reached the summit itself of art, in the persons of Van Eyck and Rubens!—Again, did not the arts spring up and flourish in Italy at that period of all others the most active throughout its modern existence, and in the very emporia of its trade—Pisa, Florence, Venice? How is it that commercial Venice, and handicraft Florence should have excelled in the fine arts, while England shall not, because of her commerce and handicraft? How is it that mechanic Florence outstripped *contemplative* Rome, while contemplative Germany is to leave mechanic England so far behind her? For, without contesting the palm between Raffael and Michaelangelo, let it be recollected that Raffael, the soul and strength of the Roman school, was himself not a native of Rome, but of the busiest Italian latitude. And what, we would ask, has Italy done in these arts, since she became, *par excellence*, a contemplative nation? Videlicet—nothing! or worse, by the dogmas of German criticism; since her Canova, far from exalting sculpture, has degraded it. Look at Greece, Egypt, respectively the pedestal and basis of art: not alone were these the most active, industrious, and practical, of contemporaneous nations, but they were most so when art with each of them was at its highest; and in Greece, the Acropolis of art was precisely its busiest town—Athens. In a word, we take this opinion of M. Passavant's as the fruit of a narrow and foolish theory, suggested by that selfsame contemplative genius, which renders his compatriots in general still more notorious for absurd excogitations than fantastic. Had he blended with his contemplative a little of the *practical*, he would have found, on looking at facts, that it is from the *union* of these two everything great in art,—perhaps in speculation,—proceeds. Neglect either, and

the production is dead of one side. As instances at hand: 'twas this union that glorified in Shakespeare, Homer, Bacon, Newton, the divinities of our mental world. And of these four great lights, *three* were English,—the practical poet, philosopher, mathematician! Yet who will deny the contemplative to these? Why Pythagoras, the very incarnation of thought, was a practical legislator; and Plato, the very by-word for all that is visionary, a stirring politician! A one-sided mind may produce a singular work, but never a supreme. To engender this, the practical must excite the contemplative, and the contemplative exalt the practical. Otherwise, with one alone, we shall have—mud-cabins, or castles in the air. Now for an instance of what the pure contemplative, the German contemplative, can do by itself in art—take *Albert Durer*: what a wild man of the woods is here, with all the native powers and endowments of a first-rate human genius! Yet Albert was a contemporary of Raffael,—nay, a survivor. How are we to solve this phenomenon? Why Raffael lived in the swarm and buzz of Italian activity, while Albert was buried alive in the contemplative cloisters of the Black Forest:—So much for the pure contemplative!

Be persuaded, transcendentalists: it is far from requisite that a painter, that any one, to sound the great deep of poetry in his profession, should sit all day long, like a monk of Mount Athos, in contemplation; unless he wish to lose himself in purblind abstraction. Our "proud cousins" beyond the Rhine are a little mystified upon this matter: like most ultra-metaphysicians, they only take a dip into profundity, to come up with all its darkness about them. But leaving our Rosicrucians to their hypotheses, let us now ask in point of fact, what they have done of late, or what are they doing, in the Fine Arts,—those people that claim to themselves a monopoly of the contemplative? What are these wonderful works of theirs, shining in the eye of the public, which authorize them to smile with charitable scorn at the "praiseworthy colouring and chiaroscuro" of the English? Is it the classic frigidity of Signore, or the antiquated larcenies of Meinheer? Perhaps it is the attitudinarian sublimity of our Gallic neighbours,—for, we suppose, the French must rank as more contemplative than the English, not having yet been able to make themselves more commercial. Truly, we acknowledge colouring and chiaroscuro subordinate qualities; but are they not better than *none*? Granting the German, Italian, French professors, omnipotent wielders of the artistic tool, superior beings to us in the power of design,—let us humbly inquire, what have they *done with it*?—at least, what have they done with it, that entitles them to look upon our works as such dirt-pies in comparison with their immortal pyramids? Of all modern painters, is not the first confessedly an Englishman—Reynolds? Is there any one other who has yet taken by universal allowance, his niche among the ancients?—any one other—unless, indeed, it be Wilkie? Which of the three contemplative countries claim *him* as a subject? For Hogarth, we can spare his works from painting to satire. Then as to architecture, the most ideal of the arts: pray in what circle of Germany is the pendant to St. Paul's?—of Italy? or of France? We

speak of modern edifices. Considering the mass of colossal deformity that St. Peter's of Rome would present without its cupola and colonnade, we think it might be well asked, whether St. Paul's of London is not the greatest architectural work of the classic order since the Colosseum? Yet the builder of St. Paul's was, alas! one of the poor un-contemplatives—a mechanical Englishman! In sculpture, we have less pre-eminence: notwithstanding the name of Flaxman, let us grant we have none. Is that of the Holy Alliance against us in the Fine Arts, so axiomatic and enormous—have the three contemplative kingdoms left us so unfavourably beneath them, even in sculpture, that they should become supercilious? Would it not be well, if contemplative critics, ere they troubled their ingenuity, to explain *why* we should stand low in the arts, first proved that *we do*? Let them produce contemplative equivalents to Wren's Cathedral, Reynolds's Portraits, Wilkie's Cabinet-pictures, Wilson's Gainsborough's, Turner's Landscapes—and then begin their demonstration. Nay, let us inquire where are those astounding *historical pieces* that warrant any modern people so to take the *grand pas* of us in the sublime range of epic art? The simple truth is, that in this line there has been nothing done of great note by any nation since the Old Masters, while in the other lines of painting, almost all that has been done of great note, has been done by England: we challenge refutation. It is true, and we lament it, the grand instrument of historic painting, design, lies all but totally neglected among us. Shame as this, however, may be to England, it is still greater to Germany, Italy, and France: they, who do *not* neglect it, who have it ever in their hands, who possess (at least in their own conceit) full dominion over it—why do they wield it year after year, flourish it above us, twirl it like a juggler's stick to show their adroitness, cover acres of canvas and wall with its practice, yet produce *nothing*,—nothing, we say, of the historical species to compete with our humble portraits? We do not defend our present *fieri* taste in the arts—it is beneath our magnificent ambition to be first in all things else: but surely a good portrait is better than a bad history piece, and a fine water-colour at least equal to an indifferent fresco? Name us the foreign artist of the present day, who stands as high, in *any* pictorial department, as Lawrence. Only prove to us by your works, you contemplative nations, that your great powers of design give you any head over England, and then, perhaps, we may blush for her instead of for you.

Notwithstanding the above strictures on what may have been a passing hallucination of our author, we repeat our good opinion of his work, for which we thank him sincerely. Nor, indeed, should those strictures have gone such a length, but that we thought the vice of his reasoning infected, perhaps, more theorists than himself, and might so prove deleterious to the world of art—much more than to our insulated province of it, England. His own visionary countrymen are, we may add, most disposed to indulge that vice, and suffer from it: let them *once* be persuaded there is anything like *antagonism* between the contemplative and the active principles—nay, let them *not* be persuaded of the indispensable union between the real and ideal

to generate a work of supreme excellence—and they will remain what they have ever been too much as yet—monster-mongers, metaphysical children of the mist, aspirants who embrace mere vapours for divinities. Let them, and all who may be concerned, remember this at once fable and profound truth—that Fame, though she has her head in the clouds, still has her feet upon earth.

*Guy Rivers, the Outlaw, a Tale of Georgia.*  
By the Author of 'Martin Faber.' 3 vols.  
New York: Harper & Brothers; London,  
Newman & Co.

There is power and interest enough in this novel to make it acceptable to those readers of fiction whose appetites are satisfied with strong, rather than delicate food; and who, provided they find passion and incident in a story, are not repelled by finding both pushed to the extremes of exaggeration and terror.

The scene of the story is laid in one of those remote districts of America, where Nature has hardly yet given place to man, and where the law "of the strong hand" seems the only code by which society is governed. So that we have, as might be expected, views of such savage and wild scenery as appear like a dream to us islanders, and pictures of life, coarse and reckless, with here and there such a fine free character (as witness Mark Forester the woodman), and such a trait of genuine untaught nobleness of heart, as are found all over the world, even in its darkest haunts and corners, for the vindication of humanity.

There is little further to be said of the characters of the story; Ralph Colleton, like many other heroes, is an exile from home, under a cloud of unhappiness and doubt—his lady-love, the fair Edith, is little seen—and not half so worthy of love as Lucy Munro, the maid of the inn, whose uncle, and Guy Rivers the Outlaw, are two as proper villains as were ever introduced to the gracious public by the means of the Minerva press. We have also one or two spirited scenes, wherein "the regulators" figure; and one of them, touching their dealings with a fraudulent pedlar, has such a back-wood reality about it, that we shall transfer it to our pages. It must be premised, that the offences of Jared Bunce, the criminal aforesaid, had been numerous and flagrant, and that he was now standing before as angry and unceremonious a jury as could well be assembled. His manner of treating the charges against him is thoroughly characteristic.

"The chairman, with due gravity began:—'Jared Bunce—is that your name?'

"'Why, lawyer, I can't deny that I have gone by that name, ever since I began business, and I guess its the right name for me to go by, seeing that I was christened by the name of Jared, after my old uncle Jared Withers, that lives down at Dedham, in the state of Massachusetts. He did promise to do something for me, seeing I was named after him, but he han't done nothing yet, no how. Then the name of Bunce, you see, lawyer, I took from my father, his name being Bunce, too, I guess.' . . .

"'First, then, it is charged against you, Bunce, by young Dick Jenkins, that stands over in front of you there, that somewhere between the fifteenth and twenty-third of June, last June was a year, you came by night to his plantation, he living at that time in De Kalb county; that you stopped the night with him,

without charge, and in the morning you traded a clock to his wife for fifteen dollars, and that you had not been gone two days, before the said clock began to whizz, whizz, whizz, and commenced striking, whizzing all the while, and never stopped till it had struck clear thirty-one, and since that time it will neither whizz, nor strike, nor do nothing.'

"'Why, lawyer, I a'n't the man to deny the truth of this transaction, you see; but then, you must know, much depends upon the way you manage a clock. A clock is quite a delicate and ticklish article of manufacture, you see, and it a'n't everybody that can make a clock, or can make it go when it don't want to; and if a man takes a hammer or a horsewhip, or any other unnatural weapon to it, as if it was a horse or a horse, why, I guess, it's not natural to expect it to keep in order, and it's no use in having a clock no how, if you don't treat it well. As for its striking thirty-one, that indeed is something quite remarkable, for I never heard one of mine strike more than twelve, and that's jest the number they're regulated to strike. But, after all, lawyer, I don't see that Squire Jenkins has been much a loser by the trade, seeing that he paid me in bills of the — Bank, and that stopped payment about the time, and before I could get the bills changed; it's true, I didn't let on that I knowed anything about it, and got rid of the paper a little while before the thing was known abroad in the country.'

"'Now, look ye, you gingerbread-bodied Yankee—I'd like to know what you mean about taking whip and hammer to the clock. If you mean to say that I ever did such a thing, I'll lick you now, on the spot.' . . .

"'You are again charged, Bunce, with having sold to Colonel Blundell, a coffee-pot, and two tin cups, all of which went to pieces, the solder melting off at the very sight of the hot water.'

"'Well, lawyer, it stands to reason I can't answer for that. The tin wares I sell stand well enough in a northern climate; there may be some difference in yours that I can't account for; and I guess, pretty much, there is. Now, your people are a mighty hot-tempered people, and take a fight for breakfast, and make three meals a day out of it—now, we in the north have no stomach for such fare; so here now, as far as I can see, your climate takes pretty much after the people, and if so, it's no wonder that solder can't stand it. Who knows, again, but you boil your water, quite too hot? Now, I guess, there's jest as much harm in boiling water too hot, as in not boiling it hot enough. Who knows? All I can say, in the way of excuse to the colonel, is, that the lot of wares I bring to this market next season, shall be calculated on purpose to suit the climate.'

"The chairman seemed struck with this view of the case, and spoke with a gravity to his auditory corresponding with the deep sagacity he conceived himself to have exhibited.—'There does seem to be something, my friends, in this particular; and it stands to reason, what will do for a nation of pedlars and patchers won't do for us. Why, when I recollect that they are buried in snows half the year, and living on nothing else the other half, I wonder how they get the water to boil at all. Answer to that, Bunce.'

"'Well, lawyer, I guess you must have travelled pretty considerably down east, in your time and among my people, for you do seem to know all about the matter, jest as well and something better than myself.'

But this well-turned compliment does not deliver him out of the hands of judges as keen as himself. His cart and its contents are brought in by way of proving his misdeeds. Our friends at Manchester may bless them-

selves that they have no "regulators" to oversee their "notions," when they read the following—one out of many charges:—

"'To show you that it's high time to do something in the matter, look at this piece of calico print, that looks, to be sure, very well to the eye, except, as you see, here's a tree with red leaves and yellow flowers—a most ridiculous notion, indeed, for who ever seed a tree with sick colours here, in the very beginning of summer?'

"Here the pedlar, for the moment, more solicitous for the credit of the manufacturers than for his own safety, ventured to suggest that the print was a mere fancy, a matter of taste—in fact, a notion, and not therefore to be judged by the standard which in a spirit rather more Procrustean than was necessary, had been brought to decide upon its merits. He did not venture, however, to say what, perhaps, would have been the true horn of the difficulty, that the print was an autumn or winter illustration, for that might have subjected him to condign punishment for its unseasonableness. As it was, the defence set up was to the full as unlucky as any other might have been.

"'I'll tell you what, master Bunce, it won't do to take natur in vain. If you can show me a better painter than natur, from your parts, I give up; but until that time, I say that any man who thinks to give the woods a different sort of face from what God give 'em, ought to be licked for his impudence, if nothing else.'

The end of this scene is, as may be foreseen, the destruction of all Jared Bunce's wares. He finds, however, one friend in need;—the lawyer, whom he had so adroitly complimented a while before, and who lends him his horse to escape upon. The pedlar knows well how to turn kindness to account, as the following letter will show:—

"To the Lawyer Pippin, Esq."

"DEAR LAWYER,—I guess I am pretty safe now from the regulators, and saving my trouble of mind, well enough, and nothing to complain about. Your animal goes as slick as grease, and carried me in no time out of reach of rifle shot—so you see its only right to thank God, and you, lawyer; for if God hadn't touched you, and you hadn't lent me the nag, I guess it would have been a sore chance for my bones, in the hands of them savages and beasts of prey.

"I've been thinking, lawyer, as I driv along, about what you said to me, and I guess its no more than right and reasonable I should take the law on 'em; and so I put the case in your hands, lawyer, to make the most on it; and seeing that the damages, as you say, may be over five hundred dollars, why, I don't see but the money is just as good in my hands as theirs, for so it ought to be. The bill of particulars, for the notions and other stuffs, I will send you in the bill. In the meanwhile you may say, having something to go upon, that the whole comes to five hundred and fifty dollars or thereabouts, for with a little calculation and figuring, I guess it won't be hard to bring it up to that. This don't count the vally of the cart, for as I made it myself, it didn't cost me much; but, if you put it in the bill, which I guess you ought to, put it down for twenty dollars more—seeing that if I can't trade for one somehow, I shall have to give something like that for another.

"And now, lawyer, there's one thing—I don't like to be in the reach of them 'ere regulators for some time to come yet, and guess 'twouldn't be altogether the wisest to stop short of a ride of fifteen miles to-night—so therefore, you see it won't be in my way, no how, to let you have your nag, which is a main fine one, and goes slick as a whistle—pretty much as if he and the waggon was made for one another; but this I guess will be no difference to you,

seeing that you can pay yourself his vally out of the damages. I'm willing to allow you one hundred dollars for him, though he an't worth so much no how, and the balance of the money you can send to me, or my brother, in the town of Meriden, in the state of Connecticut. So no more, dear lawyer, at this writing, from

"Your very humble servant to  
command, &c. &c."

(Signed) "JARED BUNCE."

If 'Guy Rivers' had contained more such scenes as the foregoing, to relieve the darker pictures of crime and lawless life which it contains, it would have been an improvement.

*On the Present State of Greece, and the Means of accomplishing its Restoration. [De l'Etat Actuel de la Grèce, &c.]* By Fred. Thiersch. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus; London, Black & Young.

INDEPENDENT of the interest which, from early associations, attaches us to the very name of Greece, the march of human affairs has tended to excite new feelings as to the fate which awaits that long-distracted country; and although the enthusiasm which greeted the recovery of her national rights may have subsided in a degree, the general voice of Europe has been too loudly expressed, again to permit their overthrow. The name of M. Thiersch has been long and honourably connected with that country: deeply versed in classic literature, and imbued with that spirit of freedom which cast a glory around its pages, M. Thiersch sought in modern Greece the traces of its ancient splendour, and sighed over the fallen state of the inheritors of its ancient name. Chance found him on the spot when the spark of liberty had lighted the train of injuries so long endured, and new Greece arose to vindicate her descent. There he continued during the long struggle,—there he was found under the short government of Capo d'Istria; and it is more than probable, that to his exertions, and his influence with the Greek chiefs, young Otto is mainly indebted for the crown he now wears.

Upon the historical chapters of M. Thiersch's work, we shall not venture further than to give his Summary of the State of Greece, and its prospects, from which our readers will discover the bent of his wishes, and come, perhaps, to the same conclusion with ourselves,—that he is somewhat visionary.

Speaking of the downfall of the Ottoman empire as certain, M. Thiersch asks—

Will Greece look on, an indifferent spectator? The question is not what she is at present, but what she may shortly become. Antedating her re-organization and her future state, she has been told of the glorious fate apparently awaiting upon her union with the Empire of the East, and her relationship with its people. In Greece, every wish tends that way. Ask a man drawn from the lowest class of the people, Which is the capital of Greece?—he will reply to you, Constantinople. Add further. And your revolution,—when will it terminate? His answer will be, When the Greek cross is planted on St. Sophia.

One may divert oneself at the existence of such fancies amongst a people not yet masters of the Hibernian soil they inhabit, but we ought not to despise them. Greece, once constituted and governed by wise laws, will have ranged on her side not only all the Christian population of the countries which extend from

Thessaly to the Black Sea, but also, what has hitherto remained unknown, the greater part of the Mussulman population.

The animosity which divided the two nations during the war has entirely ceased with their mutual oppression. A Turk from Athens, whom I found trading in all security at Syra, said to me, with some reason,—“At present, the Turks fight against Turks, and the Greeks against Greeks; but betwixt Greeks and Turks all is love and friendship.”

This change of sentiment extends still farther. During my last visit to Nauplia, there were refugee Mussulmans from Albania,—from Thessaly,—from Macedonia,—soldiers and merchants, and amongst their own people, agas and beys. As I had at different times shown them some regard, they frequently came to see me, and never failed to inquire—“When will our King arrive?” “Not your Sovereign,” I would reply,—“it is the King of the Greeks.” “Then he is ours also. We have the same country,—the same ancestors,—the same language,—the same manners and customs,—and there is no outward sign by which you could distinguish a Mussulman Albanian from a Christian Albanian.” “There you are right.” “And as we have suffered the same misfortunes, is it not natural that we should wish to enjoy the same prosperity?” “But your Sultan—your religion.” “The Sultan has ever been a stranger to us: we know him only by grievances; and as to religion, we shall surely fare as well under the King as under the Grand Seigneur. Let him go into his church,—we will turn into our mosque; and perhaps the time may come when we may adore the same God in the same temple, as we know our fathers did, before these ferocious beasts invaded our country. Therefore it is we would have this prince for our sovereign also; but we would have a King with a Constitution.” “How with a Constitution?—what do you mean by a Constitution?” “That is to say, that the King may not have the power of treating us like sheep, after the manner of the Sultan, or cutting off our heads at his pleasure.”

We shall now proceed to the second part of M. Thiersch's work,—“The Condition of Greece, and the Measures necessary for the accomplishment of its Pacification;” and, first, give a graphic description of ‘The Character and Manners of the Colonies which inhabit Greece:—

Nowhere does there exist a people whose manners, habits, civilization, and interests, present the diversity we find amongst the inhabitants of Greece.

In Roumelia, or continental Greece, the chivalrous spirit of the Middle Ages is still preserved in full force. Mingled with valour, we trace the bandit's spirit of plunder,—hospitality with violence,—ignorance with presumption; and, as liberty, wild and unrestrained, has ever reigned there without control, (although contested with the Captains by the Turks,) the men are still warlike and haughty,—displaying in their manners as much freedom as disposition to tumult and excess. Their manner of living,—their very articles of furniture and food, exhibit all the simplicity of the Hellenic era,—and perhaps they have been led again to draw nearer to it in proportion as the ancient civilization, which had modified without attacking its principles, became extinct in those mountainous regions abandoned almost to themselves.

Peloponnesus, if we except the Mainiotes, was entirely subjected to the Turkish yoke. There were only some families of Klephtes, such as the Colocotroni, the Coliopoulos, who, in the mountains, might be said to maintain a

kind of bandit liberty; but the families of the primates had so effectually seized upon the direction of affairs, that the pachas themselves were dependent on them, and in the name of the latter, they oppressed the people more than the Turks.

The islands, by their connexion and commerce with Europe, resemble it more nearly in civilization. The houses, furniture, clothes, food, and mode of sleeping, amongst the majority, are formed on the model of the Franks; and it is as if the traveller were transported to another age of the world. When coming, for example, from Helicon or Parnassus, where he will have seen in an humble but the master of the house, with his wife and children, lying round the fire, and opposite to him his asses and cattle,—and reaching a noble house at Tinos, or at Naxos, furnished in Venetian style, where every convenience and enjoyment of life is to be met with—a little behind, perhaps, in taste, but evidently designed from the social states of Europe.

In Roumelia, almost the whole country is cultivated by peasants of foreign extraction. There is scarcely a portion of eastern Greece, save the Parnassus stretching out like an impenetrable fortress in the middle of the plain, which has escaped the devastation of the conquerors: they all speak Greek, and their expressions retain a purity unknown to the vulgar tongue. The same thing occurs in western Greece, where the mountains of Agrapha, of Baltos, or Xeromenos preserve a colony of Hellenic extraction. The rest of the agricultural population, especially in the plains, is composed of Wallachians, Bulgarians, and Albanians, but they are all comprehended under the common name of Wallachians. Generally speaking, these agriculturists are robust men, possessing strongly marked features, yet differing widely from the regular beauty, the intellectual expression of Greek physiognomy; they are sober, laborious, patient, and, strange to say, display a probity, and goodness of heart, which neither the oppression of the Turks or primates on the one hand, nor the vexations of the soldiers and captains on the other, have been able to efface; but, at the same time they are silent, pensive, and reckless. A peasant never refused me the best place round his hearth, although he knew not that he would be remunerated for it, but no smile lighted his countenance; I never saw one depressed or exhilarated; I never heard complaint or thanks, misfortune, and the continued suffering of a condition that knows no change, have rendered them indifferent to passing events.

Upon the views and wishes of the Greeks, M. Thiersch says,

All classes desire most ardently the return to a state of tranquillity, although it is to be feared that the chiefs, civil, military, and religious, are far from being unanimous in the same wish.

For the restoration of tranquillity, M. Thiersch gives most excellent advice. Merits to be rewarded, crime punished; honest men promoted, intriguers kept at a distance; compensation made for losses sustained during the war, arrears of pay liquidated; agriculture is to be encouraged in the plains, and the fierce mountaineers invited to make themselves comfortable on the unoccupied portions. The worthy Professor very properly lays considerable stress upon the employment of the loan of 2,500,000*l.* for the accomplishment of these most laudable objects.

The kingdom of Greece consists of a part of Roumelia, of the Peloponnesus or Morea, and most of the islands in the Egean Sea. Roumelia is divided into Eastern and Western Greece. The following table sets forth



the amount of population, &c. of the kingdom.

	Towns.	Villages.	Inhabitants.
Eastern Greece	..11	585	130,000
Western Greece	..19	226	76,000
Peloponnesus	...86	1335	429,250
Islands, .....	33		170,185

Total for the whole Kingdom ..811,435

which is supposed to be only one-half the number existing previous to the war. M. Thiersch estimates that Greece could support, without inconvenience, five millions of people, or perhaps six; no doubt under the supposition that his plans for improvement are to be immediately brought into action.

A few vague notices are given of the surface of the country, with some surmises that there are mines. The mountains are, it appears, almost denuded of trees, from neglect or wilful destruction. The country is deficient in rivers, and irrigation is essential to ensure production.

The following is a sketch of the general character of the Greeks, drawn by M. Thiersch:—

The most marked evidence of a naturally good disposition in this people, is their never varying gaiety of heart—a cheerful man cannot be a bad one. This quality, far from degenerating into levity or frivolity, shows itself equally in the general hilarity on festivals, in the love of song, of the dance, and public games, as in the resignation with which they support adversity, and quickly rebound from under the most afflicting depression. Susceptibility of character is no less general; the emotion of one will instantly be communicated to numerous companions. Join to that, the respect paid to age, virtue, and integrity, a forgiving disposition, and the deference shown to superior intelligence and benevolent intentions, and you will be persuaded, with me, that the moral qualifications of the people are not less promising than their mental, and will yield an ample return to him who will be at the pains to cultivate a disposition to become better than their forefathers.

The chapter on the means of restoring the prosperity of Greece, is introduced by the following remarkable passage:—

Greece is a country whose national character is distinct from that of all others in Europe—it differs equally in manners and institutions. This people requires to be entirely re-modelled; it does not appear that their regeneration can be effected without the introduction of laws and customs which belong to an entirely different state of society.

In plain English, this means that the best way of reconciling the Greek nation to the Bavarian government, and inducing all parties to co-operate for the same beneficial end, is to introduce a code of laws directly opposed to the habits, manners, and feelings of this peculiar people. We can only regret that King Otho's admirers appear to have acted strictly according to this rule, and he has, as we should have anticipated, reaped a very abundant harvest of discontent and rebellion.

The three next chapters are devoted to agriculture; the description given of its present state is anything but encouraging—and if its future prosperity be contingent upon the plans of M. Thiersch being brought into operation, he has taken no more than a proper latitude when he mentions in his preface that this book is not intended exclusively for the present generation.

We shall mention some of the suggestions here thrown out for the improvement of agriculture, and the condition of the people engaged in it. In the first place 10,000 pairs of oxen are to be brought from Thessaly, Bulgaria, Wallachia, and Asia Minor—the government advancing the money for the purchase—and at the conclusion of the second year the number should be increased to 100,000 pairs! Colonists are to be invited from adjacent countries to put these oxen to work! and minute instructions are given for their settlement. As the really good land is not more than sufficient for the present inhabitants, the marshes are to be drained, and the aqueducts from the lakes to be repaired.

Notwithstanding the calamities of the country under the Turks, the aqueducts were never entirely neglected. The old inhabitants of the valley of Stymphale remember very considerable works being undertaken by the Turkish government: in 1776 during four summer months 600 men were employed upon them. The attention of the present government is directed to resume these works, and to secure men acquainted with such operations, such as those who worked in the Thames Tunnel (!) or the Bavarian miners.

We select also the following paragraph relating to the draining of the marshes, because honourable mention is therein made of the views and conduct of the Turkish government:—

We do not here speak of draining the marshes near the sea: the necessary preparations for that work already partly exist—such, for example, are those near Pyrgos. The inhabitants had erected them on the conditions granted by the Turks, namely, that they should possess the land as private property, paying only the tithe. The dykes were neglected during the war, and the inhabitants abandoned their establishments because the President's government had the indiscretion to raise embarrassing questions relative to their proprietary claim to these marshes. Nothing remains then but to follow in the track pointed out by the Turks, and rather to assist the inhabitants than create difficulties in clearing the lands, which, although they may have become private property, do not the less bring riches to the State, and augment its strength in proportion as it multiplies the number and resources of its population.

There were, it appears, about 6000 water mills prior to the revolution, of which three-fourths are now destroyed; the wheels are horizontal—a plan seldom pursued in this country, but advantageously used in many parts of the United States.

The roads are described as wretchedly bad—it would be nearer the truth to say there were none.

It is true, that even under the Turks, they endeavoured to maintain the routes of couriers, and that they paved them in several places; but they are almost everywhere in so bad a state that it is fortunate if you can avoid them.

The expense of making the necessary roads is calculated at about 2,000,000*l.* sterling! We are not disposed to undervalue the importance of obtaining easy access to all parts of a country, as it is clear that civilization cannot be much advanced where good lines of communication are wanting; but with a coast indented by a thousand bays and arms of the sea, swarming with vessels, the mountainous parts of the country alone are inaccessible; and it will be, we think, much wiser for the seaport towns to

procure their corn from Odessa, whence it can be brought cheaper, than for such a sum of money as here proposed to be expended.

We cannot follow M. Thiersch into all the details of his agricultural improvements; our readers may find the exact counterpart in reports of cattle-show dinners, and societies for improving what they do not understand:—but to do M. Thiersch justice, we must admit that he assigns a good reason for enlarging the cottages; viz.

That they may be ready to receive the horses and waggons which he wishes to have substituted for the asses; when the harvest will require granaries—the beast, stables, &c.

On the subject of improvement M. Thiersch, as we have stated, is a little visionary; we select the following passage in proof:—

Only think, in this vast system of changes, extending from the form of the plough to that of houses, from irrigation to refining oil and wine, &c. &c. In a few years Greece will be covered with flourishing villages, harvests, plantations, and flocks; her mountains crowned by new forests, &c.

We are, indeed, all astonishment how the Greeks have gone on so long without the Bavarian colonists.

*Robert d'Artois, or the Heron Vow.* 3 vols. London: Marsh.

THE writer has taken the contest between Philip and Edward III. for the kingdom of France, as his theme, and Froissart as his text-book. The hero of the tale is that Robert d'Artois who, stung by the unmerited injuries heaped upon him by Philip, disclaimed his oath of fealty, and, passing over to England, transferred his allegiance to Edward, whom, by the artifice of "the heron vow," he induced solemnly and publicly to pledge himself to carry war even to the very gates of Paris. The period, and the subject, are alike good, and had the writer been able to transfuse into his pages a portion of that graphic power, which Froissart, more than any other chronicler, possesses, a brilliant series of pictures would have passed before us. But this power is wanting: although many of the scenes are well delineated, and the personages in general express themselves, and act, in accordance with their given character—we say in general, for the second hero of the tale is introduced to us in a manner that almost tempted us to throw down the book. The first appears in an episode closely taken from the well-known *fabliau* of 'Aucassin and Nicolette,' for this high spirited young heir refuses to set lance in rest against his father's foemen, unless assent is first given to his marriage. Our young hero is, however, more undutiful than Aucassin, for, having been roused by the imminent danger, and having captured the chief leader of the hostile forces, he afterwards, in pursuance of his amiable wish to spite his inexorable father, actually mounts his prisoner upon his own destrier, opens the castle gates, and sends him back with a message to the Bishop of Cambrai, requesting him to continue the siege until "there be not one stone of Bayay (his father's chief town and dwelling-place) resting on the other"! And who does the reader think the young scapegrace can be, who was guilty of an act that would for ever have barred his attainment of knighthood? Sir Walter Manny!—that wisest and most conscientious, and most valiant of

knights—that knight, who was emphatically *sans peur et sans reproche*! We really could find in our hearts to send the writer of these volumes on a pilgrimage to the chapel of the Charterhouse, to make public acknowledgment of his error over the ashes of this pride of English chivalry. We would remind the writer, too, that every circumstance almost of Sir Walter Manny's life is well known. He came over to England earlier than the date of this novel, as carver to Queen Philippa; he formed, too, subsequently, a more illustrious alliance than that assigned him in these pages, for he married the lady Margaret Brotherton, a grand-daughter of Edward I., and, consequently, first cousin to his friend and patron Edward III. Our author also introduces Froissart, and, representing him as a priest, censures the morals of the age which could permit Philippa to send one, vowed to celibacy, back to his lady, to induce her by promises of royal protection to come over with him to England. Now, when the gentle Philippa sent her secretary to Flanders, it was, that he might obtain his lady in marriage; but the gay, and joyous, and light-spirited Froissart returned heart-broken, for she was already the bride of another, and the vows of the priest were in his instance, as in many others, taken as the last resource of a wounded spirit.

Throughout the work we have observed traces of an inverted phraseology, which inclines us to believe, that the writer thought he should best exhibit the conversational style of that period, by a literal translation of Froissart; in consequence, perhaps gallicisms and foreign idioms abound. Now, we wish that in these conversations, which are wholly taken from Froissart, the writer had boldly made use of the delightful translation of Lord Berners. It gives a far better idea of the naïve and spirited style of "Messire Jehan," than the translation of the late Mr. Johnes, though in other respects valuable.

*El Conde de Condespina, novela histórica original*—[*The Count of Condespina, an original historical novel*]. By D. Patricio de la Ecosura. 2 vols. 8vo. Madrid; London, Rich.

THIS is the second original Spanish novel, such as novels now-a-days are, that we have met with, and we prefer it to the one we formerly noticed, chiefly because this is altogether national, being the work not of a denizen or naturalized foreigner, but of a native Spaniard. The story is taken from the Spanish annals of the twelfth century, and founded upon the disastrous marriage of Urraca, Queen of Castile and Leon, with Alfonso the Bateler, King of Aragon; a marriage that produced, instead of the desired union of the greater part of Christian Spain, only domestic quarrels, civil wars, and a divorce upon the usual plea of consanguinity. The author (a very young man, we conceive,) does not seem to possess the graphic talent, certainly not the practised masterly hand, which can place past times and remote countries vividly before us; but he tells his story interestingly; he has hit off some striking scenes, and has given to the whole a strong national colouring. One of the scenes we allude to is a hunting party of Queen Urraca's and its catastrophe. We shall translate it.

Brilliant was the company that left Burgos with the Queen, and with mirth and gaiety as noisy as was admissible in the presence of Doña Urraca, took their way to Fivarr, a mountain village, chiefly remarkable for having given its name to the Cid. There the chase was to begin. There breakfast was prepared for the Queen and the persons of most account in her suite, in a magnificent Arabesque pavilion, in the best taste, and for the mass of the hunters in the open field. Already were heard the shouts of the peasants employed to drive the game from a distance into a given space of ground, and who were gradually narrowing their circle, whilst the roaring and bellowing of the persecuted animals awoke the echoes in the deepest caverns of the mountains.

Few are the ladies of our age who would not be terrified at the bare idea of being present at a bear hunt; as to finding one who would brandish a spear and attack the savage beast, even when subdued by other wounds, the idea appears to us so absurd as to partake of the impossible. Nevertheless, the Spanish women of the twelfth century inhabited the same climate, the same soil, as those of the nineteenth.

Yet such is the force of custom, or rather of education, that it sometimes conquers nature herself. Our august huntress was the first to urge the moment of beginning the sport, and in the course of the day she displayed such proofs of courage and dexterity as called forth no little applause, no scanty shouts of triumph, from her vassals. The morning was wholly devoted to warring upon wild boars; the evening was allotted to stag-hunting, as a sport that might be pursued on horseback. It is needless to say, that Doña Leonor (a favourite lady in waiting) never left the Queen's side, and that Diego Lopez de Nájara, and Hernando de Olea, as especially intrusted with her protection by the Conde de Condespina, never lost sight of their sovereign. • • •

The sun was already set, and the chase about to terminate with the death of an unlucky stag, whom the dogs were closely pressing, when the Queen found herself in the very recesses of the mountains, with her lady of the bedchamber, the Señor de Nájara, Hernando, and a very few additional persons of her company. Suddenly appeared, at some little distance, a body of men in their external appearance more resembling wild beasts. They wore hose of bear-skin, coming half way up the leg; a tunic, or pelisse, of the same, covered them from the shoulders to the knees; half each man's face was concealed under a mask similarly formed of fur, and their shoes were of the like materials. Their heads were protected by helmets formed of iron network, and their arms consisted of a sword, a club, and three or four darts.

"Heavens protect me!" exclaimed Doña Leonor, checking her horse. "What now, Leonor?" asked the Queen, following her example. "Does your Highness not observe those apparitions?" rejoined the former, when her words were cut short by D. Diego, who said, "I am much deceived, or those are *Almugavares*!" "You are not mistaken, D. Diego," subjoined D. Hernando. "*Almugavares* they are. Well do I know those mountaineers, and by my faith I guess not what those birds of prey, belonging to the crown of Aragon, should want in Castile."

Doña Urraca, who was beginning to be alarmed, now required an immediate explanation as to the character of the *Almugavares*; which Hernando afforded her: stating that they were a tribe inhabiting the Pyrenees, who served the Kings of Aragon as light troops, and who, when not engaged in the service of those princes, occupied themselves in ravaging the lands of the Moors, or even of Christians, if occasion served.

"Methinks," said Doña Leonor, "it were prudent in your Highness to retire." "And

wherefore, Señora?" asked Olea. "We are five *Caballeros*, and—" "You were five," said the Queen, observing that during this conversation the Burgos cavaliers had disappeared from her train. (The chief persons in Burgos had been gained over to D. Alfonso's side.) "Your Highness is in the right," said he of Nájara. "This *Caballero* and I are all that remain." "We are enough," urged Hernando. "You are unarmed!" exclaimed the Queen, turning pale as death with terror. "Turn we back."

Whether Doña Urraca had outrun her courtiers in the ardour of the chase, or these had, casually or intentionally, fallen back, certain it is that at this critical moment not even the voices of the hunters could be heard; only the sharp clangour of the horn reached them indistinctly.

Whatever were the valour of Diego Lopez and Hernando de Olea, nothing short of insanity could have impelled them to wish for an encounter with twenty men, (such seemed to be the numbers of the *Almugavares*), especially having no arms but their swords, their hunting knives, and spears, and being clad only in coats of green cloth. They accordingly yielded, without reluctance, to the Queen's proposal, and turned their backs upon the *Almugavares*, who were now within a stone's throw.

But what was the surprise of the *Caballeros*, and the panic terror of the ladies, when, upon turning to retreat, they saw themselves intercepted by as many more mountaineers, who barred their passage.

"May I die!" exclaimed the Señor de Nájara, "if we are not surrounded by these professed cut-throats."—"Ten thousand devils take them and their whole tribe," added he of Olea, laying his hand upon his sword. "No way remains but this!"—"And we!" exclaimed the Queen, "what, then, becomes of us?"—"Caballeros," said Doña Leonor, addressing herself particularly to D. Hernando, "Consider what you are about to do. The slightest provocation of those wretches on your part, may cost all our lives."—"Some of them shall first bite the dust," replied the enraged friend of Condespina.—"And will that resuscitate us?" questioned Doña Urraca. "I forbid you to draw your swords without my orders. She had no time for more; the *Almugavares*, who had presented themselves on all sides, and formed a circle round the distressed hunters, having now so closed upon them that they could hear their conversation.

Then the Queen, finding strength in her very weakness, perhaps inspired by the imminence of her danger, rode up to the *Almugavares*, and commanded them to make way for the Queen of Castile. Instead of obeying, or answering as was due, one of those savages asked her in a hoarse rugged voice, "Are you the Queen?" (of course we cannot give the effect of the mountain dialect.) "I am; peasants, give way and let me pass."—"Can't be," returned the same mountaineer, and gave a sharp whistle, when his companions rushed upon Doña Urraca and her small company.

The Queen and her attendants are now seized, compelled to cover their splendid hunting dresses with the coarse vestments of these *Almugavares*, and are carried prisoners into Aragon.

Doña Urraca is speedily snatched from her tyrannic husband's control, by the zeal, activity, and enterprise of the Conde de Condespina, her devoted but virtuous lover; she obtains a divorce, and reigns independently in her hereditary states, when the Counts of Condespina and Leon contend for her hand. We extract a scene that occurs during her residence at Leon. She honours with her presence the nuptials of her favourite Leonor,

with Condespina's friend, D. Hernando de Olea, solemnized in the Cathedral.

The religious ceremony that had just terminated seemed to have breathed a certain serenity over all, as appeared in the placid aspects of the ladies and the *Caballeros*, who thought only of the festivities provided by the Queen and the Conde de Condespina, in honour of the marriage of their respective favourite and friend. But as the courtly party quitted the Cathedral, and were arranging themselves for their return to the palace, the attention of all was caught by a confused disturbance amongst the crowd, as it gave way to a person who was advancing hastily to meet the Queen. This was a Moor, attired with extraordinary magnificence, in the costume of his country, and mounted on an Andalusian horse of admirable beauty and spirit. The infidel's turban was crowned with a piece of high polished steel, terminating in a cone: his breast was covered with a cuirass no less brilliant, and set with a reasonable number of precious stones; and the hilt of his scimitar, which hung on his right side, like the dagger that he wore in his belt, corresponded in richness with the rest of his equipment. A negro slave, black as ebony, followed him on foot, bearing his master's spear and shield. The Moor was a well made man, of middle stature, but whose limbs had not yet acquired the full vigour of which they were susceptible. His clear brown complexion, his bright eyes, the delicacy of his features, and, above all, the nascent down that could hardly be perceived upon his cheek, indicated that his age could not exceed eighteen or twenty years. As Castile was then at peace with the Mohammedans, the appearance of one of these at Leon was nothing remarkable. • • •

The Queen turned towards the side whence came the noise, and paused to admire the elegant person and rich attire of the infidel, who, springing lightly from his horse, with a modest and serene air walked straight up to her. On drawing near he bowed three times, with his arms crossed upon his breast, and his head nearly touching the ground; then, kneeling at her feet, he waited, in all humility, till Doña Urraca should speak to him. She paused a moment, surprised at this unexpected action, but recovering herself, stepped back as she said, "Rise, Moor, and speak your desire."—"Queen of Castile, Sultana of Beauty," said he, raising, "the book of truth avers that the sun's light shines for all."—"That is true; but be brief, or defer your petition to a more opportune moment."—"Ali, the son of Hamet, comes only to ask of your justice a field in which to fight."—"Moor, if you have to complain of any of my vassals, I will do you justice."—"Lady, the offence received by the noble can be washed out only in the blood of the offender; and it is written, that Ali, with the aid of Allah and his Holy Prophet, shall shed his blood who has outraged him."—"At least name your enemy."—"The curse of the Prophet fall on his detested head. Sultana of Castile, in your presence, and before the face of your people, I challenge as a disloyal traitor, unworthy the name of *Caballero*, him whom the children of the Nazarene call Conde de Lara."

"What say you, infidel?" exclaimed the Queen; but she could not proceed. Ali's last words, spoken in a raised voice, striking the ears of the multitude, produced an extraordinary effect. As, at the sudden rush of a tempest, the crystalline surface of the ocean breaks into enormous mountains of water, that dash with a terrific uproar against each other, so did the Moor's attack upon Lara produce in the Leonese, or at least in a great part of them, a fearful agitation. The prudent and the timid at once hastened to withdraw; but the majority, ever curious, ever fond of novelty, and quick to

wrath when seemingly the strongest, broke out into unmeasured abuse of the infidel who, as they alleged, dared insult Christians upon their own hearths. Ali calmly turned his face to the people, contemplating their agitation as composedly as though his own person had not been in question, and appeared disposed to await the decision of Doña Urraca, whose alarm prevented her uttering a word. The *Caballeros* who surrounded the Queen, especially the Conde de Condespina, prepared to address, and endeavour to tranquillize the multitude; but they were compelled to renounce their purpose, as the friends and followers of the Conde de Lara, fired with a spirit of vengeance, began to shout "Death to the miscreant dog who dares insult a Castilian noble!" and twenty swords were instantaneously drawn upon the unaltered Ali, who, without losing his serenity, unsheathed his scimitar, took his shield from the negro, and confronted his enemies. Hernando de Olea shouted "Cowards! Assassins!" and, unsheathing his weapon, he placed himself beside the Moor, and added, "Whoever attacks him has to do with me." The Conde de Condespina likewise drew his sword in favour of the injured Moslem, and most of his party followed his example. The only man who remained cool was D. Diego Lopez, who, forming the Queen's guard into a compact body, withdrew Doña Urraca and her ladies from the tumult, escorting them safely to the palace. Meanwhile the numbers of Ali's friends and enemies increased. • • •

Notwithstanding the prudence and the exertions of D. Gomez, it might have proved impossible to prevent a bloody combat, if the scene had not chanced to pass at the door of the Cathedral, and thus been witnessed by the clergy, who hastened to assume their sacred vestments, and issued from the church, carrying in procession an image of our Redeemer, highly venerated in the city. This and the exhortations of the clergy, temporarily dispersed the populace and the Lara faction; when Ali was escorted by his protectors, for greater security, to the mansion of the Conde de Condespina.

The national colouring in these scenes may make them interesting to the English reader, but the work has little else to recommend it to their attention.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Oriental Memoirs*, by James Forbes, Esq., 2nd ed. revised by his daughter the Countess de Montalembert. 2 vols. 8vo.—It is assigned as an apology for the republication of these rather antiquated Memoirs, that India has not changed since their first appearance; but, fortunately, our knowledge of India has been more progressive, and topics on which the author has only given imperfect hints, have been since fully investigated and explained. The Hindú and Mohammedan creeds, of which Mr. Forbes had only some vague general notions, have, within the last few years, been thoroughly examined by persons who had more leisure and better opportunities for inquiry; and no one would now dream of consulting the rambling accounts of an unscientific observer for information respecting the Natural History of Hindústan. It is said, however, that the author has described certain customs of the East, which elucidate passages of Scripture that were previously open to infidel objections. On this subject the present editor does not seem to be the best of judges, for, in the biographical memoir prefixed to the first volume, we read, "He had more of that Christian charity recommended by St. Peter, which suffereth long, and is kind," &c. This is robbing Paul to pay Peter, for the passage alluded to occurs in the epistle to the Corinthians. There are, no doubt, customs described in these volumes which will recall to the memory similar

customs mentioned in the Bible; but anything like elucidation of difficulties, or refutation of infidel objections, we have been unable to discover. The best that can be said of these volumes, is, that they are written in a light gossiping style, and that they bear the marks of amiable temper and kindly feeling; those who wish to obtain a general notion of India, may consult the work with advantage: those who seek accurate information must go elsewhere.

'*Tales of Woman's Trials*, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.'—There are few writers who keep their places on the pages of our Annuals more gracefully or pleasantly than Mrs. Hall—there is always a freshness, and oftentimes an invention, displayed in her stories, which more parsimonious contrivers of fiction would spin out into the mystic three volumes. Having acknowledged this, we must add our conviction that her short tales read better singly than in conjunction with each other, and that we doubt the policy of thus collecting them into a volume. Many, too, have appeared before, and this, we think, should have been stated. 'Grace Huntley' is the best of the series, though there is power and feeling in all of them, and an earnest and affectionate pleading of the cause of womankind, against the heartlessness and oppression of the stronger sex, which is much more to our taste than the vigorous (and sometimes rather noisy) assertion of their rights, to which some lady-champions have treated us. There is also sound religious feeling manifest throughout the volume, and it will be (what we imagine it was intended to be) a welcome present to the young.

'*Village Reminiscences*, by an Old Maid.'—We should have said something touching the impolicy of any gentlewoman's taking ground similar to that occupied with such success and originality by Miss Mitford, had not the absence of all affectation or pretence in these volumes precluded the idea that rivalry or imitation had been entertained by their writer. These Reminiscences contain six stories—all of them possessing interest; but it is such as would have better appealed to the sympathies of novel readers twenty years ago, than to those of the present day, who require something more of poetical language and acute discrimination of character, than was sought by their more easily contented forefathers. The work, however, may be safely put into the hands of the young—and perhaps this is the use for which it was intended.

'*Autumnal Leaves*, by Henrietta —.'—Surely nothing new can now be said about 'The Rose,' and we must hint to the writer, that even 'The Evening Primrose' has been over-cultivated by the poets—that 'The Wanderers' Return,' 'The Neglected Lyre,' and 'The Dreamer,' have been cried about the streets in a thousand different metres by those modern troubadours, the halfpenny ballad-mongers—and that we have been so often desired to 'Think of Me,' that we are weary of the admonition. Seriously, if the lady before us will write verse, we entreat her to choose subjects a little less hackneyed; and to remember, that there is some difference between a friend smiling over a gilt album in a drawing-room, and a critic, whose patience can hardly be expected to increase as he grows older and more versed in his vocation.

'*The Martyrs of Verulam, and other Poems*, by Thomas Ragg, author of *The Deity*.'—It gave us sincere pleasure to be able to speak well of Mr. Ragg's first poem when it made its appearance: the present little volume, which contains the story of the fate of St. Alban, and some miscellaneous verses, chiefly on serious subjects, sustains its author's reputation, so far as ease of style and flow of language are concerned, and we like the feeling which has made him choose one of the ancient British worthies for his hero, but he must exhibit more of passion or fancy in his future efforts, if he hope to win



the capricious and satiated ear of the public to listen to him.

'*The Vision, and other Poems, in Blank Verse, by John Boyd, a man of colour.*'—This pamphlet is curious, and should, we think, be patronized by all those who have proclaimed aloud the tidings of love and brotherhood between the sons of Europe and Africa—more we cannot say for it.

'*Japheth, Contemplation, and other Pieces, by Alfred Beesley.*'—The principal poem in this volume contains Japheth's history of the flood, set forth (as the musical composers say) "in an easy and familiar style." 'Contemplation' is not a new subject, nor treated in an original manner. 'Edge Hill' is a descriptive poem, with, as might be expected, a long note about Cavaliers and Roundheads.

It is like lighting on a well of sweet water after a weary desert journey, to come upon the Rev. W. L. Bowles's '*Little Villager's Verse Book*,' humble though its title be, and unobtrusive its appearance. We cannot fancy a much prettier sight than the children, for whose use it was composed, assembled on the lawn of his pleasant retreat at Bremhill, nor anything much simpler and sweeter than many of the little hymns this veteran poet has written for their use, one of which we here extract:—

*Child and Blind Grandfather.*

Though grandfather has long been blind,  
And his few locks are gray,  
He loves to feel the Summer wind  
Round his pale temples play.  
We'll lead him to some quiet place,  
Some unfrequented nook,  
Where winds breathe soft, and wild flowers grace  
The borders of the brook.  
There he shall sit, as in a dream,  
Though naught he can behold;  
Till the brook's murmur—it shall seem  
The voice of friends of old.  
Think no more of them, aged man,  
For here thou hast no friend;  
Think—since this life is but a span,  
Of joys that have no end.

We wish there were twice as many of these excellent hymns.

'*The Magico Prodigioso of Calderon. A Lyrical Drama, in Three Acts.*'—Since we got by heart Shelley's most musical and delicious version of the scene at the commencement of the third act, wherein Justina, the maiden tempted by evil influence, soliloquizes in her chamber, we have wished to see the entire of this fine old drama translated,—and here, at our wish, it is done; and we have the first of that race which includes among its number the most splendid modern poems of Germany and England—we might say the world, in alluding to 'Faust,' 'Manfred,' and the 'Prometheus Unbound,'—very fairly rendered into English verse. The most beautiful scene, however, is the one taken by Shelley, and it would be hard, we suspect, to produce a version which should stand comparison with his; but, as the translator modestly disclaims any such intention, we have no right to find fault with him for not having done so. We should be glad if he, or any other translator, would give us a volume of specimens from Calderon; the English drama is more largely indebted to him than many of its admirers are aware.

'*Selections from the Poems of Wordsworth, chiefly for the use of schools and young persons. A new edition.*'—We took up this volume merely with the intention of discovering whether any additions or alterations had been made in the selections; but we lingered over it as if we had not already known by heart the greater part of the poems it contains. This, however, is no place to expatiate on the delight with which we returned to our favourites, more especially as we trust, ere long, to have an opportunity of doing full justice to the high-toned genius of the Bard of Rydal.

'*Tough Yarns; a Series of Naval Tales and Sketches to please all hands, by the Old Sailor. Illustrated by George Cruikshank.*'—These tales are readable, and smack of salt water, though there is a drop of scent here and there; or, in plain English, an occasional *fadais*, and exhibition of sentiment, which detract from their raciness. Many of the 'Yarns' are old acquaintances, having appeared in former volumes of the 'Forget-Me-Not'; they tell of mutineers, and burning ships, and other such exciting events as are sure to catch the attention of those who love to read of the wonders and dangers of "the great sea." The illustrations are humorous.—Cruikshank's Jacks are redolent of grog and tobacco: 'Trowbridge kicking the French Count the length of the quarter-deck,' is full of the ancient, and somewhat surly, John Bull spirit;—the anecdote, by the way, which it serves to illustrate, is one of the best things in the book.

It is but dull work to turn from this merry book to '*Faust, a serio-comic Poem, with Twelve outline Illustrations, by Alfred Crowquill*,'—in which we miss the comedy, though we discover more consensus than we like. A poem, to be successfully travestied, should be popular, which 'Faust' never was, and never will be; and the parodies upon Retzsch's Outlines will appear but as so many pictures of ugly people in outlandish dresses. Those who are familiar with the poem, and its exquisitely national illustrations, will not find humour enough in the caricatures, or verses, to atone for the desecration of their favourite.

'*Nuts to Crack, illustrated with designs.*'—What boys call cob-nuts, nearly impossible to crack, and little in them when you have succeeded.

'*Archery and Archness, by Robin Hood.*'—Poor stuff—wearisome to the last degree.

'*The Excitement, for 1835.*'—This is the sixth year of this work's appearance—a sure token that its end has been answered. There is abundance of variety in the contents of the present volume.

'*The Nursery Offering, or Children's Gift, for 1835.*'—The very youngest of all the Annuals,—containing little tales, and gay pictures, for the use of "the small people."

'*A New View of Time.*'—We have here an extraordinary case of mental delusion, that should properly come under the cognizance of a physician. The author attributes nearly all the evils that afflict humanity to men's obstinate belief in the revolution of the earth on its axis; and declares that we shall have a world of universal harmony, when we come back to the opinion that the sun moves round the earth.

'*Manners; or, the Voice of an English Traveller in France.*'—Another clear case for the physicians rather than the critics.

*Almanacs.*—We have received copies of the following:—*White's Celestial*—*The Evangelist*—*Moore's Improved*—*The Family*—*The Parochial*—*The Medical*—*The Tradesman's*—*The Mechanic's*—and *The Englishman's Almanac*—*The Gentleman's Diary*, and *The Lady's Diary*—all published by the Stationers' Company. Of their several merits, we shall not pretend to offer an opinion. The Company have both credit and profit at stake; for credit's sake, they will take care that they are accurate—no small merit, if there be any truth in the current reports of the absurd blunders which disgrace many of the Almanacs lately issued; and, for profit, that they are well suited to the wants and wishes of the several parties to whom they are especially addressed. We have also received *The Bath and Bristol* and *The Seaman's Almanacs*. We have also before us *The Family Almanac*, done up in a pocket-book form, and *The Medical Pocket-Book*.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Munich, October.

WHAT a long face you make in your last! as if these were Anna Seward's letters, and you had been denied a whole week the invaluable correspondence. Why have not I written "the millennium"? (a millennium of three months, observe). Why, because I have had both cholera (the Asiatic and Sporadic), an inflammation of the brain relieved by a yellow fever, and that driven out by a black jaundice, besides breaking my arm at a bear hunt, and losing both my thumbs by the screws of the Inquisition. Nothing easier than to make an excuse, from bad pens up to a fit of apoplexy *foudroyante*, or the hydrophobia. But the truth is, I have been in a state of indisposition—indisposition to write. Who could find pleasure in filling sheets to a friend such weather as the past, but romantic milliners, or the people of Terra del Fuego? June, and July, and August here were, I assure you, only fit for the blacks of Barbadoes: we lay about on the benches, roasted whole and dripping, like men on a giant's platter—dinner for an Ogre done in the sun. I never felt myself more of a Plutonian, for the very earth beneath us seemed little else than a spherical hot hearth round the centre of fire. Not that we had not thunderstorms, as thick as the sky could forge them, to "freshen the air;" but after drenching the city till the population waddled about in like half-drowned puppies, off set the thunder-clouds, and left a clear stage for the sun to flame upon with tenfold fury. You have had hot weather in England too, I perceive; but have you had foresta-fire? We flatter ourselves not—nothing better than a trifle of houses or haystacks, while we have had whole acres of pitch pine blazing away, as it were groves of gigantic torches! Some few miles from Munich the soil itself took fire, and, spreading as a lake of flame, carried terror and destruction in its van, like the itinerant peat bog of Ireland. To be sure, it was Alexander invading Scythia,—nothing but a few miles or so for it to devour, as Bavaria is little but a barren waste: such a region of hungry soil was never before honoured with the name of a kingdom. Napoleon might as well have given it to the Broad Fourteens, or any other sandbank. But, heaven knows, if the Elector of Hanover have grown into a king, the Elector of Bavaria might well set up for a Grand Llama. Ludwig, by the bye, does play the part of Great Mogul here, though with vast humility. He will bow to you from his two-horse noddy, in which he drives the Queen, like any other Joan, about the park of a Sunday; will bow to you with all the condescension of a superior being, and clap you in quod next moment for an ebullition of political froth over your beer. His own policies are of the *Bray* description. He is just that kind of shuttlecock king which, after having flitted from one party to another, at length falls to the ground between both. Ludwig began life as a liberal, and then was the dandy of German reformers; but showing signs of levity, he was bumped off towards the legitimists. Austria received him on her battledore; and having a safe game to play then with the other party, tossed him back by a gentle tap to the liberals, who caught him heels uppermost on the footboard, breaking off one at the stump. Back again he rebounded of himself, and Austria sticking a new feather in his bottom, now plays him awhile in the air, till he becomes too rickety for any further balancing. He will probably soon drop at her feet. Figures apart, he is called despot of the one party, and fribble by the other. What right has he, say the liberals, to kennel up our students, muzzle our journalists, and lead us about in collars by policemen, like dogs despatched to the hydrophobia? What business has he,

say the legitimists, to abet the cause of mob-instruction by establishments for the Fine Arts and patronage of dabble-dabble societies? One side groans, and the other hisses, at his *Pinacothek* and his *Glyptothek*, and other edifices with which he is beautifying his "Residence-city"—edifices as much out of proportion with its purse as its importance. But he is looking to make it a *Modern Athens*, and himself a miniature Pericles; both which he will probably accomplish by help of the great political grindstone—taxation. You have heard he is a poet too: yes; publishes hermaphrodite verses, like most of those going, in which you can find no character whatever, except that they have none at all. Their high birth, however, makes them be thought heaven-born by the gawdling in spirit—anoaked droppings from the royal songster for dust-bickers beneath him. They are coveted like manna, and kissed like amulets—very keepsake kind of poetry; but vastly fine, recollect—vastly fine! Of the Queen, one hears only the very best that can be heard of any woman—nothing whatever. Mr. Crown-Prince some affirm to be a shallow-pated, saturnine, supercilious coxcomb; others the mirror of ingenuous merit and modesty. One thing appears certain—he is not popular; and another too, that he would as soon have his carriage pursued by a herd of wolves as of people. Whether owing to pride or philosophy, he leaves mob honours to lord mayors, &c. His younger brother, kingling Otto, is, on the other hand, idolized,—perhaps because out of the way. Such are we, poor children of caprice! crying for the moon that is bright, because distant—spurning at the earth which is dark, because near. Plato's definition of a man, bringing him under the genus *cock*, is not rightly understood—it meant a *weathercock*. Don't you agree with my gloss?

Society at Munich has a strong relish for the pipe and the beer-pot. Smoking, indeed, is forbidden in the streets, where it might be borne, but permitted in rooms, where it is not tolerable. The Germans have, one and all, what I may designate, bit as I am by the genius of their very composite language, a fresh-air-i-phobia. Like fish, they can breathe only in an element thick enough to smother any living thing else. Sixty Germans will sit dove-tailed in a small dinner room, every door and window shut, with the steam of meats, the evaporation of pint pots, smoke of cigars, meerschaums, tapers, besides the aroma, quite other than divine, exhaling from their own bodies: they will sit thus of the finest summer evening, till they become as rooky and smutty as coalheavers at carouse, and the atmosphere around them is almost thick enough to be twisted. And the best of it is, all ruckers sunk in this enjoyment of the lowest. Pipe and beer-pot do not spare, as historians would say, either sex, age, or condition. There is a huge beer temple called the *Frühling*, of classical architecture, and supported by the Corinthian pillars of society at Munich: in this German Almack's, where balls and concerts enlist all the bon-ton of the capital, tobacco furnishes the reigning perfume, and malt the fashionable beverage. Here comes royalty at times to smoke, and stew, and bumble itself: here flock all the beauty and birth of Bavaria to list the soft tale or petition puffed out of one cheek with tobacco fume, and be clasped about the waist in an entrancing waltz by a hand just unclasped from the waist of a tankard. Pugh! conceive what a fragrance these flowers of the human kind must exhale next morning, when the vapours of short-cut and pigtail, and hop and wort, have got cold in their petticoats! But, of course, it is Sabeian to their nostrils, just as the smell of whale oil or bear's grease to those of the anointed Esquimaux. This propensity to besot themselves, you will say, is scarce *Attic* among the modern Athenians. So far as this goes, they are, in fact, little

better than White Hottentots. Then for the lower classes (observe, I have been speaking of the higher), there are what they call Gardens, more definitely Beer Gardens, at the outskirts of the town, where balls and concerts take place on the turf, with the like elegant accompaniments of malt liquor and tobacco as on the Turkey carpet. What is called a *Tanz-musik* (dancing with music), is advertised to be given at these places, generally—with that deep religious feeling which De Stüel observes in the Germans—of a Sunday. Thither rushes the whole swinish multitude in droves, grunting with anxiety and exultation; there they plunge into a sea of froth and fume, as if the devil of Moll Flaggon possessed them. It must be said, however, in praise of the Munchenese (or their police), that few of them are found, like our choice spirits, disturbing the streets at night. Beer and smoke have rather a stupefying than inspiring effect; so that the guests in general roll home, shoulder to shoulder, quietly venting between their hiccupps the burden of a *Trinklied*, or drink song, if they do not prefer lying at the tap-house like hedgehogs in the mire. Certainly, by thus making their corporal vessel a sort of filtre for heavy druff, they accumulate a proportion of sediment that renders their exterior gross and repulsive, while it may perhaps likewise oppress the finer elements within, and clog their action. For like our own nation, though the Germans can boast even more than their due proportion of musty-minds, yet the majority of the people is mere *clod* cut into human shape, and vivified by that genial heat which gives something like sense and feeling to vegetables. Y—will have it, that what with thus swilling, as it were, from the trough, and getting themselves smoke-dried, the whole population have a strong flavour of *geräuchertes fleisch*, i. e. hoar-bacon. But he is unable to master their language, and so abuses them for stupidity, instead of himself.

You are aware that those who know but little German will be always loud in its praise—speak of it as the language of Paradise—cry up Goethe against Shakespeare, Klopstock against Milton, Kant against the Genius of Metaphysics himself. With these amateurs everything German is perfect, and everything perfect, German; in short, *per se*, is only another way to spell *German*. Now this you may think carrying the matter a little too far, and so do I. With regard to their manners at least, they have nearly as much to learn as ourselves, being all but as boorish and gruff. Do you know, I imagine myself to have made the physiological observation, in the course of my long tour, that where a people bears any generic affinity to our own, it is proportionally uncouth, insolent, and overbearing—the Germans, Dutch, Swiss, for example; but, above all, our caricatures, the Americans; while, on the other hand, a people allied to the French has the family trait of urbanity and refinement—Italians, Spaniards, &c. I need not proclaim myself to you now as rather a stout Antigallican; but truth is a tough antagonist, and she cries on the present occasion, *Je suis là!* In fact, it is Latin against Teuton—hereditary civilization against a birthright of barbarism. Why should they not have the better of us? Then you know we have so many perfections of another kind—indeed, children of this our defect, which is therefore a beauty-spot instead of a brand—straightforwardness, sincerity, &c. &c., all the noble growth of our barbarism. But yet, when a British yeoman growls me a bull-dog *No!* to a civil request, or a German *baner* hustles past me in all his bristles like a wild hog, it is Job's consolation to be told that the latter is only "straightforwardness," and the former "sincerity." So it may, but for my poor particular, give me on the rough high-road of life, a little of the Italian *soavità*, or even French politeness. To be sure, the Romans are buffalo enough in

their breeding, though called a Latin race; nor does every Frenchman make a paw of velvet to strangers; but these are exceptions, just as courteous Englishmen, soft-hearted Scotch, or tame Irish, of which there exist specimens in the three kingdoms;—so there are some gentlemen among the Germans. One hears a good deal, by the bye, of the tendency evinced by the Germans to fraternise with us, as the phrase is: I don't know; but English travellers generally carry a lodestone in their pockets, which may help to solve most of the phenomena concerning their attractiveness. Golden calves will ever be worshipped, and as well by the best of Christians as the worst of Jews.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

According to the fanciful spirit of classification in which, a few months ago, we amused ourselves by apportioning different descriptions of fiction to the different seasons of the year, we should say that the present was, above all others, the time for relics—to examine and dispose of these now is like clearing out the old things of the past, to make room for the cradle of the new year. Whether the gentlemen of the hammer are as poetical in their speculations as ourselves, we know not, but it is certain that the number of sales of such matters is considerable just now. A few days ago, Messrs. Southgate disposed of a large collection of ancient weapons and suits of armour. The highest price (9*l.* 10*s.*) was given for a cavalier's suit of polished steel armour, consisting of "a barred helmet, breast, back, laminated cuirasses, with genouillères, pauldrons, rebraces, elbow pieces, vambraces, gorget, garde de reine, and gauntlets, of the reign of Charles the First." A suit of polished steel armour, with brass studs, of the reign of Henry the Eighth, brought the same price.

The fourth part of the catalogue of Mr. Herbert's library has also appeared, containing some of the choicest of its far-famed contents, which are about to be sold forthwith, by Mr. Evans. It comprises his collection of English Poetry—the curious ancient ballads and broadsides, so valuable as throwing light upon the familiar manners and thoughts of the people at the time when they were hawked about and sung—a valuable series of books, tracts, &c. on Ireland—and many of the almost unique copies of the early dramatists' less known works, which have been regarded so long with admiration and envy by brother collectors. The sale of this division of the library will occupy fourteen days.

A very interesting little casket of relics has been sent us, by Mr. J. Doubleday, of Great Russell Street—a sort of *multum-in-parvo* memorial of the houses of Lords and Commons—the box itself is made from a beam of the painted chamber, with a brass escutcheon formed out of the relics of the chandelier of the House of Lords—it contains an impression of the old seal of St. Stephen's chapel, from a charter of the time of Richard the Third, cast in lead from the roof of the building lately destroyed—and the authenticity of the materials is supported, by the order from the office of Woods and Forests, for their delivery, which has been offered for our inspection.

But we must not altogether abide with the "dim and mouldy past," as we are recalled to the arts of our own days by the illustrations to Mr. Watts's forthcoming 'Literary Souvenir,' which are really, as a series, surpassingly beautiful, and do honour to the skill of those who have painted, and those who have engraved, and the taste of him who has selected them. For instance, the portrait in the frontispiece, by Mr. Chalon, is the *ne plus ultra* of feminine ease and elegance—the Lady, too, is very lovely—nor is the vignette (the subject taken from the 'Gis-

monda' of Silvio Pellico) less delightful. The other illustrations are chiefly contributed by the principal living artists; but we have Stothard's 'Vintage,' teeming with the glowing beauty of the South, and his 'Euphrosyne'—and Sir Thomas Lawrence's 'Twin Sisters'—and Bonington's 'Interior of the Abbey of St. Ouen'—all engraved in a highly finished style, to remind us that some of our mighty masters of the pencil have passed away from among us. Howard gives us a delicious group of 'Peasants of Naples' beside a fountain—Newton a new 'Forsaken'—and this time, the maiden really seems bowed down with the sorrow of her desertion. The shore scenes of Collins are always natural. We have two, to relieve the more courtly and artificial pictures by which they are surrounded; his 'Haunts of the Sea-fowl,' and his 'Prawn-fishers,' both good. Is Mr. Roberts a spirit of the ruins, that he delineates them with such a poetical pencil?—his 'Sunset,' with an old *palazzo*, overrun with creeping foliage, and a picturesque bridge in the horizon, is one of the sweetest things in the book, and a worthy companion to Danby's 'Ancient Garden.' We must not stay to enumerate all the rest; but we may express our general pleasure in their superior execution.

We have seen with pleasure a recommendation from the classical professors of Harvard university to the publisher of Boston, advising a republication of Mr. Lockhart's novel of 'Valerius,' for the use of the university, and the higher classes in schools. They state that this work contains accurate information respecting the customs and habits of the Romans, and is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the age in which the story is laid. This is the first instance of the valuable information contained in historical novels being turned to practical account; and we think the example worthy of imitation.

We have glanced over the second number of the new-series of the *Dublin University Review*, which has just arrived. Its contents are varied and interesting; there are articles on the 'Histoire générale de la Civilisation en Europe,' on a Greenland voyage of Discovery, on Mr. Inglis's 'Spain in 1830'—on Dr. Roget's 'Bridge-water Treatise,' and 'Victor Jacquemont's Letters,' &c. including one upon that "nosegay of rare conceits," 'Tynney Hall.' The mention of this novel reminds us that we have heard a pleasant rumour, that Mr. Theodore Hook is about to publish another work of fiction, to be called 'Female Influence,' in which, doubtless, will be shown how the world is, and has been, and will be, governed by what Jonathan Oldbuck called "the womankind."

Our musical friends will be glad to hear that Mendelssohn purposes paying them another visit next year, with a new Symphony in his hand, which, we hear, is a most beautiful and original work. We wish he would bring over with him also an Oratorio for the York Festival.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 27.—Davies Gilbert, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—The following papers were read at this meeting:—viz. first, Meteorological Journal kept at the Royal Observatory, Cape of Good Hope, from the 1st of February to the 31st of May, 1834, by Thomas Maclear, Esq., communicated by Capt. Beaufort, R.N., F.R.S.; second, 'On the Proofs of a gradual Rising of the Land in certain parts of Sweden,' by Charles Lyell, Esq., F.R.S.

The first paper consisted almost entirely of tabulated records of observations made with the barometer and thermometer, and taken four times each day. The reading of the first part of Mr. Lyell's paper occupied the remainder of the time of the meeting: the remainder being

reserved for the next meeting on the 11th of December; and it was announced from the chair, that, in consequence of the anniversary meeting for the election of officers and council taking place on Monday, December 1, there will be no evening meeting of the Society on the 4th of December.

### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Nov. 27.—H. Hallam, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—The matter of principal interest brought before the Society this evening, was a communication from Thomas Phillips, Esq. R.A., descriptive of a canoe, or ancient vessel, formed out of the trunk of an oak tree, which was disinterred in March last, at North Stoke, in the Weald of Sussex, near Arundel. It was found under an old drain that lies in the course of an arm, or small tributary, of the river Arun. The length of this singular relic is 35 feet 4 inches, its depth nearly two feet, and its breadth between four and five feet. The state and appearance of the timber manifest that it had been long buried, but there is nothing in the form or workmanship of the vessel to indicate whether it was made five centuries or fifteen centuries ago, though Mr. Phillips thinks there is reason for assigning it to the ancient Britons, anterior to, or about the time of the Roman invasion. The discovery excited a great deal of interest among the friends of antiquarian speculation, and the canoe has been presented, by the Earl of Egremont, into whose possession it came, to the British Museum, where it is now daily exciting the wonder and gratifying the curiosity of its numerous visitors.

Drawings of the object, and an interesting view, with a map of the site in which it was discovered, accompanied the description, and were suspended in the meeting room.

### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 24.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., in the chair.—Part of a Journal was read, kept by Major Felix during an excursion made by him and Lord Prudhoe from Cairo to Mount Sinai. The chief facts that we noticed, of novelty or importance, were the rapid growth of coral in the Red Sea—the height at which marine shells are found along the shores of Arabia—the close resemblance of many of the wild traditions of the Arabs to the historical narratives of Scripture—and the security with which this journey, once so hazardous, may, it appears, now be performed. But we defer any minute analysis of the paper till it shall be concluded.

At the close of the meeting it was announced from the chair, that the council had awarded the royal premium for the current year to Lieutenant Burnes, and that this would be formally conferred at the ensuing meeting. This intimation was received with much approbation, and will command, we are persuaded, a numerous attendance on the occasion.

### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Nov. 13.—W. M. Leake, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—At this meeting, two papers were read by the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Hamilton.—The first of these consisted of remarks by M. Letronne, on the explanation of the vocal effect recorded of the (so called) statue of Memnon, at Thebes, as given by Mr. Wilkinson, in a paper printed in the second volume of the Society's Transactions. (See M. Letronne's Letter, in *Athenæum*, p. 690.)

The second paper read, was 'Notes on the Roman Villa near Lo Scoglio di Virgilio, near the hill of Pausilippo.'—It is remarkable that Mr. Hamilton, the writer of the paper, was the first among the learned in modern times to notice (while resident in Naples between 1812 and 1825,) the existence of this edifice, which has since attracted so much curiosity. It is, or rather was,—for the structure appears to have suffered

greatly from its recent notoriety.—a complete specimen of an ancient Roman marine villa, of three stories, in what is called "opus reticulatum," built close to, and partly over, the sea; and seems, probably, to have belonged to Pollio, the ground immediately at the back of the edifice, and above it, being traditionally known as the site of the residence of that favourite of Augustus. Mr. Hamilton's description was extended by some extracts from the notes of Mr. Sydney Smirke, whose sketches of the villa were also exhibited to the meeting.

### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Society (Anniversary).....	Eleven, A.M.
TUES.	Linnæan Society.....	Eight, P.M.
	Horticultural Society.....	One, P.M.
WED.	Geological Society.....	9 P.M.
	Society of Arts.....	7 P.M.
	Royal Society of Literature.....	Three, P.M.
TH.	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.
	Zoological Society.....	One, P.M.
SAT.	Royal Asiatic Society.....	Two, P.M.

## THEATRICALS

### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, THE ROAD TO RUIN. With TAM O'SHANTER. Monday, THE RED MASK. With TAM O'SHANTER. Tuesday, (first time this season,) THE WEDDING GOWN. With TAM O'SHANTER. And (first time this season) CHARLES XII. Wednesday, THE RED MASK. With TAM O'SHANTER. The Red Mask every other Evening. TAM O'SHANTER every Evening.

### THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, MANFRED; and CINDERELLA. Monday, (THIELLE, Orléans (first time), Mr. Vandenberg; first time), Mr. Drouin. With BLUE DEVILS, after which the last Act of THE REVOLT OF THE HAREN, and the Evolutions of the Female Arms. Tuesday, MANFRED; and GUSTAVUS. Wednesday, A New Comedy, in Three Acts, entitled MODERN HONOR. MANFRED every other Evening.

## MISCELLANEA

*The Deepest Mine in Great Britain.* (From the *Durham Advertiser*.)—The shaft at present sinking at Monkwearmouth Colliery, near Sunderland, has attained a considerably greater depth than any mine in Great Britain, (or, estimating its depth from the level of the sea, than any mine in the world). Pearce's shaft at the Consolidated Mines in Cornwall was, till lately, the deepest in the island, being about 1470 feet in perpendicular depth, of which 1150 feet are below the surface of the sea. The bottom of Woolf's shaft (also at the consolidated Mines) is 1230 feet below the sea; but its total depth is less than that of Pearce's shaft. The bottom of the Monkwearmouth shaft is already upwards of 1500 feet below high water mark, and 1600 feet below the surface of the ground. It was commenced in May, 1826. The upper part of the shaft passes through the lower magnesian limestone strata, which overlap the south-eastern district of the great Newcastle Coal-field, and which, including a stratum of "freestone sand" at the bottom of the limestone, extended, at Monkwearmouth, to the thickness of 350 feet, and discharged towards the bottom of the strata the prodigious quantity of 3000 gallons of water per minute,—for the raising of which into an off-take drift, a double-acting steam-engine, working with a power of from 180 to 200 horses, was found necessary. The first unequal stratum of the coal formation, viz., a bed of coal 1½ inches thick, was not reached till August, 1831, (being about 344 feet below the surface,) after which the tremendous influx of water which had so long impeded the sinking operations was "stopped back" by cylindrical "metal tubbing" or casing, fitted (in a series of small portions) to the shaft, and extending from below the above bed of coal to within 26 yards of the surface. The sinking now proceeded with spirit—still, no valuable bed of coal was reached, although the shaft had passed considerably above 600 feet into the coal measures, and much deeper than had hitherto been found requisite for



Teaching some of the known seams. It became evident that the miners were in unknown ground. A new "feeder of water" was encountered at the great depth of 1000 feet, requiring fresh pumps and a fresh outlay of money. The prospects of the owners became unpromising in the eyes of most men, and were denounced as hopeless by many of the coal-viewers! still the Messrs. Pemberton (the enterprising owners of this colliery) continued, and in October last reached a seam of considerable value and thickness, at the depth of 1578 feet below the surface, and presuming that this newly discovered seam was identified with the Bensham seam of the Tyne, (or Maudlin seam of the Wear,) they are rapidly deepening their shaft, in anticipation of reaching the Hutton, or most valuable seam, at no distant period, but which (if their anticipations are well founded) will be found at a depth approaching 300 fathoms from the surface! In the mean time, however, workings have very recently commenced in the supposed Bensham seam. A party of scientific gentlemen descended into these workings on Saturday last, and aided by every facility and assistance which could be afforded to them by the Messrs. Pemberton, made several barometric and thermometric observations, the detail of which will be deeply interesting to many of our readers. A barometer at the top of the shaft (87 feet above high water mark) stood at 30.518, its attached thermometer (Fahrenheit) being 53. On being carried down to the new workings (1584 feet below the top) it stood at 32.180, and in all probability higher than ever before seen by human eye! the attached thermometer being 58. Four workings or drifts had been commenced in the coal; the longest of them being that "to the dip," 22 yards in length and nearly 2 in breadth—to the end of which the current of fresh air for ventilating the mine was diverted—(and from which the pitmen employed in its excavation had just departed,) was selected for the following thermometric observations. (Temperature of the current of air near the entrance of the drift, 62 Fahrenheit; near the end of the drift 63; close to the face or extremity of the drift, and beyond the current of air, 68.) A piece of coal was hewn from the face; and two thermometers placed in the spot just before occupied by the coal (their bulbs being instantly covered with coal dust) rose to 71. A small pool of water was standing at the end of the drift. Temperature of this water at 11 o'clock, 70; 3 hours later 69. A register thermometer was buried 18 inches deep below the floor, and about 10 yards from the entrance of the drift; 40 minutes afterwards its maximum temperature was 67. Another register thermometer was similarly buried near the end of the drift, and after a similar period indicated a maximum temperature of 70. It was then placed in a deeper hole and covered with small coal;—some water oozed out of the side of this hole to the depth of 6 or 8 inches above the thermometer, which, upon being examined after a sufficient interval of time, indicated a temperature of 71. A stream of gas bubbles (igniting with the flame of a candle) issued through the water collected in this hole; the bulbs of two very sensible thermometers were immersed under water in this stream of gas, and indicated a temperature constantly varying between 71.5 and 72.6. A thermometer was lowered to the bottom of a hole drilled to the depth of 2½ feet into the floor of another of the workings, and the atmospheric air excluded from it by a tight stopping of clay; this thermometer being raised after the lapse of 48 hours, stood at 71.2. Other experiments, in the prosecution of these inquiries, are, contemplated.

**The Russian Platina Mines.**—A report has recently appeared, in the *Berlin State Gazette*, upon the production of platina, and the present

state of the mines of that metal in the Russian Empire. During ten years, from Midsummer 1824 to January 1834, the quantity of platina ore extracted from the mines in the Ural mountains, amounted to 230 quintals, which yielded upwards of two thirds of pure metal. Of this, about 153 quintals were coined, amounting to a sum of 8,186,620 roubles. About 160 pounds were employed in the manufacture of vessels for the separation of gold from silver, and for other purposes. Estimating the amount coined as below one million sterling, and this product of the mines being spread over a period of ten years, it would appear that beyond the cost of the establishments, but little clear revenue has been derived from the mines. But as they are the exclusive property of the crown, and worked by serfs, whose maintenance may be estimated at the minimum of the cost of human support—and moreover, as the quantity of ore has progressively increased with the progress of the mining operations, it is by no means to be supposed that the Ural mines may not add, in a very considerable degree, to the wealth of the Russian Empire. Platina being a metal of great unimpressibility, much difficulty was experienced in first converting it into coin—but at length a die of the most ingenious description was constructed for the purpose, by a French mechanist, who is said to have received a very large reward. The coin has hitherto preserved an exact mean between the value of gold and silver, but how its future value may be changed by the increased supply of the ore, and its comparative intrinsic utility for other purposes than money, is yet to be determined. The coin is a handsome one, and specimens, we believe, may be seen at the British Museum.

**A Russian Literary Character.**—The Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg has just printed a book of Poems, written by Elizabeth Kulmann, a young girl, who died at the age of 17. This girl possessed very remarkable talents. She was not only acquainted with Greek and Latin, but spoke several modern languages. Among her works is said to be an excellent translation of the Odes of Anacreon.

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**Napoleon and the Tyrolese.**—During the campaign of 1809, Napoleon arrived at Brünm, in Moravia. He had to pass the Old Gate: a steep ascent leads to this gate, contiguous to which stand several houses. One of these houses was occupied by a mechanic, as a dwelling and workshop. Among his journeymen there was a native of Tyrol, an industrious and worthy fellow, but, like all his countrymen, a furious enemy to Napoleon and the French. On the morning that the Emperor rode to the Spielberg, the Tyrolese was miss-

ing. His comrades were just talking of him, when the apprentice entered the shop, and mentioned that he had seen the Tyrolese at the window of the loft. This awakened curiosity, and the master went up to the loft to look after the man. There he found him kneeling at the window, with a gun ready cocked lying before him, and his eyes fixed on the road by which Napoleon must necessarily pass. As the house stood on the declivity of the hill, consequently lower than the gate, the Emperor on horseback, at the moment when he came up to the gate, would have been nearly on a line with the window where his humble foe had posted himself; and the distance would have been so small, that scarcely any marksman, and least of all a Tyrolese, could have missed his aim. A few minutes after the master had disarmed his workman, Napoleon passed the gate, and rode down the hill.—*Ibid.*

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Wilderness of Egedi.  
Babylon.  
Vesicle of Iain.  
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## REVIEWS

*Principles of Geology.* By Charles Lyell, F.R.S. 4 vols. 3rd edit. London: Murray.

THE gratitude of every man who has a zeal for science is due to Mr. Lyell, for having here presented to us, and in a form so cheap and compact, one of the noblest accumulations of facts of modern times, interwoven with highly ingenious theories and truly philosophical speculations. We do not think that geologists in any great numbers will ever throughout agree with Mr. Lyell; but there can no longer be any doubt that many phenomena, supposed to need extraordinary forces, are perfectly explicable by those at present in action every day. The good old axiom of Newton, "*Causas rerum naturalium non plures admitti debere quam*," &c. has received a fresh illustration from the work before us. Causes, and good store of causes, adequate, and more than adequate, to explain all possible phenomena "*et quelibet alia*," have ever and anon been advanced, defended, and abandoned; but, as Sir Isaac says again, "*Frustra fit per plura quod fieri potest per pauciora; natura enim causis superfluis non luxuriat*"—and, trite though it be, we quote it with pleasure again. But the question is, are Mr. Lyell's causes adequate to explain all phenomena? Do we know either phenomena or existing causes well enough to decide on this point? This will scarcely be maintained. We have already (No. 296) given some account of Mr. Lyell's work, and our opinion of it; and most of our readers of course are acquainted with its general design. The forces which are employed, and on which he dwells, are, as mathematicians might say, functions of the time; and by a species of geological integration, results of astonishing magnitude are obtained. The importance of those forces, apparently quite insufficient, is to be established by a proof of their effects from observation; and, to understand the work, it should be kept in mind, that this is the bearing of most of the facts adduced. Indeed, we think that the mode in which Mr. Lyell connects his theory with his facts might be considerably improved: there is a certain periphrastic style about his reasoning, which renders it somewhat painful to an ordinary reader, to discover how the accumulated facts are held together, and tend to a common point. Perhaps it was with some perception of this defect, that a very useful summary of the whole work, showing the connexion of its parts, was, at the suggestion of some friends, prefixed to this edition. We shall proceed to notice one or two of the many valuable additions which Mr. Lyell has made to his work. The much canvassed question of the level of the Baltic, and the elevation of the land in Scandinavia, is discussed by Mr. Lyell. We believe that since this was written, Mr. Lyell has travelled through those countries, and we look with some interest to his results, which, we believe, have been found to agree with those opinions

which he has already advocated. Celsius, the Swede, originated the idea that the waters of the Baltic had been for ages falling at the rate of about forty-five inches in 100 years. He rested this theory on observation, and the testimony of ancient geographers. It was contended by other naturalists, that there was as good reason to believe that the waters were rising. "They added another curious and conclusive proof of the permanency of the water level for many centuries. On the Finland coast were some large pines, growing close to the water's edge; these were cut down, and by counting the concentric rings of annual growth, as seen in a transverse section of the trunk, it was demonstrated that they had stood there for 400 years." Whereas, according to the Celsiusian hypothesis, the trees must have grown for many seasons below the level of the water. Similar results were obtained from observations near Abo and Sonderburg; and from the island of Saltholm, and the town of Dantzic. But yet, the facts adduced by Celsius proved that many parts of the Gulf of Bothnia were becoming land; as at Pitea and Lulea, ancient ports had become inland cities, old fishing grounds changed into dry land, &c. Many facts, tending the same way, have lately been adduced by Mr. Johnston, (Ed. *New Phil. Journal*, No. 29). Accordingly, since the waters in the gulf of the Baltic are retiring in some places, and not in others, Von Buch held that the land is rising in some places insensibly; and to verify this opinion, lines were chiselled on the rocks along the coast, and by this means it has been proved that along the greater part of the Baltic the mean level is falling. A mere sinking of the level might be explained, by supposing the channels of efflux, the Belts and Sound, to be so widened and deepened, as to let out the waters more freely now than formerly. But if it should appear that the waters have sunk at Stockholm, and not at Abo, this conjecture will avail nothing. The evidence of geological inquiry is now appealed to, and it seems that at Uddevalla, in Sweden, M. Brongniart discovered, at heights of 400 feet, deposits of shells, identical with existing species. "On examining with care the smooth surface of the gneiss immediately above the ancient shelly beach at Uddevalla, M. Brongniart found balani, or barnacles, adhering to the rocks; so that there can be no doubt that the sea had for a long period sojourned on the spot. These high beaches establish the important and very unexpected fact, that the Norwegian and Swedish coasts have changed their level greatly within the present geological era."—vol. 1, 339.

Mr. Lyell suggests (vol. 2, 301, 5) an explanation of this gradual rise of part of Scandinavia. Experiments made by Colonel Totten, in America, have ascertained the ratio in which granite, marble, sandstone, &c. expand by heat. "Now, according to this law of expansion, a mass of sandstone, a mile in thickness which should have its

temperature raised 200° F., would lift a superimposed layer of rock to the height of ten feet above its former level. But suppose a part of the earth's crust 100 miles in thickness, and equally expandable, to have its temperature raised 600° or 800°, this might produce an elevation of between 2000 and 3000 feet." This application of Colonel Totten's results to the theory of earthquakes, &c. is due to Mr. Babbage. (See *Athenæum*, p. 751.) Some of the most important of his additional matter has been devoted by Mr. L. to the subject of the causes of volcanic heat, and of earthquakes. [vol. 2, chap. 9, 10.] We shall give a succinct account of the question there discussed. The experiments of M. Cordier have ascertained the following facts: that when we pass the stratum of constant temperature, or that point below the surface which is not affected by the solar rays, the temperature at a given point is constant throughout the year; that the temperature invariably increases with the depth; and, that on an average, 1° F. corresponds to about seven fathoms of descent. The theory of M. Fourier is, that the earth is a globe cooled down very greatly from a former higher temperature, but possessing still a central heat of enormous intensity, which is prevented from extending to the surface by the low conducting powers of the materials through which it has to pass; so that the heat below may well account for all volcanic convulsions, while it does not reach the surface so as to affect climate. To these doctrines Mr. Lyell makes several ingenious exceptions. He says, that at the depth of 200 miles, the materials of the globe become fluid, and that the temperature and consequent fluidity go on increasing to the centre; the condition of the globe thus being that of a thin crust, resting on a fluid mass of enormous temperature. Then it is contended that Fourier's reasoning on conducting powers only applies to solid, and not to fluid, bodies; that heat traverses fluids by circulation, producing a tendency to equalization of temperature, while the mode of its propagation through solids is very different; this tendency to equilibrium of temperature would conduct the enormous central heat to the external crust, and rapidly fuse it (indeed, it is a fact established by experiment, that the temperature of a solid body cannot be raised beyond a certain point, while every portion of it remains unmelted). Such is Mr. Lyell's reasoning: if it is objected that the great hydrostatic pressure may prevent the circulation of heat, Mr. L. replies that there is no experiment to show that the fusion of solids is affected by hydrostatic pressure. Again, if it be objected that a lava current may be terra firma above, while it is a molten stream below, Mr. L. asserts, that the temperature of this liquid lava cannot be much above that requisite for fluidity, for that, if it was, the upper crust would melt again. We confess that we are not quite satisfied with Mr. Lyell's views on this point.

The laws of the conduction and circulation of heat, under the conditions imagined, of an enormous mass kept in equilibrium by forces tending to a fixed centre, form a subject too intricate to permit us to suppose that Mr. Lyell's chief objections are sufficient to determine the question. Mr. Lyell's own theory is this:—that we may refer the heat of the interior to chemical changes in the earth's crust, producing heat and electricity: that subterranean electric currents which we know to exist from various phenomena, may exert a slow decomposing power like the voltaic pile; and thus become a constant source of chemical action and volcanic heat; that the metals of the earths and alkalis existing below in an unoxidized state, and coming in contact with water, form a source of intense heat, and the hydrogen thus evolved, coming in contact with heated metallic oxides, may reduce them again to metals; and this circle of action may be one of the principal means by which volcanic heat and the stability of the volcanic energy are preserved. We will conclude with Mr. L's beautiful remarks on the modern progress of Geology:—

"Never, perhaps, did any science, with the exception of Astronomy, unfold, in an equally brief period, so many novel and unsuspected truths, and overturn so many preconceived opinions,—the surface of this planet had been regarded as having remained unaltered since its creation, until the geologist proved that it had been the theatre of reiterated change, and was still the subject of slow but never-ending fluctuations. The discovery of other systems in the boundless regions of space, was the triumph of Astronomy:—to trace the same system through various transformations—to behold it at successive eras adorned with different hills and valleys, lakes and seas, and peopled with new inhabitants, was the delightful meed of geological research. The charm of first discovery is our own, and, as we explore this magnificent field of inquiry, the sentiments of a great historian of our times may continually be present to our minds—that he who calls what has vanished back again into being, enjoys a bliss like that of creating."

Mr. Croly, in his work on Divine Providence, says that "Geology is a meagre collection of trivial facts, gathered by loose inquiry, and arranged by imperfect knowledge!" *Judice lector.* The quotation will answer as a foil.

*Turner's Annual Tour. Wanderings by the Seine from Rouen to the Source.* By Leitch Ritchie, Esq.

THE long line of Annuals brightens as it draws to its close. It was but last week that we made our bow to the gay and graceful 'Book of Beauty,' and here we have Mr. Turner in all his force, and Mr. Ritchie in his pleasantest mood; indeed, we consider this volume as at once the most sterling and amusing which he has yet laid before the public. But, before we extract from his share of the work, we have a few words to say concerning the illustrations which it contains.

Mr. Turner has apparently found on the Seine a series of subjects particularly congenial to his taste, for we do not remember anything of his much more beautiful than the vignette of 'Château Gaillard,' or the gay and crowded scene on the Boulevards, most exquisitely engraved by Higham,—or more true to nature than the plate immediately following, 'The Confluence of the Seine

and Marne,' in which the artist has had the daring to press one of those vituperated craft called steam-boats into his service, to render it effective and picturesque. If we specify these only, and leave unmentioned all the busy architectural landscapes of the bridges and quays of Paris, and the ancient towns, with their stately cathedrals, which he has represented, it is not because we do not think them worthy of praise, but that a mere enumeration of subjects becomes tedious. Instead of such a catalogue, may we venture to inquire of this artist, all admirable as he is, whether he does not repeat the grand and bold effects of nature a little too unsparingly?—and whether his moonlight scenes, and his stormy skies, with their rainbows, and his wide champagne landscapes, dotted with the transient shadows of passing clouds, would not show all the more striking, for being intermixed with less ambitious subjects, treated in a simpler manner?

In turning to the letter-press, our task becomes an easy one, as it is only to pick out a few pleasant things from the many which Mr. Ritchie has gathered, and to set them before our readers. Mr. Ritchie begins his voyage in the valley of Andeli, famous as the birth-place of Nicolas Poussin, and noticeable, as having, in later days, produced Blanchard, one of the first of the aeronauts; the tourist proceeds thence to Château Gaillard (Castle Insolent), and the account of the strength of this fortress, and the terrors of its siege under Philippe the Magnanimous, is full of stirring interest, but too entire, as a whole, to bear mutilation. The exploit of the young French knight, Bogis, is a sort of chivalrous version of Cuddie Headrigg's private scheme for possessing the Covenanters of the Tower of Tillietudlem, through the pantry window. Bogis, however, was more fortunate than Jenny Denison's lover; for he succeeded in getting in, though he paid for his daring by being nearly roasted alive. This citadel fell on the 6th of March, 1204. Another romantic tale, connected with it, is complete in a shorter space, and we give it entire.

"The Château Gaillard (says Mr. Ritchie) was the scene of many other deeds of arms, which we have no room to relate; and it received within its walls, from time to time, many of the most illustrious persons of the age. Among the latter, a few words may be accorded to two very young and very lovely women.

"The three sons of Philippe le Bel were married to three ladies, among the most high-born in Europe, mere girls in age, and of extraordinary beauty. These three young persons, Marguerite, Jeanne, and Blanche, the sister of the latter, on coming suddenly into the full blaze of the most dissipated court in Europe, allowed themselves to be dazzled and bewildered. There was nothing in the character of the three princesses to engage the affections of their youthful spouses. Louis, the husband of Marguerite, afterwards surnamed Le Hutin, was of a cold, stern, and pitiless nature; Charles, the lord of Blanche, loved not his wife, and that is saying enough; Philippe was a tranquil and philosophical personage, who, knowing the manners of the age, came to the conclusion that his partner Jeanne could not possibly be worse than the other ladies of the court. The three princesses, if we may believe historians, loved, and were beloved. Jeanne, after a year's confinement, was tried by the parliament and acquitted, and afterwards became Queen of France; while Marguerite and Blanche were imprisoned in the Château Gail-

lard. Their lovers, Philippe and Gautier d'Aulnay, two Norman brothers, were executed on the public square of Pontoise, with circumstances of horrible barbarity. They were first skinned alive, then mutilated and beheaded, and their bodies hung up by the shoulders on the common gibbet. The usher of the chamber, who was privy to their fatal loves, was hung beside them; and many of the lords who were most attached to the criminals, were put to horrible tortures, on pretext of eliciting a confession, while others were secretly drowned in the night.

"As for the young princesses, they lived together for a year in the Château Gaillard, and on the summit of that dreadful and seconded rock formed a friendship far more close and lasting than they could have done in the crowd and gaiety of the world. We have but few facts to assist us in speculating upon their characters, but these few are touching in the extreme, and yet have been passed over without observation, even by those writers who appear most interested in their fate.

"A year after their imprisonment commenced the solitude of these sisters in guilt and misery was broken in upon by messengers from the king. The men, perhaps, were moved by the youth and beauty of the captives; perhaps they paused in confusion; perhaps they disclosed the nature of their commission slowly and hesitatingly;—or, perhaps, to conceal their shame, and almost terror, thundered it forth with the abrupt and discordant voice of the raven. Death! death!—this was their errand. The young women rushed into one another's arms; they clung round one another's necks; they gazed into one another's eyes. They were ready to die, so that they died together.

"But this was not in the bond. Marguerite was torn from the arms of Blanche, and the latter consoled with the information that she was not to die. *Consoled!* They held her with difficulty, young, frail, and fragile as she was; for friendship in woman, that rarest of her qualities, partaking of the enthusiasm of her nature, resembles a passion. She saw her beautiful and beloved friend in the grasp of the ruffians: she saw them unloose the tangles of her long hair, and twist them round her queenly neck. And she—she could but writhle in the arms that withheld her, till her blood sprang from beneath the gauntlets: she could but pray and curse by turns, now invoking a miracle, now blasphemously reproaching the cold unheeding heavens: she could but scream, till her voice startled the fishermen far below on the placid waters of the Seine. It was at length over. The face of Marguerite, turned towards her to the last, became black; her limbs were convulsed—for was dead!

"Blanche lived alone on the same spot for eight years. The history of her mind during the space of that time, is not altogether a blank, such as can only be filled up by conjecture. In the sixth year of her solitude, she was visited by Etienne, Bishop of Paris, who came to her on business concerning the dissolution of her marriage. This prelate has given us an account of her appearance and manners as well as of her words. *She was cheerful.* He asked her whether she did not wish to be saved from this dreadful cliff—whether another abode, even if a prison, with more room and more society, with walks and gardens, and amusements, would not be more agreeable to her. She answered, 'No.' We would not destroy, with words of cure, the effect of an anecdote which we look upon as one of the most affecting in history. This poor Blanche still lived in the society of Marguerite. Time had taken away the horrors of her death, and only left behind the remembrance of her beauty and her love. Blanche clung to her memory as the only thing which was now her own in the world. She would not forsake for a



paradise the lonely and sterile rock which had once been the home, and was now the grave of her murdered friend. The good Bishop of Paris went back to his masters, and told them that the Princess was in high spirits, and very well pleased with her abode!

"The predilection of Blanche, however, was not consulted in the choice of an abiding-place. After the dissolution of her marriage, she was removed to the Abbey of Maubuisson, where she took the veil, and lived, as the chronicles of the time inform us, devoted to her religious duties, and without exhibiting the smallest regret that her destiny had thus cut her off, at so early an age, from the enjoyments of the world."

We had marked sundry lively passages for extract, by way of contrast to this gloomy, but interesting historical anecdote. But we have reached the limits of our space, and can only recommend them to our readers as well worth the seeking.

*Jacques.* Par George Sand. Paris: Revue des Deux Mondes Office; London, Dulau.

THIS George Sand, as we announced in our review of 'Lelia,'† is no other than Mrs. Sand, whose real name is Dudevant. Mrs. Sand, or Mad. Dudevant, is undoubtedly the most gifted and most original female writer of her country and times, a sort of female Jean Jacques Rousseau. She has the same eloquence, the same pathos, the same voluptuousness of style, the same perverted philosophy, the same hatred to social restraints. As he assailed the institutions of his country and the social system of his era, she, with no feeblor hand, wages a perpetual war against the nuptial vow. Her writings are especially directed against matrimony: she has no faith in it; she impugns, insults, and tramples under her indignant foot, what we have been accustomed to think the holiest ties, the most hallowed feelings of the heart. An adept in the school of sensation, a despoiler of customs, however old and however sanctified, she never holds up *virtue and duty* as the aim and hope of human life. The indulgence of passions, of sympathies, of super-refinements, of a sensibility so nervous and trembling as to resemble a morbid egotism, such are her idols. She displays everywhere an admirable *finesse* of the understanding; a ready and ever-flowing eloquence; a deep knowledge of the female heart, such, at least, as the highly heated atmosphere of Parisian life has made it. She is, in fact, a woman of genius, whose cradle was rocked in the stormy billows of Jean Jacques's prose and Byron's poetry; whose youth felt the scorching influences of an ill-assorted marriage; and whose deep-rooted despair looks with a cold eye on her past tortures and her still-bleeding wounds. Her anathema is sadder and more harrowing than the curse which Byron threw upon the world.

The clever and Wilkie-like sketch by Crabbe, 'The Natural Death of Love,' is well known. Such is the text of this new novel. Jacques, a retired officer, thirty-five years of age, marries a girl eighteen years younger than himself. Fernande, whose sweetness of temper and enthusiastic mind are well drawn and well supported, admires in her husband, his strength of character, his singleness of purpose, his noble and resolved will. The first months pass pleasantly enough;

but she discovers by degrees, that he does not entirely sympathize with her delicate sensibilities. He begins, also, to grow weary of her childish fancies, but conceals it, and resolves to do so. Restraint and un-easiness now become mutual; and two noble natures, two excellent beings, who love and esteem each other, suffer deeply from this want of sympathy, and even from their mutual sacrifice to what they think their common happiness.

"Trifles, light as air," have already troubled the innocent paradise of their loves, when Sylvia, a strange woman, the sister of Jacques, and his female counterpart, steps in, and throws into the very simple drama we have just sketched, some elements of intrigue and interest. Sylvia is a woman of very questionable conduct,—or rather, about whose conduct there would be no question in England. She is unmarried, independent, and has a lover, one Octave, a man of the world. Octave is described as gentle, irresolute, with engaging manners, and a heart prone to love; he has a spice of loquaciousness and vanity in his character, but talent, wit, fortune, and a remarkable sweetness of address. He is, in fact, the very opposite of Jacques, "*melancholy Jacques*," who is ever smoking his cigar or his chibouk, ever silent, sometimes wrangling with his wife, finding fault with her *naïveté* and most endearing manners—indeed, this perfect gentleman, this M. Jacques, is a very insipid, grumbling, and tiresome fellow. Well; Octave has been discarded by his mistress, who goes to reside with her brother at his château. He finds means to discover her retreat, and after some *romanesque* and improbable events, we find him playing his rôle with the *dramatis personæ* already introduced to the reader.

Fernande, as we have stated, has offended the superhuman wisdom of her husband and his philosophic susceptibility by some very trifling weaknesses; Octave has incurred the disdain of Sylvia, because he is not quite a hero. Fernande and Octave, so unmercifully treated by the objects of their affection, are thus brought into contact; they console each other, and love is soon lighted up between them. The husband looks on with philosophic calmness, and so soon as he is satisfied that there is no remedy, he takes his leave, resigning his wife with the utmost politeness, moralizing on the sublimity of his forgiveness and the detestable institution of marriage.

Criticism on such a plot is quite needless in England. Of the characters, we may observe, that Sylvia is unnatural, and the magnanimity of Jacques is false; his philosophy is but the coldness of egotism, and his behaviour to his wife is unfeeling and unreasonable. We shall not attempt to refute the false philosophy on which the work is founded, nor drag into notice the immorality which infects it, even for exposure. We must, however, express our regret at these perversions of genius, for it is impossible not to admire the wonderful truth of feeling and observation—the rapid and burning eloquence—the marvellous insight into the human heart, which is discoverable in the work. Whenever the writer condescends to draw natural incidents, and to copy human life as it is, she is admirable. There is, for example, an excellent picture of the *ton* and manner of the hardy veterans of the Empire.

We shall translate a clever scene, where some old chums of Jacques are talking of their former comrade, who comes out far better in description than in person.

"Ah!" said Captain Borel—"he has got steel in his body and soul. Such another man I never knew. Till he was twenty-five, he appeared older than he was; since then, he looks younger than he really is."

"I shall never forget his first duel," said another.

"Aye, with Lorrain," exclaimed Colonel John,—"I forced him to fight, though I loved him from my heart, poor boy!"

"Forced, did you say?—Did he object to fight?"

"I'll tell you:—Jacques, no doubt, had done his duty at the battle of Wagram; but to be spared by cannon-balls, and to be respected by one's comrades, are very different things. We had many other occupations besides duelling, and single fight was not much in vogue; but, somehow or other, Captain Lorrain contrived to have an affair every other day; such was his pleasure. He was not, indeed, so steady upon the field of battle as in a duel—very far from it; but then he had a strange kind of hand at a pistol, and managed a sword so cleverly as to be respectfully dealt with. I did not like the fellow: twice had I missed him; here is a maimed hand, and there a bit of a cheek—all of his doing. Lorrain could not abide our little warrior, Jacques, who had earned glory at Wagram. He, however, consoled himself by caricaturing and holding Jacques up to ridicule. His infernal sketches were so well done and so poignant, we could not but laugh. It was not to be endured. I went to Jacques, who was sleeping upon the grass, and said to him—'Jacques, you must fight.' 'Fight whom?' said he, yawning. 'You must fight Lorrain.' 'Why?' 'He insults you.' 'How?' 'Do not his caricatures offend you?' 'Not in the least.' 'Why, he laughs at you.' 'What does it matter?' 'Oh! Jacques, are you only brave on the field?' 'I know not.' 'Don't speak so loud,' said I; 'and be sure never to say so much to any other person.' 'Why not, John?' said he, yawning more dreadfully than ever. 'You are sleeping, comrade;—I shook him unmercifully.' 'Do you think I shall be convinced by your breaking my bones?' said he, with his never-fading *sang-froid*. 'How can I tell whether I am brave in a duel? I never fought a duel. Had you put such a question to me the day before the battle, I should have answered in the same way. I made then the first essay of my military character: now I'll make another, if you wish it; but how I shall behave, I know no more than you do.' He was an odd fellow, that little Jacques, with his little reasonings and small philosophizings. I was as certain of his courage as of my own, though he said all he could to make me fear for him. 'I value you,' said I, 'because there is a true heart in your bosom. Fight you must; my friendship obliges me to tell you so.' 'As you please; but give me a reason for fighting. I don't see that it is just to kill a man, because he is pleased to sketch my poor person, and make it laughable and amusing. I really have no anger against that Lorrain: he is very diverting; and I should be sorry to kill so capital a punster—the best I ever knew.' 'You must try to break his arm; he'll then sketch no more caricatures.' Jacques shrugged his shoulders, and slept again. I was dissatisfied; and, on the following day, I said to Lorrain—'Do you know that Jacques is angry with you?' He told me, that if you caricatured him again, he would call you out.' 'Very well—at his service.' Then he took up a bit of coal, and sketched upon a white wall, near which we were standing, an immense Jacques, with the red ribbon at the button-hole, and the name under-

† See *Athenæum* for 1822, p. 610; and for reviews of *Judana*, and 'Valentine,' by the same author, p. 162.

written. I assembled our comrades:—'What would you do, if you were Jacques?' There was no doubt about it. I went to Jacques, and brought him to them. 'Jacques, the *ancientist* have decided you must fight.' 'Very well,' said he, looking at his portrait upon the wall; 'but, upon my word, the thing does not deserve the honour of a duel. So you think I am insulted?' '*Insultissimus*,' said a wit. 'Well, who are my seconds?' 'I and Borel.' Then came Lorrain: Jacques went up to him, and spoke softly, as if he had offered him a pinch of snuff. 'Lorrain, they say you have affronted me: if you have done so intentionally, you must give me satisfaction.' 'I did so on purpose,' said Lorrain, 'and I'll give you satisfaction forthwith. Choose your weapons.' 'How must I fight?' said Jacques, stepping towards me to light his pipe. 'Why, how you please:—are you a good swordsman, or a better hand at a trigger?' 'Neither the one nor the other: I am a conscript; God did not intend me for a soldier.' 'What then, man?—you don't know how to fight, and you engage in a duel with such a fellow as Lorrain!' 'You advised me to do so.' 'Well, you may manage a broadsword;—fight with the broadsword.' 'Which is the best way?' 'Do the best you can, since you know nothing about it.' 'It is all settled. Come and take me with you, when Lorrain is ready.' Then he slept again upon the table. At the appointed hour, my blustering fellow, Lorrain, comes, quite at ease—laughs at the inexperienced Jacques, and affects to give him every advantage. But, behold! little Jacques takes up a broadsword, taller than himself, I think—flourishes it above his head—goes at his man, striking à l'aventure, slashing right and left—ever advancing, and so completely bewildering his adversary, that Lorrain asked what it meant. 'The meaning is,' said I, 'that Jacques never fought before, and does his best.' Lorrain advanced again; but he was hit so sharply in the shoulder, that he declared himself perfectly satisfied; and, for six months after, he could neither caricature nor fight."

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA.

*History of the Germanic Empire.* By S. A. Dunham, Esq. LL.D. Vol. I.

*History of Europe during the Middle Ages.* Vol. IV. London: Longman & Co.

THE History of Germany should have been long ago presented to the public in a popular form. Its value is almost wholly unknown to the general reader; while it offers more points of interest, and a far wider field of political instruction, than that of any other nation in Europe. The very earliest information we possess of its people, inspires us with admiration of their character: bold and barbaric, but eminently moral: in the forests which formed their home, were cradled both our freedom and our institutions; they were the reserve force of Providence, when the rest of mankind had poisoned themselves with the basest sensuality; and the work they actually performed, was the grandest ever effected by the people of any age or country. With no other force than the undiminished energies of humanity, they trampled down kingdoms and empires; and by the same force with which they overthrew, they reconstructed; building, as it were, spacious and noble cities, out of the ruins of overgrown, unhealthy palaces. A fanciful philosopher might make excellent use of the Pythagorean system, in

<sup>†</sup> *Les Anciens*—the old troops—sole judges of such matters.

the planning of political theories. All nations have a species of pre-existence: before they assume their proper form, and take their place among the tribes of the earth, they are seen lying dimly in the womb of time; and in their successive stages of existence, they appear passing into the lowest forms of animal, or the noblest of intellectual existence. Witness Egypt, and the nations of the East, on the one side, and those of Europe on the other; witness especially, Germany, the distinguishing spirit of which has passed through countless varieties of development—now animating immense hordes of warriors, now guiding and enlightening the founders of states,—now presenting the will and dispositions which become the souls of religious reformers, and now assuming to itself all the shapes of philosophy and scholarship.

But without the aid of any fanciful illustration, the history of Germany may be proved worthy of attention among the most elementary portions of liberal study. The theory of European government—the laws by which civilization progresses—the true relations of established churches to the states and communities in which they rise, have no explanation but in this important branch of history; and were it not possible for a youth to be instructed in that of Greece and Rome, as well as in that of Germany, we should at once confess the superior necessity of that of Germany. It is matter, therefore, of no little surprise to us, that a good, clearly-written history of this country has not been sooner provided for the use of our well-educated youth; or rather, perhaps, we ought to say, that no call for such a work has been made on the part of the public. But, unfortunately, the real use of history is not yet acknowledged in this country, and the miserable way in which attempts have been made to teach it, has only tended to make both the master and the pupil doubtful of its value. Dr. Dunham's work may help to remove this evil, in respect to the Germanic portion of the science; and should it do so, we know of few circumstances which would contribute more to the advancement of sound intelligence. Nothing is more contrary to the true philosophy of instruction, than giving notions not based on knowledge; but this is almost universally done, with regard to every species of political study, and the error can only be prevented, by filling the youthful mind with rightly-arranged information. There is a certain living principle in knowledge, for generating successive series of ideas; and the citizen or patriot ought in this his particular character, as a social being, to grow up in the fulness of convictions thus acquired.

Dr. Dunham's History abounds in curious information: we extract the following account of an insolvent debtor's court, in the Carolingian period of the Empire:—

"Suppose the loser in a suit, or any criminal legally convicted before the mallum, had not sufficient money to pay the compensation awarded by the laws? The proceeding was exceedingly curious. He first produced twelve men to swear that neither on the earth nor under the earth had he the money demanded. He then invited his kindred to his house, to make over to them all his earthly goods, and oblige them to pay the residue. He went to the four corners of the house, gathered as much dust or soil from all the four as he could hold in his

fist; then standing on the threshold, and turning his face towards the interior, he threw, with his left hand, the dust on the nearest relative he had. If he had no father, mother, or brother, or if they had on former occasions been responsible for his deficiency, he cast it on the sister of his mother, or her children, or on any three of his maternal kinsmen. And if there were three also on the paternal side, he did the same. Then stripping himself to his under garment, with bare head and feet, he went with a staff in his hand, to sit down on the edge or boundary of his habitation. He or they on whom the dust fell—for the aim with the left hand could not be very accurate—were obliged to pay the deficiency, if they had the power. This custom has strangely puzzled Selden, Goldast, and all legal commentators. They might, however, have reflected that it is wholly symbolical. The casting of the dust or earth of the house implied the tradition of that house to the kinsmen on whom it fell; and the stripping and sitting with staff in hand on the boundary of the house, denoted that the former inmate had now no house, no property; that he was at liberty to wander wherever he pleased. But suppose the deficiency was too great for the relations on whom the dust fell to raise? In this case, say one of them, or each successively, might throw the dust in a similar manner; a proof that the sprinkling of the earth by the owner implied the tradition of the house. If all the kindred were unable to pay the composition, the culprit was successively led to four successive mallum judgment meetings, and there exposed; and if no one consented to redeem his head, he was put to death. This compulsory observance was, as we may readily suppose, very hard on the relatives of a culprit, if they happened, as most have been generally the case, to be poor, especially when there were several repetitions of the crime. Of this fact Childebert was aware, and in his *Decretum* he abolished what he truly calls a pagan custom; leaving the insolvent culprit to be either put to death or reduced to slavery at the option of the kindred of the deceased."

The state of Germany in the thirteenth century, and the use of those rock-built fortresses, which astonish the modern traveller as he winds along the banks of the Rhine, are thus described:—

"The number of castellated ruins which are seen from the summits of the German mountains, and the construction of which may be satisfactorily referred to the former half of the thirteenth century, prove how little the dukes of Frederic were regarded.—Nor were the towns themselves without such fortresses. ostensibly to guard against the turbulence of the inhabitants, but really to plunder them with impunity, the princes and counts fortified their own houses within the walls. Nothing, at this day, can seem more extraordinary than the eagerness with which the bishops, for instance, erected such castles. But though many of them were wolves instead of shepherds, we have evidence enough to show that the flocks were due to be feared. In fact, no authority, temporal or spiritual, moral or religious, was respected unless it had the means necessary to enforce respect. It may be said, that whatever were the disorders of the times, they must have been chiefly confined to princes and the chief nobles; since none but they could be powerful or strong enough to erect fortresses. Such an inference, however specious, is not just; for simple knights often united their means for the same purpose, and rendered the structure their common abode; they became copartners in the base and profitable profession of bandits. But in the exasperating vicissitude of human things, good is often educes from evil. These very men, whose chief object was to plunder, were often used

as escorts to merchants and travellers. The highways were so notoriously insecure, that nobody thought of undertaking a journey, or of transmitting valuable commodities, without such an escort; and these half-nobles, half-bandits, were the only men capable of furnishing one. The merchant could not bring a guard from his own city, since it was sure to be stripped on entering the domains of another power: in such times, no territorial prince would willingly allow armed bands to pass through his jurisdiction; but the bandit confraternities cared not for the permission, and for a stipulated reward they never failed to discharge the trust with fidelity. No proverb is truer than that some portion of honour is to be found even among thieves. But if good spring from evil, the converse of the proposition is more universally true. Frequently the escort encroached on the domain of another band; and as the latter band was, in general, willing enough to continue its protection on the same terms of advantage, a quarrel was sure to follow for the right of escort; and if the former band were worsted, the merchandise and travellers were equally at the mercy of the victors. But, in most instances, these were satisfied with obtaining their reputed right; since escorts as much as any other source of profit, replenished their coffers, and honour was necessary for their employment."

We cordially recommend this work, as a valuable addition to the general reader's historical library. It is written with great care, and is worthy of its excellent and learned author.

The present volume of the History of the Middle Ages is of the same character as those which have preceded it, and of which we gave a very copious account as they appeared. We are glad to find in this volume good digests of the early history of British literature and science.

*The Life and Works of Robert Burns.* By Allan Cunningham. Vol. VIII. London: Cochrane & Co.

THE concluding volume of this most successful series. The principal contents are Burns' 'Remarks on Scottish Song,' with additions and illustrations; Memoranda of a Border and Highland Tour, by the poet, now first published; his Common-place Book; and an excellent Glossary. The notes made on his tours are rough and fragmentary, but interesting: our readers may be curious to see two or three specimens:—

25th August, 1787.

"I leave Edinburgh for a northern tour, in company with my good friend Mr. Nicol, whose originality of humour promises me much entertainment.—Linlithgow—a fertile improved country—West Lothian. The more elegance and luxury among the farmers, I always observe in equal proportion, the rudeness and stupidity of the peasantry. This remark I have made all over the Lothians, Merse, Roxburgh, &c. For this, among other reasons, I think that a man of romantic taste, a 'Man of Feeling,' will be better pleased with the poverty, but intelligent minds of the peasantry in Ayrshire (peasantry they are all below the justice of peace) than the opulence of a club of Merse farmers, when at the same time he considers the vandalism of their plough-forks, &c. I carry this idea so far, that an uninclosed, half improved country is to me actually more agreeable, and gives me more pleasure as a prospect, than a country cultivated like a garden.—Soil about Linlithgow light and thin—the town carries the appearance of rude, decayed grandeur—charmingly rural, retired situation. The old royal

palace a tolerably fine, but melancholy ruin—sweetly situated on a small elevation, by the brink of a loch. Shown the room where the beautiful injured Mary Queen of Scots was born—a pretty good old Gothic church. The infamous stool of repentance standing, in the old Romish way, on a lofty situation.

"What a poor, pimping business is a Presbyterian place of worship; dirty, narrow, and squalid; stuck in a corner of old popish grandeur such as Linlithgow, and much more, Melrose! Ceremony and show, if judiciously thrown in, absolutely necessary for the bulk of mankind, both in religious and civil matters.—Dine.—Go to my friend Smith's at Aron print-field—find nobody but Mrs. Miller, an agreeable, sensible, modest, good body: as useful but not so ornamental as Fielding's Miss Western—not rigidly polite à la Française, but easy, hospitable, and housewifely.

"An old lady from Paisley, a Mrs. Lawson, whom I promise to call for in Paisley—like old lady W—, and still more like Mrs. C—, her conversation is pregnant with strong sense and just remark, but like them, a certain air of self-importance and a *dressure* in the eye, seem to indicate, as the Ayrshire wife observed of her cow, that 'she had a mind o' her ain.' • • •

"Dine at Auchlinbowie—Mr. Monro an excellent worthy old man—Miss Monro an amiable, sensible, sweet young woman, much resembling Mrs. Grierson. Come to Bannockburn.—Shewn the old house where James III. finished so tragically his unfortunate life. The field of Bannockburn—the hole where glorious Bruce set his standard. Here no Scot can pass uninterested.—I fancy to myself that I see my gallant, heroic countrymen coming o'er the hill and down upon the plunderers of their country, the murderers of their fathers; noble revenge, and just hate, glowing in every vein, striding more and more eagerly as they approach the oppressive, insulting, blood-thirsty foe! I see them meet in gloriously-triumphant congratulation on the victorious field, exulting in their heroic royal leader, and rescued liberty and independence! Come to Stirling.—Monday go to Harvieston. Go to see Cauldron linn, and Rumbling brig, and Diel's mill. Return in the evening. Supper—Messrs. Doig, the school-master; Bell; and Captain Forrester of the castle—Doig a queerish figure, and something of a peilant—Bell a joyous fellow, who sings a good song.—Forrester a merry, swearing kind of man, with a dash of the soldier."

The volume is illustrated with a view of Ayr, a vignette of the Pier of Leith, a profile of the Poet, and a fac-simile of his handwriting; and is introduced by a brief, but very pleasant address, by Mr. Cunningham, from which also we shall take leave to make a pretty copious extract:—

"My work is now done; and I am not unconscious of having given to the world the most complete and elegant edition which has hitherto appeared of the Works of Robert Burns. Nor do I claim much merit in having done so: to trace his fortunes, and arrange and illustrate his works was to me a pleasure rather than a toil. My knowledge of the domestic manners, feelings, and opinions of the husbandmen and mechanics of Scotland, and my acquaintance with all that pertains to the plough, the loom, the anvil, the axe, the mallet and the mill, rendered the labour light. Yet no one deficient in such intelligence may hope to write the Life, and edit the Works of Burns with success: he is essentially the Poet of human nature, as it is seen in the cottagers of Scotland, among whom he has diffused more happiness than any other bard of these our later days. He is the chief top of the Peasant, or native, school of British Song, and as such is entitled to the

services, as well as homage, of a humble follower.

"In this equally agreeable and necessary labour I have had difficulties to contend with unknown to those who can afford to make literature the business of their lives. I live remote from the land of Burns, and am consequently cut off from all such information as personal application might hope to collect on the Nith and the Ayr: but the kindness of friends, not a few of whom the first volume procured for me, has more perhaps than compensated for my absence; and so successful has been their inquiries that I am willing to believe little is left dark or mystical in either the Life or Works of the Poet.

"In editing the productions of one who wrote freely, and sometimes fiercely, I have given pain I fear to the over-sensitive; but I never wantonly offended—nay, I have been mild where I might have been stern, had sternness been necessary. • • •

"Few seasons pass without removing some of the personal friends and familiars of Burns. Dr. Maxwell died lately at Edinburgh in ripe old age:—he generously attended the Poet, free of all expense, during his last illness, and aided liberally in promoting the happiness of the widow and her helpless children. To him the Poet bequeathed the pistols (now the property of the Editor) which he carried in his expeditions against the smugglers on the Solway, and of which he thus wrote to Blair of Birmingham, who made them: 'I have tried them, and will say for them what I would not say of the bulk of mankind,—they are an honour to their maker.' I take leave of the subject in rhymes which though homely are sincere.

My task is ended—farewell, Robin!  
My prentice muse stands sad and wibbin'  
To think thy country kept thee scrubbin'  
Her barmy burns,  
Of strains immortal mankind robbin',  
And thee of laurels.

Let learning's Greekish grubs cry homph!  
Hot zealots groan, cold critics grumph,  
And the star'd and garter'd snuff  
Yawn, bum and ha;  
In glory's pack thou art a triumph,  
And sweeps them a'.

Round thee flock'd scholars mony a cluster,  
And dominies came in a flutter,  
In words three span lang 'gan they bluster  
Of classic models,  
Of Tully's light and Virgil's lustre,  
And shook their noddles.

Ye laugh'd, and muttering, 'Learning! d—n her!'  
Stood bukkly up, but start or stammer  
Wi' Nature's fire for lore and grammar,  
And classic rules,  
Crush'd them as Thor's triumphant hammer  
Smash'd paddock stools.

And thou wert right and they were wrang—  
The sculptor's toil, the poet's song,  
In Greece and Rome frae nature sprang,  
And bauld and free,  
In sentiment and language strong  
They spake like thee.

Thy muse came like a giggling taupie  
Dancing her lane; her sangs aw sappy  
Cheer'd men like drink's inspiring drapple—  
Then, grave and stern,  
High moral truths sublime and happy  
She made them learn.

Auld grey-beard Lear, wi' college lantern,  
O'er rules of Horace stottering, venturin'  
At song, glides to oblivion saunterin'  
And starless night:  
Whilst thou, up cleft Parnassus canterin',  
Lives on in light.

In light thou liv'st. While birds lo'e simmer,  
Wild bees the blossom, buds the timmer,  
And man lo'es woman—rosie hammer!  
I'll prophesy  
Thy glorious halo nought the dimmer  
Will ever be.

For me—though both sprung from ae mother  
I'm but a weakly young hant brother,  
See O! forgive my musing wither,  
Mid toils brighten'd,  
'Twas lang a wish that nought could smother  
To see thee righted.



Frae Kyle, wi' music in her bowers;  
Frae fairy glens, where wild Doon pours;  
Frae hills, bedripp'd wi' sunny showers,  
On Solway strand,  
I've gather'd, Burns, thy scatter'd flowers  
Wi' filial hand.

And O! bright and immortal Spirit,  
If aught that lessens thy rare merit  
I've utter'd—like a god thou'lt bear it,  
Thou canst but know  
Thy stature few or none can peer it  
Now born below.

A. G.

*On the Present State of Greece, and the  
Means of accomplishing its Restoration.*  
[De l'État Actuel de la Grèce, &c.] By  
Fred. Thiersch.

[Second Notice.]

WE have shown heretofore that there are some startling contradictions in M. Thiersch's opinions. He is, it further appears, astonished "how Greece can buy one-third of the corn required for the subsistence of the people, as well as the surprising quantity of coffee, sugar, cotton and silk goods, ornaments of gold and silver, arms, furniture, &c. and have a single para remain—living upon strangers, and giving them little in return for what they receive." We are then told that "this phenomenon explains itself in part by the profits which Greece derives from her commerce and navigation;" but he adds, "still the evil exists; Greece is impoverishing, and will finish by becoming exhausted, if a change is not quickly made in the inertness and penury into which the artificers are fallen." We wish the opponents of free trade joy of their new associate, who has, in two consecutive sentences, stated their case, and furnished the most triumphant answer to it. The reason now appears obvious why a Bavarian prince was chosen to rule Greece. Being born in an inland city, and probably having seen the sea for the first time when he went to govern a maritime nation, his mind was a blank sheet of paper; and he was consequently free from prejudice on every question of trade! And as it was necessary that nothing should be done after the manner of the Turks, and as they placed no restrictions upon commerce, and little or no duty on goods, King Otho has thought it sound policy to protect the tinkers, tailors, and shoemakers of Greece, at the expense of the carrying trade, by taxing imports ten per cent. and exports six per cent.; the result has been what every one, except a Bavarian or Prussian counsellor, would have expected—the Greeks are dissatisfied with King Otho's government, and many will probably emigrate to the Sultan's dominions, where they know they have free commerce, even though it be accompanied by a little summary justice or injustice. In the following chapter M. Thiersch dwells with exultation on the commerce of Greece and its future prospects, and thus describes it at the time he wrote:—

Greece is a maritime and commercial country, even more than France or England; and however considerable may be the benefit which she draws from her most fertile portions, it is not to be compared with the rapid development of her resources, through the medium of her commerce.

There are, it appears, above 2000 small vessels employed in the coasting trade; Hydra, Spezia, and Psara had 300 armed vessels before the war of independence, and 4000 sailors.

Chios, which for 2000 years had not lost its character for commercial activity, flourished under the Turks, although manufactures were extinguished. The city, with its quays, lazarets, its churches, and palaces, was considered the largest and finest in the East. Its warehouses were filled with the manufactured treasures of Europe and the riches of Asia. The island, covered with country houses, gardens, olive groves, and vineyards, astonished the visitors by the various evidences of its prosperity. A Lyceum, enriched by a considerable library and museum, encouraged science, and the wisdom of its customs and laws was generally admitted. All this has been destroyed in the war, a great number of the first families having perished in the catastrophe.

Combining this description of the former prosperity of the Greeks with the evils which have assailed them since their separation from the Ottoman Empire, we are not a little perplexed to understand what they have gained by the change made at such cost, and such tremendous sacrifice of life and property.

Hitherto (says M. Thiersch) the commerce and trades of Greece have been perfectly unshackled. Any one may become a merchant, and unite indiscriminately objects of traffic in his warehouses. You may meet in the same store, woollen cloth and linen, pigs of iron, chairs, paper, and looking glasses. If you enter a little into detail on the dealings of the proprietor, you will learn that he is also a money-dealer and banker, and if you open the private door, you will perhaps discover, in a hidden corner, turkeys and chickens, all which form an integral portion of his traffic. It is true, that articles in which there is great disparity are seldom found together, as, for example, the corn-factor does not deal in colonial commodities, and tobacco is rarely placed beside perfumes, but there is nothing to prevent such an arrangement; and if a separation exists, it is only so far as it is natural, for it takes place at the convenience of the party, without any one's supervision. Accustomed to the order and discernment which regulates our commerce, something of a similar kind might be attempted in Greece. Perhaps it might be deemed useful to restrain each merchant to one line of commerce, or to a limited variety in his articles of merchandize, to oblige him thereby to devote himself to it more exclusively; but these ideas, borrowed from the old European routine, would but fetter those who adopted the practice, instead of assisting them. It is to this entire liberty of extending or restricting his traffic, that the Greek merchant is enabled to consolidate his resources within a small sum, and gradually, by this means, to increase his speculations. Thus it is important to follow the example of the Turks, who, without attending to detail, allows each one to pursue mercantile combinations according to the bias of his inclination. What barbarians do through indifference we must do from principle, convinced that, in this instance, all restriction is prejudicial to the interests of commerce.

Who could possibly imagine, after thus describing the means by which Greece flourished, that M. Thiersch should be so infatuated with the mania for legislating, and the German system, of every man's coat being cut by the royal tailor, as to imagine that he, a Bavarian, with about as much knowledge of commerce as he might have collected in a steam-boat, could draw up a commercial code for the Greeks, and lay down rules for the conduct of their enterprises!

Several chapters are devoted to the plans

for public instruction in elementary schools, royal colleges, universities, and academies of arts and sciences,—but if our readers are as sick as we are of the eternal din of "Knowledge is Power," without any attempt to define what kind of knowledge is so gifted, they will thank us for allowing the Professor's suggestions to rest quiet until the Greeks are prepared to receive them, which, upon a moderate calculation, will be in about fifty or a hundred years.

Society in Greece is constructed on the patriarchal system; families, united into villages, are attached to each other by the ties of relationship and mutual interest. The magistrates, or demogorontes, so designated by Homer, are elected every year; every father of a family is entitled to attend the yearly meeting or assembly, at which a report is made by the demogoronte, of the affairs of the past year; the accounts are inspected, and matters determined for the ensuing year; it finishes by reappointing the demogoronte, or electing another in his place; in the latter case, however, the demogoronte recommends his successor, who is generally, but not necessarily, chosen. It is not considered desirable to restrict the number of voters, nor of those who are eligible to office. Every cultivator, father of a family in villages, each inhabitant of a town, whatever his avocation, if in a situation to maintain his family as an artisan, has a right to assist at the assembly, and to vote. At Syra they require the party to occupy a house.

The office of demogoronte giving influence over the affairs and welfare of the inhabitants, is entrusted to men with some independence, and of known respectability. In districts containing families of nobility, acknowledged chiefs, or traders of consequence, the election almost always falls upon them. Those who have served office, joined to other persons called notables, form a council independent of the demogorontes.

Such is the simple system of municipal administration; no one can tell when it originated, since it is the system of nature for a community to charge a convenient number of its distinguished members with the temporary conduct of its affairs. That is the one thing necessary; all the rest is accessory, and governed by circumstances.

The Turks, who did not interfere with the local affairs of the communities, left untouched these salutary ancient laws; but in many places their efficacy was greatly impaired by the intrigues and discussions respecting the jurisdiction of the clergy and demogorontes, and the venality and rapacity exercised by the latter. The demogorontes were the receivers general of communities and districts, and provided they delivered to the Turks the sums appointed, they were not made responsible for what remained over in their hands.

If the Turks are culpable for not having protected the weak from the oppression of their countrymen, the latter are not the less to be condemned for the misuse of the power entrusted to them. The following short history of the small island of Psara, shows, in a very favourable light, the conduct of the Turkish government in Greece:—

At the commencement of the Greek revolution its population had grown up from twenty families to 2000, almost all in comfortable circumstances, and thirty possessed of more than 100,000 Spanish dollars each. They had received from the Porte a decree of independence, for which they paid 20 paras, or about 1½d. now, and might have been 4d. then, per head, instead of the poll tax; besides which, they furnished to the Admiral Pacha thirty seamen,

afterwards 100, who, after six months' service, returned to their own country. In order to get rid of this obligation, they agreed to pay the Turks 50,000 piastres, or about 500*l.* sterling per annum, and they enjoyed an absolute independence. If the Porte sent messengers, they surrendered their arms on landing, and no Turkish vessel was allowed to anchor in the port.

To provide for the public expenses, the Council of Ten imposed taxes, but every one was free to refuse to pay; in the latter case the council was restricted to remonstrating with the objector through the intervention of parents, magistrates, or clergy; if he persisted in his refusal he was abandoned to the will of his fellow citizens. The Hydriotes only paid to the Porte 3000 piastres, or, at the highest, 5000 piastres, which could not exceed 200*l.*, and now only 50*l.*, and it is added, at this small charge they enjoyed an independence equal to that of the *Patriotes*.

We have extended our translations from M. Thiersch to some length, because the authenticity of his work is beyond question, and the writer's opportunities for observation have been unequalled; yet we take leave of it with an unsatisfied curiosity, as to the benefits which the Greeks have gained after all their dreadful sacrifices. It is, indeed, much to be regretted, that the three powers, England, France, and Russia, had not, in the first instance, offered Turkey one half the money for the independence of Greece, which they have subsequently advanced as a loan to King Otho; it would have saved much bloodshed, benefited our ancient ally the Sultan, and the Greeks would have been infinitely more happy.

We give M. Thiersch and his compatriots full credit for benevolent intentions; but the conclusion appears to us incontrovertible—that neither the cause of humanity, liberty, letters, nor the arts, have derived any great accession of glory or advantage from the ebullition of romantic feeling which hailed the cause of independence in Greece.

*Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare, Euseby Treen, Joseph Carnaby, and Silas Gough, Clerk, before the worshipful Sir Thomas Lucy, Knt., touching Deer-stealing, &c. &c. Now first published from Original Papers. London: Saunders & Otley.*

THE publication of this manuscript, inasmuch as it shows the wise clemency with which the Knight of Charleote judged the offence of young William Shakespeare, (as yet no dramatist, but only a deer-stealer,) and deigned to commune with him on poetry and other extraneous matters, ought to be acceptable. The bald outline of facts already known to the public, is thereby filled up with rich and curious colouring. The knight, we perceive, is not altogether such as legend led us to fancy him—he is something vain, it is true, something proxy—and so far, is fifty times plied by Master Silas Gough—but he has also a complacent regard for those of low estate, a substantial wisdom, and a turn for the turning of rhymes, all of which induce us to mitigate the severity with which we have hitherto considered his memory, and much of which we are willing to transfer to his peevish, pompous chaplain, Sir Silas Gough, who was harsh, uncharitable, and extreme in his fondness for his dinner, as may be seen by his quick and eager, "Surely, we might

let God alone at twelve o'clock! Have we no bowels?"

There are many passages we should have been willing to extract from this document, especially from the evidence of Joseph Carnaby and Euseby Treen, but the following fragments must content us. The witnesses are deposing to the fact of having seen "the scapegrace" in a punt with other suspicious characters after nightfall:—

"*Joseph Carnaby*.—The last who had spoken did slap him on the shoulder, saying, 'Jump into the punt, lad, and across.' Thereupon did Will Shakespeare jump into said punt, and begin to sing a song about a mermaid.

"*William Shakespeare*.—Sir! is this credible? I will be sworn I never saw one; and verily do believe that scarcely one in a hundred years doth venture so far up the Avon.

"*Sir Thomas*.—There is something in this. Thou mayest have sung about one, nevertheless. Young poets take great liberties with all female kind.

"On reaching the bank, 'I never sat pleasanter in my lifetime,' said William Shakespeare, 'than upon this carcass.'

"*Sir Thomas*.—Lord have mercy upon us! Thou upon a carcass, at thy years!—And the knight drew back his chair half an ell further from the table, and his lips quivered at the thought of such inhumanity. 'And what said he more? and what did he?' asked the knight.

"*Joseph Carnaby*.—He patted it smartly, and said 'Lug it out; break it.'

"*Sir Thomas*.—These four poor children! who shall feed them?

"*Sir Silas*.—Sir! in God's name have you forgotten that Jeremiah is gone to Nun-Eaton to see his father, and that the murdered man is the buck?"

But the most interesting portions of the manuscript are those wherein are set down how the worthy knight discoursed condescendingly with the young rhymer, concerning his art, from which discourse, the latter doubtless derived much valuable instruction. Good Master Ephraim Barnett, the chronicler, insinuates that the knight laid himself out in talk more than usual, "for great poets," says he, "do mightily affect to have little poets under them." Hear how wisely Sir Thomas Lucy lays down the law touching the great ones of the earth. Shakespeare had incautiously indited some verses in praise of him and his noble lady, on which he reproves the young man for not having previously sought permission so to do.

"She ought first," says he, "to have been sounded; and it being certified that she disapproved not her glorification, then might it be trumpeted forth into the world below."

"Most worshipful knight!" replied the youngster: "I never could take it in hand to sound a dame of quality; they are all of them too deep and too practised for me, and have better and abler men about 'em. And surely I did imagine to myself, that if it were asked of any honourable man (omitting to speak of ladies) whether he would give permission to be openly praised, he would reject the application as a gross offence. It appeareth to me that even to praise on 's-self, although it be shameful, is less shameful than to throw a burning coal into the incense-box that another doth hold to waft before us, and then to snuff and sip over it, with maidenly wishful coyness, as if forsooth one had no hand in setting it as smoke."

"Then did Sir Thomas, in his zeal to instruct the ignorant, and so make the lowly hold up their heads, say unto him,

"Nay, but all the great do thus. Thou must not praise them without leave and license.

Praise unpermitted is plebeian praise. It is presumption to suppose that thou knowest enough of the noble and the great to discover their high qualities. They alone could manifest them unto thee. It requireth much discernment and much time to enucleate and bring into light their abstruse wisdom and gravely featured virtues. Those of ordinary men lie before thee in thy daily walks: thou mayest know them by converse at their tables, as thou knowest the little tame squirrel that chippeth his nuts in the open sunshine of a bowling-green. But beware how thou enterest the awful harbours of the great, who conceal their magnanimity in the depths of their hearts, as lions do."

Sir Thomas Lucy's own skill in the Art Divine cannot have been small, for he tells us presently—

"I myself, in my youth, had some experience that way; and I am fain to blush at the reputation I obtained. His honour, my father, took me to London at the age of twenty; and, sparing no expense in my education, gave fifty shillings to one Monsieur Dubois to teach me fencing and poetry, in twenty lessons."

Nor long afterwards, Sir Thomas recites some of his own verses, as under:—

"And now did Sir Thomas clear his voice, always high and sonorous, and did repeat from the stores of his memory these rich and proud verses.

Chloe! mean men must ever make mean loves,  
They deal in dog-roses, but I in cloves.  
They are just scorn'd 'nough to blow their fingers,  
I am a phoenix downright burnt to cinders.

"At which noble conceits, so far above what poor Bill had ever imagined, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed,

"The world itself must be reduced to that condition before such glorious verses die! *Chloe and Clove!* Why, Sir! Chloe wants but a V towards the tail to become the very thing! Never tell me that such matters can come about of themselves. And how truly is it said that we mean men deal in dog-roses!

"Sir, if it were permitted me to swear on that holy Bible, I would swear I never until this day heard that dog-roses were our provender; and yet did I, no longer ago than last summer, write, not indeed upon a dog-rose, but upon a sweet-briar, what would only serve to rince the mouth withal after the clove."

"*Sir Thomas*.—Repeat the same, youth! We may haply give thee our council thereupon.

"Willy took heart, and, lowering his voice, which hath much natural mellowness, repeated these from memory;

My briar that smelledst sweet  
When gentle spring's first heat  
Ran through thy quiet veins;  
Thou that couldst injure none,  
But wouldst be left alone;  
Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine remains.

What! hath no poet's lyre  
O'er thee, sweet-breathing briar,  
Hung fondly, ill or well?  
And yet methinks with thee  
A poet's sympathy.

Whether in weal or woe, in life or death, might dwell.

Hard usage both must bear,  
Few bands your youth will rear,  
Few bosoms cherish you:  
Your tender prime must bleed  
Ere you are sweet, but freed  
From life, you then are prized; thus prized are poets too.

"Sir Thomas said, with kind encouragement, 'He who beginneth so discreetly with a dog-rose, may hope to encompass a damask-rose ere he die.'

Nevertheless, he takes occasion to sum up matters, by advising the youth to abandon the service of the muses, which he had chosen for himself, for a reason, perhaps, not altogether disinterested, namely, that "one poet, as one bull, sufficeth for two parishes, and

that where they are stuck too close together, they are apt to fire like hay-stacks."

We have been somewhat taken out of our mechanical selves by this volume, and been living a pleasant hour in the days of Good Queen Bess. But let us return, and, if we are compelled to own that we have been enjoying a dream, ask leave of the wizard who procured it for us, leave to peep under his mask, as we thank him for a pleasure so racy and thoroughly English, and so welcome in these days of the superficial and showy in literature. At any rate, let us hope that the author of the 'Imaginary Conversations' has not only one such manuscript in his store, but many; and that we shall be allowed to benefit by the wit, poetry, and wisdom they contain.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Captain Boid's Azores.*'—This account of the Western Islands, though in many parts vague and general, is, on the whole, creditable to Captain Boid. He visited the Azores at a time of high political excitement, when Don Pedro was collecting troops for his successful expedition against Oporto, in which the author bore a conspicuous part. He naturally dislikes the monks and priests on account of their pertinacious hostility to the Emperor, and we therefore feel that some of the author's anecdotes of convent profligacy must be received *cum grano salis*. While the expedition was detained, the Captain visited most of the islands which form the group of the Azores; he describes them as of volcanic formation, enjoying a salubrious climate, a fertile soil, and an abundant supply, both of the necessities and luxuries of life; and as they abound in medicinal springs, he recommends them as an eligible residence for English invalids. The drawbacks on these advantages are the ignorance, bigotry, and filth of the population, and the want of good harbours. It seems to have become of late days a fashion with naval writers to put a stern-chaser in every craft launched into the literary ocean; accordingly Captain Boid's appendix is a coarse attack on some naval adversary, named Mins, who published a pamphlet against Admiral Sartorius. Now, while we have no objection to as much pamphleteering war as the hostile parties may desire, we protest against the system of making works of general literature a vehicle for private controversy.

'*Maria de Medicis, par M. Lottin de Laval.*'—Many have been the abortive attempts to assume the sceptre and the wand of the Magician of the North: here is another. Lofty pretensions, a little talent, some ingenuity, and some common-place erudition, are industriously employed to sustain and adorn a very poor plot. Walter Scott had a different idea of historical novel writing: he did not choose at once all the celebrated characters, all the illustrious names and events of an era, to mix them up with fiction, and to make a sorry *olla-podrida* of truth and untruth, of reason and folly, of positive authenticated facts and fantastic creations. He most sparingly brought upon the scene the great actors of history, because he knew how difficult it was to manage them, without overstepping the bounds of nature and reality. M. Lottin de Laval had better study his great master.

'*The Life of the Emperor Napoleon*, by H. Lec.'—A ponderous volume of nearly 600 pages, 285 of which only, and in very large type, are occupied by the Life itself, which is brought down to 1796. The remainder being a controversial appendix, principally occupied with a refutation of statements and opinions in Sir Walter Scott's work. The writer is an enthusiastic admirer of Bonaparte.

'*The Poetical Souvenir.*'—Numerous, says the compiler, as are the selections of poetry, there is yet room for another,—and he expresses a hope that the present will rank as high in point of poetic beauty, as any work of a similar character; and he has been, he informs us, studiously careful to avoid the introduction of any poem which tends to undermine the foundation of the purest morality. Brave words! Has honesty anything to do with morality? Well then, let us ask this gentleman, by what right he claims leave to take poems from Mrs. Hemans, Miss Jewsbury, Bowring, B. Barton, Milman, Horace Smith, Moore, Campbell, Wordsworth, Barry Cornwall, Southey, T. K. Hervey, Sir W. Scott, Byron, Montgomery, Croly, Cunningham, and numberless others of name and fame, and then to sell them for his own profit? This shameless system of literary piracy must be put a stop to. To show the extent to which it is now carried, we may observe that in the little duodecimo volume before us, there are not less than a dozen selections, as they are called, from Milman, half a dozen from Moore, and sixteen from Mrs. Hemans! Well may the writer express a confident hope that his volume will rank as high in poetic beauty as any similar work—higher we should think probable, for we never remember to have seen this petty larceny system carried to such a shameless extent before.

'*The Management of Bees, with a Description of the Ladies' Safety Hive*, by Samuel Bagster, jun.'—There are few who have written upon bees, since the days of "the Earl of Essex, his buzz," who have not made readable books; and all the country associations and images connected with their management, are so pleasant, that we may truly say we enjoyed the half hour spent over Mr. Bagster's volume, in which is conveyed much information. But as we know little of the matter, except to distinguish good honey from bad, we cannot undertake to pronounce upon the soundness and wisdom of the plans he recommends with such enthusiasm.

'*Spiritual Honey from Natural Hives; or, Meditations and Observations on the Natural History and Habits of Bees, first introduced to Public Notice in 1657*, by Samuel Purchas, A.M.'—The author of the treatise just mentioned, has here reprinted a quaint old book by Purchas the Pilgrim, in which, to use the phraseology of the day, the habits of bees are improved to spiritual uses. In itself, it is curious and worthy of notice, and we must confess that we prefer such wisdom as it contains, however mixed with conceit, to much of the so-called serious instruction which pours from the press in the present day.

'*The French Stage. Translated with a view to the English Theatres.*' No. 1, 'Salcoisy.' No. 2, 'The Forced Marriage.' No. 3, 'The Wandering Jew.'—The patriotic "proprietor" of this work is going, it would appear, to do wonders towards the improvement of dramatic authorship in this country: but he sets about it after a truly Hibernian fashion. He proposes to increase the number of original plays by publishing a new set of translations. It cannot be denied, that there is something original in this idea. We are as anxious as the proprietor can possibly be to see an improvement in the dramatic literature of the country, not only as to quality, but as to originality: but the plan he has adopted will do nothing towards its attainment; neither will it do anything towards accomplishing his real views—namely, profit to himself. No country manager will pay him a nightly sum for permission to play one of his bad translations, while he can get the French piece for a shilling, and give his youngest son a dictionary, and a box on the ear, to furnish him with a better.

'*Barker's Picturesque Illustrations of the Isle of Wight.*'—The complete work is now before us, and we desire to give it a parting good

word. The subject is undoubtedly well chosen, as one of general interest, and the engravings sufficiently well executed to refresh our recollections of many pleasant places; but the price is the great merit. The volume, containing no less than forty-one illustrations, together with a map, and one hundred pages of descriptive letter-press, neatly, indeed gaily, bound in blue and gold, is sold for twelve shillings!

'*Things as they are; or the Notes of a Traveller through some of the Middle and Northern States.*'—This is the note-book of an American traveller through a part of his own country, and possesses a national character of its own, which renders it more interesting to us than nineteenth of the wanderings, and tours, and sketches, put forth by European travellers. It contains, however, nothing of sufficient originality or curiosity to warrant our giving any extract from it.

'*Man, as known to us Theologically and Geologically.*'—Dr. E. Nares is a veteran in the field of literature, for whom we feel the greatest respect; he fears that the progress of geology may lead to doubts of the authority of the Pentateuch, and has written this work, not against the study of the science, but against the speculations which partial views of the science may suggest. Though we think that he has greatly overrated the dangers, yet we feel too well pleased with his calm and temperate arguments to regret the appearance of his work.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Munich, Weismann, 1834.

Munich is quite a handbox capital. So neat, spruce, and new-looking, one supposes it just taken, ready-cut, out of a quarry. The houses are in general whitewashed, which gives it an air of particular tidiness; and though, according to the Italian proverb, "a white wall is the paper of fools," your eye is offended by none of those obscenities so glaring in England. A list of police punishments is set forth every now and then in *terrorem*, half of which are for committing nuisances in the streets, such as we should consider privileged by Magna Charta. Here, perhaps, the police are men a little too much of the *emancipatus natus*: you dread figuring in their next day's report—"Herr Sydenham Doddesley fined three kreuzer for shaking his wig out of a window!"—After all, and notwithstanding its brightness, Munich has something very chilling and uncheering in its aspect. This may arise from its too great regularity, combined with its bleak situation: all the houses seem built by the king's surveyor, *cum privilegio*, and therefore to observe the bald economy of a barrack, in which the great end is to set up as many bedrooms, offices, and canteens, on the smallest space, and as uniform with each other as possible. On this account it is that Nuremberg, Würzburg, Augsburg, and several other towns of the Bavarian empire greatly exceed the metropolis in picturesque effect and beauty. At Munich, too, the fair sex are particularly devoted to scouring—admirable housemaids, and keep the interior of the tenements quite on a par with the outside. One sees little to admire in the shape or texture of a milk-pail, yet the women here carry about these things so prettily turned and bound round with brass, and, above all, scrubbed to such exquisite whiteness, you find nothing half so beautiful in themselves. I can only say that they might almost stand in competition with the classical pitchers of Rome or Naples: not the women, understand, but the milk-pails. It is said that cholera never came within fifteen miles of Munich; cleanliness had, no doubt, something to do with this as well as temperature. Observe, Munich is 1500 feet, I think, above



the level of the sea, in the region of perpetual thunder-storms, by which the native physicians account for its salubrity.

Munich is considered quite a gay lady among the mistresses of Eastern Europe. She disputes the myrtle-branch with Vienna, quarrels for the crest of the medlar with St. Petersburg herself. But summer is the dull season in every city, so I have no scandal or other enlivening matter to send you. You know, I suppose, that *Fürstin Talbot*, i. e. Princess (raised to the Bavarian peerage by Ludwig, from her low estate of an English noblewoman) is about to marry, or has married, a relation of the Queen's, Prince Somebody-*ungen* or other, with, I suppose, the full pay of a lieutenant and hereditary seat at his elder brother's table.

We have military music here in plusquam perfection—so divine, indeed, that it is brought into the churches, and you have whiskered fellows in the uniform of homicides by profession, blowing the praises of Universal Benevolence with a fervour of devotion quite cherubic. No one can help, on seeing them with puffed out cheeks and eyes, pouring their pious souls, as it were, through the bloodstirring bugle—no one can help immediately calling to mind those pictures of Fra Berto Angelico, where so many seraphic countenances are represented breathing through long unwhorled tubes their hymn of adoration round the throne of Eternal Tranquillity. Another Sunday entertainment at Munich is a morning concert in the Odeon,—not a divine concert, but fife and piano rattling, and profane fiddling—tickets of admission two francs a head. The Opera here is just not disreputable. Santini, the star, (a dog-star in this hemisphere!) with a third-rate *prima donna*, and an Italian of eighteen stone, who alternately plays *Don Giovanni*, and *Figaro*, and the *Deriv*, in Mayerbeer's 'Robert.' No lull, but an apology for one instead, upon great occasions.

We have a great many classic buildings at Munich, of a very Modern-Athenian taste, I assure you. Indeed, Y— affirms that the whole town is more Attic than Athens itself, the upper half of almost every house being a roof piled to the ridge with several garget stories. But, jesting aside, there are the Glyptothek and the Pinaethek already mentioned (Greek to the very name, you see)—and the theatre, a double-roofed edifice, with portico of the Corinthian order—besides hotels, palaces, and buildings of a less public nature. I am afraid the Greek of their architecture, as well as their names, is a little too Germanized for the praise of extreme purity. But they are better than Buckingham House,—and isn't that the amazement of all architects? The Glyptothek (in plain English, the Museum of Sculpture) is a large edifice built at great cost, with a fine stone front, for the purpose of exhibiting within several broad blank room-walls, ceilings covered with gold filagree and plaster-work, as also a suite of paved marble floors, to match in extent and glitter. These last form the chief part of the sculpture; some few statues and bronzes, as the celebrated Eginia Marbles, Barberini Faun, Niobid, &c. serve to furnish the halls, set off the floors, and give the visitor's eye repose from the principal objects of attraction. Stay—yes—there are some frescoes beside, the great frescoes of Germany: but no more about these at present. The Pinaethek, another immense dépôt for the fine arts, is to contain the national gallery of paintings, collected from Munich and Schleissheim. Now, really, I am not quite sure whether this sumptuous building, in so poor a kingdom as Bavaria, or the want of such in so rich a one as England, be the more reprehensible. There is already a set of picture-salons in the Hof-garten quite magnificent enough for Munich.

The Pinaethek consists principally of large central saloons, lighted from the top, which run

*en suite* through the spine of the building, and several cabinets along the sides, illuminated by common windows. First, for the larger, second for the smaller pictures. Professor Zimmerman is employed in painting the lobbies, corridors, &c. with frescoes from the designs of Cornelius, "our great Cornelius," *primo frescante* of the modern world, now at Rome. Königsbau forms a new wing, or indeed principal facade, of the King's Palace, and may be pronounced decidedly handsome, inasmuch as it is taken, all but the stones, from Brunelleschi's palace at Florence. To be sure, it wants the breadth of manner, and mass and majesty of the Pitti, though, perhaps equal in positive dimensions; nevertheless, there is at least quite as much resemblance between the two as between a green monkey and the green man. Those huge, unequal, dark grey stones, or rocks, of the Pitti, have a *grandiose* about their very ruggedness which makes the Königsbau, with its nice little pumiced coigns, all of the same retail measure, and its pipe-clay complexion, as if cleaned every day by the garrison, like their spatterdashes, look prettier than I can describe, except in hyperbole. It is a tobacco-stopper to the Thames tunnel. But remember,—I said 'twas very nice. The beauties of Ludwig's Kirche, a new church, are yet under a mask: it is cased up to the roof with planks, for the purpose of coating it with cut-stone, as usual at Munich. By the bye, another peculiarity of the architecture here, private as well as public, is the number and diminutive size of the windows. This gives rather a pigeon-box air to the city. Have I been sufficiently tedious on this head? The environs of Munich are a dry, drear flat—*firs* and *farze* the sole adornment. Elbowing into the town, however, comes a park laid out in the wilderness style, and thence called English Garden. It is certainly by far the most agreeable town-park, or public garden, I have ever seen. The Borchese, Boboli, even the Kensington themselves, with Hyde Park in addition, are not comparable in convenience of shade, shelter, situation, size, facility of entrance (for they are always open, without door-keepers, insolent or civil), and, I would add, beauty of arrangement. As for the Elysian Fields, I mean those at Paris, one grows as sick of them before two minutes as Homer's heroes got of those in Hades: they are a paradise now, I believe, to none but pickpockets. Talking of pigeons, English Garden is much frequented, odd as it may sound, by gulls: not gulls in the satirical acceptance, for such are no phenomena anywhere—found on the top of Mount Blanc itself as well as the Bass Rock—but genuine, veritable, original sea gulls, where no sea was ever heard of since the Deluge. Mosquitoes likewise in myriads, serve to freshen one's recollections of Italy: the curse of Keshama upon them, and that's the heaviest I could lay!—but they keep pretty close to the Eisbach, a river of soapy green that washes the parterres of the English Garden. So I am only pestered by mosquitoes of the imagination, which Thaksh himself could not destroy, unless he crushed my head, where they swarm, with his pig-iron hammer, at once. *Leben sie wohl.*

Paris, November.

"What are we doing in Paris?"—Alas, my dear sir, many things, to very little purpose. Politics and the drama, poetry and romance, morals, and the principles of this little tumultuous world—the Parisian world—have grown more uncertain, more unsteady, than ever. Everything is *provisoire*. There has been a *new cabinet*—it lasted two days and a half. We have literary stars, and they are fading. We have political lions, and they dwindle into pigmies. We have Carlists; they are gazing at the telegraph, writing squibs, waiting for news from Spain, and condoling with each other, Our

twelve theatres impoverish their proprietors and weary the public—even our republicans are out of heart: the fervour of our *émancipés* has subsided; and the poor, furnished, meagre, ridiculous tail of the satanic and alcoholic school of literature, drags its slow length along perfectly disregarded. In truth, the public are heartily weary of so many movements, such outcries, such impotent efforts, such violent changes, as we have gone through in the last twenty years. The encroachments of the Penny Press, its success with the many, and the consequent influx of mediocrity, the unceasing paralogisms in the newspapers, the immorality in our novels, the torrent of obscene horrors in the playhouses, and the want felt and acknowledged of any master-mind that could bring order out of all this chaos, have thrown the thinking part of my countrymen into a fit of apathy, an utter indifference, a strange and mortal lethargy, as to intellectual prospects, philosophic truths, or political principles. So long as the opulent Parisians could linger in the country this year, and avoid coming back to Paris, they did so. The first days of November saw some families still enjoying the repose and forgetfulness of a country life, far from the ever-smoking vortex and unfruitful turbulence of our city.

These are sad, but, believe me, they are the characteristic signs of the times. The reaction of the public mind against the press has been strong. After a *marie montante* of miserable trash, catch-penny scandal, books made up of adultery, blasphemy, incest, the reflex is come at last; it has swept off all this filth, the scum of our diseased society, into well-merited oblivion. The bookseller who printed most of the romantic inspirations *Àus* just now *deposé son bilan*, and involved in his bankruptcy many of his brothers in trade. All, indeed, who have been engaged in that line of trade are menaced with complete ruin. No new book of any value ('Jacques' excepted, a novel by G. Satal) is even announced; the magnanimous endurance of the public is worn out.

There is, however, much life here—a great, or rather a feverish agitation—a huzzing and bellowing, a hurrying here and there, a laughing and crying—but it is much ado about nothing. All this apparent emotion may deceive an inaccurate observer, who does not look at the results. As everything is unsettled, crazy, tottering, and rotten about us, or rather, as we have only a *provisoire* government, a *provisoire* drama, a *provisoire* literature, we are ever patching and plastering the cracks and crannies of our *provisoire* edifice; it costs us infinite labour, though we make but poor cobbled work of it after all: we war about trifles—babble about Hugo and his critics—quarrel about the morality of M. Thiers, or the red nose of M. d'Argout—wear ourselves with caricatures and pamphlets, and then comes the lassitude caused by all our useless exertion, and the deep *ennui* to which our childish unsteadiness consigns us.

You may judge of the state of our drama, its absurdity, and impertinence, by one sample—*ab uno disce omnes*.—M. Ancelot, undoubtedly a clever man, has just written a kind of dramatic entertainment, the hero of which is Lord Byron. The 'Milor Biron' of Anselot's making is a curiosity. Such a dithyrambic, lyric, and declamatory mountebank you never saw in your life. He spouts rhymes and mouths anathemas in prose. His poor wife (Lady Byron) runs through the world to rescue him from the snares of vice and the flowery chains of his Venetian mistress. She rants and whines, and prays, and weeps, and thunders by turns, in a most whimsical manner. There are scenes between her and her infidel husband, between her and *Trelawney* (a little fellow with a pug nose, a long pipe in his mouth, and a sailor's jacket), between her and an Italian virago, that would make you smile. The principal parts of this historical play (?) are intrusted

to the first-rate actors of the Théâtre Français, —on Molière's and Corneille's own stage! You perceive that our drama is running mad.

What French society now is, nobody has dared to reveal. The last ties of social life are almost destroyed. There are political assemblies; coteries and clubs: our *causeries de salon* are superseded and abolished. In the uncertain state of our manners and institutions, some kind of power and strength has been assumed by the *Coterie*, such as the *Coterie-Féron*, the *Coterie-Hugo*, the *Coterie-Dumas*. Each of these enlists the poor creatures who cannot remain independent, who want to be beprised in the obscure corner of some newspaper, and who therefore tender their vows of fealty, and promise to support the idol of the club. Some day or other, I intend to give you a pencil sketch of these *Coterie*, the intrigues of which, always directed by self-interest and cupidity, prey on the very vitals of French society. Their morbid anatomy has interest to the observant eye. You do not see an atom of these mysteries of Parisian life, either in your traveller's memoranda, or in the correspondence of your newspapers, or in Lady Morgan's books, whose metaphors glitter and turn like a wheel set in motion by the fire-rockets and petards which surround it.

The *chef* of a *Coterie Dramatique*, M. Dumas, a skilful hand in these manœuvres, has obtained from government permission to set off for Egypt, in a brig equipped *aux frais de l'état*. No doubt, Dumas is a clever dramatic writer; but as he has neither antiquarian learning, nor even the common notions of geography; as he is not a *savant*, a poet, a novelist, an historian, everybody wondered at the strange blunder of government, and the *bizarre* fancy of Dumas. A month since the brig was manned and ready to depart: Dumas told everybody and said every where, that he intended to set off the next morning. Some impediments (in money-matters I suppose,) deferred from day to day the intended departure; and still Dumas was talking about Egypt and his brig. "Oh!" said his friend Harel, (the *Directeur de la Porte St. Martin*). "*Il en dira tant qu'il finira par m'empêcher de croire à la Méditerranée!*" (He'll make me believe at last, that the Mediterranean itself is a humbug!) It may be, that wit of the true Parisian stamp evaporates in the process of translation. Does it?

Another *mot*, not a witticism, but an excellent *naïveté*, raised the laugh of our *salons*. When the ephemeral *Cabinet* of M. Passy, *Teste e tutti quanti*, saw the absolute necessity of resigning their *portefeuilles* twenty hours after their nomination, M. Passy, meeting by chance M. Persil, (the new *Garde des Sceaux*, and his political adversary,) said, "Were it not so late in the night, (twelve o'clock was then striking,) I would go to the King and resign!"—"Well, you may," answered Persil with a polite bow, "you may, my dear Sir. The King sits up till two o'clock in the morning, and he'll receive you with the utmost pleasure!"

Ingres, a painter, who raised a new standard between the school of David and the romantic school of Delacroix, a follower of the old Florentine artists, an *opiniâtre* hater of Rubens, and Reynolds, and Correggio, and David,—a man, who, like some German Professors, prefers pedantry and dryness to the refinements of art; who goes back not only to Raphael, but to Perugino; who disclaims all kind of connexion with Titian, Paul Veronese, Rembrandt, and especially with that "*vile dauber*" Rubens, whom, said he lately to his brothers of the Institute, "I would have strangled with my own hands, as a public plague and a *corrupteur des arts*,"—is making some noise here. His *chef-d'œuvre* is a picture of a naked Odalisque (an admirable one, by the way). He earned little glory and little money during the Davidian era; David's scholars hunted him

down, called him barbarian, and cried up the superior *grace*, elegance, and refinement of their own productions. That was a time of probation for poor Ingres, who, however, when the romantic school began its Barchanmanian revels, saw his own star rising from the deep, his followers becoming more numerous, and his fame increasing. Indeed, no artist of modern times has a clearer comprehension of the old masters, a truer and finer feeling of their genius. Well, Ingres has received just now the appointment of *Chef de l'Ecole Française à Rome*, and is about to depart. The young men of his *atelier* have, almost unanimously, resolved to follow their master; they have sworn to undertake a crusade to the Old Metropolis of Art, under the banner of Ingres. These young men, most of them very poor, are hiding adieu to their friends, selling their few books, perhaps their *faute de Juliet*, their *fracs*, and some of their shirts, to go to Rome, *on foot*; there to study Sanzio and the *musculature* of Michael Angelo. This heroic band of young Ingrists (so they are called,) amounts to about sixty. Well, there is something in that; and all is not rotten, I hope, in the state of Denmark!

W. W.

P.S.—Alas! that fervour of artistic enthusiasm was a *feu de paille*. The crusade is all blown off. Parisian mobility has got the better. Ingres is setting off *quite alone*.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

ONE might almost fancy that the publishers had turned *Cabinet-makers*, and were waiting arrivals from the Continent, from the stagnation of the last seven days—to which, the sale of Mr. Bulwer's pamphlet, at the rate of something like an edition a day, forms the exception. We are threatened, however, with a shower of novels, and such like trifles, suitable for Christmas time, in the announcements of books "just ready;" and it is well for our gossip of this week, that, though ministries are broken up, parliaments are dissolved, and great personages are gathered to their fathers, the first of the month is sure to bring us an ample complement of Magazines.

The periodicals are not so political as might have been expected. *Blackwood* continues its delightful poetry in prose upon Spenser, and concludes that strange story, 'My Cousin Nicholas,' which is like a castle of cards, trick over trick, and ends with an utter downfall. It contains also a fourth canto of Fragments from M. de Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*, the reading of which has excited so much interest in Paris; and some delightful sonnets by Mrs. Hemans;—is the rumour which has reached us concerning this lady, true, that she is gradually forewearing verse, and intends hereafter to clothe her high thoughts and delicate imaginations in prose?—*Fraser*, too, is clever and interesting on the strength of the Prout papers, and the article on Lord Byron's Drama;—and Sir Egerton Brydges' singular vindication of himself, from all the egotism and irritation of which may be gathered not a few valuable *moments* of criticism—fragments of pure gold.—*The New Monthly* is redeemed by 'Pedlar Karl,' a brilliant American article, and 'Gilbert Gurney's Experiences;' the 'Season of Field Sports,' too, will be read by all who delight in Joseph Mantou.—*Fait* is an exception to the forbearance of its contemporaries: it is fiercely political—and we are glad to turn from it to the *Metroplitan*:—Captain Marryat's 'Japhet' promises well; for everything which concerns the wild, irregular, characteristic life of the lower orders, he has a keen eye, and a clear pencil—and, it would seem, a sharp pen, likewise, if we are to judge from his statement of the recent quarrel, which, as we expected, is given at full length.

We may hereafter, perhaps, offer a word or two on this subject.

Some of our distant friends may not chafe to know, that, during the summer months, the pictures in the British Institution are exhibited, for the purpose of guiding public taste, and to serve as a warning and example to artists of established name and practice—while, for the rest of the year, they serve as models of imitation for students of either sex, of whom some score, or more, are daily at work copying, in part, in small, or in full size, such works as suit their skill of hand. On Thursday last, we were indulged with a glance at the labours of the students: they are hung in a very tasteful manner round the walls, and generally surround the pictures from which they are copied. Not a few of these are full size, and some of them are finished with much care, but, by far the greater number are in small, and can only be regarded as sketches. The first dawnings of future eminence may be observed in some which are hasty and imperfect; a few of the landscapes are imitated with no common skill; one or two portraits are copied with singular ease and truth; and the hue and sentiment of several of the historical pictures have found their way to the copies. Of the celebrated 'Blue-Boy,' by Gainsborough, there are four full-sized copies, and ten in small: of the latter, the best seems to be by Miss M. A. Sharpe. The heads by Rembrandt, of Berghem and his wife, have found many admirers, and some good imitators: those by Miss Salaman, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Joy, are excellent. Of the 'Bear-hunt,' by Sneyders, there is a fair copy by Fussell, and nine others—scarcely one without merit. The 'Jonah and the Whale' has suffered little in the hands of F. Novice: the imitation is admirable. One or two landscapes, by King, deserve attention for their fidelity. Miss Fanny Corbeaux has both an accurate and a graceful hand, as the St. John's Head sufficiently shows; the female who bears it is an exquisite copy. Some heads, by the same pencil, after Vandyke, are of equal beauty. Miss Kendrick, too, has wrought with much taste; so has Miss Heaphy. We had almost forgotten to say, that 'Sir Kenelm Digby,' by Henry Wilkin, is a capital fac-simile, in small, of a very fine picture.

The copies, or rather sketches, by W. D. Kennedy, merit a separate notice: they are hastily dashed off, rather than painted deliberately; numbers are incomplete; others are rough and careless; and not a few are indicated, rather than pencilled;—but all are distinguished by a singular freedom of touch and force of colouring. That he works in haste, the number of his sketches bear witness: he cannot have fewer than fifty; in fact, he has copied all, or almost all, the pictures in the Institution. Portraits, landscapes, and historical groups, are huddled together on the same panel:—the Blue-Boy—the Bear worried by dogs—Cleopatra and her asp—flocks of sheep, and ships sinking—group oddly; yet nothing comes amiss to the pencil of the young artist—and, singular to say, he seems at his ease in all. The best of his sketches is that of 'Ixion carressing the false Juno;' at a little distance, it shines out; it has the true spirit and hue of the original, with a luxurious warmth about it too little seen in British painting.

A marble statue of Lord Byron has arrived from Italy: it is from the chisel of Thorwaldsen, and belongs to the monument for which money was liberally subscribed in England soon after the noble poet's death. When we see it, we shall determine whether the merit of the statue justifies this preference of a foreign sculptor.

Letters arrived yesterday at the office of the Royal Geographical Society, from Captain Back: but they are only dated the 7th of May, five days later than previous accounts from him.

and consequently add little to the information there conveyed. He was actively engaged in making preparations for his departure for the coast; and though under all circumstances, he had resolved to divide his party, and take only one boat and crew with him, yet his spirits were high, and he was convinced that no real danger need thus be apprehended. In this, too, we are happy to find that the most competent authorities have concurred. The Esquimaux to the eastward of Copper-mine River, are considered uniformly gentle and friendly to strangers; in this direction they are not brought in contact with any hostile tribes. Capt. Back's supply, even of dry food, (pemmican,) for a party reduced as he purposes, will probably be ample; the labour of transporting stores for them, will be less than if all proceeded; and those left behind will push forward assistance during the season, to meet the advance on their return in autumn. We earnestly trust that these anticipations may prove correct. We can have no further accounts till August or September next! but then we trust that the gallant traveller will himself bring the news.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Royal Society was held on Monday last, Dec. 1st.—St. Andrew's Day falling on a Sunday;—the Treasurer, J. W. Lubbock, Esq., in the chair.

A letter was read from H.R.H. the President, expressing his deep regret at his being prevented having the pleasure of attending on this occasion, in consequence of the present state of his eyesight.

The Auditors of the Treasurer's accounts reported a balance in hand of 1927. 7s. 6d.

The Report of the Council to the Society, giving an account of their most important proceedings during the past year, was read by the Secretary.

The Copley Medal was awarded to Professor Plana, for his work entitled, 'Théorie du Mouvement de la Lune.' One of the Royal Medals was awarded to J. W. Lubbock, Esq. V.P.R.S., for his investigations of the Tides, contained in his papers in the Philosophical Transactions; and the other to Charles Lyell, Esq., F.R.S., for his work entitled, 'Principles of Geology.'

The following gentlemen were then elected as the Council and Officers for the ensuing year:—

**President.**—His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, K.G.

**Treasurer.**—John William Lubbock, Esq.

**Secretaries.**—Peter Mark Roget, M.D.; John George Children, Esq.

**Foreign Secretary.**—Charles Knig, Esq.

**Other Members of the Council.**—Charles Frederick Barwell, Esq.; Henry Thomas De la Beche, Esq.; William Thomas Brande, Esq.; Sir Benjamin Collins Brodie, Bart.; Michael Faraday, Esq.; Henry Holland, M.D.; Rev. Philip Jennings, D.D.; Charles Lyell, Jun., Esq.; Herbert Mayo, Esq.; Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq.; Lord Oxmantown; Rev. George Peacock; Rev. Baden Powell; Sir John Rennie; Edward Turner, M.D.; Rev. William Whewell.

**ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.**—Dec. 1.—J. G. Children, Esq. Sec. R. S. President, in the chair.

Communications were read from the President of the Agricultural Society of Grenada, relative to the Cane-fly, from Mr. Edward Herrick, of New Haven, Massachusetts, upon the Hemian-fly of North America, and upon the progress of Entomology in the United States;—and from D. Klug, of Berlin. The following Memoirs were read:—Observations upon the organization of the Mouth of the Bee, detailing several peculiarities hitherto unnoticed, and upon the parasitic connexion existing between the various species of working and parasite bees, by J. O. Westwood, F.L.S. &c.; Observations upon Silk, and silk insects, by the Rev. F. W. Hope,

**F.R.S. &c.** The increasing value of the silk trade was instanced in the quantity of silk imported for home consumption, which, in the year 1833, amounted to 4,758,433lb. being an increase of  $3\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. over the preceding year; the value of the exports gave an increase of not less than 40 per cent. in a single year. The author stated, that 700,000 persons were most probably at the present time, occupied in the silk trade. The chief object of the paper, however, was the suggestion of various plans for the importation and rearing of those large exotic species, whence the supplies of silk of other countries are derived. In the subsequent discussion, the importance of these suggestions was admitted, and various observations were made, as to the practicability of carrying them into effect. The memoir was illustrated by an exhibition of a very extensive and beautiful series of the exotic species of silk moths, some of which are scarcely equalled in size and splendour by any other lepidopterous insects. Various remarkable silk worms were also exhibited.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Royal Geographical Society.....	Nine, P.M.
	Zoological Society (Scientific Business).....	8, P.M.
TUES.	Royal Medical and Chirurgical Soc. (Medico-Botanical Society).....	8, P.M.
	Society of Arts (Even. Illus.).....	Eight, P.M.
WED.	Society of Arts.....	7, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society.....	8, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries.....	Eight, P.M.
FRI.	Astronomical Society.....	Eight, P.M.

## THEATRICALS

## THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS. With TAM O'SHANTER, and the New Piece of the REGENT. Monday, THE RED MASK. With TAM O'SHANTER. Tuesday, THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. With TAM O'SHANTER. Wednesday, THE RED MASK. With TAM O'SHANTER. Thursday, RICHARD THE SECOND. King Richard the Second, Mr. Vandenhoff. The Red Mask every other Evening. TAM O'SHANTER every Evening.

## THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, MANFRED; and GUSTAVUS. Monday, OTHELLO. Othello, Mr. Vandenhoff; Iago, Mr. Denzil. Tuesday, MANFRED; and other Entertainments. Wednesday, (First time these Two Years), O'Keeffe's Opera of FONTAINBLEAU. MANFRED every other Evening.

## COVENT GARDEN.

PRESS of matter last week obliged us to defer our notice of Messrs. Denzil and Vandenhoff in the characters of *Othello* and *Iago*. We should be most glad to give a more favourable report of the whole performance than truth will permit us. We watched it with our best attention, notwithstanding the annoyance and interruption occasioned by a set of people who applauded Mr. Vandenhoff before and after he spoke, and who betrayed too clearly the purpose for which they came, by hissing Mr. Denzil as soon as he made his appearance. The good sense and good feeling, however, of the rest of the audience soon repressed this unfair vulgarity, and obliged the parties to pay the fine of silence for permission to renew the lease of their seats. We do not, for a moment, imagine that Mr. Vandenhoff would lend himself to such a proceeding; or that, could he have known the intention beforehand, he would not have done his utmost to counteract it—but his friends (if such mischief-making noodies can be called friends) were most injudicious. We have before said, that there is, to our thinking, more promise about Mr. Denzil than about any other actor now on the London stage. By this, we must be understood as excepting Mr. Macready. But we have also said, that he must throw himself, heart and soul, into his profession, and look upon his work as only beginning—not as accomplished. After seeing his *Othello*, our opinion

remains unaltered, that he has the means, within his own control, of holding a first rank in tragedy to his own profit, and to the public's satisfaction; but, if we were to say that he turned those means to the best account on Monday, we should say that which is untrue. We have been told that he had not played the part for eight years—that he had not sufficient notice—and that he had only one rehearsal. All this was unfortunate for him, and some of it was unjust perhaps on the part of the management; but these are matters which concern the parties behind the curtain, and for which no allowance can be made, when once an actor is before it. Mr. Denzil began the part well, and the celebrated speech, beginning,

Most potent, grave, and reverend Signers,

was better, far better, delivered by him than by any actor we ever heard, Mr. Kean not excepted.

*Othello*, as our readers know, takes an early opportunity of apologizing for being "wholly unaccustomed to public speaking," by saying,

Rude am I in speech,

And little blessed with the set phrase of peace.

And yet it has been the custom with actors to exert their oratorical powers to the utmost in this speech, and to deliver it with their most studied emphasis and best discretion. Mr. Denzil gave it exactly as such a man as *Othello* would have done, and as Shakspeare, no doubt, intended it to be given;—there was no studied roughness, nor was there, on the other hand, any attempt at display beyond the natural eloquence of a heart big with the justice of its cause. He left the words to make their own way with his hearers, and thus produced the greatest effect with the least effort. Had he gone on as well as he began, he would have remained number one on the list of *Othello*s—but after this his performance was unequal. It was good, very good at times, but there were occasional pauses which, we fear, could not be accounted for in any other way than by supposing, that he was what is at times termed "fishing" for the words. Bad as this is in any part, in such a one as *Othello* it is unpardonable; and, although from the causes we have before alluded to, the blame may properly belong to others, the actor must bear it. Mr. Denzil received quite applause enough from the audience to bear us out, supposing that we chose to pass over his imperfections; but he has so nearly all the requisites for a great actor, that we shall not suffer him to throw away his chance for want of a little tapping on the knuckles, just to rouse him when we see him going to sleep. A few remarks upon Mr. Vandenhoff generally, will suffice to convince those of his friends who have occasionally written to inquire why we did not more frequently notice his performance, that our motives for silence have been kind. Upon his return, after some years of absence, to the London stage, we cheerfully, so far as our voice went, raised it to bespeak attention for him, and to deprecate his former failure in first tragedy being remembered to his prejudice. We soon, however, became convinced, that he was not even so good an actor as he used to be years ago; and, as we could not in conscience say of him that which would aid his cause, we kept silence, and left him to the remainder of the press, which has commented on his exertions with the utmost good-humour, and given him at all times the very outside credit he could expect. It does not follow that we have not watched him in the round of characters he has been playing, because we have not written on them. In point of fact, we have attended to him, and we now feel bound to say, that, in our opinion, he is by no means qualified to represent the leading parts in tragedy, nor can we name one to offer as an exception; be it remembered, however, that this is but an opinion. It is rather a sweeping one certainly, but it is at



least a conscientious one : and we have waited until now to give it, in this general way, in preference to inflicting upon ourselves the disagreeable task of finding fault, time after time, with a gentleman who is doing, at all events, his best to entertain others, and to benefit himself. His performance of *Iago* is, certainly, to our thinking, the worst thing he has done. In all his other parts there have been, here and there, something like redeeming touches ; but, if we know anything of Shakspeare, his *Iago* was one solid blunder. It has been the fashion to make *Roderigo* more of a vulgar booby than a silly gentleman, and Mr. Webster played it in the precise manner which has been passed from one to another for the last twenty-five years, and provoked the usual merriment in the usual places : but the bursts—the *roues* of laughter were here, for the first time, and, we must hope, “for this night only,” with *Iago*. Instead of the smiling fiend in human shape that we are wont to look for, Mr. Vandenhoff made him the merriest dog alive—a sort of fellow who would sit down with his boon companions, sing a roaring song—toss off his glass—and then rising—rubbing his hands, and slapping his thigh, say, “Now, lads, let’s go and have some fun with old blackey!” Why, if Mr. Denzil had committed his murders in the same spirit, and turned the jealous and revengeful *Othello* into a “happy tawney moor,” the tragedy would have been too broadly ludicrous to sit through. Although we speak of these matters jokingly, it is our duty to tell Mr. Vandenhoff seriously, that, in our judgment, so far from getting into the marrow of the great part he undertook to represent, he never so much as punctured the skin of it—and that, should he play it again, he will do well to remember, as Mr. Hazlitt says, that “*Iago’s* gaiety, such as it is, arises from the success of his treachery ; his ease, from the torture he has inflicted upon others.”

A new ballet followed, which we need not say anything about, for the dancers kicked it to the audience, and, after about two nights, the audience kicked it back.

On Wednesday a comedy, in three acts, called ‘Modern Honour,’ was produced here to an audience as thin as a wafer. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*—it is gone to look after the ballet.

#### OLYMPIC THEATRE.

On Thursday week a new piece, described as a “travelling burletta in four stages,” and called ‘How to get off,’ was acted for the first time. It was written by Mr. Charles Dance, and received *sem. con.*

#### MISCELLANEA

**The Landers.**—A correspondent at Truro informs us, that the Committee lately appointed in that town, to make arrangements for the erection of a column, as a tribute to the intrepidity and enterprise of the African travellers, have come to an agreement, as to the proportions which shall be adopted. It is resolved, that its height shall be 71 feet, and not 56, as was first proposed. The figure to be placed on the top of the column, will be nine feet in height ; and the total elevation of the whole, 80 feet. The first cut and squared stone of the column is to be laid at Truro, on the first of March, with Masonic honours ; and endeavours are to be used to have the whole work ready by the commencement of July.

**Martin Luther.**—The German papers mention, that a medal has just been struck at Berlin, to commemorate the translation of the Bible, by Luther. The obverse of the medal bears the effigy of Luther, and has the legend “Interpreter of the Divine Word.” The reverse represents Luther delivering an open Bible to

Germany, and indicates that the translation was commenced at the Wartburg, and was finished at Wittenberg.

**New Method of Staining Rooms.**—A new mode of staining paper, or ornamenting rooms, has just been adopted in Paris. By means of wet or liquefied sawdust, a very beautiful appearance is given to wainscoting, equal, it is said, to that caused by the most expensive paper.

**Steam Carriages in France.**—It is announced, that a regular service of steam-carriages, between Paris and Versailles, will be put into activity at the commencement of the new year.

**Longevity in France.**—The patriarch of Normandy, the venerable M. d’Ornay, Member of the Rouen Academy of Sciences, has just died at Paris. He was born on the 23rd of August, 1779, and was consequently upwards of 100 years old.

**Cashmere Shawls.**—At Kilghiet, in the district of Soudah, twenty days’ journey from Cashmere, is held the great mart for the worsted employed in the manufacture of those soft stuffs used as shawls, and almost as much in demand by the elegant females of Europe as the more voluptuous inmates of the East. There are two qualities of worsted : that which is most readily dyed is white ; the other species is of a light ash colour, which cannot, without some difficulty, be rendered sufficiently white, and is more frequently used of the natural colour. One goat rarely furnishes more than two or three pounds of worsted per year. After the shearing, the two qualities are carefully separated ; after which they undergo repeated washings in rice water. Great importance is attached to the operation of washing ; and the Cashmerians attribute much of the beauty and delicacy of their unrivalled productions to the fine qualities of the waters of their valley. At Kilghiet, the worsted of Cashmere is sold in the rough at about 2s. the pound ; but, as the preparation and washing occasions a loss of 50 per cent., it is sold ready for the loom at 6s. the pound. The form, size, and border of the shawls vary according to the different markets for which the manufacturer designs them.—Translated from a Turkish Newspaper.

**The Blind Man’s Bible.**—We have before us, in a good-sized quarto volume, the Gospel of St. Mark, printed, or rather embossed, for the use of the blind. This is the first book that has been prepared in this country on this plan. It is the handiwork of Mr. Snider, the gentleman who acts as secretary of the Institution, and is a beautiful illustration, if not fulfilment, of the prophecy that the “blind shall see.” This admirable specimen of the art of embossed letters is worthy the attention of the curious.—*Philadelphia (United States) Gazette.*

**Monkwearmouth Colliery.**—[To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.]—Sir, By a very interesting extract from the *Durham Advertiser*, which appeared in a late number of the *Athenæum*, I learn with pleasure, that a successful result is likely to attend the spirited attempt of Messrs. Pemberton and Thompson, to “win” a coal mine, in a part of the coal measures, so deeply buried beneath the superincumbent magnesian limestone, as at Monkwearmouth.

Although the geological relations of the district certainly rendered success highly probable, we cannot too much admire the boldness and perseverance with which this great experiment has been carried on, the first workable seam of coal having been discovered at a depth almost the greatest ever attained by the mines in this country. Should the seams of coal be found, at this point, to preserve their usual quality and dimensions, we may presume on the future working of a large extent of the coal measures, which in many parts of England, are probably buried deeply below the superficial strata. Independent therefore of a successful result to the present undertaking, much property amply situated to the spot where it is carried on, will be greatly increased in value, and new coal mines may be opened in many situations, where coal has not hitherto with any certainty been known to exist.

Those who are so disinterested as to carry forward their views to remote posterity, may rejoice therefore

in the prospect of an additional stock of this most useful mineral, capable of affording a supply to future generations, many centuries hence, when, according to the calculations which have been made on the subject, our coal fields (within their present known limits) shall in all probability have been entirely exhausted.

I must however controvert one (although not a very material) part of the statement, respecting the Monkwearmouth colliery : I allude to its being called the *deepest mine in Great Britain*, an honour which as yet, it certainly cannot claim. Pearce’s shaft, at the Consolidated Mines, in Cornwall, is at the present time 273 fathoms, or 1650 feet in depth, and therefore still maintains a slight superiority over its northern rival, being deeper by about 50 feet.

This error has arisen merely from taking the depth of Pearce’s shaft, a year or two ago, instead of at the present time, and although trivial, may still perhaps be worth correcting. I may here observe, that as regards depth below the sea level, and therefore (as usual as the approach may be) actual approximation towards the earth’s centre, the Monkwearmouth colliery is correctly stated to stand unrivalled, not only in this country, but in the whole world, being in this respect the *deepest perforation into the crust of the globe, which has ever been made by man*, although in depth from the surface, it is exceeded by some few mines on the continent.

The following short statement will show the comparative relations of Pearce’s shaft, and the Monkwearmouth colliery, at the present time.

	Pearce’s Shaft.	Monkwearmouth Colliery.
	FATH. PART.	FATH. PART.
Depth from the surface to the sea level, . . . . .	52 or 512	14½ or 67
Depth below the sea level, 223 or 1338		252 or 1513
Total depth, . . . . .	275 or 1650	266½ or 1600

With best wishes for the continued prosperity of your very talented and valuable publication.

I am, Sir, Yours respectfully,  
F. B.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

##### IN THE PRESS.

The Saxon’s Daughter, by the Author of ‘An Essay on Woman’—Sketches in Portugal, during 1831, by Captain J. B. Alexander.—The Picture, and The Precarious Man, by the Author of ‘The Exile of Idra’.—The Wars of Montrose, by the Ettrick Shepherd.

**Just published.**—Turner’s Annual Tour, for 1833, 21s.—Companion to the Whist Table, by the Editor of Bell’s Life in London, 1s.—Ainsworth’s Canada, 3 vols. 8vo. 25s.—Life of a Soldier, 2nd edit. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.—An Easy Introduction to Short Hand, 4th edit. 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Lawrence on the Horse, 2nd edit. 8vo. 7s.—Tales of a Physician, 2 vols. post 8vo. 12s.—Ros. W. L. Bowles’s Little Villager’s Verse Book, demy 18mo. 1s.—Tales of Woman’s Trials, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Jacob Faithful, by the Author of ‘Peter Simple,’ 2nd edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—The Arabian Nights’ Entertainments, new edit. 4 vols. 8vo. with illustrations, 20s.—The Architectural Director, with a Glossary of Architecture, 100 plates and Tables, 8vo. 2nd edit. 25s.—Burns’s Works, Vol. VIII. 8vo.—Mortimer’s Sermons on Death, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Great Will Cause, Tatham v. Wright, by Alexander Fraser, 2 vols. 8vo. 15s. 6d.—A Selection of 100 Games of Chess, by W. L. 8vo. 9s. 3s.—A Selection of 50 Games of Chess, by W. Lewis, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—The German Prose Reader, No. 1. Outline, 8vo. 5s.—The German Dramatic Reader, No. 1, containing Die Deutschen Kleinstdatter, 8vo. 4s. No. 2, containing Der Viernadzwanzigste Februar, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Howard’s Lessons on the Old Testament, Pt. I. 8vo. 5s.—The Poetical Souvenir, royal 28mo. 3s. 6d.—Bloomfield’s Aeschylus Choephore, 3rd edit. 8vo. 8s.—Bachstein’s Cage Birds, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Sister Mary’s Tales, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Moseley’s Mechanisms applied to the Arts, small 8vo. 6s. 6d.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are willing to believe that *Civis* means well—but can anything be more absurd than to inter a contradiction, because we denounce a work as constructed on the exploded system of question and answer, “while in the very same number, a work is advertised, and recommended, because it embraces the system of question and answer?” Advertisers are undoubtedly at liberty to recommend their works after their own good pleasure.

Y. C. J.—The Coquette—Z. O.—Ajax—C ; received.

The offers of H. H. and J. D. declined.—S. A. E. we cannot answer.—To Capt. L. of course.

Mr. Cumming’s letter does not point out one single error in our criticism ; publication therefore would be absurd.

We must, however ungallant it may appear, inform an unknown lady correspondent, who has kindly sent us a present, that it is left enclosed to her at our Publisher’s, and will be delivered to any one who may ask for it in the name subscribed to her letter.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY,

AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1834.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in de- grees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
● S 1	30.117	53.3	30.101	55.3	51	52.6	55.7	48.7	56.3		WSW	Fine—thin fleecy clouds—light haze and wind.
⊙ 2	30.130	53.4	30.082	55.4	50	50.9	54.6	48.3	55.3		WSW	Fair—lightly cloudy.
M 3	30.059	53.3	30.019	55.3	50	52.1	55.6	48.8	55.6		SW	Fine and cloudless—light cloudless.
T 4	30.139	53.0	30.045	56.3	48	48.2	56.9	44.8	58.2		WSW	{ A.M. Fine—lightly cloudy—light fog and deposition. P.M. Fair—cloudy. Night, brisk wind.
W 5	29.721	56.9	29.617	58.8	58	58.4	60.4	47.3	60.7		SSW	Cloudy and lowering—strong deposition—brisk unsteady wind.
T 6	29.665	58.8	29.687	60.8	57	58.2	60.7	56.5	61.5	.008	SSW	Fair—lightly cloudy.—Evening, light rain. Night, brisk wind.
F 7	29.497	59.7	29.478	61.4	58	59.6	57.7	54.4	61.3	.019	SSE	{ Light brisk wind.—A.M. Broken clouds. P.M. Fine and clear. Evening, very light rain.
S 8	29.463	56.6	29.458	57.7	50	50.1	51.7	47.5	61.3	.008	SSW	Fine and clear.—A.M. Light clouds. P.M. Nearly cloudless.
⊙ 9	29.454	55.3	29.531	56.3	51	51.8	52.3	47.4	53.6		ESE	Fog and light rain.
M 10	29.854	52.3	29.939	51.7	46	46.5	46.3	45.2	46.5		NNE	Overcast—light wind.—Light rain, a.m.
T 11	30.184	47.6	30.218	50.5	39	44.3	49.3	39.2	49.3		N	Fair—lightly cloudy—light unsteady wind.
W 12	30.303	46.3	30.264	46.4	35	42.1	42.7	40.5	42.7		NNE	Lightly cloudy and overcast—light unsteady wind.
T 13	30.272	43.8	30.275	45.3	35	39.2	42.0	27.7	42.3		NNE	Fair—lightly cloudy—light wind.
F 14	30.400	43.3	30.387	46.7	40	40.0	46.2	34.8	46.4		N	Fine—light clouds—light brisk wind.
S 15	30.409	43.4	30.386	46.7	41	41.5	47.2	35.6	47.2		NNE	Fair—lightly cloudy—light wind.
⊙ 16	30.372	46.3	30.318	47.8	43	44.2	47.7	40.4	47.7		WNW	Overcast—haze.
M 17	30.188	46.3	30.090	48.7	43	45.0	49.8	40.7	49.8		WSW	A.M. Overcast. P.M. Fair—light clouds.
T 18	30.146	48.3	30.162	49.7	45	45.3	48.1	43.8	48.1		N	Fair—lightly cloudy.—Light brisk wind, p.m.
W 19	30.275	46.3	30.228	46.3	38	39.5	41.3	37.5	41.4		NNE	Cloudless—light wind and haze.
T 20	29.998	40.7	29.839	43.0	35	36.7	40.2	33.2	40.5		NE	Fine and nearly cloudless—light wind.
F 21	29.768	41.3	29.738	43.3	34	37.6	41.8	34.6	43.6		E	Overcast.—Light rain and wind, p.m.
S 22	29.728	44.3	29.715	47.2	44	44.8	47.4	36.7	47.4		E	Overcast—light haze.—A.M. Deposition. P.M. Light wind.
⊙ 23	30.008	46.3	30.071	46.7	39	41.7	45.6	36.7	45.6		NNE	Lightly overcast—light fog—light unsteady wind.
M 24	30.124	43.7	30.063	46.3	42	42.8	45.9	36.8	45.9		NE	Fair—soft clouds—light breeze.
T 25	29.903	44.7	29.849	44.7	38	41.7	40.7	40.3	41.7		E	Overcast.—A.M. Haze. P.M. Light breeze.
W 26	29.843	43.3	29.852	43.9	36	38.8	40.0	37.0	40.0		NNW	Overcast—light wind.
T 27	29.953	41.4	29.928	44.3	36	36.2	45.7	33.3	45.7		WSW	Fine and cloudless—haze and cloudiness.
F 28	29.751	45.4	29.588	46.7	43	46.0	42.9	34.8	46.2		SSW	{ Lightly cloudy.—A.M. Fine and clear. P.M. Light wind.—Evening, light rain.
S 29	29.187	45.4	29.253	47.7	42	42.3	48.8	39.6	48.8		SSW	{ A.M. Fine—thin streaked clouds—deposition. P.M. Cloudy—light wind.
● 30	29.556	46.3	29.703	48.0	42	44.6	46.2	40.8	52.3		WNW	Fair—lightly cloudy—light haze.
MEANS..	29.949	48.2	29.929	50.0	43.6	45.5	48.4	41.4	49.4	Shn. .035	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- larity and reduced to 32° Fahr. .... { 9 A.M. 29.904 3 P.M. 29.879	

\* Height of Cistern of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge—83 feet 2½ in.—Ditto, above the presumed mean level of the Sea—65 feet.—External Thermom. is 2 ft. higher than Barom. Cistern.—Height of Receiver of Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House—79 feet.

ERRATA.—Jan. 28, 1834, for 29.677 read 29.477. The means will consequently require the following correction: for 29.761 read 29.748; for 29.701 read 29.698; and for 29.680 read 29.694.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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# THE ATHENÆUM

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This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.  
(J. HOLMES, TROOK'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS.

*Sketches of Corfu, Historical and Domestic, its Scenery and Natural Productions; interspersed with Legends and Traditions.*  
London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Our readers do not require to be told, that we have an especial kindness for travellers of the poetical school—the furthest possible remove from those worthy and scrupulous people, who, as they pass deliberately from country to country, will not let a rivulet murmur by, without telling you its birth and parentage—who are not contented to omit one single shapeless ruin, or one uninteresting town—and, without reference to their own personal feelings or fancies, describe everything with the same unexceptionable and level phrase, and remorseless minuteness. But the lady who has here given us her experiences of foreign lands, has, we must confess, run into the opposite extreme: a little too much of the personal (so difficult to manage gracefully,) mingles with her descriptions; and her legends and traditions have far too much of imagination in them to unite naturally with the realities of her journal. Having satisfied our critical consciences by this gentle protest, we shall proceed to prove that we are indebted to her for some pleasant reading, and many lively pictures of scenery and manners, which interest us by their novelty.

We have scarcely opened the volume ere we encounter one of these—though the primitive wells there described, may be found somewhat nearer home than Corfu—even in the market gardens about Brentford and Isleworth.

“The peasants, rich or poor, never think of enclosing their ground; so that often, unwittingly, we find ourselves in the midst of a garden, surrounded by beds of strawberries and tomatoes, and it may be, by the side of a well. These last are so primitive, that I must describe one to you.—A high pole is firmly fixed in the ground near the edge of the well; on the top of it another long pole is fixed in a transverse position. At one end of the horizontal pole is a bucket, at the other a corresponding weight; so the man removes the weight when he wishes to draw water, and down goes the bucket. When hedges are made at all, they are made of the cactus and agave. The cactus bears a bright yellow flower, and from the fibres of the agave, is manufactured a coarse thread. We crossed the race-ground, and came home through a village called Manducchio, inhabited chiefly by fishermen and sailors, noted, time out of mind, for their warlike disposition. ‘Fierco as a Manducchio,’ is a Greek proverb. The one street, about a quarter of a mile long, was so narrow, that we might in many places have touched the houses on each side. The different goods were exposed for sale, under a rough portico tiled over, and supported by the stems of trees, from which the bark was not stripped. A yellow flag, hung out on the end of a pole, told that white,—and a red flag, that Ithaca or Zante wine might be bought within. Fish were jumping about all alive, and

apparently just caught. At other shops were displayed bread, meat, clothes, vegetables, all arranged on tables under the sheds; while the master, turban on head, and pipe in mouth, sat, tailor-like, sometimes on the window-sill of the house, sometimes on the table itself among his goods, awaiting his customers. We met two or three poor Suliote women, toiling along, bent double under the weight of enormous faggots, which a strong man,—for the experiment has been tried,—could scarcely lift from the ground. These poor creatures had their knitting in their hands, and their husbands, smoking as usual, walked at ease by their side. Wherever two or three houses, standing back from the rest, formed a sort of recess, there was sure to be seen a party of women seated, making nets, winding flax off the graceful looking roe, or plaiting rushes, and forming the plait into round flat baskets, with a hole in the centre of one side; these baskets are used for expressing the oil of olives; we have gathered the rushes by the sea shore; they are about three feet in length, bear a pretty flower, and are armed at the top with a point as fine as a fine needle’s point.”

The authoress was domesticated in the house of one of the noblest families of the island, and gives us amusing accounts of its shrewd honourable master, and its slatternly ignorant mistress, “who would not cut a potato for the world, because it was the fruit with which the Devil tempted Eve.” But we cannot venture on these, because ideal personages (we suppose) figure in the group; and our authoress is always most pleasant when she is most strictly real. The following sketch of the family of a Greek peasant is excellent:—

“One of the count’s servants married many years ago, and is settled at the little village of Castrades, about a mile out of town. As his cottage offers an admirable specimen of the Greek peasantry, I will describe it to you, only premising that he is better off than many of the villagers. He does not stew myrtles for soup, or eat the weeds out of the fields, as many of them do. Stefano, on his wedding-day, took his wife’s mother to his house, and she still lives with them; he has two daughters, and a happier or more united family, I never beheld. Stefano is industrious, and very ingenious; his cottage contains two rooms; the outer one is neither ceiled nor floored; one door opens on the road, another opposite to a pretty garden; for furniture, it contains a few benches, a table, a large carved Venetian chest, and two portraits of some of the old Venetian governors; all want of other ornament is made up by a superabundance of live pets. These kind-hearted people take in all the stray dogs and birds of the neighbourhood; and Stella, the eldest girl, nurses them with the greatest fondness. In this very room, are three singing birds, a whole family of pigeons under the table, a lame cat, and a little jumping black cur, who seems very well inclined to domineer over all the others. One day, we were caught in a shower, and ran in for refuge. Henrietta was mounted on a donkey, so Stefano would not rest till the donkey was brought in also, and there he stood in the middle of the room, braying in perfect astonishment, to the great amusement of the rest

of its inmates. The inner room, the sanctum, is finished with a far greater degree of neatness. I suspect that Stefano spends half his earnings on it. It is floored, and what is still more uncommon, the floor is kept constantly scrubbed; in the next place, the beams and tiles are hidden by a very neat ceiling of bamboos closely twined together; and, lastly, the most expensive improvement of all, one window is actually glazed. The place of glass is generally supplied in these lowly cottages, by cloth strained over a frame, or by gypsum, which is found in some parts of the island in pieces sufficiently large and thin. This room contains two beds, on handsome bedsteads, each covered with a white counterpane, and, folded neatly over at the top, is a snow-white frilled sheet; you may suppose these are taken off every night. Stefano and his wife occupy one bed; the other is shared by the grandmother, two girls, and Chloe, the afore-named little black cur. Old Katrina assured me that she could not sleep without Chloe, and ‘he is just as fond of me, Signora,’ she continued; ‘he goes round to kiss them all every night, but he always comes to sleep on my arm.’ Every Greek housewife, even the poorest, prides herself on the whiteness and trimming of her bed-linen. Exactly opposite the door, hangs a picture of the Virgin, a black beauty, and the background, as in all the pictures of the Greek churches, is gilt; a lamp hangs before her, but it is only lighted on feast-days, though always full of oil. On St. John’s eve, the lamp is emptied before the house, and some wish is spoken for the good of the family, which is sure to be granted. The portraits of many other saints hang about the walls. On each side of the door stands a sofa, that indispensable piece of Greek furniture, and an old-fashioned bureau, decorated with the various curiosities of the children: among them, stands conspicuous an English doll, which we dressed for Angelica, carefully preserved under a paper case.

“Behind the house is the flower-garden, neatly arranged with Maltese vases at the corners of the beds. There is a pleasant trelliced vine-walk all round, and in one corner a large stone well: this, too, is shaded by trellice work, which forms a pretty arbour. Many an idle noontide hour have I loitered away there, gathering grapes, as they hung almost into my mouth, and listening to the oldwife-stories and country traditions of the good old ‘Nonna.’ Here, as everywhere, the old legends are passing into oblivion, and those ceremonies which the grandmother practised in her young days with superstitious reverence, are laughed at by her children. But I love these remnants of the olden day, these footprints of the fairies, and it is good and refreshing sometimes to turn away from the cold reasoning of truth, and hear the old woman tell how, in her maiden prime, she used to join a company of merry girls, on the eve of Midsummer-day, and they would put a flower-bell, each choosing her own favourite, into a wide-mouthed bottle, and lower it into the well, walking round, and singing all the time, and each one uttering her secret invocation to the goddess Flora, with the name of some favourite peasant lad in her heart; and how, early on the following morn, they used to hasten thither, and woe to those lasses whose flowers were floating with their faces downwards! Then the old ‘Nonna’ tells me never



to walk out at noon in June and July, for then the evil spirits are abroad, free to work their wicked will; and if I admire anything she values,—her grand-child's hair, or Chloe's silken ears, she spits on the floor, and exclaims, 'Anathema,' to avert the 'evil eye.' This 'evil eye' seems a very formidable bugbear. I never yet saw a Greek child without an amulet sown in a leathern bag, and hanging round its neck to avert the dread influence."

Passing over some verses and other unimportant matters, we come to a few words more upon the village of Castradè, which form a beautiful picture.

"I love this little peaceful village, as much for the veil which the days of departed grandeur have thrown over it, as for the interest which, being built by the sea, and inhabited by fishermen, it still possesses. Therefore, I often bend my evening walk hither. At their cottage doors, the villagers, old and young, are seated; in various, always picturesque groups. A mother with her playful children clinging about her, resting a moment from her work to caress them;—a young wife with her first-born, looking as much as may be, like a mummy in its swaddling clothes, reposing on one arm, while the other hand flings back the falling veil;—two or three idle girls standing about a door-way, pretending to wind flax, and looking quite classical with their old fashioned roes and olive faces;—a group of merry boys with bamboos across their shoulders, imitating the English exercise;—a widow, making nets, fastened to the back of a chair, and looking far over the ocean all the time, to see if her only one is not returning;—an old man, sitting on his door-step, with his pipe in his mouth, watching the movements of his grandchild in a go-cart beside him;—and all these several people have one common point of interest among them. • • •

"And how beautiful is the little bay itself! Near the shore is a fisher's boat just come in. All the idle stragglers of the village wade off knee-deep, and surround it: then such shouting, and screaming, and laughter, and noise, as each fills his basket with fish, and wades back again to the shore! A little farther on are twenty or thirty men, yoked together with ropes, and pulling with all their might, at a very heavy net, in the contents of which they all hold some share. Scattered about the bay are many graceful latteen sails, waving with every slight breeze; farther off is the round white ruined mill, rising at the end of a mole which runs some little way into the sea. The sun, which is setting in the opposite quarter of the sky, lights it up with his last rays, and makes it shine forth like a beacon light."

The journal is divided into months, and in April we are presented with a long list of the plants indigenous to Corfu, which, with other scattered notices of the rich and varied Flora of the island, must be tantalizing to all who love flowers naturally rather than botanically. At a further part of the book, some account is also given of the fish and marine productions, but we must draw upon its pages for matters of more universal interest. We next find some account of the Greek forms of worship.

"I have been for some time trying to understand the religion of the Greeks. As far as I have hitherto succeeded, it appears a strange mixture of feasts and fasts; of ringing of bells and muttering jargon. This morning, as Nina and I were trying the music of a new opera, an unusual noise on the esplanade drew us to the verandah, and we saw a procession passing by: a military band; priests in their flowing robes, bearing lighted wax tapers as tall as themselves; flags, crosses, pictures, carried aloft; incense

waving; a penitent clad in white, barefooted, and bending under the weight of a heavy black cross; and last of all the hero of the day, the mummy of St. Spiridion himself, in a sort of sedan chair, borne aloft on men's shoulders, and shaded by an embroidered canopy; no, I was wrong to say, last of all, for those who came after the body, made me blush for my countrymen. The governor, the representative of majesty, followed, bareheaded, the idol of the people. Little sick children were brought out and laid in the road, that the shadow of the saint might pass over them. If, by chance, they recover, their mothers will make them wear a priest's robe for a certain number of years, as a thank offering to the saint. Vows are as common among the Greeks as among the Roman Catholics. Nina was telling me of one of her sisters, who had vowed to wear a veil for three years, during her lover's absence."

This again is followed by a long enumeration of the superstitions current among the people, in which the saints of the Christian Calendar seem pressed into the service of the gods of the old mythology: the mixture of the two creeds is singular and picturesque. To think for instance of there being "people, yet living in Cefalonia, who remember seeing the obolo placed in the coffin to pay old Charon!" Another custom mentioned is curious.

"Before I close the chapter, I must tell you a word respecting the ceremonies they observe at Easter, which amuse me exceedingly. Exactly at noon, all the bells in the city burst out in one peal, at the same moment the bishop says, 'Our Lord is risen!' and crash, crash, crash, go all the broken pots and pans out of all the windows in all the narrow dirty streets of Corfu; while the old women, who have been on the *qui vive* for the moment, exclaim, 'Avant fleas, bugs, and all vermin; make way for the Lord of all to enter.' The people have eaten nothing but vegetables for forty days; and now, alas! for the lambs. At the door of every house may be seen the master with his white apron on, and knife in his hand: he cuts, himself, the throat of the poor little wretch, and ere life has quite departed, dips a lock of wool in the blood, and marks a cross on the lintel of the doorway."

As it is impossible to proceed regularly through this volume, we shall pass at once to another very characteristic picture worthy to be drawn by the graphic and spirited pencil of Lewis.

"The festa of the Ascension, or Annalipsi, takes place on the ninth of this month. Of course, we failed not to see it, and a merry and a motley group in truth it was. • • • Here was a tray covered with biscuits and sweetmeats, which the owner was loudly commending to his customers; there a man sold the light country wines for threepence or fourpence per bottle; a little farther on was a group of English soldiers, enjoying their rations in company; and close by, a Greek family singing and smoking round a table. Lambs were roasted whole at wood fires, made on the ground, and when cooked, the owner stuck them up aloft on a stick for sale; the boys brought their oboli, and cut their slice,—the first comer being, of course, the first chooser. Fine scrambling there was, and such shrieking, singing, and chattering, as I never heard before; but no quarrelling or fighting. Signor Palatiano says, that this seldom occurs, except for jealousy; love being here the predominant passion."

"In one place, a wretched fiddler was scraping his kit, while a dozen men danced slowly round him, one occasionally drawing aside, and jumping an extraordinary height. Harry says, that the height of their dexterity consists in giving

the lookers-on as many kicks as they can; but this I do not quite believe. A little farther on, under the olives, another group of men and women were dancing the Romaiika. The spectators climbed the trees to look at them, and the red caps, peering through the dark leaves, looked very pretty. These dancers stood in a circle, the men on one side, the women on the other, each person held one end of a handkerchief and his neighbour the other. They walked round very slowly for some time to a low monotonous tune, with grave faces, and eyes fixed on the ground: then the measure changed; the man and woman who joined in the circle raised their hands, and the rest passed under, wreathing about as we do in 'thread my needle.' I believe it is derived from the old story of Ariadne.

"The women were elegantly dressed, with a number of chains round their necks, and some of them wore miniatures,—not as we should do, as mementoes, but merely as ornaments, for they buy them at random. I was chiefly struck by the very melancholy expression of their faces. They were all married, for the unmarried women never appear at these *festas*.

"We stopped a woman of Alefchimo, to examine her dress. It consisted of a bodice of Genoa velvet, which had probably belonged to her great-grandmother, and down one side of the front was a row of silver bells. She opened her vest, to show us a large plate of embossed silver on her waist, and then made us look at her rings. She had four on each hand, some as large as a half crown piece, roughly set, but very fine stones. She seemed quite delighted as we turned her about and examined all her finery, and wished me long life and happiness."

Our readers may like to have a peep at the artist of Corfu.

"I mounted the dilapidated staircase of the Chevalier's house. The house itself was sadly ruinous, but it was built round a courtyard, in the centre of which was a picturesque-looking fountain, and an orange-tree grew beside it. The inside was worse: the stairs creaked, and the wind whistled through the chinks in the boards. The first objects that greeted us were fifteen or twenty boys copying heads from the antique, and Prosalendi himself, with a pair of compasses in his hand, giving directions. He took us into his museum, and showed us, among other things, an urn that had been excavated near the sea, and was covered with an incrustation of shells and coral: also a sarcophagus, and the foundation stone of our own ruined temple at Cardachio. The Greeks, instead of burying coins on such an occasion, used to carve the head and feet of some animal on a stone, and fit it into another. This practice continues to the present day. In a small box were treasured the relics found in a young priestess's mausoleum, that was disinterred at Zante. They consisted of her sacrificial instruments, the urn to hold the tears, a golden fillet of myrtle leaves, on each of which was inscribed 'Theaki,' and golden ear-rings. The gold was remarkably pure. In Ithaca they used to find antiquities constantly; and a Goth of a Russian, having had a quantity of ornaments and weapons melted down, on being remonstrated with, offered to have them re-made! Can you conceive such utter barbarism? Prosalendi was a pupil of Canova."

The next extracts, which speak for themselves, are taken from the journal for August.

"The pleasantest way of spending the evenings in this terrible month is, after a day of fever and weariness inexpressible, to lie down on the sofa with a volume of Byron in one's hand and a glass of ice within reach; yet we do sometimes, in defiance of the innumerable armies of fleas quartered on the esplanade, take a stroll round it, and then we see a sight we should never

see in England; for, between the hours of nine and ten, most of the people come out of their hot crowded houses in the town; and if we venture a little way down the Strada Reale, we see them seated, in happy little family groups, round tables under the piazzas;—the women laughing, chatting, and drinking lemonade; the men smoking cigars, or singing to the guitar. The Greek ladies have no idea of finery; they do not dream of its being vulgar to sit out of doors in company with their husbands and fathers,—happily for them; so they sit, in their happy ignorance, the first Signoras of the place, enjoying themselves right rationally, while the English ladies parade slowly up and down, longing to rest themselves for a few minutes, yet not daring to do so, lest they should offend the tyrant custom. • • •

"One evening the little white church on the esplanade being illuminated, we walked up the broad grassy steps, and went in to see what was going forward. The walls were almost covered with wreaths and bouquets, some real, some artificial. A papa, in his damask robes, sat before the sanctuary, by a little table, on which were placed a glass case, containing the leg-bone of St. Bernard, and a plate filled with oboli. He did not say to us, as Papa Bulgari did, when we visited the cathedral on the day on which St. Spiridon is exposed for the worship of the people,—'Approach! although you are heretics, fear not; you may kiss his great toe if you please!' but he glanced his keen, restless eye from us to the plate very significantly, expecting perhaps that we should follow the example of the Greeks, kiss the case, and deposit some coin. I asked Count Laurelli why he did not do as his countrymen did; but he laughed, and answered, 'I have given them some money, and that is all the poor devils care for!'

"It must be confessed, that although this extreme heat is very disagreeable, it brings also with it its peculiar luxuries. It is a luxury to bathe in the early morning, between the hours of five and six, which you good people in England—who shudder involuntarily the moment the water touches you, yet persist in taking your annual pickle, because it is recommended,—cannot even imagine; and the half-hour's saunter up and down the shady trelliced graperies, in the palace garden, is still more delicious. One side of the broad terrace lies open to the sea, defended only by a low parapet-wall. Along the other side, and over head, runs a trellice, covered with grapes;—such grapes; each bunch will fill a large dish, and each individual grape is as large as a bantam's egg: bright and clear! and, as the sun glances through them, glowing like amber refined by fire! and, to crown all, they hang within reach! Nay, you need not always be at the trouble of raising even your hand to gather them. To hide the unsightly aspect of the rough stems which, for two or three feet above ground, are bare of leaves, the Cape Jessamine is planted, and wreathes itself in rich luxuriance, mingling its large white flowers with the clusters of fruit, and impregnating the atmosphere with fragrance. • • •

"One of my favourite evening walks, when it is possible to walk, is to a little convent near Castrades, dedicated to St. Theodosius. The chapel adjoining it is open every Friday evening in Lent; and right well I love to seat myself on the low stone wall that encloses the garden ground belonging to the priests, and watch the coming of the peasants over the low vineyards that lie between the convent and the Lago Calichipolo, as, the labours of the day over, they draw nigh, at the witching hour of sunset, to offer up their evening orisons. Very small indeed is the number of the congregation; but what of that? Every group is a perfect picture.—First draw nigh two dark-eyed girls, sis-

ters I should imagine, from their strong resemblance; they wear the usual dark blue petticoat, and white veil enveloping the head and shoulders; the crimson ribbons entwined with their dark hair; the crimson lacing of their white boddices tell that they come from a mountain village—perhaps from Carusades. These are followed by a whole family, father, mother, and infant son, mounted on one horse; the little one is foremost of the party, and as a great indulgence, is allowed to hold the whip in his left hand, warily watched, however, by the father, who is indeed so intent on watching the *coup d'essai* of his first-born, that he forgets to take off his red cap in passing; behind him sits the mother, her folded hands resting on her husband's shoulders, and her face, lighted up with a mother's intense love, leaning on her hands. Ah! well is it for them all, that their steed is one of Rosinante's kindred.

"Here comes a maiden from Potamo. I know it by her superior beauty and intelligence, and by the fashion of her head-gear: her petticoat is of scarlet, and her apron the colour of molten gold; she wears long hanging white sleeves, as like as may be to the bishop's sleeves I brought out with me from England; her vest fits tight to her shape; and the enormous silver clasps that meet over her waist, and her gold chains innumerable, proclaim her a person of wealth. But is she alone? Ah, no! and much I fear the smile and whispered words of that tall, fierce-looking, moustachio'd, and bewiskered young Albanian by her side, will sadly unfit the poor maiden's mind for the devout service she is come to perform. The snowy whiteness of his full short petticoat; the natty style in which his cap is stuck on one side of his head; the graceful tie of his red cummerbund, and full embroidery of his tight gaiters, proclaim him a dandy of the first water."

Nor will the further fragments which we intend to give require many explanatory words of introduction. The following is a curious proof of the superstition even of the higher classes in Corfu.

"As we walked down the pass, some bits of rag tied to a stick attracted my attention, and I was about to twitch them off as I passed; but the Count Laurelli caught my hand in a great hurry, exclaiming, 'Corpo di Bacco! leave that alone! you'll catch the fever, or madness, or something as bad! Yes!' he continued, as I looked at him with surprise, 'when our peasants have any thing the matter with them, they go to the papa; he exorcises the evil spirit by which they are possessed, and ties some rags to a bit of stick; the evil spirit passes into the rags; and if any one should, by ill luck, touch them, he becomes afflicted with the same malady. Nay,' he continued, affecting to smile,—'of course I do not believe these superstitions; but it is as well not to run any risk. Come along, Signorina, the carriage is waiting; don't stand looking at that stick all day.'

The next tell us of olives and oranges.

"There is a laugh and a shout in the valley! they are picking up the olives;—fifteen or twenty young girls, and half-a-dozen venerable matrons. There is no such thing as a middle-aged woman in the Grecian isles: they pass, immediately, from beautiful girls to ugly old women: There they are with their yellow veils and scarlet aprons, kneeling, all in a row, and depositing the fruit in the round flat baskets on the grass. The lazy people: their oil would be as good as that of Lucca or Florence, if they would but exert themselves so far as to shake the trees, or even pick the fruit up as it falls; but no, that would be a trouble; they would be forced to walk from their cottages, which are, perhaps, half a mile distant, every day, for the purpose; and they think it far better to wait till

all has fallen, and pick it up good and bad, ripe and decayed together. • • •

"The oranges are ripe at last; and I have rambled in an orange grove, and dined in an orange grove; and, alas! for the frailty of human nature, stolen oranges therefrom! It was at Cato Virò I first enjoyed that pleasure. Our guide to the grove was no less distinguished a person than the owner, or squire of the village. He wore no stockings, but, *en revanche*, had magnificent gold ear-rings. His hair was plaited round the back of his head, and his vest was fastened with three large silver chains and buttons.

"We visited his house at Virò: the ground-floor was occupied by large stone jars, full of wine: on a table, in the bed-room, a large quantity of Indian-corn bread and dried grapes was spread; the bed itself was trimmed with lace, and the upper vallance was covered with bits of ribbon, silk, and feathers;—these were charms to scare away evil dreams."

The last passage we shall extract concerns some antiquities discovered at Vido.

"After landing, we rambled for some time about the island. They are building fortifications on it, and have quite destroyed all the pretty flowers with which it was covered in the spring. At last, we came to a few planks, carefully nailed down; they were raised, and disclosed to view a pretty considerable piece of ancient mosaic pavement, bedded in the soil. It was composed of small pieces of brick, coloured blue, red, and white, formed into a sort of scroll-pattern, just like that of the oiled-cloths laid down in our passages and halls. There was a corner admirably turned, and a centre-piece in perfect preservation. Some time ago, the soldiers were cutting a road just by here, and cut up a great deal of similar pavement. They were in a great hurry, and the mischief they did was not known till too late. This pavement appears to have formed one of the side-aisles of the very church founded by Jason and Sosipater. It may have been the site of a heathen temple; but I do not think this is the case; because, when the spot was first excavated,—for it was four feet below the surface of the earth,—they found, at the same time, round about, a great many bones and skulls; and high up, on the top of a mound hard by, a long double line of graves. And it was observed, that all the skeletons within them were placed with their faces towards the east; and we know that the early Christians were careful to bury their dead in this position. One of the skulls was brought down for our inspection: it was in high preservation; and six teeth remaining in it were quite perfect and firm."

With this we must leave this pleasant volume. If its writer will give us more such lively representations of scenery, and costume, and character, as we have gathered from her pages, we shall be delighted to meet with her again; and we could almost find in our hearts to wish that she might be banished for another two years to some island as little known to us, and as full of beauties as Corfu.

1. *History of the Reformed Religion.* By the Rev. Edward Smedley. Vol. III. 2. *History of the Church in Scotland.* By M. Russell, L.L.D. London: Rivingtons.

THE present volume of Mr. Smedley's History treats of a period full of interest both to the political and the religious inquirer: it teaches the one, that religious enthusiasm is not always irresistible; the other, that in proportion as religious persuasion is mixed with aught that is foreign to its proper nature, its intrinsic force is lessened and per-

verted. There is scarcely a Protestant church in Europe which may not profit greatly by the study of those events which led to the ruin of the French Huguenots. Bold and sincere as was the zeal of their founders, it was from the beginning employed to light the torch of political disaffection; and as that torch burnt out, the brightness of faith and zeal was only seen in expiring embers. There are circumstances, undoubtedly, in which it is the duty of a religious party to leave no means unemployed to conciliate the great and the powerful; but if history is to be studied for its lessons of experience, it plainly teaches us, that help so acquired is rarely of much value, and that princes are seldom sufficiently independent to persevere rightly in the adoption of a new creed. The support of a religious denomination, which must struggle for its proper existence with pride, passion, prejudice, and superstition, demands singular strength of mind: it usually entails on the most exalted of its advocates a more than average share of the trials demanded of faith and piety. When any means, therefore, are resorted to for the conversion of princes to a new profession, a balance ought to be drawn between the chances of their persevering in the proposed course, and those of their yielding to the difficulties in which it must involve them. There is also another important consideration: should the chief of a state afford his countenance to a new sect, ought it not to be gravely calculated, whether the advantages expected therefrom may not be counterbalanced by dangers almost necessarily arising out of the new position in which the party or sect is then placed? At the best, care should certainly be taken by reformers of every kind to determine both what amount of good, and what kind of good, they look for by catching princes, or crowned heads, when they throw their net into the broad sea of society.

Mr. Smedley's History is written with a skilful and elegant pen, and the general reader may gather from its pages much of the wisdom which is taught by struggles and suffering. In the events that followed the appearance of Henri IV. on the field, he will find a forcible illustration of the truth of our remarks. Never was a prince, ostensibly, more fitted to aid in the cause of religious reform: never did a prince do greater injury to a rising party. He had been owned as its protector; it can scarcely be said that conscience made him its enemy; yet so little reason had the Protestants to regard him in any other light, that the brave Du Plessis declared, that "more precise terms of abjuration had been forced upon his acceptance than would have been demanded of a Jew or a Turk;" and that it might soon be expected to see him, with the consecrated sword of the Pope in his hand, employed in the extirpation of heretics. But what could be the state of a party, provided with such abundant means of internal strength, when such a passage as the following appears in the History of its matured period?—"The power of the Reformed had been greatly diminished by the recent war, and it was yet farther impaired by the deaths of the Maréchal de Bouillon, and of Du Plessis. Our past narrative sufficiently attests how irreparable was the void occasioned by the demise of the latter of these great men; and the former, notwithstanding many errors into

which he had been betrayed by a too ambitious temper, was to be esteemed one of the chief supports of religion, whether on account of his great military experience, his rich and extensive possessions, or his unshaken constancy." It requires a very slight degree of thought to discover from the wording of this passage, that the French Protestants, as a body, had long changed the only legitimate means and weapons of religious strength, for those which they ought never to have sought or employed. For every assistance they had received from the great, they had given up a large portion of their proper force; and it is a question whether, had they finally succeeded, the sacrifices they must have made to their potent allies would not have deprived them of many of their rights, or greatly weakened their principles.

But, ruined as the Huguenots were by their own injudicious conduct, many admirable men had been nurtured in their ranks; and when the iniquitous decrees of Louis XIII. and his celebrated successor, banished them from France, other countries derived most valuable assistance from their pious and enlightened labours. The concluding chapter of Mr. Smedley's work embraces a general view of the sufferings of these exiles; but we should be glad to see a more particular account of their fate—and recommend the subject to the attention of the conductors of the 'Theological Library,' as fraught with interest and instruction.

It is satisfactory to find a History of the Reformed Religion in France, followed by a History of the Church in Scotland: they form admirable companions, and teach, in conjunction, some of the most useful, though perhaps unpalatable, truths of ecclesiastical records. Dr. Russell is already well known to the public as a learned and polished writer;—nor will the present work lessen his reputation: but it may be questioned, whether he have not written too much like the special advocate of episcopacy, and this to the injury of his subject in some important respects. The 'History of the Church in Scotland' can scarcely fail to excite strong sentiments on the nature of church government; but the lamentable struggles in which the Reformers engaged, to determine between bishops and presbyters, left reform itself safe; and the contemplation of the truly Christian church which was seen firmly established in the hearts of the free and faithful Scots, when the battle was over, fills an unprejudiced mind with delight. It had borne the shaking of its walls both from within and from without; and we trust that Dr. Russell, as he advances, will revive in our hearts some of those vivid feelings of admiration and reverence with which we first read the eventful story of the Scottish church.

*Popular Physiology.* By P. B. Lord, Esq., M.B., M.R.C.S. London: Parker.

THE science of physiology is as interesting to the general inquirer after knowledge as it is necessary to the professional student; yet there is scarcely any subject on which general readers are so little informed—none on which popular writers have displayed more ignorance: the allusions sometimes made to physiological phenomena by way of illustration or ornament, being generally references

to some antiquated theory long since refuted.

It has been pleaded as an apology for this ignorance, that the medical sciences are so loaded with technical terms, that no one but a professional student could encounter the labour of learning such a cumbrous nomenclature. This is an error: physiology requires a glossary even less than that mockery of science, phrenology, which has occasionally attracted no inconsiderable share of public attention; indeed, the objection is wholly inapplicable to the work before us, which, though scientific in its principles, arrangement, and details, is so simple in language and explanation, that it might be profitably read by an ordinary school-boy, while those far advanced in professional life may consult its pages with advantage.

We are pleased at this attempt to make the study of physiology popular, because many errors in education have arisen from ignorance of our organization. We have often to lament over the victims of that system of hot-bed excitement too prevalent in the present day;—a system which, by endeavouring to force precocious developments of the mental and bodily powers, silently saps the foundation of both. When the tender nature of that delicate organ, the brain, is better understood, parents and teachers will learn that it cannot bear high and continued excitement without great danger of permanent injury. A still more direct result of diffused knowledge on this subject, will be the diminution of quackery: men who know anything of their own structure, will assuredly not trust the management of its disorders to those who have not given some proof of their acquaintance with its healthy and diseased functions.

In his last chapter, Dr. Lord investigates the varieties of the human species, and supports with ability the common origin of mankind. We shall extract his refutation of one popular error on this subject:—

"It might be supposed that the quality by which men are most surely distinguished from other animals, would, by its gradations, afford no bad standard for ascertaining differences of origin and breed amongst themselves, did any such exist; and, accordingly, the obvious general inferiority of the Negro to the Caucasian has been much insisted on, as a proof that they could not have sprung from common parents. But it is evident that the character, to be specific, must be invariable; and will any one pretend to say, that every white is superior in intellectual powers to every black? The assertion would be ridiculous: we have a sufficiency of individuals, endowed with about as much sense as Pope's lord, who was 'far too wise to walk into a well;' while on the other hand, individuals amongst Negro tribes have been found to exhibit a clear and comprehensive intellect, and to attain a distinguished proficiency in the arts, and even in abstruse science. H. Grégoire has written a work, 'De la Littérature des Nègres,' Paris, 1808, in which he collects numerous such examples, and Blumenbach possesses specimens of English, Dutch, and Latin poetry, written by Negro authors. That skill and talent, together with some of the higher moral feelings, were called into display during the revolt, which freed the Haytian republic from the French yoke, admits of no question; nor has there been any lack of political sagacity in the mode in which it has been subsequently governed. Lislet, a Negro of the Isle of France, was named Corresponding Member of the French



Institute, on account of his meteorological observations: Hannibal distinguished himself as a colonel of artillery, in the Russian service; and Fuller, of Maryland, was an extraordinary example of quickness in reckoning. Being asked, in a company, for the purpose of trying his powers, how many seconds a person had lived, who was twenty-seven years and some months old, he gave the answer in a minute and a half. On reckoning it up after him, a different result was obtained: 'Have you not forgotten the leap years?' said the negro. The omission was supplied, and the number then agreed with his answer."

We recommend this work to our readers generally: those who have already studied the subject, will find in it a faithful summary of the best modern opinions on physiology; and for those who are wholly unacquainted with it, it is replete with valuable instruction, conveyed in an intelligible and pleasing form.

*Leonardo da Vinci*, von Hugo Graf von [Count of] Gallenberg. Leipzig: Fleischer; London, Black & Young.

Leonardo da Vinci was not only one of the greatest of the great Italian painters, but a man of wonderfully varied talent—a sculptor as well as modeller, an architect, a musician, and a poet,—and, moreover, a man of extraordinary learning and science. He was, besides, connected, in one way or another, with Ludovico Sforza, surnamed *il Moro*, with Caesar Borgia, who employed him as an engineer, with Pope Leo X., and with the kings Lewis XII. and Francis I. of France. The life of such an artist, written by an enlightened patron of the arts, himself a distinguished amateur—(we have understood that an opera composed by Graf von Gallenberg is a favourite upon the German stage)—seemed to have good promise in it; and we opened this volume with eager anticipations of pleasure. They have been considerably disappointed. The Count deals not in a flowing narrative, and has collected but few of those gossiping anecdotes which give biography its charm. His work consists almost entirely of arguments upon disputed points in Leonardo's history,—as, whether his birth were legitimate or illegitimate, accompanied by a dry statement of facts. Still the life of such a man cannot be wholly uninteresting; and, without entering into any detail of Leonardo's career, we shall select some of the few, the very few, passages and anecdotes to be found in his biographer's pages, which may chance to be unknown to our readers.

Leonardo was the son of a Florentine official, a *Notajo della Signoria*, and in his earliest childhood discovered the strong graphic bent of his genius. We are told that

Ser Piero (the father) could not do otherwise than comply with his son's wishes; for the inclination so early developed, the honour then connected with the practice of art, and the ample remuneration which every gifted artist was entitled to hope for, were guarantees for the lad's welfare. He therefore lost no time in informing his friend, Master Andrea da Verocchio, whom Florence then esteemed her ablest artist, of his son's talents and wishes.

The stories told of Da Vinci's wonderful progress in art, and the despair in which old Verocchio abandoned it in consequence of his pupil having painted to perfection an angel in an altar-piece which Verocchio was

preparing for the monks of Valombrosa, are well known.

Leonardo soon acquired such celebrity as an artist as induced Ludovico Sforza to invite him to Milan. The ducal invitation we have not; but the artist's answer has been preserved, and its manner induces a suspicion that his Highness had inquired what Leonardo could do for him besides painting. It is a very singular document, upon which Count Gallenberg observes—

In order to form an idea of the multifarious studies of Leonardo's youth, of his extensive and profound acquirements, it is sufficient to read his answer to Ludovico Sforza's invitation. . . . I must remark, that Leonardo wrote it with his left hand, and that the original is therefore to be read in the Oriental fashion, from right to left.†

The letter reminds us a little of the Marquis of Worcester's 'Century of Inventions.' Some of our readers may have read it before, but, as it is not commonly known in England, it may be worth while to translate a few passages:—

Most illustrious Signor, having now sufficiently seen and considered the experiments of those who are reputed masters in the art of making implements of war, and satisfied myself that their inventions differ in nothing from the instruments in common use, I shall endeavour, without detriment to others, to lay my secrets open to your Excellency, placing them at your disposal; as I confidently hope that, in due time and season, all the matters here below enumerated, may be made effective.

1. I have means of making very light bridges, very easy of carriage, with which to pursue, and sometimes to fly from, the enemy; and others secure, and invulnerable by fire or battle, easy to be laid down and to be removed. And, further, means of burning and destroying those of the enemy.

2. For sieges I know how to draw the water out of the fosses, how to make bridges with ladders, and an infinity of other things appertaining to such expeditions.

3. Item, if, from the height of the ramparts, or the strength of the town or of its site, cannon could not be used in the siege, I have means of destroying every fortress that is not actually founded on the live rock.

4. I have likewise devised a sort of cannon, most convenient and easy to be transported, with which to shoot a tempest of burning matters, the smoke whereof should terrify the enemy, to his great injury and disorder.

5. I have devised a mode, by means of narrow winding ways, noiselessly to reach any place, to effect which it may be needful to pass under fosses or rivers.

6. I can make safe, covered carriages, which can enter the lines of the enemy despite his artillery; nor is there any body of horse so strong that they would not break through; and behind these the infantry may follow, without damage or hindrance.

But enough of Leonardo's military inventions—pass we to his arts of peace:—

10. In time of peace I trust to compete with any one, and to give perfect satisfaction, in architecture, in the building of public and private edifices, and in conveying water from one place to another.

Item, I will undertake, in sculpture, whether in marble, bronze, or clay, as also in painting, to do what can be done, and compete with every other, be that other who he may. I could, further, undertake the bronze horse, which is to ensure the immortal glory and eternal honour

†This mode of writing he seems to have adopted in noting his inventions, to guard against discovery. But why he should write a letter that could only be read with difficulty, is not so clear.

of your Excellency's father, of happy memory, and of the whole house of Sforza.

And should any of these things be by any one deemed impossible and impracticable, I profess myself ready to make experiment of them in your park, or in whatever place shall please your Excellency, to whom I most humbly recommend myself. &c.

At Milan, one of Leonardo's first artistic labours—for he was employed in several of the various capacities in which he offered his services—was the above-mentioned equestrian statue of Francis Sforza. He completed the model; but the Duke had not at the moment money to cast it in bronze; and the model itself was destroyed when Milan was entered by the French, who used it as a target for their bowmen. But his great Milanese work,—indeed, the great achievement of Leonardo da Vinci's professional life, upon which his fame long mainly depended,—was his fresco painting of the Last Supper, in the refectory of the Dominican monastery. We will endeavour to condense the history of this masterpiece:—

Leonardo planned this picture, according to the wish of the Duke, who was much bent upon beautifying the Milanese Dominican Monastery. The wall it was to occupy was eight and twenty feet long, and he was therefore obliged to make his figures half as large again as life. . . .

He who looks at this great picture, so far as the misfortunes of past times have left it visible, will comprehend how short a period were two or three years, for such a wonderful creation of art; especially for an artist so anxious, so difficult to be pleased with his own performance, as Leonardo. His contemporary, Luca Pacciolo, says Leonardo always seemed to tremble when he was preparing to paint; and, from his sense of the grandeur of art, never finished what he began, discovering faults in those of his works which appeared to others miracles of perfection. He had to meditate the grouping, which the first painters have declared to be pre-eminently skilful and natural, in the separate parts and actions, as well as in the whole. For this he had first to execute cartoons. . . . The cartoon drawings of the thirteen heads were long preserved in the house of the Counts Arconati, then transferred to the Marquessa Gassendi. They next passed into the possession of the Venetian family of Sogrelo, and, upon its extinction, were sold to the English consul Odini.

This marvellous English name may, we believe, be translated Udney. Mr. Udney's collection of pictures was very choice; upon his death it was, we believe, dispersed. These cartoons, however, as our readers will no doubt remember, came eventually into the possession of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and were sold, not long since, at Christie's.

An anecdote respecting the Prior of the Monastery, for whom the picture was designed, has been often repeated,—that Leonardo, irritated at this person's senseless exhortations to get on, jestingly told the Duke that he would make him the model for his Judas,—seems to be true enough. But, that he actually put this threat in execution, and that the Prior's head was transmitted as that of Judas to posterity, who except De Piles, and his copyists, can be simple enough to believe? What! a Prior in his own Monastery, where he is almost despotic, suffer his own portrait to remain an object of constant ridicule to the order and to strangers! . . . Cristoforo Giraldis, a man of sound judgment, and a contemporary of Leonardo's, whom I thence esteem the best witness, thus relates the story: "Da Vinci had completed the Redeemer and eleven of the Apostles, as well as the body

of Judas; only the head of this last was wanting. The Prior and his Monks, who thought he delayed too long with this head, complained to the Duke, and he questioned Leonardo. The artist assured the Prince that no day passed in which he did not work at the picture, and that he was constantly meditating upon the Judas, and seeking, amongst the vilest of mankind, for a countenance fitted to express his treacherous heart. But that, if he could find none better, he should be obliged at last to paint the head of the Prior, who left him no peace. At length he found a man with the very face he wanted; he instantly took his likeness, and completed his work."

Count Gallenberg now describes the gradual decay of this splendid painting, and finds, in the circumstances, strong argument for preferring moveable oil pictures to immoveable frescos. These last must always be exposed to disaster; but we should have thought this one of the least imperilled of frescos. The refectory, in which a whole monastery daily assembled at meal times, seemed to be tolerably secure against damp. But, in truth, as our noble biographer observes—

The gnawing tooth of all-consuming time, or the unfitness of its situation, were not so much in fault as the careless ignorance, the paltry malevolence of man. • • • At first this painting was the object of universal admiration—was the glory of Leonardo da Vinci. Sixteen years later, in the time of Francis I., it was still so beautiful, so well preserved, that this monarch would have given anything to carry it off to France. Happily his attempts were fruitless.

Armenini, who saw it in the middle of the 16th century, expresses regret at its having already lost half its brilliancy; and if we are to believe the Milanese Lomazzo, the colours faded so rapidly, that the outlines only remained to show the excellence of the drawing. • • •

Cardinal Borromeo laments that only the remains of the Last Supper were to be seen, and observing that the fault was in the wall, from which the mortar or plaster crumbled, he commissioned an able painter to make a copy of it. [Many good copies were fortunately made.] • • •

Scannelli, who saw it in 1642, says, "Of the figures few traces remained, and the naked parts, as heads, feet, and hands, were almost entirely destroyed." In 1652, the Dominicans, seeing it in so deplorable a condition, not only abandoned it to its fate, but did not hesitate to cut off the feet of the Saviour, and of the Apostle nearest him, in order to enlarge the refectory door. • • • In 1726, the painter Belotti, after some previous satisfactory experiments, offered to revive the painting. The result of his labours was happy. By a process, which he unfortunately kept secret, he succeeded in breathing, as it were, new life into the faded colours. • • •

But a few years afterwards, despite all the care and pains then bestowed upon its preservation, the painting relapsed into its previous condition. In 1770 another artist undertook a similar restoration. But, less skilful than his predecessor, his blunders completely ruined the painting; so that, Lanzi says, "there remained but three heads which could possibly be ascribed to Leonardo." For this failure he demanded 500*l.* of the Dominicans. • • • Although Napoleon is said to have given the strictest orders to spare this refectory, some cavalry were there quartered, by which the painting finally received its death-blow.

Amoretti, when about to write Leonardo's life, visited the picture. Upon entering the refectory, he went close up to the painting, and could see nothing. He drew back, and from a

; This has been represented as done when the painting was perfect.

distance it seemed less damaged. He then perceived that a mould, or rather an efflorescence of saltpetre, excreted from the wall, covered the picture, as with a white veil, from those who looked at it from below. So that, in fact, the composition of the plaster would seem to be the root of the mischief. This is an evil that modern science might for the future guard against.

We may confirm this melancholy history by the testimony of English travellers. When Richardson saw the painting, seventy or eighty years ago, he described it as ruined, and all the Apostles on the right hand as entirely defaced—and yet it had even then been more than once retouched and restored, been whitewashed and washed clean again. When Barry was in Italy, it was being repainted—he saw the miserable dauber engaged on his work of mischief.

*The United States and Canada, in 1832, 1833, and 1834.* By C. D. Arfwedson, Esq. London: Bentley.

Here is a book which has mistaken its latitude—a traveller who has dressed himself in a costume considered pleasing and picturesque, perhaps, at Stockholm or Christians, but which, to us hard unimaginative English, looks marvellously like a stage garment, fluttering with feathers, and tawdry with tinsel. We speak of the style of this work, because it is all that is new to us: we have heard to weariness of the boarding-houses of New York—the springs and Shakers of Lebanon—the mathematical neatness of Philadelphia—the land-crabs and creoles of New Orleans—the unfinished grandeur of Washington—the miscellaneous throngs which grace the President's levees—the wild doings of the settlers in the western states, and the hard treatment of the slaves in the southern;—to say nothing of corduroy roads—promiscuous towels at inns kept by majors—prairies, clearings, camp-meetings—Indians, and their squaws and canoes—the steam-boats, snags and sawyers of the Mississippi—and the interminable length of the speeches of members of Congress:—we have heard of these till we know all their good or evil by heart;—but we never met with them described in such snuff-floury language as by our present traveller. He heads his chapters with mottoes from Ossian, quotes Lord Byron till we pray for deliverance, and *does* all the scenery and humanity of the world over the water, in hues of such intense scarlet, and purple, and yellow, (we must take heed that our sober work-day style does not catch a tinge of their glory,) that the pictures of the brilliant Beckford himself look but faded outlines, scarcely washed with colour, in comparison with the gaudy and high-toned landscapes of Mr. Arfwedson. He begins with a flourish:—

"The southern coast of beautiful England insensibly disappeared before my eyes: from the deck of the American packet, I tried in vain to get a last glimpse of the British Isles. The mantle of night enveloped in obscurity the verdant hills of Cornwall. Adieu to Europe."

Nor does his enthusiasm abate as he proceeds on his voyage: he finds, it is true, the sea more monotonous than land—but it offers an opportunity to say fine things of passing ships and porpoises. Then comes a storm,—and he tells us how the ship "was repulsed by offended masses of water,"—how

"the winds, those proud aristocrats of Ocean, whistled in the air, and, with the aid of the rigging, performed a most discordant concert;" and by way of climax, after a grandiloquent burst about Enceladus and Mount Etna—but here is the passage:—

"The ship rolled the whole time from side to side; and, whenever she changed position, her timbers creaked as when Enceladus turns himself under the weight of Mount Etna. Trunks, carpet-bags, dressing-cases, and desks, were displaced and knocked against each other each time she heaved about. Woe to him who happened to be in their way!"

But as the voyage throughout is sung in strains no less sublime, we must bring the traveller at once on shore. He arrived at New York at an unlucky time, the cholera having just appeared there,—makes his first quotation from Lord Byron in describing the American pilot,—gives a long extract from Knickerbocker's delightful History,—and winds up the chapter with a lament for the decay of the race of the red men.

Mr. Arfwedson's spirits rise on land: he moralizes, too, as well as indulges in poetical flights,—remarking "that each country has its customs," and so forth. A rhapsody under a tree, by the side of the Hudson, must be left, as well as a summary of the evil deeds of the cholera, which is epigrammatic even to sternness; for we must go up the Hudson with our traveller, who remembers Ichabod Crane at the proper place, and gives us a tradition of the Highlands, and a storm—one act of which we present to our friends:—

"All Nature trembled at the awful perspective, and all that had life on shore hastened to take shelter in grottoes and crevices. Fires, which shone and disappeared more rapidly than thought could follow them, ceased to show their brilliancy against the green trees; even those trifling insects, which lightning could hardly strike, felt awe at the storm, and went to rest. Every animal seemed to take shelter in some hiding place: to man alone it was reserved to defy the united attacks of the elements, and to venture a look towards the agitated heavens."

There was abundance of thunder and lightning in the west, which, it appears, for a time, had matters its own way.

"But in the East a storm was also gathering. Jealous of the conquests of the West, it rose from a long rest, to dispute the ascendancy assumed by the latter. A few unexpected flashes from the opposite shore announced the commencement of hostilities; the West, offended at the temerity of its antagonist, advanced at once with its whole artillery, determined to crush, by a few effectual discharges, its slowly advancing adversary. The conflict was dreadful: each minute added to its obstinacy and fury. Often did I presume that preliminaries of peace had been concluded between the contending parties, but the next moment I was convinced to the contrary. From summit to summit—from rock to rock—the thunder roared, and each stone seemed to re-echo it. It was a concert; an accompaniment of various instruments, like a complete orchestra, which I could vain attempt to describe. Rain fell in torrents: the whole was awful and imposing in the extreme, and characteristic of those sudden tempests or storms which so often visit the Western hemisphere. It was only after two hours' hard fighting that the contest ceased between the belligerents above, and victory declared in favour of the West, by the appearance of a beautiful blue sky, and a few stars glittering over the field of battle. The beaten legions of the East

retreated in haste, pursued by the elated victors, who put them in confusion. Their triumphant shouts gradually gave way, and, when I shortly afterwards looked up, not a cloud could be seen; the whole firmament was covered with brilliant stars."

We must really take breath after the termination of this melodrama, and make a long skip, in spite of a remarkable tale of a remarkable tree, "whose leaves playfully chatted with the summer breeze," and a guide's story of a rattlesnake hunter, which is worthy of being done at Astley's, "with the real reptiles." The traveller soon after remarks profoundly, that the Sparta, Rome, Utica, Syracuse, he visited in the Union, had no resemblance in situation to the old cities after which they were named, and gives us an elaborate picture of the Shakers, done in his most highly finished style. Here is a specimen, taken a few pages further on, of one of his pictures from real life—the persons on the scene being Mr. Arfwedson and the locksmith of Springfield:—

"My landlord knew I came from Europe, though not from what part; but, on being apprized of the country that gave me birth, he exclaimed with joy, whilst emptying a glass of cider, 'From Sweden! From the land of the honest and the brave! I should amazingly like to get better acquainted with that country. The inhabitants of the Scandinavian Peninsula, they say, are a hardy race. In this opinion I fully coincide; for a country producing such excellent iron as Sweden must also necessarily be the abode of good people. Tell me what is the name of your actual President?' I acquainted him with our form of government.

"Well," rejoined he, 'every nation has its own opinions in similar matters; what suits one country and one people does not suit another. For my part, I am not fitted to live under the rule of royalty; let us therefore drop the subject, and drink to the health of our absent friends.' This was done. Who could possibly have thought that this individual was a mere locksmith, brought up to the trade from infancy, and who had never emigrated further than a few miles from Springfield?"

Then follows a long account of the different religious sects of America, and afterwards one of those dialogues illustrative of Yankee inquisitiveness which any steam-engine would turn out at the rate of a score a minute; then, returning again to Boston, we have Byron's exquisite lines to the Grotto of Egeria made to do duty for Jamaica Pond; and, after being conducted through a variety of heterogeneous matters, (nothing being too great or too small for our author's notice, whether it be Mr. Quincy Adams, the wonderful sea-serpent, or a terrible high wind which blew people's hats off,) we find ourselves once more in New York,—to say the truth, glad to sit down and rest awhile.

From that city, and its statistics, we pass on to Philadelphia, which Mr. Arfwedson calls a coquettish city, because she takes peculiar care of her appearance. We may now be permitted to wonder why we hear nothing of society or manners, either in his account of this city or Baltimore. At the latter place, however, he attended to see the remains of Mr. Carroll, of Carrollton, lying in state,—and his account is curious, if true, as showing us how they manage these things in America.

"I fully anticipated witnessing a funeral different from the ordinary ones in America. We Europeans take it as a thing of course that

the obsequies of a great man should be in proportion to his character. My residence in the United States had then been too short for me to imbibed other notions. When, therefore, informed that the body of the deceased was to lie in state, that the public authorities were to attend it to the last place of rest, and that even the President and the Secretary of State were expected from Washington, to follow in the procession, I naturally concluded that the whole ceremony would be conducted upon a scale of magnificence similar to what is observed with us. Under this impression, I proceeded to the residence of the deceased. Two staves covered with black crape were placed at the entrance of the house, and in front of it, half a dozen black women were playing as if nothing had happened. Their mirth and wild gestures actually excited my anger before I entered the gate; but this was a mere prelude to the indecorous, I may almost add, scandalous scene I subsequently witnessed in the room containing the remains of the great patriot.

"The body was wrapped in a blue morning gown, and laid on a simple bed, in the middle of an apartment, which had probably been a parlour in the life-time of the owner. The bed was covered with a white sheet, overhanging the sides. Round it, were four tapers burning, and at the head a crucifix, to shew that the deceased was of the Roman Catholic faith. The room bore not the slightest indications of mourning; all moveable furniture had been taken away; but curtains of the gayest colours were left, and produced a strange contrast to the silent victim of death, but a few paces distant. I found the room filled with spectators, the greater part of whom appeared to be Americans. They crowded round the body, and pushed each other, at the same time uttering reproaches, and laughing. For a long while I could not get near; but I felt indignant at witnessing a scene of merriment, and on hearing unbecoming observations close to the bier of a departed fellow creature. They went even so far as to examine the morning-gown, to touch the lifeless body, and to place their hands on the forehead. I shuddered at this levity, and turned round in hopes of seeing some person belonging to the house, who could put a stop to these improprieties. I soon found an individual, appointed to superintend on the occasion,—and, as long as he remained near the deceased, none dared touch him; but his presence did not silence the indecorous language and laughter, which continued all the time that I was in the room."

At Richmond, the burning of the theatre makes his Pegasus give a kick extra. Here is his account of the catastrophe:—

"On the same place where the church and the monument now stand was formerly a theatre, where the first and most enlightened society in Virginia once found an agreeable recreation. A play was performed on that very evening, the name of which I cannot recollect, but which was extremely popular at the time. Many of the first families in town attended the performance: the house was filled with all the talent, beauty, virtue, and knowledge, that Richmond could boast of. In the midst of the performance, at the moment perhaps when the feelings of the audience were excited to the highest pitch—for thus Fate often sports with men—a loud cry of 'Fire!' was heard. Panic-stricken, the whole assembly rushed towards the doors; but—great God! shall I continue to describe the last act of this tragic scene? Enough—they met the flames at the entrance—few ventured to brave them—some flocked together—their piercing cries and lamentations reaching even the ears of friends and relatives who had remained at home—smoke and flames enveloped the house sooner than could have been expected—a low murmur was heard from the interior of the

building—relatives and friends rushed frantically to the spot—a thunder-crash suddenly drowned the roaring of the fire and the crackling of the beams—the smoke took another direction, as if in fear—a single immeasurable flame rose towards the dark heavens, and its light was more than sufficient to shew to the horror-stricken multitude that walls and roof had irretrievably buried the unfortunate victims in their ruins."

Enough: we fear, indeed, that we may have drawn too largely upon our traveller, for the patience of some of our readers. One grave word, however, we must say in parting from him—that he has done his own good feelings injustice in writing his experiences in English. It is very possible, that what we have smiled at, as stilted, and over-coloured, may be regarded as enthusiastic and legitimate by his countrymen; and it is certainly true, that there is not a line of his book, which, for any sentiment it contains, he need blush to acknowledge, either in London or Stockholm.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Marston; a Tale*, 3 vols., by a Lady.'—There is sufficient variety of incident in this story to satisfy a veteran novel-reader; premising that we use the word in its primitive, and not its most extended sense; and, as if the plot were not sufficient in itself to keep attention alive, it is interwoven with many episodes, and enlivened with sketches of foreign scenery and manners. If we, for our own particular taste, require a fiction to contain something of mind, as well as of adventure, it may be that much experience of this class of ephemera has rendered us fastidious; for we can remember the days when we should have followed the fortunes of the two heroes and three heroines of this tale with eager interest, and hardly stayed to look at what we now consider its best portions—the episodes and descriptive passages which it contains. The story turns upon the struggles of passion in the breast of Marston, who is a priest, and the fatal consequences of his unsuccessful love, to those of the second, and even the third generation. This, as will readily be believed, is too strong a subject for a female hand to grapple with: to have worked out the plot of this novel thoroughly, would have required scenes and situations which no woman could, and, without any over-precision, we doubt whether any man should write; and accordingly, we are not surprised to find the passion and the crime which it contains, portrayed with a much feebler and less decided pencil, than the one which has given us pictures of the life and scenery of Naples, and of the gaieties of the famed Congress of Vienna—the progress of the story leading us both through Italy and Germany. We must also say, that the first volume is so inferior to the others, that we could easily imagine it the work of another hand. Some of the *historiettes* introduced are the best things in the book. The legend of the 'Fatal Cap' is told with spirit, and 'Leonore Gellert' with great delicacy.

'*Vaughan on the Corruptions of Christianity*.'—Professor Vaughan was deservedly chosen to deliver the second series of the Congregational Lectures; but we think he was unfortunate in the choice of a subject—

*Iacedit per ignes  
Suppositos cineri doloso.*

In spite of himself he was compelled to advocate the peculiar opinions of a sect, and to describe as corruptions, the doctrine and the discipline of many of his fellow Christians and brother Protestants. He has, however, trod lightly on this tender ground, and dwelt with more satisfaction on the general principles, in which all



Christians are agreed. His great object is to prove, that the genuine purity of Christianity was not altogether lost in the cloud of human devices by which it was obscured; and he carefully investigates the causes of error, and points out the paths that lead to truth. In the controversial parts of the volume, there is no appearance of sectarian bitterness, but there is sometimes a tone of boldness and haughty defiance, not unlikely to produce a warm reply. The examination of the effects produced on Christianity, by the influence of gentile Philosophy, is equally remarkable for learning and discrimination, though we think that scarcely sufficient importance is attached to the condition of society in Alexandria, which has been justly called "the mart for exchanging the creeds and the commerce of the East and West."

'*King Arthur and his Round Table*.'—[*König Arthur und seine Tafel Rund.*]—The lovers of Chivalric glories, and the believers in the superior virtue of olden times, will rejoice to learn, that Germany has produced a champion of those long calumniated ladies, Queen Guenever and the fair Isolde. August Birek has just published a lyrical drama, entitled '*King Arthur and his Round Table*,' written apparently for the especial purpose of vindicating the fair fame of those victims of pristine scandal. He clearly proves that Isolde, although she was in love with Sir Tristram,—as indeed how could she help it, after the unlucky mistake about the love philtre!—never even dreamed of violating her nuptial vow, but really was a pattern-wife to cross, stupid, jealous, and unfaithful, old King Mark; whilst Guenever was the fondest, as well as the truest of Queens, to good King Arthur. Nay, Sir Lancelot himself, it should seem, much as he admired his sovereign lady, entertained no thought detrimental to his master's honour. We, for our own part, are well pleased to find, that there has been so much more virtue in the world than we knew of, and only regret that it is all dead and gone.

'*Apocops of Husbands*.'—[*Maritalement parlant*.], by M. de Cobentzell.—This book is an impertinence,—clever, conceited, and immoral; another cynical quibble against Matrimony. The whole artillery of the writer is directed against married men in middle and high life. There are five tales; in which five deceived husbands bear with admirable composure and amiability, the weight of their disastrous situation. One of those *maris-modistes* is a Sous-Prefet, another a rich merchant, a third a member of the Chamber of Deputies; indeed, every one of them belongs to the now influential classes of French society. We shut the book in disgust.

'*Almanach de Gotha pour l'Année 1835*.'—This venerable calendar of diplomacy, now in the 72nd year of its age, contains as usual the official lists of all the courts in Europe, from Russia down to the most insignificant of the German states, and will therefore hold its accustomed popularity in official circles. But we notice it merely to extract the account given of Halley's Comet, which has the great merit of being at once brief and satisfactory:—

"Until the days of Newton and Halley, it was generally believed, that comets were unorganized bodies, and though this theory had been assailed by philosophical arguments, its fallacy had not been demonstrated by experience. Halley was the first to discover, that a comet, which appeared in his time (A.D. 1682), had described round the sun, an orbit very exactly coinciding with the calculated orbits of the comets that had been observed in 1607 and 1532; he thence inferred, that these were three appearances of the same comet, and was confirmed in his opinion by discovering that in 1305, 1380, and 1456, that is, at intervals of about 75 or 76 years, comets had appeared, which, as far as could be determined from the

imperfect descriptions, had traversed the same orbit.—Halley explained the difference of a year in the periodic time, by the effect produced on comets, by the attractive forces of the larger planets. He also predicted, that the comet's next return would be delayed by the action of Jupiter, near which planet it would pass, and that it would not reach its perihelion before the close of 1758 or the spring of 1759. It actually reached its perihelion in March, 1759, and thus proved the accuracy of Halley's calculations.—Since that time the orbit of this comet, usually called Halley's, has been carefully calculated by several astronomers. Its mean distance from the sun appears to be somewhat more than 18 semi-diameters of the earth's orbit, (nearly the same as the planet Herschel,) but during its aphelion, this distance is doubled. Its greatest distance from the sun is about 61 times its least, (consequently its perihelion is rather less than that of the planet Venus). The comet will on this occasion complete its revolution in 76 years, and reach its perihelion on Nov. 1st, 1835. • •

Though the comet has varied very much in its appearances, as regards its brilliancy, the length and form of its tail &c., still it has been found to diminish gradually. We cannot determine under what form it will appear next year, but it will probably be less brilliant than in 1759. If its light be not too feeble, it will appear during the month of August, in the East, about midnight, and must be looked for in the constellation *Taurus*. It will move so very slowly, that it will not have reached *Gemini* before the middle of September, when it will be visible for a great part of the night. Following a north-east course, it will reach *Lynx* early in October, when on account of its great northern declination, it will be nearly in our zenith, and will neither rise nor set. Afterwards its motions will be more rapid, so that about the 6th of October, it will have passed *Ursa Major*, and on the 11th, will be below *Corona Borealis*, and only visible in the morning, and for a short time in the evening. After the 21st of October it will not be visible in the morning, and will set early in the evening. In the month of November, it will be seen for a short time at sunset, and will then disappear. In the month of December it will re-appear on the western side of the sun, and be visible for a short time in the morning."

If our readers are surprised, that an account of the comet should appear in this statesman's manual, as the *Gotha Almanack* is called, we have to remind them, that this celestial visitor is a very important political personage, who was accused, in the sixteenth century, of entering into a conspiracy with the Turks, for the destruction of Christendom, and was therefore, in company with the Sultan, excommunicated by the Pope, and prayed against in the churches.

'*Moffatt's Book of Science*. 2nd Series.'—This is a worthy sequel to the first series, to the great merit of which we bore willing testimony last year. The subjects treated of in the present volume are Chemistry and the branches of science most intimately connected with it. Great pains appear to have been taken to collect accurate and recent information on the several topics discussed, and we notice with pleasure the use made by the author of our report of the late meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh. The style is simple and familiar, without degenerating into triviality; every subject is fully discussed, and a better manual of chemical science could not be placed in the hands of youth. The wood-cuts are admirably executed; Baxter's specimen of printing in colours represents the forms and appearances of the clouds, with all the accuracy, and much of the effect, of a water-colour drawing.

'*The Day-Dreamer: a Poem*, by Vigilus Somnoza.'—This is another of the *Don Juanisms*,

with which small wits try to startle the world—and about the worst we have seen. Its author (by way of specimen) talks of "the flaxen days of childhood," and "nature sculpturing the expression of a howl" on the mouth of a cavern! '*Leigh's Picture of London*.'—'*Kearsey's Taz Tables*.'—New editions of very useful works.

'*The Metropolitan Ecclesiastical Directory*.'—The name explains the nature of this work; how far it is likely to be useful, must be determined by those for whose use it is intended.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

### LIFE.

BY THE LATE REV. C. C. COLTON.

(The following poem has been kindly transmitted to us by a gentleman to whom the writer was well known. "Circumstances," he observes, "add much to its interest;—having been written but a short time previous to his death, and while labouring under that strong excitement of mind occasioned by the decision of his medical advisers, that he must undergo an operation: rather than submit to which, it is generally believed that he committed suicide.")

How long shall man's imprisoned spirit groan  
Twixt doubt of heaven and deep disgust of earth?

Where all worth knowing never can be known,  
And all that can be known, alas! is nothing worth.

Untaught by saint, by cynic, or by sage,  
And all the spoils of time that load their shelves,

We do not quit, but change our joys in age—  
Joys framed to stifle thought, and lead us from ourselves.

The drug, the cord, the steel, the flood, the flame,  
Turmoil of action, tedium of rest,  
And lust of change, though for the worst,  
proclaim

How dull life's banquet is—how ill at ease  
the guest.

Known were the bill of fare before we taste,  
Who would not spurn the banquet and the board—

Prefer th' eternal, but oblivious fast,  
To life's frail-fretted thread, and death's suspended sword?

He that the topmost stone of Babel planned,  
And he that braved the crater's boiling bed—  
Did these a clearer, closer view command  
Of heaven or hell, we ask, than the blind herd  
they led?

Or he that in Valdarno did prolong  
The Night, her rich star-studded page to read—

Could he point out, 'midst all that brilliant throng,  
His fixed and final home, from fleshy thralldom freed?

Minds that have scann'd Creation's vast domain,  
And secrets solved, till then to sages seal'd,  
Whilst Nature own'd their intellectual reign  
Extinct, have nothing known, or nothing have revealed.

Devouring grave! we might the less deplore  
Th' extinguish'd lights that in thy darkness dwell,

Wouldst thou, from that lost zodiac, one restore,  
That might th' enigma solve, and Doubt,  
man's tyrant, quell.

To live in darkness—in despair to die—  
Is this indeed the boon to mortals given?  
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?  
There is—to those who fix their anchor-hope  
in Heaven.

Turn then, O man! and cast all else aside:  
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things  
above—

Low at the Cross bow down—in that confide,  
Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured  
in love.

## NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF FRANCE.

*Discovery of the celebrated work of Abelard, 'Sic et Non,' for which he was condemned by the Council of Sens in 1140.*

THE interesting report of M. Guizot, Minister of Public Instruction, in which is given a detailed account of the plan proposed to be followed, in order to carry into effect the noble undertaking to which we some time since alluded, namely, the search after and publication of documents relative to the History of France, has just been published, and we proceed at once to give a translation of it, with some few and unimportant curtailments.

M. Guizot states, that so far back as November 1833, he had applied to the different Prefects, for precise and detailed particulars relative to the state of the public libraries and archives in their respective departments, as well as to the manuscripts which they might contain. Some curious documents had been, in consequence, brought to light. He has also placed himself in communication with the Academies and learned Societies established in the departments, and a committee has been formed, specially intrusted with the direction of all the details relative to this vast undertaking. It has met several times, under the Presidency of M. Guizot, and, thanks to the enlightened assistance of its members, some idea can already be formed as to the results that may be arrived at.

The object in view is to discover any and every document which can throw light upon the manners and social condition of France, at every period of her history. Considerable difficulty has naturally been encountered. In Paris and a few other cities, there are archives methodically classed; but, everywhere else, all is in confusion. An immense number of precious manuscripts, &c. which had been carefully preserved in ancient monasteries, châteaux, or the archives of communes, were at the time of the revolution delivered up to pillage and devastation. Heaps of parchments and papers were then thrown into lots or deserted chambers; and even their removal was forgotten in many places. Hence, the opinion generally entertained at the time that all had perished, has become a tradition in many departments. It is, nevertheless, certain, that a considerable portion of the ancient archives may yet be recovered, especially in cities which were the seats of archbishops, and of provincial parliaments.

There is in the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris, a general inventory of all the archives which were in existence in France before the revolution. This will serve as a basis for the preliminary investigations.

The results hitherto obtained, are the discovery in the Bibliothèque of Besançon, of the papers of Cardinal Perrenot de Granvelle, who was Prime Minister of Charles V. This vast collection contains the correspondence of that Minister, notes of his agents, and all the documents relative to his administration in the Low Countries and in the Kingdom of Naples.

The rich and precious archives of the ancient Courts of Flanders are preserved at Lille: they contain documents dated so far back as the eleventh century.

The remains of the ancient archives of Roussillon are preserved at Perpignan: they contain some interesting details relating to the history of that province, and the relations of the Kings of France with those of England.

At Poitiers, the archives of the ancient province of Aquitaine are deposited.

The researches in the Bibliothèque of Paris are in full activity, and promise important results. A collection of curious notes has already been discovered, in the handwriting of Cardinal Mazarin, relative to the daily incidents of his conduct during the wars of the Fronde.

After the peace of 1763, M. De Bréquigny

was sent to London, to take copies of all the documents in the Tower, which might have reference to the history of France. The originals of several of these documents have since been lost. M. Guizot has ordered the copies to be carefully examined.

The establishment of the "Archives Générales du Royaume" will also supply a number of unconnected documents, well calculated to throw light upon the most obscure points of French history.

The archives of the Foreign Office, which are well arranged, form a historical dépôt, remarkable for the abundance and the value of its documents. Those of the War Office will be consulted simultaneously with the above, and the particulars derived from these two sources will be carefully compared. The naval archives will also be consulted.

M. Guizot then points out a recent discovery, possessing a high interest for those who devote themselves to the study of philosophy and of its history—the manuscript of the celebrated work of Abelard, entitled, '*Oui et Non*,' (*Sic et Non*;) just discovered in the Bibliothèque at Avranches. This work, which was thought to be irreparably lost, is that which caused the condemnation of Abelard, by the Council of Sens, in 1140. M. Cousin is to superintend its publication.

A complete inventory *raisonné* is forthwith to be prepared, of the documents of all kinds, and of all periods, which have existed or still exist in France.

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Munich.

As to the arts here, my last was rather brief than pregnant on architecture, and I do not feel much desire to be discursive upon the other two. After Italy, Bavaria is but a bleak pasture in this respect, as well as most others. Yet Munich may be called the hot-house of the arts in Germany. Forced plants are in truth not rare; the rarities are, as might be expected from a hot-house, plants of natural vigour and beauty. Among the sculptors, none but Schwanthaler struck me as exhibiting genius beyond that of a village-wonder: common tombstone dexterity of chisel, just sufficient to carve a pair of chubs-faced serving maids at each end of a corpse, and Mother Pity between them, in her usual pickle of salt tears, as *per recipe*. Schwanthaler has a St. John, St. Luke, and St. Mark, of considerable merit: his design is in general good; composition simple and expressive, but, of course, (being German,) aping the antique too openly; execution rather coarse, unfelt, and superficial. But I promised to speak of Cornelius and the frescos of the Glyptothek; indeed, I purposely reserved the former till after having seen his works here, as those at Rome could give me no adequate idea of his merits. Cornelius is yet a higher name than Overbeck,—perhaps the very highest, in German art, as to painting. Witness the King of Bavaria having ordered from his pencil a 'Last Judgment,' for the new church of Munich; a fresco too as large as Michael Angelo's, that is to say, high and wide as the end-wall of a Catholic temple. Here was an opportunity, a precious and a rare one, to cope with Michael himself, if not to confound him. A painter of true genius, having the angelic spirit of religion to sustain him, whilst Michael is dragged down by the Demon of the Pit—a painter of true genius, even in these degenerate days, might have had some pretensions to attempt a second 'Last Judgment,' without subjecting himself to the charge of egregious presumption, or the chance of ridiculous failure. He had but to follow the wheel-track of fortune, that ran over a golden vein. Potent and portentous a thing as the work of Buonarroti, the space lies open still for a Day of Judgment, in the pure regions

of the Christian sublime, in the vast of Apocalyptic transcendence. Why should we dantesque the subject again? That has been done already, in a style, moreover, by us at least, unreachable. Yet what does Mein Herr Cornelius? After the true spirit of German imitation, (why should this great people be so desperately servile, such madmen in chains?) he *grotesques the grotesque* of Michael Angelo!—gives us the old, vulgar, horn-and-tail of Hell, which nothing but the omnipotent hand of Michael could sanctify—gives it to us with every defect in caricature, every merit in miniature!—ay! even to Minos, with his serpent girdle and his ass's ears! Now only think of such an insult to the spirit of this rationalizing age, perpetrated by a first-rate artist, and patronized by a people vain-gloriously religious,—imbued, they boast, with the purest, sublimest, metaphysic of the christian belief! Grinning furies, grimacing sinners, claws, cloven hoofs, ruke teeth, lappet ears—surely we have had enough of this baboon sublimity. 'Tis but another step to pitchforks and red-hot pincers. You think I am describing the frescos in burnt-stick of a Bedlamite, that do not merit even the compliment of condemnation: no, Cornelius is a man of power, of some intellectuality—this very cartoon is full of both. O, that a voice more impressive than mine would ring in his ears—"Balderdash! rub out the diabolical part of your design, and depict sinners in the moral sublime of their anguish." This should be the spirit of a Last Judgment, if done now-a-days: there is diabolism enough in our hearts still, but not in our religious philosophy.

As to composition, have you ever played, when a good boy, at geographical joiery—making out a map of the world with little bits of wooden mosaic? Just like Cornelius's, and most German composition in painting: here a bit of Raphael, there of Michael, there of Albert Durer, Leonardo, Luni, Frauto Angelico, &c. Again, in costume, the Germans are often more old-fashioned than the old masters themselves. This, I beg leave to observe, is going back not to what the old masters selected as the best, but left for a better. Is it because Perugino painted the Madonna in a mob-cap, or Francia the Holy Family enghroned between the jamba of a doorway, with three tufts of nettle for a landscape, that we are to do so? It may be very true, that these *naïve* works are better than those in a more advanced style—but not on account of their mob-caps and tufts of nettle. As Cornelius himself judiciously observed, "we must be at once ancient and modern." Let us adopt the great general principles of the art followed by Raphael, but not the local and temporary customs, for Raphael himself, if he lived now, would forsake them. As to design, while the French seems to be formed on statues, and therefore stiff, the German appears taken from pictures, and therefore superficial—not enough living model in either, to give flexibility in the first case and relief in the latter. That fault begins to be corrected by the former. Cornelius is a masterly draughtsman in his way; his bounding lines are swept with amazing boldness and dexterity. But to me it seems that, like Overbeck and his other compatriots, by way of attaining great breadth of design, he becomes vacant. To acquire the largeness and noble sinuosity of Raphael's outline is one thing; to acquire, with it, the subtle power of internal modelling, the secret of shadowing out undulations by half tints, still preserving breadth and greatness, one far more difficult. Cornelius's Judgment is still, as I said, in cartoon; it may be amended before committing it to fresco; and, of course, I cannot give you from it any idea of the artist's colouring. This, however, I am enabled to do by his frescos at the Glyptothek, some of which he himself painted. Better if these too were in cartoon; colouring quite so bad, never

throw French dilettanti into raptures at an *exposition*. But the Germans will tell you, that colouring is of no consequence,—indeed, a contemptible quality; that Raphael, Michael, &c., were not fine colourists. Granted; and when you, Messrs. Cornelius, &c. are Raphaels and Michaels, we may dispense with good colouring; till then, it is intolerable presumption, your thinking you can do without it. What I have said above of the 'Last Judgment,' applies pretty well to the frescos of the Glyptothek; sterile extravagance mingled with forms here and there of quiet beauty, and I may add, a good deal of deep sentiment, of pure and genuine expressiveness, when no attempt is made at the sublime. You have seen an engraving of the 'Orpheus;' in the original *lumette* you would scarce see as much to admire, so repulsive is the colouring and chiaroscuro. It is, however, by far the best of these frescos, many of which are by Professors Zimmerman, Schlotthauer, and others, in a style that renders them a very importunate substitute for whitewash on the walls. They are positively offensive. Prof. Schnorr is painting in fresco, a wing of the Königsbau, with illustrations from the *Lied* of the Nibelungen. He is thought by his countrymen a sort of Raphael to Michael Angelo Cornelius, and has certainly more grace, with less grandeur, if that be ground enough for the comparison. And why, indeed, should not two mice have the same relative proportions as two megatheriums? There is what they call a *Kunstverein* [art-union] here, a sort of perpetual exhibition, but confined to subscribers, who purchase the select works of painting and sculpture exhibited, for which they *raffle* at appointed times. By this means, a good deal of encouragement is given to artists, and the rooms of subscribers decently adorned at little cost.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

On Wednesday, being the 65th anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy, the medals were awarded to the successful candidates:—to Mr. G. Sayer, in the school of painting; Mr. J. Walsh for studies from the life; Mr. J. Johnson in Architecture; Mr. E. Leigh for the best drawing from the Antique, and to Mr. G. A. Bool for a model. The President, as usual, addressed the students, and very judiciously directed their attention to the study of the human figure, perfection in designing which was, he observed, the only thing wanting to enable British artists to rival the works of the more celebrated masters of antiquity, and raise them to an undisputed pre-eminence among modern nations.

While on this subject, we may refer to the following Table, which is professedly taken from returns made to the House of Commons.—There are five Professors in the Royal Academy; viz. those of Anatomy, Perspective, Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting; each of whom is to deliver six lectures annually. The number of lectures delivered in the Academy during the last ten years is as follows:—

	1814	1815	1816	1817	1818	1819	1820	1821	1822	1823	1824	1825	1826	1827	1828	1829	1830	Deficient.
Anatomy	0	1	6	6	6	6	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Perspective	6	1	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	40
Architecture	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	42
Sculpture	6	1	3	3	1	0	0	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	12
Painting	6	0	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	17
Total	16	8	21	15	13	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	111

Or, by the four Academician Professors—delivered 120, instead of 240,—deficiency, 111. Thus, says the correspondent, who has drawn out this table, and printed it for distribution, whilst, under the pretext of bad sight, ill health, death, and resignation, the Academicians com-

† Given by substitute.

pound their accounts with the students, for 53½ per cent., gentlemen whose more important avocations might well excuse occasional absence, have not omitted one lecture in ten years. This is the first inquiry made by Parliament; and the result is, that for six years not one lecture on Perspective has been delivered within the walls of the Academy; that, during a still longer period, the infirmities of the Professor of Architecture put a stop to instruction in that department, which has been re-opened by substitute; that, ultimately, even with this irregular mode of proceeding, four Academician Professorships have, in ten years, produced only 129 lectures, instead of 240.

We have lately seen with pleasure and admiration, Miniatures of Lord Brougham and of Paganini, by Mr. S. Lover, the author of 'Legends and Stories of Ireland,' but an artist by profession, and lately settled in London. The style of these works is singularly free from that *petitesse*, and China-line smoothness, which so often make likenesses on that scale insipid, and yet at the same time they are characterized by rich and careful finishing.

The members of the Institute of British Architects have recently had several meetings, for the purpose of completing the formation of the Institution, and bringing it into operation. At the two last the following elections took place: Vice Presidents—Messrs. Gwilt, Kay, and P. F. Robinson; Secretaries—Messrs. Donaldson and Goldcutt; Members of the Council—Messrs. Barry, Bassavi, Burton, Fowler, Kendall, Papworth, and Rhodes. The other members of the Society are Messrs. Angell, Benxley, Bellamy, Hore, Chawner, Creay, Good, Hardwick, W. Mountague, Mylne, Newman, Parker, Pilkington, Poynter, Savage, G. Smith, and George Taylor. Fifteen other gentlemen were proposed as members, and are to be balloted for at a subsequent meeting.

There are few more striking illustrations of the present march of intellect, or of the direction of that march, than the recent increase of periodical literature in the long stationary, or rather retrograde kingdom of the two Sicilies. Within these four years, two Journals fully satisfied Neapolitan curiosity; at this moment we are credibly informed that thirty are published; of these several are literary and scientific.

We understand that the ethical portion of Kant's 'Transcendental Philosophy,' his 'Kritik der praktischen Vernunft,' or critical canons of practical reason, is likely soon to appear in an English garb.

Perhaps few things could more strikingly illustrate the real enthusiasm for ancient national literature, now prevalent in Germany, than what we found in a *programme*, of last season's lectures, at the University of Göttingen, which lately fell into our hands. The far-famed, learned philologist, Dr. Jacob Grimm, therein announced, and, we understand, actually delivered, a very long course upon the *Nibelungen Lied*; or, Lay of the Nibelungs; a sort of regular German epic poem, upon the crimes, sufferings, and extermination of the Nibelung family, written towards the end of the 12th, or beginning of the 13th century, and in language far more difficult, because more essentially different from that of our times, than Chaucer's, or shall we say, Robert of Gloucester's, or even Cædmon's. We shall rejoice, but wonder likewise, if the Cambridge Anglo-Saxon Professorship of Mr. John Kemble, answers as well to him, as this course of lectures upon a single old poem, to Dr. Jacob Grimm.

In our last week's notice of the periodicals, we gave precedence to the Monthlies—their Quarterly brethren could better afford to stand over. The *Foreign*, which is here before us, has some excellent papers, one on the life of Fre-

deric the Great, another on the Polynesian, or East Insular languages, and on the Russian Government and Administration; and amongst other lighter essays, pleasant articles on Madame Duvant's strange but clever novels.—'On the Arabian Tales of the Cheikh al Mohdy,' which we had the pleasure of lately introducing to our readers, and on M. le Vicomte d'Artincourt's 'Le Brasseur Roi,' which is skilfully compared with our own countryman's 'Philip Van Artevelde,' a tale of the same period, and a work of as much quiet and genuine power, as the former appears to be of melo-dramatic extravagance.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 8.—The Right Hon. Sir George Murray, President of the Society, in the chair. A letter was read, addressed by Capt. Back to Mr. Berrow, detailing the results of his magnetic observations at Fort Reliance, from which it appeared that he had found the needle affected by even the slightest appearance of Aurora Borealis in the air.

Afterwards a very interesting communication was read, addressed by Mr. Douglas, botanist, to Capt. Sabine, and dated Wouboos, Sandwich Islands, 3rd of May last. It contained an account of three journeys which he had made in succession to the summits of Mowna Kaah, Kirauca, and Mowna Ron, remarkable volcanic craters in that group.

The ascent of Mowna Kaah is at first gentle, and the first four miles are generally cultivated; the elevation above the sea, where this tract terminates, being about 1,500 feet. Then commences a densely wooded country, principally covered with varieties of acacia, which attain a great size, and of which the native canoes are made. The underwood is tree fern, rising from four to forty feet high, and covered with an endless variety of other ferns quite to the top. This region ascends to 8,700 feet above the sea, and is crossed with great labour and difficulty by tangled paths, frequently cut by deep ravines and precipitous mountain torrents. It terminates abruptly, without any sensible diminution either of the size or denseness of the standing wood; and a graminaceous region, which succeeds it for about 3,000 feet, is not connected with the volcanic region above by a link of cryptogamous plants, as usual in the mountains of Europe and America. A small species of *vaccinium*, some *compositæ*, and a small alpine *Juncus*, were the last plants seen; they grew at about 12,000 feet. At 12,700 feet a vast elevated table land is attained, covered with sand, gravel, and stones, with scorice and ashes, to the depth of several feet; and from this rise eleven peaks, all tranquil when Mr. Douglas visited them. There was at this time also little snow on the mountain, though the season was winter; in summer it is usually quite clear.

The crater of Kirauca is at a much lower level than this, being only 3,973 feet above the level of the sea; but presents one of the most extraordinary phenomena in nature. It is not a peak, or elevation, but a prodigious sunken pit, or orifice, on the east flank of the mountain of Mowna Ron, which, as we shall presently see, is also an active volcano at its extreme summit, more than 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. The chasm of Kirauca (the same which is called the volcano of Peli, in the voyage of the *Blonde*, during which Lord Byron and his officers also visited it,) is an opening of about five miles square, and about 1,000 feet deep, with almost perpendicular sides, down which, however, to a black ledge placed about fifty feet above the level of its active mouth, it is possible to scramble. The view when there, Mr. Douglas describes as one of the most awful and terrific in nature; two lakes of lava, in an almost constant



state of ebullition, are situate one towards the south-west, the other towards the northern extremity. The former is about 1,200 yards long, of a nearly oval form; the other almost circular, with a diameter of about 400 yards. The lava in both is in a constant flow from north to south, at the rate of three miles and a quarter per hour; and its masses are seen thus hurried along, and rolled and twisted into every possible shape, from large blocks to a species of spun glass, fine as human hair, which is driven by the wind in quantities all round the crater. The outlet, or rather supposed outlet, for this unceasing flow of lava is elsewhere said by Mr. Douglas to be on the east coast of the island, at a place called Punahala, or broken in, where many overflows have taken place; the chasms down which it flows, he further describes as most awful. That at the south end of the small lake is an elliptical arch, with a span of 142 yards, and a maximum height of 13 feet; the force of the lava precipitated into it is arrested by the gases escaping upwards, and fragments are thus thrown back, and spun into the filamentous form which we have already noticed, and scattered like flax round the volcano. The sound issuing from the archway is at the same time indescribable; Mr. Douglas's expression regarding it is—"That all the steam-engines in the world would be a whisper to it."

Near this extraordinary crater is another smaller one, equally deep; but which appears to have enjoyed a long period of internal tranquillity, as some trees growing at the bottom have 120 concentric rings, or annual layers of timber. But we must now pass to Mokuia Roa, the third of these extraordinary scenes thus graphically described by Mr. Douglas. The summit of this is an extensive plain, exhibiting the traces of an ancient crater twenty-four miles in circumference, but which seems to have been long in repose, with a smaller one in activity, about six miles in circumference. The depth of this latter is about 1250 feet, and its chief product seems to be stones, with which its inner surface is covered. Deep chasms, or vent-holes, are also distributed over it, which emit gas, and occasionally sulphureous vapours, with a continued whizzing noise. Mr. Douglas's paper concluded with an account of a violent earthquake lately felt at Owhyhee: regarding which, his observations seemed chiefly valuable, inasmuch as he considered that its approach was indicated by an irregular action of his magnetic bar, from which, and some similar observations made by him during an eruption of one of the mountains, he deduces an argument for the connexion between magnetical and electrical action.

The evening concluded with the very gratifying ceremony of presenting the royal premium of the Society for the current year to Lieutenant Burnes; an award regarding the justice and propriety of which, we are persuaded that there can be no second opinion. The following, we think, will be found a tolerably correct report of the proceedings on the occasion. The minutes of council, awarding the premium, were first read in the following terms:—

"The Royal Premium for 1834 is awarded to Lieutenant Alexander Burnes, of the East India Company's service, for having navigated the Indus, and communicated much new and important information regarding that river; for important observations made by him in a route hitherto unknown to Europeans, from Cabul, across the Indian Caucasus, to the ancient cities of Balkh and Bokhara; for new and interesting information furnished by him, regarding the upper course of the Oxus, and for many corrections supplied by him in the geography of Upper Asia."

After which, the President addressed the Society nearly as follows:—

"It gives me peculiar pleasure and gratification to perform the duty now imposed on me; I am gratified by it, because I feel persuaded

that every one is as much pleased as myself, and also because I feel that the Society receives honour from an occasion like this, as well as confers it. It is, indeed, a remarkable circumstance in the annals of this Society, and one which I think ought not to pass without special notice, that having existed only four years, and having only had four premiums to dispose of, two of these have been awarded for exertions contributing to open up the navigation of new rivers, (first the Quorra, and now the Indus,) those highways of commerce, of civilization, and of true religion, which may be considered the peculiar charge and property of this country. And I congratulate Lieut. Burnes first of all for the connexion which his services give him with this consideration.

"But not for this cause alone are his labours interesting, and his success grateful to us. He has opened a further pathway into ancient Bactria, a country unknown to modern travellers, but illustrious above all others for its historical associations. It comprises also within its limits, cities once possessed of the most splendid commerce, and illustrated by almost fabulous magnificence. The advantages which they have thus formerly enjoyed, may again return to them; and the commerce and political prosperity of Great Britain be benefited by Lieut. Burnes's labours, as well as her abstract science. It is impossible at this moment also to forget that the individual who has achieved all this is another servant of the East India Company, that body of merchants whose service has produced a greater number and proportion of illustrious individuals than almost any other active profession in the country; and which, by the protection and encouragement with which it has fostered his talents, has proved that it continues to appreciate, and for that very reason will continue to elicit similar efforts."

Then turning to Lieut. Burnes, the President added—"Lieut. Burnes, it gives me the greatest possible pleasure to present you with the annexed testimony of this Society's high approbation of your exertions, satisfied that it will contribute both to reward them, and stimulate you to new efforts. Suffer me to add also, that, Scotchman born, it has in no slight degree added to my gratification this evening, to find the very interesting communication which has engaged our attention, written by one countryman, and our highest reward thus conferred at the end of it, on another. And I beg to add, therefore, my own personal thanks and congratulations to those which I am charged to offer you in the name of the Society."

To which Lieut. Burnes replied as follows:—"Mr. President and Gentlemen, I am so much overpowered by the honour I now have conferred on me, and the terms of commendation with which it has been accompanied, that I am altogether unable to express my thanks in adequate terms for either. I shall only say, therefore, on this head, that as nothing can more highly reward my past efforts, so nothing can more strongly stimulate me to new ones, than the approbation of this Society. It is exactly twelve months to-day since I first appeared before you, and gave you an outline of what I had done and seen; and if, stimulated by the encouragement you then gave me, I have since published my travels at length, and these have obtained some favour both at home and abroad, do not suppose that I claim to myself all the merit, or even any very extraordinary share of it. First of all, in indulging my taste for travelling and adventure, I made no pecuniary sacrifices, as so many others have cheerfully done. On the contrary, I was most liberally appointed by my masters, the Court of Directors of the East India Company, for whose favour and patronage I can never be too grateful. Again, my path might be difficult and dangerous, but it was also in the

highest degree captivating and exciting. What physical geography to compare in grandeur and magnificence with that which I was called to study and examine?—what political relations more interesting to develop, at least in relation to the system with which I had long been identified?—what commercial openings more curious?—what historical associations more captivating? The country of the masters of Persia and India was to explore, the cradle of the conquering chiefs who had so often swept, like a whirlwind, across their plains; and I should have been pusillanimous indeed if, once entered on such a course, I could have gone back. And, gentlemen, I and my friend and companion Dr. Gerard, were not without even further encouragement. While on our route a Calcutta newspaper overtook us, and what think you was the news in it which most fixed our attention? It was the establishment of this Society, and the interest which you were then taking in recovering the papers of Mr. Moorcroft. We were indeed delighted by this. We felt, that, happen what would, we should not be forgotten, nor our labours undervalued by a discerning British public. The tears stood in our eyes as these thoughts crossed our minds,—and now behold me here to tell the tale."

This address, which concluded with renewed thanks for the honour conferred, was received with much applause, and the meeting adjourned.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 3.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair. The reading of Mr. Darwin Rogers's paper on the 'Geology of the central and western portions of North America,' was resumed and concluded. A communication by Mr. De la Beeche, on the 'Anthracite formation near Biddeford,' was then read; and a paper by Mr. Allan Cunningham, 'On the physical and geological structure of the country between Newcastle (New South Wales) and the Dividing Ridge in 28° 3' South lat. and 152° 24' East long.,' was commenced.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—On Tuesday Dr. Birkbeck lectured on "The preservation of timber, and other vegetable substances." The subject has been so frequently discussed, that nothing new remained to be said upon it.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Statistical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
TUES.	Linnæan Society .....	Eight, P.M.
	Geological Society .....	P. 3, P.M.
WED.	Royal Society of Literature .....	Nine, P.M.
	Society of Arts .....	P. 7, P.M.
TH.	Royal Society .....	P. 6, P.M.
	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight, P.M.

#### MUSIC

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.—These Concerts improve in general merit as they proceed. The selection of music given on Monday evening was highly creditable to its composers, and carefully executed; the band, led by Mori, being more efficient than we have yet heard it. We should hardly have imagined that the instrumental music at these concerts would exceed the vocal in interest, yet such proves to be the case; and Mr. C. Lucas's extremely clever Symphony, and Mr. W. S. Bennett's Overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, gave us perfect satisfaction. The composer of the latter is full of talent; let him only beware of imitation, and he may be an honour to Europe as well as England; we, however, prefer the concerto he played on a former occasion, to this overture. Mr. Griesbach has studied in the school of Haydn and the older writers; his overture was good and sound, though not very striking. Miss C. Calkin played a pianoforte concerto by Field, in which we incline to think that the first movement must have been curtailed.—Mr. Harper, a trumpet concerto, won-

derfully, but his instrument is not, and cannot be made one for *solo* performance. Mr. Parry, jun., and Mr. C. Lucia, deserved their *encore*; the one for his singing, and the other for his charming violoncello obligato accompaniment to the ballad; but the composition was hardly worthy of a classical concert. Mr. Barnett's trio, 'This magic-wave scarf,' from his 'Mountain Sylph,' was sung by Miss Bruce, Mr. Barnett, and Mr. J. O. Atkins, and *encored*; the conclusion is not guiltless of being very like the conclusion to Mozart's 'Protegen, O giusto cielo,' in Don Giovanni. His scena from the 'Omnipresence of the Deity,' rather disappointed us. Mr. Walmsley's glee, 'I wish to tune my quivering lyre,' is very good of its kind, and was well sung. The vocalists who appeared on this occasion were Miss Turpin, Miss Wagstaff, Miss Birch, Mr. Wilson, Messrs. Allen, Barnett, and Leoni Lee, besides those already mentioned.

### THEATRICALS

#### THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, RICHARD THE SECOND. After which a New Interlude, entitled REFLECTION. And TAM O'SHANTER. Monday, THE RED MASK. With TAM O'SHANTER. Tuesday, THE CLAUDESTINE MARRIAGE. With TAM O'SHANTER. Wednesday, THE RED MASK. With TAM O'SHANTER. Thursday, THE RED MASK. With TAM O'SHANTER. Friday, THE RED MASK. With TAM O'SHANTER. Saturday, THE RED MASK. With TAM O'SHANTER. Sunday, THE RED MASK. With TAM O'SHANTER.

#### THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, MANFRED; and other Entertainments. Monday, KING LEAR; and other Entertainments. Tuesday, MANFRED; and other Entertainments. Wednesday, KING LEAR; and other Entertainments. Thursday, MANFRED; and other Entertainments. Friday, KING LEAR; and other Entertainments. Saturday, MANFRED; and other Entertainments. Sunday, KING LEAR; and other Entertainments.

### MISCELLANEA

*Thomas Pringle.*—We regret to have to announce the death of this amiable and excellent man. Mr. Pringle was born in Tiviotdale, a romantic pastoral district in the south of Scotland, of which he has left some pleasing remembrances in the poetry which from time to time he gave to the public. Mr. Pringle applied himself early in life to literature, as a profession; and was concerned in the establishment and early management of *Blackwood's Magazine*; shortly after, however, he chose to follow the fortunes of his family, who became settlers in South Africa. There, after a time, Mr. Pringle entered into some literary speculations in Cape Town, which, however, he was speedily forced to relinquish, by the government, at a pecuniary loss of little less than 1000*l.*—Upon the failure of these speculations, Mr. Pringle returned to England; and his services were soon after engaged by the Anti-Slavery Society, as secretary to that body, a situation which he continued to hold until within these few months, when the object of the society was accomplished; and the duties of which responsible office, he discharged, not merely as one expected to labour for hire, but as one whose heart was in the cause of humanity and justice. Mr. Pringle is also favourably known to the public as a sweet and graceful poet. His 'Ephemerides' abound in graphic pictures of African scenery; and are rich in evidences of the kind and christian spirit which accompanied the writer, in all that he did or wrote. As the Editor of 'Friendship's Offering,' too, Mr. Pringle brought to his task a sound judgment and a refined taste. The last work in which he was engaged, and which he finished only a month or two ago, was the revision of his volume entitled 'African Sketches,' with a view to a second edition, which, we believe, will soon appear. Early last summer, the rupture of a blood vessel confined Mr. Pringle to a sick bed, and greatly reduced the energies of a naturally strong constitution; and towards the autumn, it became apparent, that, for the preservation of life, a removal to a warmer climate was indispensable. Mr. Pringle's circumstances not permitting a trial of the south of Europe, he again turned his thoughts towards the Cape; the necessary preparations were

hastily completed; the passage money paid; and it wanted but three days of the time appointed for sailing, when a diarrhoea began to show itself, under which, the powers of nature, already enfeebled by confinement, speedily sank, and on Friday morning the 5th inst. he died peacefully, and without a struggle; exhibiting to the end that moral courage for which he had ever been remarkable, and supported by the recollection of a well-spent life, and by the hopes that spring from religion. Few men were richer in friends than Mr. Pringle; among their number we might enumerate most of the literary men of the day, and very many of those public men, who have made philanthropy the beacon of their political career: and although Mr. Pringle discharged during many years, with a fearless and honest zeal, the duties of an office which exposed him to the bitterness of party spirit, no man perhaps ever had fewer enemies, or descended into the grave with fewer animosities.

*Scribe, the French Dramatic Author.*—There is perhaps no author, whose pen has been more prolific than that of M. Scribe. During his theatrical career, he has written no less than 200 dramatic pieces, many of which have been translated into almost all the European languages, and played at every theatre in Europe. The yearly sum to which he is entitled, as *droits d'auteur*, for liberty to represent his pieces, is about 100,000 francs, and it is calculated, that he has received during the last twenty-two years, the enormous sum of 2,663,000 francs. He is said to be immensely rich, and has a very beautiful country house in the environs of Paris.

*Coal Mines in France.*—By a letter from Boulogne, we learn that a seam of coal has recently been discovered in the neighbourhood of that place. This, the writer very justly remarks, is of greater importance in consequence of the abundance of iron-stone in that district of France. It is, indeed, the absence or scarcity and dearth of that all-important material of fuel, which causes the immaturity of the manufactures of that country—wood, with which the furnaces and steam-engines are principally supplied, being immeasurably dearer than the price at which coals can usually be delivered in the manufactories of Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds. The superiority of the manufactures of England, since the invention of the steam-engine, may be almost entirely attributed to the abundance of coals in this country. The recent progress of the science of geology compels us, however, to entertain some doubt whether this exclusive advantage will always remain to these islands.

*The Gulph Stream.*—We perceive from the newspapers, that a bottle has recently been picked up at Southport, containing the following paper:—"Thrown overboard from the packet-ship, *South America*, by the passengers, March, 1833, in the Gulph Stream, off Cape Cod; latitude, 40.30; longitude, 68 west. The finder is earnestly requested to publish this in the nearest newspaper to the place where it may be found, to show the currents of the ocean, as well as to oblige the passengers, and to confer a benefit on science." Upon this a correspondent observes—"It is apparent that this bottle has traversed the whole breadth of the Atlantic Ocean, from America to England—adding another to the numerous proofs which have recently appeared, that the course of the Gulph Stream extends to a much greater distance to the eastward than is usually supposed. I have long been satisfied, that navigators are in error in supposing that the Gulph Stream has lost all force in about the longitude of the Azores, as laid down in the Admiralty charts. From this error, I make no doubt that numbers of the wrecks which annually take place upon

the western coast of Ireland are to be solely attributed. A few miles per day, in even the faintest current of the ocean, will, to a vessel long detained by contrary winds, make a difference of several degrees of longitude in a voyage from America to Europe. It is well known, that, almost in every instance, reckonings not kept by chronometer, bring a vessel across the Atlantic to the land in Europe altogether too soon, as expected by the navigator. It ought, therefore, to become an established doctrine in navigation, that an allowance should be made for the operation of currents long after the vessel has left the present determined limits of the Gulph Stream, and, by less gradations, to the whole western coasts of the North Atlantic Ocean."

### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

#### IN THE PRESS.

On the 1st of January No. 1. of 'A History and Description of the late Houses of Parliament and Ancient Palatial Edifices of Westminster,' by Edward W. Brayley, and John Britton, Esqrs.—A new Dictionary, by J. Knowles.—Coghlan's New Pocket Picture of London.

*Just published.*—The Naturalist's Library, Vol. VI. 12mo. 6s.—Beltcher's Nautical Surveying, royal 8vo. 21s.—Peterson's Precedents in Pleading, 8vo. 13s.—Robert D'Arton; or, the Heron View, a Romance, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—The Christian Family's Assistant, by the Rev. H. L. Poplewell, 3rd edit. 8vo. enlarged, 13s.—Remains of Alexander Knox, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—The Public Worship of God, Illustrated and Enforced, by the Rev. J. Thomson, 12mo. 5s.—The Popular Guide to Health, by J. Burns, V.D.M. 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Anti-Sectarian, with Brief Memoir of the Life of a Wanderer from the Fold of Christ, written by Himself, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—The Scots Worthies, 2 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. containing Memoirs of their Lives; Vol. II. Their Last Words and Dying Testimonies, edited by a Clergyman of the Church of Scotland, with Preface, by W. McGavin, new edit. 24s.—Sketches of Grief, 8vo. 8s.—Tough Yarns, by the Author of Greenwich Hospital, 17 Illustrations by Cruikshank, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—The Cottage's Monthly Visitor, for 1834, 4s.—Wid's Cottages for Emigrants and the Humble Classes in England and Ireland, 8vo. plates, 7s.—Burford Cottage, 12mo. 7s.—Mitchell's Architecture, 8vo. 10s.—Martin's British Colonies, Vol. III. Possessions, North America, demy 8vo. 35s.—Simple Hymns and Psalms for Infant Schools, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Holidays at Reghin, with plates, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Sketches of a Youngster's Circle, 4s. 6d.—Lapland and its Rem-Deer, 12mo. 2s.—Tourrier's French Model-Book, 8vo. 8s.—London's Encyclopedia of Gardening, new edit. 8vo. 50s.—Turner's Sacred History, Vol. II. 8vo. 14s.—Short Want, by Major A., 18mo. 3s.—Memoirs of Oberlin, 18mo. new edit. 3s.—A Narrative of Events in the South of France, and of the Attack on New Orleans, 1814, 1815, by Capt. J. H. Cooke, post 8vo. 18s. 6d.—Flowers of all Hues, 32mo. 2nd edit. 3s. 6d.—The Commemorative Wreath, 12mo. 5s. cloth; 5s. silk.—Cruise's Digest, 7 vols. 4th edit. 8vo. by H. H. White, 5s. 12s.—Bell's Practical Elocutionist, 12mo. 5s. 6d.—The Princess, by Lady Morgan, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31s. 6d.—Family Prayers with Meditations and Hymns, by the Rev. Augustus M. Toplady, A.B., new edit. 18mo. 2s.—Pastoral Appeals on Personal, Domestic, and Social Prayer, by the Rev. Richard Winter Hamilton, 18mo. 2s.—Death, with other Poems, by the Rev. Robert Montgomery, B.A., Author of 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' &c., 5th edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. S.—H. M.—A. D.—C.—received.

Left for W. C.

M. J. P.—It is not usual to enter into the explanation required without knowing more of our correspondent. He should have given his name and address.

Our Publisher begs to announce that he will give 1*s.* each for Nos. 107 and 108 of the ATHENÆUM, he still continues willing to give the same for Nos. 101 and 103.

*New York Bookseller's Gazette.*—The editor of this paper is a little indignant, because some of our contemporaries extract, it appears, from his columns, without adding to the paragraph 'N. Y. Books. Ad.' and he reproves them in the homely phrase, 'Fair play's a jewel.' It may be so, but we could not but smile at the writer's one-sided conscience, seeing that in the very same paper he has many and some rather copious extracts from the ATHENÆUM, without one word of acknowledgment. To save him all trouble, we will refer him to pages 72 and 73, and to the account of New Athens—the Mice's Published—and the account of the Proceedings of the Oriental Institution Committee, itself alone occupying one whole column and a half.





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(J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS.

*The Princess; or, The Beguine.* By Lady Morgan. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

WITHOUT question Lady Morgan is one of the most readable of living writers. It is in vain that political critics say she is careless and flippant—walks too high-kilted at times, like the heroine of the old song; loves too much the society of landless princesses, and countesses with three tails; lards her robust English with oily Italian and vinous French; and that, upon occasion, she huddles her incidents too thick together, and compels us to jump to the conclusion of her story, as her countryman leapt Newry canal—after seven miles of a race. All this may be true, yet, in spite of it, we read on, and cannot lay down her book; nay, we are troubled in our dreams with her humorous or sad imaginings, and, wakening earlier than usual, return to her volumes. What is all this but an illustration of what Goldsmith said, “that a book might be delightful with fifty faults, or unreadable without a single absurdity”? In the works of Lady Morgan, and in none more so than in the one before us, there is life, and feeling, and humour, and naïveté in every page. Her heroes and heroines are creatures of flesh and blood, copied from life and not from books; they talk politics upon occasion, it is true, and occasionally not a little nonsense; nor are they at all averse to scandal—yet they never cease to interest us—such is her natural ease of expression, and such her command of character. Her chief sin is that of—to coin a word—foreignizing our language: she cannot pay a compliment without putting it in French; nor can a thrush sing, or a lark call down from the cloud, without her quoting Italian to show that they did so in a natural way. Of this she seems to have no wish to be cured; yet it is a disease—and, through her example, perhaps, a spreading one. Now to the work before us.

‘The Princess’ is a novel of politics, preaching, painting, high life and low life, with an agreeable seasoning of coterie scandal. We see by sundry mysterious hints in the newspapers, that some of the scenes are painted from real life; that one or more of the devout dowagers and lively countesses are copies from certain high-bred originals,—nay, that the heroine herself is a splendid personation of a well-known foreign princess, whose beauty and talents lately influenced the London world of fashion. Such as move within that charmed circle may amuse themselves by comparing the likenesses; for ourselves, we care little whether the characters be real or imaginary, providing they are true to the times and to human nature, and we think they are both. The leading events of the story occur in the year 1833, and the scene is laid in London and in Belgium. Though domestic life, English and foreign, is the subject laid out for the pencil, the artist has introduced upon her canvas matters

public and political, and, in one or two places, her narrative is overburthened with these details. By many—those who do not altogether love Lady Morgan—this work will be regarded as an attempt to exalt the Belgians in the scale of nations, to write them up into a people of heroic feeling and high genius. With her, indeed, they are

Too wise, too good, too brave, too every thing; and she seems never so happy or so much at home as when she is handing some Belgian up to fame who had painted a picture, written a pamphlet, or snapped a pistol during those bright days on which they recovered their freedom.

We have already given some intimation of the nature of the story; we must, for the sake of our readers, lift the curtain a little higher. It has been well named, for Princess Schaffhausen reigns and rules throughout; it begins with her, and with her it ends. She enacts the parts of Princess, Beguine, and Artist, and moves in them all with uncommon ease, and a happy negligence. As a Princess she charms and outshines the choicest London coteries, by her conversation, her dresses, and her parties. She attracts the regard of the Marquis of Montessor, Lord St. Leger, and Lord Allington, and the love or the envy—we scarcely know which—of the Marchioness of Montessor, the Lady St. Leger, and others of that stamp. But the pair over whom she exerts the greatest influence is Sir Frederick Mottram and his lady; the first a proud and eloquent Tory, and a hater of the Belgians, the latter a creature heartless and beautiful, whose chief pleasures are dress and company. As Sir Frederick looks upon the fair foreigner, his mind is haunted with images of other times, and he feels, without knowing how to account for it, that his acquaintance with the Princess did not commence in London. The lady, on the other hand, though all politeness and high breeding, seems to have a double object in view, which she hides from all, namely, to gain the affections of Sir Frederick Mottram, and to convert him to the cause of Belgium and freedom. In consequence of a slight difference with his heartless wife, Sir Frederick flies from London and goes to the Netherlands; there he is encountered by our Princess, in the costume of one of the charitable sisters, and is entangled into company and conversations which shake his Toryism a little. The Nun is no sooner gone, than the Princess re-appears as the artist Marguerite, and charms the Englishman, by her beauty, her wit, and her genius, out of his Island prejudices, even to the extent of forgetting his wife. In the midst of all this, his wife makes her appearance, only to elope with a certain Lord Alfred; Sir Frederick discovers that the Princess, the Nun, and Marguerite are not only one person, but an early as well as lovely acquaintance—a cousin too, with Irish as well as Polish blood in her veins. This discovery makes him more in love than ever—he offers

his hand, which the Princess refuses, saying, that in all the disguises which she wore, and in all the scenes which she had planned, her sole object was to serve her country.

In such a work, excellent passages are not difficult to find. What some of the leading lords of fashion in London thought, or rather said, about the heroine of the tale, may be gathered from the following conversation which took place in the Opera House:—

“I know her to be a *grande et puissante dame*. The Prince, her late husband, was one of those rich Belgic, German, Spanish princes, you know, like the De Lignes and the D’Arembourg; and the *on dit* goes that he left her all his wealth not entailed:—his vineyards touch dear Metternich’s.”

“By Jove!” said Lord Alfred, rubbing his hands, ‘that makes one’s mouth water. How I should like to drink her health in her own Johannisberg, in her castle on the Rhine. Besides, she really is quite charming.’

“Yes,” lisped Mrs. St. Leger, ‘I knew she would far surpass in London—she is so rich, and so odd, and dresses beyond everything; and then so very clever,—she speaks five languages, and paints like a professional artist.’

“Still there is something *touché* about her,” said Mr. St. Leger. ‘She made a great sensation at Frankfort, visited all the hospitals, left money for the *Hospice des Aliénés*, and for *la Maison des Orphelins*; and pattered about the town with a *Béguine*, a sort of sister of charity; *se frottant partout*, as the bourgeois said—for she not only visited the prisons, but the prisoners of state who had got up the *révolution manquée* of last year, *la canaille*! People thought that odd.’

“Charity covereth a multitude of sins,” said Colonel Winterbottom; ‘and the Princess has a tolerable list to clothe, if report here speaks truth.’

“What sins? venial or venal?” asked Lord Alfred.

“German morals are not strait-laced,” replied the Colonel.

“As ours are,” added Lord Allington, drily.

“Oh! for facility of divorce and left-hand marriages—*passé*. But when it comes to a trifle of murder,—” continued Colonel Winterbottom, shaking his head and looking through his glass.

“You don’t mean that?” said Lord Alfred, anxiously.

“St. Leger might tell you, if he pleased,” said the Colonel.

“St. Leger placed his finger on his lips with a mysterious air.

“So you are too diplomatic?—Well, then, the story goes, that she contrived to get rid of her first husband in order to marry the second.”

“*Bagatella*!” exclaimed Lord Allington.

“Poignard, or prussic acid?” asked Captain Levison, drawing up his cravat.

“She stopped his mouth with a handkerchief, after a smoking-bout,” said the Colonel.

“She had better have stopped it with damages, as we do in moral England,” said Lord Allington.

“But, after all,” added Captain Levison, ‘there may not be a word of truth in the story, which may be all got up by radical papers and whig journals. Her suppers are so very good!’

"And if there were truth in it," said Lord Alfred, "these things depend so much upon circumstance!—A fine woman energized by passion!—jealousy, for instance—Eh! Allington? your duchess at Rome and her courier, to wit!"

"Yes, hers was meridian blood: but a cold phlegmatic German! a *cruc* killing her over-fed *graf*, and with a halter for a stiletto—Pah! there's no poetry in that."

"It was not a halter," said the Colonel; "it was a *fichu brodé*, which led to the discovery."

"Un assassinat à la petite maîtresse," said Mrs. St. Leger, tittering; "but, somehow, I don't think those things are so very much minded abroad."

"No matter," said Lord Alfred. "She is a personage—an aristocrat, and will therefore be exposed to all sorts of calumnies here; but she has had the most rapid and complete success of any foreigner since the beautiful Gallitzin, who turned our fathers' heads some thirty years ago."

"*Succès de vogue*," said Lord Allington, with whom it was notorious the Princess was no favourite. "I have seen so many of those 'complete successes' die out before the season was over!"

We have said that Sir Frederick Mottram and his beautiful lady lived on uneasy terms: he disliked the attentions paid to her by a certain Claude Campbell, nor did he approve of her regard for the Princess herself, concerning whose character he had doubts; he wrote a letter of reproof to his lady, who communicated the circumstance to a friend, the Marchioness of Montessor, in these remarkable words:—

"DEAREST GEORGY,—Do come to me if you can. If you are too delicate or too pious to dine out on Sundays, at least look in on me after church. I want you most particularly, and cannot go to Arlington-street, because I am regularly done up, after this last week. Besides, I have really no means of going out, or I would try and go to you to-night. Sir Frederick has taken the second coachman to Lady John's; and Saunders says he has got the influenza, from being out all night, and every night this week: but Felicity says he's sulky, because he lost five hundred to the Duke's coachman at Epsom. Servants are becoming really too bad."

"But I have got into such a mess, dear!—Sir Frederick is grown so tiresome and ill-tempered, you have no idea. If by chance you have seen your husband or Lord Aubrey to-day, they must have told you of the scene in the Round-room last night. It was vulgar and brutal, and a great triumph to the Greenfelts, the tiresome M'Querys, and other quizzers whom I have cut this season. Unluckily, I did not get home from the dear Princess's *media-noche* (which was beyond beyond) till four this morning. Sir F. sat up till three, and then wrote me such a note, you have no idea! In short, it is becoming no joke: he hinted at separation if I did not give up the Princess; and all sorts of nonsense about her bad reputation, as if she was worse than other foreign women of her rank and fortune."

Lady Georgiana, a pious lady, living in Belgrave Square, gives her afflicted friend advice at once: she understands well the ways of high life, and how to maintain appearances—here is a lesson:—

"I keep your page, dear child, to take this hack, as I do not let my servants out on Sundays, except to church. I heard all about the scene in the Round-room—not from the inseparables, for I have not seen my husband or Lord Aubrey to-day. I had not come from church, when they looked in. I did hear it though, in full, from Lady Anastasia M'Query, just as I was getting into my chair, in the porch

of St. James's, (like Clarissa, I am never too ill to go to church). She thrust her long scraggy neck down into the chair, and smelt so of garlic, (you know all the ladies M'Query eat Bologna sausages for breakfast,) that I have been obliged to have the chair fumigated; and caught fresh cold by letting the window down coming across the square. She was full of the scene last night. She said that Sir Frederick actually dragged you away by the arm; that cousin Claude came to the rescue, and that the Princess clapped you on the back, and cried '*Courage, mon enfant!*'; and then, alluding to Sir Frederick's plebeian origin, she exclaimed, 'Hey! mi Luddy Montessor,—but the Duke is well served: a pretty alliance for Lady Frances de Vere! what would you be fra' a cat but her skin?'

"Well, my child, this is all very bad, I allow. Such things give a *ridicule ineffable*! but remember, no separation! mind that. First, in a religious point of view, separation is sinful: as St. Paul says, in dear Mrs. Medlicot's '*Traits of Ton*,' 'Let not the wife depart from the husband.' Besides, there is all the difference in the world, dear, between a princely mansion in Carlton-terrace and a 'box' in Cadogan-place, or a sweet little cottage at Tonbridge: and believe me, Fanny sweetest, it will come to that. Remember Lady Ascot, who parted from her husband, intact as to character, and from mere incompatibility of temper; yet how she went down! Who ever hears or speaks of her now, though she has a house at Brighton, and goes to the Queen's balls? Nothing should induce you to part from Sir Frederick. Your conscience tells you that you are innocent and Sir F. wrong—I do not dispute it; and there are many reasons to warrant your opposing his vulgar caprices and plebeian prejudice: the more extraordinary in the son of an actress, who, of course, was not over rigid. But remember, 'all things that are lawful are not expedient,' as Mrs. Medlicot says; and as the Princess is going away, and actually leaves London for the Continent at the end of the season, I would make a virtue of necessity, and offer to give her up at once. The Princess knows all the bitter things Sir Frederick says of her, and would be the first to laugh at your hesitating. Do anything rather than come to a separation, which is foolish, vulgar, and highly irreligious."

The result was, that Sir Frederick, accompanied by an Irish servant, who puts his master and himself into many curious situations, went to the continent, to mend his health and forget Lady Frances; there it is his fortune to meet with a sort of "salvage man" of Ireland, Sir Ignatius Dogherty, one of the most amusing and original characters in the whole work. Here are some of his comments on the conduct of Sir Frederick Mottram, to whom, among other civilities, he had lent a change of linen:—

"I say, Doctor, did ever you see such a Don as that, with his snuff-the-moon look? Would any one think, now, that it was my shirt he's gallivanting away in—my fine new, baby-linen-warehouse best shirt, never worn since washed; or that it's your new black silk stocker he's philandering off with, and my lady's white French tamboored cambric pocket-handkerchief peeping out of his pocket?—and not as much as 'Thank ye,' or, 'I'll see you by and by,' or 'Will you take a glass of anything?' nor even an illusion to it! Well, 'pon my daisy! that's a cool chap; like the rest of them English quality, who'll take all from us Irish, and drel a word of thanks after! What did I ever get for the shell-work groto, framed and glazed, and made by the Ladies of the Ascension, that I gave the Marchioness when she put up at my house? or for the picture of 'Maria and her goat,' worked

on white satin by the Ladies of Mercy at Cork convent, that I won at a raffle, and gave to Lady Mary, in regard of the place I expected!—or what will ever ye get, Kitty Dogherty, by your great friend, Lady Anny Statius Mac Querry, that wore the wheels off our brain new carriage at Brighton, and stifled the life out of me by stufing herself into our little fly every night; who made you ask all her fine frinds to your party; who laughed at Lady Dixon, and thin refused to pristin you at Coorte! or get you invited, like the Connors and Smiths, to the Queen's balls."

We must spare some space for Lawrence Fegan, the Irish follower of Sir Frederick: it is the anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, and a little serious counsel, and not a little strong drink, induce him, as he is in a Catholic land, to personate his namesake. Here he is drawn at full length:—

"Sir Frederick dressed himself with celerity; and, hastening down stairs, found that the large and handsome kitchen, which he had admired, *en passant*, on the previous evening, for its order and cleanliness, was now the scene of festive confusion. The votarists, who had been thus 'thanking the gods amiss,' were in the act of arranging themselves round a profusely spread table, at the head of which sat Fegan, in his figure and costume a copy of the picture of St. Lawrence broiling on his own gridiron, which hung over the kitchen chimney."

"Fegan saw, and rising respectfully, approached his master, pulling the forelock of his laurel-crowned brow, and scraping a bow."

"What does all this mean?" asked Sir Frederick.

"It means, plaze your honor," said Fegan, half tipsy, and wholly confused, "that I am St. Lawrence on the gridiron. I hopes your honor is not displeased, sir, in regard of its being the feast of only St. Lawrence, glory be to his name! And these are the real Christians, Sir Frederick; and a fine people they are,—and the gridiron, sir, and it's being my own saint's day, and namesake! Mrs. Cook here, with the curish dress and the gold bobs in her ears, has had the politeness, Sir Frederick, to make me the king of the fairs, and had an iligant ball out in the *terrace*; and Mrs. Cook did me the honor to lade off with me, in regard of my name being Lawrence Fegan, like the saint's, your honor; and that's all, sir."

Sir Frederick Mottram is now in Belgium; everywhere he is made to see and feel the newly-awakened spirit of the people; nevertheless, he refuses not to take his eyes from the "movement" to look at works of art—for your Tories are sometimes men of taste. There is something of the Princess, now in the dress of a Béguine, and something of an heroic artist, in the following sketch:—

"The observing old woman had caught the eyes of Sir Frederick, which were turned towards the door, as it creaked on its hinges."

"I am all attention, mother," he replied, smiling.

"I thought Hemlink had been a pupil of the brothers Van Eyke," said the Bruges, "who, with due submission to your great master, were the founders of the Flemish school."

"Well, then, you thought wrong," said the Béguine, smiling. "Hemlink was his own master, as the story goes. He had enrolled himself a simple soldier in our troops, and fought hard, I warrant, for the independence of Flanders, against the Philips and the Lewises, until, worn out with fatigue, wounds, and what not, he came, poor, sick, and suffering, to our gates. Belgium had always her *blésés*, *cogers*, *cogers*! Well, here he was: the Sisters of St. Augustin showed the very ward and bed where

he lay; for we *Beguines* do duty here for sweet Jesus's sake. The hospital, by right, is served by the *Sœurs Augustines*; but they are now too few and scattered to do duty. John Hemlink, rest his soul! recovered slowly, and was wont to sit under that portico where you passed the patients; and he there began to draw little miniatures, and executed that shrine of St. Ursula, which people came far and near to see, till our little chapel became another Loretto. Who but John Hemlink now! The town grew proud of him, and the magistrates gave him his *cogé*; and it was in gratitude for the charity he received here, that he painted this picture for our hall. And here, *mesieurs*, he is himself—*quel joli garçon!* She drew aside a curtain as she spoke, and the handsome head and figure of the painter, in the dress of the patients of the hospital, stood out from its background, and appeared almost to meet the admiration it elicited from the spectator. Underneath was inscribed, 'OPUS JOHANNIS HEMLINK, 1379.'

"What an interval between this 1379 and 1833!" exclaimed Sir Frederick, as he stood gazing on the fresh and noble picture: 'What immortality of genius!'

Mad. Marguerite, the artist, succeeds the *Beguine*; Sir Frederick is touched by her words, by her genius, yet he fails to discover the Princess, so well did she disguise her looks and art in her new character:—

"But genius has so many resources! How you people of genius must laugh at the world!"

"And how, in return, the world makes genius weep!" she replied. 'How many of the highly-organised creatures whose works now surround us have lived only to suffer: some died of want, and all submitted to the humiliating indignity of being patronised.'

"Yes; and patronised, too, by the dulness that understood them not, or by the malignity which converts patronage into an instrument of torture. Yet there are minds to whom the patronage and protection of genius would afford the highest, the purest source of pride and felicity; the only one, perhaps, they can know."

"I have no great confidence in such protection," was the stern reply. 'It is but another name for dependence; and who that are conscious of genius, who that feel the god within them, would submit to that? No, sir: the gifted must pay their penalty. To be superior to our species, is a moral unfitness. It places its victim out of the ban of ordinary society; above it, perhaps, but still out of it. This is the alien-act of Nature. Time-serving and ductile mediocrity will always have the best of it. Whoever ventures to enlighten the world by the discovery of truth, is the doomed martyr of contemporary ignorance; while the talents that delight it, realize the old fable of the "Night-ingale and the Thorn."'

"Her voice fell to a melancholy cadence. The animation that had given the brilliant mobility of youth to her features had fled; and an expression deeply meditative, as of one who held sad communion with the past, contracted her dark brows into a care-worn and desponding look. There was a momentary silence, from which she was the first to break."

"But you, sir," she said, "you have always been prosperous and rich. It is for your smiles that artists work and live. You are, doubtless, one of the rich English *milords*."

"Then turning abruptly away, and resuming her usual tone, she pointed to a picture painted by Gabriel Metz, and dated 1652."

"This gem," she said, "is called '*La Leçon de Musique*.'"

"I know of no peril," said Sir Frederick, 'greater than that to which a man is exposed either in giving or taking lessons in the arts or philosophy from a beautiful woman; her voice

sinks to the heart, while the sentiments it expresses rouse all the higher sympathies of our nature.'

"You speak with feeling, *monsieur*," "With experience," he replied emphatically, and still gazing on her grave but beautiful face.

"This woman's head," she continued, 'is very ideal for a Flemish beauty. You see here the ideality communicated to the Flemish school by Vandyke, and copied by Murillo. Compare this head with the florid, fleshy solidity of Rubens's conjugal seraglio.'

"But all that is called ideality," replied Sir Frederick, 'must be based in fact, and have an existence in nature. I have a type of that very head in my own recollection, as if I had seen some living Murillo.'

"Such types, however, are rare: one seldom sees such a brow as that, or such a bend of the neck; a grace not beyond the reach of art, but its perfection."

"I have seen very recently just such a brow and such a bend."

"Oh!" she said carelessly, 'between pictures and individuals there will occasionally be found an accidental likeness. But, alas! the grace, the beauty, the bright types of long-passed visions, leave nothing behind them but this canvas mimicry. Nature, exhausting as rapidly as she creates, soon brings the brightest original to this!—She pointed to the head of an old woman, by Denner, painted with all that minute attention to decaying nature in which that Dutch master excels.'

"The Dutch school," she continued, 'is in this respect divine—that it is the temple of old women, where their furrows are adored, and every dell has the charm of a dimple for admiring posterity.'

A letter written by our Irish traveller, Sir Ignatius Dugherly, to his man of business, Cornelius Macdermot, unfolds the character of the writer, and the condition of Ireland—it contains the history of that island's sorrows in small compass:—

"Hotel de Belview, Brussels.  
"MY DEAR CORNELIUS.—You'll wonder greatly to hear from me from this outlandish place; and it is to my own entire amazement surely that I find myself in it; and if I wasn't an old fool, and the biggest breathing this day, sorrow step would I put my foot in it; and may thank my lady and her new doctor, (a *gentle che shin* sir, one Doctor Rodolf de Burgo, a third cousin, once removed, as he says, of the Clanrickards;—but *naboolish*.) for the way I am in, after spending more money in the last six months than I'd have occasion for in as many years at Shanballymore, and live like an Irish king, and better."

"This comes hoping that you are well, also Mrs. Macdermot and the little *colleens*; and, secondly, to say that I must draw on you for another five hundred pounds to carry on the war; which I hope will pay our way to Spaw and back again to Kerry, where my Lady Dugherly has been ordered to drink the Spaw water; she that made such wry faces at Ballyspellan, and had the offer of Mount Pleasant near the salt water at Dunleary (now Kingstown)! And in regard of the five hundred pounds, my dear Macdermot, if there is not so much in the till, I'd drive them Morans without delay, and sell off the premises. You've been too aisy intirely with them, man alive! Oh! it's myself knows them well: always a sick child, or a bad potatoe season, and the man a crock, and the woman a poor-streak; and they setting up for gentleman farmers, that were no better than cotters on Lord Kimure's estate, till they came and flopped themselves down upon my green acres, divel's luck to them! offering over the heads of the old tenants, which was the cause of all the murders, and brought three as fine boys to the gallows as ever was hanged, in or out of it. As

to the hay harvest, I lave it to your own judgment; but sold it must be, with the stock of Clonmakillen; for, my dear Mac, money I must have, cost what it may, to get out of this humbugging place, where there was no rebellion nor revolution at all; but just as quiet as Shanballymore, the day after the fair. And you'll be wanting the worth of your postage, half of which I've to pay myself before they'll let a taste of this letter pass the post-office! There's liberality for you, in the Frinch republicans!

"Well, sir, it's all from bad to worse, from the blessed day I bid farewell to the Hill of Howth. I could you of the ruination was going on at Brighton, and the junketting and the picnicing of my Lady, and Laura Emily Dickson; and it's prettily picked and nicked too we were; and they told me by way of a makeweight, that I'd get everything here, sir, for nothing at all at all, and thank me for taking. Oh! yes, indeed! Anyhow, I had my substantial rumpstake, and my glass of port, and my tumbler of punch, at Brighton, not all as one as here, where I dine at a grand tabledoy, covered over with outlandish dishes, and nothing to ate but just a wish-wash of soup and a peck of sparrows, like what the boys after a hindling mast fifty on a string in Ireland; and, *outer new*, as my Lady says, it a'n't with sparrows and tomatoes that we put off the people in th' ould times at the Stag's Horns; but the best of rounds of beef and cabbage, and turkies and trimmings, and the sucking chickens and bacon, and greens. But it makes my Lady faint if I only hint at them times, trying to console all from the doctor; as if, sooner or later, the butter won't come out of the stirabout."

During a grand entertainment given in the forest, like those of Boccacio, Sir Frederick is led to a historical spot by Mad. Marguerite—the work abounds in these brilliant bits:—

"Ah!" she said, 'you have selected your *bel respiro* well. I pray you mark the spot; it is that on which Charles the Fifth took his last leave of his family, and of the allies of his power, the day he abdicated. What a group! what a scene! I have sketched it as the subject of a future picture.'

"The scene," said Sir Frederick, 'is exquisitely beautiful; but the historical interest you now attach to it is infinitely more interesting. What a lesson on the vanity of human passions!'

"And what a lesson on the vanity of that unlimited power beyond what man should trust with man!" she replied. 'Look at that German, that Italian, those Poles, all victims of the despotism still subsisting, still flourishing, which it was the ambition of Charles to establish; for that he laboured and fought, and for what?—to die of religious melancholy and ennui in a cloister! The music, which still rings in my ears, is a fearful comment on the story.'

"The music you allude to breathes of sentiment, of passion, of enthusiasm; but I do not see by what reasonable association it connects itself with the despotism (if so you will call it) of Charles the Fifth."

"It breathes of human suffering, of national degradation, of force, of injustice; and it but repeats the tale of centuries of wrong, enacted in every kingdom of continental Europe to this present day. And for whose benefit did the candidate for universal monarchy and unmixed despotism raise this superstructure of evil? Think of the successors of Charles. The foundress of the stock was Joan the mad; Charles the Fifth died mad; Philip the Second lived in ferocious delirium; and his bigoted and stultified successors exhibited, in scarcely less striking characters, their intellectual monstrosity. *An reste*, you were at the congress of Vienna, and can tell whether the successors to the power and the inheritors of the blood of the universal monarchist are either better or happier than their predecessor."



Mad. Marguerite begins now to discover herself to Sir Frederick: more will like than dislike the way in which she effects it. During these meetings and discussions—we believe we ought to have said flirtations—Lady Frances Mottram arrives with Lady Montessor, Lord Alfred, Claude Campbell, and others, when the following conversation on matrimonial delinquencies takes place: it is not known yet that the Princess and Mad. Marguerite were one and the same:—

"The three great ladies were now 'in colloquy sublime and high divan.' Lady Montessor, stretched on her couch, was supported by pillows soft and glowing as summer clouds, her feet covered with a cashmere shawl. The Princess was seated beside her in an easy chair, and Lady Frances, at her feet, on a *tabouret*. Their discussion was warm, though carried on in a low tone. Lady Frances's manner was vehement, and her countenance more than usually marked by expression.

"You will never tell me, Princess," she said; "Sir Frederick's leaving Brussels the day of my arrival is decisive; and his conduct for the last six months will justify my appealing to the protection of my friends, and demanding a separation."

"Nonsense, child," said Lady Montessor.

"His insupportable temper," continued Lady Frances; "his negligence; his selling my own villa—I call it mine, since he gave it me at the birth of Emilius; his hating every one I love; his refusing to associate with my own particular set last season; his refusing to meet you, Princess, at his own table; his killing my poor Coco; and, above all, his ordering me not to join him . . . . What do you say to that, Georgy?"

"Why, dearest, I say that the whole thing is in bad taste, and very like the quarrels of two lovesick children. Why should a man and wife quarrel about any thing, as long as they have the means to follow their own separate way?"

"Exactly," said the Princess. "Live and let live."

"I now speak in a mere worldly sense," continued the Marchioness; "in a religious point of view, as poor dear Medlicot says, I think the last folly married people can commit, is to part, even when there is a little cause for jealousy; but I don't place under that head an habitual predilection for the society of some particular individual, which time has rendered respectable."

"A thing perfectly well understood in Germany and Italy," said the Princess.

"And in London, too," interrupted Lady Montessor. "I could instance fifty such things at this moment among our own friends, where the husband, the wife, and the friend form—a that is, a . . . ."

"—A *triangolo equilatero*," said the Princess, quietly.

"But," said Lady Frances, vehemently, "that would be impossible with us! Day and night, fire and water, are not more opposed than Sir Frederick and . . . ."

"Your parrot!" added the Princess, coolly. (Lady Montessor laughed.) "And therefore your husband got rid of it; and he may again rid himself, by a process equally violent and short, of any other object that may be obnoxious to his feelings."

"If I thought that," said Lady Frances passionately, the blood rushing over her fair face, "I should at once know how to *prendre mon parti*. I am capable of making any sacrifice, sooner than be tyrannized by a man so every way my inferior."

"How very much in love with him you must be!" said the Princess.

"I in love with him!—never! and he knows it. I was sacrificed to his wealth and his bores. There was nothing in common between us. I thought him vulgar when I married; at

least, he was not like the men I was accustomed to; and I never could get over the idea, that if his father had not succeeded in his contracts with government, instead of my marrying his son, my housekeeper would have been buying his grid-irons."

"She burst into a fit of laughter, in which she was joined by Lady Montessor, who, in the intervals between lozenge and lozenge, languidly added, 'Yes—there is—something in that. Lord Aubrey says that different men are made in different moulds: something about porcelain and the pottery; I forget now.'"

"Just that," said Lady Frances, smiling; "Lord Aubrey is so clever when he does speak. A little hard, though, to get on with at first: did not you find it so, Georgy?"

"He is not demonstrative," said the languid Marchioness; "but that suits me; I should die of a *beau parler*."

"And then his eyes are never silent," added Lady Frances musingly.

"Lady Montessor raised here to her friend, with so strange an expression, that Lady Frances coloured through her rouge; and averting her head, she added,

"Don't you think so, Princess?"

"Lord Aubrey's head is so handsome altogether," replied the Princess, "that one would be tempted to think there was something in it—if one did not know to the contrary!"

"You are very severe!" observed Lady Montessor carelessly.

"Very!" reiterated Lady Frances. "But nothing under the head of a Metemich satisfies the Princess."

"I think I could make something of Sir Frederick Mottram's," said the Princess dryly.

"It is more than I could ever do," said Lady Frances.

"So I should suppose," said Madame Schaffhausen; "but that being beyond your reach, suppose you try to gain his heart; 'tis the odd trick a woman is sure to win, if she knows how to play her cards."

"When I play for hearts," said Lady Frances, "I promise you it shall be for higher stakes than—in short, nothing risk, nothing have."

"And when you have risked all," said the Princess, "what do you expect to gain?"

"What?" said Lady Frances, with a passionate expression, and throwing up her eyes.

"There was a momentary pause in the conversation; and the Princess sat, with her keen glance fixed on the face of Lady Frances Mottram, as if she was reading every lineament, and extorting a conclusion from every line."

"At all events," resumed Lady Frances, "I happen just now to have the cards in my own hands. Sir Frederick the moral, or, at least, the reformed; for since he sighed in vain at the feet of our Marchesa—you know we were once rivals, Princess"—(Lady Montessor smiled faintly)—"he has had no *belle passion*, and has been doing the proper—Well, *mes amours*, I know it for a fact, that Sir Frederick has a *chère amie* travelling with him, with whom he went off on the very night of my arrival; and if I should follow him to Spa (which he knows I won't), I should be very much *de trop*."

The heroine having accomplished the conversion of Sir Frederick Mottram to the cause of Belgium, and fulfilled all the purposes for which she chose to appear in so many characters, puts on the Princess once more, and turns suddenly round on her wondering friends:—

"Sir Frederick does me honour," said the Princess, turning full round, in all the blaze of beauty and brilliants; the one enhanced by the blush that mantled on her cheek, and the fire that sparkled in her eye; the other relieved by the black head and robe by which they were contrasted. It would have been difficult to conceive

a more striking picture than that presented at the moment by this splendid original. It struck even the *nonchalant* Lord Aubrey that he had never before seen the Princess so handsome; it struck Sir Frederick Mottram that the Princess of Schaffhausen was—Madame Marguerite; that Madame Marguerite was the Princess of Schaffhausen;—that . . . that . . . that he was himself drunk, dreaming, or mad!"

Doubtless, some of our readers regret that it has not been our pleasure to quote one or more of the political scenes; but Lady Morgan's opinions and feelings on the great question of national independence, are diffused through the work, rather than gathered into chapters or passages; and we desired, by giving varied specimens of human character, and the manners of the times, to draw public attention to this very clever and interesting as well as instructive work.

*Views and Descriptions of Cyclopiæ or Pelagic Remains in Greece and Italy, &c. From Drawings by the late Edward Dodwell, Esq., F.S.A. &c.; intended as a Supplement to his 'Classical and Topographical Tour in Greece.' Folio. London: Richter.*

Mr. Dodwell is a writer to whom the study of archaeology, in its widest sense, is largely indebted; for, unfettered by any professional avocations, and possessed of ample means, he devoted a mind richly stored with classical literature, his time, his talents, his fortune, and unwearied zeal, to the investigation of everything connected with the antiquities of Greece. The results of his tour in this classical country, during the years 1801, 1805, and 1806, which were published in 1819, have long been valued by those whose pursuits enabled them to judge of the variety of local information, and varied illustration, which those volumes contain. Mr. Dodwell almost constantly resided abroad, occupied in the same researches, and gradually forming a valuable and highly interesting collection of antiquities, whether precious from their exquisite skill of execution, or curious as monuments of art of the remoter periods.

It was well known that he had accumulated a vast mass of important drawings; and it was also generally understood, that he had, by his will, directed that the papers which he had prepared for publication, should be published by his heirs, or that he had set apart a specific sum for that purpose. We think that the relations of Mr. Dodwell have hardly been judicious in affixing so enormous a price to the present work. The manner in which it has been got up, does not justify the demand of six guineas and a half for such a volume of lithographic plates. It places the work out of the reach of the general purchaser, and proportionally limits its circulation.

The present subject is one which of later years has much occupied the attention of antiquarians and literary men of the first reputation. Monsieur Petit Radet, Member of the French Institute, and the Signora Dionizi, of Rome, have devoted their best talents to the investigation; the last-named writer having already published a work on the subject, which, however, it has not been our good fortune yet to see. Dodwell himself, in his 'Tour through Greece,' (Vol. II. p. 218.) gives a short account of these my-

terious artificers:—"Pliny says, that, according to Aristotle, towers were invented by the Cyclopians, and, according to Theophrastus, by the Tirynthii. The Scholiast of Statius pretends, that everything that was remarkable for its great size, was said to have been formed by the Cyclopians. The great difficulty, however, is, to ascertain who the Cyclopians were—whence they originated, and at what period they flourished. Strabo had as confused ideas about the Cyclopians, eighteen centuries ago, as we have at present: he says that they were seven in number, and came from Lycia. The Scholiast of Euripides, however, maintains that they were a Thracian nation, so named from one of their kings, and that they were the best artists of the age in which they lived. They appear to have been particularly skilful in constructing military fortifications, and to have diffused their architectural knowledge throughout Greece, and many parts of Italy, Sicily, and Spain. These countries were colonized by the Pelasgi of Greece, who learned the art of military construction from the Thracian nation; but it is more probable, that the Cyclopians themselves were the Pelasgians, who settled at a very early period in the Peloponnesus; for it is generally allowed, that they were strangers, and not Autochthones" (natives).

The style of construction which they introduced continued in general use throughout Greece, from the time of the founding of Tiryns, which is attributed to Prætus, 1379 B.C., to the time of Alexander, about 330 B.C. During this period, embracing about 1050 years, there are four distinct species of this construction: the *first*, as at Tiryns, "composed of rough unhewn stones, the smallest of which was so large," according to Pausanias, "that it could not be drawn by a pair of mules"—an exaggeration of size, which a personal examination of the ruins enables us to contradict, although some of the masses are of enormous proportions. The spaces formed in the walls by the irregularities of these masses, were formerly filled up with smaller stones, which added more harmony to the structure. The *second* style, of which there is a fine example in the citadel wall of Mycenæ, was composed of hewn and well-compacted polygons, the small interstices at the angles filled by pebbles, and presenting a surface similar in appearance to that of the ancient Roman pavements. In the *third* style, the stones, though generally quadrilateral, and placed in horizontal ranges, are of various dimensions, with a mixture of the obtuse, the acute, and rectangle, and having the upper and lower surfaces parallel and horizontal, but the sides not vertical. They are put together in an irregular order;—from two to five or six stories forming a continuous horizontal course—then interrupted by another series of blocks of irregular sizes, the interstices left by angular irregularities being filled up with smaller stones. The *fourth* and last style, consisted of blocks similar to those last described; but they were selected of like sizes, and they formed continued horizontal courses, rarely broken by stones of irregular magnitude; the lateral joints being seldom, if ever, perpendicular. Thus each distinct period evinced a gradual approach to regular symmetrical construction. It is to be observed, however, that the Cyclopians walls were, in

practice, almost entirely confined to fortifications and terraces, and were very rarely adopted in the construction of walls of edifices, as in the smaller temple at Thoricus, in Attica.

The present work consists of seventy-one plates, illustrative of Cyclopians construction in European Greece, and fifty-six plates of examples to be found in Italy. The former plates alone are accompanied by descriptive letter-press, which is so brief and inconclusive, as to prove that they are merely notes to form the groundwork of more enlarged illustrations. Our author notices each example in succession, and defines the style to which it belongs. He has brought together such numerous instances of this mode of construction, that we conceive any future investigation of the subject to be materially facilitated by the variety of examples adduced, and by the minute accuracy with which each specimen is delineated. It is to be regretted that the subjects are not classed either in a geographical or chronological order. Beginning with Tiryns and Mycenæ, and proceeding with the other cities of Peloponnesus, the reader is carried across the Corinthian gulph to Salona, and, passing through Delphi, Chersonæ, and the adjacent towns, is brought to Athens. He then proceeds up towards Thessaly, and then as suddenly is brought back again to Peloponnesus, to contemplate the remains of Arcadia, Orchomenos, and Messenia.

The plates are not lithographed in that superior style of execution which distinguishes works of this class and price in the present day; but the subjects are in general minutely rendered, and are so far sufficiently distinct for the antiquary. Some of the views, as those of the Plain of Argos, and Missolonghi, (pl. 2 and 25,) which are almost panoramic, are given on two separate sheets—whereas, we think, they would have been more interesting had they been united, and folded. The latter would certainly have been much better understood, if the different objects alluded to in the text had been rendered more distinguishable by means of references on the margins of the plates.

*The Sacred History of the World philosophically considered.* Vol. II. By Sharon Turner, F.S.A. London: Longman & Co.

THE piety and learning of Mr. Sharon Turner have deservedly won him universal respect: his historical writings display a mind bent on the discovery of truth—laborious research, through new or little-trodden paths, and a high moral purpose, as rare as it is valuable in modern literature. The design of the volumes before us, is, to show the correspondence, or rather the harmony, which subsists between the writings of Revelation and the works of Creation—to prove that all philosophical investigations, whether into the properties of matter or of mind, lead directly to the belief of a Divine Author, and confirm what he has been pleased to reveal to us respecting his existence and moral government. In the first volume, Mr. Turner undertook to show how the results of natural theology accord with the Mosaic account of the Creation, especially in "the formation and system of the material laws and structure of our globe, and in the various classes of organic and sentient life that appear upon

it:" the present extends the inquiry to the Divine economy in its more special relation to mankind, viewed physically and historically. It is unnecessary to dwell on the importance of such a subject—but its difficulty is equal to its importance; and we do not deem it detracting from Mr. Turner's well-deserved fame to say, that he has tasked himself beyond his powers. There is much good writing, a great deal of sound thinking, superabundant learning, and a high tone of amiable feeling in the work; but, as a whole, it is lamentably inconclusive. Bold, not to say wild, conjectures are given as solutions of difficulties, which they leave still more difficult; declamations, not always in the purest taste, usurp the place of argument; and almost the only points proved, are those of which nobody ever doubted. Still there is so much of pure philanthropy in every page—such an anxious desire to extend the honour of God and the good of man, that we cannot bring ourselves to pronounce the words of censure; and we feel, after perusing the work, that though we respect the author less, we love the man more.

#### *Journal d'un Déporté non jugé.* Vol. II.

SINCE our former notice of this work (p. 836), we have received the second volume, and shall therefore continue our abstract.

The escape of Pichegru, Barthelemy, the more important and active of the *déportés*, together with the death of many others, left poor Barbé Marbois, and some of his aged companions, to an increase of solitude and suffering. But two were left out of the original number. From this solitude, however, they were somewhat relieved by the arrival of one hundred and ninety-three new convicts, who disembarked at Cayenne in June 1798. These were chiefly ecclesiastics.

Some condemned for fanaticism, others for having shown relics to the people, one for preaching dangerous doctrine, another for having performed mass. There had been neither trial nor judgment. One had been transported in the place of his brother. Another, condemned to quit France in fifteen days, had been kept in prison till the time expired, and was then transported for being found in the country. Some were under twenty.

One of the new batch was the poet, François de Neufchâteau. Another was the superior of the College of Louvain, transported for exorcism, an imaginary crime. Some of the new comers soon attempted, and some effected their escape. The shipwreck of one party is related, accompanied by some singular remarks respecting the hardihood of the Galibi Indians.

The Indian rowers swam all the way to the land, although it took them six hours to reach it. An Indian woman and a child, who were of the crew, helped themselves by holding to a barrel of tafia, which the lightness of the liquor caused to float, and so brought them to the beach. When the Indians are tired of swimming, they lie on their back, and the sea keeps them up immovable. It is said, that they are specifically lighter than us; and such of them as I have tried to carry, I have always found sensibly lighter than the whites.

M. de Marbois's observations on the Indians, whose habits he unfortunately had such ample time to study, are curious and full of interest. But his disquisition on the existence of the Amazons, is, at this day, somewhat out of date. The account of his

domestic life bears witness to the amiability of his character, which seems but to have called forth the severity of his persecutors. On one occasion, after having made some complaint, he is summoned from Sinnamari to Cayenne, and forced to perform the journey on foot, at noonday, tantamount almost to a sentence of death. He is sent back just as cruelly, for signing a petition more ceremoniously than was thought consistent with republican etiquette, or the want of it. At length, however, the Directory itself began to totter, and its agents, foreseeing their fall, thought fit to relax their severity. Marbois and Lafon, all that remained of the old exiles were ordered definitively to repair to Cayenne.

We left Sinnamari (continues M. Marbois) on the 1st of August 1799. I quitted it never to return—that place where my enemies intended to have confined me till the day of my death. A Galibi ran after me; he made me a present of a bow and arrows, and of a collar of tiger's teeth. I turned, for the last time, my looks towards the cabin, that I had inhabited for two whole years. I saluted my cinnamon trees, my bread and clove trees. I went by that road which will long recall to the planters the exile whose work it is. I passed before the cabins which Murinais and Tronçon inhabited, and near the cemetery where their remains repose. Adieu, Simapo! Adieu forests and deserts which the Sinnamari loves. Insatiable tombs, which I have seen so often open, I escape you! Sepulchre of my friends, adieu! for ever, adieu!

I set out at four o'clock in the evening with a negro, who carried my baggage. I stopped a moment in the hut of the brother of Sept Fonds, Xavier Clavier, an exile. This good anchorite awaited me with refreshments. He offered me his cell for the night, but I was in haste to set forward. He accompanied me nearly two leagues. He conversed with me of his projects—of his occupations. I saw his soul was as peaceable as the retreat he inhabited, and that he was a man submitting without ostentation, and with a religious resignation, to a destiny, that the most sublime philosophy scarcely rendered supportable. When he quitted me I lost my way; my negro had gone on before: I had no compass; the night fell, and I knew not what direction to take in a thick wood where the paths crossed each other. I began to feel hunger and thirst; I measured the height of a tree; it was an asylum against the tigers, and I thought of passing the night there, when I was warned by the voice of a man, and by the noise of some poultry, that I was not far from the house where I was to sleep. There is no melody equal to the human voice to him who has feared to be alone and lost in a desert. I advanced, and met the Abbé Wagner, one of the exiles established here. He was driving the oxen and cows, and collecting them in the park. Perspiration, dust, and mud, prevented my knowing him. The Abbé said to me, "They have given me hospitality unconditionally: I must show my gratitude by making myself useful."

The declining power of the governing party in France gave courage, not only for resistance in France, but in the colonies. The blacks, who had been emancipated by a decree of the Convention, gave the governor of Cayenne an infinity of trouble. They would not work, and they would be paid. Burnet, intrusted with the government, saw but one mode of supporting his authority—viz. to excite the blacks against the whites, and the whites against the blacks. The colonists, thus menaced, took the remedy into their own hands, consulted the oldest heads in Cayenne, amongst which that of Marbois

was numbered, and, guided by him and his companions, the Cayennese achieved a revolution, and deposed the governor on the 18th Brumaire (November 9), 1799. This was a singular coincidence; the Executive Directory being on the very same day dethroned by Bonaparte in the French capital. The old exiles could not but smile to find themselves yet revolutionizing on the other side of the Atlantic, and proclaiming "insurrection to be the most sacred of duties." The governor was shipped off to France; and, although his employers had been driven from power at home, nevertheless the arrival of his successor was naturally looked to with some anxiety by the successful insurgent exiles.

At length, in January, 1800, this redoubted man, Victor Huques by name, arrived. It was not without trepidation that the exiles obeyed a summons to appear before him.

"You remember," said the new governor, "that we have done business together before now." The exiles replied, "Not to their recollection." "Nevertheless, we have had contracts between us, and you were well contented with the performance of my part of the engagement. I fed you." The exiles opened their eyes; when the new governor solved the enigma by saying, "I was the royal baker at Port-au-Prince, and I furnished the troops and the hospitals with bread."

The baker-governor was the bearer of humane instructions. The two exiles of Guiana were ordered to another dépôt of political exiles at the Island of Oleron. There were Simeon, Boissy d'Anglas, Noailles, Villaret-Joyeuse. This was still imprisonment, but it was in sight of France, and no longer in a pestilential climate. It was under this impression of half-salvation that Marbois and his friend approached the coasts of France. The winds, and the English cruisers together, instead of allowing the vessel to proceed to Oleron, forced her into Brest; and there, instead of a prison, Marbois found the authorities rush in open arms to receive him. His old friend and schoolfellow, Le Brun, was one of the Consuls, and Barbé Marbois was instantly restored, not only to liberty and to his possessions, but to increased fortune.

#### Remarks on the Classical Education of Boys.

By H. R. Cleaveland, A.M., Proctor in Harvard University. Boston (U.S.): Hilliard, Gray & Co.—*Proceedings of the Overseers of Harvard University, relative to the late Disturbances in that Seminary.* Boston (U.S.): Loring.—*Hints for the Establishment of a Proprietary School in Youghal.* Youghal: Hamilton.—*Remarks on the course of Classical Education pursued in the University of Dublin.* By J. McCaul, A.M., T.C.D. Dublin: Milliken & Co.—*Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets.* By H. N. Coleridge, Esq., M.A. Second Edition. London: Murray.

HAVING received all these works nearly at the same moment, we put them together, as a proof that the necessity of ameliorating the old system of classical education is felt at the same time in England, in Ireland, and in America. It is now all but universally acknowledged, that the results gained in our schools and colleges are not at all in proportion to the time spent. This is no recent discovery; it is as old as the days of Milton.

"We do amiss," says that great poet, "to spend seven or eight years merely in scrapping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year." It is unnecessary to investigate the causes that have perpetuated these errors and absurdities: it will be far more pleasant and profitable to examine the proposed plans of improvement—to investigate how far they are not only perfect in theory, but applicable to practice.

The object of education is to supply pupils with such knowledge as will enable them to fulfil their duties in social life, or, as it is commonly said, to prepare them for the world. That object, of course, will be best effected by developing their natural resources—by showing them how to apply their intellectual faculties—by fostering the growth of their moral powers. Our ordinary system of education does the very contrary of all this: a boy is set to learn by rote a Latin grammar, with all its rules, catalogues, and exceptions; he cannot understand one syllable of what he learns; his reasoning powers are permitted to lie dormant; or, rather, his memory is cultivated at their expense; and the time in which he might have thoroughly mastered the properties of numbers, the natural characteristics of domestic animals, and the properties of the principal objects, natural and artificial, by which he is surrounded, is irrecoverably lost. He has next placed before him the Latin *Delectus*, or some such elementary book—is compelled to puzzle through a translation of the words—but never asked whether he comprehends the spirit of a single sentiment, or understands the incidents of a single narrative. Without any further preparation, he is hurried on to the historians and poets:—to understand these, requires a pretty extensive knowledge of general history, mythology, antiquities, &c., of which he has scarcely heard the names; to appreciate their beauties, requires a matured mind, and habits of careful analysis and discrimination, which he cannot possess at an early age. He views their very beauties with disgust, for they are no beauties to him; and this disgust prevents him from ever recurring to their pages in more advanced life, when he might study them with advantage.

A vigorous system of reform in elementary education has commenced in America. Schools have been established in which a more general and diversified course of instruction is pursued: facts level to their comprehension, in the various branches of science, are presented to the minds of children; and the principles by which these facts are explained, are reserved for a more advanced stage. Languages are taught, not as being pre-eminently valuable themselves, but for the sake of the information of which they are the vehicles; and explanatory lectures, elucidating the history, antiquities, &c., accompany the study of every author. But we regret to find, that, in American institutions, there is one great defect—a very lax discipline, from the limited authority intrusted to the heads of schools and colleges. A curious example of this, forms the subject of the second work named at the head of this article. Mr. Christopher Dunkin, a young gentleman educated at the London University, was recently appointed Lecturer in Greek to the Harvard University, and



placed over a class most of whose members were older than himself. One of the pupils having mispronounced some proper name, was directed to read the sentence over again: this he peremptorily refused to do. An appeal was made to the President, who reprimanded the refractory student; whereupon another class, not at all concerned in the matter, interfered in the most riotous manner, hissed the President at prayers, broke windows, and, finally, issued a manifesto to the public at large, complaining of the recent outrage on liberty! A council of the directors was assembled; and this sapient body recommended prudence and forbearance to the President. We remember to have heard of an old clergyman, who used to read a part of the lessons with the following emphasis:—"And he said unto his sons, Saddle me the ass; and they saddled him:" so, when the Harvard President said to the council, "Admonish him! Matters, of course, became worse. At length, a second council was assembled: some of the rioters were expelled, and the privileges of others suspended. Tranquillity was immediately restored by this salutary exhibition of firmness.

We turn with pleasure from the American to the Irish University. Mr. McCaul's very able lecture describes the nature of the reform introduced by the present Provost, Dr. Lloyd; and as the new system of examination established in Dublin has excited considerable interest, we shall extract his description of it:—

"At three periods of the year, on days which have previously been announced, the students assemble in one of the public Halls, at a specified hour, that their information on the subjects of lecture during the preceding term may be ascertained. The roll is then called of the students forming the class for which the day has been appointed. Those who are in attendance, are arranged into divisions; and to each of these two examiners in the classical department are appointed; one in Greek, the other in Latin. Immediately on these arrangements being completed, the examination of each division commences. A subject is given out for original composition, generally in Latin prose, which must be presented to the examiner, signed by the student, before the end of the second hour. The examination meanwhile proceeds. Each student in his turn is called upon to read and translate particular portions of the appointed authors. . . . At intervals during the translation, or at its termination, questions are asked incidental to the portion which has been rendered into English. These questions generally relate to mistakes which have been made, preferable modes of translating or interpreting, different readings, parallel passages, philological niceties, historical and other allusions. In this way each examiner has ascertained the merits of about half the students on his roll, at the termination of the first two hours. The students are then dismissed from the Hall.

"On their return, the examination proceeds as before. When it has terminated, a comparison of marks determines those who can be recommended to the court of examiners for honors, and those also, whose preparation does not entitle them to obtain credit for the examination. The judgment list, containing the names and marks of the students who have been examined, is afterwards filled up, and deposited with the officer, under whose control the examinations are conducted. The names of those who are specified in it, as deserving to be candidates for honors, are then posted at the en-

trance-gates. . . . On a day publicly announced, those students, whose names have been posted, are required to appear before the court of examiners for honors. This examination, also, usually occupies four hours, (two in the morning and two in the afternoon,) but its details are different. There are now three examiners—in Greek, Latin, and Composition; more time is occupied on the examination of each candidate; his knowledge of the extended course is now inquired into, by translation and questions, both *ad verbum*, and on paper; and he is required to translate select passages from English authors into Greek and Latin prose and verse. . . . The comparative difficulty of the questions, and the completeness of the answers, are taken into account, and in the translation-papers it is required that the student shall adhere to the specified directions relative to the language and the species of metre.

"On the second or third day after the examination, the names of the successful candidates are declared; and a list is deposited with the proper officer, that the names may be posted at the gates, and announced by advertisement in the public papers."

Mr. McCaul's Lecture is designed to show by what course of study candidates may best prepare themselves for such an examination; and we strenuously recommend every classical student to attend to his directions; for he can find no better guide to obtaining an accurate knowledge of Greek and Roman literature.

The reform in the Irish University has already produced a very marked effect on the Irish schools: the establishment of university honours for proficiency in modern languages, has been especially beneficial. We have before us the prospectus of a proprietary school proposed to be established in Youghal; and the course of education which it propounds is one of the most enlightened, and will probably be one of the most useful, of any that have yet been established in Britain.

The last work of which we have to speak, is Mr. Coleridge's *Introduction*, which contains much valuable matter—adulterated, however, by many wild German theories, and disfigured by an occasional flippancy of style. Of course, the author denies the personality of Homer, and, of course, he rests his argument principally on the assertion, that the Greeks were ignorant of writing in the age assigned to the Mæonian bard. Mr. Coleridge asserts the authenticity and genuineness of the Pentateuch: now, from the place where Moses wrote to the place where Homer is said to have written, is about 500 miles—and from the age of Moses to that of Homer, is about 500 years: the march of intellect was, to be sure, very slow in those days,—but surely the arts of reading and writing cannot be supposed to have travelled slower than a mile per year. There is equal justice and good sense in the severe remark of Dr. Arnold:—"It is not to be endured, that scepticism should run at once into dogmatism, and that we should be required to doubt with as little discrimination as we were formerly called upon to believe."

*History of the British Colonies, Vol. III. Possessions in North America.* By R. Montgomery Martin, F.S.S. London: James Cochrane & Co.

This third volume displays the same industry in collecting facts, the same skill in

their arrangement, and the same desire to do good, that won our approbation for the author's histories of the Asiatic and West Indian colonies. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Martin here deals in politics as well as statistics, and while we continue to value Mr. Martin's collection of facts, we more than doubt the soundness of his opinions. He is a zealous advocate of what is sometimes called the British system of policy, and, of course, a vehement opponent of free trade; he is wrath that the Americans have been permitted to extend their territories on our north-western frontier, and at the concession of fishing ground in Newfoundland to the French. Moreover, he is hasty in the imputation of interested motives to his opponents, which we should scarcely have expected from one who has himself suffered from this sort of easy calumny. We notice these blemishes with regret, because, when a statistician appears as a partisan, his opponents are not unjustly suspicious of his accuracy. In this instance, the suspicion would, we believe, be groundless, for we have compared several of Mr. Martin's statements with official returns laid before parliament, and have found his representations faithful in every particular.

Having recently noticed several works on the Canadas, we shall, on the present occasion, content ourselves with a few extracts: the following is the author's account of the state of literature in these provinces:—

"The newspapers are all conducted with ability; but, as may naturally be expected, with a good deal of party violence: the *Whigs* supporting the House of Assembly, the *Tories* the Government and Legislative Council. They are also well advertised; and as commercial speculations, independent of their value as political engines to either party, are found worthy the attention of capitalists. There are not at present, I believe, any monthly or quarterly journals.

"The fine arts are making no inconsiderable progress; the Museum of Natural History, of Montreal, is increasing rapidly; and the Literary and Historical Society, of Quebec, is rising into notice; hopes are entertained, that when the existence of these institutions is more generally known in England, books, tracts, and manuscripts, &c., will be sent from the mother country. There are several public libraries;—one in Quebec contains upwards of 6000 volumes of standard and valuable works, and the Montreal public library is fast overtaking its elder brother of Quebec. The Mechanics' Institution, school societies, and agricultural associations, &c. all indicate that the progress of the human mind, in Lower Canada, is very rapid,—a fact which the rulers in the mother country ought to have particularly in their remembrance."

Both the British and Americans have constructed immense canals, connecting the great lakes; but nature, it seems, has recently come to their aid:—

"The Kingston Herald notices a most extraordinary fact which occurred during a late storm on Lake Erie. A channel was made through Long Point, N. Foreland, 300 yards wide, and from 11 to 15 feet deep. It was in contemplation to cut a canal at this place, the expenses of which were estimated at 12,000*l*. The York Courier confirms this extraordinary intelligence, stating that the storm made a breach through the point near the main land, converted the peninsula into an island, and actually made a canal 400 yards wide and eight or ten feet deep, almost at the very point where the proposed canal was to have been cut; and rendered

nothing else now necessary in order to secure a safe channel for vessels and a good harbour on both sides, than the construction of a pier on the west side to prevent the channel from being filled up with sand. This information had recently been communicated by John Harris, Esq. of Long Point, to Sir John Colborne, and sent down to the House of Assembly by his excellency."

On the great question of emigration, the author has supplied us with little absolutely new; but he has condensed into a small compass, all the information supplied by recent travellers. He speaks with regret of the rapid decay of the Indian population, and vindicates the red men from the charge of intellectual inferiority:—

"Notwithstanding the peculiar sombreness of the Indian, he is capable of exercising his wit upon occasion—for example, one of the Micmacs, not long since, entering a tavern in one of the country towns, to purchase some spirits, for which 10s. per gallon was demanded, double the retail Halifax price, the black, or rather yellow man, expostulated on the extravagant price asked, the landlord endeavoured to justify it by explaining the expense of conveyance, the loss of interest, &c., and illustrated his remarks by saying that, 'it was as expensive to keep a hoghead of rum as a Milch cow;' the Indian humorously replied, 'may be it drinks as much water,' alluding to its adulteration, 'but certain no eat so much hay.'"

One of the most powerful passages in the volume is the description of the great fire at Miramichi, in 1825; Mr. Martin has collected some particulars of this awful calamity which have not hitherto been published—

"That the stranger may form a faint idea of desolation and misery which no pen can describe, he must picture to himself a large and rapid river, thickly settled for 100 miles or more, on both sides of it. He must also fancy four thriving towns, two on each side of this river, and then reflect, that these towns and settlements were all composed of wooden houses, stores, stables, and barns; that these barns and stables were filled with crops,—and that the arrival of the fall-importations had stocked the warehouses and stores with spirits, powder, and a variety of combustible articles, as well as with the necessary supplies for the approaching winter. He must then remember that the cultivated, or settled part of the river, is but a long narrow stripe, about a quarter of a mile wide, and lying between the river and almost interminable forests, stretching along the very edge of its precincts, and all round it. Extending his conception, he will see these forests thickly expanding over more than 6000 square miles, and absolutely parched into tinder by the protracted heat of a long summer. Let him then animate the picture by scattering countless tribes of wild animals; hundreds of domestic ones; and even thousands of men through the interior. Having done all this he will have before him a feeble description of the extent, features, and general circumstances of the country, which, in the course of a few hours, was suddenly enveloped in fire. A more ghastly, or a more revolting picture of human misery, cannot be well imagined. • • Newcastle, yesterday a flourishing town, full of trade and spirit, and containing nearly 1000 inhabitants, was now a heap of smoking ruins, and Douglas-town, nearly one-third of its size, was reduced to the same miserable condition. Of the 260 houses and store-houses that composed the former but twelve remained; and of the seventy that comprised the latter but six were left. Dispersed groups of half-famished, half-naked, and houseless creatures, all more or less injured in their persons; many lamenting the loss of some pro-

perty, or children, or relations and friends, were wandering through the country. • • Domestic animals of all kinds lay dead and dying in different parts of the country; myriads of salmon, trout, bass, and other fish, which, poisoned by the alkali, formed by the ashes precipitated into the river, now lay dead or floundering and gasping on the scorched shores and beaches; and the countless variety of wild fowl and reptiles shared a similar fate."

Once again we must express our regret that Mr. Martin should have introduced controversial subjects into a work of this nature—it must tend to circumscribe its usefulness. It ought to have been a standard of reference for all, but now, as it advocates particular opinions, it is likely to be received as authority only by one party.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Mac Gregor's Resources and Statistics of Nations.*'—The science of Statistics is yet in its infancy; every day's experience proves that errors and mis-statements abound in all the returns and tables that have been made the basis of our legislation. It is easy enough to point out the source of this evil; the tables have been constructed from calculations based on a very limited induction, and, in many instances, on authorities unworthy of confidence. Our parish registers, which ought to have supplied data for determining the progress of population, &c. in England, have been proved so erroneous, that any inferences deduced from them must be fallacious. It is generally agreed, that the Scotch system of registration is superior to the English; and yet it was shown at the late meeting of the British Association for the Promotion of Science, that in Glasgow, out of 6397 births, 3172 were unregistered.† The exertions of the Statistical Society may probably lead—indeed, we confidently hope that they will lead—to a great improvement in this respect; but, until a change is made, we cannot safely deduce results from any statistical table. Mr. Mac Gregor's work is carefully compiled from the best existing authorities; and, consequently, is as perfect as it could be made in the present state of statistical science; but much, very much, remains to be done before we can obtain any account of the resources and statistics of nations approaching to a tolerable degree of accuracy.

'*A Narrative of Events in the South of France, and of the Attack on New Orleans in 1814 and 1815; by Captain John Henry Cook, late of the 43rd regiment of Light Infantry.*'—This book contains such a poor half-penny worth of bread, to such an intolerable quantity of water; such a few grains of sense and credible adventure in proportion to its silliness, and the strange stories recorded in it, that we frankly confess, it has mastered our patience, and we have not strength to address ourselves to the task of picking out the thinly scattered grains of wheat, from the bushels of chaff in which they are smothered. The best part is the account of the wretchedness of the British Army, when encamped on L'Isle Dauphin; but even here, there is much that reads to us a little apocryphal. In brief, it is one of the many volumes to which Corporal Nym's "*Pauca verba*," would be the best, and to their authors the most satisfactory review.

'*LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPEDIA*, Vol. I.XI.—*Sismondi's History of the Fall of the Roman Empire*, Vol. II.'—In our notice of the first volume, (see *Athenæum*, No. 350,) we described the plan of the work, and quoted some passages illustrating the spirit of genuine philanthropy in which it is written. We have now merely to announce the appearance of the second

volume, and to state that in picturesque narrative and philosophic sentiment it is no way inferior to its predecessor.

'*Joseph's English and Hebrew Lexicon.*'—This very laborious work is highly creditable to its author; the study of Hebrew composition is almost unknown in this country—indeed, it is but too generally believed that the Hebrew language contains no work of value except the Old Testament. This is to be lamented, because we are assured that many Hebrew works which now lie buried in the dust of our libraries would elucidate the history of science, of commerce, and of civilization, in the dark ages of Europe, when the Jews, from their intercourse with the Arabians and with their brethren dispersed over the face of the globe, were infinitely more enlightened than the persecutors by whom they were surrounded. We have found this lexicon wonderfully accurate, more so than could reasonably be expected from the first work of its kind; indeed, the only improvement we could suggest would be, affixing a mark to the words that occur in Scripture, to distinguish them from those which rest only on Rabbinical authority.

'*Helps to Hebrew.*'—A useful work, not only to beginners but advanced students.

'*The Philosophic Rambler through France and Italy.*'—By some chance, this work escaped our attention on its first publication. It is written by a sensible and well-informed man, but one who has not sufficiently separated such matters, as it is desirable for a traveller to commit to paper, as aids to personal recollection, and those likely to interest the public. If the work is to be considered as a guide book, it wants completeness and sententious brevity; if as a journal, it runs into details only suited to a guide book, as for example, sixty pages of close print in the appendix, containing a catalogue of pictures, &c. to be met with in the different palaces, churches, &c.

'*Observations on Italy*, by the late John Bell, 2nd edit.'—The present edition is said to be enlarged by a few chapters taken from the MSS. of the author, and some valuable notes which have been added to an Italian translation of the work.

'*Notes on Italy and Rhenish Germany*, by Edwin Lee.'—A little brochure of a hundred pages, written with unaffected good sense, but why published, we cannot conceive, seeing that, from the first page to the last, the writer had nothing new to tell us.

'*Journal of an Excursion round the South Eastern Coast of England*, by B. P. Smith.'—Sad stuff.

'*The American Almanack for 1835.*'—We always receive this neat and compact volume with pleasure, and one great reason is, that it is manifestly American, that it treats of and concerning America, and wastes no more space on the rest of the world than is reasonable and useful. In addition to the serviceable information which such a work must contain, the subjects which have received the most attention in the present volume, are Banks and the Periodical Press. We are indebted to Mr. Kennett for this very early copy.

'*The Miscellaneous Works of William Cooper, Esq. with a Life and Notes*, by John S. Meares, L.L.D.'—'*The Poetical Works of William Cooper, to which is prefixed a Biographical Sketch of the Author &c.* Magnet Edition.'—The first of these works has long lain upon our shelves, from a conviction that a new Life of Cooper was hardly wanted. But the Magnet Edition, with its sooty portrait, and its pretending 'Cooper and his Censor of the nineteenth century,' recalled us to Dr. Meares' elegant work; and it will be sufficient to say, that the one would make as handsome and becoming an appearance on the shelves of a library, as the other would be offensive for the reasons we have mentioned. Dr.

† See Report of British Association, p. C97.

Memes appears to have desired to steer a middle course, between the extreme evangelical party, and those who have charged the greater portion of Cowper's distressing mental malady upon his spiritual advisers. It is but just that we should add, that the Magnet Edition is neatly printed.

'*The Poetical Works, and Prose Remains of Henry Kirke White, &c.* Magnet Edition.'—Another neatly printed volume, with another sooty caricature in the frontispiece: and two original Hymns, which are announced on the title-page, and alluded to in the biographical sketch, as never before published. We happen to possess both in the eleventh edition with Dr. Southey's life! The second however, as printed here, has one more verse than our version. The proprietors of the Magnet Edition should look out for a more careful or conscientious editor.

'*Nine Years of an Actor's Life*, by Robert Dyer.'—Could we have said anything in favour of this little volume, we should have noticed it long since; the apology for its publication is, we suppose, to be found in the list of subscribers.

'*Recollections of the Eighteenth Century*, translated from the French of the Marchioness de Créquy. 2 vols.'—We expressed our opinion of this work on its first publication, (see *Athenæum*, p. 445). Genuine or not,—not certainly,—there is a good deal of pleasant lively gossip in the book, and we should think this translation may be acceptable to the English public.

'*Cage Birds; their Natural History, Management, Habits, &c.*, by J. M. Bechstein, M.D., &c. With Notes by the Translator.'—This work, long considered a valuable aviary companion on the continent, and referred to by most writers who have made this branch of natural history their study, is here presented to the public in an English dress. The descriptions and instructions given are copious enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic of bird-fanciers. The passion for cage birds, we suspect, must be much stronger in Germany than in England, as we should find it hard to parallel the following anecdote in any of the manufacturing villages in Lancashire or Warwickshire:—

"Ruhl is a large manufacturing village in Thuringia, the inhabitants of which, mostly cutlers, have such a passion for chaffinches that some have gone ninety miles from home to take with birdlime one of these birds, distinguished by its song, and have given one of their cows for a fine songster: from which has arisen their common expression, that a *chaffinch is worth a cow*. A common workman will give a *louis d'or* (sixteen shillings) for a chaffinch he admires, and willingly live on bread and water."

'*Tusser's Hundred Good Payntes of Husbandrie*.'—A work well known, and more than once reprinted of late years. But "the present edition," says the editor and printer, Mr. C. Clark, of Great Totham Hall, Essex, "will, doubtless, be regarded as somewhat of a curiosity, when it is asserted, that it is the unassisted labour, at his leisure hours, of an amateur printer—of a private individual, engaged in the very same pursuit that forms the subject of this work."

'*Godwin's Lectures on Atheism*.'—These very excellent lectures were delivered at Bradford in Yorkshire, to counteract the pernicious tendency of some atheistical works extensively circulated in that neighbourhood. Mr. Godwin has stated the proofs of the being of a God with great force and clearness; his work as a vindication of Natural Religion deserves to rank with Butler, Clarke, and Paley; it possesses also the great merit of Christian charity—there is not a harsh expression in it from beginning to end. If any controversial work could win converts, this is one of the best calculated to effect that object.

#### '*Mr. Donnell's Letter on the Affairs of Oude*.'

An uninteresting and ill-tempered brochure on a dispute between the East India Company and the late President of the Board of Control. The King of Oude, it seems, is unwilling to pay his debts, and the court of directors is resolved not to force him, while the late Board of Control was determined to vindicate the claims of his Majesty's creditors. So far as we can judge, both the lenders and borrowers appear to have been great rogues, and which is to prevail in the contest is a matter of very little importance.

'*The Convocation*.'—Some blockhead, calling himself Philalethes, has imagined a conference between deputies from the various dissenting bodies, and the bench of bishops, in the presence of Queen Victoria, at Hampton Court. He makes all the parties talk nonsense; but the work is so dull, that we do not recommend any of them to notice the libel.

'*Memoirs of Female Sovereigns*, by Mrs. Jameson. Second edition.'—We have merely to announce the publication of this work: its graceful authoress informs us, in a short preface, that she has carefully revised it, and consulted new authorities, with a view of making the present edition as correct as possible.

'*An Architectural and Historical Account of Crosby Place, London*, by Edward L. Blackburn, Architect.'—We have often had occasion to bring the venerable building to which it refers before the notice of our readers, and such of them as are interested in its preservation and repair will, doubtless, like to possess the volume before us.

'*A Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*.'—We need do no more than announce the publication of this fine specimen of Milton's prose writing, in a portable and cheap form.

'*The Romance of History. Italy*. Vol. III.'—We have only to announce the completion of this series, by the publication of third volume.

'*History of England*, Valpy's edition.'—The ninth volume, now before us, brings down the history to 1703.

'*The Life and Labours of Dr. Adam Clarke*.'—Having heretofore, and fully, remarked on the Life of Dr. Adam Clarke, we have only to announce the present publication, which, indeed, contains little that is new, and the chief merit of which is, we presume, condensation and price.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE incubus of politics continues, and is, we fear, likely for some time to continue, to press heavily upon Literature and Art. Publishers are unwilling to put forth the wit and wisdom which they have in store; new books are but sparingly announced; and the appearance of many long since announced is still deferred. Lady Morgan, however, feels herself strong enough to brave the storm; and we must trust to her vigorous and lively pages to lighten a somewhat dull number. In truth, we are not personally sorry for this momentary lull, as it enables us to look around and make a clear table and a clear conscience, for the opening of the new year.

The New Panorama, opened by Mr. Burford, in Leicester Square, has for its subject the famous Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, with the City of Paris in the distance. These exhibitions are always not only interesting, but useful, when they may be depended upon as giving us distinct ideas of the remarkable cities, or natural scenes of distant countries; and the fidelity of Mr. Burford's pencil is too well known to require being here descanted upon. We cannot, however, think the present picture quite so happy either in choice of subject, or clearness of execution, as some which have preceded it from the same hand.

We have little to say of music beyond mere words of promise. Rumours have reached us that sundry brilliant new compositions are in preparation for the next season of the Philharmonic Concerts; and a friend of ours who, not long since, heard a private trial of an 'Ave Maria' by Mendelssohn, speaks of it so highly, that it at once justifies and increases our desire, that this very gifted composer would give us an Oratorio to add to our stores of festival music. Clouds and darkness still rest upon the "great unknown," who is next season to provide for our amusement at the Opera. We have heard it said that a company of Italians, including Pasta, are about to appear at Drury Lane; but we hope this is merely an *on dit*, as there is no house in London so well fitted for music as the King's Theatre; and even if we could acquiesce in such an appropriation of one of our national theatres, the public has proved, in the case of the Germans, that it will hardly support two opera establishments. We perceive that Signora Brambilla has re-appeared in Paris, in the character of *Alsace*, with considerable success.

We understand that Captain Polhill has at length finally caused all connexion with the two great theatres. Had one half of the large sum he has lost by them been well and steadily applied, in the first instance, to putting them on the footing they ought to have been, it is probable that none at all would have been ultimately lost; but this is a matter of speculation for the mind—we doubt if any person will be inclined to make it one for the pocket. Our readers are well aware that the system, or rather want of system, at the national theatres, of late years, has been quite contrary to our notions of good management; but we firmly believe that we do but strict justice to Captain Polhill, when we say, that, notwithstanding his enormous losses, every pecuniary engagement whatever, contracted upon his responsibility, has been, or will be, honourably and strictly fulfilled.

The Metropolitan Society of Florists had their Winter Exhibition at the Crown and Anchor, on Wednesday last; and, considering that we are just now on the verge of Christmas, it was equally curious and beautiful. The silver cup was awarded to Mrs. Withers, for a highly-finished drawing of geraniums, and a prize to Mr. A. Chandler, for a drawing of flowers. Other prizes were awarded to Mr. Pratt, gardener, for a fine specimen of the *Epacris Impressa*; to Messrs. Rollison, for a specimen of the *Amaryllis*; and a second, for their *Pancratium Speciosum*; to Mr. Henderson, for the best *Jaculia Gracilisima*; to Mr. Redding, gardener to Mrs. Murryat, for *Chrysanthemums*; and to Messrs. Chandler, for Heaths.

A superb service of cut-glass is just completed by Messrs. Jones, of Ladgate Hill, for the Pacha of Egypt. It is said to contain every requisite for dinner and dessert that can be conceived and manufactured in glass, and to be the finest specimen of the skill of British manufacturers, in this department, which has yet been produced. The claret decanters are modelled after the Etruscan—those for hock, after specimens of vases found at Herculaneum; and the water-covers are, in form, like those usually placed in the hands of Hebe by our artists.

We regret to announce, that Henry Bone, R.A., the eminent enamelist, died at five o'clock on the morning of the 17th instant, at his house in Clarendon Street. He had been for some time ailing, and what was equally to be deplored, was anything but affluent. He was, we believe, upwards of eighty, and has left a name which will not be soon eclipsed in his own peculiar art.

More than one Correspondent has of late written to know when we intend proceeding with the Papers on the LITERATURE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Our answer may be briefly,





it is wanting. The latter produces fatness, rather than strength. The French eat more of the latter kind of aliment; the English more of the former, and have consequently more muscular strength.

We have spoken of M. Velpéau's report to the Academy of Medicine on the employment of the white of egg in cholera; we think it useful to make known the manner of administering this medicament, which is as follows:

Injections, with the albumen or white of egg mixed and beaten with a slight infusion, like warm, of poppy heads; for drink, the whites of eggs beaten to a froth, and mixed with cold sugar and water. If the case requires it, leeches on the *epigastrium*, emollient and warm poultices on the calves of the legs. During the first days of convalescence fresh eggs for nourishment.

"I can," adds M. Levenhor, "affirm, from my particular observation, that from ten to twenty minutes after the employment of the injection, and the sugar and water mixed with albumen, the sufferers were cured, and announced it themselves, saying that their sufferings had left them as if by magic."

Messrs. Bunsen and Berthold, physicians of Göttingen, have published a work, which they sent to the Academy, respecting the use of oxide of iron as an antidote to arsenic. Arsenic acid, they observe, has the property of combining with oxide of iron; and arsenate of iron, an insoluble salt, is incapable of hurting. It suffices to pour ten or twelve parts of the oxide for one of the arsenic acid, in order that all the acid should be absorbed in the combination. Messrs. Bunsen and Berthold have repeated the experiment on rabbits, and it has always succeeded.

M. Bouvard furnished an important memoir on the influence of the moon on the atmosphere—the result of observations made on the barometer in Paris. M. Flauguergues, at Vichy, was the first who drew a positive conclusion from observations of this kind; his conclusion was, that—"The barometer is, on an average of months, lowest the eleventh day of the moon, and highest the twenty-second." M. Schubler, at Tübingen, from observation, came to the self-same conclusion. M. Bouvard agrees in a great measure also with M. Flauguergues.

It was stated, in a letter from M. Marmier, that he saw in the month of August last, in the department of the Seine-et-Oise, part of a road covered with an immense quantity of little toads of the size of a bean or thereabouts, although a quarter of an hour before there was not one to be seen on the same part of the road. In the interval there had fallen a heavy shower of rain, and the author of the letter is of opinion that the toads fell from the same cloud as the rain.

M. Peltier subsequently addressed a letter to the Academy, in support of the communication made in the preceding sitting by Col. Marmier, in which he states—"I shall relate a fact of which I was witness in my youth. A storm approached towards the small town of Ham, department of the Somme, which I then inhabited. I observed its menacing advance, when suddenly the rain fell in torrents. I saw at the same instant the *Place* of the town covered with little toads. Astonished at this, I stretched out my hand, which was struck by many of these animals as they fell. The yard of the house was full of them also. I saw them fall on the roof of a house, and rebound from thence on the pavement. They all went off by the channels which the rain formed, and were carried out of the town; half an hour after, the *Place* had only a few stragglers remaining, which seemed to have been hurt by their fall. Whatever may be the difficulty of explaining the transportation of these reptiles, I feel called upon, nevertheless, to affirm these facts, which are indelibly recorded in my memory."

M. Arago bore testimony to the honourable

character of the narrator. M. Dumeril made a second communication on the same subject; it had been addressed to him by a lady, who desired to remain anonymous, but whose father, he said, had left a name dear to science, of which he was an enlightened protector.

"In September, 1844," says this lady, "I was hunting with my husband in the park of the Chateau d'Origny, (near Senlis,) which we then inhabited; it was about mid-day, and the thunder rolled terribly, and suddenly the day was obscured by an immense black cloud. We hurried towards the chateau, from which we were still somewhat distant, when a clap of thunder of extraordinary force broke the cloud, which poured on us a torrent of toads, mingled with a little rain. This rain seemed to me to last a very long time; however, on reflecting afterwards, I am certain it lasted at least a quarter of an hour."

M. Dumeril made some remarks on the communication of M. Marmier. Naturalists are aware that the sudden appearance of little frogs on the surface of the earth, has in every age awakened the curiosity of those who supposed that these animals fell from the sky. Traces of this belief are found in Aristotle, in some pages of Athenæus, and other ancient writers; amongst the moderns, in Gesner, Ray, and particularly in those of Redi, who admitted the truth of the alleged facts, but accounted for it naturally, as follows—"Toads and frogs, which, according to the opinion of people, fall from the clouds with the rain, appear, in fact," said this learned observer, "only when it has rained a little; but these animals were born many days before, or rather, after having undergone their complete transformation, they had quitted the water in which their spawn had been developed, and had remained hidden in the fissures of the earth and under stones, where the eye could not discern them, on account of their immobility and their dull colour." But, adds Redi, "this discovery is not mine, but Theophrastus, who mentions the fact."

M. Flourens announced that the Academy had received many new communications on this subject—four letters, all tending to establish the fact, that toads had actually fallen from the clouds. M. Duparcque gave his ideas on the causes of this phenomenon; he agreed in the opinion already set forth more than once, that these animals had been carried up from the surface of the soil, by a whirlwind, and perhaps a portion of water with them.

M. Arago remarked on this occasion that, in fact, water can be conveyed in a liquid state by the wind to a very great distance; thus, in a conversation which he had recently with Mr. Dalton, not on the rain of toads, but on different meteorological phenomena, he learned that in England there had been found in a rain-gauge, situated at seven leagues from the coast, real salt water, which had been transported there by the wind.

## THEATRICALS

**THEATRE ROYAL, DURY LANE.**  
This Evening, THE CLAUDESTINE MARRIAGE. WHO RE-  
FLECTION. AND JAM OSHANTEE.  
Monday, THE RED MASK. WHO REFLECTION. AND JAM  
OSHANTEE.

**THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.**  
The Evening, MANFRED. AND GUSTAVUS THE THIRD.  
Monday, MARY, OR, THE DEATH OF A KING. (Changed to-night).  
Tuesday, MARY, OR, THE DEATH OF A KING. (Changed to-night).  
Wednesday, MANFRED. AND GUSTAVUS THE THIRD.

## DURY LANE.

On Saturday last 'Richard the Second' was played at this theatre. It has never been attractive, even in the best hands, and to suppose that it would be so now (if anybody did suppose such a thing), was to suppose that it was only necessary to open the doors to have the public walk in without inquiring what was going on inside. If it were well acted, we should still

say to the public "you had better read it." As it is acted, we fear we must say so to the actors.

The overpowering dullness of this performance was relieved by a lively and pleasing interlude by Mrs. Planché, called 'Reflection,' which was presented for the first time. Slight, but taking in its plot, smart in its dialogue, and for the most part well acted, it floated like a bubble its merry three quarters of an hour upon the surface of a stream of laughter, furnished by the audience, and then burst without sinking. A little unpleasantness was caused towards the close of it, by the circumstance of a letter which Miss Ellen Tree had to read being too long. This trifling and easily remedied fault was manfully resented by some "squire of low degree," who totally disconcerted Miss Tree by rudely coughing aloud at her, and the bad example was quickly taken by some "few followers of his own." With these exceptions, the fare was received with satisfaction; and, as it has since been repeated every evening without a cough, it is to be hoped that the gentleman to whom the cough belonged is confined at home with it.

## COVENT GARDEN.

'King Lear' was gone through on Wednesday night. Few people were expected, and they came. We must remark upon the extreme shabbiness with which it was put upon the stage. It seemed, as to the dresses and properties, as if there was an execution in the house, and the man in possession would not suffer any of the best things to be used; and as to the soldiers, as if there had been a whole row of military executions, for we had armies of four and six. As to the acting, we really cannot say anything more agreeable than that Mr. Denzil did too little with *Edgar*, and Mr. Vandenhoff too much with *Lear*. Why will the management go on with Shakspeare's plays when they are so inefficiently represented? Is it that it may have to say to the public, "We gave you Shakspeare and you did not properly support him"? because, if so, we shall answer on behalf of the public, "No more did you."

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

'The Last Days of Pompeii' has been dramatized by Mr. Buckstone, and most successfully produced at this theatre. Mr. Buckstone knew his gallery audience well, or he would not have ventured to insert such a part as the *Publican's Wife*, played by Mr. J. Reeve; we would rather have been without it, and we could also have well spared anything so very absurd, to say the least of it, as Mr. O. Smith, in his character of *The Witch*, talking about his (her) being crossed in love when he (she) was young, and the dreadful mistake by which he (she) poisoned the man whom he (she) adored. This speech, gravely delivered, was too much for our risible muscles. All the rest was clever and praiseworthy; and the scenery, processions, fights, &c. were managed in a way which those who give a thought to the size of the theatre must see to believe. The eruption even of Mount Vesuvius was given with powerful effect, although the whole mountain was scarcely larger than a trailing eruption on the real mountain's face would be. The piece was enthusiastically received, and will draw, no doubt, plenty of money to the theatre.

## MISCELLANEA

*Thomas Say.*—We learn from the *National Gazette* (U.S.), that this distinguished American naturalist died on the 10th of October last, at New Harmony, State of Indiana, in the forty-seventh year of his age. We copy from that paper the following particulars of his literary and scientific labours:—"To his native genius, supported by untiring zeal and indefatigable research, the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia is indebted for its opening reputa-

tion. Mr. S. was among the earliest members, if not one of the founders of this Institution. His original communications to the Society alone, in the most abstruse and laborious departments of Zoology, Crustacea, Testacea, Insecta, &c. of the U.S., occupy more than 800 printed pages of their journal. His essays published in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, the Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York, in Silliman's Journal, &c. are equally respectable, perhaps equally numerous. His contributions to the American Encyclopedia, though highly valuable, are not so generally known. His separate work on American Entomology and another on Conchology have met with the approbation of the learned. With the brilliant results of his laborious exertions as Naturalist to the two celebrated expeditions by the authority of the U.S. government, under command of Major, now Lieut.-Col. S. H. Long, the reading public is already familiar. Some years previously, he accompanied Mr. McClure, and other kindred spirits on a scientific excursion to the Floridas. The pages of the Academy's Journal were subsequently enriched by the fruits of this undertaking. These expeditions, with occasional excursions, made with similar views, in the vicinity of Philadelphia, constitute the only interruption to a laborious course of studies, steadily and unostentatiously pursued, in his native city, in which many departments of natural science were successfully cultivated and extensively enriched by his observations and discoveries. Our lamented friend had recently devoted much of his time to the publication of his work on American Conchology, elucidated by expensive plates. He might have continued thus usefully employed for many years, had not the climate on the Wabash proved injurious to his health; he repeatedly suffered from attacks of fever and dysenteric affections, by which a constitution originally robust and inured to hardships, materially suffered. A letter announcing the sad catastrophe, which deprived society of one of its worthiest ornaments, informs us that Mr. S. suffered another attack of a disorder similar to that by which his constitution had already been shattered, about the 1st of October: on the 8th the hopes of his friends were flattered by a deceitful calm; on the day following, these hopes were chilled, he appeared sinking under debility, when on the 10th death came over him like a summer cloud. He died intestate and without issue, but left with his wife verbal directions relative to the final dispositions of his Library and Cabinet of Natural History."

**Inauguration of the Bust of Lours, the French Architect.**—The bust of Lours, the eminent French architect, who built the principal theatre at Bordeaux, which is so much admired, was inaugurated in that city with great ceremony a few days ago. The mayor pronounced an eulogium to his memory, and the air was rent with cheers and bravos when that officer placed a laurel upon the bust. Honours paid to the memory of a man of genius are the usual reward for a life of neglect and suffering. Lours long struggled against poverty and misery, and died in a state of utter destitution at the Hôtel Dieu in Paris.

**New Discovery.**—M. le Clerc, the proprietor of an iron manufactory, near St. Etienne in France, is reported in the French papers, to have discovered a method of melting soft iron (*fer doux*), which has hitherto been considered as infusible, even at the greatest heat which could be obtained in the furnace. The discovery is likely to be of great benefit to the arts.

**Sugar from Beet-root.**—From a late French paper we find that the manufacture of sugar from beet-root continues to extend in the departments of the north. In 1833, there were thirty-three

manufactories, since which time, eleven new ones have been established in the arrondissement of Valenciennes, eight in that of Lille, and two in those of Dunkirk and Avesnes; others are in progress in the arrondissement of Douay. We greatly regret to see this perseverance of our continental neighbours in so false and unproductive a system as that of manufacturing sugar from this very expensive and inefficient substitute for the cane. The protective system, so far from declining under the strong light which has recently been thrown upon such subjects, would here be seen extending its roots in every direction—thus from the increase of interests involved, rendering it only the more difficult to be overthrown. When sugar can be imported from the West Indies at one-half of the price and doubly nutritive in quality, it is melancholy to see this extensive abbreviation of the comforts of the people, and utter waste of so much of the soil, capital, and industry of France.

**Temperance Societies.**—According to the *American Almanac*, the number in the United States now exceeds 7,000, with more than 1,250,000 members; and more than 1,000 American vessels are now sailing on the Ocean, in which ardent spirits are not used.

**Steam Carriages.**—A Brussels paper contains an account of an experiment, which has just been made with a new steam-carriage in that city. It went from the Lacken Gate to Vilvorde, and the rate was such, that its average speed was reckoned at about eight leagues per hour. The carriage was about to start for Paris, and another upon the same model was in the course of construction.

**Relative Saline Quality of the Waters of the Atlantic and Mediterranean.**—A remarkable proof of the relative degrees of salt held in solution by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, is afforded by the condition of the boilers of H.M. steam packet *Carron*, which has recently arrived at Woolwich after an attendance of a few months upon the Fleet in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. Owing to the extensive impregnation with salt of the upper waters of the Mediterranean, it would appear that a deposit of solid salt, to the extent of one-eighth part of an inch per diem, is found at the bottom of the boilers. This deposit is further stated to be greater in one week in the Mediterranean, than the entire deposit found in six months in the boilers of the steam packets which ply from Falmouth to Lisbon. In consequence of the extraordinary deposit of salt, it is found that the fuel carried out for feeding the furnaces, is exhausted much sooner, in consequence of the greater thickness of the solid medium between the water and the fire. The bottoms of the boilers also are much more rapidly acted upon and destroyed by the heat. To remedy these most serious inconveniences, no other method has yet been adopted than that of very frequently letting off the steam, for the purpose of cooling and opening the boiler for the removal of the saline incrustation by the hand. But, on the contrary, this operation is productive of an extraordinary loss of time, a period of sixty hours being generally required for the purpose, and this long detention occurring of necessity after a performance of only a few days. Therefore, so serious and peculiar a disadvantage to steam navigation, upon a sea which conducts us to so many great nations upon its shores, and even to all our possessions in the East, is well entitled to the consideration of the chemists and engineers of this country. The only chemical preparation which yet has been attempted for the purpose of dissipating this saline deposit, has been found to have so corrosive an effect upon the metal of the boiler, that this remedy has proved to be worse than the disease. The matter is certainly well worthy of the attention of the scientific world.

## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

IN THE PRESS.

**Memoirs of the Life, Character, and Writings of Sir Matthew Hale, Bart.** by J. B. Williams, Esq. L.L.D.—A new and illustrated collection of Colburn's Modern Novels, with corrections and notes by the several authors.—England, a Poem, by J. W. Ord, Vol. II.—Harting's Sketches at Home and Abroad.—The Edinburgh University Souvenir.—The Musical Magazine.—Dr. Blundell, on the Diseases of Women and Children.—On the 2nd of March, the First Part of a History of British Fishes, by W. Yarrell, F.L.S., with woodcuts of all the species, and numerous illustrative vignettes.—An Account of China.

**Just published.**—The Romance of History (Spain, Vol. II.) 6s.—Recollections of Mirabeau, 3rd edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Geographical Annual, 1833, 21s.—The Biblical Annual, 1833, 21s.—The Almack's Manual, royal 48mo. 1s.—German, for Beginners, by W. Wutch, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Lardner's Euclid, 4th edit. 8vo. 9s.—Munton; a novel, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31s. 6d.—The Genealogy of the British Peerage, by Lodge, 8vo. 16s.—Lodge's Peerage, 1835, 8vo. 10s.—The Prophetic Discourse, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—The Mother's Book, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Pearson's Hulsean Essay, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Lawson's Sermons, 8vo. 12s.—Scientific Conversation Cards, by the Rev. B. H. Draper, 3s. 6d. case.—Youth's Keepsake, 18mo. 2s.—Little Library, Vol. XV. Francis Lever; or, the Young Mechanic, sq. 4s.—American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for 1833, royal 12mo. 5s.—The Book of Fate, 8vo. 5s.—The Book of Fate, abridged, 1s. 6d.—The Guiding Star, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Young on the Computation of Logarithms, 17mo. 5s.—Le Nouveau Trésor, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—The Girl's Book of Sports, 16mo. 4s. 6d.—The Girl's Own Book, 16mo. 4s. 6d.—St. John's Gospel, Greek, Latin, and English, Interlinear, 8vo. 6s.—A Greek Grammar for the New Testament, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Triglot Evangelists, Interlinear, 8vo. with Grammar, 31s. 6d. without Grammar, 25s.—Map of the Borough of Marylebone, 14s. plain.—Three Years in the Pacific, by an Officer in the United States Navy, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.—Naturalist's Annual, for 1833; or, Howitt's Book of Seasons, 12mo. 9s.—Cross Roads, a Game, 7s. 6d.—Howe's Hulsean Lectures for 1833, 8vo. 8s.—Summer's St. John, 2 vols. 12mo. 9s.—The Peep of Day, 2nd edit. enlarged, 4s. 3s.—Veritas Christiana, demy 32mo. 2s.—East India Register and Directory, for 1833, 16s.—Wigmore's Contributions to the Botany of India, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Hymnbook; or, the Contrast, 8s. 8vo. 5s.—Crusshank's Sketch Book, oblong plain, 15s.—New Testament Libri Historici, Greek, 3 vols. 8vo. 27s.—Memoirs of the Duchess d'Abrantes, Vol. VII. demy 8vo. 14s.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. F. J.—received.

We are often requested, in one week, to answer more questions, and solve more disputed points, than we could do with a month's leisure. All such Correspondents will therefore be good enough to understand that it is out of no disrespect to them, but simply because we have not time, that we do not attend to their requests.

The paper referred to by J. B. did not appear, because no sentence or unexpected result was consequent on the ascent of the mountain.

We are most willing to believe that the *ATHENÆUM* has many friends; but some persons who so sign themselves are, we regret to say, very pitiable blockheads. We are constantly annoyed by "well wishers" and "sincere admirers," who protest, for reasons duly assigned, against Mr. A. reviewing one class of books, or Mr. B. another, when we, who may be presumed to know something of the contributors to this Journal, never heard of either party. We have been lately favoured with more than the customary allowance of this nonsense; and this week a very serious friend, signing himself "Nuntia," observes, that in our review of Moffatt's 'Book of Science,' the work was highly commended; and further, that we advised the author to publish a second part; that a second part was in due time published, which also we highly commended; and then comes the gist of the letter:—the writer, according to his own belief, has ascertained that these reviews were written by the author himself, and the fair inference from his letter is, that Mr. Moffatt could not keep his own counsel, and has betrayed the fact; and then we are warned, that if such things become known, "our readers will lose that confidence they now repose in us," and therefore we are advised "to desire our writers to put a gag on their mouths." Now what will 'Nuntia' say when informed, that till we received his letter, we had no knowledge that such a man as Mr. Moffatt was in existence, but from the fact that his name appeared on the title-page of the *Book of Science*?

The Title-page and Index to this year's volume of the *ATHENÆUM*, will be given next Saturday. Great care has been bestowed on the latter, which will, we believe, be found far more complete than any heretofore published.



## ADVERTISEMENTS

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN, Dec. 11.

## THE EXAMINATION for the MEDALS

Given for Proficiency in Modern Languages, according to the Regulations of the Board of T. D., took place on the 10th, 11th, and 12th instants, when Medals for French were awarded to M. de Rind, Mangan, Borge, Bouché, Carlier, Stricker, and Kenny—for German, to Mr. John Palmer—for Italian, to Mr. Loper.

**DRAWING TAUGHT.—A Young Lady,** who has studied professionally for many years under the first Masters, gives LESSONS in DRAWING, WATER COLOUR, or OIL PAINTING on very moderate terms.—Applies by letter, post paid, to M. C., at 2, Harmond-street, Hatfield-road.

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**PREPARATORY SCHOOL for YOUNG GENTLEMEN.**—The Home, with a spacious Play-ground, is delightfully situated, six miles from London, in a healthy village, on the borders of Epping Forest.—Particulars may be had (if by letter, post paid) of Messrs. Baily and Co. 63, Cornhill; or Mr. Stewin, 44, Dorset-street, Piccadilly.

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**THIS** magnificent Establishment, founded several years since by Madame Lefevre, pupil of the celebrated Madame Campan, is situated in one of the most wholesome and agreeable quarters of the Capital. The home is large and commodious, and the rooms airy, being surrounded by a vast garden, richly consecrated to the promenade of the Young Ladies. The utmost care is taken with regard to the service and cleanliness of the rooms, and nothing is omitted to render the establishment worthy the attention of English families.

The Plan of Education embraces every branch of Instruction necessary. Professors of the highest respectability and talent that the French capital can produce in the several departments of Literature and the Arts, comprising native Masters, are engaged by the Establishment.

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Prospectus, containing further details, may be had of Mr. Cournaud, Director, at the Establishment, or at his Office, Rue Chateaux, No. 4, Paris.

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Les appartements commodes, spacieux et séparés entièrement l'un de l'autre, une table convenablement servie, la jouissance d'une bibliothèque bien choisie, celle d'un piano et d'une belle forêt, la lecture des journaux français, et l'avantage de pouvoir se perfectionner dans la conversation française, ou d'être au sein d'une famille parisienne; tout pour l'intérieur de l'habitation, et ce qui la recommande à la préférence des familles.

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WILMER HARRIS, Secretary.

## EUROPEAN LIFE INSURANCE and

ANNUITY COMPANY'S OFFICE, No. 10, CHATHAM-PLACE, BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, December, 1831.

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The Assured with this Company participate periodically in the profits.

Tax Bona declared on the 2d of July, 1831, attaches to all Policies effected on or before the 31st day of December, 1829.

DAVID FOGGO, Secretary.

10, Chatham-place, Blackfriars.

## Sale by Auction.

## BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

By Messrs. ROUTHGATE, SON, and GRIMMOND, at their Rooms, 22, Fleet-street, on MONDAY, December 22, 1831, and Two following days, at Half past 12 o'clock precisely.

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No. 374.

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"I have gathered in Israel after the reapers, as my hand hath found it, here a little, and there a little. Therefore have I shaken my arrows to write a book of the Chronicles of the kings of Tzarpath (France), and of Sphard (Spain), and of the kings of the house of Othman; and to put their times in a book, and to write how these Egyptians have wronged us, as well as our fathers, that the remembrance thereof may not pass away from among the Jews; and the memory of our wrongs shall not come to an end, nor depart from our seed until the lame man shall leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing. Sing praises unto the Lord, for he hath done glorious things! this is known in every land."

Wilken, in his history of the Crusades, has made frequent use of a manuscript version of a part of these chronicles, and inserted a portion of it in his appendix. This extract has been again translated into English, by Mr. Keightley in his 'Sketches of the Crusaders'; but the simplicity and strength of Rabbi Joseph have been greatly injured by this double filtration. The present translator, Mr. Bialloblotzky, has faithfully preserved all the characteristics of the original; he has chosen for his model the authorized version of the Historical Books of the Old Testament,

and has verified all the quotations which the Rabbi has made from the sacred volume.

We can conceive nothing greater than the amazement, with which the Jews must have regarded the immense armaments prepared in Europe for the recovery of Palestine, a land which they regarded as their peculiar inheritance, which they loved with a fervour that had not been abated by centuries of exile, and which they now beheld claimed as of right, by the disciples of one whom they stigmatized as a crucified Nazarene. They regarded these efforts as the result of some general insanity, and quoted as a description of the crusaders Solomon's proverb, "The locusts have no king, yet they go forth all of them by bands." But little did they foresee the storm that was about to burst upon their race:—

"That year," says the Rabbi, "was a year of sorrow for Jacob; and they were given over to plunder in the countries of the uncircumcised, and in all the places where they were scattered. And upon them fell many sorrows and devastations, which are written in the law of Moses, and which cannot be told in a book; for the abominable Germans and French rose up against them—people of a fierce countenance, that have no respect to the persons of the old, neither have they mercy upon the young. And they said, 'Let us be revenged for our Messiah, upon the Jews which are among us: and let us destroy them from being a nation, that the name of Israel may be had no more in remembrance: so shall they change their glory and they will be like unto us:—then we will go to the East.' And when the congregations which were in Ashkenaz heard these fearful tidings, their hearts melted within them, and became like water; and trembling took hold upon them, as pain upon a woman in her travail. And they bare their lives upon their hands, and proclaimed a fast, and put ashes upon their heads, and girded themselves with sackcloth, and cried unto the Lord in their distress: but He covered himself with a cloud, that the prayer should not pass through."

The courage, or rather the desperation, with which the Jews met this fearful persecution, was not surpassed by the ferocity of their enemies. At Worms, several children were forcibly baptized—"defiled with the proud water," as Rabbi Joseph calls it, but they rejected all protection, and hastened to share the fate of their brethren:—

"And on the twenty-third day of the same month, there arose oppressors upon the holy community which is in Worms; and many fled into the house of the bishop, for they were afraid lest some evil should overtake them. And they entered into the houses, and slew there them which were found with the edge of the sword, they had no compassion upon man nor woman. And they pulled down houses, and cast down the strong places, and they put forth their hand to the spoil; and there was none to deliver out of their hand in the day of the Lord's vengeance. And the Books of the Law they cast to the ground, and trod them under their feet; and

"Hebraism for,—they exposed their lives to imminent danger by boldly proclaiming a fast."

they uttered their voice in the house of the Lord as in a day of solemn feast. And they said, 'Aha! this is the day for which we have longed!' and they devoured Israel in every corner. O Lord, behold, and see! They left none alive, save the children and sucklings, which were defiled with the proud water by force. But it came to pass afterwards, that they esteemed their fear as vanity, and their persons as the mire of the streets; and they said, 'Let us return to the Lord our God,' because fury was over them, and the slain did sanctify the Holy One of Israel in the eyes of the sun; and they chose death rather than life, for they refused to be defiled. Many did slay themselves, every one his brother and his neighbour, his sons and daughters, the bridegroom and the bride, and the wife of his bosom. And from compassion, the women slew their children with all their heart and with all their soul; and they said 'HEAR, O ISRAEL!' † when their souls were poured out into their mothers' bosoms. • • •

"And the number of them that died in that slaughter on those two days, was about eight hundred souls. And among them was a young man, Simchah the priest was his name, and they led him away unto their house of errors by force, to change his glory. And he took a knife from his bosom and slew a kinsman of the bishop, a nobleman of the city, and they pierced him also with swords that he died. For these things I weep: for them will I make lamentation and mourning; a mourning like the dragons, a lamentation like the daughters of the ostrich." ‡

The persecution to which the Jews were then subjected is truly awful:

"And when the holy assembly of Mayence heard these evil tidings, their hearts were poured out and became like water; and they all fled into the house of the bishop, which they accounted a city of refuge, to deliver their lives from destruction; and the enemies rose upon them on the third day of the month Sivan, and slew them with the edge of the sword; and they regarded not the countenance of the aged on that fearful day. • • •

"And sixty souls were hid in the treasure-house; and the bishop sent them into the villages which are called Rinconah, § to save them from their hands. And the enemies pursued after them and killed them; and in all places whithersoever they fled, the stones in the wall uttered a cry against them, to confound and to destroy them; for there was given permission to the destroyer to consume in those evil days. And two were saved who were defiled [baptized] by force; the name of the one was Uri, and the name of the other was Isaac, the son of David the manager, and his two daughters with him; and they returned unto the Lord. And Isaac slew his daughters on the evening of the Feast of Weeks, and

"† The commencement of the Jews' confession: 'Hear, O Israel! the Lord our God is one Lord: and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might,' &c. Deut. vi. 4, 5. These words are written upon the phylacteries of the Jews, and often repeated under trials of faith, and they are usually recited beside the death-bed of a Jew."

"‡ *וְהָיוּ כְּדָמָיִם*, sicut filie struthionis, i. e. struthionis. Ostriches are alluded to in several passages of the Old Testament as inhabiting solitary places, and uttering plaintive sounds; see Isa. xlii. 21, xxxiv. 13, Mich. i. 8, Job xxx. 20."

"§ Perhaps this name is a corruption of *Rinmagen*, in Latin *Rinmagum*, a small town on the Rhine to the south of Cologne, or more probably the *Rheingau*."

kindled a fire in his house and brought a burnt offering unto the Lord. And he went with Uri into the synagogue before the ark; and they died there before the Lord, when the flame went up. My heart, my heart is with their slain, and with them which are burned in the fire; my soul refuses to be comforted. . . .

"And these dreadful tidings came unto the holy congregation of Cologne, on the fifth day of the month Sivan, and the Jews ran hither and thither, and hid themselves in the houses of their acquaintance; and it came to pass in the morning, and behold there were voices and trembling, and fear as of a woman in her travail.

"And the enemies arose, and broke down the houses, and plundered and took much spoil; and there was none to deliver out of their hands. And the people rushed into the prayer-houses, † and took out the Books of the Law, and made sport of them, and gave them to be trodden upon in the streets, on the feast day of the Lord, on that day in the which the Law was proclaimed, when the earth trembled, and the pillars thereof did shake; but now was it torn in pieces and trampled upon: the proud did burn it, evil-doers defiled it. Shall not the Lord of Hosts, the righteous Judge, visit for these things?

"And they took Master Isaac, who would not see, and they led him into the house of their absurdity. ‡ And he spat upon their image; and scorned and blasphemed them: and they killed him; and a woman also they killed at the same time. And it came to pass, on the tenth day of the month, when the fury was passed over, that the bishop sent them which were hid in the houses of their acquaintance into the villages.

"And it came to pass, on the second day in the second month, that the abominable enemies went into the village of Nosa; and also a mixed multitude went with them at that time. And they rose up against Samuel the son of Asher, the Jew, and they killed him, and his two sons with him; and they trod them down like the mire of the streets, and his sons they hanged at the entrance of his house, and they mocked them, and blasphemed the people of the living God. . . .

"And on the morrow, they arose against those dejected Jews which were in the city of Voblatzak, to make haste to swallow them up alive. And there was Rabbi Levi, the son of Samuel, and his household, and the old mistress Rachael, and Rabbi Solomon the priest, and all the rest of the Jews, which he led away with him to escape thither. And it came to pass, when the evil was come upon them, that they also filled their hand, and the Holy One of Israel was sanctified by them. And they killed every one his neighbour, lest the uncircumcised should evil entreat them, in the midst of the water-pools which were round about the city. And there fell there children and women, bridegrooms and brides, and old women together; and they sacrificed peace offerings unto the Lord; and their undefiled souls went up into heaven."

The Rabbi mentions several instances of parents having slain their children; we shall merely quote one, on account of its similarity to a well known incident in the life of Abraham:—

"And there was among them that went up thither, (into a fortress,) an old man stricken in years; Rabbi Samuel, son of Rabbi Jeziel, was his name; and this man was perfect and upright, fearing God, and eschewing evil; and he had an only son, choice as the cedars, and he fled away with his father from the midst of the water; and the youth stretched out his neck, and the old man took the knife and pronounced a blessing on the sacrifice: and he slew him,

† Synagogues.

‡ Church.

the youth answering, 'Amen!' And all the bystanders answered and said, 'HEAR, O ISRAEL!' Behold and see, all ye that pass by the way, if there be any sorrow like unto their sorrow, and their strength, and the power which filled their heart to do it. Or was there ever such a thing heard from the day that the Lord created man upon the earth? Wo unto the eyes which beheld it!"

The simple elegy which the Rabbi pronounces over those who were martyred at Orleans is affecting:—

"O daughters of Israel, weep ye over these pure souls, who were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. Put not on silk garments, dress not in purple, for glory is departed from Israel, and let your brethren, the whole house of Israel, bewail the burning. And they were then not given to be buried; and it came to pass, after some days, that the Jews came and buried their bones; and they wept very sore over them, for the sorrow was great. And all the Jews who were in Tzarpath, and in the isles of the sea, received that bitter day as a day of mourning and humiliation. So it is, according to the saying of our exalted Rabbi Jacob, the son of Rabbi Meir, when he writes, 'This fast should be greater than the fast of Gedaliah; for this is a day of atonement.' And the Jews received that which they began to do."

Rabbi Joseph tells us little that is absolutely new in his general history of the Crusades, but the picturesque style of parts of his narrative renders it one of the most pleasing accounts of these extraordinary wars. He confirms the authority of those writers, who represent the expedition of Frederic Barbarossa, as that which had the fairest prospects of success, and furnishes a proof of Varian's accuracy in his account of the aid given to the Crusaders, by the Armenian Christians in Cilicia, and also in the terror with which the progress of Frederic filled Saladin—matters on which some sceptical historians have endeavoured to cast a doubt:—

"In those days went also the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, with his horsemen and his host, unto Constantinople; for there was peace between Frederic and between the emperor of Constantinople at that time; and they made a covenant together. And he passed over the sea of the Hellespont, and they came unto the country of Asia. And the soul of the people became weary in the road for want of every thing. And they came unto the kingdom of Iconium; and when the sultan saw this, he was afraid and sore distressed. And he promised to give them plenty of food for money, but they found no truth in his mouth; and he violated his covenant, and went out against them in the road with a strong hand. And the wrath of Frederic was kindled, and he went out against him, and pursued after him unto Iconium, and plundered the open cities; his eye had no compassion upon them. And he removed thence, and went on his journey towards Cilicia; and it came to pass, when they passed through a strait place, that they found there Turks in multitudes, which sat in an ambush in the clefts of the rocks; for they thought, 'We shall fall upon them suddenly, and not one shall be left of them.' And this was told unto Frederic, and he went on his journey and fell upon them like a bear deprived of her whelps; and they fled before him. And they pursued after them unto the plain, and destroyed much people of them. And he went towards Cilicia; and Leo, the chief of the Armenians, received him with gladness.

"I.e. they commenced the practice, which they have since continued, of celebrating this fast."

And he gave them sufficient provisions; and they dwelt there many days. And they rejoiced there together; and went out to hunt game day by day.

"And it came to pass, one day, that Frederic went unto the water of the river to bathe, as the day was warm; and there met him messengers of death, and he was drowned in the water of the river like a stone; and there was none to deliver him. And all the nobles that were with him, wept over him.

"And Saladin was much afraid, and he was amazed before they came; for it was not known that Frederic had died; and he thought in his heart to leave all the country to return unto Egypt.

"And he commanded, and they cast down the walls of Laodicea, and the wall of the Giblortai, and the wall of Hyblus, and the walls of Beyrout and Sidon, lest the uncircumcised should enter them, to be as thorns in the sides of the circumcised, according as they did until that day."

Frederic however was rather a favourite with our author, because he made some exertions to prohibit the cruel persecutions of the Jews. But after his death a new race of bigots arose, and all their former calamities were renewed. To us there is something so inexpressibly affecting in the "wailings of the harp of Judah," that we cannot forbear quoting the lamentation over these repeated injuries:—

"Twice was this evil in the land; when the wicked flourished, they arose against us to destroy us; they did cast lots upon the holy word in their wrath; they killed amongst us, the old man with the child; the young man with the damsel; the suckling with the grey-headed man; and much people died of Israel, in the day when the wicked cut off our hosts. It was the Lord's doing, because we had forsaken his law, and the Lord would not forgive: there was pain in all loins, when we heard these, who were then taken to die, and when they bowed down to be killed, hallow the Holy One of Jacob: for the confession of his Name they were counted as sheep for the slaughter. In the day of the great slaughter some did not fear; nor were they moved in the day of great slaughter, in the cloudy and dark day: may it not be joined unto the days of the year! On that day some of my people changed their worship, and chose new gods; they could not restrain themselves when their sons were brought out to be killed. Their hearts were divided, and they made a new covenant with them; at first they were forced, but in the end it was with free will."

Our author rarely exhibits any attachment to the rabbinical superstitions; but he shows that he was not wholly free from their influence, by attaching importance to the cabalistic properties of the numeral values of the Hebrew letters. One example of this curious Jewish superstition, which, as our readers are probably aware, still prevails to a great extent in the Rabbinical schools, deserves to be noticed:—

"And there arose the inhabitants of Aix, which is in Provence, against the Jews, on the thirtieth day of the month Shebat, in the year five thousand one hundred and ninety, which is the year one thousand four hundred and thirty; and they slew nine of them with the edge of the sword; and they laid hand on the prey, and there was none to deliver from their hand in the day of the Lord's wrath. And seventy-four souls changed their glory for one that does not profit, for the fear of the uncircumcised fell upon them. May that bitter day never be joined unto the days of the year; for on the same day that congregation plundered, and suddenly deprived of their curtains! See, O Lord, and



behold! because for thy sake we are killed daily: plead our cause, and deliver us! And this misery is typified in the verse, 'Save me, O Lord, for the waters are come unto my soul!' כ' contains the number of the days of the month, בא the number of the slain, כ' the number of the smaller date, ט' the number of them which were cast away, ו' the number of their smaller date."

The translator adds, in a note,

"Rabbi Joseph means to say that the numerical value of the words at the beginning of the 69th Psalm, 'For the waters are come unto my soul,' :ו'ש'ש' בא כ' corresponds exactly with the numbers occurring in the history of the persecution. כ' = 10 + 20 = 30. It was on the thirtieth day of the month. בא = 6 + 1 + 2 = 9. Nine Jews were slain. כ' 40 + 10 + 40 = 90. The event occurred in the year of the Jewish era five thousand one hundred and ninety. ט' 4 + 70 = 74. Seventy-four Jews underwent baptism :ו'ש'ש' = 300 + 80 + 50 = 430. It was A.D. one thousand four hundred and thirty."

It is not surprising, that the historian of such calamities inflicted on his race, should hate the Christians with a perfect hatred; yet he is not slow to praise the heroism of the leading crusaders, nor reluctant to bestow his meed of applause on those who came forward "in the dark hour," to check the career of the Turks. He does ample justice to the gallant Scanderbeg, and gives a more detailed account of the commencement of that hero's bold career, than is to be found in the ordinary histories:—

"And Scanderbeg rejoiced at this misery, [the defeat of the Turks in Hungary,] and thought in his heart, 'This is the time to laugh.' And it came to pass, in the darkness of the night, that one of the scribes of the king came unto him, and said, 'Why art thou here, Scanderbeg; for we have never seen thee flee, except to-day?' And he said unto him, 'This matter is by the decree of the watchers [the guardian angels of kingdoms—see Dan. iv. 17]; for the war belongeth to God, and who can withstand?' And Scanderbeg commanded; and they took the scribe of the king and bound him with chains. And the scribe said unto him, 'What sin, or what wickedness have I done, that thou dost unto me this thing?' And Scanderbeg answered, 'Thou hast not defrauded me, nor oppressed me; only, lest thou shouldst run away from me, I have done this thing. And now write a writing, written and sealed with the king's ring, unto the governor, who is in Croia, the city of my father's kingdom, that he should give me the city and its environs in the name of my master, the king; for a writing which is written in his name, cannot be recalled. And then shalt thou go with me, and I will exalt thy name, and thou shalt be my brother all thy days.' And the scribe said, 'How shall I do this wicked deed? I should forfeit my head unto the king.' And Scanderbeg drew his sword, and threatened him to kill him. And the scribe was afraid for his life, and did all that he said. And he said unto him, 'Come with us;' and the scribe would not; and he killed him, and no man knew any thing of it. And Scanderbeg hastened and went unto Albania; and the Turks who were there honored him much; and they ate and became drunken with them. And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry with wine, that he said unto them, 'Do you know why I am come hither?' And they said, 'We know not the cause.' And he said, 'The king, our master, has sent me to dwell at Croia, instead of the governor who is there.' And they believed his words; for the King Amurath loved him like unto the love of women. And one of them said that he would

go with him; and Scanderbeg was very glad, and they went into the city of Croia. And he gave the writing unto the governor, and he delivered the city into his hand; and Scanderbeg came into the city. And about three hundred Albanians were with him. And the Turks went their way. And it came to pass, when he came, that he took away the banner of Amurath, and set up his own banner, upon which was the black eagle with two heads. And they said, 'Long live Scanderbeg!' when he at the same time was revolting against his master. And he killed the Turks who were left there, and took all the cities of his father as a man would take the tip of his ear. And also the rest of the cities which belonged unto Amurath, in Albania, he took, and became their king; and the Albanians rejoiced much, for their souls were weary of the Turks; and they said, 'Let our master, Scanderbeg, live for ever!'

"And when Amurath heard what was done, it grieved him much in his heart, and he fought against Scanderbeg all his days, but could not do any thing. And Scanderbeg became very great, and his fame went throughout all the earth."

The first volume of Rabbi Joseph contains the Chronicles he compiled, the second and more interesting portion, will include his annals of cotemporary events. We hope that its publication will not long be delayed, and we trust, that the appearance of this excellent work will revive the study of Hebrew literature, which has rather retrograded in England. It is indeed an important addition to our historical stores, not only because it supplies much information respecting a people always interesting to us as Christians, but because it is an impartial narrative of those wars misnamed Holy, having been written by one who was equally indifferent to the Cross and the Crescent.

*The Literary Souvenir, and Cabinet of Modern Art.* Edited by Alaric A. Watts. London: Whittaker.

We have more than once remarked, that the theatres which have had the wisdom to class themselves, are the only ones which succeed, or deserve to succeed. So also is it with Annuals and periodicals of every description; those which possess the rallying point of a clearly-marked aim and purpose, and display in the choice of their contents the presence of a presiding spirit, are sure to survive those chance books (as they might be justly called) in which a certain number of tales, engravings, and verses, appear to have come together by accident. The 'Literary Souvenir,' as we heretofore remarked, is this year distinguished among its compeers by the exquisite character of its illustrations: and now, that the volume itself is before us, we observe that Mr. Watts has given it a further individuality, by devoting its pages more exclusively to the service of Art than any of its brethren, and in so much has he done wisely.

The literature of the present volume, so far as its prose is concerned, consists chiefly of a series of essays on painting and painters. Among the articles are a lecture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, hitherto unpublished, on the want of encouragement for historical painting in this country—a simple and interesting letter by Barret, vindicating his sunset and twilight scenes from the charge of being borrowed—a parallel between poetry and painting, by Sir Martin Archer Shee (of whose re-published pamphlet on Art we will

not here speak, lest we be betrayed into controversy)—with notices of the works of Howard, Stothard, Westall, Barret, Bonington, Ripplingille, and Lewis—a pleasant paper on Greek Female Beauty, by Mr. St. John—besides copious notes to 'The Painter's Dream,' which opens the volume, and is an enthusiastic poem by the editor.

While we agree with Mr. Watts as to the difficulty of giving variety and interest to the *novellettes*, of which Annual prose is usually made up, we also join him cordially in his determination not to banish poetry from his volume. His call for friendly aid seems to have been answered cheerfully. Three ladies, however, are his chief contributors—Mrs. Howitt, Miss Landon, and Miss E. L. Montagu, who have all "done their spiring gently." Some of the songs by the last lady are sweet and simple, but the first takes the lead; and we only do not quote her 'Fisherman's Song,' which has a holy and homely quaintness, especially delightful in these frippery days, that we may give more stanzas from her verses to the Spirit of Poetry, which require no praise of ours—their high and true feeling speaks for itself.

I see whom thou hast called—  
The mighty men, the chosen of the earth;—  
Strong minds invincible and disenthralled,  
Made freemen at their birth!  
I see, on spirit wings,  
How thou hast set them high, each like a star,  
More royal than the loftiest names of kings,  
Mightier than conquerors are!  
How thou hast cast a glory  
Over the dust of him sublimely wise,  
The blind old man, with his immortal story  
Of a lost paradise!  
How thou, by mountain streams,  
Met'st the poor peasant, and from passion's leaven  
Refined his soul, wooing with holy themes  
In Mary's voice from Heaven!  
Twas thou didst give the key  
Of human hearts to Goethe, to unlock  
Their sealed-up depths, like that old mystery  
Of the wood-stricken rock!  
All these I see—and more;—  
All crowned with glory—loftier than their race!  
And, trembling, I stand back, abashed and poor,  
Unworthy of thy grace!  
For what am I, that thou  
Shouldst visit me in love, and give me might  
To touch, like these, man's heart; his pride to bow,  
Or erring, lead him right?  
Oh! dost thou visit me?  
Is it thy spirit that I feel in all—  
Thy light, yet brighter than the sun's I see—  
Is thine this spiritual call?  
It is! it is! Though weak  
And poor my spirit, thou dost condescend  
Thy beauty to unveil, and with me speak  
As gentle friend with friend!  
With thee I walk the ways  
Of daily life; and human tears and sighs  
Interpreting, so learn to love my race,  
And with them sympathize!  
Hence is it that all tears  
Which human sorrow sheds are dear to me!  
That the soul, struggling with its mortal fears  
Move th me mightily!  
Hence is it, that the hearts  
Of little children, and unpractised youth,  
So gladden me, with their unworldly arts,  
Their kindness and their truth!  
Hence is it, that the eye,  
And sunken cheek of poverty so move,  
Seen only by a glimpse in passing by,  
My soul to human love!  
Spirit! I will not say  
Thou dost not visit me: nor yet repine,  
Less mighty though I be, less great than they  
Whom thou hast made divine!

We shall also extract a few passages from Mr. St. John's pleasant paper on Greek Female Beauty:—

"Rarely do we find, in any part of Greece, an example of beauty in strict accordance with the classical model. Even among the Moreot girls, in the unfrequented mountains of Messenia, traces of intermarriage with the barbarian are discoverable. . . .

"In Candia, and generally wherever the Greek population has been degraded by inter-marriage with foreigners, a corresponding de-cension from the original standard of beauty may be perceived. Several characteristics of the pure race immediately grow less prominent. Instead of that exquisite oval outline, observable in the viages of the ancient statues, we discover a certain squareness and angularity, not unlike the distinguishing traits of the Mongols; and, in the course of a few generations, every mark of classic origin wholly disappears. The barbarians, it is true, seem, in many cases, to gain what the Greek loses; for, at present, many Turkish families, instead of the coarse Tartar features which their ancestors brought along with them from the banks of the Amoor, exhibit almost every peculiarity of the Grecian countenance, but the soul by which it was animated.

"In the genuine Greek face, indeed, nothing is so remarkable as its intellectuality; which, in the successive stages of its debasement, until it is wholly merged in the coarse features of the barbarian, is the last sign of its noble origin which it loses. And, in the women of Greece, this trait still constitutes the most powerful attraction. They are soft, gentle, pliable, but not weak. Their impassioned character, fraught with the elements of every thing great in human nature, harmonised, however, by the spirit of womanhood, generally preserves them from contempt or neglect. Wherever they are beloved, they rule; not by those petty arts, which sometimes render the feeble an overmatch for the strong, but by the natural ascendancy of enthusiasm. Education, if properly adapted to the female constitution of mind, would, no doubt, enhance their value, and give to their powers a more resistless influence. But, even when their mental resources are not rendered available, they possess a vivacity and earnestness seldom found in the women of the North. You could commune with them for ever. Far less than ourselves the slaves of conventional prejudices, they unravel with marvellous facility the tangled web of character, and confide most unboundedly where they see good ground for confidence. Their imaginations, gifted with a plastic power akin to that of poetry, if not identical, enrich even the most trivial conversation with novel and sparkling images—all feminine, all dipped in the fountain of beauty, all distinguished for that grace and delicacy, which of right belong to the language of woman. Less the slave of sense, but more of passion, even than the stronger sex, they are constant and unswerving in love or hate.

"In the smaller islands of the Archipelago, very little exposed to the inroads of foreigners, the physical structure and features of the inhabitants correspond with those of the original race, even more closely than among the mountains of the Peloponnesus. But it is not in any part of Greece itself, perhaps, that the stranger enjoys most opportunities of contemplating and comparing the varieties of Greek beauty. There has hitherto been no capital where families from all the different provinces might be seen assembled together. To-day, perhaps, you behold the natives of the islands; and anon, passing over to the continent, you institute comparisons from memory, which, however, is seldom sufficiently retentive to enable us to judge properly of forms. Greater advantages are enjoyed in the large Mohammedan cities of the East—such as Alexandria, Cairo, and Constantinople,—where, unfortunately, the Greeks, driven by poverty from the land of their forefathers, are always found in great numbers. Happening to be at Alexandria during the celebration of the Easter festival, I accompanied the late Consul General to the Greek Convent, where upwards of 2000 persons of

both sexes, from every part of Greece, were assembled. The whole building, church and all, was so crowded, that it was impossible to remain long within. Ascending, accordingly, to the upper galleries, and the roof, where many of the ladies, with their younger children, sat apart from the multitude, we enjoyed an ample opportunity of scrutinising the features and costume of the fair dames. Many were dressed in the European, but the greater number in their national style—the latter by far the more becoming. In general, the men were rather below than above the middle size, but strongly built, and generally possessing most expressive and handsome countenances. Beauty was more rare among the women; but there was one—a young, staid, grave matron,—who might have served as a model for the Minerva Medici. Their children generally were distinguished by surpassing loveliness; plump, fair, beaming with innocence and mirth—a sight that diffused an unclouded sunshine over the soul."

We cannot conclude better than by giving one of Miss E. L. Montagu's songs.

Oh dinna, dinna blame him, mither,  
Dinna blame him, now he's gane;  
Bethink ye o' the days, mither,  
When he was a' my ain.  
We twa ha' roamed where the brakens bend  
The bonnie brues among;  
We twa had loved ere either kenned  
Sic love could e'er be wrang.  
Oh, dinna, dinna seek him, brither,  
If ye wouldna see me die—  
His hand is on the steel, brither,  
And his border blood is high.  
Ah, seek him not wi' vengeful ee,  
For I forgie him a',  
An' ye mean stay to comfort me  
When he is far awa'.  
An' dinna, dinna greet, sister,  
Sae bitterly and sair,  
Cast the tear-drop frae your een, sister,  
An' mine shall weep nao mair.  
Oh, never mair we'll name the name  
O' this fause lave o' mine,  
But we'll turn again unto our hame,  
An' the memory o' lang syne.  
But dinna, dinna curse him, father,  
Ye kenna what ye do;  
Oh, think upon the time, father,  
When he was gude an' true;  
Or if that bitter ward mair steal  
Frae lips where blessings be,  
Oh, bless the head I love sae weel,  
An' fa' that curse on me!—

We must here leave this Annual, "the last of its race," save our friend Thomas Hood's.

*Chances and Changes; a Domestic Story.*  
By the Author of 'Six Weeks on the Loire.'  
3 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

MYRIADS of the novels which issue from the press, are but so many sermons upon one text, and that text is Shakspeare's—"The course of true love never yet run smooth." The beauty of this subject is, that it never wearies. So long as young ladies and gentlemen fall in love, so long will there be a succession of readers of novels; and it were well if the readers could always be supplied with such well-imagined and interesting tales as that now before us. We expressed our very cordial approbation of this lady's former volumes, and we find the same spirit pervading the present. The work is modestly intitled a domestic story; and there is a true feeling of home diffused throughout it. The interest gradually and surely increases as the story advances: there is nothing of trick or extravagance about it; but it is altogether a pleasant and practical homily, gently and sweetly recommending the domestic virtues. The characters are not

numerous, but they are distinctly and faithfully delineated: the heroine's father, a Yorkshire clergyman, is delicately drawn; and those readers who remember and respect the Vicar of Wakefield, will only be less delighted with the honest and unsophisticated Vicar of Nethercross. We would gladly make an extract; but there is no one passage sufficiently brief or prominent for our purpose. The work is not likely either to astonish or to dazzle by brilliant passages or particular scenes; but to instruct and charm by a mild and quiet beauty.

*Sketches in Portugal, during the Civil War of 1834.* By Captain Alexander. London: Cochrane & Co.

Or all the travellers we either know or can remember, Captain Alexander is assuredly the most restless: his passion has, at last, overmastered his own patience; and he cannot now sit still long enough to write an account of his journeyings. Even within our short critical life, we have had to notice his travels from India to England; subsequently, through the Crimea and Russia; and only last year, an account of his visits to North and South America, on which occasion sixteen thousand miles were gone over, and duly commented on, in a single twelve-month! On his return, a proposal was made to him by the Royal Geographical Society, to undertake a mission to explore and report on certain portions of South-East Africa, with a view to the extension of geographical knowledge and commerce.\* In this he readily embarked. As, however, it was necessary to obtain leave to visit the Portuguese settlements in Africa, he proceeded forthwith to Lisbon; and here is the result of a few weeks' delay and detention there. But the Captain was too much hurried to perfect the work, or see it through the press: it was, therefore, intrusted to another; and he sailed, in September last, for the Cape of Good Hope.

It is not to be expected, after this preliminary history, that the work should be either very elaborate, very learned, or very informing; but the Captain is a shrewd observer of all that lies on the surface, and he is never dull. His pen, indeed, seems to sympathize with him, and gallops without a halt through whole chapters, and, with only an occasional rest, through a whole volume. We shall so far imitate the Captain as not to pause for a moment in speculation or criticism on his book—it would be absurd trifling—but shall glean, here and there, a sketch, an observation, or an anecdote, when we think either likely to amuse our readers. Here is an account of Lisbon itself:—

"There was no want of beggars in the street; they, like the dogs, had a regular beat. One old lady, very well dressed, took up her position daily on a heap of dry mud in the middle of the Alecrim, and sent an emissary in the shape of a pretty little girl, to importune the passers slowly moving up the ascent, for 'alguma coisa,' something for the kitchen. And if a person entered a shop, two or three old women would enter it also, and without being checked by the shopkeeper, would 'bore' the purchaser for rent. This forced charity was intolerable. But I

\* Full particulars of the objects, &c. of this highly interesting expedition may be found in the *Athenæum*, p. 187.

was diverted with certain insinuating fellows in red gowns, and banners with a picture of the Virgin on them, who, 'bat in hand,' used to be seen approaching people, and in a whining tone asking for something for a convent to which they belonged, holding out the banner at the same time to be kissed by the devout. I saw it often saluted, without any unction to the palm of the standard-bearer.

"Besides the abominable state of the streets, the municipal authorities are highly to blame for allowing the most horrid objects to expose their sores in public. I saw an old villain actually rubbing sand into his leg one morning, to excite compassion by its inflamed appearance.

"It was a curious sight to see flocks of brown goats and a few cows driven into town every morning, to give milk to the coffee-drinkers and others; it looked very primitive, this must have been the practice from the times of the shepherd kings, and was one evidence of the little change that has taken place in the habits of the Portuguese for centuries. The goats were driven by men in Spanish hats and braided jackets. Some of the goats had their mouths tied up in a bag, to prevent their eating garbage; yet the goat in general is so fastidious, that it will not eat any green thing that is not perfectly clean, and upsets the dish of water out of which another goat has drunk.

"Not so the calves,—they are not so particular; some in Lisbon presented an extraordinary appearance, with long black leather snouts, looking like a cross between a cow and an elephant; these appendages were intended to prevent them from sucking their mothers, and eating improper food.

"The shops in Lisbon have no great show of goods in them, yet the cloth and grocery shops were tolerably filled. The jewellers of the Rua d'Aurea had two high glass cases with their trinkets at the door, and nothing else inside. The booksellers, like the other tradespeople, were very indolent, and would hardly rise off their seats to answer a question or hand a tome. . . .

"In rambling about for exercise and to make one's observations in the streets, certain peculiarities are constantly to be remarked for some days by the stranger. Thus he will see a water-cart, drawn by rams, and directed by a rapaz, or boy, with a long stick, and perhaps a straw dress on him if it happens to rain.

"At another turn, he will come upon certain old ladies boxed up in an ancient flower-painted coach, which slowly jolts through the streets, dragged by two fine bullocks, and a servant in livery behind it. He will then see the son of a fidalgo seated on a mule, and kicking and spurring it in a circle before the windows of his admiring mother and sisters. On approaching this spirited equestrian, it will be found that an iron ring attached to the saddle surrounds his body, enabling him to show off to great effect since he is so secured in his seat.

"A tinkling bell will be heard; silence will immediately prevail amongst the talkative throng; bolheros will pull up their horses, dismount and kneel bareheaded beside them; men and women will be seen on their knees, and Protestant strangers will raise their hats; a procession of priests in red garments, bearing banners and crucifixes on poles before the Host, will pass; rapid crossing and muttering of prayers will ensue, till the procession is out of sight.

"The voices of men singing a hymn will sometimes be heard in the streets, and the sailors of a vessel newly arrived from a distant voyage will be seen bat in hand and slowly bearing one of their best sails, with pictures of the saint to whom they had vowed it in their distress. They are about to present it to a church, and then to buy it back again."

Of the far-famed Opera, he observes—

"San Carlos is well known to be one of the most magnificent temples of music in the world; and I found the dimensions of the interior very grand and imposing; the royal box fronting the stage, occupying the whole space from the ceiling to the ground tier, was, on the occasion of my visit, filled with a green curtain. I looked in vain for a gallery, and found that the gods were here compelled to descend from their usual pre-eminence to the afterpart of the pit, for mortal foot to be placed above the head of royalty was not thought correct;—this was something quite oriental.

"The scenes and gilding were much in want of being refreshed; however, from being rather dingy, they looked venerable with age. Heaven defend me from such another pit as that of San Carlos! the bottomless pit, for torment, resembled it. I was advised to take a box, but declined, as I was alone. However, I had not long attempted to sit on one of the benches of the pit, (the floor of which I observed to be unswept and dusty, and with pieces of paper and orange-peel liberally scattered about,) when I was so assailed with fies, that I found there was to be dancing in the pit as well as on the stage; while the nose was regaled with a smell of bilge-water from some neighbouring drain."

We have a sketch of the suburban villas, that might serve for a picture:—

"The gardens of quintas are usually surrounded by high walls, and the houses themselves are near the road, so that the ladies, 'as is their custom of an afternoon,' may see the passers by. There is always a large well in the midst of the garden, with a heavy combination of wheels and buckets round the circumference of one of these, to irrigate (with the labour of a bullock) the plants disposed in rectangular beds. Opposite the windows of the drawing-room is commonly a square tank bordered with flowering shrubs, whilst Neptune among rock-work brandishes his trident at the gold fish swimming about among aquatic plants. There are good horse and mule stables at most quintas, hen-houses and rabbit-houses;—while parrots and macaws are lightly chained to perches on the walls of the house."

The visit to the seat of war—to Cintra and Mafra—have little of novelty; and, therefore, we shall conclude with a few anecdotes.

*A Nunery.*—"An English lady, who had lately visited a convent, told me that she spoke with a nun who had been immured for thirty years. 'I cannot describe to you,' she said, 'how tired, how worn out I am with my hopeless confinement. I would consent to die to be allowed to return for one year to the world; and I have an ardent desire to mingle even for one month with society; but alas! I cannot escape from my imprisonment.'

"My informant also said that in the church of the convent she saw some gentlemen most devoutly crossing themselves; and on remarking their pety afterwards to a friend,—'You are mistaken,' was the reply; 'these pious gentlemen were engaged in making signs to the nuns, who were peeping at them through a grating behind the altar.'

*Pedro's Recruits.*—"One evening there came to the quarters of Colonel Shaw a miserable-looking creature in the shape of a soldier. . . .

"'Oh sir!' said he to the commanding officer; 'I'm very distressed in my mind, and I've got something to say to y, cornel. . . .

"'Sir, I'm a weaver to my trade, fræ Glasgow, and my name is Sandy Mac Gregor, sir; six months sin y, a ship was lying in the Clyde, and some o'my freends were in her,

listed for Don Pedro. I jist gaed aboard o' her to hae a parting glass, and when I was sittin below wi' the lads, haeing a bit crack like for the last time, up gaed the anchor and awa' we sailed for Portigale, and here am I a sodger, sir. God kens I had nae thought o' being a sodger when I gaed into the ship; I thought I wad hae lived and dee'd in the Gallowgate;—no that I'm a coward, sir, (though I'm a weaver,) or am I feared for the seghtin. No, no; but I left a wife and seven bairns at hame, sir, and oh! they hang heavy at my heart, and I canna sleep at nicht thinkin o' them and what they'll do for the achullin (schooling), and me here. I want to write to them to tell them that I'm here and living, and expect to see them again, when we pit MacDoual (Miguel) out o' the wey.' . . .

"Poor Sandy Mac Gregor's case was not a singular one during this civil war in Portugal. Ten London pickpockets went on board one of the ships to plunder the recruits for the queen; and whilst they were plying their trade below, sail was made, and away astonished pickpockets and all steered to join the Liberating army."

*Novel Court-Martial.*—"One day during the siege a major of the Miguelites and two soldiers advanced very gallantly before the rest, in an attempt to storm the Scotch post; but they were shot dead, and their bodies, and some others, lay so near the lines, that they soon became very offensive. Some of the Scotch went to their colonel (Shaw), and asked leave to bury them; but he was, at first, unwilling to grant it, as the Miguelites were so inveterate in their opposition as to fire on unarmed burying parties, and they might be shot. 'Weel, sir,' said the men, 'let us at ony rate try to bury the brave little bodie of a major, and the twa lads that lie nearest us; they showed themselves to be gude sodgers.' He granted the request, and they accomplished their object. Some time afterwards, the colonel, in looking from the window of his quarters, saw some of his men seated in a circle on the grass, and a favourite dog of their's tied to a bayonet in the midst of them; after a little time, a corporal and three men fell out and loaded their muskets; he then thought it time to send down to know what was the matter. 'Oh, sir, we've just been trying the dog by court-martial, and have condemned him, the ill-faured beast, for bringing in the major's hand in his mouth this morning.'

By the bye, the Captain tells some anecdotes of the Game Chicken, who, according to his account, was serving in the Pedroite army. Now, we incline to believe that this celebrated hero of the prize-ring died many years ago, at Bristol, of consumption, brought on, it was reported, by over-exertion, in rescuing some women and children from a fire.

*Statement of some New Principles on the Subject of Political Economy, exposing the Fallacies of the System of Free Trade, and of some other Doctrines maintained in the 'Wealth of Nations.'* By John Rae. Boston: Hilliard & Co.; London, Rich.

THE author of this work has undertaken a crusade against Adam Smith and his followers, averring that the modern school of political economy is based on erroneous principles; that the system of protecting duties established by our ancestors was the consummation of human wisdom; and that it is not merely the right, but the duty, of a state to determine in what channels capital should flow, and towards what objects industry should be directed. It was originally the author's design to publish this work in England, where it would assuredly have dropped still-born from the press: luckily



for himself, he has brought it out in Boston, at a moment when the New Englanders were sadly at a loss for some plausible reply to the demands of the Southern States. The time and place of publication have consequently invested Mr. Rae's speculations with an importance rather beyond their merits, and impose upon us the duty of examining questions which have been long since decided by the common sense of Europe. We shall allow him to state what is practically the only matter of importance at issue, numbering the sentences, for facility of reference.

(1) "A nation imports from a distance a manufactured commodity, which it is granted it could make as cheap, or cheaper, at home, were the manufacture introduced there. (2) To introduce the manufacture is, however, too expensive a project to be carried into effect by any private individual. (3) The whole society might do so, through the expenditure for a few years of a portion of its revenue, much less than what an equal number of years succeeding them will return to it in the diminished cost of the article. (4) He, or they, who legislate for the society, embrace the apparent benefit, and, by means of a small expenditure, effect an increase of the productive powers of the community; that is, they give those powers the capability of producing the same quantity of an article with less expense, which certainly must be allowed to be an increase of them. (5) In this the legislator acts in a manner that would be accounted prudence in a private person, who conducted any system of industry for his own emolument; in a planter, for instance, who owned and managed a West India estate. (6) We should undoubtedly approve of such a person's being at considerable expense, in instructing his overseers and negroes in any improved mode of conducting the business of the plantation, if this improvement more than proportionably augmented his revenue."

1. The existence of any such nation, and any such manufacture, may very fairly be questioned: manufactures are naturally established in those localities where there are most natural facilities for carrying them on. When water-power was the chief agent used to aid manual labour, manufactories were established in places where that power was most abundant; but when steam was found to be a more available power, and less costly, our English manufactories moved towards the coal districts.

2. The whole fallacy of those who support the restrictive system is contained in this sentence. The introduction of any manufacture to a position which nature has rendered peculiarly favourable to it, is not beyond the power of a private individual, or, at least, a body of individuals. The discovery of coal in New South Wales has led to the establishment of manufactories in that colony; and if the mines on the Indus be as productive and as easily worked as some represent, the day is not far distant when we shall have spinning-jennies and mules in Upper India. Any project running counter to nature must, of necessity, be expensive; but the individuals who engage in such projects have no right to call on the nation to defray the cost.

3. It would not be very easy to count the expense to which the forced establishment of any manufacture would put a nation. Let us suppose that, in order to encourage the manufacture of stockings, the American government should place a high duty on their importation. Now, every purchaser loses

the difference between the American and English prices; but the manufacturer does not gain that amount, because the cost of production is greater to him than to the Englishman. The purchaser also loses in the inferiority of the article supplied; for forced manufactures, protected by monopoly, are not only dear, but bad; as was proved within our own memory by the English silk trade. The government must lose by the necessity of employing means to prevent smuggling; and, finally, the improvement that is to remunerate all these losses is at best problematical; for no manufactory, protected by a monopoly, has ever improved. Protections and monopolies are not only evils, but they are evils that tend to perpetuate themselves. To establish them is easy enough; but to remove them has been the most difficult task that modern statesmen have had to encounter.

4. The fourth sentence is an assumption contradicted by daily experience. The legislator, in the first place, does not increase the productive powers of the community, he only gives them a new direction; if the manufactory be one less suited to his own country than that in which the manufacture is previously established, he gives them a wasteful direction. The article must, in the first instance, confessedly be produced at a greater expense; and that expense operates as a tax on the productive powers of the nation, by checking the production of articles to exchange with the foreign manufacturing country.

5. Throughout the greater part of his volume, Mr. Rae assails Adam Smith for having pushed too far the analogy between nations and individuals; yet he has not himself, it appears to us, avoided the same error, and has besides, misstated the conduct of both. A planter that would bring over a vine-dresser to aid in the management of the sugar-cane, or a turnip-planter from Norfolk to show how indigo ought to be cultivated, would be laughed at. He would only deserve praise where he introduced new modes of culture suited to the localities of his plantation. Mr. Rae adds, as a second parallel case, the introduction of new plants or animals into a country; but here he is even still more unfortunate. We could doubtless, at an enormous expense, rear oranges, and perhaps breed camels in England; but the cost could never be remunerated, and, besides, our oranges would never equal those of Portugal.

6. But our author says, that though one country should not struggle against the natural advantages of another, it may, and ought, to try and rival its acquired advantages. This is really a distinction without a difference, so far as the argument is concerned. To what does the rival country owe its acquired advantages? Have they been derived from natural advantages? Unless you possess similar, the competition is hopeless. Do they depend on the intelligence of the community? Until your nation is equally intelligent, all your efforts at rivalry are vain. Have they resulted from accumulation of capital? Allow your capital to accumulate, and do not waste it in hopeless experiments. Do not believe in the possibility of transferring capital, industry, intelligence, or skill, from one country to another, by a simple act of the legislature,

no more than in the possibility of similarly transferring soil, climate, or mines. There is but one request that manufacturers of any country should make to their government,—it is that which was addressed to Colbert, "*Laissez nous faire.*"

We cannot conclude without noticing the gratifying progress which the principles we have endeavoured to advocate are making in England and France. A few Raes may indeed be found in both countries, who still advocate the old system of mutual exclusion, with its consequent exasperation of national envy, national jealousy, and national hatred. But people have found that the pleasures resulting from the indulgence of such feelings are very few, and very expensive. There are, we fear, still many prejudices to be removed, and many interests to be conciliated, before a new system can be established with ease, or perhaps with safety; but the process of amelioration has commenced, and its pace is every day accelerated. We have hopes that America will not be left behind in the race of improvement, and that all such advisers as Mr. Rae will be discountenanced.

*Turkish Jest Book*—[*Menâkibi Nâsir-ed-dîn Khojah.*] Constantinople, A.H. 1249 (A.D. 1834).

THUS we seem to be a very limited supply of fun in the world; for if we compare the collections of jests made in the most remote ages and countries, we find three-fourths of the anecdotes precisely the same: Hierocles, Howleglas, and Joe Miller, amused Greece, Germany, and England with the same stock of jokes; Stanislas Julien's translations prove that John Chinaman laughs at the same jests as John Bull; and the Edgeworths have shown that the blunders we attribute to the Irish, are generally in substance, and frequently in exact words, the same as those the Parisians impute to the Gascons; and with which, in ancient times, the inhabitants of Attica reproached their neighbours of Boeotia. We have now before us evidence that this same stock of merriment delights the grave Moslem as well as the more mercurial Christian; that the same joke provokes a laugh on the shores of the Bosphorus and the banks of the Thames; and that, however the men of the turban may differ from the men of the hat, Nâsir-ed-dîn, the jester of Turkey, is twin-brother to Joe Miller.

The great collection of Turkish jests passing under the general name of 'The Good Sayings (Menâkibi) of Nâsir-ed-dîn,' is very popular throughout the Turkish empire: there are, however, scarcely two manuscript copies of it to be found alike—just as we could hardly find two editions of Joe Miller containing precisely the same anecdotes. In all there are to be found many traits of ingenuity attributed to the hero, who is frequently called the Khojah—a name which, both in sound and sense, resembles the English word *codger*; and in all, with strange inconsistency, acts of fatuity are imputed to him, that would prove him an idiot. This incongruity will appear very evident by contrasting the two following anecdotes:—

One day Nâsir-ed-dîn Khojah borrowed a kettle from his neighbour, and when he returned it to the owner, put a small kettle inside it. The

owner, on receiving it, said, "What means this, Khojah?" "Your kettle," he replied, "hath brought forth a young one." The man took it without any further observation. In a few days the Khojah borrowed the kettle a second time, and detained it so long, that the proprietor at length went to ask for it. In reply to his demand, the Khojah stated that the kettle was dead. "Come, none of your jokes," said the owner; "how can a kettle die?" "What!" rejoined the Khojah, "you believed me when I told you that the kettle had brought forth a young one, and you will not believe me when I tell you it is dead."

The Khojah one day saw a flock of ducks swimming in a lake; he ran towards them, and they immediately flew away. Taking some bread, he sat down, and, dipping it in the water, began to eat. "What are you doing there, Khojah?" said some one from the opposite side. "I am trying the flavour of duck-soup," was the reply.

We have mentioned the similarity between the jokes of different ages and nations; but this is far from being a proof that the anecdotes have been transmitted from one to the other. The point which gives zest to the following anecdote may be met with in English jest-books two hundred years old:—

On one occasion, the Khojah having purchased and cooked some fishes, placed the larger aside, and brought only the smaller up to table. His son, who had watched his father's motions, when they sat down to dinner, held one of the fish to his ear. The Khojah asked why he did so. The boy replied, "I was asking him whether he knew anything about the situation of Jonah (on whom be peace!) when in the whale's belly; and he answered me, 'None of us young ones know anything about the matter; but perhaps some of our elder brethren, whom your father has hidden, could give you the information you require.'"

Joe Miller tells us of a gentleman who called out to his friend that he was not at home; and, when his friend remonstrated, expressed great rage at his veracity being doubted. Our friend the Khojah carried the matter a little farther.

A man once came to the Khojah, saying, "Effendi, I have great need of an ass to-day; have the kindness to lend me yours." "I have not an ass here," said the Khojah. At the same moment the animal began to bray in the stable. "Ho!" said the man, "do not I hear your ass braying in the stable?" "What!" exclaimed the Khojah, "would you take the word of an ass in preference to mine?"

In a Chinese collection of jests, we read of a man who, being told that there was a robber in his house, replied, "I hope he will bring something in, for I am sure he can take nothing out. The Turk's is a better version of the story.

A robber having broken into Násir-ed-dín's house, his wife, hearing the noise, exclaimed, "Effendi! Effendi! there's a thief in the house." "Oh," said the Khojah, "never mind; I only hope he will find something, that we may take it from him."

The preaching friars were the butts of our ancestors before the Reformation, but were deeply revered by those who laughed most loudly at them: it seems that the Turkish mollahs are also exposed to ridicule from their most bigoted followers. The anecdote we are about to quote may be found, word for word, in a note to an old edition of the 'Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum.'

One day Násir-ed-dín ascended the pulpit of the mosque, and thus addressed the congregation:

"Oh, true believers! do you know what I am going to say to you?" "No," responded the congregation. "Well then," said he, "there is no use in my speaking to you," and he came down from the pulpit. He went to preach a second time, and asked the congregation, "Oh, true believers! do you know what I am going to say to you?" "We know," replied the audience. "Ah! as you know it," said he, quitting the pulpit, "why should I take the trouble of telling you?"—When next he came to preach, the congregation resolved to try his powers; and when he asked his usual question, replied, "Some of us know, and some of us do not know." "Very well," said he, "let those who know tell those who do not know."

The last instance of similarity we shall quote, is an anecdote which may be found, substantially, in every jest-book in Europe, but is too well told by the Turk to be omitted.

The Khojah's wife, in order to vex him, once boiled the soup too much, and placed it before him. Forgetting, however, that it was very hot, she took a large spoonful, which scalded her mouth, and forced tears from her eyes. "What is the matter?" asked the Khojah; "is the soup so hot as to scald you?" "No, Effendi," she replied; "but my poor mother deceased was very fond of this soup, and I could not refrain from weeping, when the taste of it brought her to my recollection." The Khojah, thus assured, took also a spoonful, which scalded him likewise, and forced him to shed tears. "Effendi," said his wife, sneeringly, "what is the matter? Why are you weeping?" He answered, "My tears proceed from a just sorrow: I grieve that so respectable a lady as your mother should, at her death, leave a child like you behind her."

Some of these stories elucidate the peculiar customs of the East: thus the importance attributed to dress at entertainments, will remind our readers of the Scripture parable of the man that came to a wedding feast without a wedding garment.

Násir-ed-dín was once invited to a banquet; he went in an old, dirty, and tattered garment, and of course found that no one paid him the slightest attention. Quietly slipping away, he decked himself in a splendid pelisse and new *shalwar* (trousers), and returned to the scene of festivity. He was received with honour at the door, saluted with a shower of compliments, and conducted to the highest seat. As the dishes were presented to him, he dipped in each the sleeve of his pelisse. "Khojah Effendi!" exclaimed the astonished guests, "what are you doing?" He replied, "Since all the respect shown me is owing to my garments, it is but fair that they should participate in the feast."

The pleasant sarcasm in the Khojah's reply to the company, is not the only example of his witty attacks on popular customs. We were greatly amused by his mode of evading a claim on his hospitality, by what the old Scotch law called "Sorriers."

A villager having presented Násir-ed-dín with a hare, was invited to share in a feast. Some time afterwards, a party of men coming to the house, demanded to be received as guests. "Who are you?" he asked. They replied, "We are neighbours of the man who brought you the hare." He welcomed them heartily; and when they came into the house, set before them a large bowl of water. In astonishment they cried out, "What, Khojah Effendi, what is this?" He very coolly answered, "It is the water in which I boiled the hare."

With no less ingenuity he escaped his slave's attack upon his purse:—

One day a slave came running at full speed to Násir-ed-dín, exclaiming, "Largawee, Lar-

gawee! I bring you glad tidings.—Heaven, has blessed you with a son." "Well," said the Khojah, "I am very much obliged to Heaven, but I cannot see what you had to do with the matter."

But he was not always so fortunate in his evasions. The next anecdote will show his ingenuity completely at fault:—

The Khojah one day stole into a garden, and began to plunder it; he filled a sack with the turnips and carrots, and then began to thrust them into his bosom. In the midst of his work he was surprised by the proprietor, who furiously ran up, and seizing him, exclaimed, "What do you want here?" The Khojah, at first quite confounded, at length mustered courage, and said, "A very violent blast of wind caught me up, whirled me through the air, and tumbled me down here." "Very well," said the gardener; "but (pointing to the vegetables) whence came these?" "Why," said the Khojah, "the wind was so exceedingly violent that it tossed me about, and to steady myself I grasped these in my hand." "Good again," said the gardener; but can you tell me who filled this sack?" "Ah!" replied the Khojah, "I was just considering how that question should be answered when you came."

We must balance this failing of our favourite by a trait of his ingenuity in the character of a wandering minstrel:—

Once as the Khojah was walking along the road, with his guitar in his hand, he encountered another traveller, who asked whither he was going. The Khojah answered, he was trying to collect a little money. "Sing me a song," said the traveller, "and I will give you a couple of paras." The Khojah at first refused; but when the traveller threatened violence, after preluding on the guitar, he began with the first line of the popular song,

I went and I stood by the shores of the sea; which he repeated several times. "What!" exclaimed the traveller, "will you never nuko any further progress?" "Hand out the paras, my fine fellow," said the Khojah, "and then perhaps I may go in and take a dip."

Several anecdotes derogatory to the character of the Turkish judges are to be found in this collection: but most of them require more elucidation than we can spare to a jest. The following, however, is an exception:—

It happened once that the Kázi (judge) of Sary-Hissar (a village near Constantinople,) got drunk, and fell asleep in his vineyard: the Khojah walking with a friend passed by the place, and seeing the Kázi's condition, stole his gown, and placed it upon his own shoulders. When the Kázi awoke, and missed his gown, he summoned his attendants, and sending them in different directions, commanded them to arrest the person with whom it should be discovered. One of the officers recognized the gown on the Khojah's back, and seizing him, dragged him to the Mehkemeh (the public tribunal). When the Kázi saw him, he demanded, "Khojah Effendi, where didst thou find this gown?" The Khojah answered in a loud voice, so that all the spectators might hear, "As I was walking this morning with a friend, we saw a Kázi, so reckless of the holy law he was appointed to administer, that he lay in an open field, dead drunk and asleep. My companion, in indignation, spat upon, and kicked him; I took his cloak, and put it on me. If it be thy property, I am willing to resign it to thee." "No, no, Khojah!" cried the Kázi, alarmed for his reputation; "it is none of mine! it is none of mine!"

The history of poor Howleglas ends with the trick by which he procured interment in consecrated ground; and we shall close our history of the Khojah with an account of

the means he devised for escaping Monkir and Nekir, the two angels that chastise the guilty corpse as soon as it is laid in the grave.

When the Khojah was making his will, he desired that his body should be laid in an old grave. "What matters it," asked his astonished friends, "whether you are laid in a new or an old grave?" "Oh!" he replied, "when Monkir and Nekir come to examine me, I will tell them that I have been dead these fifty years, and consequently passed through their hands before; if they doubt, I will desire them to look at the grave, and thus I shall escape from their clutches."

The collection is unfortunately sullied by so much grossness and indelicacy, that it is unfit for translation; but the extracts we have made will sufficiently illustrate the nature of Eastern humour, and contribute, we hope, to make merry Christmas, which we heartily wish to all our readers—or rather to all the world.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*The Autobiography of Jack Ketch*. With fourteen illustrations from Designs by Meadows.'—There are some men who have a strange propensity for visiting jails, workhouses, and hospitals; for seeing human nature in all its stern wretchedness; and then speculating upon this morbid anatomy of society. Now we readily admit, that there is nothing which tends more to harden the heart, than that pampered sickness of feeling, which makes many refuse to contemplate the ills which flesh is heir to, or the dark consequences of crime or error; but men who on principle endure, are not bound to enjoy these prison scenes, or to delight in association with these jail birds. It may be well occasionally to look into the unblessed haunts of the profligate, to hear the clank of the prisoner's chain, to sit even in the condemned cell, and think of the tortured souls who have drunk the dregs of life's last agonies within its precincts; but the impression which such scenes leave on the healthy mind, is one rather of humiliation than gratified curiosity. Thus it is with the book before us; and while we acknowledge the coarse power with which it is written, we cannot say that its perusal has given us pleasure. The history begins in low crime, proceeds through scenes of profligacy and murder, and ends with the appointment of its hero, Jack Ketch, to his odious office. We feel that he is well worthy to be so promoted: the progress of his villany has been sufficiently laid before us; and, were it only for the brutal indifference with which he could regard the breaking heart of his innocent and gentle wife, who may be likened to the flower trampled on and crushed by the criminal on his way to the scaffold, we are sure that he has nerve and cruelty enough to discharge the duties of his calling; and are content to leave the rope in his hands, and to see its fatal coil twined round his picture. The characters throughout are well sustained: Minty, the poor patient school-master, with his nose pink with dram-drinking—Wisp—Haynes, the conscience-stricken rogue—Snavel, the dishonest attorney—and Mr. Wilmot, who avenged his knavery, have all individuality and distinctness. The confession of James Wilson, too, is a fearful story. Still we shall make no extract from the book, and, while we leave it, expressing our conviction of the power its author has put forth in its pages, we must also express a hope, that when we next meet him, it will be under a pleasanter guise than the executioner's mask, and in a less dismal place than on the drop.

'*History of the Reformation, &c. (Histoire de la Réforme, et du XVI<sup>e</sup> siècle)*, by M. Capefigue.'—This is a true Catholic work; according to the views of the author, the French League was a

just combination of respectable and popular interests, for the maintenance of old national rights, and the purity of Christianity. M. Capefigue, a man of erudition, of patient research, and most prolific pen, looks at history through the prejudices of a leaguer, and in the spirit of an inquisitor; he is in fact rather a Spaniard of the 16th century, than a Frenchman of the 19th: belonging politically to the school of the *Restauration*, he affects a Machiavelism, superior to morality and humanity. His work, however, contains some curious and unpublished documents copied from the State Papers of Philip the 2nd, the novelty and real value of which must be weighed in the balance, and will give considerable interest to a publication, the historical basis of which is systematically false.

'*Encyclopædia for Youth. (Encyclopédie des Jeunes Gens.)* 3 vols.'—These three volumes contain the elements of the principal arts and sciences, detailed in an easy, familiar style, equally remarkable for its simplicity and accuracy. Unfortunately, the author has adopted the catechetical form of instruction, to which there are so many just objections. We were particularly pleased with the section on mythology, which contains a very full account of the Heathen deities, without a single phrase or allusion which could offend the most fastidious.

'*Elementary and Practical Instructions on the Art of Building Cottages and Houses for the Humbler Classes; an easy method of constructing Earthen Walls, &c. for the use of Emigrants*, by W. Wilda.'—The title of this work fully explains its object, which embraces every instruction for the erection of dwellings, the choice of site, the manufacture of bricks and lime, the digging of wells and draining, and all such matters as form the primary elements of comfort to the peasant at home, or the settler in a foreign land. The Introduction begins with a history of earthen walls, from the earliest periods; and the wall of Adrian, is adduced as an instance of the durability and strength of this sort of construction. The main principle of the art recommended by our author, is compression by beating, which forces from the earth, of which he builds his walls, the superfluous water and air, and this brings the particles closer together than by the mere force of gravitation. The author points out the sorts of earth most proper for his purpose; but he states that any will do, except the poorest dry sandy soil or fat clay, and even these will make very good walls, when mixed together in proper proportions. By a series of wood-cuts he describes the machines and implements required, and also gives plans and elevations of a cottage, minutely particularizing every detail. He then treats the other divisions of the subject with equal minuteness, in all which, however, he is much assisted by copious extracts from Mr. Loudon's various useful works. Mr. Wilda concludes with hints as to the management of a garden, poultry, and brewing. We think the work calculated to convey much useful instruction to the class of persons for whom it is designed.

'*Illustrations of the Botany, and other branches of the Natural History of the Himalayan Mountains, and of the Flora of Cashmere*, by J. F. Royle, Esq. F.L.S. Parts II. III. IV. 4to.'—Nothing can be more satisfactory than the manner in which this work proceeds. To the account we gave of it in a previous number, we have only to add, that the constant attention which is paid in it to useful matters, and the skillful manner in which general views are made to bear upon particular cases of practical value, render it of immense importance to all who have a stake in our Indian possessions. We particularly refer to the care with which the difficult and ill understood theory of climate, is made to elucidate the capabilities of India, in regard to the introduction of foreign vegetable productions, or the im-

provement of its own; and also to the articles on *Cotton* and *Tea*, both which deserve the most serious attention of the Indian government. The value of such a work is scarcely to be appreciated; but we cannot doubt that its effects will be sensibly felt, ere many years shall have elapsed, and that it will at once be regarded as by far the most important application that has yet been made of Botany to the improvement of the resources of the British dominions in Asia.

'*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, No. IV.'—The present part contains Sutherlandshire and Berwickshire. The work is invaluable, and the Statistical Society of London ought not to rest an hour until it has prevailed on government to undertake a like account of England.

'*Statistics of France*, by Lewis Goldsmith.'—We published some curious information relating to the Paris theatres from this work, while yet in manuscript; the subsequent publication escaped us. It contains a great many statistical facts, and must be useful as a work of reference.

'*Tales of a Physician*, by W. H. Harrison. 2 vols.'—Mr. Washbourne having purchased the remaining copies of both series of this work, has re-issued the volumes as one set, and at a reduced price. We have also to announce a thirteenth edition of '*The Omnipresence of the Deity*,' said to have been revised and enlarged; and a fifth of '*The Anatomy of Drunkenness*.'

'*Survey and Map of the Borough of Margate*.'—The survey has been made with accuracy; the map is well executed on a large scale, and is ornamented with plans and elevations of the most remarkable public buildings in this important metropolitan district.

'*Howard's Lessons on Scripture History*.'—These lessons are designed to be used in schools and families in connexion with large pictorial representations of the most remarkable events in Scripture history. This is an excellent mode of communicating instruction, and we trust that it will be applied to the teaching, not only of sacred, but general history.

'*Bishop of Derry's Sermon in aid of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear*.'—An able and eloquent appeal in support of the charity.

'*Davis's Sermon on Afflictions*.'—There is much to commend in this pious discourse, and we trust that many will derive consolation from the author's christian view of the uses of affliction.

'*Summaries of Sermons*.'—Mr. Hughes has undertaken to condense the discourses of our most eminent divines. Whether such a work is likely to be useful, we shall leave others to determine,—only observing, that the beauties of the living figure are lost in the skeleton.

'*Riddle's Scriptural Commentary on St. Peter*.'—The author has affixed as a commentary to each verse in this epistle, the parallel passages in the other parts of the Bible. The selection has been made with great discrimination.

'*Extracts from Scripture*.'—A judicious selection of those passages in the Bible that elucidate and enforce the ten commandments.

'*The Book of Family Worship*.'—The prayers contained in this elegant little volume appear to have been selected with the most excellent intentions. We recognize some among them which we have long regarded as highly appropriate for family worship. The work, however, would have pleased us more had the names of the authors from whom the prayers are taken, been given in the table of contents.

'*Clark's Promises of Scripture*.'—A very neat and cheap edition of an invaluable little work.

'*Sim's Sacred Geography*.'—A useful companion to biblical students, compiled with creditable care and industry.

'*Holy Excitements*.'—A work of which the design is better than the execution.

'*The Cottage Muse*, by T. Noel.'—An innocent and simple collection of pious verses for the use of the humbler classes.



'*Fifty Illustrations of the Gospel Narrative of Our Lord, Chronologically arranged, with Exercises, in a series of Questions and Answers*, by Elizabeth Maria Lloyd.'—The success of this method of impressing scripture truths upon the minds of children is fairly proved, by this collection of outlines, and the accompanying little volume, having reached a third edition. Many of them are taken from celebrated pictures, and all will be delightful to children; we think, however, that a little more attention might have been paid to the selection, and care taken that all the subjects should have been chosen from the works of first-rate masters; as it is never too soon to begin to cultivate (without forcing) a taste for what is really genuine and perfect in art.

'*Byrom's Short-hand Improved*.'—Byrom's system of Stenography has received the approbation of many practical short-hand writers. The few alterations made in the present edition are improvements.

'*Tear's Stenography*.'—Mr. Tear's system of short-hand requires fewer strokes of the pen than any other yet proposed; but the writer must have ruled paper, which, as we once before observed, would often prove inconvenient in practice.

'*Parker's Parliamentary Short-Hand*.'—This new system may be easily acquired, and, so far as we have tried it, appears sufficiently accurate for practical purposes.

'*The Royal Parisian Pastrycook of M. A. Coëré, edited by John Porter*.'—*The House-keeper's Guide*, by Esther Copley.'—It was an excellent idea of the late Dr. Kitchiner's to have all dishes, before he ventured to recommend them, tried in his own kitchen, and tested by the palates of judicious friends,—including, of course, the critics; for how otherwise could they pronounce judgment? Mr. Porter and Mrs. Esther Copley should have followed so excellent an example—as it is, we can only announce the publication of their several works.

'*Brasseur's French Phraseology*.'—An excellent explanation of French idioms, calculated to facilitate the student's progress in acquiring a knowledge of this difficult and essential part of the French language. We are particularly pleased with the arrangement of the work: it does credit to the taste and judgment of Professor Brasseur.

'*Brooke's French Grammar*.'—'*Petit Jack*.'—These works are very creditably executed: the system of teaching advocated by their author, is the best that has been proposed for instructing youth in languages; the discovery of it, however, belongs neither to Hamilton nor Jacotot; it is essentially the same as that recommended by Locke.

'*Hathaway's Translation of Longinus*.'—We have been much gratified by the perusal of this translation; it is spirited and faithful, and the notes bear evident marks of extensive research and correct taste.

'*Virgil's Æneid, with interpagated Translations*.'—One of the very useful series of elementary works on the plan recommended by Locke. The translation is more correct than Davidson's, and the notes are brief, pithy, and to the purpose.

'*Smith's Lessons on Words and Objects*.'—A useful work, which we recommend to all parents who desire to aid in the intellectual instruction of their children.

'*Simms's Treatise on Mathematical Instruments*.'—Judiciously compiled, very useful and very cheap.

'*Moubray's Domestic Poultry, &c.*'—A seventh edition, with additions, principally on British wines, with remarks on foreign.

'*Eden's Philosophy of Scientific Medicine*.'—A somewhat peremptory letter accompanied this work, requiring us "to read it through and give

it an attentive review." Obedience is impossible—it would perplex the brains of a dozen critics; the book is more mystical than the Cabala itself. The substance, however, seems to be, that all the surgeons and physicians in the world, except Mr. Eden, are charlatans and blockheads; and that whoever disputes said opinion, must do so at his proper peril.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

## THE EARS OF KING LYNCH.

## AN IRISH TALE.

[THE following legend forms, we are told, a common subject of recitation among the peasantry in the south of Ireland; it is manifestly borrowed from the classical tale of King Midas, which was probably imported by the monks in the middle ages.]

In Ireland's fair isle, while "great, glorious, and free—

First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,"—

Ere 'neath Saxon invaders all matters had gone ill,

Or Moore gave quotations to Daniel O'Connell, Lived a monarch named Lynch, of whom bards used to sing,

That, but for the L, he was "each inch a king."

So great was his goodness, so brilliant his glory, Every subject he had was a downright good Tory:

Every priest preach'd the doctrine of passive obedience;

Every lawyer insisted on strictest allegiance; Every poet was singing his rights so divine— In verses, however, no better than mine.

Yet amid this felicity, sorrow and care On the face of the king was the sign of despair;

The courtiers in vain strove his grief to beguile, And jests, though official, produced not a smile— What was it could thus o'er the monarch prevail?—

He wore a large wig—and "thereby hangs a tale."

Like other old ladies, dame Nature at times Indulges vagaries not far short of crimes; She had shaped Lynch's ears, so long, hairy, and coarse,

You would think they were stolen from the head of a horse;

As if with French punning his senses to bother, She really had given him a *nécessaire* as his mother.

The wig very long (we mean both time and space,) From beholders had hidden the monarch's disgrace;

But, alas! all his care and precaution miscarried—

The very month after the luckless wight married—

Perhaps, for a time, love had banish'd his fears— His eyes saw but the queen, while the queen saw his ears.

A woman—a secret—O Mortals! say, whether The two for an hour e'er existed together? Queen Lynch started up, while as yet it was dark,

And wander'd in torture all night through the park;

But daylight gave courage, her silence she broke, And whisper'd the tale to a sturdy old oak.

"Prepare ye the banquet—let music be near, With its liveliest notes to enliven our cheer."

Oh! blind to the future, you know not, poor king,

What sorrow, what horror, that banquet will bring:

They have cut down the oak-tree, and just from its middle

Have shaped for the orchestra royal a fiddle.

The feast is prepared, and the tables are set, The nobles and princes together are met, The music strikes up—but hark! roof and rafter At the very first notes are all pealing with laughter;

For the fiddle squeaks out, ere the bow moves an inch,

"There are horse's long ears on the head of King Lynch."

## MORAL.

Take warning from this, all ye ignorant sinners, Who hire bands of music to grace public dinners,

And require that the trumpet its war-note should blow,

For "charge ye the glasses," not "charge ye the foe;"—

Drive away the musicians from each festive meeting,

And while at the table mind nothing but eating. T.

## A FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF MR. GRAND.

AHEM!—Mr., Mrs., or Miss—reader, will you have the goodness to look serious, and sit upright in your chair—and pray do not be twiddling your thumbs and looking out of the window, while I introduce to your respectful notice and attention the celebrated Mr. Grand. I beg you, in the first place, to observe his portly figure; and if you should hear him call it portable, I desire that you would not laugh. There is a hidden meaning in the word; certainly the meaning is not obvious. You think that he has his Sunday clothes on; you are wrong—he dresses as well as this every day of his life. How well he turns out his toes! and how naturally! He seems perfectly unconscious of the inherent gracefulness of his person. Now look at his face—respectfully and admiringly; you need not be afraid; it is not a face of Medusa, to frighten you into stone; it is calm, placid, and composed. What a fine expanse of forehead! Do you observe the curl of his upper lip? Perhaps you do not know the meaning of that; then I will tell you. It means that Mr. Grand is the first personage in the parish. Is he churchwarden?—Bah! what a question! He served that office ten years ago, before so many upstarts were thrusting themselves into public situations, robbing rank of its dignity. Is he a common-councillor?—No; neither common-councillor nor alderman; nor has he the slightest wish to be either. He was requested to offer himself, but declined. Aldermen and common-councillors are not what they used to be. But Mr. Grand is a leading man in all parish and public matters. Nothing is done without consulting him. His voice is heard in the vestry, and his vote and interest are most anxiously sought by all persons aspiring to the office of alderman, deputy, or common-councillor. He nominates churchwardens and appoints overseers. By his interest the parish beadle has arrived at the dignity of his gold-laced hat; by his interest the sexton tolls the bell, and the grave-digger digs the graves. Mr. Grand is a very meritorious citizen; he has grown rich altogether by his own merit and lucky speculations, and there are few of the Worshipful Company of Tallow-chandlers whose word on 'Change will pass for more than his. He complains, it is true, now and then, of the badness of the times, and laments that things are not as they formerly were. With him of a certainty they are not. He is fat and flourishing, and is a man of consequence, compared with what he was; but still he complains of the badness of the times, and that with reason, for he knows more of their badness now than he is rich, than he did when he was poor; for many seek his aid now, who did not seek it before. A man is poor, and he fancies that

every body is rich; he becomes rich, and he finds every body to be poor. Thereupon Mr. Grand swells and dilates himself exceedingly; he is all over peacock's feathers. He wonders at his own marvellous magnificence; and being a great man, he is above little things; and as grammar is a very little thing, he is above that; and when he complains of the depression of trade, and the like, he puffs his broad cheeks out into a prodigious rotundity, and says, "Things is uncommon flat." Mr. Grand, however, is anything but flat, either bodily or mentally; for, bodily he is round, and mentally he is sharp. His wisdom has increased with his wealth, and his self-confidence has kept pace with both. Mr. Grand is a great man at the parish workhouse: he smells the bread, and pronounces it not musty; he sips the soup, and declares it to be capital; he bites the beef, and, lo! it is as tender as a chicken. He stands at full breadth, with his hands in his breeches pockets, jingling his loose cash, and listening with a marvellous condescension to the complaints of the paupers, and to the complaints of the keepers of the workhouse, who complain of the paupers, and he shakes his ambrosial curls, as Jove shook his upon Olympus; and with wondrous sagacity he discovers the cause of all these complaints, and says, "Ah, I see how it is; ah—the fact is, that all these complaints owe their existence to a spirit of discontent. Only be content with every thing, and then you will have nothing to complain of." He makes the paupers thoroughly understand that they ought to be most profoundly obliged and grateful to him, and such as him, that they are permitted to exist, and that poverty is not made felony without benefit of clergy.

Mr. Grand is a great man at the vestry; he takes especial care that the parish be not imposed upon. He is not a man of many words; but he is, notwithstanding the brevity of his orations, a most powerful orator. Demosthenes did not speak with more energy to the Athenians, than does Mr. Grand to the inhabitants of his parish in vestry assembled. The sum and substance of his oratory may be found in this one sentence, "Give me leave to observe, gentlemen,—and the gentlemen always give him leave to observe, because he is a rich man, and an influential man, and he rattles the money in his breeches pockets.

It has been observed, that he was churchwarden once,—happily for his fame, and happily for the beauty of the organ and the front of the organ-gallery; for in his days, and chiefly by his exertions, and partly at his expense, the pipes of the organ were regilt, and the front of the gallery was repaired and beautified; the little mahogany cherubs were made to look as good as new, and better—as large as life, and ten times as natural; for all the little chips, claps, chops, and dents, that had been made in their eyes, cheeks, lips, and wings, by the mischievous urchins of the charity school, were filled up with putty, and covered over with fresh varnish, so that they were restored to their primal beauty. But, to crown the whole, the name of Mr. Grand, as churchwarden when these great improvements and embellishments took place, is immortalized in gilt letters, which you may read every Sunday;—he does. When the great work was finished, he stood gazing upon it for hours and hours, and thinking to himself

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*

Mr. Grand is a great man at his club—not the Athenæum—not the United Service, but the Free and Easy at the Mousetrap Tavern in Budge-row. Mr. Grand is said and thought to be exceedingly condescending in that he deigns to visit this club. He was a member of it in his humbler days, and he continues still attached to it, heartily enjoying and truly appre-

ciating the pleasure of being a great man among the little ones. In one respect he resembles Julius Cæsar; for as the Roman would rather be the first man in a village than the second man in Rome, so would our friend Mr. Grand rather be the first man at the Mousetrap Tavern than the second man at St. James's. Indeed, what is the use of greatness, if it be not felt and appreciated; and Mr. Grand feels his greatness, even to his fingers' ends. His entrance into the club-room is greeted with as profound a reverence as the entrance of a schoolmaster into his school-room. All eyes are turned upon him, and at his approach the common chit-chat is suspended. People talk of the progress of democratic feeling, of the march of levelling principles, and of the abated reverence paid to rank; but only let them go to the Free and Easy at the Mousetrap Tavern in Budge-row, some evening when Mr. Grand is expected, and they will see a reverence paid to rank which will do their hearts good. Mr. Grand is so kind and condescending, that he talks as familiarly with all these people as if they were his equals. He laughs at their jokes, and he condescends to let them laugh at his. He asks after the health of their wives and families, and he addresses them by name as old companions, and he talks of by-gone days as though he were by no means ashamed of his humble origin. It has been said, that the delight which some persons take in talking of the days of their humility, is founded upon the pride which they feel in having raised themselves so high. It may be so, or it may not; but the club at the Mousetrap say that Mr. Grand has no pride.

Mr. Grand is a great man at church on Sundays and holidays. You should see him marching up the middle aisle, with Mrs. Grand leaning on his arm, and the Misses Grand and the Masters Grand following in procession. There are two sentiments highly conducive to piety which seem to be strongly manifest in the countenances of Mr. Grand and his family, and those are gratitude and contentment, for they seem to be perfectly well satisfied with themselves, and highly grateful for the homage which the eyes of the congregation are paying to the splendour of their attire and the dignity of their demeanour. Mr. Grand is almost as great a man in church as he is at the Mousetrap Tavern. He has decidedly the best pew; and it is beyond compare the best fitted up, having such comfortable cushions and neat matting, and such handsome prayer-books. With all these means and appurtenances of devotion, he looks of course exceeding devout, and makes all the responses audibly and orderly. If, however, his eye is now and then to be seen wandering, let it not be supposed for a moment that he is gaping about from sheer curiosity; for though he has his own devotions to attend to, he has also to keep an eye on divers of the parishioners, to see that the children of the charity school demean themselves aright, and that the master and mistress of the establishment are duly vigilant of those intrusted to their care; and he has also to see that none of the wives and daughters of the inferior tradesmen presume to deck themselves in gayer clothing than his own. Mr. Grand never forgets his greatness, even when he comes to church to acknowledge his littleness.

Mr. Grand is a great man in his shop, full of bustle, business, consequence, and dignity—but not without condescension, for he deigns to wear a white apron,—which is not worn to hide a shabby, but to save a handsome dress. Loud is his voice, and imperative is his demeanour, among the subalterns by whom he is surrounded; he sits on a high stool, at a high desk made of mahogany, and decorated and garnished with brass rails; he wears his hat like a crown, and

wields his pen like a sceptre. He looks around him with a glowing delight and an almost burning dignity, thinking to himself,

*I am monarch of all I survey—  
I am king of this very fine shop;  
From the ceiling all down to the floor,  
I am lord of the candles and soap.*

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

WE rejoice to say that the quiet noticed in our last still prevails in the literary world; so that we are enabled this week to clear off all arrears. But announcements are peeping out, and there are some of pleasant promise. Mr. Murray is about to publish 'Table Talk,' by the late S. T. Coleridge; 'Oriental Illustrations of the Scriptures, from the Manners, Customs, and Superstitions of the Hindús,' by the Rev. Jos. Roberts; 'A Visit to Ireland,' by the younger Barrow; and Miss Keble's (now Mrs. Butler), 'Travels in the United States, and Opinions of the Americans'—by the bye, the change in her name reminds us, that she has already expressed a very strong opinion in favour of the Americans. Messrs. Longman, too, we observe, announce 'The Gipsy,' a romance, and 'Edward, the Black Prince'—both by Mr. James; a third volume of 'The Doctor,' the 'Journal of a Visit to Constantinople, and some of the Greek Islands,' by Mr. Auldjo; 'The English in India,' and a new volume of Poems, by Lady Stuart Wortley—Messrs. Rivington, 'An Account of the Writings of Clement of Alexandria,' by the Bishop of Lincoln; and a 'Life of Bishop Jewel,' by the Rev. C. W. Le Bas—and Messrs. Saunders & Ouley, Sir Grenville Temple's 'Travels in Africa,' parts of which have been read with such general satisfaction at the late sittings of the Geographical Society. The latter also announce as on the eve of publication, Lady Blessington's new novel, 'The Two Friends,' and the new series of 'The O'Hara Tales,' entitled 'The Mayor of Wind-gap.' Mr. W. Howitt's 'Traditions of the Ancient Times,' is also, we hear, shortly to appear;—none will rejoice more than ourselves to welcome him back from the barren and disturbed regions of controversy, to those wider and far pleasanter fields of poetical literature.

We have looked into the Adelaide Street Gallery, which was re-opened yesterday, and were extremely gratified by a sight of the various improvements and novelties: the premises have been still further enlarged, no less than ten apartments being now occupied by this single exhibition. It is almost needless to say, that the sources of entertainment have been proportionably increased. An Oxy-hydrogen Microscope has been added, said to be of greater power than any hitherto exhibited—the hair of an infant three days old is magnified by it to three inches diameter! There are also a variety of new optical instruments: we may mention a curious one by Sir David Brewster, for experiments with polarized light: a Gothic window, formed of sulphate of lime, of various thickness, transparent and colourless, becomes, when viewed through a tourmalin, a painted window; and, by turning the tourmalin, it is varied *ad infinitum* with beautiful effect. To our mind, this is one of the most varied and most interesting exhibitions ever presented for public patronage.

At the meeting of the Geographical Society on Monday last, the reading of Major Felix's very interesting Journal of his visit to Mount Sinai, was concluded, but the labours of preparing the Index, and the interruption of Christmas day, compel us to defer our notice until next week.

The following correspondence, just received, will speak for itself. We had hoped to have gladdened the Christmas firesides of our friends with a peep into the volume referred to; but we

must have all the laugh to ourselves until next week :—

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to lay before you the following letters. As a good deal of bad language has passed, I must request you, like Sir Robert Peel versus Dr. Lushington, "to print the correspondence." I trust it will set at rest a question which has been raised by certain individuals—namely, whether this year the Comic will come out if it be called upon. I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HOOD.

Lake House, Wansstead,  
Dec. 26, 1834.

(Copy).

The editors of 'Le Panorama des Deux Mondes' presents their compliments to Monsieur Thomas Hood and requests to take a copy of the Comic annual, for the purpose of extracting some bits out of the author, which will be esteemed a considerable favour. It is proposed to say in the end "all these pieces of works are by Mr. Hood, so well known for a quiet humour." The Panorama of Two Worlds occupies one large circle to which the Editors will feel happy to introduce a volume "fort amusant et fort spirituel."

12 Dec.

(Copy).

GENTILHOMME,—Comme je ne vis pas dans la cité mais dans la contrée, six milles depuis Londres, je n'ai pas un mode de vous envoyer le Comicque Annuel, mais je vous envoie un ordre sur mon publisheur, que je vous prie d'accepter. Son nom est Monsieur Alfred Tête-Bailly, vivant à 83, Montagne à Blé, près le Changement Royale. Allez gauchement dans la rue.

Je serai bien heureux me trouver dans les Deux Mondes; mais permettez moi de vous mettre droit sur un point. Mon livre peut être "amusant" comme vous êtes si bon à dire, mais il n'a pas accompli être "spirituel." Je ne suis pas un clergé-homme qui écrit les sermons. Dieu vous bénisse. Je suis,

Gentilhomme,

Votre très humble domestique,

THOMAS HOOD,

22nd December.

## FINE ARTS

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THESE are stormy times for the study of the Fine Arts;—can corn grow beneath the continual motion of the harrow, or the thrush sing in the shadow of the raven?—yet a few are venturous. We have before us two large and beautiful prints from the landscapes of Constable: they are engraved by Lucas, and published by Moon, and cannot fail to extend the fame of the artist. One is a rustic Lock in a country canal; the other an autumnal scene, exhibiting a half-reaped field, a shepherd-boy drinking at one of the way-side springs, while his sheep are moving quietly forward on the dusty road; some glorious old English trees form a vista, through which a distant tower is seen, and a troubled and threatening sky. Though the Lock, under the pencil of others whom we shall not name, would look common and mechanical, Mr. Constable has touched it with a vigour and a feeling all his own.

Here is a work of another kind:—the Head of the Poet of Hope, Thomas Campbell, painted by Lawrence, engraved by Cousins, and published by Moon & Boys. We happened to see the original painting in the studio of Sir Thomas: we knew it at once;—the great painter smiled, and said he had experienced some difficulty in delineating the mouth. We are not sure that the engraver has caught all the peculiarity of mouth: there is a sort of proud puckering in both the picture and in the living original, which seems not to be preserved so well as the general sentiment, and the fine light and

shade. We expect that this portrait will appear on many walls: few who admire the Poet of Hope and Hohenlinden will be without it.

'Blighted Hope,' painted by Parris, engraved by Bromley, and published by Hodgson, Boys, & Graves, is a very pretty thing—but lacks something of that simplicity which is so welcome in all works. A young lady has received a letter so little to her mind, that she has cast it from her, and sits in all the splendour of satin and gold chains, regarding it with a look of resignation, or perhaps despair.

'The Bay of Spexia,' by Bonington, is not one of the happiest of his works: the trees look feathery, and the sea milky; the sky and the distance are more to our taste. The print will find a place in the portfolios of the admirers of the artist, and they are not few.

'The Dragon Tree, at Crotava, in Teneriffe,' celebrated for its size, antiquity, and for having attracted the notice of Humboldt, loses little of its natural importance at the hands of J. J. Williams, who drew it on the spot. In circumference, and singularity of appearance, none of our British trees can be named beside it.

Those who desire to know something of the bearing and appearance of Admiral Napier, and his gallant little squadron, during the attack and capture of the Miguelite Fleet, may obtain it by purchasing three prints from the pictures of Reinagle. There is less smoke, and more manœuvring and fighting than what is common in maritime subjects.

'A Christmas Present,' and 'Fly not yet,' are sketches by the late Theodore Lane, and have the merit of being humorous, and suitable to the present season. We have sometimes sat expecting, as critics, the refreshing visit of a bright book, when a dull one has dropt in, like this Christmas present to the old miser, who, instead of fat ducks and barn-door fowls, finds dead cats, and heads of geese without the bodies.

But what is this!—A puffy fool in his easy-chair, capped and belled, puffing, instead of smoke, bubbles into the air, each bearing a ludicrous resemblance to the face which sends them forth. What! friend Cruikshank, is this a fling at thyself? Dost thou mean to insinuate that all the offspring of thy sarcastic pencil resemble one another? We will not allow thee, George, to intimate this of thyself; for thou art one of Heaven's own originals, and there is nothing like unto thee. This is the sixth number of 'My Sketch Book,' by George Cruikshank: it is full of humour and wit. An antiquarian walks on his dusty way, with his face looking behind him; an atheist walks boldly, and with an ass's stupidity, over a precipice; while a tipsy Irish servant sees four crosses and two cocks on each strong ale barrel, and raises a hurrah of gladness at this increase of mercies. 'The Tond-Eater' is admirable, and so is 'The Written Apology.' There is sly humour in 'Buy a Broom.' 'The Porters' are a capital pair;—when we tell our readers, that one belongs to a nobleman, and the other to a coach-office, they will guess that the contrast is striking. 'First Steps,' too—but why should we attempt to describe what language cannot perform?

## MUSIC

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

It might appear superfluous to mention the two principal requisites for airs with variations—individuality and simplicity of theme—and character and variety in its changes—had we not weekly cause to see how little these are attended to by the greater portion of the compilers of such compositions, who fancy, to judge from their works, that all tunes are alike suited for their purpose; and that any string of passages, however worn out and ill-tied together, is worthy of being called a variation. It would give us sin-

cere pleasure to find the taste for this style of writing on the decline; but so long as it remains in force, all that can be done is to point the attention of composers to what the really great writers have done—to remind them of the specimens which Beethoven has left us—and to whisper in their ear, that Moscheles' 'Fall of Paris,' and many of Herz's Variations, (which are among the best of his works,) were not exactly manufactured by steam.

We have long intended to put forth these few remarks; and the two first pieces of instrumental music before us, have given us an opportunity of so doing, though the first, Mr. G. A. Osborne's 'Brilliant Variations on a favourite Waltz by Count Gallenberg,' is singularly free from all objection, as the theme is melodious and sufficiently marked, and the variations all good, and differing from each other: the slow movement perhaps in the least interesting; the finale bears too many traces of Herz; but the piece altogether is very pleasing. The second, 'Variations on "My Helen is the fairest flower," by Friedrich Anton Weber,' is the work of a very young composer, who has accumulated in it all the practical difficulties he has mastered; we fear it will prove beyond the reach of the many; but its author will no doubt write more simply on future occasions.

Mr. Pixis' rondino, 'Le Plaisir de la Valse,' is clever, and will be good practice, as it is written in a time particularly difficult to keep steadily without becoming stiff: the theme, however, is not remarkably pleasing.—'A grand Triumphant March,' by Sixto Perez, is a very dashing composition; but the motion is too much broken. A march need not be a procession tune; but if it lose its character, why not give it another name?

Next on our list come sundry instrumental arrangements. Here is the 'Overture to Der Freischütz, arranged as a Quartett for Three Pianofortes and a Harp,' by K. T. Shearnan. This must be for the use of schools (for the bare idea of such Logierian doings in private houses gives us the car-ache); and, as far as steadiness in playing concerted music goes, may be useful. It appears, too, carefully done; but we have our doubts as to the soundness of these wholesale practices, and are sure, that after a certain stage, and that by no means of great advancement, their effect must be to encourage slovenly execution, and to retard the cultivation of expression.—Mr. Bochsa has arranged 'Handel's Airs and Choruses for Harp and Flute.' The first book is before us; but so far as the Choruses are concerned, it is very much like what a copy of the Transfiguration would be on a watch-paper: the Airs are more compassable, and therefore more effective.—Mr. Drewler continues to arrange Melodies for Flute and Pianoforte, as 'Book No. 2, of a Set of Twelve,' containing 'Giovinetto Cavalier,' and others, equally new, is before us in proof. The most enduring patience must weary of these endless multiplications of familiar things; and ours has been considerably shortened of late, by an increasing conviction that the music of these artists in *stucco* keeps those who work upon the genuine and pure material out of the field.

We will now examine some of the best of the Songs which lie heaped up before us. The first and most important that we come to, 'Songs of Rookwood,' the Music by Mr. F. Romer, is a particularly pleasant collection of six airs, adapted to words from that romance. There is about these an elegance, a purity of taste, and in one or two places a vivacity of fancy, which raise them far above the common level of such compositions. No. 1. 'The Gitanilla,' is sweet and flowing; No. 2. 'The Hymn to St. Thekla,' though not very original, would, if sung by a rich soprano voice, produce a good effect; No. 3. 'The Carrion Crow,' is bold, wild, and we were almost going



to say, *diabolical*—it suits well with the character of the fiendish old sexton, who, if we remember right, sings it in the novel; No. 4. 'The twice-used ring' has a charming and quaint simplicity; No. 5. 'My bonny black Bess' is rather too bustling for our taste—but some may admire, as spirit, the very thing to which we object; No. 6. 'The Soul Bell' is of a higher order than any of the above, and, for the most part, pathetic and impressive. The peculiar strength of these songs lies in the happiness with which their composer has possessed himself of the spirit of their words; and as our countrymen in general hardly pay sufficient attention to this first requisite of vocal music, we have noticed them somewhat at length, as a recognition of this merit.

The 'Songs of the Superstitions of Ireland,' No. I. to VI., written and composed by Samuel Lover, Esq. Author of 'Legends and Stories of Ireland.'—These must not be treated as scientific music, but as Irish melodies; and the words and music go so pleasantly together, as to make them agreeable to sing and to listen to. Two of the airs, No. 3. 'Rory O'More,' and No. 4, 'The Angel's whisper,' we observe, are mentioned as national—the latter is a charming melody: the words of all of them have much of the good faith and simplicity of the genuine old song; and the music to which they are wedded (it is only fair to say that Mr. Lover is an amateur musician) is easy, expressive, and, in some cases, elegant.

Mr. Guynemer's canonist, 'Thy name shall bloom,' is, like all the other songs by this writer which we have seen, correctly and carefully written, but devoid of anything like an original idea.—Mr. J. Thomson's 'Lay of the Sailor's Bride' is a good bold song; but (as if in illustration of the remark we have just made,) the words suffer sadly by being compelled into a decided melody, in many passages contradictory to the feeling which they express.—Mr. G. A. Hodson's 'The storm! the storm! the mountain storm!' is too audacious a plagiarism from the Chevalier Neukomm's 'Sea,' to be allowed to pass unnoticed. It must have required no small front in its composer to produce wares so obviously stolen; and we wish that in such cases the public would execute Jedwood justice (immediate and condign condemnation and punishment) upon the offender. Mr. Barnett's 'Place the lamp in your casement to-night' is in his "lady-like" manner. His 'O for my native northern land!' has some little more stamen; but we hope that we shall now see fewer works from his pen than heretofore, and those of a higher order. The last vocal compositions we shall notice, on the present occasion, are Nos. I. and II. of Mr. Green's 'Seraphine' Songs, composed to exhibit the powers of his new instrument, which, from its sustained tones and facility of producing *crescendos* and *diminuendos* to any extent, appears peculiarly adapted to sacred music. The other songs before us must, according to our promise, and their own merits, remain, as far as we are concerned, unsung.

#### MISCELLANEA

**The Meteors.**—The meteors came according to the predictions of several scientific gentlemen, among them Prof. Olmsted, of Yale College, and a correspondent of this paper. Prof. Olmsted and a large number of the college faculty and students sat up during the night of the 13th, anxiously waiting to see whether the prophecy founded on the history of the meteors would be accomplished. At about three o'clock they were gratified with the beginning of the shower, and it continued for an hour. Prof. Olmsted has made a brief communication on the subject to the *Newhaven Herald*. He states that the presence of the moon permitted only the larger and more splendid meteors to be seen. The number of them, though smaller

than that of last year, was much above the common average. They began to be frequent as early as four minutes past one o'clock, when a fire-ball of unusual splendour blazed forth as a signal. From this period they continued to fall, at a pretty uniform rate, until daylight was far advanced. It was estimated that 1000 fell during the night. Their directions were more remarkable than their number, and afforded more unequivocal evidence of the identity of the phenomenon with that of last year. They appeared, as before, to radiate from a common centre, and that centre was again in the Constellation Leo.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*—On the meteors seen November 13, 1833, there is an interesting abstract of Prof. Olmsted's papers, in the American Almanac, just received. The entire extent of the exhibition, he observes, is not yet ascertained with precision, but it has been traced from the longitude of 61° in the Atlantic Ocean, to longitude 100° in Central Mexico, and from the North American Lakes to the southern side of Jamaica. Everywhere within the above-named limits, the first appearance was that of fire-works of the most imposing grandeur, covering the entire vault of heaven with myriads of fire-balls—these fire-balls were occasionally of enormous size; Dr. Smith describes one which appeared larger than the full moon rising. One of the most remarkable circumstances was, that the meteors all seemed to emanate from one and the same point. According to the testimony of by far the greater number of observers, the meteors were unaccompanied by any peculiar sound. It is not held as a fact well established, that any substance reached the ground, which can be considered as a *residuum* or *deposit* from the meteors. The observations collected and carefully compared with each other, give an average distance from the surface of the earth, of 2238 miles, as the height of the meteoric cloud. Some of the larger meteors must have been bodies of very large size. If the body seen by Dr. Smith were at the distance of 110 miles from the observer, it must have had a diameter of one mile—if only one mile, it must have been 48 feet in diameter. The fact that they were stopped by the resistance of the air, proves that they were constituted of very light materials.

**Literary Prizes.**—The young Baron Gobert, son of one of Napoleon's generals, who lately died on his travels in Egypt, has bequeathed great part of his property to the *Académie Française*, and the *Académie des Inscriptions*, with directions that the annual revenue arising therefrom, be expended in two prizes, to be awarded to the authors of the most eloquent work on the history of France, and of the most profound researches into the same. The yearly produce of this bequest is estimated at nearly 30,000 francs. The founder has attached to his gift, this singular condition, that the successful candidates shall continue to receive the yearly income, till their works have been surpassed by those of other competitors, when the latter shall be put in possession of the annual sums previously enjoyed by the former.

**Relative Saline Quality of the Waters of the Atlantic and Mediterranean.**—In reference to the notice in our last number, under this head, we have received an account from Messrs. Busk, Keene, & Co., steam-engine manufacturers, of their mode of condensing of steam by external application, after it has done its work in the steam cylinder, which they are of opinion affords an easy and certain remedy for the great inconvenience to steam navigation, which we noticed, from damage to boilers by deposit from the water of the Mediterranean.—According to this plan the cold water used for condensation is not injected into, and mixed with the steam, as has heretofore generally been the case, and the boiler is not fed from the united injection

water and condensed steam; but the steam, after having been used in the working cylinder, is kept wholly separate from all admixture of adventitious water, and when it has become water again from its condensation, it is continually returned to the boiler in its necessarily pure or distilled state, and thus affords a constantly renewing supply for the needful evaporation, whilst such supply being freed from all the matters causing the highly mischievous deposit complained of, does not give birth to any such deposit. This plan is ordinarily carried into effect by means of a condenser formed of a vertical cylinder of about four feet in height, nearly filled with small vertical copper tubes passing through it, and having a close head and foot, each of somewhat more diameter than the condenser itself. The steam is received into the head of the condenser, and from thence passes to the foot vessel through the copper tubes, and is condensed in its passage by a stream of cold water, which is made to pass through the body of the condenser, and thence to come in contact with the external surface of all the copper tubes. This plan of condensation has, it appears, been practised by Messrs. Busk, Keene & Co. for several years, and they say with great success, both here and in France. Some boilers protected thereby have been at work for upwards of three years, without requiring to be cleaned.

#### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

##### IN THE PRESS.

A Synopsis of the Phœnix, by G. R. Gray.—Outline of Forensic Medicine, by W. Cusumina.—Roman Physiology, by J. Elthorpe.—The Classic and Conscience in Italy and Sicily.—Elements of Medical Police, by B. Hawkins.—A new British Atlas.—The Transactions of the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, Vol. XVIII. Part II.—A New Guide Book to Ireland.—Villiers, by the Author of the 'Valley of the Clusone.'—The Book of Revelation, with Notes by the Rev. I. Ashe.—Sermons, by the Rev. J. S. Knox.—A Second Volume of Parochial Sermons, by the Rev. J. H. Newman, M.A.—Observations on the History and Ministry of St. Peter, by the Rev. P. S. Dodd, M.A.—The Second Volume of Mr. Grosvenor's Exposition of the Parables.—A volume of Charges, delivered to the Clergy of his Diocese, by the Bishop of Barbadoes.

Just published.—Sermons, by the Rev. W. H. London, 8vo. 6s.—Selections from the American Poets, 12mo. 7s.—Tables of the Revenue, Population, and Commerce, 1829 to 1833. Part III. folio, 14. 16s.—Cloquet on Hernia, royal 8vo. 5s.—Biography Illustrated, square, 3s.—Poetic Sketches, 12mo. 1s.—Roger's Law and Practice of Elections, 12mo. 20s.—Georgian Era, Vol. III. & IV. 8vo. 6s. each.—Wood Cuts, selected from the Penny Magazine, 4th. gilt edges, 14s.—The Antiseptic Manual, 12mo. 1s.—The Infant's Annual; or, Mother's Offering, for 1835, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Songs of the Months; a Musical Garland, 8vo. 6s.—Sketches in Portugal, during the Civil War of 1834, by Capt. Alexander, 8vo. plates, 18s. 6d.—Chances and Changes, by the Author of 'Six Weeks on the Loire,' 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—The Historical Keepsake for 1835, 7s. 6d. plain, 10s. 6d. coloured.—The Comic Keepsake for 1835, edited and illustrated by Alfred Crowquill, Esq. f. 16s. 6d.—Selections from Montgomery's Poetical Works, roy. 18mo. silk, 7s. 6d.—The Right Use of Freedom, a Tale, by Mrs. Carmichael, 12mo. 1s.—Sullivan's Exercises on Orthography and Etymology, 12mo. 1s. 6d.—The Literary Souvenir for 1835, 21s., large paper, 24. 2s.—The Progs and their King, by Ignatius Coaxus, 12mo. 5s.—Pocket Guide to Domestic Cookery, by a Lady, 32mo. 2s.—The New South Wales Calendar, and General Post Office Directory, for 1834, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Hume's History of England, Vol. 12, 2s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S.—Puer—G. T. received.

C. W. is informed that we do not publish statements involving the conduct and character of other persons, on the authority of an anonymous correspondent; further, that his statement, instead of being brief and explicit, is involved, and seemingly intentionally obscure.

Some letters of the character mentioned by 'A Friend' have been received, and several returned to the post office. Every aid has been and will continue to be given by that department, and we will willingly defray all expenses. We have three of the letters in different handwritings, which shall be submitted to his inspection, by our publisher any time after Monday.

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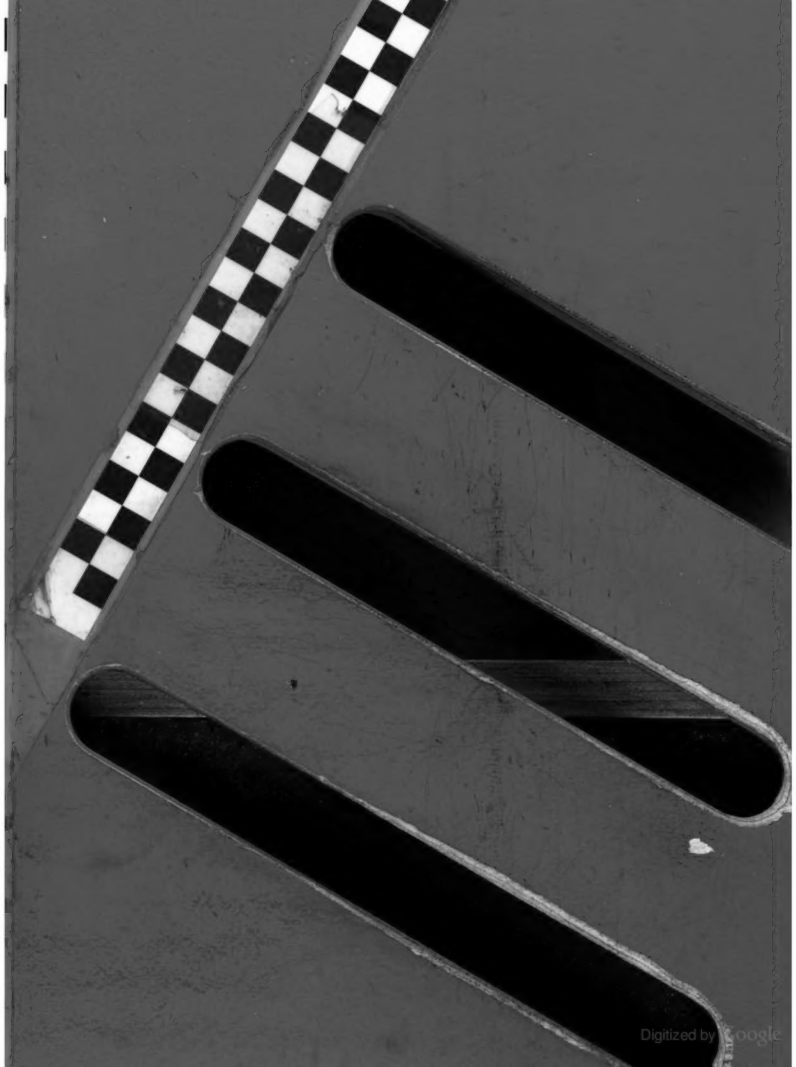


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